

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

All those who know distress and care. All those who know the meaning of the word "struggle." The subject and the king. The rich and poor, the high and low—Will find it no bad plan. In every crisis they may know To do the best they can. No learned sage, no seer of old Could better counsel speak; It suits the timid and the bold, The strong man and the weak; 'Tis fit for those in places high, Those farthest from the van; And none can fail who really try To do the best they can.

—E. BECK.

When you read of a deed heroic or come in contact with a courageous soul, you find yourself wishing that you had an opportunity to prove your devotion to an ideal or a cause. The opportunity lies before you. Say to yourself: "Soul, here is a test for thy heroic qualities! And over all things that heroism demands, stands cheerfulness. Never believe that any hero was dragged to death, however ignominious, however unmerited. The martyrs of every cause were chaplets of flowers and went their way singing—Anna C. Minogue, 'The Garden Bench,' in the Rosary.

The Shipboard Habit.

If lax methods and shipboard work are continued, self-condemnation wears off, the slack work does not seem such a terrible thing, another temptation to carelessness is yielded to, and soon we are so hardened that some day we are surprised to find that we are habitually slighting work. The tiny departures from conscientiousness have become mighty cables of habit; conscience no longer reproaches; self-respect is no longer outraged. We can do things in the most shipboard manner without the slightest feeling of discomfort or regret. After a while, if the tendency is not checked, the whole character becomes undermined.

Value of an Unincumbered Home.

A man of small means can leave no better legacy to his widow than an unincumbered house, suppose it to be worth \$2,000 and that there is nothing else in the estate. Three thousand dollars in cash or invested in stock producing 5 per cent would yield her an income only \$3 a week, or not enough for her support.

But with a \$3,000 house a thrifty woman may manage to live and even to accumulate a little money, by renting out rooms or taking boarders. Here also it is true that with the estate in some other form she can buy the house and thus get into the same condition, but when the estate is in cash or bonds some of it is likely to be dissipated before the house is bought.

When it is tied up in a house free of debt, the widow has a home over her head and can generally manage to hold it. That is another reason why as soon as possible after a little capital has been secured the home at least should be cleared of debt.

Looking for Trouble.

A most injurious and unpleasant way of looking for trouble is fault finding, or continual criticism of other persons. Some people are never generous, never magnanimous toward others. They are stingy of their praise, showing always an unhealthy parsimony in their recognition of merit in others, and critical of their every act.

Don't go through life looking for trouble, for faults, for failures, or for the crooked, the ugly, and the deformed; don't see the distorted man—see the man that God made. Just make up your mind firmly, at the very outset in life, that you will not criticize or condemn others, or find fault with their mistakes and shortcomings—fault-finding, indulgence in sarcasm and irony, picking flaws in everything and everybody. Looking for things to condemn instead of to praise is a very dangerous habit to oneself. It is like a deadly worm which gnaws at the heart of the rosebud or fruit, and will make your own life gnarled, distorted and bitter.

No life can be harmonious and happy after the blighting habits are once formed. Those who always look for something to condemn, ruin their own characters and destroy their normal integrity.

We all like sunny, bright, cheerful, hopeful people: nobody likes the grumbler, the fault-finder, the back-biter, or the slanderer.—Success.

How To Talk Well.

The art of talking well—that is, with ease and intelligently—interesting to those who listen and, rarest gift of all, leading them to talk their best in reply, is a natural gift. This gift goes with what we call "personal magnetism." Yet one who has not this can learn to talk pleasantly, fluently and agreeably. First let him talk much to himself, not audibly, but forcing himself to formulate his ideas. What a man thinks clearly he should be able to put into words.

Next let him study what will please those with whom he talks rather than what interests himself. Please note that I say "talks with" and not "to." There is a great—an essential—difference, all the difference between conversing and lecturing.

"You never heard me preach, I believe?" said Coleridge to Charles Lamb.

"I never heard you do anything else!" stammered the wit.

When you meet a man for the first time say something you think would draw him out. A fool can babble at length. Wisdom and courtesy are required to tempt others to speak with ease to themselves.

There is no royal road to becoming a good talker. Practice of the few simple rules I have indicated will help you on step by step.

Westinghouse's Success.

W. M. McFarland, in the Engineering Magazine, gives the following estimate of the elements of the success of George Westinghouse: "No doubt it will be of interest to state briefly what are the characteristics, as they show themselves to those who have been thrown with him intimately, that have contributed to Mr. Westinghouse's success and to making him one of the very foremost of the

great captains of industry of our time. First of all comes his genius as an inventor. This was the foundation. Then comes intimate personal knowledge of mechanical processes and skill in the use of tools. It will have become evident in looking over the sketch of his life that no one but a man possessed of great intellectual capacity and keenness could ever have acquired the personal acquaintance with so many varied phases of engineering. This enables him to be the master of his great works, all of which he has personally planned, and those who know him best understand that, while he does not attempt to direct their routine, he nevertheless is fully acquainted with all the details, is able to discuss them thoroughly with those charged with their prosecution, and that he takes a keen personal interest in everything new and progressive, so that when he walks through his shops he knows just how work is going on, and if the progress has not been what it should be he calls attention to it at once. In this respect he is probably without a peer among the great industrial leaders. Many of them, as is well known, are not technical men at all, and those who are are limited to one line.

"It would be a very natural inference that a man of such great mental power and tremendous capacity for work must also be of powerful physique, and such is the fact. Mr. Westinghouse is a splendid type of physical manhood, standing over six feet, and would attract attention anywhere. It is this physique, combined with a temperate life and cheerful disposition, that has enabled him to endure the enormous work which he has already accomplished and is still doing."

Wrong Thinking.

Many a once prosperous man has gone down in financial ruin because he had not learned how to control his thoughts. He gave way to the "blues." He began to worry and fret and find fault with everybody. The fault-finding habit became fixed and continued until he sank into a condition where nothing suited him and nobody could please him. His old employees left him; his customers dropped away; his business began to decline, and his creditors to question his financial soundness. There was a general slump in his affairs, and he finally "went to pieces."

We can conquer our moods; we can think correctly; we can be what we will be; we can work miracles with ourselves by the power of affirmative or creative thought; we can make ourselves magnets to attract the conditions we desire, instead of repellent forces.

"Man is so made," says Pascal, "that, by dint of telling him that he is a fool, he believes it; and, by dint of telling himself so, he makes himself believe it." The converse is also true. Many people, by dwelling on their faults, only aggravate them. By constantly picturing them in the mind they help to fasten them more firmly. It is impossible for us to become what we wish to be while we hold the opposite thought. The only way to overcome evil conditions and to uphold is to think constantly happy, helpful, loving, optimistic thoughts.

When a doctor is called to prescribe for any one who has swallowed poison, he immediately administers an antidote. So, when we are suffering from wrong thinking, it is because we have been poisoned by vicious thoughts, and the only way in which we can get relief or cure ourselves is by taking an antidote in the shape of right thinking. If a lamp should explode and the oil catch fire, we would not think of trying to put out the flames by pouring on more oil. We would, instead, pour on some chemical extinguisher which would immediately put out the fire. When one is aflame with passion, or aife with hatred, jealousy, or revengeful feelings, the flames will not be put out by adding more anger, more hatred, more jealousy, or love. Love is the natural antidote to all angry, vengeful, or uncharitable emotions.—O. S. Marden in Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

STORIES ON THE ROSARY.

THE ASCENSION OF OUR LORD INTO HEAVEN.
THE POWER OF HOPE.

Jim, weak and suffering, fretted over Toni's departure very much, all the more as nothing was heard of the boy. Ascension-tide came, and brought with it the thoughts of that blessed place where all suffering and "sorrow shall not be any more," and it was this thought that helped him to get up as he lay on his couch, looking from his window at the blue sky and the opposite side of the Arno, with its curious houses, so picturesque and quaint both in design and coloring.

It was a life full of trial to Jim, who had loved exercise and activity, and had looked forward when he came of age to travelling a great deal and in doing in his favorite amusement of mountaineering. He could never do any of that again, that much was certain, and all the doctors who examined him could give but little hope of much amelioration of his state. For a long time he was not to be allowed even to be wheeled about in a chair. He was to come into a large fortune when he was twenty-one, left to him by his grandfather. How long the years of life seemed as they stretched out before him, and in them would be, if he lived only pain, weakness, inability to enter into any of his usual interests, and greatest cross of all—helplessness. It was enough to crush the spirit out of him, sufficient to make him lie, as he often did, with his face to the wall, hardly knowing how to endure the prospect that was before him.

The Catholic faith could do much to help him, and very slowly but surely there were fewer of those interior tempests, of which none, save God, was witness, less of the fretting against the inevitable and more of the peace and calm that sooner or later succeeds acquiescence in the Divine Will, and the great lesson of hope that Ascension-

tide brings was not learnt by him in vain.

Three years passed away, slowly to some, quickly to others. Teresa had become very infirm and was unable to do much work, but she had a willing helper in Agnese, who had changed for the better in the time since her brother left. She went to a mission, held in one of the churches near, two Lenten before, and an impression was made which did not pass away. Teresa sometimes feels she can never be grateful enough for having her as she is now, so good and gentle, practicing her religion, and working hard to support herself and her grandmother.

Very shortly after Toni left Florence Teresa heard all about it and how he came to go. Unknown to her, he had been in the habit of going to a Protestant Italian meeting in connection with the night schools in the Via Aragli. Then one of the ladies who taught him English said she could get him a good situation in Rome with a Protestant minister's family, and Toni, assenting to anything sooner than miss such a post, left without saying anything to his family or friends. He had not decided hurriedly, for his good and bad angel fought for the victory, but the latter gained the day. He had given up praising his own religion soon after joining the classes and was easily impressed by the material help given him, and for which it seemed easy to relinquish his faith. He was considered by the ladies at the school a most hopeful case, cited at their meetings when they conferred together how best to get at the Catholics of the city and induce them to give up the practices of their faith.

For a while all went smoothly, as far as this world went, and Toni felt happy. He lived in what to him was luxury, and soon was dressed as a footman and had his place in the household. To please his master he read the Protestant Bible every day, went to the church, and was in his place at family prayers. Every now and then his conscience gave him a twinge, but he silenced it as best he could, and he was in such an anti-Catholic atmosphere that it was not very difficult to do so. Then one day he fell ill of typhoid fever just as the family was going to the country, and he was sent to a hospital.

During the summer days, when the ward was hot and the nights were so airless, he could sleep but little. Many things came back to his mind, and when they had to tell him he had little chance of life, he asked for a priest and made his peace with God. He did not receive the last Sacraments for he took a turn for the better, but the Toni who rose from that bed of sickness was not the same as the one who had lain down on it.

It was Autumn before he made his way to Florence, and, with his bundle in his hand, found the old home looking much as usual.

The shock of seeing him suddenly was very great to Teresa, and for a moment or two she seemed stunned. Then her first words were thanks to God, and Our Lady, for the answer to her prayers.

That night, when Agnese had gone next door to see a sick neighbor, Toni told his grandmother all about it.

"It was when I was near death, Nonna, that I felt what it would be to risk the hope of Heaven. The priest that all I had learnt from the Protestants about our religion had been lies, and that the doctrine I had been taught as was a child all true. Oh, Nonna, I can't tell you all I felt in those days and how sorry I was, for I had been led away by the hope of bettering myself in the world, and I was so anxious to do that I sacrificed everything. I thought of you, and how precious the faith was to you, and to that Signorino also—you remember him? the one who had that accident?"

"Certainly, and—"

"Well I thought of him, too, and of things he used to say and how brave he was. I wonder where he is now."

We have had letters from him, and Agnese read them out to us. He is in England, at his own house, and he seldom leaves his sofa. There was a letter to-day, and it looks as if it might be from him, by the color of the stamp. I put it away until Agnese came home to read it to me, but your coming put everything out of my head," said Teresa; and Toni, when she handed it to him, read it eagerly.

He was touched at the interest Mr. Asot still took in him, and how he grieved over his having practically given up his faith. There was not much of himself, but the letter was kind and friendly, with the promise of sending Teresa a little help soon.

It all came about in a very short time. Toni wrote to Jim and told him all, and it was arranged he should go to England as Jim's servant.

That was some years ago, and Toni is now in England, still the faithful servant of his master, whose suffering and crippled life is certainly not lived in vain. He takes great interest in his large estate, sees after his tenants and uses his wealth well, living himself in the most ascetic simplicity. He is wheeled about the estate, but seldom goes beyond it, as travelling is always attended with great fatigue and increased pain. The secret of his patience and resignation lies in his submission to the Divine Will, and in the hope of Heaven where his ascended Lord will be those who will dwell in glory. "Complete fullness, everlasting gladness, and joy unutterable."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Asking His Help.

Never need we suffer from desolation if we would only adopt the practice at such a time of holding up our faults before Our Lord, each in turn asking Him to help us in overcoming them, and making good resolutions with regard to them. This is to be sincere and real with Our Lord, and even those whose will is bad and turned to sin can in this way derive benefit from prayer.—Father Dignam, S. J.

"PADDY" IS EVERYWHERE!

The New York Sun is annoyed at the letters it receives as to the relative importance in the United States of the people of Irish and so-called Scotch-Irish lineage. The Sun declares that both the Catholic Irish and the Presbyterian Irish (who by some are called Scotch-Irish) rendered splendid service in the Revolutionary contest. "From both have come," says our New York contemporary, "many of the most distinguished in our history, and all people of Irish lineage and of every lineage here have reasons for pride and gratitude because of their achievements." Few American families coming over from that Colonial period have not in them some infusion of Irish blood, whether of the one strain or the other. If you strike at either you may hit some of your own ancestors.

In the city of New York alone, in 1900, there were 727,464 people of Irish birth and their children native to this country. Add the whole number of the inhabitants of Irish descent whose lineage goes back to the earlier Irish immigrants, and how many of the 2,437,292 inhabitants in 1900 were without some trace of that blood? "Take the social circle in New York which is of a most fashionable prominence and how many of the families in it are without some of these foreign strains? Look around the box circle at the opera and count up. How many of the old stock of New Yorkers, Dutch or English, do you find among them? Scarcely there one in which there is not some infusion of this immigrant blood. 'Paddy?' He is everywhere. A family colonial lineage is practically unknown.

FEAST OF THE SACRED HEART.

"As I was before the Blessed Sacrament," Blessed Margaret Maryrites, "on a day within the octave of Corpus Christi, I received from my God excessive graces of His love. Feeling myself touched with a desire of making Him some return and of rendering Him love for love, 'You cannot make Me any greater return of love,' He said, 'than by doing what I have so often asked of you;' and disclosing to me His Divine Heart, He said: 'Behold this Heart which has loved men so much that it has spared nothing, even to exhausting and consuming itself, in order to testify to them its love, and in return I receive from the greater part only ingratitude by reason of the contempt, irreverence, sacrilege and coldness which they show Me in the Sacrament of Love.' But what I feel still more is that there are hearts consecrated to Me who use Me thus. On this account I ask of you that the first Friday after the octave of Corpus Christi be set apart for a special feast to honor My Heart, by commemorating on that day, and making reparation to it by a solemn act, to repair the indignities which it has received during the time it has been exposed on My altars. I also promise you that My heart shall expand itself to shed in abundance the influence of Its Divine Love upon those who shall pay It this honor and procure It to be paid." Thus the desire and command to establish the Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and to receive lips of Jesus Christ Himself.

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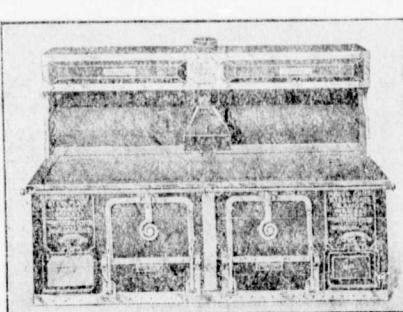
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