

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

"No man is ever used by God to build up His kingdom who has lost hope. Wherever I have found a worker in God's vineyard who has lost hope, I have found a man or woman not very useful."

If we are devoted to truth, we are ever desirous of diffusing it and ever hopeful that it will spread to the outermost boundaries. When a man becomes a cynic he also becomes an idler.

The World Needs Sunshine. It needs cheerful lives which radiate gladness. It needs encouragers who will lift and not board down, who will encourage, not discourage.

Who can estimate the value of a sunny soul who scatters gladness and good cheer wherever he goes instead of gloom and sadness? Everybody is attracted to these cheerful faces and sunny lives and repelled by the gloomy, the morose and the sad.

We envy people who radiate cheer wherever they go and fling out gladness from every pore. Money, houses and lands look unattractive beside such a disposition. The ability to radiate sunshine is a greater power than beauty or than mere mental accomplishments.

Wasted Energy. Some of us waste our energies and make our lives ineffective by trying to do too many things. Ability to do one thing superbly almost precludes the possibility of doing other things in a way to attract attention.

People who are constantly making resolutions with great vigor and determination, but who never put them into execution, do not realize how much precious force they waste in dreaming and wishing. They live in dream land while they work in mediocrity.

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qualifications of a worker by the pains he takes in making his person and clothing as attractive as possible. Everything about a man bespeaks his character. He puts his personality into everything he does, no less than his work.

A Field of Fruitful Effort. At no period in the history of our country has such bright prospects opened before the Catholic young man—the one who is faithful in the practice of his religious duties. Such a one is always admired by men of principle.

Addressing the Young Men's Archdiocesan Union of Philadelphia, Rev. J. F. X. O'Connor, S. J., sounded a true note when he said:

"Where will you find the man who is faithful, sincere, honest? He will be found in the man true to the teaching of the Catholic Church. Not to one but all its doctrines, its teachings of faith and of morals, of what he must believe and what he must do. A man like O'Connell in Ireland, Ozanam in France, like Garcia Moreno in South America, like Windhorst in Germany.

I see before me the men who will be the leaders in thought, the leaders in action, the leaders in patriotism. O'Connell had to face prejudice against his race, and bigotry against his religion—the young man smote the giant, and won the religious emancipation of his people. Ozanam, a young man, faced infidelity, and founded the grandest monument to religious charity and zeal, the conference of St. Vincent de Paul. Garcia Moreno was opposed by the hatred of anti-religious societies.

He gave his life gloriously in the service of God and religious freedom. Windhorst, single handed, fought against the power of Protestant Germany, and by his courage, skill, faith, and persevering toil, conquered the iron chancellor, Bismarck, who had subdued all other foes, but the young man, by the stone of truth, brought him to his knees.

You are called upon in the spirit of these men to battle against prejudice, religion, and racial prejudices like O'Connell, against irreligion like Ozanam, against the hate of God, like Garcia Moreno, against the opposition to Catholicism and justice like Windhorst. You will say it is a great work. I say to you, that you are young men, and you are Catholic men, that you are Catholic young men of the twentieth century. With God in your hearts, and right in your lives, and courage in your souls you must not fail, you cannot fail, you will not fail."

Cardinal Newman's Gentleman. "It is almost the definition of a gentleman," says the great Cardinal Newman, "to say he is one who never gives pain."

He carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast, all clashing of opinion or collision of feeling, all distrust or suspicion, or gloom. He tries to make every one at ease and at home. He has his eyes on all the company. He is tender toward the bashful, gentle toward the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unreasonable allusions or topics that may irritate; he is so goodly prominent in conversation and never wearisome.

"He makes light of favors while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by mere retort. He has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and he interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes an unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out."

He has too much sense to be affronted at insult. He is too busy to remember injuries, and too wise to bear malice. If he engages in controversy of any kind, his discipline and intellect preserve him from blundering, discounting of better though less educated minds, which like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean.

"He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-hearted to be unjust. He is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive."

Some Helpful Thoughts. One of the great lessons we may learn from St. Paul is never to give way to discouragement. We cannot find a single hopeless word in any of the epistles.

The quiet activity of mind required to adjust ourselves to difficult surroundings gives a zest and interest to life which we can find in no other way, and adds a certain strength to the character which cannot be found elsewhere.

Do your own thinking. It is well to listen to the expressed thoughts of others, and it is an agreeable pastime to give expression to your thoughts; but when alone, weigh what you have said.

Tread carefully every day the path in which Providence leads; seek nothing, be discouraged by nothing; see duty in the present moment; trust all with reserve to the will and power of God.

There is only one stimulant that never fails, and yet never intoxicates. Duty. Duty puts a blue sky over every man—up to his heart, maybe—into which the skylark, happiness, always goes singing—Laureltime.

In the firm control of our thoughts lies the secret of the most wonderful possession of which we can boast—character. It is quite as much a matter of habit as of will, this being honorable, truthful, just, having formed our principles of right living, conscience invariably points to a whole-hearted loyalty to them. And when baser motives plead, why, here is just where your power may profit by exercise.—M. L. Leibrecht.

True wisdom is to know what is best worth knowing, and to do what is best worth doing.—E. P. Humphrey.

Concentration Always Wins. All through the world to-day there are millions of young men wondering how they are to obtain success. In

some measure good fortune is, of course, possible to every one who reads my words and is blessed with health. All cannot be equally prosperous in their affairs, but every one can make some kind of a mark.

But not along the old roads. Education all over the world, I do not say the best education, but the kind of education that makes money, is increasing. As a result brains work more rapidly, though perhaps not as thoroughly as they did in the past.

Active minds are breaking away from tradition and making fortunes, in many cases by an actual reversal of the policy of their forefathers. It is not, in my opinion, and I base my statement on knowledge of successful men in many lands, the young man who seeks an appointment in an old-fashioned store and settles down to the humdrum work of doing his duty, who necessarily makes a fortune. There are thousands of men in this and every other city who are trying to make fortunes that way and cover will. It is the man who goes into the store and teaches his employer to sell new kinds of goods in new kinds of ways who eventually becomes strong enough to enforce his demands to a share of that shop or some other shop.

But he must be well all the time in body, so that his mind may devote itself to the great secret of success—concentration. Fortunes may come to great gamblers now and then, and such notorious examples do, I know, disturb the minds of young men. And every venture in life is, I admit, a little of a gamble. But, after all, it is concentration of purpose that is the backbone of success all over the world whether it be that of the poet or the pork packer. The man who has cultivated the habit of concentration looks round every proposition so thoroughly that he is not, as a rule, given to buying gold bricks.

The gambler not only buys them, but seeks them. Witness the disastrous story of the combine of the shipbuilding yards of this country. We have plenty of gamblers on our side of the Atlantic, but we do not as a rule, as yet gamble in industries, and I hope we never shall.

Our shipyards and ships are in the hands of men who are all the time devising new kinds of ships propelled by new kinds of methods and concentrating their minds on that kind of business alone. As a result, those men can build ships more quickly and more cheaply than any others. I quote this instance, because I was here at the time the gamblers were busy buying their shipbuilding gold bricks and thinking they were going to erect a permanent structure of success that way.

After concentration has brought about the initial success, optimism of temperament is necessary. It does much to carry with it those who are around one and brings with it that leadership which then becomes essential.

When Ferdinand de Lesseps began to talk of cutting the Suez canal no one believed him, and, as a matter of fact, as he himself confessed, he was on the wrong track at first. But gradually his forceful optimism persuaded individual after individual, and then nation after nation, that the thing could and should be done.

His career is an ideal one to study from the point of view of those seeking success. He did a new thing in a new way, and he concentrated his whole existence on it.

It is the study of that kind of life that I suggest to those who are looking for fortunes. Get rich quick is more dangerous even than idle pipe dreaming.

Concentration and new methods are winners every time.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

STORIES ON THE ROSARY.

The Scourging at the Pillar. BY LOUISA EMILY DOBBERE.

The great idea for this special Bank Holiday was to go out on some cycles. Mary had been on one a few times, and was engaged to keep on very better than she expected though her progress was characterized by a wobbling movement very suggestive of the amateur. One of her friends, however, preferring donkeys on Hampstead Heath, she and Mary set off to go there.

Just as they were crossing the street to the station at which they were to get a train, Mary, who was laughing and talking at the top of her voice, heard a shout warning her to take care, and suddenly seeing the danger she was in she lost her presence of mind, and in a moment more was knocked down by a swiftly driven hansom.

Of course a crowd came round her, and in a very little time she was moved to a neighboring house, there to wait for the ambulance which was to take her to a hospital.

The injury her head had been very severe, and some time she was in great danger, and but slowly gained strength and seemed on the way to convalescence. As she lay on her bed during all those weary weeks the priest who visited the hospital often spoke to her and tried to bring her to a sense of the danger to body and soul she had been in. But she was stubborn and silent, absolutely refusing to make her confession, and apparently quite unconcerned about her soul. His visits bored her extremely, and she often used to pretend to be asleep when his sharp eyes caught sight of his tall, slight figure entering the ward.

And so the days went on. Father Kolson went away for his holidays, and the priest who visited the hospital during his absence, being very shy and nervous, found Mary an impossible person to deal with.

One summer's day Mary was so much better that she was wheeled out in a

chair on the terrace of the hospital, there to enjoy a sight of the blue sky and sunshine. It was a lovely afternoon, and as the patients seemed all very much brighter and better, the nurses were not quite as much overpressed with work.

Nurse Hutton came out to talk to Mary a little. The latter, who had had her hair cut during her illness had now a curly crop which suited her better than her former style of hair-dressing.

"You are getting on nicely, No. 4," said the nurse, who had a brisk manner and a cheerful face. "You will be able to get down to the Convalescent Home at Folkstone next week. I spoke to the house-surgeon about it to-day."

"Did you? Well, I hope it'll put a bit of backbone into me, I feel so weak."

"You must, indeed. But the sea breezes will do you good. I've never seen the sea," said Mary wearily. "What is it like?"

"I really don't know how to describe it to you, said the nurse laughing. "Bigger than the ponds in the parks, I'd say," said Dreda with languid interest.

"Yes, rather. Wait and you'll see it for yourself."

"I don't know whatever I'll do so as to get a good start again," said Mary. "I told you I had had all my things stolen," she continued, for she had had to make up a plausible tale to account for being homeless and with no friends to come and see her on visiting days.

The nurse nodded. She had heard tales of the kind before, sometimes true, and oftener not. Five years' experience of hospital life had given her a good opportunity of studying human nature, and she had quickly discovered Mary's capacity for telling lies. She did not believe this story, but as it was not her concern to sit into the matter she inquired no further.

"There was a purse in your pocket, you remember," said Nurse Hutton, "and I think it had money in it, but I did not look, and it is put carefully away in your locker."

"A purse," said Mary, putting her hand to her head, for she felt confused still, and trying to remember anything was an effort that caused her pain.

Slowly, however, she recollected. "Yes, I remember," said Mary, and the nurse offered to go and fetch the purse, and Mary eagerly assented.

The nurse went back to the ward to get the purse, and brought it to her. As she put it in Mary's hand she was called away, and the girl was left by herself, comparatively alone, for the other invalids on the terrace had settled into a group, so that she was undisturbed. So strange is the power of memory and thought, linked by many a hidden chain, that when Mary drew out a little Rosary, tucked away in a side pocket of the purse, it brought up many things back to her mind.

She thought of her First Communion, made together with the other school children. Since she had left school she had thrown her Rosary, ceased to practise her religion, and it was ten years—since she had told Mrs. Jervis—since she had taken the Sacraments.

She took the Rosary in her hands and then said the second set of decades, feeling surprised as she did so at being able to remember them all. And she said the beads tears of real penitence came to her eyes, and she resolved then and there to begin a new life. And the resolve was kept. When Mary was well again, which was not before the autumn, she went to try and see Mrs. Jervis, and learnt from the landlady that she had died the week before. Mary had returned to the sacrament, and that winter was married to a steady young Catholic.

So the sacrifice and mortification which Mrs. Jervis looked on as a failure had not been so after all.

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