

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Her Grace the Duchess. In the Faubourg St. Marceau, one of the most squalid quarters in Paris, and which is justly called "Misery District," a priest prepared an old rag-picker for death. The dying man, amidst the dirt and degradation of his mean trade and the association of godless companions, had persistently clung to the Catholic faith, and would not close his abject career without receiving the last Sacraments.

But when the minister of God on his homeward way reflected on the filthy, forlorn condition of the sick man's tenement, and that he must convey his Divine Master thither, he became perplexed and troubled in his mind. Nor can this be wondered at for the room, which the dying man most correctly called his "den," was devoid of furniture.

Whilst the priest was plunged in his melancholy cogitation he approached a magnificent residence, and it suddenly occurred to him that a pious duchess owned it; the bearer of one of the most illustrious names in France, young, beautiful and in the best of health, and adored by her husband and all his relatives. He was aware that the fleeting pleasures of the world had still an attraction for her; at the same time he knew she had a good heart.

An irresistible impulse forced him to seek admittance to her presence and as he entered the stately mansion and trod the polished floors, the profusion of flowers, the costly carpets and hangings only too clearly reminded him of the difference between the fair and noble mistress of all this wealth and grandeur and the destitute, begrimed penitent.

Nevertheless, on being ushered into Her Grace's presence, he stated without hesitation his difficulty.

"Who, of course," she replied quite simply, "It would be utterly impossible to let our dear Saviour enter such a place."

"Then, as you share my opinion, will you undertake that the room be put in some sort of decent order for the administration of the Sacrament."

"Most gladly! I will see to it myself. Must I take my maid?"

"By all means for the room must be swept out and cleaned."

"Yes! but such work must be done voluntarily and cheerfully, and if my maid cleaned it she would deprive me of some of the merit. Now that I think of it, I will take my son. He is eight years old. It is also right that he should become acquainted with the misery of the poor."

"But, your Grace, the man is dangerously ill; there is no time to be lost. He is expecting me at 8 in the morning and his dwelling is a great distance from here. Can you possibly perform so much in the meantime?"

"Have no fear," she cheerfully replied, "I shall be there long before you." Happily it was spring and the days broke early, and when on the following morning the priest arrived at 8 with the Viaticum, he found the rag-picker's den transformed into a clean and lovely habitation. It involuntarily reminded him of the sepulchre which the plea of the faithful erect in each Catholic church on the Blessed Thursday for the entire chamber was draped in white and over the miserable pallet of rags was thrown a snow white embroidered coverlet. A table had been procured which was covered with a fine white damask cloth. It bore a crucifix and two candlesticks with wax tapers; at the side was a vessel containing holy water and a consecrated sprig of boxwood. Nothing had been forgotten.

The young duchess had just completed her labor of love when the priest entered; and had cast aside her hat and wore a large white apron to protect her dress. But immediately at the sight of the Blessed Sacrament she and her little son dropped on their knees at the front of the bed and devoutly recited the Confiteor. The aged rag-picker lay on his clean bed the picture of radiant contentment, more especially as Her Grace had carefully combed his hair, a comfort of which he had certainly long been deprived.

When the priest leaning over him began in a few words to prepare him for a devout reception of the Blessed Sacrament, the old man quickly interrupted him, exclaiming with holy glee, "The good lady kneeling here has told me all that. She and her little boy have been praying with me."

He received his Saviour with unfeigned piety, and the priest had scarcely ended the prayer of thanks giving when the duchess took the rag-picker's feeble horny old hand in hers and laid it gently on her little boy's head, saying:

"Please, my good man, now that you have received Holy Communion and are our dear Lord's friend, bestow on us your blessing. It is certain to bring us great happiness."

"Oh! my lady," ejaculated the dying rag-picker, "a poor old man like me can give you no blessing. The Lord God Almighty must bless you and the lad. Aye, and he will, too; He will bless you and your son!"

So speaking he wept, and down the cheeks of the priest there silently coursed the sweetest tears he ever shed. He it is who has narrated for us this beautiful incident and he has done so as an example of that true charity which, not content with the mere bestowal of alms, expends itself for the suffering neighbor.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Persons are often surprised at the superior success of young immigrants in this country over native born youth, the majority of whom have had greater advantages in the way of schooling than their foreign born competitors. It is found that in most of the industries, in trade and in the professions many among the truly prosperous and conspicuously successful workers are self-made men who came to America in their youth with no capital except ability and willingness to labor. They were not too fastidious to accept any employment that afforded the means of livelihood and applied themselves diligently and cheerfully to make the most of the first opportunity that offered itself. This fact in connection with their industry and thrift, furnishes the key to the mystery which puzzles the mind of superficial observers. The handicap of inferior intellectual cultivation and lack of influential friends was more than offset by readiness to engage in any honorable occupation, no matter how arduous or un congenial. Unhindered by foolish notions of gentility they pitched in, with a light heart and resolute will, to get out of their position all there was in it. In this way their services became valuable and were appreciated accordingly. Their advancement was not due to any sentimental considerations at all, but was strictly the reward of honest endeavor. The value of their work was substantially recognized because it was to the interest of their employers to do so. Men in business are prompted by selfish motives to retain the services of those who are useful to them. It is a wise policy. Therefore to the combined energy and perseverance of the class in question must be attributed the relatively large degree of practical success attained by young foreigners in comparison with others.

The "advantages" of scholastic training on which the American youth is apt to place himself, are frequently a serious drawback to him. Education, so-called, is a fetish among a very large and respectable class of our people. But a great deal of what currently passes for education instead of being a benefit, is a positive detriment. It is not education at all. The partial cultivation of the faculties which enable one to memorize and repeat parrot-like, certain set tasks is not education by any means. It is regrettable but true that a very large proportion of the educational results effected by our popular system of " cramming " resolve themselves into this capacity to repeat mechanically what has been committed to memory. Now, if we seriously study the influence of this sort of "education" as it is illustrated in the habits of mind and in the character and career of the vast multitude of those who bank on the superior qualifications derived from such school training, we shall discover the reason why, in so many instances, the young native is outstripped in the race for material rewards by the foreigner, a stranger to the preliminary scholastic experience upon which his unsuccessful adversary rested his hopes.

In other words, a training which makes a young fellow too "gentle" to do the kind of work for which he is fitted, without providing him with the ability and opportunity to engage in the light, profitable and eminently respectable employments, which alone he is willing to undertake, is not an unmitigated blessing, as thousands and millions disappointed and embittered lives testify. The sort of half education to which we refer and which prevails almost universally among those who most vehemently uphold this destructive sentiment of false gentility, has depopulated farming communities in many localities, depleted the mechanical trades and best places in all lines of skilled labor of native artisans, produced a generation of shabby-genteel counter-jumpers and clerks and filled the country with hoodlums, tramps and a still more despicable element of degenerates, who live by their wits, human sharks preying upon their fellow creatures. On the fringes of the so-called learned professions hang another multitude of impecunious, disqualified aspirants who from a spirit of shallow vanity have avoided lives of usefulness in the vocations to which they were best adapted as a consequence of the kind of "education" which paralyzes instead of developing manhood. These statements are not wild assertions conceived in a disordered imagination. There is, unfortunately, an overwhelming mass of proof to sustain them, in the story of contemporaneous life around us, especially in the larger cities of the country.

Here is a matter that deserves the prayerful attention of young men who stand upon the threshold of maturity. The future lies before them. What is it to be? That depends absolutely on what they determine for themselves. If, having acquired the rudiments of mental culture, they are possessed of the prevalent fancy that manual labor is not respectable and that the requirements of gentility preclude employment injurious to good clothes and soft hands, they will decide to join one or the other classes just mentioned. Of course they will not deliberately choose a career of idleness and crime. But by turning their backs upon the avenues of honorable employment for which they are utterly unfitted and which offers them no reasonable hope of livelihood, merely to gratify a stupid egotism, they enter upon the path which leads

to inevitable failure. We do not wish to be understood as decrying intellectual pursuits or disparaging laudable ambition for social and material advancement. God forbid! But we do emphatically assert on the incontestable evidence of common sense and observation, that the ability to read and write does not comprise a sufficient equipment with which to carve out a successful career in the professions or furnish the essentially requisite opportunities for success in any other branch of activity demanding intelligence, industry and a power of concentration which is only developed by persistent study and effort in that direction.

The secret of the success, so commonly accomplished by young men who begin life without any extraneous advantages is not hard to discover. Their willingness to take hold of the first opening that presents itself and to make the most of it, to the full extent of their natural capacity is the key to the solution. They are not handicapped by any false pretensions of personal superiority, nor silly traditions respecting the gentility of the labor demanded. The work is before them. It is manifestly honorable, respectable and useful. That is enough. They apply themselves diligently to doing it. They do not waste time and energy in vain regrets because they are not well placed as the heads of the firm or corporation which employs them. They are not worried about how society regards the position they occupy or whether society regards it, at all. Their undivided attention is devoted to the discharge of their duties which, in consequence, are satisfactorily performed. This circumstance insures practical recognition, and step by step with patient determination they scale the ladder of prosperity. While the talents of the excessively "gentle" young fellow are directed to the avoidance of anything that might wound his sense of human respect, his other young man is rapidly distancing him in the race for the goal which he himself is never destined to reach, because of the silly impediment with which he has burdened his back.—Catholic Universe.

HE FORETOLD "BOXER" RISING.

Bishop Von Anzer Gave Warning a Year Ago of Present Chinese Trouble.

Much interest in the Chinese crisis is being manifested among the German Catholics of this city. This is due in part to the fact that Baron Von Ketteler, the German Minister to Peking, who was murdered there, is a Catholic and a nephew of the late Bishop Ketteler, of Mayence. He was a native of Westphalia, a district which is the birthplace of many of the German priests and laity of Philadelphia.

About three years ago Rev. Francis Nies, S. V. D., and Rev. Peter Henle, S. V. D., German Catholic missionaries, were murdered in China, and the crime at that time threatened grave international complications. Father Nies was a cousin of Rev. Hubert Hammeke, of St. Bonaventura's, Rev. Theodore Hammeke, of St. Ignatius, and Rev. William Hammeke, of Lehighton, three brothers who are laboring in this diocese. A fourth brother is a priest in Germany.

The Shan-Tung province of China is under a German protectorate, and a serious uprising is threatened there; in fact, German engineers on the railroads there have been forced to abandon the work. It was from this province that Right Rev. J. B. Ritter Von Anzer, titular Bishop of Pletter and Vicar Apostolic of South Shan-Tung, came when he visited America a few years ago. He arrived in this city on February 26, 1898, and after calling on Archbishop Ryan, Bishop Prendergast and Mgr. Cantwell at the cathedral residence, he spent some time at St. Bonaventura's with the cousins of the murdered Father Nies. The Monsignor had a beard and moustache cut in the Chinese style and wore a hat not unlike that known as a "Grant hat," with a military cloak and cap. His countenance bore evidence of considerable exposure to the elements. He speaks English imperfectly, and while here conversed mainly in German, his native tongue. Two sisters of the Bishop are religious in convents in New Orleans.

THE BISHOP ON THE "BOXER" MOVEMENT.

Nothing has been heard in this city from him since the recent troubles began, and there was some apprehension as to his fate and that of his flock. A recent issue of Das Vaterland, the leading Catholic paper of Vienna, contained a communication from him which would indicate that he was then in Austria. In the article he is quoted regarding the "Boxer" movement, and his views, a portion of which are here given, may throw some light on the situation in China.

"The whole 'Boxer' movement," said the Bishop, "arose a short time after the seizure of Kiao-Chau, Port Arthur and Wei-Hat-Wai." The cessation of these three important centres produced perplexity among the Chinese people, and this impression was still more marked in government circles in Peking. During the first six or seven months the efforts of the Chinese authorities were directed towards avoiding all difficulties, as they knew what might be expected from the European Governments. But in course of time a reaction set in, which was only natural and conceivable. That reaction did not, however, proceed from the people, but from the Chinese officials. It originated in Shan-Tung and Peking. A victory named Yuhien was sent to Shan-Tung to promote it. I knew him well. He formerly tried to approach the Catholics,

but I had to be cautious in dealing with him. He now endeavored to promote an outbreak in Shan-Tung against foreigners, and called upon the local officials to take action against Europeans. They had no alternative but to comply, and incited the people to follow their example. Yet the latter did not openly riot. The sect of the 'Great Knife,' as they style themselves, were then appealed to. Members of that sect murdered two German missionaries. They afterwards missed my Apostolic Vicar while on a mission tour never to meet us again. Six months later the Governor arrived and urged them to proceed against foreigners, but they turned a deaf ear to him. The Governor was then obliged to summon members of the sect from the neighboring provinces in order to organize disturbances.

THE BISHOP GAVE WARNING. "At that time, which was during last May, June and July, I called the attention of the Chinese Government to the danger of the existing danger. I told them that the sect in question would eventually turn against the dynasty. Their leader already regards himself as the Emperor of China. No notice was taken of my warning, and what we Catholic missionaries foretold has now happened. So far away from China and from the seat of present events their importance cannot be accurately estimated. In a general way, however, it seems to me that the action of the European powers has hitherto been well advised.

"But the powers must persist and manifest their determination. If they are satisfied with mere assurances, they will once more be deceived, and worse may be expected in the future. Everything depends on the skill displayed by the European representatives. If they stand firm till all important measures which they demand have been carried out the danger will be at an end. If there had been energetic intervention last year when I called attention to the situation, what is happening now would never have taken place. According to my experience and profound conviction the position of affairs for all Europe is this. China is a phase of transformation with great revolts and disturbances occur as a matter of course. It is on the eve of political, economic, social and religious changes.

"As a Bishop of the excellent and capable Chinese people I must, before all, interest myself in what can make them really happy and prevent them from becoming a great peril to Europe. During the twenty years I have been in China I have never seen any drunkards, and if the Chinese were beaten in the war with Japan, it must be attributed to the opium smoking of their officers. At the present moment, which will be decisive in all respects, everything will depend on whether Catholic missionary work is assisted to success with increasing means and energy or whether the Chinese millions will be abandoned to religious indifference and to those ruinous tendencies which now overrun and imperil Europe. Whoever has a heart for the future of mankind and that of our Holy Church will lend an ear to my entreaty that he should pray and make sacrifices for China—that is, for a Catholic China."

WHAT DID HE MEAN?

The Anglican Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Temple, is always made impatient of bores, especially clerical bores. One of the clergy of his diocese who had pestered him a good deal recently wrote an inordinately long letter describing a picture which he proposed to put up in the chancel of the church, and asking permission to do so. By the time His Grace reached the end of the epistle his patience was quite exhausted, and he replied on a postcard: "Dear Blank: Hang the picture!" The clergyman is still wondering how he ought to regard the reply.

YEARS OF AGONY.

Resulting From Sciatica in an Aggravated Form.

MANY NIGHTS THE SUFFERER COULD NOT LIE IN BED, AND HIS LEG WAS FREQUENTLY SWOLLEN TO TWICE ITS NATURAL SIZE.

From the Journal, St. Catharines.

Mr. John T. Benson, missionary engineer at the Ridley College, St. Catharines, is known by most of the residents of the city. For years Mr. Benson suffered acute agony from sciatica, and notwithstanding numerous forms of treatment, found little or no relief, until he began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills speedily restored his health, as they have done that of thousands of others who have given them a fair trial. To the reporter who interviewed him, Mr. Benson said: "I certainly owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for they have released me from a form of torture that had afflicted me almost continuously for twenty years. The pain began first in my back, then shifted to my hip, and thence down my leg. It became so severe that it seemed as though the very marrow in my bones was being scalded, and at times I could scarcely repress crying aloud from the agony I endured. I tried all sorts of liniments and lotions, but got no relief. I doctored with several physicians, even going to Buffalo for treatment by a specialist there, but in no case did I ever receive more than temporary relief. It may be easily imagined that the pain I endured told upon me in other ways and I became

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almost a physical wreck. At times my right leg would swell to nearly twice its normal size. Then the pain and swelling would shift to my left leg, and the agony was something awful. I suppose that during the period I was afflicted I have hundreds of times laid on my back on the floor with my foot and leg elevated on a chair in order to obtain slight ease from the pain I endured. The muscles and sinews in my legs looked as though they had twisted and tied in knots. The trouble went on in this way until finally nothing but opiates would deaden the pain. A few years ago I read of the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and decided to try them. For some time after I began their use, I could not see that they would give them a fair trial. By the time I had used a half dozen boxes, there was a decided improvement in my case, and I continued the use of the pills until I had taken twelve boxes, when I felt my cure was complete. Several years have since passed and I have had no return of the trouble, so that I feel safe in saying that the cure has been permanent.

I may also add that my wife has used the pills for indigestion, headaches and dizziness, and has found great benefit from them. Words cannot express the great benefit Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been to me, and I hope similar sufferers will profit by my experience." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. If your dealer does not keep them, they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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