

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The Joy of Working. Think not, Sir Man-of-Leisure as you peep lazily through your heavily-curtained window at the scurrying 7 o'clock crowd on the way to its daily toil, that you have the best of it because you can snuggle back beneath your luxuriant covering and sleep until...

For there is a zest to it all. The quick spring from bed at the alarm clock's summons, the hastily swallowed breakfast, then out into the wine-like air of early morning. To work—vigorous work of brain or brawn, whether it be pecking away at a desk or directing the eternal grind of clanking machinery.

It is occupation—accomplishment! Do not pity these work-a-day folk. Save your sympathy for the hapless and hopeless idle fellows—the unfortunates or unwilling; alike commiserable.

Hard work is the best of all cures for insomnia. Thank God you can work! Through your office labor strains your nerves and racks your brain, though the "shops" takes the best of your strength and vitality—be glad to be living, an active part of the working world.

When sorrow and grief come, when you strive to forget, to crush out cruel thoughts, thank God that you can absorb yourself in your occupation, plunge deep into the details of your duty.

Thank God that you can work—that you can grasp your pay envelope and say, "This is mine, the rightful pay for the labor of my brain, the just earnings of my strong right arm."

Do not deceive yourself by the promise (nine times in ten a pleasant little fiction) that by asid by you will retire, ease up, and your life in idleness.

The business game is not alone for the pleasure of the spoils, but for the joy of playing it. What the world may call greed and avarice you know to be the fascination of success—the intoxication of accomplishment; and it will keep you untiringly at it—on your mettle in the battle—till the end of life.

For life is real life.—D. Herbert Moore in Judicious Advertising. The kingdom of God stands for all that is morally right; honesty, justice, purity, truth, fidelity, honor, and the promise of Christ is that if we make these virtues our first concern, material prosperity will follow inevitably.

Justice, truth, purity, honor these are the current coin in the kingdom of God. The man who has these will never lack any good thing. This is the teaching of Christ, the law of God that obtains always and everywhere despite the sneers of unbelievers.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

STORIES ON THE ROSARY. BY LOUISA EMILY DOBRES. The Presentation to the Temple. COUNT LUIGI. 'Lisbeth turned to look after him as after a long handclasp he left her. He was walking very fast and was soon lost to view; and 'Lisbeth went home, the Savings Bank book in that handy under pocket, and a certain sense of relief at the thought that she could tell her mother all about it.

At first the color left Mrs. Baxton's rubicund face as she heard 'Lisbeth's story, and then she looked inclined to laugh. By the time 'Lisbeth arrived at the description of the castle in Italy Mrs. Baxton could contain herself no longer.

"You don't mean, 'Lisbeth, as you believed all that?" exclaimed Mrs. Baxton. "Well, I never! You must be dotty."

"How can you speak like that, mother?" directed 'Lisbeth coloring up. "Of course I believe it, and believe it all now, and so will you when Luigi comes back, and I am married, and a real countess!"

"Gadmon! You ought'er be ashamed of yourself, talking to strange men as you don't know anything about. I never thought a girl of mine would do such a thing, let alone keep it all a secret from her mother. If you was but a bit younger I'd just feel inclined to whip you."

"Lisbeth tossed her head, and her mother went on. "I he's a decent chap he wouldn't have gone on like that, and as for believing he is a count, I ain't such a fool."

The question was argued out very thoroughly, and under fire of Mrs. Baxton's well directed questions the whole story was elicited with many details, such as 'Lisbeth had let out when first telling it to her mother.

When it came to the part about 'Lisbeth's throwing up her engagement to Jo, and also giving the whole of her little money to Luigi, Mrs. Baxton could find no words in which to express her feelings, and mother and daughter went to bed that night both weeping.

Feast of the Purification, which had fallen that year on a Sunday. "I suppose it was, mother," said 'Lisbeth, and her voice was softer than it had been for many months.

"Then books ain't a bit like real life, and this yer head with trash," said Mrs. Baxton. "Did you listen to the sermon to night?"

"Lisbeth nodded, and her mother went on. "It's done me good hearing all Father Hovson said all about our Blessed Lady being poor, and only making the offering same as poor folk. I always thinks of that when I says my Rosary."

"I never say mine now," said 'Lisbeth with a sigh. "Don't seem no use."

Mrs. Baxton rose, and pulling out a drawer got out a pamphlet. "Look here—here's what the Holy Father says about the Rosary. Read it. I bought it when they was selling it at the church."

The part which impressed 'Lisbeth the most was what was written about the Five Joyful Mysteries: "who judge of all things merely by the light and according to the standard of nature join with us in deploring—that society is threatened with a serious danger, in the growing contempt for those homely duties and virtues which make up the beauty of humble life."

"For evils such as these let us seek a remedy in the Rosary, which consists in a fixed order of prayer, consisting with devout meditation on the life of Christ and His Blessed Mother. Here, if the joyful Mysteries be but clearly brought home to the minds of the people, an object lesson of the chief virtues is placed before their eyes. Each one will thus be able to see for himself how sweetly attractive are the lessons to be found therein for the leading of an honest life."

Here is the patient industry which provides what is required for food and raiment, which does so 'in the sweat of the brow,' which is contented with little, and which seeks rather to diminish the number of its wants than to multiply the sources of its wealth.

Better than all, we find there that supreme peace of mind and gladness of soul which never fail to accompany the possession of a tranquil conscience. There are no examples of good-working endurance, of kindness to others, of diligence in the small duties of daily life and of other virtues, and once they have made their influence felt they gradually take root in the soul, and in course of time fail not to bring about a happy change of mind and conduct.

Then will each one begin to feel his work to be no longer lowly and ignominious, but grateful and light, and do his best to serve God in it, and do his best to be useful to his fellow-creatures.

"I walked up and down before this house for one hour three years ago. I could not drum up courage to come in. I had lost a fine situation through drink. I went from bad to worse. I could not pay my rent. We were put out on the street. My wife and child were in want and without shelter. So I came here, feeling like a coward. Finally I summoned up courage and came in and told you why I came. After a little talk you gave me the pledge. I had a terrible struggle, but I fought the battle out. Now I have a good position again. My family is well cared for and happy and I have \$700 in the bank. The three years are up, so I am here to renew my pledge. It was a blessed pledge for me."

There are many who might go and do likewise with much profit. The young man and the older man who are known to drink carry a heavy handicap. They are not trusted, and, as a rule, will not be promoted.

If liquor were of any mental or physical benefit to man, there might be some excuse. But medical science, experience and the statistics of life insurance companies prove the contrary.

"Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty. For in my youth I never did apply. Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood Nor did not with unwholesome fardel woo The means of weakness and debility. Therefore my eyes are as a lusty winter. Freely but kindly."

WHY SHOULD WE PAY PETER'S PENCE. From the Messenger of the Sacred Heart. Why should we pay Peter's Pence? We might answer that question by asking some others? Why should we support our parish priest? Why should we furnish him with what is proper for his maintenance, for his food and clothing and residence; who should we put in his hands what is necessary for the care and ornamentation of the church and the spiritual celebration of the divine mysteries; why should we see that he has wherewith to support and improve the schools; to advance in every way he can the boundaries of the kingdom of Christ?

Or, again, why should we be solicitous that the Bishop of the diocese should be surrounded with everything which may reflect honor on his exalted position? That he may be able to meet without difficulty the great expenses of his cathedral, of his seminaries, his orphan asylums, his institutions of charity, the daily demands on his generosity that come from every direction? The answer is plain. To be of assistance in such matters to our ecclesiastical superiors is not only an obligation, but is a privilege, an honor and a credit to the Catholic. Why not ours? It is not for the Holy Father himself. His daily personal expenses are scarcely those of a common laborer and even his aged sisters he has left in their honorable poverty. It is for the Church herself, not only that the magnificence with which her temple should be adorned and the splendor with which Christ's Vicar should be surrounded, but that the essential work of the Church should be continued, and that God's interests in all parts of the world should be safeguarded and advanced.

That is what Peter's Pence is for. It is for Our Father, Papa Noster. It is that Church work should not suffer. The Southern Messenger of San Antonio, Texas, publishes, with the permission of the recipient, a letter written by a Catholic mother to a married daughter living in a place remote from religious influences, urging her to cling to the Church and to be faithful to the duties of her state of life. One paragraph of this letter deserves quoting as an illustration of how easily young folk can be taught to love religion and grounded in the practice of it when the parents are practical Christians, mindful of their obligation to give instruction and set examples to their children. There is much for Catholic parents to reflect upon in this short paragraph:

If the Rosary is too long, say only a decade, naming the mystery. It is a splendid lesson, to know all the mysteries of the Rosary. In our old life as R. I. never neglected daily meditation even if I had to read at dinner while the family ate their; and Catechism also had its place. I never know of a complaint from my children against any holy practice.

A GOOD INVESTMENT FOR THE NEW YEAR. What is it? Temperance! Yes, total abstinence! Many whom you meet with the greeting, "A Happy New Year," are not happy and cannot be happy because the habit and the banes of intemperance is a cloud over life and home.

The season of good resolutions should record for such the pledge of total abstinence. A "right about face" and a determined walking away from the persons and the occasions that lead to over indulgence is the only effective remedy against the sinful and degrading habit of drunkenness.



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Drunkenness justly excludes its victims from respectable homes and from decent company. It finally excludes them from heaven itself.

The drunkard cannot have even self-respect. If he has children they must necessarily be ashamed of their father. A young boy whom we found sobbing behind the school-house, said in reply to our question: "The boys say my father is a—a drunkard, but—but how can I help it?"

The child may be taught to love and respect his parents, but how can he love and respect a drunken parent? He cannot respect one who does not respect himself. No man should transform himself into a brute and then expect the respect due to a man.

No man becomes a drunkard all at once. No man learns a trade without an apprenticeship. The drunkard's ranks are recruited from the ranks of the moderate drinkers. No drunkard ever intended to become the set and degraded being he is. He thought he could take a little leave it alone. He would leave him alone, but took him and placed him lined up among the drunkards.

Every drunkard has a history, and his history is summed up in the above paragraph. What is to be done by the victims? They must break away from the habit. But how? In the first place by divine assistance, and then by their own determination and the co-operation of true friends. The struggle will be hard. But self and home and heaven are worth the battle and the victory.

A man came lately to take the pledge from us. We said: "You do not look like a man who drinks." "I do not drink, but I was not always so," he

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