Advice to Young Men.

BY R. J. LOUIS CUDDIHY.

INGRATITUDE.-Ingratitude is one squandered with a crowd at the can boast of at the present day. The have many friends (so-called friends) Sacred Heart Review speaking on as long as you have the money, and

this subject says: who have felt how cruel a sin it is, are all changed to enemies. Quite a for there are children-not a few now- number of young men have learned adays- who have treated their par- this lesson by experience, and strange ents, good parents, too- with shock- to say that dearly bought lesson has ing ingratitude; have allowed them to not opened the slumbering eyes of its live on the charity of strangers; have receiver. Hear what the great poet forced them to play the part of drudg- Longfellow has to say on the "Park es during those sad years of old age, Day : when leisure and comfort would be so The day is cold, and dark, and dreary, welcome; have tried to force the little It rains, and the wind is never weary; remnant of means from them by the The vine still clings to the mouldering basest threats and extortion, and perhaps even violence; there are parents But at every gust the dead leaves fall, whose hearts have ached to see their And the day is dark and dreary. children ashamed of their old country accent and their simple manners. Is My life is cold, and dark, and dreary not this very lamentable? Then, too, It rains, and the wind is never weary; all through life we meet with cases My thoughts still cling to the mouldwhere men have lent others money out of personal friendship, only to be re- But the hopes of youth fall thick in paid by ingratitude. Indeed, there is scarcely one of us who has not been badly treated by persons whom we have in one way or another befriend-

KEEP OUT OF DEBT .-- Young men nowadays have a great tendency to ing; fall into this evil. They begin by borrowing a little money from a friend. Thy fate is the common fate of all. with the hope of trying to gain more. Some days must be dark and dreary. at gambling, etc., but alas! they find to their sorrow that their money goes and brings no return. The passion of ents which God has bestowed upon borrowing grows on them, and they you. Do not leave them lie dormant, become so habituated to it, that it be- remembering : comes a second nature. They lose all honor and self-respect, become hardened in their cvil doing, and leave their But the gems of thought should never dehts unpaid. Remember the maxim: "Honesty is the best policy." Owe no man anything, and with the blessing ing and others for writing. The old that God has given you, good health, saying says: Reading maketh a good make use of it to earn an honest liv- man, but writing a perfect man. Too ing, and your life will be free from many of our young men never that tormenting remorse that always cultivate the talent for literature; follows the way of the wicked and they forget to perverse. Hold up your head with the honor and dignity, and say: "With those hands with which God has blessed me, I am earning a livelihood. Write the thoughts the pen can win and I can look every man straight in it From the chaos of the mind.

PROVIDE FOR THE FUTURE .- Slander write, with death-black ink; Be saving with your earnings, and Let it be thy best endeavor when you have provided the necessari-. But to pen what good men think; es of life, put a little aside. The dark and rainy day will be with you, and So thy words and thoughts, securing it is absolutely necessary that you. Honest praise from wisdom's tongue should be in a condition to meet it. May, in time, be as enduring Your hard earnings are too often As the strains which Homer sung."

the many vices which the world loons and the gambling dens. You'll you'll stand the treats, but when your There may be fathers and mothers hour of affliction comes, the friends

wall,

ering past,

the blust. And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease, repin-

Behind the clouds the sun's still shining:

BE STUDIOUS .-- Improve the tal-

"Many a gem is lost forever, By the careless passer-by.

On the mental pathway lie." We find some have a fancy for read-

Use the pen! but let it never

dred years, one way or the other. But much as it is to-day." some one has been doing better than even Darwin or Huxley. In an American exchange we find an article from which we quote the following:

times. One of them has attempted to ment. In other words, we are assured calculate in cold mathematics how that if we live sufficiently long we soon we may expect the Judgment will find matters about the same in Day; and he has prepared a paper on three billion years as they are to-day, the subject which he expects to read This is quite conso.ing; but the trouhefore the American Association for ble is that we have no intention of the Advancement of Science when it remaining upon earth long enough to meets next month in Columbus. Start- personally test the exactness of this ing with the total amount of energy prediction. Unless something unforestored in the sun and the fact that seen takes place, it is our serious inthe orb of day is continuously dis- tention to close up our accounts and tributing energy equivalent to the take our departure before the close of human body, our statistician calcul- they will remain on earth, this item ates that it will require 3,375,000,- will prove interesting.

know is that there are three billion "Scientists do queer things some- years ahead, before the General Judgwork of seven men for each area of the coming century; but for any who the earth's surface of the size of the may not have yet decided how long

THE STORY OF PADEREWSKI.

baseless almost as soon as they were the flowers in the piano bloom, published. Paderewski will never the sun in the piano shine, and she marry. "Why should I marry?" he forgot. said, when the rumor was brought to him by his manager; "I, who have a sky. "There? She is here. She is with grave professor, with bristling black for her dear presence!" Then he ab- blue eyes, went down to hear. He ruptly turned his back and said: "Par- went to the little cottage and listened don me! I never speak of this. Say outside the door. His grave eyes simply that I shall never marry. It is brightened. "Schoen! Schoen!" he that had been his for nincteen years, en. The girl wife was pressing her The wife of his youth, though dead, lips upon her husband's hand, and he was living. He saw her. He felt her was stroking her hair. The professor touch. She inspired him. She kept him coughed. The youthful couple stared. alive. So tender, so reverent was his

TWENTY YEARS AGO Ignace Jan Paderewski, a poor, unknown pianist made a tour through Russia, Siberia, Servia, and Roumania. He played to small audiences at reduced rates. Most of his hearers listened dully. A few caught the whisper of the angel of genius when the boy planist touched the keys. One of the few who listened and heard that note was Rosa Hassai. a girl of 17. She was the daughter of a wealthy Roumanian, and it was said there was noble blood in her veins. She had the divine gift of sympathy. The young planist, from the rude platform of the village hall, felt the girlish eyes upon him, and under their spell he played as he never played before. She and her father thanked him for the music. He bowed lowed , to the father, and looked into her eyes and was mute. The father frowned. The girl blushed, and her eyes fell. The young Paderewski played badly The cry of Catholic intolerance is the rest of the tour. He missed a pair of womanly eyes in a girlish face.

Ulster Protestants to reproach them, back to the Roumanian village. He presence and their inspiration. The confessed she had thought often of a note of hope stole into the strains, is the player and his music. She loved all, then the subdued song of resignation. furnished by the Board of the Charles the world, but she loved him most of Shiels Charitable Institution. Armall, So when the Roumanian had talkaged hymn of reunion. When the professor agh, Last week the Board met for the ed loudly about rank and fortune and looked up. Paderewski was beside The Presbyterian, and a Catholic, Doctor next morning there was an early wed-Kerr, were put forward for election, ding performed by the village priest, the latter gentleman being proposed by Father Quinn, Adm. When the vot-and the "pauper musician" left the

> THE YOUNG HUSBAND and wife right.

Podolia. Here he practiced eight hours sat near him and sewed until she was the touch more divine. Sometimes the play stoped with a crash, for the wife at Podolia. had snatched his fingers from the keys and kissed them with a rain of happy told by the old Warsaw professor tears. Then the music would be for- who was his earliest friend and congotten while the two cried in each fidant, and this story, it is said, is other's arms. She was not eighteen, the theme of the opera which Padereand he less than twenty. Her father wski has recently completed. not. Much privation can be endured the autumn, and the story of the comin health; but the young wife was not poser's youth, it is said, is strung up-

THE CIRCUMSTANTIAL DETAILS unknown in Podolia, and she missed which reached this country a few them, but she was too brave and tenried a second time, were proved to be made the birds in the piano sing, and

GOSSIP ABOUT THE Podolia peawife there?" and he pointed to the sant's playing reached Warsaw, and a me always. I should die if it were not whiskers and hair and thoughtful enough!" But Paderewski's secret said. He was so pleased that he forwas out-the tender, pathetic secret got to knock. He pushed the door op-"We want you at the Warsaw ('onlove for her still, that the thought of marriage to another woman was sacrilege; and this is Paderewski's story wski and his wife burst into tears. When the professor left he had their promise that they would go to Warsaw in two weeks.

> ONE NIGHT TWO ANGELS hovered over the little cottage-the angel of life and the angel of death. Each brought his gift and departed. In the morning Ignace Paderewski knelt by the bed where his dead wife laythose tender eyes forever closed. the next room the village women gawailing babe, with limbs as helpless peeped into the next room and the musician kneeling beside the bed, his face hidden in his hands, and verently crossed themselves. They buried the musician's wife in

erewski went to Warsaw and took, discourse the crippled infant with him. played badly at first, and his instruct, text tion was feeble. The grave professor remembered and understood, and he was very patient. He came upon Paderewiski once, sitting listlessly before while he heard music in the room. eyes upon me," he said.

THE OLD WARSAW professor is in still Paderewski's confidant. It is the if they did not think of him, and pray singular influence over those with story that has come in answer to reports of Paderewiski's marriage. Paderewski's crippled son is now nine his flock, and also that God might takings connected with the diocese, say, the Board is overwhelmingly travelled together on his concert tours teen. He has never walked, and can- bless the remaining days of his life and when at last the time came when in Russian and Polish villages. Some- not use his arms. He does not care for times she turned his music. She had music, bue he loves his father with such heautiful eyes. The Russian house abject devotion, and looks at him dained before the establishment of the that he had done something of a lastwives and their rough husbands mar- from eyes like his mother's. Paderevelled at the harmonics the husband wiski is kery tender of his crippled drew from the keys. They associated child. Next year he will leave off playthem vaguely with the light in the ing and retire to live on his farm in young wife's eyes-and they were Galicia, close to the border of his native Poland. Thither he will take his When Paderewski and his wife were invalid child, and the time he can not travelling they lived in his birth- spare from him he will give to com- of the Brompton Oratory. Like most place, the Russian-Polish village of position. Though only 39, Paderewski is an old man at heart. He has sufa day always insisting that she fered and worked more than less sensshould be near him while he practiced. itive men of twice his age. He is tired He complained that his fingers stumbled and would not obey his will if she nist and his son both live in Paris were away. And she, chiding him a now, where the boy has a devoted little that the household machinery guardian in Mme. Elena Gorski, who must be stopped for him, obeyed. She was the friend of the boy and his father in their friendlessness and obweary, while he played and played, scurity, but no medical skill can ever there he was taken ill. In order that And ever the music grew sweeter and give the maimed boy the strength denied him at birth in the tiny cottage

> would do nothing for them; he could work is to be produced at Dresden in strong. She had been used to luxuries on it as pearls upon a thread of gold.

on hand to suffer the consequences of 000 years outpouring before a sensi- or in any other truth has a creed—a anything, it must mean the moral any of our relatives or friends being ble diminution of the quantity of en- limited one, if you will, but still a code, or, in other words moral theolthat "crack of doom." In fact we are ergy given out can be detected. Up creed. Now, Rev. Mr. Hodgins wants ogy. Then this Christian teacher is fully prepared to accept the theory of to this distant period mountains will a pure religion without any creed, opposed to the moral principles of these two gentlemen, nor do we care stand, rivers will run, plants will that is to say without any belief at theology—and yet he wants a "pure much if they have erred by a few hun- grow and animal life will exist very all. The terms alone are contradict- religion." Let us try to define a "pure dred years one way or the other. But much as it is to-day." ory. It is evident that he has never religion" that is based on no creed The rest of the article does not dir- phy. How he ever became a licensed principles to guide it. We doubt very ectly interest us; all we want to minister of the Gospel is more than much if Rev. Mr. Hodgins, in all his we can understand.

by the theorems of that study: still aught else, and from which are exhe says that he is against "its dog-cluded all revealed and defined truths, mas, and its code." What are dog- as well as moral principles." mas? Merely refined religious truths. So he does not want any defined truths; he prefers to hunt about in a ful exponent of Protestantism we are forest of uncertainty for whatever not surprised at its divisions, not game he can accidentally come upon. Yet at its immoral consequences, What is "its code?" If it means seen in divorce and other practices.

read any theology, much less philoso- and that has no dogmatic and moral erudition, could give us such a definition. However, the nearest possible LET US SUPPOSE that he is op- one that we can conceive would be posed to theology, and say that it is somewhat like this: "A pure religion on account of the difficulties presented in which there is no belief in God, or

If the Rev. Mr. Hodgins is a truth-

SAVED BY THE SCAPULAR.

A Dublin correspondent writes to his hearers to a very simple but thrillthe Catholic Times, of Liverpool:

"Father Cassidy, of Dublin, is a well known Franciscan. He is a man of splendid presence, standing some six feet high. His hair is as black as the proverbial raven's wing; his eye is weeks ago to the effect that Padere- der to give a sign. Then her husband bright and his glance is as keen as an men coming close up to him he turned wski, the prince of pianists, had mar- saw the tired drop on her lips, he eagle's. If you saw him in the street you would say: "There goes a man that would be ready for a sudden deed of daring"; and sudden deeds of daring he has accomplished. I understand saved several lives drowning in the Liffey, and that he holds the medals of the Royal Humane Society for saving life. He is a pulpit orator of great eloquence and where it was found wrapped up in the his style has the charm of spontanei- scapular. The policeman was practicty, giving one the impression that he allu uninjured and lived to be an old was utterly unconscious of his gift, man. He told the story himself to Fahis delivery. A month or ther Cassidy. so easy is two ago I heard himpreach, and from | A fact of this kind is a very telling first to last, to use a famous phrase, argument indeed in favor of the beau"I hung with rapture on his accents." tiful old practice of wearing the scap-This evening at 4 o'clock he treated ular.

ing story of the scapular. At the time of the Fenian troubles in Ireland some thirty years ago a man was suspected of carrying arms in Dublin, and one night two policemen pursued him in Eustace-street. On one of the policecloser he should die. The policeman disregarded the threat and advanced. The Fenian was as good as his word, from and sent a bullet through the man. The bullet struck a scapular which the policeman wore about him, and was afterwards extracted from his back,

A Venerable Prelate's Jubilee.

the Very Rev. Canon Keatinge. the simple village graveyard, and Pad-, following is a synopsis of that able

The Very Rev. Preacher took for his

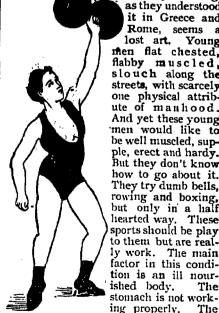
"I have fought the good fight; I the faith."

ed by Cardinal Wiseman on July 15. 1849, in the house in Golden Square where the Vicars-Apostolic were accustomed to live. With him was raised to the deaconate on the same day Father Gordon, for many years Superior priests in those days of rapid progress and growth, the life of Dr. Butt was one of many changes. He was appoint ed secretary to Cardinal Wiseman, and lived with the Oratorian Fathers, who were then commencing their great work in King William Street, in church which was now Toole's The atre. Father Butt was next appointed to Lincoln's Inn Fields mission, but he might recover his health he wasanpointed to a country mission, finally being sent to St. Leonard.

JUST AT THAT TIME the Crimea War broke out. It was not for him to speak of the mismanagement of the details in connection with that memorable Campaign, but it was a wellknown fact that great numbers of soldiers died on account of the bad arrangements made by those who were responsible. For the first time a Catholic priest was sent out with the British troops, and Father Butt, together with other priests, were sent to the East to minister to the Catholic soldiers. of whom there were a great These devoted priests were followed by Sisters of Mercy from

A FEW WEEKS AGO, the diocese of scious, remembering no more for the Southwark, in England was the scene next three weeks. He was taken to his of great rejoicings. It was the golden tent and tenderly nursed by a private jubilee of the priesthood of the Right of the Connaught Rangers. He also Rev. Dr. Butt, the venerable Bishop of found two most affectionate friends in that place. Bishop Butt was born sev- the late Sir Arthur Herbert, who was enty-three years ago, and, in 1885, then a Major, and in the father of Carwas consecrated auxiliary Bishop of dinal Vaughan, who was at that timea Southwark. His early life, as a priest, subaltern. On recovering consciousness In ; was spent on the battle-fields of the he asked whether a priest had visited Crimea. His long career of uncounted him. He was answered in the affirmathered and gossiped about a weak, labors told upon his constitution, and tive, and was told that it was Father recently he was obliged to resign and Sheehan, but he, too, had been strickas a wooden doll's. Sometimes they was translated to the See of Sebasto- en down. The rest of the story was polis. The most concise and able ac- well known-how the young priest, count of Bishop Butt's life is to be despite the illness from which he was found in the jubilee sermon preached suffering, demanded to be taken to the in St. George's Cathedral, London, by bedside of his dying colleague to com-The fort him in his last moments.

AT THE END OF THE WAR Father Butt returned to St. Leonard's, and from there he was sent to Arundel, with which mission he was connected have finished my course; I have kept | for twenty-seven years. During that long period he did a great work for He had quoted these words (remark- the Church in Sussex, When he was the piano, his hands at his side. his ed the Very Rev. Preacher) because first appointed to the district seven head bowed upon his breast. In a lit- he thought that, if his modesty would Catholic children were being educated, allow him to say it, it would be a and now there were eight schools. As they mean something totally different could never play again without their It was sad music. It made him weep summary of the fifty years of the the age of sixty years he was appoint-She for the first time in ten years. Then priestly life of Bishop Butt, whose ed to the Bishopric of Southwark. Of memory was in the hearts of all Ca- his work at St. George's he need not then the subdued song of resignation, tholics of Southwark that day. On the speak, That, indeed, was known far then a strong note of prophery and a previous day the late Bishop of the and wide. It was not merely a record diocese completed the fifty years of his of bricks and mortar, although that looked up Paderewski was beside priestly life, and they were keeping spoke eloquently of the great work purpose of co-opting two members to angrily about "pauper musicians," he him. "I believe she knows, I think she that day the golden jubilee of that which he has done, but a record of the was with me then. I could feel her great event, Naturally in a church that spiritual influence which he had over was his own for the last few years of the hearts of men. He did not possess his life, and with which he was imme- the gift of being an eloquent speaker, diately connected during his episcop- there was nothing remarkable about ate they would be failing in their duty his person, and yet he possessed a for him, in thanksgiving to God for whom he came in contact. He placed the work he was vouchsafed to do for an implicit trust in God, in all underand give him that reward which was he should resign the work to younger so justly his due. Bishop Butt was or- hands he retired with the knowledge Hierarchy. The ceremony was perform- ing and permanent character for the Church in the diocese of Southwark.



it in Greece and Rome, seems a lost art. Young men flat chested, flabby muscled, slouch along the streets, with scarcely one physical attrib-ute of manhood. And yet these young men would like to be well muscled, supple, erect and hardy. But they don't know how to go about it. They try dumb bells, rowing and boxing, but only in a half hearted way. These sports should be play to them but are really work. The main factor in this condition is an ill nour-ished body. The stomach is not working properly. The

Body building,

digestive and nutritive organs are not in active health. The result is that the nutrition for the body is not distributed in proper proportions to make blood, bone and muscle.

Weak young men who take a course of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will find a marked change in their physical strength and energy. The body will be built up so that gymnastics will not tax and tire them, but be the natural exercise enjoyed by muscles which are nourished into firm health.

In a letter received from A. D. Weller, Esq., of Pensacola, Escambin Co., Fla. (Box 544), he istates: "I have, since receiving your diagnosis of my case as stomach trouble and liver complaint, taken eight bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and must say that I am transformed from a walking shadow (as my friends called me) to perfect health. I value your remedies very highly and take pleasure in recommending them to any and all who suffer as I did. Four months ago I did not think to be in shape to assist our 'Uncle Samuel' in case of hostilities, but thanks to you, I am now ready for the 'Dons.'"

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure biliousness.

TOLERATION IN IRELAND.

It seems to have ever been a stand- [tion were necessary, which it is not. ing grievance, amongst the ultra-Protestant sections in Ireland, that Catholics are allowed to menace the peace of the country and to threaten the great Orange Order with annihilation. They seem to think that every For, though they prate of toleration, told the owner of the eyes that concession granted to the Catholics--no matter how just it may be--simply gives them power and that power they wish to use to the destruction of all Protestants. On the subject of "toleration," and Irish paper has the following very significant paragraph -

Since the new Local Government Act has come into operation, Toleration' is a word which has been severely used and severely abused. The Orange minority protested that the new Act would place the South of Areland Protestants entirely at the mercy of the Catholic majority. The sequel has not shown that anybody is very particularly at anybody else's mercy in the South of Ireland. Protestants are adequately, and in some cases even generously represented on local bodies. While nominations with- | magh Protestants could endure. in the patronage of Catholic County Councils have been exercised with fest that brand of "toleration" ings and interests of Protestants. We Catholic representation on this board need not travel beyond Dublin County of a charitable institution would be Council for an illustration, if illustra- represented by a cipher.

grossly dishonest. But if Catholics did exhibit a spirit of intolerance at would not lie within the domain of 'THREE MONTHS LATER he went latest example of "toleration" is furnished by the Day as many vacancies, A Protestant, a did so to less than no purpose. the latter gentleman being proposed ing took place the three Catholic Gov- village and walked away hand ernors were Doctor Kerr's only sup- hand into the world. porters. The two Protestants were consequently co-opted. Needless to ! Protestant. Yet even a modest. Catholic minority of four would be more than the stomachs of these liberal Arthey had their way, and could maniscrupulous consideration for the feel- which they religiously subscribe, the

DISTRIBUTION OF THE CELTIC LANGUAGE.

Gaelic only), and the Isle of man and west .- Boston Republic.

The secretary of the Dublin Pan- brings up the rear with from two to Celtic congress has issued an interest- three thousand Manx-Gaelic speakers. ing sketch map showing the present hanced his admirable map by the ad-The compiler would have greatly endistribution of the living Celtic lang- dition of an approximate estimate of uages. From this it would appear the considerable Gaelic-speaking that about three and a quarter mil- Scots resident in Nova Scotia and lions speak one or the other of the throughout Canada; also in New Zeal-Celtic languages. Brittany comes first and, Australia and elsewhere as well with 1,322,000 (679,000 speak as the numerous population of Gaelic-Breton only), Wales with 910,000 speaking Irish in the United States. (508,000 Welsh only), is an excellent | The details as regards Scotland second, and Ireland's 680,000 (38,000 show that contrary to general belief. Gaelic only) make a good third. Scot- Gaelic speakers may be found in large land is the fourth on the list, her pro- numbers all over the country. alportion being as 250,000 (42,700 though they predominate in the north

THE END OF THE WORLD.

for each individual, the world endspractically as far as he is concernedon the day of his death. But every person is more or less embued with a dread of that terrible time, when life shall become extinct and the globe on which we live shall be shattered. Unlikely as it is that any of us will ever see that terrific and final catastrophe

We are all more or less interested in eral wreck of the universe. More than the end of the world. It is true that once has the end of the world been predicted, and the superstitious were "GIVE US PURE RELIGION, but would be easier to imagine "mathe- Bermondsey, who went to assist Florfound to have experienced most al- no creed; we are only driven to con- matics without a multiplication ta- ence Nightingale in what was to the arming tortures when the supposed fusion by theology, with its hair- ble, and literature without an alpha- English people of the period a new fatal day arrived. At this late date splitting differences, its dogmas, and bet," as an eminent prelate once ex- innovation. The young priest was the in the nineteenth century, no person its code"; so spoke the Rev. B. Und- pressed it. Besides this Christian first sent to the hospital, and then to would put much faith in any such gins, B.A., to an assembly of Christi- preacher does not want any theology; Balaclava. During all this time the

were—did a good service to mankind tant principles. We have rarely read a sciences. In the name of reason, what strain Father Butt soon broke down, when they predicted that the world single sentence that contained more kind of religion does he want? still we like to be assured that it is when they predicted that the world single sentence that contained more kind of religion does he want?

and during the terrible winter months not to take place in our time. We would last about two million years dangerous and erroneous doctrines.

A creed is simply dogmatic truths, he became feeble and weak. One day have grown somewhat familiar with more. If there be any foundation— He wants a "pure religion"; but it la man believes in anything at all he was leaving the hospital, where he death, in the ordinary way now most scientific or otherwise—for such a must be remarked that he will have he believes in a creed. The man who had been visiting the wounded and

ans, in the Methodist Church at For: possibly because his limited education work was of a most severe character. est Gate. London, three Sundays ago. precludes him from understanding, or and was carried on under very unfav-Darwin and Huxley-infidels as they This is a pretty statement of Protest being able to study that first of all orable circumstances. Under such

would wish to be engulfed in the gen- to be here, and we have no fear of not possibly conceive such a thing. It soul, or in the Bible, or in creation, side, and suddenly fell forward uncon-

RELIGION AND CREED.

people accept that inevitable event as theory, we are very thankful. In two "no creed." We would be glad to learn | believes in God, or in Christ, or in sick soldiers, when he was taken seria matter of course; but not one million years hence we do not expect of a religion without a creed; we can- Heaven, or in the immortality of the ously ill. He sat down by the road-