

Advice to Young Men.

BY R. J. LOUIS CUDDIHY.

INGRATITUDE.—Ingratitude is one of the many vices which the world can boast of at the present day. The Sacred Heart Review speaking on this subject says:

There may be fathers and mothers who have felt how cruel a sin it is, for there are children—not a few nowadays—who have treated their parents, good parents, too—with shocking ingratitude; have allowed them to live on the charity of strangers; have forced them to play the part of drudges during those sad years of old age, when leisure and comfort would be so welcome; have tried to force the little remnant of means from them by the basest threats and extortion, and perhaps even violence; there are parents whose hearts have ached to see their children ashamed of their old country accent and their simple manners. Is not this very lamentable? Then, too, all through life we meet with cases where men have lent others money out of personal friendship, only to be repaid 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 befriended.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary. It rains, and the wind is never weary. My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past, But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast. And the days are dark and dreary.

BE STILL, SAD HEART! and cease repining. Behind the clouds the sun's still shining. Into each life some rain must fall. Thy fate is the common fate of all. Some days must be dark and dreary.

BE STEADFAST.—Improve the talents which God has bestowed upon you. Do not leave them idle dormant, remembering: "Many a gem is lost forever, by the careless passer-by." But the gems of thought should never be on the mental pathway lie. We find some have a fancy for reading and others for writing. The old saying says: Reading maketh a good man, but writing a perfect man. Too many of our young men never cultivate the talent for literature; they forget to

Use the pen! there's magic in it. Never let it lag behind. Write the thoughts the pen can win. From the chaos of the mind. Use the pen! but let it never Slander write, with death-black ink. Let it be thy best endeavor. But to pen what good men think.

PROVIDE FOR THE FUTURE.—Be saving with your earnings, and when you have provided the necessities of life, put a little aside. The dark and rainy day will be with you, and it is absolutely necessary that you should be in a condition to meet it. Your hard earnings are too often

on hand to suffer the consequences of any of our relatives or friends being that "crack of doom." In fact we are fully prepared to accept the theory of these two gentlemen, nor do we care much if they have erred by a few hundred years, one way or the other. But 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:

"Scientists do queer things sometimes. One of them has attempted to calculate in cold mathematics how soon we may expect the Judgment Day; and he has prepared a paper on the subject which he expects to read before the American Association for the Advancement of Science when it meets next month in Columbus. Starting with the total amount of energy stored in the sun and the fact that the orb of day is continuously distributing energy equivalent to the work of seven men for each area of the earth's surface of the size of the human body, our statistician calculates that it will require 3,375,000,000 years outpouring before a sensible diminution of the quantity of energy given out can be detected. Up to this distant period mountains will stand, rivers will run, plants will grow and animal life will exist very much as it is to-day."

THE STORY OF PADEREWSKI.

THE CIRCUMSTANTIAL DETAILS which reached this country a few weeks ago to the effect that Paderewski, the prince of pianists, had married a second time, were proved to be baseless almost as soon as they were published. Paderewski will never marry. "Why should I marry?" he said, when the rumor was brought to him by his manager; "I, who have a wife there?" and he pointed to the sky. "There? She is here. She is with me always. I should die if it were not for her dear presence!" Then he abruptly turned his back and said: "Pardon me! I never speak of this. Say simply that I shall never marry. It is enough!" But Paderewski's secret was out—the tender, pathetic secret that had been his for nineteen years. The wife of his youth, though dead, was living. He saw her. He felt her touch. She inspired him. She kept him alive. So tender, so reverent was his love for her still, that the thought of marriage to another woman was sacrilege; and this is Paderewski's story:

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 pianist touched the keys. One of the few who listened and heard that note was Rosa Hussai, 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 pianist, from the rude platform of the village hall, felt the girl's 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 rest of the tour. He missed a pair of womanly eyes in a girl's face.

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 lay—those tender eyes forever closed. In the next room the village women gathered and gossiped about a weak, walling babe, with limbs as helpless as a wooden doll's. Sometimes they peeped into the next room and saw the musician kneeling beside the bed, his face hidden in his hands, and reverently crossed themselves.

They buried the musician's wife in the simple village graveyard, and Paderewski went to Warsaw and took the crippled infant with him. He played badly at first, and his instruction was feeble. The grave professor remembered and understood, and he was very patient. He came upon Paderewski once, sitting listlessly before the piano, his hands at his side. His head bowed upon his breast. In a little while he heard music in the room. It was sad music. It made him weep for the first time in ten years. Then a note of hope stole into the strains, then the subdued song of resignation, then a strong note of prophecy and a hymn of reunion. When the professor looked up, Paderewski was beside him. "I believe she knows. I think she was with me then. I could feel her eyes upon me," he said.

THE OLD WARSAW professor is still Paderewski's confidant. It is the story that has come in answer to reports of Paderewski's marriage. Paderewski's crippled son is now nineteen. He has never walked, and cannot use his arms. He does not care for music, but he loves his father with abject devotion, and looks at him from eyes like his mother's. Paderewski is very tender of his crippled child. Next year he will leave off playing and retire to live on his farm in Galicia, close to the border of his native Poland. Thither he will take his invalid child, and the time he can spare from him he will give to composition. Though only 39, Paderewski is an old man at heart. He has suffered and worked more than less sensitive men of twice his age. He is tired and craves rest with his son. The pianist and his son both live in Paris now, where the boy has a devoted guardian in Mme. Elena Gorski, who was the friend of the boy and his father in their friendlessness and obscurity, but no medical skill can ever give the maimed boy the strength denied him at birth in the tiny cottage at Podolia.

THIS is the story of Paderewski, as told by the old Warsaw professor who was his earliest friend and confidant, and this story, it is said, is the theme of the opera which Paderewski has recently completed. The work is to be produced at Dresden in the autumn, and the story of the composer's youth, it is said, is strung upon it as pearls upon a thread of gold.

THE YOUNG HUSBAND and wife travelled together on his concert tours in Russian and Polish villages. Sometimes she turned his music. She had such beautiful eyes. The Russian housewives and their rough husbands marvelled at the harmonies. The husband drew from the keys. They associated them vaguely with the light in the young wife's eyes—and they were right.

When Paderewski and his wife were not travelling they lived in his birthplace, the Russian-Polish village of Podolia. Here he practiced eight hours a day always insisting that she should be near him while he practiced. He complained that his fingers stumbled and would not obey his will if she were away. And she, chiding him a little that the household machinery must be stopped for him, obeyed. She sat near him and sewed until she was weary, while he played and played. And ever the music grew sweeter and the touch more divine. Sometimes the play stopped with a crash, for the wife had snatched his fingers from the keys and kissed them with a rain of happy tears. Then the music would be forgotten while the two cried in each other's arms. She was not eighteen, and he less than twenty. Her father would do nothing for them; he could not. Much privation can be endured in health; but the young wife was not strong. She had been used to luxuries

or in any other truth has a creed—a limited one, if you will, but still a creed. Now, Rev. Mr. Hodgins wants a pure religion without any creed, that is to say without any belief at all. The terms alone are contradictory. It is evident that he has never read any theology, much less philosophy. How he ever became a licensed minister of the Gospel is more than we can understand.

LET US SUPPOSE that he is opposed to theology, and say that it is on account of the difficulties presented by the theorems of that study; still he says that he is against "its dogmas, and its code." What are dogmas? Merely refined religious truths. So he does not want any defined truths; he prefers to hunt about in a forest of uncertainty for whatever game he can accidentally come upon. What is "its code?" If it means anything, it must mean the moral code, or, in other words moral theology. Then this Christian teacher is opposed to the moral principles of theology—and yet he wants a "pure religion." Let us try to define a "pure religion" that is based on no creed and that has no dogmatic and moral principles to guide it. We doubt very much if Rev. Mr. Hodgins, in all his erudition, could give us such a definition. However, the nearest possible one that we can conceive would be somewhat like this: "A pure religion in which there is no belief in God, or ought else, and from which are excluded all revealed and defined truths, as well as moral principles."

If the Rev. Mr. Hodgins is a truthful exponent of Protestantism we are not surprised at its divisions, not yet at its immoral consequences, as seen in divorce and other practices.

SAVED BY THE SCAPULAR.

A Dublin correspondent writes to the 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 eyes are bright and his glance is as keen as an 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 he saved several lives from 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 his style has the charm of spontaneity, giving one the impression that he was utterly unconscious of his gift, so easy is his delivery. A month or two ago I heard him preach, and from that time to this I have been thinking of him with rapture on his accents." This evening at 4 o'clock he treated

A Venerable Prelate's Jubilee.

A FEW WEEKS AGO, the diocese of Southwark, in England was the scene of great rejoicings. It was the golden jubilee of the priesthood of the Right Rev. Dr. Butt, the venerable Bishop of that diocese. Bishop Butt was born seventy-three years ago, and in 1885, was consecrated auxiliary Bishop of Southwark. His early life, as a priest, was spent on the battle-fields of the Crimea. His long career of uncounted labors told upon his constitution, and recently he was obliged to resign and was translated to the See of Sebastopolis. The most concise and able account of Bishop Butt's life is to be found in the jubilee sermon preached in St. George's Cathedral, London, by the Very Rev. Canon Keatinge. The following is a synopsis of that able discourse:

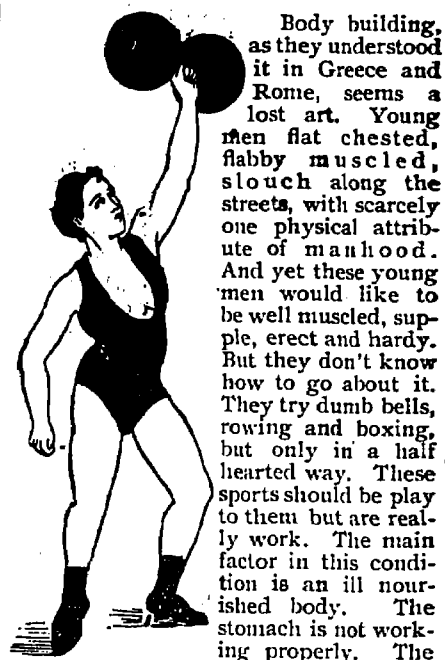
AT THE END OF THE WAR Father Butt returned to St. Leonard's, and from there he was sent to Armidale, with which mission he was connected for twenty-seven years. During that long period he did a great work for the Church in Sussex. When he was first appointed to the district seven Catholic children were being educated, and now there were eight schools. At the age of sixty years he was appointed to the Bishopric of Southwark. Of his work at St. George's he need not speak. That, indeed, was known far and wide. It was not merely a record of bricks and mortar, although that spoke eloquently of the great work which he has done, but a record of the spiritual influence which he had over the hearts of men. He did not possess the gift of being an eloquent speaker, there was nothing remarkable about his person, and yet he possessed a singular influence over those with whom he came in contact. He placed an implicit trust in God, in all undertakings connected with the diocese, and when at last the time came when he should resign the work to younger hands he retired with the knowledge that he had done something of a lasting and permanent character for the Church in the diocese of Southwark.

Body building, as they understood it in Greece and Rome, seems a lost art. Young men flat chested, flabby muscled, slouch along the streets, with scarcely one physical attribute 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 nourished body. The stomach is not working properly. The 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, Escambia Co., Fla. (Box 54), he states: "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 standing 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 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 Ireland 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 within the patronage of Catholic County Councils have been exercised with scrupulous consideration for the feelings and interests of Protestants. We need not travel beyond Dublin County Council for an illustration, if illustration were necessary, which it is not. The cry of Catholic intolerance is grossly dishonest. But if Catholics did exhibit a spirit of intolerance it would not lie within the domain of Ulster Protestants to reproach them. For, though they prate of toleration, they mean something totally different which, for want of a better word, we must describe as 'intolerance.' The latest example of 'toleration' is furnished by the Board of the Charles Shields Charitable Institution, Armagh. Last week the Board met for the purpose of co-opting two members to its many vacancies. A Protestant, a Presbyterian, and a Catholic, Doctor Kerr, were put forward for election, the latter gentleman being proposed by Father Quinn, M.D. When the voting took place the three Catholic Governors were Doctor Kerr's only supporters. The two Protestants were consequently co-opted. Needless to say, the Board is overwhelmingly Protestant. Yet even a modest Catholic minority of four would be more than the stomachs of these liberal Armagh Protestants could endure. If they had their way, and could manifest that brand of 'toleration' to which they religiously subscribe, the Catholic representation on this board of a charitable institution would be represented by a cipher."

DISTRIBUTION OF THE CELTIC LANGUAGE.

The secretary of the Dublin Pan-Celtic congress has issued an interesting sketch map showing the present distribution of the living Celtic languages. From this it would appear that about three and a quarter millions speak one or the other of the Celtic languages. Brittany comes first with 1,352,000 (679,000 speak Breton only). Wales with 910,000 (508,000 Welsh only), is an excellent second, and Ireland's 680,000 (38,000 Gaelic only) make a good third. Scotland is the fourth on the list, her proportion being as 250,000 (42,700 Gaelic only), and the Isle of man

THE END OF THE WORLD.

We are all more or less interested in the end of the world. It is true that for each individual, the world ends—practically as far as he is concerned—on the day of his death. But every person is more or less imbued 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 still we like to be assured that it is not to take place in our time. We have grown somewhat familiar with death, in the ordinary way now most people accept that inevitable event as a matter of course; but not one would wish to be engulfed in the general wreck of the universe. More than once has the end of the world been predicted, and the superstitious were found to have experienced most alarming tortures when the supposed fatal day arrived. At this late date in the nineteenth century, no person would put much faith in any such forecast.

Darwin and Huxley—infidels as they were—did a good service to mankind when they predicted that the world would last about two million years more. If there be any foundation—scientific or otherwise—for such a theory, we are very thankful. In two million years hence we do not expect to be here, and we have no fear of

RELIGION AND CREED.

"GIVE US PURE RELIGION," but no creed; we are only driven to confusion by theology, with its hair-splitting differences, its dogmas, and its code"; so spoke the Rev. B. Hodgins, B.A., at an assembly of Christians, in the Methodist Church at Forest Gate, London, three Sundays ago. This is a pretty statement of Protestant principles. We have rarely read a single sentence that contained more dangerous and erroneous doctrines. He wants a "pure religion"; but it must be remarked that he will have "no creed." We would be glad to learn of a religion without a creed; we cannot possibly conceive such a thing. It

would be easier to imagine "mathematics without a multiplication table, and literature without an alphabet," as an eminent prelate once expressed it. Besides this Christian preacher does not want any theology; possibly because his limited education precludes him from understanding, or being able to study that first of all sciences. In the name of reason, what kind of religion does he want?

A creed is simply dogmatic truths. If a man believes in anything at all he believes in a creed. The man who believes in God, or in Christ, or in Heaven, or in the immortality of the soul, or in the Bible, or in creation,