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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Keep your heart pure. Only the ean of heart shall see God. Sensualclean of heart shall see God. Sensuality dims the eyes of the soul, and at last puts them out. Value too highly the purity of your mind to defile it with lascivious reading. Shun the impure tongue as you would a scorpion. Pick your steps through life; keep out of the mire.—Archbishop Keane.

The Perpetual Failure.

If you lack character, downright enuine honesty and squareness, your genuine honesty and squareness, your college education, your superior advantages not only emphasize or extenuate your real failure, for no man has ever succeeded, no matter how many millions of dollars he may have accumulated, who has lost his character in the lated, who has left his manhood be-process. If he has left his manhood be-hind him, if his integrity has escaped in his long-headed methods, his shrewd, sharp dealings, in his underhanded schemes, his life is a failure. It does not matter what position he has reached or how much money he has made. He is a miserable failure if he has lost the pearl of his life.

A Hint to the Bachelors.

The Catholic Citizen comments upon the goodly number of "old bachelors" which every parish possesses. "As a rule," says the Citizen, "these men are a lot of worthy fellows. Two-thirds of them are, at heart, not opposed to matrimony; but because of their age, matrimony; but because of their age, and their sense that the ways of youngsters are no longer dignified for them, they feel 'out of the running,' so to
speak. . . You can count the
bachelors of this kind by the score in
all our city parishes. It is really too
bad, for they are losing many chances
of becoming excellent husbands. If
these modest fellows but knew it, the
girls of twenty-four and twenty-eight
really think more of a man after he is think more of a man after he is thirty-five."

Unfinished People.

There are a great many people who do remarkable things in one direction, do remarkable things in one direction, yet seem to be incomplete, or totally unfinished in others. At a distance, they shine like geniuses, but on closer acquaintance we discover some conspicuous lack, some striking defect which mars their personalities and

People of this kind are often looked People of this kind are often looked up to as superior beings, or envied as geniuses by average men and women. Yet is it not, on the whole, infinitely better to have a complete, well-rounded character, even if not brilliant or strik-ing in any particular, than to have ing in any particular, than to have overtowering ability in one line and

not average well? The average boy gifted with good, sound common sense, with a willingness to work, with an ambition to be somebody in the world and a determination to make the most of his opportunities, even though he shows no glint of brileven though he shows a so-sidered, will win much more satisfactory and enduring success than many a so-called genius.

Generally a man of tremendous force Generally a man of tremendous force in either mental or physical powers uses up his vitality sooner than the man of ordinary powers and, consequently, if he would live long, must conserve his energies. Many do not, but work and work till they suddenly to the sound of the sound drop dead. This is a sin not only to themselves but to their families, their friends, and to the world at large. Many, and too many, are the deaths, chronicled in the daily papers, of these workers, cut off in their prime simply

from overworking.
You have no right to rob the world of your presence. You are here for a pur-pose. You are your brother's keeper. You should live as long as your vitality will permit. This needy world of ours needs you and all of you. You will in the end accomplish more by husbanding the end accomplish more by husbanding. your powers than you will by hurrying, worrying, and so overworking your powers that the candle of life is snuffed out int other ways. out just when you should be doing the

No one ought to work so hard that he becomes pale and haggard and suffers from insomnia and numerous other ills. It is wrong. The mistake of many workers to day is their yielding to the hurry and rush around them, trying to emplish too much in too short a time, and in the end not accomplishing half of their life-work. Drugs, patent medicines, and spasmodic attempts to take a rest can do but little good after the work of breaking down the mind and oody has been done. To prevent is a thousand times better than to cure, and is more sure. Follow out the teachings of the Bible, "be temperate in all things," and much less sickness will you suffer from. Most of us act as if our bodies were made of oak and brass, and stand any amount of ill treatment, rather than made of flesh and blood to be used as flosh and blood to rather than made of near the be used as flesh and blood. Rest is as necessary as work, if we would live out the full length of our days and be use-

ful to our fellow-men.

Follow the laws of health. Pay more attention to what you eat and how you eat. Give the mind a rest by exercising the body in the proper way, and instead of feeling worn out and sick from one week's end to another you will feel as fresh as a pastured colt, and in place of ending your life by premature death you will live to a ripe old age and drop to pieces, all parts at once, as did the deacon's "one-hoss shay."

The Times and the Young Man. Whenever a rich man dies, a man who whenever a rich man discovering to great wealth, it is a common thing for young men to say: "Oh, yes, he started when men to say: "Oh, yes, he started when there were lots of chances." But a man can't do that sort of thing now. In 1840 the discontented said that the halcyon days were in 1812, when a man could get a fat contract in the war. In 1870 the rich men had the chance of the gold fever in 1849. In 1900 we say that it was easy enough for a man to get a start during the war of 1865. And soit goes. In 1930 it will no doubt be said: "Oh, yes, a man had a chance in 1900 when all was prosperity, and America was just developing her new territories." Yet thousands of young men to-day are saying that "there are not chances for a poor young man."

They say this so glibly; they argue so plausibly about the crushing influence of trusts and the combination of capital, that many mothers have written asking: "Is this true? Has my boy no chance because he is poor?"

When a young man sits down and be-littles the times in which he lives, and wails about "the good old times when men had a chance," it is a pretty good indication that not the times are wrong, but that the young man is either incompetent or indolent. The fact that a young man is poor is not a hindrance, and never was. On the contrary, poverty is the finest inheritance a y man can have. No combination can be better than poverty and good health to a young man who wants to carve his way in the world. The young man to be pitied is he of means who knows no be pitied is he of means who knows no stimulus to the best endeavor. But the young fellow who inherits poverty is to be congratulated. He has what all men who have risen in the world had to push them on to make them mighty. The finest process of character-building through which a man can pass is that of poverty. It is a priceless stimulus. Such conditions as hard work and an education obtained with difficulty breed men, and men so bred have the best training to conquer obstacles. A young man does not start with nothing when he has good health, and believes when he has good health, and believes in frugality and honesty. He has everything that has made thousands of men useful, honored and happy.

to a man as that which puts him out of sorts with the times in which he lives. The most useless men in the world today are the unsuccessful loafers who regard the riches of others as an insult to themselves. The young fellow who regard the riches of others as an insult to themselves. The young fellow who has anything in him never stops to regard other people except as he can learn from them. He has no time to abuse the methods of others. Thus insincerity is rooted out from the nature. That is a practice he leaves to the That is a practice he leaves to the loungers who kick their heels at the tation platform, or rural groceries, or corner groggeries. It is the chief greatness of America that a young man greatness of America that a young man can make to himself what he chooses. No man, business house nor corpora-tion keeps a young man down because he is poor. The demand for brains to-day is too great. A young man of capacity, industry and integrity has a field for individual effort such as never before existed in this country. And before existed in this country. And success is neither harder nor easier than it ever was. Success never yet came to the laggard, and it never will. Let a young man be capable; have enterprise, be willing to work, and carry himself like a man, and he goes where himself like a man, and he goes where he will. His success depends upon himself. No times, no conditions, no combinations of capital can stop a young man who has determination to honorably succeed, and who is willing to work according to the very utmost of his capacity and sinews of strength. stop a

The real trouble is that the average young man won't work. He has gotten the insane notion into his head that the insane notion into his head that success comes by luck, that men are made by opportunities which either come to them or are thrust upon them. And he waits for luck or a chance to come along and find him; or he dissipates his energies in profitless channels. Instead of using every moment of his time he wastes hours in sensual pleasures for which a young fellow with the time he wastes nonrs in sensual pleasures for which a young fellow with the right stuff in him has no time. Instead of defying and dismissing temptation he courts it, winks at it, plays with it. Instead of placing dress and amusements in their spaces well in the property of the play in the property of the play in the in their proper relative and position he takes them out of their places and lets takes them out of their places and lets them hold a wrong value in his life. Instead of using his time in learning from other men he wastes his breath in idle lamentations. Instead of taking a sane view of conditions, and seeing with a clear mind that as trade widens, approximations increase the takes the opportunities increase, he takes the mistaken view that the rich are getting richer and the poor poorer. These are the conditions of mind and life which are keeping thousands of young men down, and will keep them down.

The times are all right. It is the young man who finds fault with them who is not .- Fraternal Voice.

THOUGHTS ON ST. JOSEPH.

St. Joseph did not suffer martyrdom. What made him the greatest of saints and promoters? God's will was enough o make him happy. He had no other to make him happy. He had no other desires. Poverty, monotony, labor, labor without praise, was sweet to him if it was God's will. Hence he was meek and obedient without asking why. Zeal with little opportunity came out in prayer. A perfect promoter was St. Joseph.—Father Dignam, S. J.

To Joseph, Jesus and Mary were subject and obedient while on earth. And since natural relations never change, it follows that even now in Heaven, Jesus, the Son of God and King of heaven, and certh, and Mary. King of heaven and earth, and Mary, the Mother of God and Queen of heaven and earth, are still submissive to St. Joseph. How great must, therefore, be his power!

As for gentle St. Joseph, he has his place in the affections of all Catholics. They learned to love him in the first They learned to love him in the first Bible stories heard at their mother's knee; in their school days, when they learned his hymns, and "honored" him one special day during his month, by placing a plant before his statue, and wearing his badge throughout the day; and when school days over they go and when, school days over, they go out into the world, he is still their cherished and favorite protector, as he was the faithful guardian of the Blessed Mother and Child.

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The Evils of Constipation.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. THE LITTLE MAID OF ISRAEL.

BY EMMA HOWARD WIGHT.

CHAPTER I. In the Land of Israel, not a great distance from the city of Samaria, dwelt Ezra with his wife, Sarah, and their two children, Isaac and Leah. The sun was sinking behind the hills as Ezra and Sarah sat before the door of their humble dwelling resting after the labors of the day. On a couch in the doorway reclined a youth with a pale, sickly face and emaciated limbs. Isaac, the eldest-born of Ezra and Sarah, had been a cripple from birth. His eyes, dull and languid from constant pain tired and sad, were fixed eagerly upon the wide white road stretching away in the distance until it was lost among the

At length, with an impatient sigh, he turned his pale, wan face towards his mother and said:

mother and said:

"See, mother, the sun has nearly set; why tarryeth Leah so long?
'Twas but sunrise when she did set out for Samaria, surely she should have returned ere this."

"Thou dost forget, my son, that thy lists had much to do in Samaria," re-

sister had much to do in Samaria," replied Sarah, soothingly. "First to dispose of the fruits and then to purchase processities for our household." chase necessities for our household; also the ass of our neighbor being old and stiff, can travel but slowly."

"All that thou urgeth be true, mother," exclaimed the lad, petulantly.

mother, exciaimed the lad, petulantly.

"But my sister has ever the same tasks, still she always returned from Samaria before the setting of the sun. I fear that some ill hath befallen her,"

and his lip quivered with pain while his large, soft eyes dilated with fear.

"How now, lad! why dost thou frighten thy mother with thy sickly frighten the mother with the sickly frighten the mother with the sickly from the mother with the sickly as frighten thy mother when tay storage fancies?" cried Ezra, impatiently, Sarah's check grew pale. "What could have befallen thy sister?"

"She may have fallen into the hands of the Syrians, whom thou knoweth do make raids into our country and carry off captives," answered the lad, tremulously. "Oh, if I were only as other lads these burdens should not fall upon the weak shoulders of a maident the weak shoulders of a maiden!
"Twould be I who would journey into
Samaria with the fruits," and tears of bitter pain and humiliation filled his

Sarah leaned forward and gently smoothed back the dark, curling hair from his white brow.

"Speak not thus, my son," she mur-mured, with infinite tenderness. "Thy mother loveth thee but the more tenderly because of thy affliction, and well dost thou know how thy sister's heart yearneth over thee."

A faint smile touched the lad's pale

wicked of me to repine at my affiction when thou and my sister, Leah, do love me so well. But, oh, mother, if I were but strong and whole," and, covering his face with his hands, he sobbed aloud.

"Look up, lad, and dry thy form lips. "Ah, mother," he said, " it is "Look up, lad, and dry thy tears, for yonder cometh our Leah," cried

With an exclamation of joy, Isaac obeyed, and, lifting himself eagerly upon his elbow, watched with joyous eyes, the slow approach of an ass upon which was seated a maiden.

Ezra went forward and lifted her to the ground.

the ground.
"Leah! sister! thou art come at last!" cried Isaac.
She ran to the couch and bent over him; his weak arms clasped her neck, his eyes looked lovingly into her face. The brother and sister had the same

The brother and sister had the same fine-cut features and beautiful, soft, dark eyes, but the lad's face was white and wan, while the rich bloom of health colored the cheeks and lips of the maiden. Her dark hair, curly and silken, fell to her waist; she was slenderly built, but erect, graceful and quick of movement.

"Way didst thou tarry so long, my child?" asked Sarah. "Thy brother the feature feature of the same way and same way that same ill

child?" asked Sarah. "Thy brother has sorely fretted, fearing that some ill had befallen thee."
"I am sorry that thou didst fret, brother," said the maiden, bending to his his rale brow.

kiss his pale brow.
"Hadst thou trouble in disposing of

the fruits, maiden ?'' asked Ezra.

"No, dear father," replied Leah, turning towards him with a smile. "I was but a little while selling the fruits

and making the purchases for my "Then it was the slowness of our neighbor's ass which did delay thee,

said Ezra.
"I will tell thee, father, why I did tarry so long in Samaria," said the maiden. "They were talking in Samaria of the wonders wrought by the prophet, Elisha, and I lingered to listen. "Twas of his last miracle that they did

speak. Father, mother, brother, knoweth thou that the prophet, Elisha, hath power to raise the dead to life?' She paused and turned her eyes upon the helpless form of the cripple while the color deepened upon her chesk and her breath came quickly. Isaac spoke not, but, as his eyes met his sister's, they lighted with passion-

ate eagerness and a long, panting sigh left his lips.
"What sayeth thou, maiden, that the

prophet, Elisha, hath power to raise the dead to life?" cried Ezra, wonderingly and incredulously.

"Yes, father," answered Leah.

"Listen, and I will tell to thee what I

heard in Samaria. There is a woman in Shunem who didst bear to her husband shunem who didst bear to her husband in his old age a son. This woman, who is charitable and good, is well known to Elisha. Indeed she had prepared a chamber for him in her home where he did rest and take refreshment when he travelled on foot from place to place one morning, when the woman's child was but five years of age, he went into the field where his father was gathering in the harvest, and, there, he suddenly in the narvest, and, there, he suddenly sickened from the heat of the sun. They carried him to his mother, she held him in her arms and, after some hours, he died. She took him up to the little chamber where the prophet had rested and laid him men the hed. had rested and laid him upon the bed. Then, commanding the servant to saddle an ass, she set out to seek Elisha who was at Mount Carmel.

"Elisha, standing upon the summit, near the altar of Jehovah, saw her a-far off, for he sent his servant to inquire if all were well with her. But the woman would herself speak with the prophet, and, falling at his feet, did tell him that her son was dead. Elisha then re-turned with the woman to Shunem and shut himself into the room with the dead child. After a little while he called his servant and told him to summon the mother, and, when she did come into the room, Elisha said to her, 'Take up thy child,' and the child was risen from the dead."

risen from the dead."
The little maid ceased speaking, and throwing herself or her knees beside the couch, put her arms gently about Isaac's frail form.

"Sister," murmured the lad, touching tenderly with his thin fingers the curling hair which fell upon her shoul-ders, "I know the thoughts in thy tender heart. Thou art thinking that if this Great Prophet hath power to raise the dead to life, then also hath He the power to make strong and straight these poor limbs of mine. Tell me dear sister, are not these my thoughts?'

"Yes! ah, indeed, yes!" cried the maiden, in a voice of passionate tender-ness and yearning. "But I did not wish thee to know what was in my heart until I had spoken with our par ents.

She arose and turned towards Ezra and Sarah. Both regarded her in silence; Ezra, pale and grave, Sarah, with tears in her eyes.

"Father, wilt thou give me leave to seek the prophet, Elisha, who dwelletn in Samaria that I may beg of him to heal my brother?" asked the maiden. " Dost thou believe, maiden, that the

wonderful things they relate of this Elisha be true?" asked Ezra. Into the maiden's soft eyes there

crept a troubled look. "Oh, dear father speak not thus," she cried, imploringly. "Surely thou knoweth that unless we have faith, nothing will be granted unto us. Why shouldst thou or I doubt the wonders imputed to Elisha, for is he not a holy nan of God?"

"Thou art only a maiden, but thou "Thou art only a mander, but thou speakest words of wisdom which do rebuke thy father," said Ezra. "Tell me, my son," turning to Isaac, "dost thou also believe that this man, Elisha, they have the strong the strong the strong the said they have the strong the stro hath power to heal thee, who art from thy birth a cripple?'

The lad looked, smiling, up into his

"Yes, father, I do indeed believe that Elisha hath power to heal me," he replied. "Even though he had not raised the dead to life still would my faith in him be great, for, as Leah sayeth, he be a holy man of God." Ezra moved forward and laid his

hand on the maiden's dark head.
"Thy brother also hath great faith,"
he said, "Thou shalt seek Elisha in Samaria and make known to him thy

Leah caught her father's hand and raised it to her lips.
"I thank thee, my father," she murmured.

" Dost thou think that Elisha will harken to thy request?" asked Ezra.
"I am sure that he will, for Elisha never turned a deaf ear to the sorrow never turned a test of the affected," answered Leah.
"Father, when may I journey to
Samaria and seek the prophet?"
"Nay, nay, have patience, maiden,"
said Ezra. "We will talk of that later,

now 'tis time to prepare the evening meal. Assist thy mother, while I go forth and feed our neighbor's ass.'' He turned away.

The sun had set, but a faint flush of crimson still lingered in the west. The ass stood patiently, with drooping head.

A light flashed outfrom the low door-A light flashed out from the low door-way. Ezra, as he fed and watered the tired beast, could see his wife and daughter moving about within; also the form of the cripple lad stretched upon the couch. Would that wan upon the couch. Would that wan cheek ever glow with health? mused Ezra. That weak body be upright and

sturdy, those helpless limbs strong and straight? cripple, sickly and helpless," mur-mured Ezra. "But surely this man appeals not in vain to our devotion. cripple,

who hath power even to raise the dead to life can heal a cripple lad." Leah stood in the doorway, her cheeks the color of roses, the night breeze lifting her heavy curls, her soft " Father! father!

eyes gazing forth into the gathering hadows.

shadows.

"Come, dear father, the evening meal is ready," she said.

The day's task were done. Isaac, exhausted with the emotions and excitement of the day, slept heavily upon his couch. Ezra and Sarah sat in the dearway and the little maid lay. in the doorway and the little maid lay upon the ground at their feet, with her curly head resting against her mother's

"Art thou fatigued with thy journey, maiden?" asked Sarah, touchin caressingly Leah's rose-flushed cheek. "Fatigued!" repeated the maiden, with a smile. "No, dear mother, thy Leah is young and strong; 'tis only the poor old ass that is weary.'

Ezra sat buried in thought. Now

nd again the little maid glanced wistfully up into his face. She longed passionately to learn when it was his will for her to seek the prophet in Samaria, but it never occurred to her to question her father or manifest any

signs of impatience.

A silence fell upon the three. Sarah thought that the little maid had fallen asleep, so still she lay, but, as Ezra suddenly roused himself and spoke, Leah, sat upright, her eyes eagerly seeking his face across which the light

from within fell.

"Maiden," said Ezra, "I have been considering the matter of thy seeking the prophet, Elisha, in Samaria. When the day, have passed the fruits will be the day, have passed the fruits will be the day. ten day have passed the fruits will again have ripened; then will I borrow the ass of our neighbor and thou shalt journey to Samaria. When thou hast sold thy fruits thou canst seek the prophet, Elisha. Leah's eyes filled with tears, her lips

To wait ten days when she hoped and longed to start with the coming dawn



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"Thou didst hear me, maiden?" said

"Thou didst hear me, maiden? said Ezra, as he did not speak.
"Yes, my father,' she replied, as she wiped away her tears. "Tis thy will that I again journey to Samaria when ten days shall have passed."
"Such is my will," said Ezra.
The little maid laid her head again were hear mother's lap and looked, with upon her mother's lap and looked, with longing, wistful eyes, into the darkness towards Samaria.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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Why so busy with thyself? Leave Providence to act, Whose eyes are ever upon thee in the greatest danger, and who will always save thee .- Life of St. Catherine of Siena.

The month of St. Joseph is one dear turdy, those helpless limbs strong and traight?

"From his birth hath he been a ripple, sickly and helpless," mur-

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