CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

To achieve victory, we must not only take the things that help, but also avoid Things That Hinder.

"Rocks whereon greatest men have oftest wrecked."—Milton.

If we are to fight the battle of life If we are to ngnt the battle of life with strength and success, we must "lay aside every weight," not merely the sin that so easily besets us, but every hindrance that might hamper our progress and endanger our victory. Let us think of some things that have thrown many a man down and involved him in failure and despair.

First I would refer to lack of faith in whatever work or enterprise we have in hand. One of the chief necessities in hand. One of the callet decessities for genuine success is that we should love our work and thoroughly bolieve in it. Nearly all successful work in the world to day is done by the men who have boundless faith in the enterthey have undertaken. British governor of one of the Indian provinces, commenting on his good fortune in getting out of the country before the breaking out of the mutiny, "I never could have fought well for I could never make up my mind whether the conquest of India was a divinely inspired act or a terrible mis-" Nothing saps the strength like of faith. Scepticism inevitably destroys a man's working powers. Who can imagine a half-hearted Stanley? The man who is to cross Africa must believe that he is doing that particular thing which above all others needs to be done—and that he is the man to do a work that we believe in. If we are to achieve anything high and noble and good, we must banish doubt and put our hand to the business before us with a resolute courage and a triumphant

Secondly, how many men are hindered life by ill health! "There is no good in arguing with the inevitable," says Lowell: "the only argument with an east wind is to put on your over-coat." I wish young men would always remember that. When the wind has been keen and cutting, and influenza seemed to dwell in every gust, I have seen men riding their bicycles or stand ing at street corners thinly attired and without any overcoat. They would without any overcoat. They would feel hurt if I said they were foolishbut that is the simple fact.

Many men consider they are very bold and manly and plucky if they ignore overcoats and umbrellas, and laugh at all protection against wind and wet. They might learn wisdom if they could spend a winter, as I have done, in a southern health resort, where the doctors are overworked, the drug stores crowded, and every other man you meet seems to be on the brink of the grave. It is almost heart-breaking to see consumptive young men who have had to abandon an honorable and useful career and fly to the sunny south in many cases, I fear, only to post-pone death by a few months. How nany of them might have enjoyed conmany of them might have enjoyed con-tinuous health and vigor but for some trifling carelessness. Let every young man who enjoys good health thank God for an unspeakable blessing, and take

care to preserve it. Thirdly, what bright and promising careers have been wrecked by gambling! The awful power and fascination of this wice has seidom been shown in such a glaring light as by the frank confession of Lady Sebright. She has told us in a of Lady Sebright. She has told us in a public meeting that not long ago she was a great gambler, and loved to at tend the races. "There was nothing she cared for so much as gambling, and over and over again she made promises to give it up, but broke them just as would now rather lose her right hand than play cards or gamble in any way."
Gambling becomes an irresistible passion, and the fetters with which it binds its victims are almost stronger than those that tighten round the drunkard. Of all habits it is, in the words of Eather's house.—F. A. A., in Catholic Columbian. drunkard breaks his promises. Kingsley, "the most intrinsically savage; morally it is unchivalrous and unchristian; the devil is the only father of it." Lord Beaconsfield called the turf "a vast engine of national dethe turf "a vast engine of national demoralization," and all who know anything about the racecourse and its surroundings are aware that it is a world of robbery and riot, in which faith and trust, purity and manliness, are almost unknown — a world — alas! that we should have to say it — that is largely

made up of young men who ought to be the backbone of the country. "Listen," says Mr. Herbert Spencer, conversation about gambling, and where reprobation is expressed, note the grounds of the reprobation. That it tends towards the ruin of the gambler; that it risks the welfare of family and friends; that it alienates from business and leads into bad company-these and such as these are the

reasons for condemning the practice.
Rarely is there any recognition of the fundamental reason. Rarely is gamundamental reason. Rarely is gambling condemned because it is a kind of action by which pleasure is obtained at the cost of pain to another. The normal obtainment of gratification, or of the money wnich purchases gratification, implies, firstly, that there has been put forth equivalent effort of a kind which, in some way, furthers the general good; and implies, secondly, that those from whom the money is received get, directly or indirectly, equivalent satisfaction. But in gambling the opposite happens. Benefit received does not imply effort put forth, and the happiness of the winner. received does not imply effort put forth, and the happiness of the winner involves the misery of the loser. This kind of action is therefore essentially anti-social, sears the sympathies, cultivates a hard egoism, and so produces a general deterioration of character and

When gambling is sinful it violates charity and justice. It takes time and money that belong to others and may money that belong to others and may not be spent in sport, and it squanders them. Every participation in a game of chance is not a sin, when there is no cheating and when the players can afford the money they risk. But it is like liquor. There is no harm ordinarily in taking a drink, but one drink leads to another until one is a drunkcheating and when the players can afford the money they risk. But it is like liquor. There is no harm ordinarily in taking a drink, but one drink leads to another until one is a drunkard, wastes his income, loses his posi-

tion, injures his family, and sinks him self in degradation and ruin. So, \$1 spent on a bet or laid on a horse-race. excites a desire to make good losses or win more gains, and so the passion comes, to gratify which the man will be guilty of injustice, if not also of direct

The best way to avoid suffering from the consequences of gambling, is to make no bets and play no games of chance.

A fourth defect that hinders many A fourth defect that hinders many a good-hearted fellow is self-conceit. You have heard a man referred to as "a clever chap, but the worst of it is that he puts on airs." This is a slang phrase, and as such I apologize for it But it is the popular description of a common trait. I have heard of a gentleman who was so opposed by an overwhelming sense of humility that he prayed, "Lord give us a good conceit of ourselves." Assuredly there is no need of such a petition to-day. It would be better if the Lord would say to some of us, as He said to Zaccheus, "Come down;" for no one can deny that this is an age of bombast, conceit and vanity. The spruce little counter-kicker, all collar and cuffs, gives him-self the airs of a count; and there are few clerks who do not feel able to reconstruct the universe on an improved plan. Cheap and shallow critics abound on every hand, and the selfassertive sham, who tries to give you the impression that he is the confidante of statesmen and the bosom friend of every popular hero, is an omnipresent While we seek to abandon nuisance. beware of what Coleridge calls "the pride that apes humility." As a rule, no one is so arrogant or so ostentatious as the man who takes every opportunity of informing you that he is "a thing, a worm of the dust." I do advocate a feeble and flabby abasement which regards ignorance and melan-choly as outward and visible signs of inward and spiritual grace. Our man-hood is a noble thing, to be reverenced, our life is a sacred burden, to be borne with dignity and devoutness, and yet with a sublime humility. There is such a thing as manly modesty, and that is what we have to strive after. The Cross will kill conceit. The man who goes there inflated with pride will come away with but one cry—"God be merci-

ful to me a sinner.' Amongst other hindrances that cripple men who might otherwise be successful I would mention debt. It looks manly so some fools think—to throw money about lavisbly; but debt is a dark shadow which has cast a gloom over many a bright life. It entangles the feet, destroys reputation, and drags a man down to despair. Lord Wolseley has told us that, on looking back on his own experience, he could not remember any man who has made it a habit to keep well within his income who did not become a successful man.

Then, lastly, it is necessary to add one word about drink. Not so very one word about drink. Not so very long ago the body of a young suicide was discovered in one of our large cities. In his pocket was found a paper on which he had written "I have done this myself. Don't tell anyone. It is all through drink." An intimative for the property of the propert tion of these facts in the public press drew two hundred and forty-six letters from two hundred and forty-six familfrom two hundred and forty-six families, each of whom had a prodigal son who, it was feared, might be the suicide. The wasted manhood in our cities is largely owing to the indulgence in strong drink. The sad part of it is that many a man is wrecked and dead almost before he has begun to live. He takes a few glasses, then drinks to excess; then comes loss of character, abject misery, self-contempt, and sometimes a self-inflicted death.
Oh, the pangs and perils of this tragic Columbian.

Some Helpful Thoughts. The first rule to be observed by the young man who is determined to save

noney is to get money to save. To commence many things and not finish them is no small fault; we must persevere in whatever we undertake with an upright intention and according to God's will.—B. Henry Suso.

Let us occupy ourselves with one thing alone—that is to do well what we are doing, because God does not ask anything more of us. Now, this "to do well" may be summed up in four words: "purely, actively, joyfully, completely."—Golden Sands.

True education is not meant to produce a money-getter but to train a noble man.

People who are going forward to a happy eternity ought to be cheerful while on the way there.

Everything counts. Actually, there are no failures. Whatever leads to eventual success and growth cannot justly be called a failure. — F. W. Burry. Do something for somebody now! You have only this life in which to labor for the crown which should be yours hereafter, for "the night cometh, when no man are work".

when no man can work." Only a few brief years in which to dispense help to hearts hungry for comfort and kindness. Don't be inactive! Do something for somebody now!—Rev. P. J. McCorry,

If we need to be cool, and quiet, and trustful for a game, which is merely an amusement, and if we play the game amusement, and if we play the game better for being cool, and quiet, and trustful, why is not a quiet steadiness in wrestling with the circumstances of life itself just as necessary, not only that we may meet the particular problem of the moment truly, but that we may gain all the experience when it may be helpful in meeting other difficult circumstances as they present themselves.—A. P. Call.

Compalling himself to do what he

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

STORIES ON THE ROSARY The Scourging at the Pillar.

BY LOUISA EMILY DOBREE. A FAILURE.

Polly learned a great many things at her school, and her parents felt great pride in her washy little drawings, useess bits of fancy work and the tunes she wrung out of the old spinnet in the parlour when she came home for the holidays. "The Battle of Prague" they thought very fine indeed.

There were many changes after the school days were over. Diphtheria carried Mrs. Lumsley off one damp autumn, Polly married Mr. Jervis, the brother of one of her school-fellows, his death happening a year after their

marriage.
In that one year of married life Polly seemed to have all the very greatest events crowded. Shortly after their marriage Mr. Jervis became a Catholie and Polly, after some careful thought, followed suit, her baby being

born and died just before she was left Farmer Lumsley was still too irate at Polly's reception into the Church to have anything to say to her. Then he married again, and Polly's fortunes, as far as earthly prosperity was con-cerned, declined gradually but certainly. Vividly now each event was present to her memory, the deaths, the losses of money; and now here she was old, a continual sufferer from rheumatics, and with only a very tiny annuity to live on, barely enough to keep body and soul together. Her life was a very lonely one. She was extremely shy, intensely sensitive, and somehow or other never could make somehow or other never could make friends with the rough but sometimes

kindly neighbors.

Father Donaldson, the parish priest, a big, burly, genial man who generally had the right word to say to every one, came to see her occasionally. Not very often it must be owned, and no wonder. His was a crowded parish of the very poor who needed everything in the way of relief he could give them; Mrs. Jervis had a room, food and clothing. There were hundreds careless of the Sacraments, living absolutely in ignorance or sin; she was regularly at the altar rails every Sanday and her seat in the church was seldom empty. If she were ill or dying he knew she would send for a dying he knew she would send for a priest; there were many lax and careess Catholics who but for his constant supervision and watchfulness might die unshriven. So really while there were so many others who wanted him very much more he could not find time wanted him very to mount her steep stair, particularly when the visit scarcely seemed satis-factory on either side. Father Donaldson did not understand reserved people. He was very sorry for them as be would have been for any one with people. defective sight or hearing, but he had not the remotest idea how to break down the wall of timidity, to draw out the real man or woman from the hiding

of shyness. He tried little jokes and funny re-marks to Mrs. Jervis, who was rather scared by them, and considerably in anxiety during the whole of his visit as to whether the small frail chair he invariably selected-after the manner of big men-would not come down with a crash. She generally contrived to give Father Donaldson the impression that she did not want anything, and it was a fact that she thought she did not. Extremely proud, she had no de sire at all to receive any of the help which she often would have been the better for having, and she had

the better for naving, and sae had no desire to discuss any but the most immaterial subjects with her pastor. However, one day when a fit of the blues had taken strong hold on her, she summoned up courage to tell him, as he happened to call, that when she died, money for her funeral would be found in a little old work-box which him. Father Donaldson was in a hurry that day, but still he made a note of the fact, and busy as he was, was very unlikely to forget it.

"Very good, Mrs. Jervis, I will see after it if I am alive," said he, and she

thanked him. That little store of money was the result of years and years of self-denial and saving. Her annuity was so tiny that she could only put by a small sum out of it annually, by dint of extreme out of it annually, by dint of extreme carefulness and deprivation. However, the object to her was of such im-portance that she bravely bore the cold when she should have had fire, ate dry bread, drank sugarless tea, and re-duced her dinner to the smallest and duced her dinner to the smallest and plainest proportions. It was worth it to her. Anything—yes, any suffering, cold or pinchings of hunger were better than the horrible thought of a pauper's funeral. Of course she had heard of burial clubs, but her pride uprose against them. A Lumsley should not lower herself by taking advantage of such things: nor, if she should not lower herself by taking au-vantage of such things; nor, if she could help it should one of the old stock be buried by the parish, and no one could describe, for no one could image the satisfaction the possesof that little hoard gave Mrs.

Jervis. Although her rheumatism crippled her to a certain extent, she made her way to Mass every morning, and when e was Benediction she also went if possible. For in her loneliness and poverty there was something that comforted and supported her greatly, and that was the real love she had for her Lord and His Church. To her it was a very great subject of regret that she could do so little—nothing at all she thought—for Him Who had done so much for her, and the time that she felt the most of all was when she looked at an old picture in her Prayer Book which showed our Lord being scourged at the pillar. What that little picture was to her she alone knew, and she used to look at it for long while together. Had any one told her that she was making very per-

heights of contemplation, for she was absolutely unconscious of either facts.
When the sufferings of the Passion came to her mind, tears often dimmed her eyes, and her heart ached and yearned to be able to do something to lessen the sin of the world. It was an overwhelming thought, spurring

her to constant prayer for sinners—a least she could do that—but what els could she do ?"

It was useless, for she was shy and quite unfitted for the task, to attempt to go amongst the poor and try to impress the careless and convert the sinner, and she knew now that as old age was creeping on she was less and less likely to do anything in that way, even had she possessed the courage to attempt it.

The desire and longing were much in

her mind one cold evening in Holy Week as she pinned on her old shawl and drew on her thin cotton gloves preparatory to going to Benediction.

Before starting she gave a look round to see that all was left ready for her return. Smut, her black cat with his golden-green eyes, was sitting before the fireplace, an occasional twitch of his tail betraying the fact that he disapproved of the fire having been allowed to go out. Had he been a more astute cat he would have learnt by this time that a fireless grate was not uncommon in Mrs. Jervis's one room, whether it were very cold or only chilly; Certainly he would have discovered that twice a week at least in the evening, no more coke or coal was put on after tea and the fire left to go out, but he resented it every

time. The matches were placed so that Mrs. Jervis could find them at once; ther lamp was put out, Smut left in darkness and the door locked upon him. The people in the house were but irreproachably respectable out Mrs. Jervis was afraid of some one stealing her money, so the door was always locked after her when she went Her way to church lay through out. some of the worst streets—as far as the general character of their inmates was concerned—and as the queer little figure in its old fashioned bonnet and shawl passed through them she saw many sights, and sounds fell on her ear which made her heart ache. She was which made her heart ache. She was glad when she reached the church for it always seemed like home to her when she pushed open the heavy door, met the faint odour of incense, and glanced round at the familiar altars, the images of the saints, the objects of devotion all so closely assoc-iated with the main interests of her

life. To-night the purple veiling shrouding the stations and images all spoke of the holy season, when year by year the Church calls on us to dwell especially on the sufferings of her Lord. Father Donaldson gave a very short instruction on the words "they scourged Him," and Mrs. Jervis sat in her corner, her head bent forward so as not to lose a word. She was one of those per-sons who like sermons, looked forward to them with pleasure and listened to them very attentively, taking back to her lonely room a memory of the spoken words on which she dwelt and pondered. It never occurred to her to criticise the praches and she her to criticise the preacher, and she was rather annoyed with herself for liking one very much better than another. She had, however, in her inmost heart a very distinct preference most heart a very instince preaching, and a faint smile always came on her withered llps when she saw him go into the pulpit.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE PAINS OF THE DEPARTED.

The pangs of Purgatory, which St. The pangs of Purgatory, which St. Catherine of Genoa assures us are inconceivable by our finite minds, are as nothing to the Holy Souls in their intense longing to be again [in the Divine Presence for all eternity.

All opportunity for merit is over now; they are absolutely helpless, and dependent on the living members of the

now; they are absolutely helpless, and dependent on the living members of the Church for relief, and ultimate release from their sufferings in the mysterious region of Purgatory. Should not the thought that the Holy Souls have all seen God, and are consumed with burn-ing desire to see Him again, induce us to be ever ready to assist them by our prayers and good works, especially when ve reflect that some day we must follow them ?

For what is your life? It is a vapor that appeareth for a little while, and afterwards shall vanish away. The life of this world will indeed vanish for each of us, but not the everlasting life

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of our souls. And it depends on u what that everlasting life is to be-one of happiness or the reverse.

Of course, we jall know that each of

the souls in Purgatory has actually been in the presence of God, no longer, been in the presence of God, no longer, as with us living, in a glass darkly, but in the full light shed upon each trembling spirit by the Divine radiance of its Judge.

Yet how many of us thoroughly realize and grasp the full significance of this fact which we also shall experience when our turn arrives to pass over the

when our turn arrives to pass over the threshold of eternity. That instant after death, less brief perhaps than a flash of lightning across summer skies has sufficed to entrance the Holy Souls with the unspeakable beauty and attraction of God, while at the same time it has shown them the barrier separating them from Him until the trace of every sin, nay, every imperfection, has been effaced "so as by fire."

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