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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The great men of history have been silent men. The great nations of the world have been silent nations. Not because, in either case, they had nothing to say, but because they thought hard and long before they said or did hard and long before they sam to full things, and because they exercised the great quality of self-restraint, begin-ning in language, in spoken thought, and extending naturally therefrom in most other directions.—Cyrus Townmost other send Brady.

Man's Service to Man.

The service that a man does to his fellow-men does not bring down their gratitude upon him. And what then? There is a blessing which may come to him even out of the withholding of the legitimate completion of his continuous. him even out of the withholding of the legitimate completion of his service. It may throw him back upon the nature of the act itself and compel him to find his satisfaction there. Many a man who, having served his brethren in mablic act in private has leoked propublic or in private, has looked up from his work with a true human long-ing that his work should be recognized, and heard no sound of gratitude, has then retreated to the self-sacrifice itthen retreated to the borner doing of self, and found, in the more doing of that, an even deeper, even keener joy that, an even deeper, even keener joy than he could have gathered from most the soldier dare all for victory—the that, an even deeper, even keener joy than he could have gathered from most spontaneous and hearty thanks. That has been the support, the inner triumph, of many a despised reformer and mis-understood friend. Men have found a understood friend. Men have found a actors in such a scene—calling it glor joy which they could not have had in a lous to mingle in, and fighting nobly, world undisturbed, and whose moral order was perfect.—Phillips Brooks.

Traveling Backward.

one of the saddest things in the history of college graduates is that so many cease to grow when they have received their diplomas. On graduation day they reach their mental high-water mark, but after that the tide gradually ebbs, and it never rises quite as high

When just from college, many of these graduates impress one as men of great promise; but, somehow or other, they promise; but, somehow or other, they remain prospectuses all their lives; they never become published volumes. They study law, teach a while, or else, perhaps, engage in business, but they do not hold on very long anywhere or at anything. They seem to lose their grip; and, instead of forging ahead,

grip; and, Instead they drift down stream. As a rule, a graduate who thus fails to realize his premise thinks that, when he receive his sheepskin, there is no need for turther mental exertion on his need for turther mental exertion on his part. He feels that he has won his laurels, and that he can afford to rest upon them. After a four years' study in college, he believes that he has covered the whole field. Having won a diploma, he has no other goal in view. Purposeless, without a life-plan or definite line of work, he becomes the work hereless and nitiable of all human most hopeless and pitiable of all human beings—a drifter. "How can I overcome this feeling?"

hundreds of young men are asking. Begin to overcome it now! Do not allow it to grow over you like moss on a deserted building. Try to abandon the thought that your life is purpose-

Back-Seat Compensations.

The wagon was filled for its journey The wagon was filled for its jointey across the country, and Johnny, as the boy of the party, was crowded into a back seat—a very back seat, indeed, since he sat on the end of the wagon. with his feet hanging out. Some one condoled with him afterward for his un-desirable position, but Johnny needed

desirable position, but Johnny heetees no sympathy.

"Ho! I saw lots of things the rest didn't," he said. "I saw two rabbits skip across the road. I saw a little girl pick up the picture paper Sue threw out, and a lot of ragged children stated as if they thought it something acted as if they thought it something fine. I saw the men in the fields looking after us when we'd passed, and I waved to 'em."

desirable, but many must perforce accept them, and if we find ourselves wded out of more prominent places, we, like Johnny, may be sure there are some compensations. It is worth something to be near enough to those who cannot ride at all to learn how few pleasures they have, and what help might come to them from things which the more prosperous cast aside as worthless. The back seat may help to keep us in touch with humanity. Those who have climbed to the front seats are often too busy to remember the ones who are looking after them—the toilers whom a kindly greeting would cheer.

Beautiful Songs Have Been Written in Pain.

In literature, indeed, so far is health from being indispensable to success, that in many of the finest writers there seems to a necessary connection of genius with disease. As the maple-tree must be wounded with the ax before it will yield its honied treasures, —as the nightingale is said to sing —as the nightingale is said to sing more sweetly with a thorn in its breast,—so the most exquisite songs of poets have been prompted oftentimes by the acuteness of their physical sufferings. If Alexander Pope had not been a hunchback and invalid, whose life was been appropriately accepted to the property of the sufficiency would be have one continuous disease, would be have written his exquisite sofa and lap-dog peetry? If not irritated by bodily pain, as well as by the stings of his nemies, would be probably have given to the world that greatest of modern satires, "The Dunciad?" Had he been able to leap a five-barred gate, instead of having to be sewed up in still canvas stays in order to stand omy." At first he found it dry reading, but in a little while the study of it had redoubled his interest in his every hat would he have delighted us with that masterpiece of mock-heroic poetry—that delicious little dwarf-epic, "all sparkling with the flash of diamonds and roguish glances, all a-lutter with hoop-petticoats, brocades, and powdered wigs.—"The Rape of the Lock?" The Rape of the Lock?" The Rape of the Johnson been blessed with bedily health, should we be enjoying to-day that magnificent strain of melancholy music, "The Vanity of Human Wishes?" Was it not the wretched health of the poet Cowper which, dooming him to semi-

monastic seclusion, made him, as a

King of intimate delights, Fireside enjoyments, homeborn happiness?

It was amid ceaseless pain and physical weakness that the giant labors of Calvin were performed. The poet Lowell observes that all the drowsy juices of Circe's garden did not hinder De Quincy from writing his twenty five volumes. The greatest of British hisvolumes. The greatest of British historians, Gibbon, was a sickly youth and the most sedentary of men. He hated bodily exercise, and rarely took any; bodily exercise, and rarely took any; yet he lived to do the work of a giant—to give to the world the immortal "Decline and Fall," which bridged the gulf between ancient history and modern, which has defied all attempts to impeach its accuracy, and which, in its century and more of life, has steadily risen in fame, while other histories, temporarily nounlar, have sunk into temporarily popular, have sunk into oblivion.—Success.

Moral Courage. A virtue, and great as it is rare. We remember when we thought the courage of the field everything. The charge—the word of command, high-sounding and clear amid the battle's fury-the clash of arms, the roar of banner of our country in front-plant-ed there, to stand amid victory or defeat. Oh! how young hearts beat to be to lie down and die.
But what is the courage of the battle-

field compared with the moral courage of every-day life? Stand alone, see friends scowl, hear distrust speak its lead a forlorn hope, than bear and brave these things? Why, the one is as the summer breeze on the ocean to winter's stormiest blast. The common spirit may summon courage enough to play the soldier well. Use quickly fits him for it. But it requires a man to speak out his thoughts as he them—to do, when, like that stormy blast in winter on old ocean, peace, honor, security, and life are threatened to be swent. and life are threatened to be swept Yet who can look back to the away. Yet who can look back to the page of history, or forward to the hope of the future, and hesitate which of the two so chose? The martyrs, what are they? Chronicled names in all hearts. away. The patriots who died for liberty igno-The patriots who died for liberty igno-miniously, and on the scaffold, how fares it with them? Cherished as earth's honored sons. The good who spoke the truth and suffered, where are they? The best and brightest—first in our thoughts and love. And yet, what did they? Like men, they spoke the truth that was in them. This was their courage. If they had been silent, if tremade, they had bling before tyrants or mobs, they had feared to tell what they knew, to speak what they felt, they would have lived and died like other men. But they had the courage to do all this, and through their suffering and truth, lighted it up

with new glory and power.

Give us moral courage before every thing else! It is the only bravery on which humanity may count for any real blessing. Give us moral courage! For while it nerves a man for duty, it recessions of his heart hate and revenge. For while it nerves a man for day, recots out of his heart hate and revenge, and all bad passions, making him wise amid danger, calm amid excitement, just amid lawlessness, and pure amid corruption. It is the crowning beauty

> OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. A YOUNG ASTRONOMER.

Any boy who determines to learn all Any boy who determines to learn an that is useful will be a useful will be

the street of an American city. passed the shop of a local photographer a man came out and spoke to him. "Do you want a job?" he asked. The boy

you want a job?" he asked. The boy said promptly, "Yes, sir!"
"If you get it, will you attend to it?" the man asked.
Again the answer was, "Yes, sir!"
"It is not a lively one. You have to sit still and watch things," the man said. "Do you think you can keep wake?"
"I can try, sir," the boy said; so

after a little more talk he got the job.

It was not a lively one. He had to It was not a lively one. He had to sit upon a housetop and watch a lot of photographic negatives, to make cer-tain that they got just enough light and none too much. He did the work well. The photographer never caught him napping, no matter how suddenly he came upon him. In a little while he showed that he was as intelligent as he showed that he was as intelligent as he was trusty. Then the photographer noticed that the lad's clothes, though worn, were always clean and decently mended. A little inquiry proved that the new boy was a widow's son—a widow who had very little besides her chil-dren and her religion. The little her son earned was a very material help to to have him in her. She was eager to have him in school; all told, he had been there less than two months; but she could not send him; he had neither the time nor

the clothes for it.

Sitting aloft day after day the lad

Chance fell to studying the heavens. Chance had thrown into his hands a volume of Dr. Thomas Dick's "Practical Astronomy." At first he found it dry reading,

unsatisfactory that he returned it. Expressage both ways cost him \$20 he could very ill spare. However, he got the money's worth in experience—experience which determined him to be satisfied with nothing less than a telescope of the wars first glass.

satisfied with forming less than a cooperation of the very first class.

To get money for such a one he worked and saved. A shabby coat had no terrors for him if the shabbiness meant something toward the desire of his heart. Yet he was only frugal, never niggardly, and always generous to a friend. Pretty soon he was able to buy a telescope of the very best pattern. It had a five-inch refractor. When it was duly in position upon the roof, where he had spent so many working hours, he was about the happiest young fellow in the world.

His friends were almost as happy— particularly that first friend who had given him the aerial job. The roof became a favorite resort for everybody in the city who had the least hankering after a sight of the stars. The young owner of the telescope was glad to let them look. As for himself, he nightly scoured the heavens, noting and re-cording by means of drawings the many wonderful things he saw there.

Besides a good telescope he had phenomenally keen sight. That is evidenced by the fact that with this fivench refractor, an instrument below the first power, he discovered and described a dozen comets. Providence perhaps had put it into the mind of a rich man to offer prizes for just such discoveries. They were not very big prizes, but alto-gether this self-taught astronomer won enough of them to give him a welcome thou ahd dollars.

He had, however, rebuffs as well as

He had, however, rebuils as well as helps from the big outside world. The American Association for the Advancement of Science met in his native city not long after he had begun his study of the heavens. He was presented to its president, Simon Newcomb, and began modestly to speak of what he had done and honed to do. "Humph! You done and hoped to do. "Humph! You had better put away that telescope! It is too big, anyway. You can do nothing with it; you had better study mathematics than waste your time stargazing," said the great man. The beginner left him half heart-broken. But after the first smart he resolved that he would study mathematics, and he

Time's whirligig brings some revenges that are precious. Fifteen years later, Prof. Simon Newcomb, writing to Prof. Edward Emerson Barnard, upon whom Vanderbilt University has conferred the degree of Doctor of Science, and whom the Royal Astronomical Society of London has been proud to make a Fellow, asked if Professor Barnard knew anything of a young fellow with a telescope, who had lived in Nashville when the Association for the Advance-ment of Science met there?" and added, after some further inquiry, "It cannot be possible that you are the one mean.

It was not only possible but actual. Professor Barnard, to-day the foremost of American astronomers, who has mas-tered not merely mathematics, but the whole college curriculum, who has diswhole college curriculum, who has dis-covered more comets than any other living man, and who has mapped and measured the fiith satelite of Jupiter, is the lad who made his beginnings by fasthfulness over a few things upon the roof of a Nashville photograph gallery. It is pleasant to have to add that now when fortune smiles, when big colleges almost fight for the prestige of employ-ing him, that when he revisits his native city those he seeks first and stays with longest are the friends who in the be-ginning gave him a helping hand.

THY KINGDOM COME.

In the second petition of the Lord's Prayer, "Thy Kingdom Come," we pray God that we may be partakers of His glory amd participants in the eternal joys of His presence. It is quite evident, therefore, that in so doing we

petition for our own greatest good.
Our life in this world is merely a
state of probation. During the years state of probation. During the years that it continues we should be preparing ourselves for that endless life which comes with death. That is the purpose for which all men were created, as the Catholic child learns in the very first Catholic entitl tearns in the evisions lesson of the catechism, namely, to know, love and serve God in this world and to be happy with Him forever in the next. That is what we petition God for in the words of His own prayer,

Thy Kingdom Come.

Eternal happiness, therefore, in the Kingdom of God is the end for which man was created. It is in consequence men's supremest good. The attainment of this end, therefore, should be man's supremest desire. As the all-important purpose of his existence, it should, also, be the matter giving him greatest concern. As such, it should be the one principal thing for which he should

But is it the matter that men are busying themselves about most? Listen to the voice of the so-called Listen to the voice of the so carried school of modern thought, and what is its cry? There is no God. Man is the highest type of the animal kingdom, perfected by nature through the slow perfected by nature through the slow. highest type of the animal kingdom, perfected by nature through the slow progression of uncounted ages. There is no life beyond the grave, no Kingdom Come. Look to the rushing crowd as it passes, and what is the lesson? Power, pleasure, honor, wealth. Modern thought and modern action persuading men away from their suprement.

Modern thought and modern action persuading men away from their supremest good and driving hard against the plan of an Comipotent Creator.

Yet what are the grandest emoluments of life but miseries! What human heart have they ever satisfied! Even when surfeited with them all, there is still that longing and that craving for something life does not, can not give. That yearning for a happiness life has never yielded up. What is it? It is the unquenchable hope, O God, for which all Catholies pray that we may partake of the eternal joys of Thy Kingdom Come.—Church Progress.



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THE MASTER'S SORROW.

JERUSALEM A TYPE OF THE HUMAN SOUL. By Rev. Alexander Doyle. C. S. P.
There is no more pathetic sight than
Christ, the Master, shedding tears of
sorrow over the ill-fated city of Jerusa-As He came in from Bethany that bright Sanday morning and decend-ed the slope of Mount Olivet He saw the beautiful city, with its temple and marble palaces glittering in the morning sun. With His divine mind He renbered all that He had done through a thousand years and more for His chosen people, how He had segregated them apart from the rest of the world, how He had followed after them in their wanderings, had called them back with-in paths of rectitude and had watched over then with the fondest care, so that over then with the fondest care, so that He could say, "What more is there that I could have done?" and still after it all they were about to reject Him and condemn Him to an ignomicious death. The thought of it all overpowered His human feelings, and He sat down by the roadside and a flood of tears filled his eyes and a choking sob constrained His yoice and an op-

cears filled his eyes and a choking sob-constrained His voice and an op-pressive filled His heart.

The city of Jerusalem is a type of the human soul. Beautiful beyond compare is the soul. "Thou art all fair and I will fix mine eyes on thee." It has been the object of solicitious care in the divine mind from all eternity. the wealth of divine grace has been lavished on it. The providence of God has watched over it in all its wanderings, in the paths of iniquity as well as in virtue, and no desire is deeper in the divine heart than that it shall enjoy

eternal beatitude. In pagan times there was no account In pagan times there was no account taken of human souls. Most men were but animals, with few, if any, rights, and were treated as such. Ancient history is very largely a catalogue of cruelities. Amen-man, the librarian of Rameses, asks, "What is the life of a persont?" and be compares him to the peasant?" and he compares him to the locust, that may be killed by the thousands. The Assyrian monarch wrote on Nineveh: "I took as prisoners men, young and old. Of some I cut the hands and feet; others I mutilated. Of young men's ears I made a heap and of old men's skulls a tower; children I burned in the

Paganism set no value on human life because it did not recognize the worth of the human soul, and it was not until the Christian religion proclaimed the divine creation and the supernatural redemption of man that the tremendous value of human life was recognized and the marvelous worth of the individual soul as such was affirmed.

A Kingdom of our Own.

The process of education is a process of conquest, of overcoming. When you know a thing it is in your power; when you have learned to act rightly you are in your own power. Let me tell you that Education is habitual; it is a process of accustoming; it is a peculiar thing in human nature that we can accustom ourselves to everything.

to do it, it becomes pleasant, unless it is something degrading.

If you accustom yourself to toil with the mind, then little by little this toiling the mind, then little by little this toiling with the mind will become a delight and a source of inexhaustible joy and happiness to you, so that no loneliness no weariness, nor aught else can take from the consciousness that it is a good thing to be alive; and in it all you feel that God is good to you, because inasthat God is good to you, because inas-much as you are accustomed to living in this superior nature, you feel that you have come to it through the help of God, that He has not allowed you to sink out of sight.—Bishop Spalding.

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TIME'S RECKONING.

REFUSING TO FEEL OLD IS THE SECRET OF

The secret of youth is to refuse to feel old. There are moments, at any stage of life, when it is easy to yield, to lay down one's arms and to be as old as Methuselah in spirit. At such time as Methuselah in spirit. At such time existence has neither savor nor vigor, and all life appears to lie down hill hereafter. The middle-aged view of things gains upon us—flat disillusion, with no glow of youth about it. At this psychological moment, if we surrender, we are lost. Our safty is to remember that we are not really, or perceptibly, older than we were last remember that we are not ready, perceptibly, older than we were last week, when we felt young; and to reflect that to give up the twenty or thirty years ahead of us to the palsying hand of old age, just because thirty or forty years happens to lie behind us, is a very foolish capitulation.

a very foolish capitulation.

The immortal soul within us has no The immortal soul within us has no business with Time, anyway. Age cannot wither it, unless we acquiesce in the withering process. The sun sets early in the valley, but we are not bound to sit down and watch it fade. Let us gird up our loins, and climb the nearest hill, and there will be hours of sunlight yet and a clear sunset at the end.

With such a spirit, we can change just one word in our Browning and cry cheerfully.

cheerfully,

Grow young along with me. The best is yet to be The last of life, for which the first was made.'

What is youth given to us for, if not to learn its characteristics, and take the best of them forward through the years? To be as a little child in spirit is one of the highest—and rarest—achievements of the soul. It is not the circumstances of youth that make it, to many the happiest time of their lives; it is the youthful joy of living. But there is the youthful joy of living. But there are possible joys for every year of the longest life and possible victories and longest life and possible viceties and possible growth always ahead. We are journeying from the sunrise, but we can carry its colors in our memory, even through a cloudy day, till we begin to see the same hues painting the sunset sky afresh. Youth, like heaven, is a state, afresh. not a place, and whosoever attains it can smile at Time-and die young at ninety.

It is very much to be regretted that everything a boy knows about his physical nature usually comes to him through unclean channels. Fathers have an important duty in this respect toward their growing boys which they usually neglect utterly.— Catholic Columbian. Columbian.

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