

Life's Rosary.

Hoping and toiling and grieving,
Midway 'twixt laughter and tears,
Day after day we are weaving
A wearisome chaplet of years.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Twenty-First Sunday after Pentecost.

FORGIVENESS AND FORGETFULNESS.

Sometimes it seems, dear brethren,
that one of the most difficult virtues to
acquire, and one of the hardest to
practice, is that virtue spoken of in the
Gospel of to-day—that of forgiveness of
injuries. And yet it is a virtue to
which we, as Christians, are most
strictly bound. We have no choice
whatever in the matter. If we would
live in the grace of God, if we would
acquire merit, if we would save our
souls, if we would gain heaven at the
last—we must forgive those who offend
us.

Can words be clearer or more to the
point than these? Not only are we
bound to forgive others, but our own
forgiveness is dependent upon our
doing so. We cannot receive the one
without doing the other. Yet, in spite
of this imperative obligation, upon
which directly hangs our happiness
here and hereafter, how sadly frequent
are the instances which come under
our notice of revengeful dispositions
and unforgiving hearts! How terribly
common are discords in families,
strife and feuds in neighborhoods,
quarrels among friends, black looks or
averted eyes among those who worship
in the same church—ay, perhaps among
them! who kneel together at the same
altar, and receive to their own condem-
nation the Body and Blood of Christ!

We must look at this very seriously,
my brethren. We must forgive others
fully and freely if we hope to be for-
given ourselves. The same kind of
forgiveness which we look for from
God, we must extend to those who have
offended us.

How often we hear that detestable
expression used (and used, too, with
the most sanctimonious and self-right-
eous air imaginable): "I will forgive,
but I can't forget." What utter and
wicked nonsense! That is the same
thing as saying that you have not for-
given, and do not mean to forgive.
If a real Christlike spirit of pardon had
filled your hearts there would be no
room for any remembrance of past in-
jury—which most likely was only fan-
cied injury after all. Remembering
slights and wrongs and misunder-
standings means brooding over them,
nursing and coddling them, magnify-
ing them, talking to all the neighbor-
hood about them. If you stop thinking
about them, you will be surprised to
find how extremely petty and insignif-
icant they will look after a while;
and if you are really to forgive at all
you must stop thinking about them.

Suppose God said to us: "I will for-
give you, of course, because I am
promised; but I can never forget your
wicked conduct. You are duly sorry
for your sins, and therefore I am
obliged to admit you into heaven; but
I shall remember those sins against you
for all eternity." It sounds blasphemous,
almost, to make such a supposition;
but that is precisely what many of
you say to those who may have
offended you; and if you received
your just deserts that is just what God
ought to say to you.

How do you ask God to forgive you?
It is not an absolute, unmodified re-
quest: there is a very important con-
dition attached: "Forgive us our
trespasses," you say; but how? "as
we forgive those who trespass against
us." You ask God to forgive you as
you forgive your fellow-sinners, and
in no other way. And if you do not
forgive your fellow-sinners how dare
you ask God to forgive you? What a
ghastly mockery the "Our Father"
becomes under circumstances like
these! But Almighty God is not de-
ceived. Be sure of that. "For with
the same measure that you shall meas-
ure it shall be measured to you again."

"What things a man shall sow,
those also shall he reap."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Never Out of Sight.

I know a little saying
That is altogether true.
My little boy, my little girl,
The saying is for you.
'Tis this, O, blue and black eyes,
And gray, so deep and bright,
No child in all this careless world
Is ever out of sight.

No matter whether field or glen,
Or city's crowded way,
Or pleasure's laugh or labor's hum,
Entire your feet to stray,
Some one is always watching you;
And, whether wrong or right,
No child in all this busy world
Is ever out of sight.

Some one is always watching you,
And marking what you do,
To see if all your childhood's acts
Are honest, brave and true;
And watchful more than mortal kind,
God's angels, pure and wise,
In gladness or in sorrowing
Are keeping you in sight.

Oh! hear in mind, my little one,
And let your mark be high;
You do whatever thing you do
Beneath some seeing eye;
Oh! hear in mind, my little one,
And keep your good name bright;
No child upon this round, round earth,
Is ever out of sight.

When difficulties are to be overcome,
the longer you look at them the larger
they grow. When objects are feared,
the more you ponder the more your
fear will increase. But when you go
forward at once, in the right strength,
seeking the right aid, inspired by the
right motive, then your fears will be
dissipated, your terror will subside,
you will find God's strength made per-
fect in your weakness, and you will be
more than conquerors through Him
that loves you. All duties lie in the
present. The adjournment of what is
difficult to do till to-morrow takes from
your strength for the duty, and adds to
the difficulty and the weight of that
duty.

The Secret of Being Popular.
Gwendoline writes that she wishes to
know the secret of being popular.
"I'd like to be a popular girl," she
says, "a girl beloved by everybody."

This is a natural wish, and in itself
not wrong. There is a temptation to
wrong in it if the desire be carried so
far that, in order to become popular,
the girl sacrifices valuable qualities of
character, as, for instance, independ-
ence of judgment and sincerity.

But there is no need of this. The
girl who chooses to be popular needs
first to be unselfish. She must not con-
sider her own ends first and chiefly. The
atmosphere enfolding her must be that
of love and kindness. You know how
some girls always try to have the best
things, the best places, the pleasant-
est things, while they do not try to pass
the good times along to others. These
are not popular girls. Nobody can be
fond of a selfish person.

Again, a really popular person must
have courage, courage enough to be a
leader. There are only a few leaders
in any city, or school, or other corner
of the world. Most people are follow-
ers. I heard of a leader this morning.
She went to a boarding-school a long
way off from home. Among the
teachers there was a little shy Miss
Somebody whom the girls did not like.

They made fun of her prim manner
and her queer row-colored hair, and a
crowd of mischievous boys, and a
crowd of mischievous girls. Before long
Maria Matilda changed the whole situa-
tion, and she being a born leader the
rest followed her willingly. I need
not add that Maria Matilda is popular,
very popular.—Harper's Round Table.

Try-Try-Again.
The old story of King Bruce and the
spider and the elder fable of the mouse
that cut the cable are calculated to
teach us the virtue of perseverance,
for it is not simply a virtue, but
many. No one ever became saintly
without persevering in goodness; no
one ever succeeded in acquiring vast
knowledge, great wealth or anything
else that may be acquired in this world
without keeping unwaveringly to the
line of action which leads to successful
results.

Like cautiousness, perseverance is
very distasteful to the young. In the
impulsive age many things are begun
without thinking and as thoughtlessly
left unfinished. Anything worth be-
ginning should be worth the trouble of
completing. The old lines, "If you
try and don't succeed, try, try again,"
are rendered by the modern advertiser
into modern American-English thus:
"Keeping everlastingly at it brings
success." The principle is precisely
the same, and dear old Try-try-again
is much easier to remember.
"Beware of saying 'I can't,'" sings
Eliza Cook. Perhaps the reason why
so many young folk lack the virtues
of perseverance is that it seems so easy
to say "I give up!" But is it so easy?
Giving up implies discouragement, and
if there is anything harder than dis-
couragement the world has not yet
found it out. It is only the very weak-
brained or the very lazy who are
easily discouraged. And the weak
and the lazy do not have a very good
time of it on this busy planet, mind
you!

Now, dear young reader, what is
easy about giving up beyond the ease
of a moment? What do you give up?
Sanctity, wisdom, knowledge, per-

haps, every bit of help toward heaven,
every bit of help upon earth.
Is it easy to give up those? The
devil may whisper, Yes, but your
angel will tell you, No. What is a
little bit of indifference now to a life of
hardship here and a possibility of an
eternity of punishment hereafter?
For just as surely as we are ignorant
when we "give up" learning, so do
we grow sinful when we give up trying
to be good. There is no half-way
plan. "Not good" is bad, "not
learned" is ignorant, "not wise" is
foolish, "not happy" is miserable.
And "not persevering" turns into
every one of these undesirable condi-
tions.

When the impulse to give up trying
rises trample upon it. If your object
is good determine to persevere in it to
the end. Had Columbus turned back
from the Canary Islands he would not
have discovered America. If Edison
had not persevered in his studies he
might still be selling newspapers.
Persevere; be not ashamed because
your efforts are small or because you
think your work may not be great. It
may be greater than you imagine.
"You admire this tower of granite,
weathering the hurst of so many ages,"
writes Emerson. "Yet a little waving
hand built this huge wall, and that
which builds is better than that which
is built." Persevere! build the wall
of your life as strong and as beautiful
as your efforts can make it. With
Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior,"

Look forward, persevering to the last.
From better, daily self-satisfied.
—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Lost Day.

It was the custom of a certain old
Roman emperor to enter in his diary
the words, "I have lost a day!" at the
close of any evening when he could
remember no action done during the
previous hours for the good of others.
A holy man, who recently passed
away, gave dying instructions to the
young people who had been his pupils,
that their duty should include "mak-
ing somebody happy every day."
Such a maxim ought to be far-reach-
ing, for it is simple, it does not bid us
undertake too much. Not many among
us can hope to do great things. And
yet any of us may take our her lot
and we will "make somebody happy
every day," without running any risk
of breaking it. It is amazing, when
one begins to look out for opportuni-
ties, how many will occur. Then,
even if none occur, we can make them.
I think we overlook many chances of
doing a solid kindness by despising
small things. We are on the outlook
for great deeds and tread on small
matters, as if one were searching for
roses high in hedge, and trampled on
the sweet lowly violets. For exam-
ple, patient listening to another's com-
plaint is a great boon to a troubled fel-
low creature. The mere pouring forth
of sorrow lightens it, and grateful eyes
speak of the relief. Too often we turn
from such an opportunity for loving
kindness as this to seek some more im-
portant mission, as we think. Then
there will always be enough small
acts, if they are only such things as
arranging a few flowers to brighten a
sick room, to occupy one pair of
hands for spare moments. If there is
no "somebody" in the house,
find "somebody" outside. A
little child may be made happy
with a small amount of trouble
indeed; and a double blessing rests on
those who gladden the pure spirits
whose Guardian Angels behold the
Face of our Father who is in Heaven.
Then there are those who have entered
the second childhood—a sadder one—
the aged, who are on the threshold of
a new life, ready to be pleased with a
very little, thankful for any break in
the dull, lonely monotony of the
dreary hours that drag so heavily. I
could sometimes wish that a "Guild of
Pity" were started for the aged.
Everybody is the friend of children,
but how many old, forlorn pilgrims
dwell unloved and unloving among us!
A quarter of an hour for reading or
talking or taking to these handful of
flowers, the loan of a book, will
cheer a sufferer for many hours,
and that "somebody" who lies
there, bearing Christ's Cross will re-
member the gleam of brightness long
after your presence has passed away,
and the Saviour will say, "Inasmuch
as ye did it unto one of the least of
these, ye did it unto Me." And if no-
body at all can be found at hand to
bless, is there not that wonderful sys-
tem by means of which we human
beings can talk and shake hands with
our brothers and sisters all over the
world—the post? A letter is a mes-
senger of peace and joy. No lack of
folk glad to have one will be found,
while pain, sorrow, and loneliness last,
and that will be as long as life does.
Oh, no! we need not be at a loss to
keep that rule! A word or tiny deed
of mercy, even to a dumb animal, will
save us from breaking it.

Angels Every where.
There flit a myriad angels
About this earth below;
And in and out our threshold
Their footsteps come and go,
While in our very blindness
Their forms we do not know.

They sit up in the nursery,
And kiss the babes to sleep,
Across the holy heart place
They join their hands to keep
From blotting out the home-shine,
The tears that sad hearts weep.

They lurk about the sick room,
And trace upon the wall
Quaint legends for still missings
When twilight shadows fall.
The dim world drifting past us,
A thing not worth recall.

They sketch the shadow groups,
And the pictures 'twixt the bars,
And point with finger pure
To the tranquil vast of stars,
While breathing holy peace

Best for Wash Day USE SURPRISE SOAP Best for Every Day
makes clothes sweet, clean, white, with the least labor.

On the daylight's petty jars,
They kneel beside the children
And say their evening prayers,
And sit beside the mother
Who passeth down the stair,
With peace writ on her forehead
Across the print of care.

And when the door is shut,
And the hurried day is done,
They stand beside the father
Whose laboring is done,
And pay him down the blessings
The children's prayers have won.
—Rosa Mulholland.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

"Well begun is half done!" That
maxim applies to the achievement of
success in life as well as to other
things. For if a young man has
shown from boyhood an aptness for a
calling and holds all his energies to
prepare himself to make it his pursuit,
then at the very outset of his man-
hood's career he is already half way to
the goal. He has begun well. To
those who are leaving school days be-
hind them or who are "knocking
around" from one employment to an-
other, letting circumstances shape
their final position without ambition or
resolution on their part, this article
may prove helpful:

Starting in Life.
There is a problem, a hard one,
which comes to the majority of our
youth, and fortunate the one who has
the wise aid of some experienced per-
son to help settle this important ques-
tion—the choice of a life-work.

Youth is not given to reflection. It
is impulsive and, therefore, needs the
parent or the teacher—some one who
has watched the growing tendencies of
the child—to start it upon the right
road to success. Who should be bet-
ter qualified for this work than the
parent? No one; but we all know
that many parents never awaken to
their great responsibilities.

Inclination in the ambitious youth
should, however, be well considered
before urging him into one definite
occupation to be made the business of
his life.
Limited success, mediocrity, can be
attained in a vocation not congenial to
it; but vaulting ambition wants none
of that. Then we must choose to our
liking, that which is a pleasure, or our
ambitions hopes will never be real-
ized. There is, however, one basis
upon which every American youth
should build, and that is an education.
The more liberal your education the
better are you fitted for the great
struggle of your existence. Be a
graduate of some good college. If
this is not possible to you finish some
course of instruction in a good school.

If we were all endowed with the
gift of genius we should not be so apt
to make the mistake of choosing the
wrong vocation. The majority of us
are not so endowed, and for the average
intellect to make a mistake in the
beginning is a grave error. To select
judiciously, and then hold fast, means
success to the youth not afraid of hard
work. Continued effort is the import-
ant element in every successful per-
son's career.

Once there was a youth whose object
in life was to become a physician, and
who began teaching when he was
seventeen years of age. He had a
little money, but not enough for the
needed course of instruction. By
working in the harvest field and teach-
ing, he managed to earn sufficient,
with what he had, to graduate at one
of our Western universities, then enter
a medical college, where he spent four
years, and graduated with honors.
He then entered a large hospital, where
he served eighteen months as interne.
Now he is in Europe, still preparing to
enter the first ranks of his chosen pro-
fession. What this young man, not
yet thirty, has done, was accomplished
by hard work. In the first place, he
had a definite object; he kept it in
view, making everything else serve to
aid him to accomplish his purpose.
Soon his long years of patient toiling
will bear fruit, more than repaying
him for sacrificing the ordinary pleas-
ures of youth.

What about his wild oats? He
never sowed them, nor found any
pleasure in frivolous persons' society.
Our best men never find time for wild
oats; and the youth who has the mis-
taken idea that such grain is needed
to round out manhood will be likely to
land somewhere in the gutter.

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ern college education includes
modern, political and social his-
tory, theoretical and applied econ-
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political science. It also enables
him to grasp the great sciences of
physics, chemistry and biology.

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ern college has vastly strengthened
education by making men more capable
of success under many complicated
conditions and in more callings than the
old.

What a Jesuit Says.
The Jesuits are apt to be very con-
servative in their methods of temper-
ance reform and in their views on the
evil of intemperance. Under the cir-
cumstances the following extract from
an article on "Neo-Malthusianism" in
the September number of the North
American Review, from the pen of
Rev. Father Clark, S. J., must be
given weighty consideration:
"I believe the experiences of every-
one who lives and has lived among the
poor, whether it be Catholic priest or
Protestant clergyman, Sister of Char-
ity or district visitor, charity organi-
zation agent or brother of St. Vincent
de Paul, will bear me out in my con-
viction that nine tenths, if not ninety-
nine hundredths, of the actual destitu-
tion among the poor is to be traced,
directly or indirectly, to habits of
drunkenness, at least in this world,
for his intemperance; it is too often
the helpless wife and the neglected
children who have to bear the burden
of their father's sin. There is scarcely
a city or town in the whole world from
which all abject poverty would not
practically disappear if the vice of
drunkenness could be banished."

At the first gathering of this session
of students and faculty of St. John's
College, Annapolis, Maryland, Pres-
ident Fell addressed the students upon
the object of a college education. He
said in part: "Parents are often con-
fronted with the question as to whether
money might be better invested in
giving a young man a college educa-
tion, or in using it at a somewhat later
period of his life as capital wherewith
to start him in business.
"A college education is not merely
a preparation for any particular call-
ing in life, but the best possible pre-
paration for any pursuit which re-
quires brains for success.
"Thoroughly educated men are
needed not only in every profession,
but in every trade.
"In the olden days it was thought
hardly worth while to educate men for
a business career, if business success
was the only motive for the education.
Now the college is the shortest road to
such an end.
"That we may see how radically the
old order of things has changed, we
have only to examine a few of the
present economic and political condi-
tions which surround us.
"Besides classics and mathematics,
the old culture studies, the mod-

A Zealous Layman.
From Catholic Tidings.
John Bennett of Stannan, a small
town in Indiana, is a whole Truth So-
ciety in himself. As the local paper is
anti Catholic Mr. Bennett has hit on the
plan of issuing periodically and distrib-
uting among his townsmen a leaflet,
which he calls the *Fliegende Blätter*,
and which he devotes exclusively to
articles from well-known Protestant
writers and others on the question of
religious liberty and the views of noted
men concerning the clergies that are
being circulated, directed against the
Church.