

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

This spirit of cheerfulness is something that results from a happy temperament whose nerves have never been disturbed by loss, sickness or calamity. Sometimes it is the abundance of youth still finding surplus of vigor after the toils of the day. Sometimes it is the expression of character which from the reserves of its own nature and experience is able to preserve a cheerful disposition, under even the most discouraging circumstances and face life always with hope and good cheer. Such a character is a strength and a defense, not only to him who has it but to all his associates and to all who feel his influence. They are the watch towers of humanity, whose lights shine through the dark night of human struggle and whose word is an inspiration of hope and encouragement.—Charles Musbach.

How to Get the Most Out of Your Outlay.

Keeping accounts may be a little troublesome, but it is quite worth while. Have just one book, rather thick, that will do for everything. Tuck the front part into a cash account. Open the book out flat, write down your allowance on the left hand page and on the right put down what you have paid—everything, even to a postage stamp. Then, once a week, or oftener, balance. Balancing is nothing harder than subtracting the total of the money you have spent from what you had in hand. The difference is what you should have in cash. When you have been keeping accounts for some time, you will realize as you never did before what your money goes for. Keeping accounts is not helping you to make money, but it does help you to find out how to get the most for your outlay and how to balance your needs with your income.

Nature's Noblemen.

A young man of ability and great promise recently refused to enter a vocation which would yield him a large income, lest the temptation to become rich might eat up his desire to help his fellow-men. He feared that the frantic struggle for wealth and self being waged by the majority of the men with whom his position would force him to associate would insensibly draw him into the same vortex of selfishness. He felt that his ideals would become tarnished, that his aspirations would be starved in such an atmosphere, and so he chose a vocation which would enable him to render the greatest service to humanity.

It is a refreshing thing, in a material age, to see people who are ambitious to be useful rather than rich, who are more eager to hold others than to make money. These are nature's noblemen, these are the characters which enrich life, and which have pushed civilization up from the savage to the Florence Nightingales and the Lincolns.

One of the most promising things about our civilization to-day is that, side by side with the greed for gold, is the ever-growing passion of humanity for good. The number of people who prefer to be useful to their fellow-men rather than to make money is constantly increasing. This passion for good is the salt of humanity; it is what makes us believe in the future of the race.—Success.

Always Be Punctual.

Young men, be punctual; be always on time and never keep others waiting. Time and season wait for no man. The regularity of nature around us, should be a lesson to us that being on time always and everywhere is very necessary for our present and future success. To be on time means that you make an effort to do things according to order and method; for the young man who observes no order in his life shows that he is careless, and lives not according to reason and good common sense. Throughout the entire universe order is to be observed. To be punctual means many little acts of self-denial, resisting temptations to delay and loiter, putting away the present feeling or inclination to scorn future good.

All this means overcoming one's self; but every young man who hopes to be a success in life should be willing to sacrifice the petty little feelings that may prevent him from being always on time. Success has been won by men by their being on time. Failure has darkened the lives of many because they were late. How many accidents have taken place, how many lives have been lost, though not being on time. Punctuality shows order. Order is heaven's first law. It leads to God and wins for us the good opinion of others.

A Good Resolution.

Resolve never to be second class in anything. No matter what you do, try to be a king in it. Have nothing to do with the inferior. Do your best in everything; deal with the best; choose the best; live up to your best.

One of the earmarks of a boy with a future is that he is particular about everything. He is not satisfied to do anything pretty well, or to leave things half-finished. Nothing but completion to perfection will satisfy the demand in him for the best. It is those who have the insatiable demand in their nature, that will accept nothing short of this, that hold the banners of Progress, that set the standards, the ideals, for others.

One of the most successful men I know stamped his individuality upon everybody who knew him by his constant desire for the highest and the best in everything. No one could induce him to do a thing, or to accept an inferior article when a better was within his reach. Whether it was the quality and the style of his clothing, or of anything he bought, he would allow nothing about him which was not the best obtainable. Even when poor and trying to get a start for himself, when others patronized cheap restaurants and obtained rooms in cheap localities, he would have none of these things.

He believed that his success depended largely upon following high ideals, upon keeping himself up to quality, upon his making a good impression, and he would not have anything to do with cheap or shoddy things. He shrank from inferiority, and avoided it as he would poison, believing that

it would taint his ideals, smirch his ambition and lower his standards. No cheap education was for him; no cheap books, no cheap shoddy clothing, or cheap manners. He had to have the best or nothing.

His acquaintances thought that it was foolish and ruinous for him, when trying to get a start for himself, to spend his entire income in keeping up appearances or trying to keep in touch with the best people. He always considered that it was worth much to be thrown with people of culture and refinement, and people of means, because he expected they would be his customers later in life. This young man believed that social success was imperative to his professional success, and he regarded his acquaintance among the better classes as of inestimable value. His subsequent career certainly seemed to vindicate his methods. Although he had a hard struggle at first, he has attained great distinction and has been a marvel to his school-mates.—Success.

Mother and Son.

On the Boston express the other day I witnessed a scene which I wish I could describe as it impressed me. It was the "4 o'clock express," and an elderly woman, evidently a foreigner, stepped on the train with that peculiar, square rigged, canvas covered, broad valise so much used in Europe. Directly behind her was a sturdy young man, who carried the remainder of her luggage on his shoulder. He, too, was evidently a foreigner, whose dress and appearance indicated that he was thoroughly acclimated and was now a prosperous adopted American citizen. With a peculiar motion the little woman shrank from taking a seat in the coach among the finely dressed people. Although I did not understand the conversation I heard her inquiry as to whether they were to go "first class."

The son—for I had gotten that far in conclusions—went toward the centre of the car to select a good seat, while the mother had seated herself in one near the door. His bright face beamed as he ushered that little stooped mother to the seat as tenderly as if she were his bride. What happiness was reflected in those faces! They were seated in front of me, with their luggage carefully stowed away overhead and underneath. Her hands were brown and rough; her little bonnet was very simple; her gray hair was smoothed down in front and twisted into a picturesque Norwegian knot behind; her features were irregular, her face wrinkled, her large nose sharp, and she had no upper teeth—and yet, I pledge you, I never saw a more beautiful face when, after the son was seated, this little woman turned and stroked the hair of her son as only a mother can, regardless of the curious eyes in the coach, and then, unable longer to repress the joy of a mother's heart, she kissed him. Such tenderness in those eyes, glistening with tears—she was with her boy again! The heads came just above the top of the seat, and how close they were together as they talked and talked over the past. What memories of the old home were awakened in the heart of the young man while the mother recounted, as only a mother can, those things which he was most anxious to know about! When he brought her a drink, when he pulled the shade, every act was devotion. If I could only impress upon sons the priceless heritage they have in their mother. There never can be but one mother, and every little act of devotion and love will some day be a treasured memory.—National Magazine.

general living room, the children having gone to bed. "Got back all right?" "Yes. Here's yer hat and jacket. Thank yer for lendin' 'em. Some friend of yours, a chap I don't remember ever havin' 'eard you speak of, took me for you along of them." "Lisbeth started. "What do you mean, Maggie?" "So Maggie explained. For a minute Lisbeth hesitated whether or no she should take Maggie, as she had for long been yearning to do, into her confidence or not. It was safe, of that she was certain, for Maggie was true, and to be trusted implicitly if she gave her word. Lisbeth made a compact that she would not repeat to any one what she was going to tell her, and with a flash of vanity on her face, and her heart beating rather faster with excitement, she began.

"That—that gentleman as you have just seen, Maggie, a'd me got acquainted some weeks ago, one day when I was in Chiswick. He stopped me, and told me that he thought I was losin' my handkerchief, and we had a bit of chat." Maggie's eyes were opened wide with wonder.

"Why, Lisbeth, I thought as how you an' me knew we should never talk to strange chaps." "Oh, well—wait till you hear how this turned out," said Lisbeth. "After that we met pretty often, and he told me all about himself, and he seemed to think it was an awful shame that a girl like me should be going to marry a working man. He thought I was a better thing—but, there, I can't tell you all he said."

"I don't like him trying to talk against your young man," said Maggie, who was loyal to her own fiancé, a mason by trade. "Lisbeth paid no attention. "Besides," added Maggie as an afterthought, "he looked like a working man himself as far as I could see, though there wasn't much light to speak of, for all his bowings and scrapings and flourishing his hat about."

"He may look like one," said Lisbeth, "but he ain't one. His story is most romantic, and as beautiful as any I've read of in books. He's Italian, a real gentleman and a count—there now!" Maggie was struck dumb with astonishment, and Lisbeth continued. "He lost money through the breaking of a bank in Italy, his mother died suddenly and then his father committed suicide in despair because a lady he wanted to marry after his wife died refused him. I told you it was all like a novel," said Lisbeth. "Then he nads' any money at all, and so he went to Paris and learnt the paper-making business—hanging it and all that—and he took a place in Chiswick, not under his own name of course."

"Well, I never!" was all Maggie found to say, and Lisbeth seeing she had convinced her went triumphantly on. "So he's working on just for the present, and in a little time he will have a great deal of money, for he has a very, very old uncle in Italy who is leaving him all his property."

"Pity he don't marry him now," said Maggie, who in some things was shrewd and practical. "He's too independent," said Lisbeth proudly; "he preferred working on and earning his living, and I admire him for it. Well, I'm sure, Maggie, you never thought things would turn out like this, did you?" Maggie shook her head.

"Oh, Lisbeth, don't marry him," said Lisbeth, coloring, "and we are engaged." TO BE CONTINUED.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

STORIES ON THE ROSARY.

By LOUISA EMILY DOBBER. The Presentation in the Temple. COUNT LUIGI.

"It is not Elsie, but her friend. I mistook you, mees, for her." "Well, supposin' as you did—now you can get on and leave me to pass," said Maggie, remembering at the moment that as she was Lisbeth's friend it was not surprising that her friend's hat and jacket on her shoulders had been mistaken for her in the half light of the autumn evening. "I know you are her good friend and—"

"Well, I don't know yer, and don't want ter," said Maggie bluntly, for she disliked the way in which the man's dark eyes were fixed on her. "Thank you, mees, the English are always very polite. I wish you good evening; and with another low bow and a smirch, which exasperated Maggie, though she did not know why, he went off."

The incident had surprised Maggie, for she and Lisbeth, having been friends all their lives, generally knew most things about each other's concerns, and it seemed strange that Lisbeth should have this acquaintance with a foreign man and not have told her of it. However, Maggie's deficiency in imagination prevented her attaching much importance to the episode, and beyond a little vague curiosity she did not think much about it as she walked back to Hammersmith. The road as it approached the Broadway was increasing, thronged with people, who pushed and jostled their way, stopping every now and then in small crowds; before butchers' shops with blue-bloused men loudly encouraging the passers-by to bid for the pieces of meat, the good qualities of which they rapidly enumerated. By the side of the pavement were naphtha lights flaring up and showing the contents of the trucks on which they were placed. All kinds of things were being sold, vegetables and fruit making masses of color; clothes old and new, second-hand furniture, china, books, pictures; every here and there being a barrel organ, played usually by Italian women with colored handkerchiefs on their heads, or by dingy looking men. Maggie stopped for a minute to watch a pathetic little monkey in a red coat shivering on one organ, by the side of which a little girl danced.

She reached Paradise Gardens at length, and found Lisbeth alone in the

matter of taste and expediency, pretty much as is the cut of one's coat or the shape of one's hat. According to them if a man finds one form of religion too exacting, he may try another; if that doesn't suit, he may try another still, and if none of the existing systems are to his taste he may invent something new, provided he will generously concede that previously existing forms are about as good as his own.

The vast majority of those who profess indifferentist principles are an easy going set of people, whose aspirations seldom rise above the world of their senses; yet others there are who treat the matter scientifically, and are pleased to pose before the world as religious reformers. These latter, however, do not like to be called indifferentists, for somehow that name is in bad repute. They mean prefer to style themselves liberals, thereby intimating that they are men of great mind, whose keen intellects discern beyond the multiplicity of doctrinal opposition the one grand idea of undogmatical unity as the world's true religion. With them religion consists in feeling as opposed to faith. All clinging to dogma they regard as bigotry, and every effort to defend time-honored doctrines they put down as fanaticism.

In their own estimation they are the only true philosophers, destined by Providence to prepare the world for universal religious toleration, not only civil but dogmatic as well. Whether or not these men are really the philosophical prodigies they claim to be, will, I think, appear from a brief examination of their fundamental principle that one religion is as good as another. If this proposition be true, honor to the men who had the genius to discover and the boldness to defend it; if it be false, their philosophy is a sham and their boldness but folly. With the truth or falsehood of this proposition indifferentism must stand or fall.

Now, the proposition that one religion is as good as another means, in its concrete significance, nothing less than that falsehood is as good as truth, that vice is as good as virtue, and that idolatry is as good as true worship. This, you will perhaps object, is a hard saying. Yes, it is a hard saying, but it is a fact, and facts are stubborn things to deal with.

First, then, I say if one religion be as good as another, then falsehood is as good as truth. For of the hundreds of existing religions there cannot be found two that agree in principle and practice. What one teaches as true, others reject as false; what one commends as holy, others condemn as impious. According to Catholics, for instance, Christ is a Divine Person; according to Unitarians and Socialists he is a mere man. By Catholics infant baptism is considered valid; by Baptists it is rejected as invalid. If it be true, Bishops were divinely instituted to rule the Church; Presbyterians teach that Bishops were not so instituted. And so all along the line, when one religious body teaches a certain doctrine, others almost invariably deny it, and hold the contradictory. Yet it is the very first principle in philosophy that two contradictory statements cannot be true at the same time. If it be true, for instance, that two and two make four, it cannot be true that two and two do not make four. And so also if it be true that Christ is a Divine Person, or that infant baptism is valid, or that Bishops were divinely instituted to rule the Church; it cannot be true that Christ is not a Divine Person, or that infant baptism is not valid, or that Bishops were not divinely instituted to rule the Church. Hence as existing religious systems teach *de facto* opposite and contradictory doctrines, some of them must necessarily be false; consequently if it be true, as indifferentists hold, that one religion is as good as another, it must also be true that falsehood is as good as truth, unless, indeed, we are prepared to maintain that no religion is good, which is the very opposite of what indifferentists have been holding heretofore.

Again, if one religion is as good as another, then vice is as good as virtue, idolatry is as good as true worship. For in that case Buddhism, Mohametanism and the worship of Moloch and Astarte, are as good as the present form of Christianity, though they teach two that agree in principle and practice. There were so many different forms of religion, and one religion is as good as another. Hence vice and virtue, idolatry and true worship are equally good.

Of course, argue these advocates of indifferentism, when we hold that one religion is as good as another we refer to the various forms of the Christian religion. We are Christians, and as such we must not reject Paganism. Well, supposing you do apply your principle to the various Christian denominations, will that mend matters so very much? Let us see. If one Christian religion is as good as another then the Catholic religion is as good as the Unitarian, and the Unitarian is as good as the Catholic. Both are equally good. And yet objectively considered either Catholicism advocates idolatry, or Unitarianism is but a system of blasphemy; because the Catholic Church teaches that Christ is the Son of God, divine in person, and equal to the Father in all things, and as a consequence she binds her members to pay Him divine homage, to worship Him, to adore Him; whereas Unitarians regard that same Christ as a mere man, liable to error and sin as any son of Adam. Now, either Christ is a Divine Person or He is not a Divine Person. If He is a Divine Person, then Unitarianism is but a system of blasphemy; and if Christ is not a Divine Person, then the Catholic Church advocates idolatry, because on that supposition she forces her members to give to a creature the honor that is due exclusively to the Creator, and that is idolatry.

Oh, well, some will say, let us put aside the Unitarians and Socialists, and all others who do not admit the divinity of Christ. Let us take Christians strictly, so called, who are willing to profess according to the Athanasian creed that Christ is true God of true God, consubstantial with the Father, and then our proposition that one

religion is as good as another may readily be accepted. It may not. For even in that case Baptists and Methodists and Presbyterians must still regard their Catholic brother as an idolater, when bent knee and bowed head adore his Sacramental Lord abiding upon the altar under the appearance of bread. So, too, must they brand as idolaters a large number of Anglicans, who believe as firmly in the Real Presence as any Catholic. Nay, they must fix the stigma of idolatry even upon all orthodox Lutherans, who hold that Christ is really present in the reception of the sacramental species.

Perhaps some are willing to go farther in the process of elimination, and strike the Catholic Church from the list of eligible religions to which their much vaunted principle may be applied. Perhaps they are willing to place side by side with the worshipers of Baal, Jupiter and Thor, the two hundred and seventy million Catholics who people the earth to-day, together with one hundred and ten million Greek and Slav Schismatics, and some twenty million Anglicans and Lutherans, who believe in Christ's personal presence in the Blessed Sacrament, and honor Him as a Divine Person. Perhaps they are willing to condemn as infected with idolatry the whole Christian past up to the time of the Reformation—the Church of the Apostles, of the early Fathers, and of the Middle Ages—and keep for their choice the seven hundred odd other religious denominations which have sprung into being since that time, and which now number perhaps a hundred million adherents. I say perhaps there are some who are prepared to go that length, though, through respect for the dignity of human nature, I sincerely hope there are not; yet if there be, it avails them little. For in that case, whatever may be said of idolatry and other similar horrors, it still remains true, on indifferentist principles, that falsehood is as good as truth, as I have shown a little while ago. Take what religion you will, by the very fact that they are different from one another, there is necessary opposition in principle and practice. The pitiful complaint of Theodora Beza, one of the earliest reformers, is as true now as it was in the sixteenth century. "Our people," he says, "are carried away by every wind of doctrine. If you know what it will be to-morrow, you cannot tell what it may be to-morrow. In what single point," he continues, "are those Churches, which declared war against the Pope, united among themselves? There is not one point which is not held by some of them as an article of the faith, and by others rejected as an impiety."

Hence to whatever number of different religious denominations you apply the indifferentist principle that one religion is as good as another, you are always forced to hold that in religious matters falsehood is as good as truth—you are forced to hold that God Himself is indifferent to truth and falsehood. And yet what could be more unreasonable? What could be more blasphemous? God is truth itself, the eternal and unchanging truth, and can be worshipped except in the spirit of truth. A religion that teaches falsehood is necessarily evil, because it is an insult to the God of truth, who not only hates falsehood *de facto*, but must hate it on principle—must hate it with an everlasting hatred as something that is essentially opposed to His very being. Religious beliefs and religious practices are concrete realities, and God cannot be indifferent to them, because every false belief, and every practice based upon that false belief, is in direct opposition to His essential truthfulness. And as God cannot be indifferent to them, so neither can men, whose views, by a fundamental law of their nature, must reflect the views of God, their Creator, whose images they are. God is so infinitely to hold that one religion is as good as another, is an insult both to God and to man.—Church Progress.

IS ONE RELIGION AS GOOD AS ANOTHER?

LECTURE OF REV. B. J. OTTEN, S. J., ON THE FALLACY OF THIS POPULAR ERROR.

It has been stated by more than one close observer of the present trend of religious thought that in the United States four men out of every five hold, in theory and practice, the practice that one religion is as good as another. Nominally they may still belong to some particular sect, but their adhesion to that sect is no longer based upon the firm conviction that theirs, and theirs alone, is the true Church of Christ. Their religion has been despoiled of all dogma, and their worship is fast losing its definite form. Their profession of faith simply amounts to this, that a man ought to do what he thinks right, and not worry about things unseen. They are religious indifferentists of the first water, and before long they will join the great army of unbelievers, whose name even now is legion.

This being the case, it would seem very timely to examine somewhat in detail the nature of religious indifferentism, adding by way of further elucidation such remarks as are obviously suggested by the fundamental principle of this most pernicious of religion errors.

Religious indifferentism, as the term itself suggests, implies the absence of firm religious convictions, at least as far as any definite doctrinal system comes in question. It has been defined as "a popular theory which teaches that all creeds find equal favor in the eyes of God, and that it does not matter to what religious denomination a man belongs, provided he be a good man after his own fashion." It most frequently finds expression in phrases like these: "All religions are good." "One religion is about as good as another." "Religion is a matter of the heart, not of the head." "All religions lead to God." "Do what you think right, and don't worry about creeds."

As appears from the propositions indifferentists are agreed that some sort of religion must be practiced by every reasonable being; because the fact of creation necessarily points to the obligation of worshipping the Creator, and that worship, in whatever manner he expressed, is an act of religion. Yet whilst they admit this essential obligation, they contend that all else connected therewith is more or less a

matter of taste and expediency, pretty much as is the cut of one's coat or the shape of one's hat. According to them if a man finds one form of religion too exacting, he may try another; if that doesn't suit, he may try another still, and if none of the existing systems are to his taste he may invent something new, provided he will generously concede that previously existing forms are about as good as his own.

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