

FRIENDLY CHATS TO YOUNG MEN.

[From the Catholic Columbian.]

It is not good for a man to be alone. That fact was found out at the beginning. It remains true to the present day. And for every man not called to the celibate state, Providence raises up a companion. It is not good for man to be alone.

When a lad at the age of fifteen begins to have some common sense, he can say to himself: "Some day I shall get married. Already the girl who is to become my wife is already born, and most likely she is a child from five to twelve years old. I must pray for her daily. I must prepare for my wedding. I must keep myself innocent for her dear sake. I must close my eyes and bar my imagination from all that is not pure. I must think of making a home, of learning some calling by which to earn a living and of commencing to save up to provide for the future. Lord, guard the being whom Thou hast created for my helpmate and make me worthy to be her husband."

When he gets to be twenty or twenty-five, if he has not already found his mate, he will be on the look out for her, eager to make her acquaintance, anxious to win her love.

What will attract him to her? Will it be a pretty face, or a fine figure, or a stately carriage. Although beauty yields a fearful power, the man who marries a doll or a termagant, a slattern or an ignoramus, simply for her good looks, is a fool and will reap a fool's harvest. Beauty is only skin deep. It is forgotten after the first year of marriage. It usually grows dull, if it does not also disappear, after the first decade. The man who hinges his happiness on it, is apt to be locked out.

Will it be stylish clothes or vivacious manners, or aristocratic family connections, or money? These are all good enough things in their way, pleasant to have and charming to others, but they are not the bed-rock on which domestic felicity can be certainly built.

What, then, should the young man in search of a wife look for in her first of all.

Character and virtue. The latter is only the development and perfection of the former. They are the noblest beauty the finest accomplishments, the bluest blood, the richest fortune. A clear intellect, a good will, a quick conscience, a tender heart, a sweet temper, a kind tongue—all refined by piety—these are the qualities to be desired, these are the magnets that win regard, these are the solid and enduring foundations on which a happy marriage can be raised.

"No true and enduring love," says Fichte, "can exist without esteem."

Notes From Newfoundland.

January 26.—The weather has been unusually severe of late. For the past two or three weeks the coast has been swept by terrific gales, accompanied with intense frost, and heavy falls of snow. As a result much suffering is felt in the poorer settlements, where a large number of families are without adequate supplies of food and clothing. It is to be hoped the Government will assist the unfortunates to enable them to keep "the wolf from the door."

"The Short Line Route is likely to be of very little practical use as a winter route" says the St. John's Evening Telegram, if we may judge of it by the present winter's experience, the first winter it has been in actual use. Already the Bruce trains are so hopelessly in arrears that all dependence on them as mail trains is at an end, and it is impossible for them to gain their regularity. "This is caused no doubt by the enormous amount of snow piled up in many places, from the recent storms, the narrow gauge tracks, and the engines are too light for such heavy work."

The "grippe" is on the increase in many parts of the island, and a large number of persons especially in St. John's are down with the malady.

Hockey is going to be a great game in Terra Nova, especially in St. John's. There are nearly a dozen clubs formed so far, and a hockey league will be formed. The new rink is about completed, and will soon be in full blast. Each team will have a practice night at the rink, and every effort is being made to have the game become popular in the Capital.

A large number of wrecked steamers have entered St. John's Harbor lately, giving a large number of mechanics employment. St. John's possesses a magnificent dry dock, capable of taking up the largest steamer afloat. Since it has been built it has been of

every other draws regret after it and is unworthy of any noble human soul."

When a man is won first by a woman's gifts of mind and heart and then notices that she is also fair, he is more likely to have come into the promised land of true love, than when ensnared by the attractions of her body and blinded by this carnal affection, he believes he sees in her perfections of intelligence and goodness that he wishes her to possess.

Having come to a decision with himself, first of all, concerning the qualities that he must desire in a wife, the young man will then consider where he is apt to find a woman who possesses them. If he is wise, he will conclude that he will most surely discover that treasure in a home—that is the soil in which she has been cultivated—and as it is, so very often as she. So true is this that a sage in giving advice to a youth on the choice of a wife said:

"Take the daughter of a good mother."

In the family circle in which she has been reared, the young man can best trace the inherited traits of the good woman whom he is disposed to study; her nature, the traditions and the surroundings that have influenced her personality, and her chief characteristics. There, he can penetrate by analogy furthest into the future and discern what she is likely to become as a matron, from what her mother is, and from the sort of a man her father has made himself. There he can see her true self.

And all the while that the young man is looking for the model wife, he will be endeavoring to make himself the model husband. He will investigate his own qualities. He will strive to cultivate in himself the characteristics corresponding to the trait that he seeks in her. He will have courage, fortitude, fidelity, manliness, strength, wisdom, forbearance, integrity, industry, perseverance, and courtesy. He will beat down the beast that is within him—sensuality and selfishness. He will deny this lower self. He will not be the slave of his stomach. He will not be the victim of his body. He will not be mastered by liquor, nor tobacco, nor opium in any form. He will not consort with the vicious. He will suffer and be strong.

Such a young man will deserve to secure an excellent wife. He will seek her in the fear of the Lord and he will marry her in the same salutary reverence. And God will bless his search and bless his marriage—his days shall be bright with happiness, and his home shall be an abode of Christian peace!

great service to the Colony, in having large sums of money expended for different causes, whereas, before it was built all the "lame ducks" that would enter St. John's harbor were obliged to go to Halifax for repairs, causing quite a loss to many mechanics and others.

The merchants are getting ready for the seal fishery, the second industry of the island. The product derived from this industry forms one-eighth of the entire exports. At first this fishery was carried on by sailing vessels and boats, but some years ago steam was introduced, and very few sailing vessels are engaged at present, as the undertaking is rather too risky for small vessels. The steamers engaged at present are very strongly built in order to stand the pressure of the Arctic ice. These steamers carry from 150 to 350 men. They cannot leave for the ice-fields before the 10th of March, as this is according to law, and after a couple of weeks they return with as many as thirty to forty thousand seals. Each seal is worth nearly three dollars. The price has depreciated somewhat of late years, to nearly two dollars a seal less. One third of the entire voyage is divided among the men, the captain receives ten cents a seal, and the rest goes to the owner of the vessel. It is hoped that the seal fishery of '99 will be a great success.

A timely discourse was preached in the Cathedral at St. John's lately, by the Rev. E. Cooke, on the habit of cursing, swearing and blaspheming. He referred to the awful habit of profaning the Holy Name, all too prevalent among the youth of the city, and said it was enough to make the passersby shudder to hear the children profaning the Holy Name on the streets. He fittingly remarked that cursing and blaspheming are the vices of the 19th century, and it behooves parents, as well as setting a

good example, to check this terrible and growing evil.

The Rev. Andrew B. Jordan, a young priest ordained only nine months ago, died lately of consumption. The remains were brought to the Cathedral, where the office and a solemn Requiem Mass were offered for the repose of the young priest's soul. The funeral panegyric delivered by the learned and eloquent Bishop of St. John's, Most Rev. M. F. Howley, is well worthy of perusal as it contains many salutary lessons. His Lordship spoke as follows:

My dear Friends,—It would seem that it is expected of me to say something on the sad and solemn occasion which draws us here to-day around the bier of death. And yet it is difficult to find words in any way fitting to express the feelings which will fill our souls at such a time as this. The thought of death, and the sight of a dead body at any time is not a pleasant one. Indeed, few there are so callous of heart as not to feel a shudder pass through their frame at the sight of a dead body. To see lying there before us, stark and calmly in death, one who a short time since stood radiant with life and beaming with love and sympathy, whose warm hand grasped our own in the grip of friendship, whose eye looked intelligence to our glance, whose whole frame throbbled with a responsive greeting, but who now sees not our glance, answers not our word, returns not our caress. If such is the case, even of one who has filled up his life's career, who has lived his allotted course of years, and fought his fight through a long and honored life, how much more is it so when the iron hand of death is laid upon one like him who lies here before us to-day? A beautiful young life so full of promise, nipped, I will not say in its prime, but just in the budding of its spring-time—one from whom we expected much, and whom, in our poor blind way, we thought so necessary, so useful; for whose future we had planned out such good things.

Oh, my dear friends! It almost makes us cry out against God and accuse him of being hard and unjust. It almost makes us question the wisdom and the mercy of God, and rise up in rebellion against His cruel decree. It is for this reason our Holy Church has chosen for the chant of her funeral dirge those weird and woeful words of the Patriarch Job, which we have just recited in the office for the dead. Words in which the holy soul poured forth the bitterness of its sorrow: words of intense agony. "Oh, why," cries out the holy Job, "Why was I ever born! Would that I had been consumed, that eye might not see me. Let that day perish in which it was said, A man is born. Let it be buried in darkness and let not light shine on it. Why was I not carried from the womb to the grave?"—III: 12-13, etc. But then we are told that in all these things Job sinned not by his lips, nor spoke any foolish things against God (I: 22); and hence when his wild plaints almost reached the point of imprecation or blasphemy, his great faith and his great patience conquered, and in subdued tones of plaintive wailing he calls on God to shorten his time of trial. "My soul is weary of life" (X: 1) he cries, "Thou hast made me as clay, and thou wilt bring me to dust again. Shall not the fewness of my days be ended shortly?" But, my dear friends, let us turn now from these heart piercing strains to the sweeter and more consoling words of the wise man which will shed a ray of light, spread a balm of peace over our wounded souls. "Is it not hard," we feel ourselves asking, "that one so young should be taken?" The sacred Book replies (Wisd. IV: 8): "A venerable old age is not that of a long time, nor counted by the number of years."

"A spotless life is old age." If such be the case, then well may we say that this young priest, whom God has called away, has lived to a ripe old age! "Being made perfect in a short space, he fulfilled a long time," (IV: 13.) His was indeed a pure and spotless life. As far as our poor way of counting goes, it is easy to tell the story of his life. As a child he displayed a disposition which rendered him dear to all who knew him. In his school-days he was a model of all that a boy ought to be—meek, but spirited; humble, but upright; bright, intelligent, studious, cheerful, obedient to his superiors, but withal manly and honorable. Many of his companions surround his bier to-day. They are going forth upon the world full of ambitions and aspirations, and high hopes of future things; may God grant them success, but let us hope that the thought of the early death of their once bright companion may be a salutary influence to them; the thought that from his home beyond the grave he is not forgetting them, but praying and pleading for them.

May this thought strengthen them in the hour of trial and temptation! His early school-days were spent in the walls of old St. Bonaventure's, and it is pleasing to see that the old traditions and hallowed memories of former students are cherished and kept alive in the hearts of the boys of to-day, as is shown by the beautiful wreaths of flowers so touchingly placed upon the coffin as an offering from the dear old Alma Mater to its distinguished alumnus.

When the time of early youth began to dawn and the decision of a profession in life was to be made, there was no delay no hesitation. The young Andrew was marked out for the priesthood from his infancy. The signs of his vocation to the sanctuary were unmistakable, and he was sent by my predecessor to the renowned college of All Hallows, Dublin—a college that has given so many worthy priests to the Church, both in our own diocese and in foreign missions. Knowing, as I did, his brilliant talents and his beautiful disposition, I decided to send him to Rome, to the centre of Catholic faith and religion, so that he might there drink in that spirit of ecclesiastical fervor which permeates the atmosphere that surrounds the Vatican. I wished that his soul should be adorned with every quality that goes to make up the perfect priest and model ecclesiastic. I knew that the beauty of church liturgy, there seen in all its full and perfection, the grandeur of her noble music, for which he had such talent, the depth and height of her sublime theological science: all these I knew would be absorbed and assimilated by his receptive soul. But, alas! I fear I counted too much on him. I thought too little of the inscrutable designs of God, who had decreed to take him to Himself. I recked not of the fell disease which was silently ravaging his delicate frame and which was destined so soon to claim him for its prey.

Just nine short months ago he was ordained in the Church of St. John Lateran's at Rome—the Cathedral of the Pope, the Mother and Mistress of all Churches, of the city and of the world: (Omnium Ecclesiarum, Urbis et Orbis, Mater et Magistra). He celebrated the Holy Mass at the shrines of the Apostles and the tombs of the saints. Of his arrival here in August last and his long illness, borne with such edifying patience, you are all aware; to his heartstricken parents and family our hearts go out in deep and unspoken compassion. They hoped to see him work out a long and fruitful career among the faithful of his native home, and looked on him as the light and prop of their declining years; but it was not to be so. He never had the consolation of administering the Sacraments to the dying or shriving the soul of the sinner. But there is still much praise and thank God for. Those hands of his on which the sacred oil of Unction is yet scarcely dry, have held in their embrace the living body of his Saviour. That tongue has pronounced the awful words of Consecration—dread words which cause the angels to tremble and the very portals of heaven to quake. Those sublime words which bring down from His Heavenly throne the Eternal "Word made Flesh," the Redeemer of the world and place him upon the altar, renewing again, though in a painless and unbloody manner, the ineffable sacrifice of Calvary. And those lips, now cold in death, have been empurpled with the chalice of His Precious Blood; and that heart has been filled by His sacrificial presence. By faith in the communion of saints, we believe that he will look down upon us still, especially upon those young priests, the companions of his student days, who counted on working side by side with him under the sweet yoke of the Master, for many years. He will be with them in spirit, and will guide and sustain them in their labors. Bear him forth then, dear friends; lay him beneath the consecrated sod, beside the row of noble pioneer priests who lie tranquil after their labors in their silent graves at Belvedere. The spotless snow will weave a silvery pall well fitting his pure young soul. And, while his body rests within the tomb, his bright, unsullied soul will join the band of "The Virgins who follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth," (Apoc. XIV: 4.) Bear him forth and place him in the tomb, where we ourselves must one day follow, and may he rest in peace until the trumpet sound shall call him unto his judgment.—Amen.

LE COURRIER DU LIVRE.

We acknowledge the receipt of the January issue of Le Courrier du Livre, a monthly devoted to Canadian history, archaeology, Bibliography, numismatic, philately and book-plates. It is published in the French and English languages, and is the official organ of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, one of the oldest societies of the American Continent. The January issue contains the following interesting articles:

A song written the 1st January, 1776, the day after the attack of Quebec by the Rebels.—The Plains of Abraham.—Journal of Col. Rudolphus Ritzema (continued) — Chronicle and Comment: Literary and Historical Society; Provincial Museum for Ontario; Canada Weather in 1777; Origin of Envelopes.—Notes and Queries French Fort at Prairie du Chien; Portrait de Nicoit; Sister St. Henry; First use of Wood Pulp in paper manufacture; Francois Bigot.—Bibliographie: Canadien-Americans; Publication Diverses.—Annual Reports of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec for 1892, 1893, 1894 and 1895.

ODE TO ST. ALOYSIUS.

HENRY M. LACEY.
St. Laurent College, '99.

O holy youth! from thy first hour
Thy steps were e'en on holy ground,
Thou ne'er didst feel the Demon's power,
Nor feared his legions raging round.
A guileless tongue and gentle heart,
Unstained by sin to thee were given;
With things of earth thou hadst to part,
For all thy thoughts were fixed on heaven.
Patron of youth! thou too hast
known
The dangers that beset our path,
We cannot safely walk alone
But Thy sweet name protection
hath.
Angelic youth! at whose blest birth
Bright choirs of heavenly spirits
thronged.
How great the day which gave to
earth,
A treasure that to heaven belonged.

PUBLIC BATHS IN BOSTON.

Josiah Quincy, Mayor of Boston, lectured to a large audience at Cooper Union recently, on "The Free Bath and Gymnasias of Boston." He said: "I attribute to the public baths in my city a tremendous influence on conditions, sanitary, social and moral. Since the institution of free baths in the European cities the improvement worked in these points has been remarkable. Here in America we are about four hundred years behind the times in this regard. "However, foreign cities may differ otherwise from ours, the social life is everywhere pretty much the same and a wide foreign experience shows these public bathing establishments to be beneficial in a large degree. "In England where the example of the old Romans was followed, the first public bath was built at Liverpool in 1794, and since that time the good results shown by that experiment have induced many cities to follow the example. A great part of the work of this character has been done within the last half of this century, so after all, this country, considering its newness, is not so far behind. "We have reached that stage when we are ready to take up that problem and we move so rapidly here in the United States that we may reasonably hope, in view of our present start, to be able to show good results within the next ten years.

"For a few years after our public baths were introduced in Boston, we remained without any winter facilities. But it soon became evident that public bathing was quite as necessary at one season as another, and we have now gone far toward acting on this knowledge. "We have accomplished good results of late by separating the public administration of the baths from other departments of the city government. It is, in my opinion, just as necessary considering the amount of practical good done, to have a department of public baths in every city of the Union as to have a department of parks or highways or of schools. "In the European cities to-day it is the custom to separate the administration from other bureaus of public work, and it has been found that operations are thus carried on more economically and satisfactorily.

"In Boston we have to-day twenty-three public bathing establishments to a population of about 540,000. The number of bathers during the last year was 1,900,000. "These figures prove very conclusively to my mind the existence of a public demand for free baths. This vast number of bathers is just about treble the number who made use of the same facilities the year before. In the interval we have made a great many improvements in our system, providing towels, and a greater number of bathing suits and establishing shower baths in the different bathing houses. "The people lost no time in taking advantage of their opportunity. The

expense to the city for all this was about \$38,000, paid mostly in salaries, and the average cost of each bath was about 2 cents. "When we consider the incalculable benefit to the public, I believe that this money was a tremendous factor in the development of the health and morals of Boston.

"The notable feature of it was the large patronage of the children. It kept them from mischief and provided a splendid form of recreation of those who would otherwise have been in idleness during the three months in which the schools are closed.

"Last year we provided one novel feature. It was a course of education in swimming. This is not down in the school course of other cities. We had teachers in eight or ten different parts of the town and as a result about 3,500 children were taught to swim. The chief instructor is Peter McNally, who swam the English channel and performed other notable feats.

"The interest in this swimming course among young men and boys was widespread, and justified the introduction of the idea.

"It is just as important to the building up of a character that a man should have reasonable hours of recreation as it is that he should work. To the persuasion of this idea many foreign municipalities have acceded by building public gymnasiums, which formed social centres and added greatly to the healthful character of the inhabitants."

"Boston already has a large public gymnasium in its eastern section, and it has done so much good that new ones are being rapidly built in all parts of the city.

"I believe that no better expenditure of money can be made than for this purpose, and that the policy will receive due recognition with the growth of the social consciousness of the people of the cities."

THE DEADLY CIGARETTE.

The Ontario law prohibits the sale of cigarettes to boys under 18 years. Constable Graham was the prosecutor recently, of two parties charged with the violation of the act. A. L. Pinard of King Street, pleaded guilty to selling cigarettes to Eugene Lesard.

"I plead guilty, your Worship," observed Mr. Pinard. "I keep all kinds of tobacco for sale, but some times it is not very easy to tell the ages for many boys look as if they were 18, who are perhaps not."

The Court imposed a fine of \$10 and \$2.

Chas. Lebert, grocer, of Bathurst street, was up on a similar charge. When the father was absent the son sold cigarettes to Joseph Dussault, who is under 18. The same time was levied as in Mr. Pinard's case.—Ottawa Free Press.

We all know, if we are lonely and unloved and unattached, whatever our other triumphs may have been, that in the nearest true home circle there are men and women more blessed than we. It is in these simple joys of a sound body, an alert mind, a warm and generous heart, that the delight and the poetry of life resides and it is in the beautiful men and beautiful women and beautiful children, who feel this delight and live in this poetry, that the wealth of this world is to be found.—Richard L. Olney.



Most women approach the critical period of motherhood for the first time with a sense of dread and foreboding. The ruthless hand of death should snatch them away and leave a little darling motherless. But no woman who fortifies herself with the strength-giving power of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription need feel one instant's misgiving about either herself or the prospective little one.

This matchless "Prescription" will give her exactly the kind of healthy vitality she needs and at the time she needs it most. It will give elastic endurance to the entire delicate organism involved in motherhood. It will make the coming of baby absolutely free from danger and nearly free from pain.

It will insure the baby's start in life by imparting, through its influence upon the mother, that sturdy infantile vigor which gladdens a mother's heart. It is the only medicine which can be implicitly relied upon for this purpose, and the only remedy expressly designed by an educated, experienced physician to give perfect health and strength to the delicate, special organism of women.

Mr. Joseph Ramsey, of Williams, Colleton Co., S. C., writes: "I have been using your medicine for some time and am happy to say that they have done all that you claim for them. I think they have no equal in the world. I would advise all women while in a delicate state to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It shortens the time of birth and makes the labor easier. My wife was the mother of five children and she suffered almost death in the birth of them until this last one; the time of birth was short, and labor easy, from the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription."

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