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Confessioner Saint.

Those of us who like sweets ...

His name was Macarius and he lived in the great city of Alexandria in the fourth century.

But while he was still a young man Macarius decided to become a hermit.

Some men are rich in health, in constant cheerfulness, in a mercurial temperament which floats them over troubles and trials enough to sink a shipload of ordinary men.

There are some men so cheerful that everybody loves them; some so cheerful that they carry an atmosphere of jollity about them.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Competent Boy.

Abram S. Hewitt, a business man whose name is familiar to the country, says he believes that competent boys have just as good a chance to get ahead now as they ever had, but he particularly emphasizes the word "competent."

In the interview referred to he says: "We need competent boys now. I need five or six of them: boys who are willing to begin at the bottom and work up."

And the word "competent" is the key to the whole situation. The trouble today with boys is that their eagerness to get ahead and climb the ladder toward success rapidly, really keeps them from reaching the goal at all.

When you are building a house, you must first lay the foundation, and the more solid it is the foundation the more substantial will be your house.

Many boys of to-day build the foundations to their prospective business careers on sand or similar unsteady material. That is, they dislike to start at the bottom and perform the necessary amount of drudgery required in all cases to prepare a suitable foundation upon which to build a successful business career.

The boy who wishes to achieve success in business has no particular need to be in a hurry. If he doesn't really get started on his career until he is thirty-five years of age, there will be time enough for him to make his mark.

Competent boys can always find profitable employment, and the only way to become competent is to start at the bottom of a business and learn every detail of it by hard work. There is no other way to accomplish this. Hard work will bring success to even mediocre ability.

What a Book Said.

Once on a time a library book was overheard talking to a little boy who just borrowed it. The words seemed worth recording, and here they are: "Please don't handle me with dirty hands. I should feel ashamed to be seen when the next little boy borrowed me."

"Or leave me out in the rain. Books can catch cold as well as children."

"Or make marks on me with your pen and pencil. It would spoil my looks."

"Or lean on me with your elbows when you are reading me. It hurts."

"Or open me and lay me face down on the table. You wouldn't like to be treated so."

"Or put in between my leaves a pencil or anything thicker than a single sheet of thin paper. It would strain my back."

"Whenever you are through reading me, if you are afraid of losing your place, don't turn down the corners of my leaves, but have a neat little bookmark to put in where you sit upon and then close me and lay me down on my side, so that I can have a good comfortable rest."

"Remember, I want to visit a great many other little boys after you are through with me. Besides, I may meet you again some day; and you would be sorry to see me looking old and torn and soiled. Help me to keep fresh and clean and I will help you to be happy."

Confessioner Saint.

Those of us who like sweets perhaps do not know that there is a saint who was a sweetmaker.

His name was Macarius and he lived in the great city of Alexandria in the fourth century. He made cakes and sweets for all the rich people of the city and did it so well that he became quite famous.

But while he was still a young man Macarius decided to become a hermit, one of those men who give up everything pleasant in life because they wish to go to the desert and spend their days in praying for other people.

The hermits of the desert were Macarius went lived in a very simple manner. They made baskets and mats, weaving them out of straw and rushes. Each man lived in a cell all to himself, and all met together on Saturdays and Sundays to hear Mass and to receive Holy Communion.

Macarius was so holy that he was soon made a priest, and a story told of him shows not only that he was holy, but his friends also.

Someone brought Macarius a nice, fresh bunch of grapes and he sent it to the next hermit, who was ill. This good man, thinking another needed it worse than he, sent it on to the hermit in the next cell; this one sent it to another, and so it went; a regular game of "Pussy wants a corner." It kept on going "to the next neighbor" until at last the very self-same bunch came back to St. Macarius, who, the old story says, "thanked God very fervently for the fair grapes, and more for the right spirit of his brother hermits."

The story of St. Macarius, the confessor, ought to remind us every time we have any sweets to be generous and unselfish.

Scrofula the Cause.

Eczema, catarrh, hip disease, white swelling, and even consumption have their origin in scrofula conditions. With the slightest taint of scrofula in the blood, there is no safety. The remedy for this disease in all its forms is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which goes to the root of the trouble and expels all impurities and disease germs from the blood.

The best family cathartic is Hood's Pill. Mother Gray's Worm Expeller has no equal for destroying worms in children and adults. See that you get the genuine when purchasing.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Money or Man.

A man may make millions and be a failure still. Money making is not the highest success. The life of a well-known millionaire was not truly successful. He had but one ambition. He coined his very soul into dollars. The almighty dollar was his sun, and was mirrored in his heart. He struggled all other emotions and ambitions and stifled all noble aspirations. He grasped his riches tightly, till stricken by the scythe of Death, when, in the twinkling of an eye, he was transformed from one of the richest of the richest to one of the poorest of the poor.

Lincoln always yearned for a rounded wholeness of character; and his fellow lawyers called him "perversely honest." Nothing could induce him to take the wrong side of a case, or to continue on that side after learning that it was unjust or hopeless. After giving considerable time to a case in which he had received from a lady a retainer of two hundred dollars, he returned the money, saying: "Madam, you have not a peg to hang your case on."

"But you have earned that money," said the lady. "No, no," replied Lincoln, "that would not be right. I can't take pay for doing my duty."

Agassiz would not lecture at \$500 a night, because he had no time to make money. Charles Sumner, when a senator, declined to lecture at any price, saying that his time belonged to Massachusetts and the nation.

All honor to the comparative few in every walk of life who, amid the strong materialistic tendencies of our age, still speak and act earnestly, inspired by the hope of reward other than gold or popular favor. These are our truly great men and women. They labor in their ordinary vocations with no less zeal because they give time and thought to higher things.

King Midas, in the ancient myth, asked that everything he touched might be turned to gold, for then, he thought, he would be perfectly happy. His request was granted, but when his clothes, his food, his drink, the flowers he plucked, and even his little daughter whom he kissed, were all changed into yellow metal, he begged that his golden touch might be taken from him. He had learned that many other things are intrinsically far more valuable than all the gold that was ever dug from the earth.

The "beggarly Homer, who strolled, God knows when, in the infancy and barbarism of the world," was richer far than Croesus and added more wealth to the world than the Rothschilds, the Vandebills, and Goulds.

An Arab who fortunately escaped death after losing his way in the desert, without provisions, tells of his feelings when he found a bag full of pearls, just as he was about to abandon all hope. "I shall never forget," said he, "the relish and delight I felt on supposing it to be dried wheat, nor the bitterness and despair I suffered on discovering that the bag contained pearls."

It is an interesting fact in this money getting era that a poor author, or artist, or college president, has more standing than many a millionaire. This is due, perhaps, to the malign influence of money getting and to the benign effect of purely intellectual pursuits. As a rule every great success in the money world means the failure and misery of hundreds of antagonists. Every success in the world of intellect and character is an aid and profit to society.

Who would not choose to be a millionaire of deeds with a Francis Xavier, a Columbus, a Father Damien, a millionaire of ideas with Shakespeare, with Moore, with Dante, with Wordsworth; a millionaire of statesmanship with a Gladstone, an O'Connell, a Washington?

Some men are rich in health, in constant cheerfulness, in a mercurial temperament which floats them over troubles and trials enough to sink a shipload of ordinary men. Others are rich in disposition, family and friends.

There are some men so cheerful that everybody loves them; some so cheerful that they carry an atmosphere of jollity about them. Some are rich in integrity and character.

"Who is the richest of men?" asked Socrates. "He who is content with the least, for contentment is nature's riches."

"Do you know, sir," said a devoted Mammon to John Bright, "that I am worth a million sterling?" "Yes," said the irritated but calm spirited respondent, "I do; and I know that it is all you are worth."

A bankrupt merchant, returning home one night, said to his noble wife: "My dear, I am ruined; everything we have is in the hands of the sheriff."

After a few moments of silence the wife looked into his face and asked, "Will the sheriff sell you?" "Oh, no," "Will the sheriff sell me?" "Oh, no," "Then do not say we have lost everything. All that is most valuable remains to us—manhood, womanhood, childhood. We have lost but the results of our skill and industry. We can make another fortune if our hearts and hands are left us."

"We say a man is 'made,'" said a great orator. What do we mean? That he has got the control of his lower instincts, so that they are only fuel to his higher feelings, giving force to his nature? That his affections are like vines, sending out on all sides blue veins, and clustering fruit? That his tastes are so cultivated that all beautiful things speak to him, and bring him their delights? That his understanding is opened, so that he walks through every hall of knowledge and gathers its treasures? That his moral feelings are so developed and quickened that he holds sweet commerce with Heaven? O, no—none of these things. He is cold and dead in heart, and mind, and soul. Only his passions are alive; but—his worth is ruined!

"And we had a children dead?" "O, no. Have they had a quarrel, and are they separated from him?" "O, no. Has he lost his reputation through crime?" "No. Is his reason gone?" "O, no; it is as sound as ever. Is he struck through with disease?" "No. He has lost his property, and he is ruined. The man ruined! When shall we learn that a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth?"

No man deserves to be crowned with honor whose life is a failure, and he who lives only to eat and drink and accumulate money is surely not successful. The world is no better for his living in it. He never wiped a tear from a sad face, never kindled a fire upon a frozen hearth. There is no flesh in his heart; he worships no god but gold.

There is scarcely an idea more infectious or potent than the love of money. It is a yellow fever, decimating its votaries and ruining more families in the land than all the plagues or diseases put together. In instances of its malevolent power occur to every reader. Almost every square foot of land of our continent during the early business period (some call it the march of civilization,) has been ensnared through the madness for treasure.

Speak, History, who are life's victors? Unroll thy long scroll and say, have they won who first reached the goal, heedless of a brother's rights? And has he lost in life's great race who stopped "to raise a fallen child, and place him on his feet again," or to give a fainting comrade care; or to guide or assist a feeble woman? Has he lost who halts before the throne when duty calls, or sorrow, or distress? Is there one who fell in the battle of life? of the wounded, the beaten, who died overwhelmed in the strife? of the low and humble, the weary and broken-hearted, who strove and who failed, in the eyes of men, but who did their duty as God gave them to see it?

How many rich dwellings there are, crowded with every appointment of luxury, that are only glittering caverns of selfishness and discontent! "Better a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox with hatred therein."

No one can tell whether he is rich or poor by turning to his ledger. It is the heart that makes a man rich. He is rich or poor according to what he is, not according to what he has. If our thoughts are great and noble, no mean surroundings can make us miserable. It is the mind that makes the body rich.

How's it? It seems to me. It is only money that makes a man rich. And simple faith than Norman blood." —Tennyson.

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies in your men, sleeping but never dead, will rise in majesty to meet their own. —Lowell.

THE WORLD WITHOUT.

He was in the world, but he cared not for it; so he resolved to leave it. Turning his face in the opposite direction and keeping his back to all the world he walked on in silence.

The road which he traversed was hot and dusty, and nowhere could he find a spring to quench his now almost burning thirst.

"I have been in the world," said he, "and despite it. I have met deceitful men and women at every turn, and even the honest ones were often, unconsciously, not true."

"Why should I stay in a place where love does not exist and selfishness is the predominant influence; where men have no souls, where everything is a sham and people are but animals of a higher class?"

So he stumbled wearily along the parched road in silence. Not a living thing to be seen in any direction; barrenness on every side. The same unchangeable white road stretched out as far as the eye could reach. Night did not come because it was always night upon this road.

He grew faint and weary and wondered even if there was a God. The grinning skeletons of several who had traversed the road before him caught his eye, but he heeded them not, persistently plodding on, he knew not where, but becoming more and more fatigued and feeling an unquerable desire for something—he knew not what.

After a while he reached the end of the road. Here his progress was impeded by a high stone wall which seemed to reach to the very heavens. Throwing up his hands, he was about to sink down in despair when there appeared before his startled gaze the following:

"You were in the world, expecting all and giving nothing in return. 'Tis the good (selfish) intentions sometimes that do the most harm. The world will not stand abuse any more than will you yourself."

He started to retrace his steps in the same dismal silence. Not with an easier mind. He reached the door again which led to the world.

Had he been a minute later he might have been shut out as the gate was being locked for the night.

possible to gather some information as to their reception by the Queen at Windsor. She held out her hand to them that they might kiss it, and she thanked them most cordially for their labors in nursing those who needed it.

Then Her Majesty, who was accompanied by Prince Henry of Battenberg, put a variety of questions as to the experiences of the Sisters during the siege. "You are both English?" was one of her inquiries, and the answer, "Oh, no, Your Majesty, we are both Irish," delighted her greatly. She laughed heartily, no doubt at the naturalness of the reply. She was concerned about the risks of the bombardment, which the nuns had to run, saying once: "Oh, that was dreadful!"

Again, she showed deep emotion when a sympathetic allusion was made to the death of Prince Christian Victor. The audience being ended, Her Majesty once more held out her hand to be kissed by her visitors.

"As to the Convent of Mercy at Mafeking, it may be added that it had only been opened two months before the siege began. It was built at an expense of £3,000, and to the debt which remained on it there will now be added the expense of repairs, since the bombardment did it extensive damage. The nuns, of whom there are eight, with Mother Teresa at their head, were given the opportunity of leaving before the siege began. They decided, without a moment's thought, to remain at the post of duty, and the rest we know."

ON A FLOWER FROM MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

For the CATHOLIC RECORD. Fragile little flower drooping, O'er that still and pulseless breast. Tender rosetts softly creeping, Where those pale hands lie at rest. Blossoms smiling up to heaven, Thus you brighten, where I kneel, Like a star of comfort beaming, O'er my mother's distant grave.

Come and stay with me forever, With Mother Teresa at their head, were given the opportunity of leaving before the siege began. They decided, without a moment's thought, to remain at the post of duty, and the rest we know."

Mercedes.

A STORY FROM LIFE.

Showing How Suffering Can be Overcome.

A MILL OPERATOR WHO SUFFERED FROM KIDNEY TROUBLE SPENT MANY DOLLARS IN USELESS EXPERIMENTS TO RESTORE HIS HEALTH—DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS ACTED PROMPTLY AND EFFECTIVELY.

Good health is the chief requisite to happiness. Low spirits, moroseness and irritability can in most cases be traced to ill health, and in not a few instances are direct symptoms of kidney trouble.

These, added to the severe pains in the back which accompany the disease, make the life of the sufferer one of abject misery. One such sufferer was Mr. Darius Dean, of Jordan, Ont. Mr. Dean in an interview with a reporter recently gave his experience as follows: "I am a saw and grist mill operator, and naturally a strong man; but the life of a miller is a hard one, with long hours of labor and frequent exposure. Some years ago as the result of this exposure I was afflicted with kidney trouble, and although I spent much money in various remedies I did not find a cure until I was persuaded to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In the autumn of 1898 the trouble began to assume an aggravated form. I suffered from most severe pains in the back, and a feeling of drowsiness, and yet so severe was the pain that many a night I scarcely closed my eyes. My appetite was poor, I suffered from headaches, lost flesh, was miserable and wholly unfit for work. It was while in this condition that I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and procured three boxes. Before I had finished the third box I felt much better, and I then procured a half dozen boxes more. I used all these, but before they were all gone I felt that my health was fully restored. In the interview since then I have had the slight return of the trouble, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills soon drove this out, and my health has been the very best. I have gained much in weight, eat and sleep well and consider myself as healthy a person as there is in the county; and the credit for this I feel is entirely due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills increase the supply and the richness of the blood, and in this way cure physical and functional weaknesses. Most other medicines simply act upon the symptoms of the disease, hence when the medicine is discontinued the patient is soon as wretched as ever. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills go directly to the root of the trouble and cure to stay cured.

Hence it is unwise to waste money in experiments with other medicine. These pills are sold by all dealers or will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

NERVOUS troubles are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which enriches and purifies the blood. It is the best medicine for nervous people.

Church Bells, Chimes and Peals of Best Quality. Address: BUCKEY BELL FOUNDRY, THE E. W. VANDER CO., Cincinnati, O.

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to offend this way by sins of the tongue. They discuss before their little ones delicate matters apt to bring on thoughts not pure; or they gossip about the faults of their neighbors; or they offensively criticize their pastor. They seem to forget that little pitchers have big ears, that the innocent may easily have the dirty road of sin opened to them, that their example of backbiting their acquaintances and of insubordination to the priest, are likely to be followed.

They should remember that even a pagan philosopher declared that the young deserve great reverence. Still more they should recall the direful warning of the Lord, that whosoever should scandalize a child had better have a millstone tied to his neck and be cast into the middle of the sea.—Catholic Columbian.

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