

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

It is not the sturdy, self-reliant chap who needs the helping hand so much as the youth who is spiritless, trifling and vacillating, whose manner seems often to be an apology for living and who is rated a failure in everything he undertakes.

A word to the "Ne'er-do-weel." The strong-willed, energetic young man must not absorb all our attention. Let us say a word to the weak-kneed, dependent youth who has no noble backbone, but no more backbone than a jellyfish.

In a somewhat similar way, I wish to help the "ne'er-do-weel"; but, first, I must tell you what kind of fellow he is. As I have said, he has no noble impulses, but no more backbone than a jellyfish.

It is a young man of this kind a hopeless case, a dead failure, a standing object lesson of incompetency and shiftlessness to all who know him? By no means. He can make his life a great success if he holds steadily to a few simple rules. It is characteristic of such a one that he can in some things be very stubborn.

But he must safeguard his resolution to succeed, by keeping aloof from adverse influences. Old companions will try to win him back to old courses. Brown will laugh at him, and Jones will sneer at him, and Robinson will ridicule him.

He must also guide himself by a fixed rule of life. Sing man, is absolutely necessary to one of a pliant, easy disposition. Outside his working hours, let him have some definite employment for every moment.

Above all, I would recommend him to be sincerely and unfeignedly religious. No natural firmness of character or habit of self-control can ever compare with the grit, the stamina, the moral backbone developed by religion.

It is so near now, I am so looking forward to it, and I pray much and offer all my work and my lessons that I may make a good Communion. I hope I shall be really devout and that I shall prepare properly in the Retreat.

Our Lady will help me. I know she will. I don't want to be a nun when I leave school, but I do wish to be good, to serve God and to go to the Sacraments and to think a great deal about Him.

Ways of Failure. The selfish mortal who never considers anyone but himself. The young man who always spends his money before he gets it.

The lazy person who dishonestly appropriates praise or commendation belonging to another. The lazy young man who gets to the office late, leaves early, grumbles continually at the firm that employs him.

The lazy man who allows his faculties to rust, doing as little as possible, allowing ambition, energy and self-respect to go up, literally and figuratively, in smoke.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

What They Contribute. The man who will spend fifty cents for beer or whiskey on Saturday night will toss a dime into the collection for foreign missions on Sunday.

The man who will spend fifty cents for beer or whiskey on Saturday night will toss a dime into the collection for foreign missions on Sunday. The Catholic Advance, and the woman who trails up the middle aisle in a twenty-dollar hat will keep her eyes bent on her prayer-book and contribute nothing at all.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

STORIES ON THE ROSARY.

THE GLORIOUS MYSTERIES.

No. 1.—The Resurrection.

AN ACT OF FAITH.

"Sorry!" exclaimed Mr. Vanderman, looking at Ida with an expression on his face she had never seen before. "I am sorry at the result, but no power on earth would have made me swear to such a promise. To have my wife practising Popery in my house, to have my child a Roman Catholic, taught all that I believe to be abominable and contrary to the plain teaching of the Bible, no, a thousand times no!

"I know, father," said Ida softly, but with a firmness that she herself was astonished at, she continued, "I must ask you a little more. Are my grandparents alive?" "They both died of typhoid fever a year after your mother died," said Mr. Vanderman.

"Did my mother practise her religion at first—I mean just after you were married?" "I told you that we were yachting most of the time. When we were on land she went a few times with her maid to a church when there was one for her to go to, but she did not speak much of religion, and I hoped that I had influenced her more than I discovered was the case."

"Was she like that picture you have in the library?" asked Ida. "Yes, very like. Now, my dear, I think you know all that there is to know. She had no money on her marriage, and her parents left very little indeed when they died. That little is yours, as you know."

"I am afraid I don't know much about my money matters, father. I always left it to you and Robert."

"It was better so. Women had far better not meddle in money matters. I must go now, my dear, for I have a good deal to do before dinner. I have a great many letters to write, and a programme to draw up of a meeting at Newcastle. Mr. Jay, the conventual priest, I told you about, says he knows a woman who was thirty years in a convent, and only lately escaped and became a Protestant, and he can get her to speak, he thinks."

"I was able to give a little pecuniary aid, for she is very poor, and a deserving case altogether. I use Don't look so grave, Ida; it is of no use fretting over what I have told you about your poor mother, her eyes were blinded."

"Oh, father, it was not that," said Ida wiping away the tears that would arise. "My own action I do not regret, and I don't want to discuss it any more. I hope your mother is saved in spite of the delusions in which she believed, for she believed in the Lord." So saying Mr. Vanderman left the room.

Ida sat where he left her, and she remained until the sound of the dressing gong roused her. After dinner she went to a small dance in Park Lane, and she was unable to study the books, as she was longing to do, until the next morning, when her father having gone out to lunch with an old friend, she had the time to herself secure from interruption.

Ida was by no means a clever woman, but she could see very clearly how wrongly her father had acted throughout, and she judged him far more severely than he had any idea of.

It had been a revelation to her to hear her father speak of his broken faith to her mother. Whatever his views might have been, it seemed strange to her to think that he had promised that which he had no intention of performing. However, she supposed he acted as he did under the glamour of his love for her mother, and she turned quickly from that thought to the consideration of the books, the manuscript one in particular.

The latter was a small book begun in early childhood with notes about children's interests, holidays, etc. There was an account of her mother's first Communion following on a couple of pages describing her anticipations of that great day.

"It is so near now, I am so looking forward to it, and I pray much and offer all my work and my lessons that I may make a good Communion. I hope I shall be really devout and that I shall prepare properly in the Retreat. Our Lady will help me. I know she will. I don't want to be a nun when I leave school, but I do wish to be good, to serve God and to go to the Sacraments and to think a great deal about Him."

Then a date later on: "I made my first Communion yesterday, Easter. I had a great many presents, but not as many as I expected. They were all very nice. Mother gave me a turquoise brooch, my friends from Cesca and Isidora a prayer-book and a bracelet, then I had a lovely horse to hang at my side to match my dress—it was white satin—and Elena Nardi gave me a ring, and there were many other things too; among them a lovely rosary Padre Leonardi gave me. He made me promise to try and say ten decades every day. Oh! it has been a beautiful day, and I mean to serve God and never to offend Him again. I like the ring, it is so pretty. Oh dear, I suppose I should not care so much about pretty things! I want to remember the Retreat; it was all very nice; there were seven others with me who were all about my own age. The padre explained everything very clearly, but I found my thoughts running on my dress, and the presents I might get. It was hard to keep silence all those days. I made a great many good resolutions in my retreat, but it will be hard to keep them, for at home there is nothing to help me. Father has no religion, mamma does not often go to Mass, and she has not been, I think, in her duties for a long time. If it had not been for the nuns I should not have learnt anything. It is a good thing mamma let me come to the convent. At home, when my education is finished, it will be harder for some time yet. I know my head is very full of dress, and fun, and amusement, but I don't want to be taken up entirely with those things. Padre Leonardi told us that saying our rosary would be a great help towards reminding us of heavenly things. He told us a great deal about the Resurrection, and he said we should rise out of the grave of slothfulness and of our faults." The diary then ceased for some years. Notes were made of leaving the convent, of plunging into society, of living a life of amusement and gaiety.

The religion of the child had not matured and developed, and she had soon, as was evident, become careless. Then came a note of her engagement, and the outpourings of her love for her fiance. "Really it is very hard even to have time to say a prayer now and then, my head is so full of my happiness. I have been very careless about my religion since I came out into society; it is all so gay and charming, prayers and church seem so dull. Sometimes I think of my first Communion; oh, how long ago it seems! It is easy to be good in a convent, in the world it is hard. Of course my conscience tells me that I neglect the means—yes, perhaps it is so. "We are to be married soon, and Henry—ah, how difficult it is to pronounce his name!—and I am to go for a long cruise. I wonder if he will let me go to Mass when we are married! He promises me, but will not talk much about it. He is so strong and clever. I think we shall be very happy, for I am not clever, and he will teach me many things. . . . I shall put this book away in my olive wood box, and my rosary with it, for I seldom say it now."

The next entry was just before her own birth, and Ida was much moved when she read of the uncles and aunts who were suffering of mind and soul that the writer had been undergoing. Much was written of her love for her husband—so much her senior—and the conflict between her admiration for him and her desire to return to those practices, which she had neglected so long, and which now her husband forbade to her. He had read and argued against her holy faith all in vain. He was a clever, able, controversialist, and she was a not very clever and most imperfectly educated girl, in whose soul, however, the faith, buried by carelessness and neglect, was raising again. Much was written of deep repentance for the careless years between her leaving school and the time at which she was writing. Then came an entry dated a week before her mother's death: "My little baby and I, how happy we are! She is such a sweet little pet, her dear eyes are so brown and like mine, so Henry says, but they will be more beautiful than mine. My little darling, she does not know how dear she is to her mother's heart, but she is so dear she will be a cause of much suffering and much unhappiness between Henry and I, for you must, oh, you must be brought up a Catholic! Henry will, I fear, be very angry when I talk to him about it, as I shall do when he returns from Edinburgh, where he has gone for two days on business. I shall tell him, too, that I must go back to my duties. Ah, Dio mio! I have not been to my duties since my marriage—even at Easter. What should I have thought of that at the convent! How much this difference of faith will be to us! For I am now so sorry for all the past. He will never think I care as much as I do knowing me as he did as being such a careless girl, and still more so since my marriage. . . . I found my poor old father not doing so for a very long time. "I am so grieved about the past, for I am seeing all so differently now, and Henry, though he is so good and clever and learned, is not a Catholic, and all he has said has not shaken my faith, though it seemed to do so at first. I was so madly in love with him that I listened to anything he said, though I did not half understand it all. . . . I know all he said and all his promises against the faith, but I had soon trusted to what I was taught at the convent, for something, I do not know what, tells me that it is all true and that the other is false. . . . "He has returned, and will not let Ida be baptised or brought up a Catholic. It was all very dreadful. Last night I said my rosary, and as I was saying it, a beautiful thought came into my mind, and that was that I would baptise my baby myself. I know how it should be done, for Sister Wilfred, an English Sister who was at the convent, taught us all one day: she said it might be useful to some of us. . . . I have baptised her, and my sweet baby is a Catholic. May Our Lord bless her and Our Lady take her under her protection."

To-morrow I am going to speak to Henry again. I shall use every persuasion I can think of and ask him to leave me free. We are leaving this house soon and going to London, where I shall find many churches and an Italian priest, though that does not really signify, for I speak English fairly well now. Henry used to teach me when we were yachting. . . . will get him to swear that I may practise my religion and bring—"

her eyes that night she had resolved, some what might, to learn all she could about her own and her mother's religion, and this without loss of time. TO BE CONTINUED.

O MARIA, REGINA MISERICORDIA! (From the German of Simrock) There lived a Knight long years ago, Proud, carnal, vain, devotedness, Of God above, or Hell below, He took no thought, but undiamandly Pursued his course of wickedness. His heart was rock; he never prayed, To be forgiven for all his treasons; He only said, at certain seasons, "O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

Years rolled, and found him still the same, Still draining Pleasure's poison bowl; Yet he felt now and then some shame; The torment of the "dying Worm" At white woke in his trembling soul; And then, though powerless to reform, Would he in hopes to appease that sternest Avenger cry, and more in earnest, "O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

At last Youth's riotous time was gone, And leading now came after Sin, With locks yet brown he felt as one Grown grey at heart; and oft with tears, He told all his sins in penitence. From the dark desert of his years One flower of hope; yet, more and evening, He still cried, but deeper, moaning, "O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

A heppier mind, a bolder mood, A purer spirit ruled him now; No more in thrall to flesh and blood, He took a pluck in God's hand, And under a religious vow, Trained his way to Penitential, There entered he a humble cloister, Exclaiming, while his eyes grew moister, "O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

Here, shorn and cowed, he laid his cares And wrought for God above; Albeit he sang no choral prayers, His mortal hymn nor laud could learn, He mused his days to some, For him no penance was too stern; I think we shall be very happy, for I am not clever, and he will teach me many things. . . . I shall put this book away in my olive wood box, and my rosary with it, for I seldom say it now."

And, would God's angels give thee power, Thou, dearest reader, mightest behold Clever, able, controversialist, and she was a not very clever and most imperfectly educated girl, in whose soul, however, the faith, buried by carelessness and neglect, was raising again. Much was written of deep repentance for the careless years between her leaving school and the time at which she was writing. Then came an entry dated a week before her mother's death: "My little baby and I, how happy we are! She is such a sweet little pet, her dear eyes are so brown and like mine, so Henry says, but they will be more beautiful than mine. My little darling, she does not know how dear she is to her mother's heart, but she is so dear she will be a cause of much suffering and much unhappiness between Henry and I, for you must, oh, you must be brought up a Catholic! Henry will, I fear, be very angry when I talk to him about it, as I shall do when he returns from Edinburgh, where he has gone for two days on business. I shall tell him, too, that I must go back to my duties. Ah, Dio mio! I have not been to my duties since my marriage—even at Easter. What should I have thought of that at the convent! How much this difference of faith will be to us! For I am now so sorry for all the past. He will never think I care as much as I do knowing me as he did as being such a careless girl, and still more so since my marriage. . . . I found my poor old father not doing so for a very long time. "I am so grieved about the past, for I am seeing all so differently now, and Henry, though he is so good and clever and learned, is not a Catholic, and all he has said has not shaken my faith, though it seemed to do so at first. I was so madly in love with him that I listened to anything he said, though I did not half understand it all. . . . I know all he said and all his promises against the faith, but I had soon trusted to what I was taught at the convent, for something, I do not know what, tells me that it is all true and that the other is false. . . . "He has returned, and will not let Ida be baptised or brought up a Catholic. It was all very dreadful. Last night I said my rosary, and as I was saying it, a beautiful thought came into my mind, and that was that I would baptise my baby myself. I know how it should be done, for Sister Wilfred, an English Sister who was at the convent, taught us all one day: she said it might be useful to some of us. . . . I have baptised her, and my sweet baby is a Catholic. May Our Lord bless her and Our Lady take her under her protection."

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