

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Be a Man. When a great man was asked as to what one thing he most attributed his success to, he answered: "To the simple admonition of my father to be a man."

The best way to have permanent peace with the world is not to expect much of it; not to be afraid of it; so far as one can, without self description, see the good in it; and to regard the evil as something powerless and temporary which will soon defeat itself.

No Invention by Chance. "Are your discoveries often brilliant intuitions?" asked a reporter of Thomas A. Edison. "Do they come to you while you are lying awake nights?"

His Mother's Friend. "Why do you take so much pains to make that call?" asked one college fellow of another during the recent holidays.

Yes, old fellow, I know it, and I want to go with you, but you see it's this way. I promised my mother I'd call on this old friend of hers, and the friend is expecting me. This is really the only time I can go, and I know they'll both be awfully disappointed if I don't.

It was only a little thing for this college fellow to lose a concert in order to give pleasure to an older person, but it is just little things that many young folk carelessly leave undone without realizing how much happiness the attentions would give.

Oh, if you could have seen that radiant face, you would constantly be giving the lookout for opportunities to give happiness, not to your father's and mother's friends alone, but to older people generally; for the things which mean so little to you often mean a great deal to them.

Cigarette Smoking. If there is anything the youth should regard as sacred and should preserve intact at all hazards, as it affects his future more than anything else, it is his will power, and this is affected very early in the cigarette smoker, so that he finds himself a slave of a practice which was once absolutely within his own volition.

Another of the deadly influences of cigarette smoking is the gradual killing of the power of decision. The victim begins to vacillate, to waver, and to ask everybody's advice. He can not make up his mind about anything. He loses the power to say "No."

The symptoms of a cigarette victim resemble those of an opium eater. A gradual deadening, numbing influence creeps all through the mental and moral faculties; the standard average of life is cut down; the victim loses that power of mental grasp, the grip of mind which he once had.

of the cigarette. It creates a longing which it can not satisfy. Victims who have smoked from one hundred to one hundred and fifty cigarettes a day say that, while the smoking gives some temporary satisfaction, it creates a perpetual dissatisfaction, in that it never appeases the additional hunger it creates, hence the longing for other stimulants that will do what the cigarette promised but can not fulfill.—Success.

What Makes a Gentleman. Cardinal Newman made a famous definition and description, both in the same paragraph, of a gentleman. "It is almost," he said, in his "Idea of a University," "a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never intifies pain."

The school boy is not remarkable for such reticence. And this may be one of the reasons why he has the reputation of being selfish, ungrateful, and sometimes cruel. He is not any one of these things; he is, as a rule, only thoughtless. It has been said that a blunder is often worse than a crime; and thoughtlessness sometimes produces effects that are more enduringly disastrous than crimes. Forgetfulness among boys or an engineer forget a moment, his train may go to ruin.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. Her Devotion Rewarded. Bertha Chavanne, a young girl, poor but pious, lived for some years with her grandaunt, Mme. Berthoin.

The Doves of Venice. If any of our young readers should ever go to Venice, Italy, they must not fail to visit the great square of San Marco, so called after a magnificent cathedral built there many centuries ago.

Our young friends must be sure to be on the square a few minutes before the middle of the day. They will then see clouds of beautiful doves flying from all quarters of the city, and lighting on the eaves of the houses, on the domes of the old church, and indeed on every spot where a resting place can be found.

They seem to be waiting for some thing, and so they are; for long habit and instinct teach them to be there at that time. As the great clock tolls the hour, a window opens, and a hand is thrown out, scattering grain on the pavement beneath. In a second almost, down sweep all the doves, each one trying to get more than his share.

These doves are great favorites with the Venetians, and they never allow them to be killed. Some years ago a piece of ground to be cultivated for the birds. So they have their own farm, which cannot be taken from them.

Legend of St. Longinus. When our Divine Lord expired upon the cross for the salvation of men one of the Roman soldiers who stood around, wishing to be satisfied that the Redeemer was indeed dead, pierced His sacred side with a lance. The Gospel does not record the name of this soldier, but according to tradition he was called Longinus. It is said that he was afflicted with shortsightedness, almost to the verge of blindness, but after his cruel lance thrust some drops of the Precious Blood which gushed from the Sacred Wound sprinkled his brow and flowed down upon his eyelids.

of the witnesses of the Resurrection, and related it to the chief priests and doctors of the law. Vainly they tried to bribe him to give false testimony, as they had done to his companions. He refused with indignation, and boldly proclaimed in the city of Jerusalem the Resurrection of the Lord. When the term of his military service had expired, Longinus quitted the army, and retired to the neighborhood of Cappadocia, where he published far and near the wonderful miracle it had been his privilege to witness.

"Is it not in this province that he was formerly a captain in the Roman army, but is now a follower of Christ, and devotes himself to spreading the suppositions of the Christians?" "He dwells in this country," was the reply. "What do you want with him?" "We have orders to arrest him, and conduct him to the governor, who has decided that he is to die. Can you tell us where he is to be found?"

HE WHO PRACTICED AS HE SPOKE. When a Christian statesman conspicuous for his civic virtues as well as for the integrity of his private life addresses the public in behalf of some political, philanthropic, or economic measure, his words are heard and respected, with marked attention.

IN THE HEART OF NEW ENGLAND. The Paulist Fathers have recently finished what was in effect a mission to non-Catholics in the Cathedral of Boston, and as a result an inquiry class of upwards of 100 members was started.

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laughed, but I read more than once that He wept. And yet the tears of Jesus have brought more joy and consolation to the human heart than all the mirth provoking books that were ever written. Jesus wept to teach us that He had a human heart as well as a divine personality.

As implicitly we praise the source of light, when we praise the mild orb that reflects its glory to us, so do we praise the Lord and Life-giver when we praise His all-perfect work, His masterpiece, Mary most holy.

This line of reasoning acquires overwhelming force when it is applied to our Saviour. We admire, indeed, the beauty of His moral maxims, but their intrinsic excellence is enhanced by the splendor of His spotless life and matchless virtues which shed a halo on His words.

Witness the conduct of our Lord in the hours of His passion. What firmness and constancy! He displays under the most severe trials! What dignity and composure, what self-possession under the most provoking insults!

Witness our Saviour when He sees His Father's house profaned, when He sees the temple of God changed into a market place. Observe the indignation in His looks and the fire of holy wrath that flashes in His eyes when, single handed, He seizes a scourge and drives the buyers and sellers, out of the temple, saying to them, "My house is a house of prayer, but you have made it a den of thieves."

Now contemplate our Saviour at the tomb of Lazarus. See how the Lion in the temple is transformed into a Lamb at the tomb; how the Lion among the money changers becomes a Lamb among the mourners. The eye that flashed with indignation in the temple melts with indignation at the grave of a friend.

The gospels tell us that when Jesus stood at the tomb of Lazarus He wept. I never read in the gospels that Jesus

laughed, but I read more than once that He wept. And yet the tears of Jesus have brought more joy and consolation to the human heart than all the mirth provoking books that were ever written. Jesus wept to teach us that He had a human heart as well as a divine personality.

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