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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. There never was a man yet but what There never was a man yet but what was bound to rise and progress and climb, provided the yeast principle was in his soul. As well try to knead levened dough flat as to keep a great soul down. Poverty never yet forged a chain strong enough to hold a man prone, provided he was bound to rise. Waste of Energy is Worse Than Waste of Money. What would be thought of a miller,

who because a large amount of water was stored in his mill-pond, thought he could afford to neglect leaks in his dam? Would not the chances be that dam? Would not the chances be that in the midst of the summer drought the water would be entirely gone and his mill forced to lie idle, impoverishing the miller and inconveniencing a whole

reighborhood?

Nature has stored in every normal youth a reservoir of physical and mental youth a reservoir of physical and mental energy which means much in the way of character, success and happiness. One of the saddest sights is to see One of the saddest sights is to see thousands of promising youths allowing their energy to be wasted through ruincus habits of idleness, dissipation, extravagance and neglect of opportun-

The word economy is usually applied The word economy is usually applied to the saving of meney, but this, perhaps, is the least important of its applications. Wasting money is of little importance when compared with wasting energy, mental and vital forces and opportunities—a waste that endangers our highest welfare. Many a man who is economical to stinginess in money matters, squanders, with fearful waste, his mental and moral energy. He who would make the most possible of his life, must early learn to stop all leaks of reserve power. Wasting opportunities, time and vital forces, constitutes the great tragedy of human life. It is the principal cause of unhappiness and the principal cause of unhappiness and the principal cause of unhappiness and will in the property of the property of the property of the principal cause of unhappiness and will be provided by the principal cause of unhappiness and will be provided by the property of the principal cause of the property of t

Many busy people are shameful wasters of time and opportunity, simply because they do low things when higher ones are possible. They read a poor book when they might read a better book when they might read a better one. They squander time with bad companions when good ones are pos-sible. They waste time in half-doing things, in botching, bungling and blun-dering, in doing things over and over because they were not done right the first time.

first time.

These little leaks, these wastes that drain the success capital, bankrupt many American youths, yet they are singly so insignificant that the victims do not realize their evil influence. There are so many ways of wasting vitality that economy in its use is diffi-

A great waste of mental and moral A great waste of mental and moral vitality is indulging in demoralizing, vicious and deteriorating thoughts. Every bit of useless worry—and all worry is useless—every bit of anxiety, every particle of fretting and stewing, every bit of despondency, indulgence in melancholy or foreboding, every bit of fear—fear of failure, of losses, of of lear—tear of failure, of hosts, of siekness, of disease, of death, of unjust criticism or ridicule, or of the unfavorable opinions of others—all these things are vitality-sappers, worse than useless, for they unfit us for constructive,

less, for they unfit us for constructive, creative work by squandering that which makes work possible.

One is wasting life force every time he talks of failure, of hard luck, of troubles and trials, of past errors and mistakes. If one would succeed, let him turn his back on the past, burning all the bridges behind him; turn his back to shadows and face the light. back to shadows and face the light. Every act of dishonesty, whether others know it or not, is a terrible life waster. Every act or thought of impurity, every unholy desire, is a virtue-waster, a

friendship, the trigger pulled in an instant and taking a life, the word hissed hot from the mouth in a second that blasts a life's happiness—these are fear-ful squanderers of vitality, of life, of

opportunity.
Everything which frets, chafes, rasps or brings inharmony into life is a vitality-waster, Whatever brings discord into the nervous system destroys power. Friction is a deadly foe to happiness and success. It grinds away the delicate bearings of life's machinery without doing any good work or increasing any value. To free life from friction, to lubricate all the faculties, and to stop all the leaks of energy, is the first duty to oneself and to others. If all the enemies of one's ambition are permitted to make away with one's uccess capital, there can be no hope of getting on and up in the world.

Practical Talks to Young Men. "Every good Catholic should be a good citizen from the very fact that he is a good Catholic, and the better the Catholic, the better the citizen." Thus wrote Charles Janvier in a recent

Thus wrote Charles Janvier in a recent letter to Catholic young men on their duties and responsibilities.

More so perhaps than his brethren of other faiths the young Catholic has a position to maintain in the community. He is regarded by many, if not as a model which they follow, at least as one who should always conduct himself in a manner above reproach. The greater part of his Protestant friends and acquaintances feel that the young and acquaintances feel that the young man has in a way superior advantages, and that he has small excuse for actions

and that he has small excuse for actions which in others they would condone. This very important condition of affairs should be thoroughly appreciated by every Catholic father and mother, and they should strive to kindle in their sons' minds and hearts a pride in their faith that would successfully prevent their being guilty of any action which would cast the slightest reflection on themselves as Catholics. In their daily life, and especially in their social and business intercourse with the Protestant members of the community they should be careful to show that they should be careful to show that they are model citizens; for there are many who are always looking for an opportunity, no matter how trivial, to assail their faith.

The young men of the present genera-tion growing up in an atmosphere of such pretty dreams for her.

religious freedom and tolerance should be always alert to encourage this condition by their nobleness of purpose and action. Years ago it made very little difference what a man did. If he was a difference what a man did. If he was a Catholic, as a general thing, he was avoided. To-day the spirit of the times is broader, and more disposed to accept a man for what he is himself. Catholics therefore should further this spirit all they can and strive to make

their type of citizenship the highest. "By a good citizen," says Mr. Janvier, "we mean a man who, inspired by no other motive than a conscientious desire to do his duty, assumes carnestly and discharges faithfully those duties of citizenship upon whose honest discharge the integrity and efficiency of

charge the integrity and emerced of government depend.

"A good Catholic cannot do his full duty to his neighbor or to his Church unless he actively and zealously exerts himself to secure the adously exerts himself to sective the action of good civil government, such a government as will gnarantee and maintain safety to life and property, and absolute freedom to the extension of the company of the control o ercise of religion-a government which will insure security to the development of industry and the consequent accumulation of wealth—justice in the adjustment of those differences which must arise and exist between men in the perennial pursuit of fortune or of fame—protection to the poor and weak against the oppressions and encroach-

ments of the rich and the strong.
"The temporal welfare and progress of the Church largely depend upon the honest administration of that system of civil government whose foundations rest upon the cardinal twin principles (figliberty and of truth, and whose powers are so organized as to procure, without tyranny to any, but with jus-tice to all, the greatest good to the

mother of human mold and with human imm—exage impulses glories in the happiness of her children, and is happy because they are happy, so does the Church glory in the presperity of the people and glory with them. But when the people are torn by civil strife or dissention, or when the blight of bad government is treadly saming the energies of their lastily. when the blight of bad government is steadily sapping the energies of their industry, paralyzing the impulses of their enterprise, and despoiling the accumulations of their thrift, the Church cannot be indifferent for the distresses of her people necessarily distress her, and in a measure as their happiness and prosperity are arrested and impaired, so will her temporal welfare be retarded and suffer.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

WHAT ANNA SAW IN THE SUN-BEAM.

"When I look through the sun-beams," said Anna, "I see all the little sprites getting ready the beauti-ful colors to paint the flowers and the insects, and the clouds, and others that dye the tree-leaves green and gild the old walls, and others that teach the in-sects to hum and the birds to sing, and

sects to hum and the birds to sing, and little children to smile.

"Do you know, Lolita," pursued Anna, "When a little baby is put into the cradle for the first, very first time, if the sunbeam plays upon it, the little sprites always look after that baby, and never forget it, but when it is grown up into a big man or woman they and never lorget it, but when it is grown up into a big man or woman they still continue their care. There was once such a little baby, Lolita, born in a poor little cottage; such a poor little cottage, Lolita, that there were no shutters to the windows of any kind; when it was ever so hot, the sun all when it was ever so hot, the sun all success-sapper.

The lack of self-control, a quick temper, and a hot tongue, are fearful wasters of vitality and character, which bankrupt many a precious life. The fatal word that breaks a beautiful friendship, the trigger pulled in an inwas born, Lolita, the sunbeams were streaming in, with the little sprites all basking in them, and the sprites kissed this little baby, and said, 'Dear little girl, we will never leave you; only be good, and so long as you are good we will see that you shall want for nothing

at all.'
"A very little while after, Lolita, that little baby's father died, and you might have said the sprites had forgotten her; but it was not so. They kept their word exactly. She did not know her father had died. Her mother was those and took care of her and she there, and took care of her, and she was too little to know that other children had more pleasure, so she wanted

nothing. "She did not even know, Lolita, the labor her poor mother had to perform to get food for them both, and even when she sang her to sleep with her sad, ceaseless song,—

"While in my arms I hold thee, I ask myself alway, What fate I leave thee to, child, If call'd by death away."

She knew nothing of its meaning; her little face was pressed close and warm against her mother's breast, and a flower or a fruit, which the sprites had painted for her, was enough to com-

plete her happiness.
"Before Pura—such was her name was two years old, her mother died too. But the sprites had not forgotten her, Lolita; her mother had a sister, and when this sister came to the funeral, they had painted Pura's cheeks with such fresh, clear tints, and lit up her baby face with such a bright, sweet smile, that her aunt would not part from her, but took her home and brought her up as her own child, and was to her as a mother.

was to her as a mother.

"The sprites played with her now ignst as before; and when she was asleep they used to dance on her bed, and say, Dear little girl, we will never leave you; only be good, and so long as you are good we will see that you shall want for nothing at all.

"Meantime, Pura grew up to learn to be useful; she worked in the garden, and kept the house tidy, and fetched the water from the fountain, and did all that Aunt Trinidad wanted. She was very good and very obedient, and never wasted her time; her only amusement was lying on the thyme-bed in the sunshine, because then the sprites painted such pretty dreams for her.

"But Aunt Trinidad was growing old, and after her there was no other aunt, nor any relation to look after Pura; and though she would not say it aloud to vex Pura, who was always bright and gay, she yet continually re-peated in her own mind, just as the

poor mother used to sing,-"While in my arms I hold thee, I ask myself alway. What fate I leave thee to, child. If call'd by death away."

"So things looked very bad again, Lolita; but the sprites had not for-gotten Pure, as you shall see. "Aunt Trinidad earned her living

by waiting on strangers at the little inn down in the village, and as few people came that way, she was often one day, however, there came a great gentleman, who had returned from the Indies with a large sum of money; he said he had roamed the world long enough, and seen enough of great ; he meant now to settle himcities; he meant now to settle films self in some quiet, remote village, and the only thing he wanted in this world was a nice, good, industrious wife, who would wake his home smiling and

happy.
Then I can fit you to a nicety!
broke in Aunt Trinidad, who had been seized with a most diligent dusting fit all the time the traveller had been de-tailing his plans to the inn-keeper of the village, and had not missed a word.

'Can you?' said the traveller not at all displeased at her boldness.
"That can I,' continued Aunt
Trinidad, earnestly; 'and there isn't
a girl to match her in the village and
the clergyman of the parish will bear

me cut?'
"'What . . Pura, you mean
. I suppose?' said the innkeeper somewhat embarrassed between
his desire to speak the truth and his greatest number.

If the people prosper, the Church must and will prosper. Just as a mother of human mold and with human impulses glories in the happiness of her neighbor. 'Yes, Pura was a good enough girl,' and he paused to think the properties of the process of the properties of enough girl, and he paused to think
how much he cculd say in her favor.;
'young, and—pretty, and—simple, and
—lively, and—notable altogether, but—
"'Well, 'interrupted the traveller,

> she is a little—a little—what shall I say? '—a little homely for your wife—'
> "'Homely, is it? Oh! if that's all, we sha'n't quarrel. I don't want any of fire ladies who are only thinking of setting themselves off, and attend to nothing but their toilet! Come, good woman, ask your young friend to allow me to come and see her to-morrow.

"Too overjoyed to answer, Aunt Trinidad set off on the instant at full rinidad set of of the instant at the speed, and ran so fast you could not have told what her gown was made of as she passed. When she reached home, out of breath, she told her niece to adorn the house, and dress herself in her best, for she expected a visitor

next morning. "Pura-who, though now seventeen, still kept up her simple habit of doing whatever she was bid with alacrity— fulfilled the directions given her with great exactness and success, and never thought of asking who or what the visi-

trought of asking what business brought him.

"When the traveller called next morning and found the room so smiling, morning and found the room so smiling, the sunbeams playing through the muslin blinds upon the snow-white curtains, the brightly-tinted flowers—which, by the way, the sprites had painted on purpose—so tastefully arranged, and Pura herself looking so neat, and with no thought of display in her head, he was delighted, and left with an air of satisfaction, which convinced Aunt Trinidad that all was going on right. Only, as he was going away, he turned and asked her if Pura could make lace; and Aunt Trinidad. without thinking, answered 'Yes.'
Nevertheless, poor Pura had had too
much labor with the garden and the
house-work all her young life to have had leisure for indoor occupation. She could take a turn, indeed, at her aunt's spinning wheel; but such an accomplishment as making lace she had never

" 'Why did you tell the gentleman I knew how to make lace, when I don't, aunt? she exclaimed, for she could not bear an untruth about the least matter.

" ' Well, I did not know what to say, all in the surprise, 'replied the good aunt. 'It seemed as if I should give a false impression of your habits, which are so industrious, if I said you could not do anything he expected

of you.'
"Then why didn't you say that I could spin, and scour, and dig?' answered Pura, ingenuously.

"' Dig, and scour, and spin, indeed Fine recommendations for his purpose, rejoined the aunt, mysteriously; and before Pura could ask what on earth this 'purpose' was, a messenger brought in three bobbins of fine black silk for her to make into a piece of lace,

as a proof of her skill.
"'Oh, aunt, what shall we do?
What shall we do?' sobbed poor Pura,
who could not endure to be thought a

deceiver.
"' Don't worry, child,' returned the aunt, 'something or other will turn up. There's nothing so easy as making lace, after all, and three bobbins are

lace, after all, and three bobbins are gone like winking. You must get through it somehow, for your fate depends upon it.'

"Pura went to bed that night crying; and cried herself to sleep. But very early in the morning, very early indeed, Lolita, the sunbeams woke her—you see the sprites never lost sight of her, And three beautiful sprites—the three who had most care of her—came floating down the sunbeam. Without saying a word, they beam. Without saying a word, they took up the bobbins of silk, for they took up the bobbins of silk, for they had brought everything with them that was wanted for making lace, as if they had known all about it, and, rattling them about, in the twinkle of an eye, they turned off a splendid mantilla, all made out with flowers and birds, and everything you can think of, and then three it on the bed, and disappeared

before Pura had time to recover from

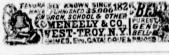
"When the stranger called next day, and saw this extraordinary proof of industry and skill, he could hardly believe his eyes, and went away more

pleased than the day before. "'Didn't I tell your honor that she was a jewel?' whispered the old lady.
"'I begin to think you did not exaggerate,' answered the traveller.

"And then, turning to Para, he asked her if she was as perfect in household duties as in accomplishments; whether, for instance, she understood cooking. " ' I should think she did, interposed the aunt, without allowing Pura time to speak; for she knew the good girl would have answered the strict truth

and she thought as the sprites had got her out of one scrape, they might be trusted to get her out of another. " In the evening, the messenger came again, this time followed by two other porters, each carrying baskets of pre-visions, which they set down, with the message that Pura was to make a famous porridge, and the gentleman would come in and dine off it the next day.





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THE CATHOLIC PAPER.

Dr. Egan, in one of his chats published some time ago in The Ave Maria, allows the fellows at the club to talk on the Catholic paper. We extract this passage:

"I don't understand what you mean by saying that a priest who does not encourage a Catholic paper cuts the ground from under his feet!" exclaimed the young mechanic.

"You don't? Put yourself in the "You don't? Put yourself in the priest's place. Public opinion does not keep people Cathclics or Christians, does it? Public opinion does not respect a man for his belief; it regards what it sees in his acts. I know Cubans who go to Mass regularly in Havana. Why? It is bad form not to do so there; but 'among the Yankees one may do as one pleases.' That illusthere; but 'among the landers of the may do as one pleases.' That illustrates what I mean. The priest has here only a spiritual hold on the people. Public opinion will not strengthen it, tashion is against it; expediency is not, as a rule, with it; all English literature is against the spiritual as presented by him; the press regards it with tolerhim; the press regards it with tolerance, but does not understand it; the ance, but does not understand it; the great bustling world does not help it. Really, it seems to me that when the Holy Father recommends the Catholic press as he does, he shows an insight into conditions of which less inspired men are ignorant."

Cardinal Newman seems to have re ferred to the same view when he said: "Shall we sharpen and refine the youthful intellect and then leave it to exercise its new powers upon the most sacred of subjects, as it will, and with sacred of supjects, when the chance of exercising them wrongly; or shall we proceed to feed it with divine truth, as it gains an appetite for

knowledge?"
In our cities, where the majority of Catholics go to the early Masses and hear no sermon, we see no other way in which their Catholic convictions are to be appealed to, except by the Cath-

If fashion and public opinion and literature, are forces which tend to loosen the hold of the Church on the average Catholic, any influence which increases the power of religion should be encouraged; and what is better than Catholic Citizen. a Catholic paper ?-Catholic Citizen.

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