

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A YOUTHFUL KING.

Prophetic Scene on the Plains of Old Nazareth.

It was evening, and the setting sun dipped gloriously into the Mediterranean behind Mount Carmel, tipping the hoary summit with gold. The slopes of this mountain of the prophets in one direction and those of Mount Tabor in another were already tinged with the purple shade of evening, and in the many small valleys of this hilly country was the gathering darkness; yet from the plateau from which Nazareth stands, the quiet, simple folk of that town could see in the distance across the valley of Jezreel an expanse of the great sea all ablaze in the evening golden glory. Close at hand myriads of bright hues, insects made the summer haze vocal with the motion of their untiring wings.

The white, flat roofed houses of Nazareth appeared pink in the evening sunset, and the red pomegranate blossoms in the gardens grew more brilliant as they caught the slanting rays, and presented to the eye an appearance as of many luminous orbs. The beauty of these rich flowers and of their companion roses was heightened by their dark background of olive and palm trees, which covered the valleys and even the lower hills in the neighborhood. All was motionless in the evening air and no sound was heard save the hum of the insects, the tinkling of a distant sheep bell, or an occasional peal of merry laughter of some happy boys who were at play in an open space near the village.

In two houses, however, of the peaceful town there was more than ordinary activity, arising from the pleasant duties of hospitality. Simple and lowly, and even despised as these Nazarenes were, they were, nevertheless, remarkable throughout all Galilee for the warmth of the welcome they always extended to their guests and for the willingness with which they entertained strangers who chanced to come among them. This cordiality was manifested in no small degree in a dwelling that stood a little apart from the cluster of buildings that formed the town. It was a small and humble house, having only a few rooms. About it could be seen in the marks of soil; shavings and pieces of wood were lying around the ground which told a stranger that the dweller therein was a worker in wood. It was the home of Joseph, the carpenter.

All signs of labor had on this day been early laid aside, and Joseph and Mary were busy in making comfortable and attending to the wants of two guests who had honored their dwelling with a visit. No less a personage than a priest of the temple at Jerusalem was Joseph's guest. The venerable Zachary, with Elizabeth, his wife, had come on a visit of charity to Mary and Joseph. Old as they were, they had travelled a distance of nearly seventy miles through the hill country of Judea, Samaria, and Galilee to see once more ere they were gathered to their fathers that wonderful Child whom Zachary two years before had seen disputing with marvelous wisdom amid the learned men of Israel at the temple porch in Jerusalem. The remembrance of this event had remained with him ever since. It had become a part of his life and was ever present with him in his waking moments, and filled his dreams at night, and he longed ere his dust was laid in the grave to see and know more of this wonderful Being whom he recognized as the Messiah foretold by the prophets.

Already Joseph, according to the custom of the East, had brought water for the old man's feet, and, notwithstanding his guest's protestations, had washed them himself, and now the two men were sitting outside of the house engaged in quiet conversation, while Mary was entertaining Elizabeth in a no less kindly manner within doors.

In another house, not a stone's throw away, other scenes of hospitality were also being enacted. That afternoon Zabdai from the little fishing town of Bethsaida, had brought his wife, Sakme, and their two sons, James and John, on a visit of friendship to Geddiel Sodi, who was a relative of his wife. The host in this case was a rich farmer owning more flocks and herds than any one else in this region. His household consisted of Miriam, his wife, and three sons, Subael, Abner and Ezri, together with numerous women and maid servants.

A more sumptuous meal had been prepared for these visitors than that offered to Zachary and Elizabeth. A lamb had been killed to celebrate the event, and delicious grapes, apples and citron graced the board. Moreover, the master of the house was no longer a strict Nazarene, and therefore did not hesitate to place on his table rich wines, cooled in snow, which had been preserved in huge boxes buried underground.

With this display there was to be observed slight traces of ostentation, and both Zabdai, or Zebadee, and his wife Sakme, as the best progressed, were conscious of being slightly patronized. James and John were too young to perceive this, and they enjoyed the good things that Geddiel Sodi set before them as only boys can. James was nearly sixteen, and his brother John was two years younger, and both were already learning the trade of their father, a fisherman on the lake of Tiberias. Their browned faces and hands told of being much in the open air, after the Jewish fashion, while the other three boys affected a Roman custom of cutting the hair short, as did their father, much to the grief of

his fellow-townsmen, who regarded him as one of the leading men of the place, but deplored the fact that he had departed from the traditions of their forefathers and had ceased to be a strict follower of their sect.

After the meal was over the five boys went out to the plateau, where most of the children of the town were accustomed to gather in the summer evenings, and it was their shouts that could be heard on the hillside where Joseph and Zachary were resting. The two elderly men had now been sitting for some time in silence, quietly enjoying each other's company with that satisfaction that does not seek to find expression in words, when suddenly Zachary started at the beautiful vision presented to him.

Standing under the arch of the doorway, with the fading light of evening shining full upon him, was a most beautiful youth of fourteen years. He had returned home from an errand upon which Joseph had sent him before his guests had arrived. His gold brown hair was parted in the centre and fell in long waves just reaching the shoulder. The high and noble forehead shone in the light like polished marble. His large, mild, but penetrating eyes were over arched with rich eyebrows, and the eyes themselves spoke of meekness, ardor, and love. The nose was straight and rather long, the lips exquisitely formed, with the redness of health. The chin was moulded into perfect masculine grace, and the partially exposed neck enhanced the noble poise of the head. The outer garment was woven of one piece and reached to the ground.

The Nazarene mothers—those women whose beauty had made them famous even as far distant as Rome—admitted that the Son of the carpenter, Joseph, surpassed their own children in beauty, and conceded to him a winning grace they failed to find in their own. Today he seemed more beautiful than ever, even to Joseph, for the usually calm and placid face was brightened with pleasurable emotions caused by the visit of Elizabeth and of the priest Zachary.

The youth stood silently behind Joseph's seat, with his arms folded over his breast, in an attitude of deepest respect towards the two men. The old Levite was awed. His whole being thrilled. Trembling with rapture the priest hastily rose and was about to prostrate himself and kiss the feet of the beautiful Child. He was prevented from doing this, as Jesus took him by the hand just as he was about to kneel, and so, instead of kissing his feet, in a half-stopping, half-kneeling, wholly reverential attitude, he kisses the Divine Child's hand, uttering passionately as he did so:

"My Lord and my God." The youth then led the aged man back to his seat, saying with wonderful dignity as he did so: "Blessed are they who know the things you know." Having performed this kindly office to their guest, He once more assumed the attitude of modest expectancy on Joseph's will. Joseph, who had risen when Zachary rose, now sat down again. Once before he had seen this calm dignity assert itself in the youth. That was two years ago in the temple of Jerusalem, when Jesus had said: "Know ye not that I must be about My Father's business?" Joseph realizing that as head of the family he represented all source of authority, called Jesus forward and said to him:

"The children of Zabdai of Bethsaida are on yonder plateau. Lest we should seem wanting in hospitality, go and bid them welcome to our town." With a slight inclination of the head towards Joseph, Jesus obeyed with alacrity the behest of His foster father. Zachary watched Him depart and with the glow of exalted enthusiasm still upon his face, exclaimed: "O Israel! O Nazareth! If you did but know! If you did but know!" "Good master," replied Joseph, "His time is not yet come, and he added prophetically, "nor shall you or I behold the mighty works He yet shall do. Our years shall close before His work begins."

TO BE CONTINUED.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

The Joy of a Good Conscience.

The glory of a good man is the testimony of a good conscience.

Keep a good conscience, and thou shalt always have joy.

A good conscience can bear very much, and is very joyful in the midst of adversity.

A bad conscience is always fearful and uneasy.

Sweetly wilt thou take thy rest, if thy heart reproach thee not.

Never rejoice but when thou hast done well.

The wicked have never true joy, neither do they feel interior peace; because there is no peace for the wicked saith the Lord. (Isa. lviii, 22.)

And if they shall, "We are in peace, evils will not come upon us, and who shall dare to hurt us?" believe them not; for the wrath of God will arise on a sudden, and their deeds will be brought to nought, and their projects will perish.

To glory in tribulation is not hard to him who loveth; for so to glory is to glory in the cross of our Lord.

That glory is short-lived which is given, and taken by men.

The glory of the world is always accompanied with sorrow.

The glory of men is in their own consciences not in the mouths of others.

The joy of the just is from God and in God and they rejoice in the truth.

He, who desireth true and everlasting glory, valeth not that which is temporal.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

True glory consists in doing what deserves to be written, in writing what deserves to be read, and in so living to make the world happier and better for our living in it.—Pitny.

A Definite Purpose Needed.

He who lives without a definite purpose achieves no higher end than to serve as a warning to others. He is a kind of bell buoy, mournfully marked by the waves of circumstance to the rocks or shoals which are to be avoided. What the sun glass does to the sun's rays—converge them until they become a blazing and irresistible point—that a definite purpose does to the energies of the soul. It brings them to a focus, and achievement follows as a matter of course.

The Catholic College Man.

Mgr. Conaty, rector of the Catholic University, says:

"Among Catholic men, the college man has a tremendous responsibility in this work of saving society to Christ. He has had the training to fit him for life. He has obtained the knowledge by which he is able to understand the relations between man and society, and between both and God. He of all men should be a leaven in society, to sustain and develop it according to right ideas. He belongs to a Church, one of whose characteristics is a holiness, whose doctrines aid to a holy life, and whose precepts urge him to holiness. In a life of Christian virtue, morality has its safeguard, character its source, and its precludes dishonesty, it detests untruth, it shuns impurity, it is supernaturally guided, it finds things material stepping stones to eternal life. In Christ it lives and moves and has its being. It is not satisfied with mere material success as the end of life; but it realizes the true purpose of life which find its rest in God alone. It believes in a Redeemer Who as God, assumed humanity, was born at Bethlehem, and expiated the sins of mankind at Calvary. It believes that He came as a teacher, with positive religion as the conditions of salvation and finds its life in conformity with the will of Christ.

Elements of Success.

The world is full of people who bemoan their hard luck and are constantly pitying themselves because fate is against them, because they cannot succeed as other people do.

The real cause of their failure is lack of heart. They do not throw their whole souls into their work. They only touch their employment with the tips of their fingers. They do not fling their whole life into their vocations. They are half-hearted, and lack energy, push, perseverance; they have no ambition fires to melt the obstacles in their pathways, to weld together, into one continuous chain, the links of their efforts.

Futile endeavor, half-hearted effort, never accomplished anything. It takes the fire of determination, energy, push, and good judgment to accomplish that which counts, or life will be a failure. It is the enthusiastic man with fire in his blood and ginger in his brain, who makes things move, and pushes to the front.

We see the half-hearted floating aimlessly with every current. They have lost their grip, and are pushed aside by the more vigorous and more determined; they lose heart and cease struggling, and then they become drifters, and are tossed about on the sea of life.

An excellent character is a fortune. To be generally respected and beloved is better than to own the wealth of the world. Few men are indifferent to the esteem in which their fellow mortals hold them, and no other mad recognizes this as much as the man who holds a public trust. Thomas Carlyle shrewdly remarked, "Even the man who occupies the highest social position is, in some degree, dependent on the lowest." You do not need that I should urge you to pursue wealth. I leave men alone for that. All are bent on making money. From the lucky stockbroker or merchant who, by means of a few successful leaps, finds himself in affluence—from the renowned consulting physician who rakes in his golden fees until he finds himself independent, to the humblest clerk or artisan—nearly everyone is making it his aim to be as rich as he can.

If money comes to you honorably and goes from you usefully, the more of it you have, the better. It is a great privilege to be rich under such circumstances. But the first thing I would impress upon you is this: a good name must be the fruit of one's own exertions. You cannot possess it by patrimony, you cannot purchase it with money, nor will it come to you by chance. Of all the elements of success in life, none is more vital than a determination to be the creator of your own reputation and advancement.—Cushman K. Davis in Success.

For Working Wastefully.

The story printed by one of the New York papers that the salary of Mr. John A. McCall, president of the New York Life Insurance company, is to be raised an additional \$25,000 a year, recalls the incident that proved a turning point in Mr. McCall's career. It reads like a chapter from the books of boys, and incidentally shows that it pays to do more than your mere duty.

In the seventies, Mr. McCall, then a young man with a wife and two children, received an appointment in the New York state insurance department, in return for work done for his political party. When he entered upon the

stage of nature's virtues, which is the oration of America and of America's children; it will add the defying treasures of super-natural life.

The Catholic Church will preserve as no human power, no human Church can preserve, the liberties of the republic. We know that by command of the Master it is the bounded duty of the Church to teach all nations. To lose the apostolic spirit were, on her part, to give proof that she is unconscious of the truths which she owns and of the commission under which she exists.

The conversion of America should ever be America as a supreme duty from which God will not hold them exempt. If we are loyal to duty, the records of our second century of Church history will tell of the wondrous spread of Christ's Church over the United States of America.

DOCTORS BAFFLED

By the Case of Mrs. Harrison, of Orangeville.

SHE WAS COMPLETELY RUN DOWN—RACKED WITH PAINS IN THE BACK, HEAD AND LIMBS—AGAIN REJOICING IN GOOD HEALTH.

From the Sun, Orangeville, Ont. Many cases are constantly being brought to light of persons being cured by that wonderful remedy—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—after doctors have failed to be of benefit. Among them may be noted the case of Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, a well-known lady who resides in the near vicinity of Orangeville, Ont. A reporter of the Sun hearing of Mrs. Harrison's wonderful cure called at her home to inquire into the facts of the case. Mrs. Harrison said she was pleased to be able to testify to the great curative powers of these pills. She said: "For some years I have been a constant sufferer. Just what to call my disease I do not know; even the doctors were unable to diagnose it. I was completely run down, I had racking pains in my head, back and limbs. I was unable to secure sound sleep, and on arising in the morning would feel as tired as before going to bed. My stomach was in a bad condition and the least movement caused my heart to palpitate violently. Doctors' treatment failed to be of benefit to me and I was in a very discouraged state when a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Thinking that they might relieve me a little I procured a supply and began taking them according to directions. From the first I could see that they were helping me, and by the time I had taken half a dozen boxes I was free from the ailments that had made my life miserable. It is now several years since I took the pills and not the least sign of my old trouble has since shown itself. I would strongly urge the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for any person who has a weak or run down system and I am sure they will not fail to be beneficial."

To those who are weak, easily tired, nervous, or whose blood is out of condition, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills come as a blessing, curing when all other medicines fail and restoring those who give them a fair trial to a full measure of health and strength. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Use on the Stomach. result of imperfect digestion, pressing up against the heart, it excites alarming symptoms. Instant relief is afforded by taking half an hour after the meal, tea drops of Hood's Nerviline in a little sweetened water. Nerviline aids digestion, expels the gas and imparts a sense of comfort. Nerviline is good for lots of other things, and wise people keep a 50-cent bottle in the house for rheumatism, cramps, neuralgia, toothache, etc. Try it.

A Sustaining Diet. These are the enervating days, when, as somebody has said, men drop by the sunstroke as if the Day of Fire had dawned. They are fraught with danger to people whose systems are poorly sustained; and to those who are in the interest of the less robust of our readers, that the full effect of Hood's Sarsaparilla is such as to suggest the propriety of calling this medicine something besides a blood purifier and tonic—say, a sustaining diet. It makes it much easier to bear the heat, assures refreshing sleep, and will without any doubt avert much sickness at this time of year.

The Best Pills—Mr. Wm. Vandervoort, Sydney Crossing, Ont., writes: "We have been using Parmelee's Pills, and find them by far the best pills we ever used. For Delicate and Debilitated Constitutions these pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

When all other cure preparations fail, try Holloway's Gorn Cure. No pain whatever, and no inconvenience in using it.

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