

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Often the dull, yet steady and plodding person, faithful to duty, and doing the very best he can, in the long run will leave more brilliant companions far in the rear. Persistent application, with invincible purpose, always wins. About all failure is due to a lack of these elements of strength—persistence and application.

Would You Carry Youth Into Age?
Don't let anything interfere with your regular hours of work and rest, but get plenty of sleep, especially what is called "beauty sleep," before midnight.

Keep busy; idleness is a great friend of age, but an enemy of youth. Regular employment and mental occupation are marvelous youth preservers.

Put some beauty into your life every day by seeing beautiful works of art, beautiful bits of scenery, or by reading some noble poem or prose selection.

Never compare yourself with others of the same age, or think that you must appear as old as they because you have marked the same number of years.

Take regular exercise in the open air every day in all weather; walk, ride, row, swim, or play; but, whatever you do, keep out of doors as much as possible.

Love is the great healer of all life's ills, the great strengthener and beautifier. If you would drink at the fountain of perpetual youth all your life with it.

Eat plenty of fruit and fresh vegetables in summer, and cut down your meat diet. Drink a liberal allowance of pure water at all times, but not ice water.

Pure air both indoors and outdoors is absolutely essential to health and longevity. Never allow yourself to remain in a poisoned or vitiated atmosphere.

An Unworthy Aim.
Only by getting above our usual level can we make the progress we ought.

The man who merely maintains the level to which his life has hitherto risen is, at the best, standing still—and that means falling behind. "I did my level best" is not enough.

Our average ought to be constantly higher, and an average is never raised by being merely equal. Only by beating our average can we raise our average.

"Better than my best" is a worthier standard than "my level best."

The Illusion of Being Busy.
A ridiculous notion is common that we live in a time when there are more important world affairs on hand than

has ever been known before; and there are silly people who expect to be admired for a useless expenditure of their nervous and physical energies on all sorts of absolutely foolish objects into which no particle of intellect enters.

Simply to be always busy, always occupied, always doing something, passing restlessly from one piece of work to another, to have their hands full, never to be idle, as they say, seems to be their ideal of life.

These precious muddlers who plume themselves on never being idle pass their time doing useless things under the pretext of being busy; and they assume credit for a purposeless activity.

The biggest people, those who have really thought out their plan of life, do not make the mistake of doing what need not be done. They have time for everything because they do not imagine they are economizing time by occupying every spare minute in being unnecessarily busy.

The Habit of Saving.
The necessity of paying a certain amount of money at regular intervals is not a hardship, but a practice sure to inculcate thrift.

Human nature seems to be so constituted that it is even harder to retain money than it is to earn it—a task of itself calling for all the skill a man can exercise—so that anything that has a tendency to form the habit of saving, even though that influence be small, is deserving of encouragement for that alone.

Some Helpful Thoughts.
Failure is to be untrue to the best you know, and the best you know is to stay where you are and do what you can, as well as you can. — Maltbie D. Babcock.

Honor is like the eye, which can not suffer the least impurity without damage; it is a precious stone, the price of which is lessened by the least flaw. — Bossuet.

Every life of sweet-souled, sunny goodness; of patient, earnest service; of honest, faithful toil for truth, counts for its full weight in the momentum of humanity's progress. It does not go out, it goes in upon the simple soul, within you a strong and simple soul, bent on noble deeds, and the work will come in which you, too, shall live on, an imperishable force upon the earth. — E. Heber Newton.

Many a man is weak and cheerless because he does not see the future large. The present is too narrow to form the home of an immortal soul. The earthly future has springs too few to quench the thirst of a heart made for eternity. Tear down the time curtain! Lift up your eyes and look upon the world which adjoins the world with which you are nearly done! Dare to expect light brighter than the brightness of sun, music sweeter than any you have known, raptures intenser than the earth affords, life abundant and divine! — Charles E. Jefferson.

Entangling Alliances.
The mania for getting rich—the mad, false idea that we must have money—has played worse havoc among ambitious people than war or pestilence. A member of the Chicago Board of Trade says that the men of the United States contribute a hundred million dollars a year to the sharpers who promise to make them rich quick.

They work the same old scheme of a confidential letter and shrewd baiting, until the victim parts from his money. Thousands are plodding along in poverty and deprivation, chagrined and humiliated because they have not been able to get up in the world or to realize their ambitions, for the reason that they succumbed to the scheme of some smooth promoter, who hypnotized them into the belief that they

could make a great deal very quickly out of a very little.

The great fever of trying to make \$1 earn \$5 is growing more and more contagious.

Thousands are tied up by financial or other entanglements, even before they get fairly started in their life-work, that they can only transmute a tithe of their real ability or their splendid energies into that which will count in their lives. A large part of it is lost on the way up, as the energy of the coal is nearly all lost before it reaches the electric bulb. — Orison Sweet Marden in Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

STORIES ON THE ROSARY

The Agony of Our Blessed Lord in the Garden.

BY LOUISA EMILY DOBRIE.

FIAT.

The nurse maid met them at the door and took Alban up to his tea, while Bernie once remembered to rub her shoes on the mat.

"Come in here, Bernie," said Mrs. Cleve, and Bernie entered, wondering if a lecture was in prospect, and going through a swift course of self-examination as she obeyed.

Mrs. Cleve had been in town most of the day and had only just returned. She threw off her hat and rang the bell for tea as Bernie sat down near her.

"How untidy you look!" exclaimed Mrs. Cleve, who was exquisitely neat in all things, the study of clothes and her appearance generally being a most absorbing occupation to her.

Bernie did not answer. Defending herself by saying that she had been in the garden with Alban never entered her head. She moved as if to rise.

"No, don't go up. I want to talk to you," said Mrs. Cleve, taking her hat off her pretty, still sunny hair.

"It is so extremely tiresome. I have been to Dr. Warner about Alban, and he says that he must positively not spend another winter in England—you know he saw him the other day."

"No, I did not," said Bernie with a startled look in her eyes and a strange tightening at her heart.

"Yes, the day your father took him up to see his Aunt Bess. Dr. Warner happened to see him there—you know he is her brother-in-law, and he croaked a good deal about the child and now this is what he says."

"Does he then think Alban so delicate?" asked Bernie in a low voice.

"Of course the child is delicate," said Mrs. Cleve. "You are so unobservant, Bernie; you surely could see that for yourself."

Bernie was silent.

"Your father thinks we had better let the house and go abroad to Switzerland. It seems the dry, cold air is what Dr. Warner thinks will be good for Alban."

"I do hope it will," said Bernie. "Then I suppose you would go soon."

"Yes, very soon," said Mrs. Cleve, "so as to settle these things before winter finally sets in. Celia will like it, there's plenty of gaiety there—he recommends Montreux—and I don't know the place at all. Your father says that he will be able to write there, and seems rather pleased at the plan."

"But you do not like it, mother?" asked Bernie, feeling she was expected to say something.

"No, I cannot say that I do. You see, your grand-mother having just come here it makes it awkward to go away and leave her."

"Yes, I forgot."

"She came on purpose to be near us. Took that little house and brought her furniture over from Ireland, and all just to be close to us. However, of course, this is quite unforeseen."

"Shall we be long away?"

"The whole winter, and then Alban may be quite strong. Dear Pet, I hope it will work wonders for him. Your father is so anxious about it all, nothing would do but for him to go to a house-agent then and there and see about letting the house."

Bernie went up to the nursery soon and had some games with Alban, who was quite unconscious that his health was upsetting the entire family. He was a sweet-tempered child, beloved by every one, but to Bernie he was as the very apple of her eye.

In a week the house was let very favourably, and Mr. Cleve came into the drawing-room one afternoon with guide-books and maps in his hand.

"It's a capital plan. Very much better than going to a pension which I should hate, or to one of those big palaces of hotels which we could not afford."

"What is?" inquired Mrs. Cleve looking up from her occupation of trimming a very pretty travelling hat.

"You do forget so. Dick, that we haven't heard the beginning of this. I haven't the faintest idea what you are talking of."

Mr. Cleve laughed. He was a small man with spectacles, a very fussy manner and a deeply-rooted conviction that he was an unrecognized genius. As his books never brought in any money it was a good thing that he had a private income, small as it was, upon which the family lived.

"I heard from Patchett who went to Montreux last year, and he knows of just the very thing to suit us. A little flat on *troishe* in a nice house, view, and all that kind of thing, and he strongly recommends it. I think we can decide upon it."

It was all talked over, decided upon, and Bernie was busy helping to collect what was to be taken the next morning when her mother entered the room where she was upon her knees turning out a drawer.

"Mother, shall you want all those wraps; and I forget to ask you—am I to take my old serge as well as the new one?"

A strange look passed over Mrs. Cleve's face.

"Bernie, dear, I hope you won't be disappointed, but we think you can't go."

Bernie sprang to her feet.

"Mother!"

"Now, dear, do not make a fuss."

It's decided and there's no use arguing the matter. Our journey will cost far more than we expected—your father went into the whole thing last night after you had gone to bed, and so one less is a consideration. And there are other reasons.

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Bernie roused in a way her mother had never seen her before. "I cannot be separated from Alban, I cannot—I cannot. Especially now I know he is more delicate than I thought. Take me instead of Harriet—I will be his nurse and I can go third class or any way and I won't be an expense and—"

Bernie stopped. She knew her mother's face well, and noted on it an expression which she had sometimes seen on it before, and which betokened that argument was useless, opposition perfectly futile.

TO BE CONTINUED.

VERSIONS OF THE BIBLE.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Mr. Jones: "You state that we have not the originals of the Scriptures, even though we have true copies thereof. I am confident that we have. Who is to decide?"

You can decide it if you can produce or locate a single manuscript written by any one of the authors of the books of the Bible. As long as you cannot do this—and you know you cannot—you should not be so "confident" that we have them. That is the only way to decide. Copies—even true copies—are nothing more than photographs of Mr. Jones is the original of Mr. Jones.

We simply insist on the correct use of words. The incorrect use, or abuse of words, is of all the sources or errors, the most prolific; it should be avoided with strenuous care. If you sold a copy of the Transfiguration as the original of Raphael you could be prosecuted for it, and no court would let you off on the plea that it was a correct copy of the original. The very plea would be taken by the court as a confession of fraud, and it would punish you accordingly for representing a thing to be what you knew it was not—thus taking advantage of your dupe's ignorance.

Mr. Jones: "You don't seem to accept original for the Bible in any sense."

We are not talking about the Bible; we are talking of manuscripts, and no copy of a manuscript is the original manuscript. This is so plain a fact that it is surprising that any one is found—even in as smoky a place as Pittsburgh—to deny it.

Mr. Jones: "Then why does the Douay Bible in its preface say that it is made 'from the Latin Vulgate and diligently compared with original MSS.'?"

We do not know why the writer of that preface said that. We can only surmise that if he said it, he fell into the same error you did, and said "original manuscripts" when he meant manuscript copies in the language of the original manuscripts.

In the Douay Bible before us we do not find the quotation you give. But we find on its title page the following: "Holy Bible, translated from the Latin Vulgate. Diligently compared with the Hebrew, Greek and other editions, in divers languages." There is nothing here about "original manuscripts."

Mr. Jones: "If we have no true copies of originals, neither Protestants nor Catholics have the true word of God at all."

If our Lord left no means to know the Word of God, but through the fallibility of transcribers we would be in a bad way indeed. This fallible medium is not a secure enough basis to rest our faith upon, and we could never be certain that we knew the revealed truth and will of God.

But the fallibility of transcribers was not the means let us by our Lord to arrive with certainty at a knowledge of the truths He revealed. He established His Church as the supreme teacher and guide of His flock in all things whatsoever He commanded. He said: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." (Matt. 16:18.) To this Church He entrusted the whole deposit of revealed truth.

What is the Rosary? A crown of roses offered to the Blessed Mother. It is the most beautiful of prayers. It is suitable for king or peasant, Pope, philosopher or the unlettered. It is the simplest of devotions and the most sublime. It is the easiest to learn, and the most powerful with heaven. It consists of the creed, the profession of faith, three Hail Marys in honor of the Trinity, Our Father, ten Hail Marys, five times, with the "Glory be to the Father" before each Our Father. This is also called "the beads." The complete "Rosary" consists of this series repeated three times—in honor of the five joyful mysteries of Our Lord's life, in honor of the five sorrowful and in honor of the five glorious mysteries. You see it contains the creed, the acts of faith of the apostles, then the prayer taught by Our Lord; the Hail Mary, which was partly the salutation of the Angel Gabriel, and of St. Elizabeth, with the concluding petition of the Church to ask her to pray

not have the Word of God at all. It is true that you who disregard our Lord's command to hear the Church, have no better basis for your knowledge of the Word of God than the fallibility of transcribers; but not so with those who obey His command and hear His Church whom He commissioned to reach all things whatsoever He commanded.

Mr. Jones: "Whom then, am I to believe?"

You are to believe the Church which Christ established and commissioned to teach you, and commanded you to hear under pain of being considered as a heathen or a publican.

Mr. Jones: "How find the truth of divine revelation?"

As above.

Mr. Jones: "Must I go to the visible natural universe to find out God's will and ways and nature, and my relation to Him?"

As long as you persist in disregarding the will of your Redeemer and refuse to hear the Church—that agency He appointed to teach you—it makes little difference where you go to; you will not learn the things He requires you to know and to believe under penalty of damnation. "He that believeth not shall be condemned." (Mark 16:16.)

Mr. Jones: "It seems that the translators of the Douay Bible, or the ecclesiastical authorities superintending the work didn't value the original manuscript as much as they did the Vulgate version."

They did not value the original manuscripts as much as they did the Vulgate version for the very good reason that the original manuscripts had ceased to exist many centuries before they began their work. They preferred the Latin Vulgate to corrupted copies of the original manuscripts, and it appears they had good reason for it. The Rev. Thomas Hartwell Horne, no friend of the Catholic Church, says in his introduction to the Critical Study and knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, vol. I, page 277: "The Latin Vulgate preserves many true readings where the modern Hebrew copies are corrupted."

It is to these corrupted copies that the Catholic translators preferred the Latin Vulgate. This you call preferring the Vulgate to the "original manuscripts."

Mr. Jones: "Why, pray, did the Fathers of the Council of Trent declare that the Vulgate of St. Jerome was superior to the Hebrew or Greek texts?"

If they did so—and we will have something to say about that in a moment—they doubtless did it because they considered a correct translation of a document to be superior to a corrupted copy of it, such corrupted copies, for instance, as Horne, the well-known Protestant Biblical scholar, speaks of.

Mr. Jones: "The belief by a general council speaking on a matter of the highest importance for all Christendom, and rendering 'de fide' that a Latin version is superior to the original text in Hebrew and Greek, discourages further inquiry into the relative of our English translations."

Some one has been playing on your absorptive credulity. The Council of Trent made no such declaration as that which you attribute to it. The decree of the Council concerning the Vulgate was passed in the fourth session. Read it and you will wonder how you could have been so misled as to make so egregious a blunder. There is not one word or sentence in it that could suggest the statement you make; not one word about "the original text in Hebrew and Greek," no comparison whatever made. It would be interesting to know how you were seduced into making so serious a blunder. Whoever did it ought to ask your pardon for having fooled you into committing yourself so badly.

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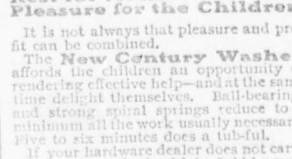
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