

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

A song in one's heart, a smile upon one's lips, a cheery, wholesome mood of good will to all kinds of people, these are so many burdens of sorrow and care and poverty and sin; so many doubts, discouragements, tempted hearts. To comfort and to make strong, to lift up and to bless—these are not missions worth while? Try it, friend, and prove how truly your own heart and mind are cheered and made brave by your very endeavor to carry sunshine into dark places.

Be a H to Where You Are. It is possible to thoroughly accept the principle that life is a battle, and yet find one's self forever doubting whether now is the time and this the place to begin to fight. "I knew that I was meant for a contest," wrote Stevenson to Meredith, "and the powers have so willed that my battlefield should be this dingy, inglorious one of the bed and the physic bottle." But, glorious or not, it was the only battlefield open to him, and he mastered it. He was not to him, and he mastered it. He was not to him, and he mastered it.

How one boy got an Education. Prof. W. H. Hatch, Superintendent of schools, Oak Park, Ill., tells in the School News and Practical Educator the story of the struggles of a black boy to get an education. Prof. Hatch's narrative shows that where the right kind of desire exists in a boy's heart for an education he will always find a way in this country for its gratification. The Catholic Record reprints the story as it may reach the eyes of our young men struggling for educational advancement and encourage them to persist in their efforts.

There lived in a certain Southern city a negro boy of uncertain age, and parentage unknown. Hearing that at Tuskegee, Ala., there was a school in which a poor black boy could work his way, he started off on foot, alone, penniless. A tramp of one hundred and fifty miles brought him to the school, and he had the good fortune to secure admittance. I say good fortune, since it is a sad fact that twelve hundred negro boys and girls, eager to work for their schooling, were turned away from this school last year for lack of accommodations. Here each student must learn a trade. If he has no money with which to pay his way he works at his assigned trade during the day and attends evening classes. For this work he receives no money, but a certain credit, measured in dollars and cents, upon the books of the institution. From this credit is deducted \$8.00 each month to pay his living expenses. The remainder is allowed to accumulate until there is sufficient to pay his expenses for a term, when he is permitted to attend the day classes. He still continues to work in the shops for about one-half of the time. Each student must do a certain amount of work on the farm and among the stock. Here the young man found his place. He began to learn the text of my little sermon. To use his own expression in relating his experience, he said: "I looked about to find something that needed to be done, but was not being done." It seems to me that this poor, neglected black boy bit off a big chunk of practical wisdom when he arrived at this conclusion.

He found that there was no one whose duty it was to look after the lame horses and sick cows, and soon began to appear on the scene in such cases, and to show that he knew what to do for them. Five years of hard work night and day in connection with his studies followed. To-day he has charge of all the veterinary work in this large institution with hundreds of head of valuable stock under his care. He is about ready to take a course in a professional school in the North and fit himself for professor's chair in veterinary work in some such institution.

And all by a man who knows neither his age nor his parentage, and who five years ago was a poor, neglected negro boy, being knocked about a Southern city!

Some Helpful Thoughts. If you wish to labor in peace at the work of self-correction, keep your heart as much as possible in the calm of prayer, and in the familiar presence of God, during the day.—Laocadia.

The call to cheerfulness is not in any sense a call to charity. The cheerful man is helping himself more than he can possibly help anyone else, but see what a line of self help it is, since through it he is constantly doing for others.—Leigh Mitchell Hodges.

The generous soul never sinks. There is always that in generosity which buoy, which make one free, above condition, above convention, above the law by which the prudent soul is measured or repaid.—L. Hamilton French.

Love, joy, peace, patience, goodness, meekness, temperance, forgiveness of injuries, thankfulness—these are the gifts that truly enrich a man. And as no man can be called poor who abounds in these, so no man is rich if he does not possess such wealth. Envy no man gifts material, but strive after the real riches of imperishable life.—Rev. John J. Donlan.

Viewed as discipline, adversity becomes man's best teacher. Reverses are the tests of strength. The man who can meet them courageously and calmly and retain the dignity of his nature while he conquers the rebuffs of the world, is a hero. To suffer loss in one way or another is the lot of humanity. He who cannot swallow and digest his draught from the bitter cup, and gain new strength thereby, is a weakling. Clouds of adversity will scatter at the conqueror like mists before the sun.

Hearts are linked to hearts by G. G. The friend on whose fidelity you can count, whose success in life flushes your cheek with honest satisfaction, whose triumphant career you have traced and read with a heart throbbing

varied diversion which is healthful as well as pleasant. Sketching and natural history have similar attractions.

The best hobbies are intellectual ones—science, art, and literature. They not only delight and recreate their devotees, but are also preservative against selfishness, vulgarity and worldliness. They have, however, one disadvantage—that they are apt to be ridden too hard, and thus, instead of refreshing and invigorating, to send a man back to his work fatigued and depressed. Such was the case with that English glutton of work, Sir George C. Lewis, who, when chancellor of the exchequer, home secretary, and secretary of war, devoted himself, in the intervals of his official labors, to the study of history, politics, philology, anthropology, and antiquarianism, and to the copying of Greek manuscripts in the British Museum. The result was that he died at the age of fifty-seven, when, if he had had fewer hobbies, and ridden them less hard, he might probably have lived to fourscore or longer. "Blessed is the man that has a hobby!" says Lord Brougham, who kept a whole stable of them, and I agree with him; but I agree also with Bulwer that it will not do to have more than one at a time. "One hobby leads you out of extravagance. A team of hobbies you can not drive, till you are rich enough to find corn for them all."—W. Matthews in Success.

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almost as if it were a thing alive, for whose honor you would answer as for your own—that friend, given to you by circumstances over which you have no control, was God's own gift.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.
STORIES OF THE ROSARY

The Agony of Our Blessed Lord in the Garden.

By LOUISA EMILY DOBREE.

FIAT.

Bernadine Cleve, usually called Bernie, was a slight, dark-eyed girl with brown hair, which was usually very untidy hanging over her brows and down her back. She was pale, had indifferent features but a mouth which betrayed very great sensitiveness.

Sixteen is not a favorable age for girls in general, and Bernie who was exceptionally awkward in her movements seemed to increase in ungainliness. She could never come into a room or leave it gracefully; her dancing mistress could do nothing with her, and as she was short-sighted she had got into a way of poking her head forward, which certainly was not pretty.

All her life Bernie had been dubbed curious, queer, unlike other children, and as her mother now said, she was really "impossible," though what she exactly meant by the word no one quite knew.

She had been a silent child, and the habit had grown upon her. It was wonderful how very little she spoke as a rule, and how seldom that little was about herself and her own interests. In the nursery she had been ruled and lorded over by Celia her sister, who was two years her senior, and had taken a secondary place submissively because she really found it was best to do so. She was considered plain—though no one with those wonderful eyes and expressive mouth could be so—Celia was a beauty. She was awkward as we have seen, Celia was a little elf-like being, never ungainly, and possessed even from nursery days with tact and savoir faire. She never said the wrong things to people, she was seldom in the way, and she had the knack of being able to play and romp without destroying her clothes as poor Bernie seldom failed to do.

Then Celia was clever, and had picked up French from their French maid, while Bernie never succeeding in doing so, and in school days it was the same story. The popular, pretty Celia, so bright, sweet and amiable was indeed unlike her grave, silent sister to whom no look very much like her own. Celia had plenty of friends both in the nuns and the girls, and no end of sympathy if her little finger ached. She liked it and talked about her pains and aches, her troubles and trials, whereas Bernie maintained a strict silence on all these subjects. If she suffered she held her tongue about it, and on one occasion fainted from pain in her head which she had borne for days and had not mentioned.

The pretty mother of the girls, who had married while in her teens, was fonder of Celia than Bernie, and took no pains to hide it, not thinking that it would hurt her child, and she concluded that Bernie was not sensitive, and she considered her sulky and had little patience with her.

But five years before this story opens a great and wonderful event had happened which had altered Bernie's life considerably. On their return home from school one Christmas vacation they found the household increased by the arrival of a small person who promised to be a very important member of it. Mr. Cleve was enchanted, so was his wife, and the girls were even in their own way extremely pleased at baby's arrival.

Cleve were poor, for Mr. Cleve was an unsuccessful literary man and had no other profession, and of course baby meant the expense of a nurse. But that did not matter he said.

The very instant Bernie saw the baby her heart went out to him in a way that astonished her. She had hardly understood the meaning of the wonderful thrill of passionate affection which that little crumpled face evoked, nor the tremulous joy which she experienced when she touched the tiny waxen fingers and felt them cling to hers.

From the first baby took to Bernie very much, and as the nurse was not very experienced she had a good deal to do with him, comforting him when he cried and amusing him patiently for hours at a time.

For after this term the girls were at home, going only to a convent near by day-boarding so that they saw as much as they liked of their baby brother.

As the months went on Bernie spent more and more time in the nursery, and her mother found it very useful to have her there. Bernie was never a strong baby, and his delicacy was a source of anxiety to his parents and his nurse, who, however, hardly realized how very frail he was.

The love of the child for his sister was very great. He could be quieted by her when every one else failed to do so; he preferred her games to those of any one else, and no one was jealous of him; for much as every one loved him no one wanted him as much as Bernie did. It was so lovely to be with him! With the others she was subjected to the frank criticism which obtains in families more or less, and which hurt her sensitiveness more than it would any one with a tougher skin. But Bernie was never critical nor given when he could speak to finding fault with her. There were no great demands upon her intellect when with him, and she could be certain of never hearing that slight of despair over her when they failed to make her understand what was so perfectly clear to them.

And the love so warmed her heart that Bernie looked a different being, at least when with her little brother who made her world completely.

She had never been a very religious girl, but since she had had Alban to love, and whose childish affection was so sweet to her, it had been different.

The human affection had taught her, as it so often does, a little of the love of God and the value He deigns to set on the love of the human hearts He created. Of course Bernie had known of the delicacy of Alban, but somehow or other she never really grasped the fact that it was a matter for anxiety until one day. She had been having a game with him in the nursery and then they went to the garden. The nurse-maid was out and it was a half holiday so that Bernie could give herself up to what was her very greatest enjoyment and treat—a whole afternoon with Alban.

Their suburban garden was showing signs of autumn, for the trees were golden brown and there was the peculiar odor of the season noticeable even in that small space. Bernie had a sailor hat stuck anyhow on her dark locks which fell willfully over her face as she bent over the small, golden-haired child who was intent upon doing up his garden.

The two were excellent friends and understood each other thoroughly. Alban had a sympathiser in all his anxieties about his few flowers, and Bernie as she talked to him threw heart and soul into the subject. No one would have known her to have been the same girl who had sat silent and shy and suffering inwardly very much all through luncheon the day before when the two Dalzells, friends of Celia, had been there.

She did not understand the three very smart girls; half they talked about was as Greek to her, and she had no smart retort or repartee when they ventured on a little banter or tried to tease her. She could never see a joke. Perhaps because she was so extremely tired of always being made the subject of them as was the case at home. Of course she did all kinds of things she should not do and forget what she ought to have done.

Twice her mother had had to ask her to pass the water, and in her nervous haste to do so when she took in the request she split some on the table. Mr. Cleve had shrugged his shoulders over her blunt answers when she was spoken to, and altogether she felt as if the dreadful time of luncheon would never come to an end. She knocked over a chair in her hurry to escape from the dining room, and rushed upstairs in manifest relief without saying good-bye to the guests.

But in the garden she was quite different. Her voice as she spoke to Alban was wonderfully gentle and sweet; she seemed to know exactly what to do and say, and she assented from the deepest depths of her heart when Alban with a look of great content said, "Aren't we having fun, Bernie?"

Just then she was called sharply by her mother, who had a high, rather hard voice.

"Bernie, do for goodness' sake bring Alban in, it is much too damp for him to be out."

"Very well, mother," answered Bernie, drawing herself up, and wondering that remarks on her stooping had not been added.

TO BE CONTINUED.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

OF THE DAY OF ETERNITY, AND OF THE MISERIES OF THIS LIFE.

For this reason thou, Eternal Truth, hast plainly said, Where thy treasure is there is thy heart also. (Matt. vi. 21).

If I love heaven I willingly think on heavenly things. If I love the world, I rejoice in the prosperity of the world and am troubled at its adversity. If I love the flesh, my imagination is often taken up with the things of the flesh.

If I love the spirit, I delight to think of spiritual things. For whatsoever things I love of the same I willingly speak and hear, and carry home with me the images of them. But blessed is the man who, after the Lord, leteth go all things created; who offereth violence to his nature, and through fervour of spirit crucifieth the concupiscences of the flesh; that so with a serene conscience he may offer to These pure prayer, and may be worthy to be admitted among the choirs of Angels, having shut out all things of the earth both from without and within.

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"Were St. Augustine to revisit Canterbury," says the Pittsburg Catholic, "he most certainly would not recognize Mr. Davidson, by the grace of King Edward the Episcopal Archbishop of that see, as his legitimate successor. This Anglican prelate, now visiting in America, claims to be the ninety-fifth Archbishop of Canterbury, and successor to the great St. Augustine. The religion of the St. Augustines was the religion of the Pope, who sent him to England and made him Archbishop of Canterbury. There were no Episcopalians in St. Augustine's day. Their creed is an invention of one Henry VIII., and the utmost good that may be said of it is that it is better than his founder's life and morals. Dr. Davidson is without doubt a most excellent man, irreproachable in morals, and let us believe consistent in his religious belief, and draws the highest ecclesiastical salary in English Christendom, but he is a masquerader when he claims the lawful succession to the see of Canterbury from the Roman Catholic, St. Augustine."

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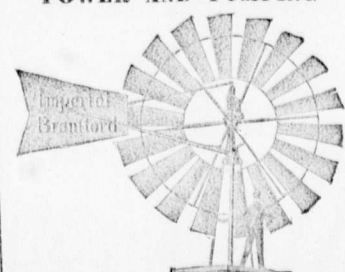
It is said that the expression "Alma Mater," now so commonly used of universities and colleges, had its origin in the University of Bonn, from the beautiful statue of Alma Mater (the Blessed Mother of Christ), erected over the principal portal of the building. That magnificent edifice, originally intended as a palace for the Elector Archbishop, was finished in 1730, but has been used as a university since 1818.

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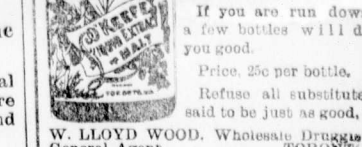
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