

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Every good Catholic citizen should keep wrongdoing down. Let Catholics set their faces like flint against dishonesty, greed, political corruption, maladministration and the tyranny of the political boss, and all will be well with us as a people.—Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy.

Of the Greatest Advantage. Order in all things is of the greatest advantage; it drives away idleness and dullness of spirit; it prevents many temptations and difficulties; it affords an opportunity of doing well, and with ease, many things; lastly, it makes one live for God.

The Dead Line in Industry. How old are you? If you are fifty, according to the newspaper philosopher, you have crossed the dead line. It is the nervous strain of modern life uses men up early; yet this is probably not so much the effect of work as the result of the reserve forces of our vitality being sapped in earlier years by late hours, by stimulants, by the excessive use of tobacco, and the like.

The recent action of several corporations in discharging men over a certain age, who had not been promoted during their connection with their firms, has nothing to do with gray hairs. It is simply a matter of the men not "making good." This action by these companies is a warning to young men that they must prove their worth in young manhood, that the dead line in industry is reached when a firm finds out that a man, after a certain term of service, has shown no special ability, no special skill worthy of promotion.—Catholic Columbian.

From Laborer to Railway President. In rising from one of the humblest positions in the railroad service to become president of the Rock Island, Mr. B. L. Winchell has followed a main travelled road to railway promotion.

He began as a machine-shop laborer, as did the general manager of the Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern and the general manager of Canada and Atlantic. President Underwood of the Erie, former General Manager Chaffee of the Alton, and General Manager Schaaf of the "Big Four" started as brakemen. The general manager of the Missouri Pacific began as a telegraph operator, and the Burlington's general manager, W. C. Brown, corded wood for locomotives. The Lackawanna's president, Mr. Truesdale, and a recent New York Central president, S. R. Callaway, started as auditor's clerks. President Newman of the Lake Shore was a station agent.

The list is a long and honorable one. It shows how largely a boy's future is in his own hands and how industry and common sense may compensate for the lack of college education. Mr. Winchell is forty-six—past the age at which Hannibal was writing himself down "an old man." As a matter of fact the best part of his life is but beginning.—Catholic Columbian.

Opportunity. If you make yourself fit for the work you want to do, the opportunity will come to you. It must. If you are forth of a gold mine at the North Pole or at the Equator, men will dare the extreme of natural perils in either direction to get at it. A man is more than a mine. If you have trained yourself into a man of the hour, a man whom the world needs, you can't escape its demand for you.—Bourke Cockran.

Beware of Pessimism. Keep to the broad highways of Hope and Cheerfulness. Expect to succeed. Think success and you will succeed. Keep out of the back alleys of gloom and pessimism. Join the procession of the cheerful, the willing and the hopeful. Be sanguine. Know the pleasures of living. Beware of the encroachment of the carping, pessimistic spirit. It is a hardy plant. It takes root easily in the mind, and, like the thistle, when once it gains a foothold it is well nigh impossible to uproot. But it cannot live in an atmosphere of sunshine and cheerfulness. Therefore, keep to the highways. Keep out of the back alleys.

Make Every Day Count. Make up your mind, at the very outset of the day, that you will accomplish something that will amount to something; that you will not allow callers to chip away your time and that you will not permit the little annoyances of your business to spoil your day's work. Make up your mind that you will be larger than the trifles which cripple and cramp mediocre lives and that you will rise above petty annoyances and interruptions and carry out your plans in a large and commanding way. Make every day of your life count for something; make it an added day, but as an added day with something worthy achieved.—O. S. M.

The Case of Many Failures. Your judgment must dwell in the depths of your nature, like the calm waters in the depths of the sea, out of the reach of the waves of emotion, passion, or moods, or the advice or criticism of others, and beyond the reach of superficial disturbance. This is the kind of judgment that is always sought in any matter of weight or importance,—one which is beyond the reach of the influence of anything but the right. One of the tragedies of life is to see magnificent ability held down by some little weakness, when, perhaps, most of the faculties are strong and vigorous. Thousands of people, to day, are struggling along in mediocrity with ability enough to have taken them to the heights where excellence dwells, but for one lack in their nature,—ability to decide quickly and finally. The tragedies of untrusting judgments have given the world more failures than actual incompetence.—O. S. Marden in Success

Some Helpful Thoughts. Look out for the brightest side of things, and keep thy face constantly turned to it.—Jeremy Bentham. Freedom is not to do as we like; it is the capacity of doing as we ought.—Westcott.

In all things judge as little as you can. It is a very simple course to re-trench all decisions that are not necessary for us. This is not irresolution; it

is the simple distrust of ourselves, and a practical detachment from our own ideas, which extends to everything, even to the commonest things.—Lacordaire.

Would You Carry Youth Into Age? Avoid anger, discord, hurry, or anything else that exhausts vitality or over-stimulates. Whatever frets, worries, or robs you of peace or sleep will make you prematurely old.

Release to allow the mind to stiffen the muscles by the suggestion of age limitation. Age is a mental state, brought about by mental conviction. You are only as old as you feel. Form a habit of throwing off, before going to bed at night, all the cares and anxieties of the day,—everything which can possibly cause mental wear and tear or deprive you of rest.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. STORIES ON THE ROSARY.

By LOUISA EMILY DOBREE. The Crowning of Our Lady in Heaven. THE PROVING OF JOSIE. They seemed and were more intensely real than the objects on which her eyes rested, the lighted sanctuary, the priests, the congregation, the pictures and statues; and those inner voices speaking to her soul deafened her to the voice which rose and fell in the supplications of the rosary.

She longed for beauty, knowing that she had none of it; she envied her sister, she craved for the affection her mother lavished on Veronica, and of which she was sure she had so little share. Jealousy ever exaggerates, and the more Josie thought of her grievances, the greater they appeared to her, until by the time the Salve was reached she had worked herself into a fit of rebellion, and into believing that these passionate feelings were more natural causes for self-pity rather than for self-quest.

The force of her unseem emotions was so great that she was spent and tired when she sat down after the hymn, for there was to be a brief instruction. During the month of October on five nights of the three first weeks there had been a short instruction on the rosary, one Mystery each evening. On the fourth week the Salve Regina was to be the subject.

The usual preacher was ill, and another Dominican had taken his place, speaking on this Friday evening on the last of all the Mysteries. Josie was impelled to listen, and as the quiet words fell on her ear they touched and impressed her. The Father spoke of the "crown of glory and garland of joy" into which the "crown of tribulation" worn by the Mater Dolorosa had "blossomed." Her perseverance was her glory; her crown was her humility; her patience was her fidelity, she herself being the queen of spiritual flowers.

Sitting ever at God's right hand, she hears our prayers, and can obtain for us that which is in accordance with His Will. The explanations were so clear that any child could have followed and understood them, and as Josie listened she could not help thinking how different was that Immaculate Heart of Mary to her own. A life Josie had felt it very hard to be good, and the struggle had begun as soon as she knew right from wrong, and could discern the difference between good and evil. Baptismal grace had worked in her soul. Her first confession had been a great reality to her, far greater than the generalality of children, for poor Josie knew even then a little of the power of evil, and of the war which begins, even in the early childhood of some people, between nature and grace. Lately she had been taking herself too easily, making every excuse possible for herself, magnifying her temptations, thinking they were beyond her to conquer, and now came the hearing words of the preacher to help her. The priest spoke a good deal on the words of St. James: "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he hath been proved, he shall receive the crown of life, which God hath promised to them that love Him." Temptations connected with our own faults, said the preacher, were all part of the "proving." Were there no cross there could be no crown; were there no struggles there could be no victory. It every-where was needed on which perseverance and interruptions and carry out your plans in a large and commanding way.

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whose faith was strong, and love for the children entrusted to her very great. She had died when Josie was nine and Veronica ten, but the lessons she had taught them in the big nursery school, forgotten, and destined never to be forgotten, and beyond the veil, no doubt, her prayers followed them.

When Josie lost her father it had been a great blow to her. Life had never been an easy matter to her, and he had been so sympathetic and kind, understanding her childish griefs and entering into her difficulties, her interest, and joys, as no one had done before or since. He had been a man of great reserve of character, saying little, doing much, and to Josie he was an ideal of all that was noblest and best. Often and often he had discovered, as her mother never did, what it was that caused the fits of sullenness or outburst of temper; he saw clearly how jealousy of her sister was growing, even from very early nursery days, and he had spoken of it to his wife, who smiled, said Josie was a goose, and dismissed the subject from her mind.

Now and then a few words from her father had calmed the child when in one of these storms, or else some well-directed words of praise or encouraging appreciation had done their work and healed the sores made by wounded pride and the difficulty of overcoming herself.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE PRESENCE OF JESUS.

FATHER FABER IN "THE PRECIOUS BLOOD."

Sorrow without Christ is not to be endured. Such a lot would be worse than that of the beasts of the field, because the possession of reason would be an additional unhappiness. The same is true of sickness and pain. What is the meaning of pain, except the purification of our soul? Who could bear it for years, if there were no significance in it, no future for it, no real work which it was actually occupied in doing? Here also the possession of reason would render the patience of beasts impossible to us. The long, pining, languishing sick-bed, with its interminable nights and days, its wretched memories, its keen susceptibilities, its crowded and protracted inward biography, its burdensome epochs of monotony,—what would this be, if we knew not the Son of God, if Jesus never had been Man, if His grace of endurance had not actually gone out of His Heart into ours that we might love even while we murmured, and believe most in mercy when it was showing itself least merciful?

In poverty and hardship, in the accesses of temptation, in the intemperate ardors of youth or the cynical fatigue of age, in the successive failures of our plans, in the disappointments of our affections, in every crisis and revolution of life, Jesus seems so necessary to us that it appears as if He were more necessary to-day than He was yesterday, and would be still more urgently wanted on the morrow. But, if He is thus indispensable in life, how much more will He be indispensable in death! Who could dare to die without Him? What would death be, if He had not so strangely and so graciously died Himself? Yet what is death compared with judgment? Surely most of all He will be wanted then. "Wanted! Oh, it is something more than a want, when so unspeakable a ruin is inevitably before us! Want is a poor word to use, when the alternative is everlasting woe. Dearest Lord! the light of the sun and the air of heaven are not so needful to us as Thou art; and our happiness, not merely our greatest, but our only, happiness, is in this dear necessity!"

Nobody is without Jesus in the world. Even the lost in hell are suffering less than they should have suffered, because of the ubiquity of His powerful Blood. Yet there are some nations who are so far without Him, as to have no saving knowledge of Him! Alas! There are still heathen lands in this fair world. There are tribes and nations who worship stocks and stones, who make gods of the unseen devils, who tremble before the powers of nature as if they were at once almighty and malicious, or who live in perpetual fear of the souls of the dead. There are some of the sweetest social relations are embittered by the terrors and panics of their own false religions; and the innocent sunshine of delightful climate is unfrequently polluted by human sacrifices. Yet these people dwell in the inheritance. Amidst the savage sylvan sublimities of the Rocky Mountains, on the eastern declivities of the magnificent Andes, in the glorious gorges of the Himalayas, in the flowery coral-islands of the Pacific, or in those narrow Eden lands by the warm seas of the Indian archipelago, human life is made inhuman by the horrors of a false religion. Let us take a picture from the banks of the Quango, in the interior of Africa. In speaking of the people, Dr. Livingstone says, "I have often thought, in travelling through their land, that it presents pictures of beauty which angels might enjoy. How often have I beheld, in still mornings, scenes the very essence of beauty and all bathed in a quiet air of delicious warmth! Yet the occasional soft motion imparted a pleasing sensation of coolness as of a fan. Green grassy meadows, the cattle feeding, the goats browsing, the kids skipping, the groups of herdboys with miniature bows, arrows and spears; the women wending their way to the river with watering-pots poised jauntily on their heads; men sewing under the shady banians and the grand old trees sitting on the ground with staff in hand, listening to the morning gossip, while others carry trees or branches to repair their hedges; and all this, flooded with the bright African sunshine, and the birds singing among the branches before the heat of the day has become intense, form pictures which can never be forgotten." (Travels, p. 441.) Nevertheless, he tells us that they cannot "enjoy their luxurious climate," so

completely and habitually do they fancy themselves to be in the ramorous power of the disembodied souls. Around our daily path, on the other hand, are strewn the memorials and blessing of Jesus. There is the morning Mass and the evening Benediction. Three times a day the Angelus brings afresh its sweet tidings of the Incarnation. Our early meditation has left a picture of Jesus on our souls to last the livelong day. Our heads have to be bowed, and they too tell of Jesus. When we wish to rest at night, His commendation of His Soul upon the Cross prompts the words which come most natural to our lips. Think of these poor heathen, wandering savior-less over their beautiful lands,—what if we were like to them? And what perchance would they have been if they had but half our grace.

There are many who call themselves after the name of Christ, who are yet outside the Church of Christ. They are in every way a woeful lot. To be so near Jesus and yet not to be in His blessed fold,—to be within reach of His unsearchable riches, and yet to miss of them, to be so blessed by His neighborhood, and yet not to be savingly united to Him—this is indeed an desolation. Their creed is words: it is not life. They know not the redeeming grace of Jesus rightly. They understand not the mysterious dispositions of His Sacred Heart. They know not His hidden Sacraments, they know God only wrongly and partially. Their knowledge is neither light nor love. TO BE CONTINUED.

MISREPRESENTATION OF THE CATHOLIC FAITH.

A correspondent asks, deprecatingly, says the Monitor, what is the use of the Catholic press forever pitching into Protestants? This is not a new query, by any means, though it is always a very mistaken one. The Catholic press does not "pitch into" Protestants. There would certainly be no use doing so, even if Christian charity and good manners did not forbid it. What the Catholic press does "pitch into" are the errors of Protestantism, and Protestantism and practices. There are enough of these to keep the Catholic press busy twenty-four hours a day every day in the year without going into futile personalities. Our correspondent, like a good many others, confounds criticism of a system with abuse of its adherents. They are two widely different things.

One of the chief features of the Catholic press' mission, if it has a mission, is to meet and relate misrepresentation of things Catholic. Nearly all the prejudices against the "religion of Rome" and all the abuse of its principles, arise from a misunderstanding of both, sometimes through ignorance and sometimes from other motives. If Catholicity and its history and its methods were what they are frequently asserted to be by the Church's enemies, our separated friends would be entirely justified in their hostility. It would be not only their right but their duty as well, to do everything in their power to counteract the influence of an institution so unworthy of the respect and confidence of reasonable people.

But, as it happens, the dreadful qualities ascribed to the Church are alien to her true character as it is possible for her to be foreign to another. The putative attributes which excite the detestation of sectarians are not in any sense a part of the Church, and they are as unlovely in the eyes of Catholics as they can be to those of non-Catholics. It is not the religion, the devotions and practices, the doctrines and discipline of the Catholic Church which our critics reprobate, but their own misconceptions of these, founded upon erroneous knowledge, or often upon lack of any knowledge at all concerning the truth.

In pointing out the false position which non-Catholics, and zealots than informers, necessarily assume in attacking the Church, the Catholic press cannot be accused of "pitching into" the offenders, whatever may be thought of its attitude toward their offense. It is time that the conduct of those who pretend to know what they are talking about, in framing accusations based either on ignorance or malice, is sometimes characterized as it deserves to be, but that is no injustice in whose name of well-meaning persons, in whose name of the trustees, presume to speak. Preachers are usually the greatest sinners in this respect, and their motives are commonly such as the least morally sensitive among their number would not care to confess. A craving for that attention to themselves to which sensational utterances offer the shortest cut to men in their profession, can be safely set down as the inspiration of nearly all the public abuse and vituperation of Catholics and their faith, that occurs.

It is surely not a breach of charity or good manners on the part of the Catholic press to call a spade a spade when occasion demands. The solicitude of certain Catholics for the "feelings" of our separated brethren, does more credence to their hearts than to their heads. Why it should be deemed fitting in Catholics to sit silent under unprovoked and unwarranted attacks upon their religion, rather than put up with a proper defense, is beyond our comprehension. Various forms of attack must be met in a variety of ways, but the method employed should, and usually does, as far as we have observed, aim at bringing out the truth clearly. That is a very different thing from what our over-sensitive correspondent implies by "pitching into" the subject.

The Baroness Mabel Schwenk, an English lady, has been received into the Church and has had an audience with the Holy Father.

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