

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Catholic Columbian. With tactful and graceful pen a charming young lady contributor expresses these opinions regarding the subject of our latest symposium: Qualities Most Admired in Our Catholic Young Men.

Chivalry need not be wholly a masculine virtue. There has been such a wall of late over our Catholic young man that it seems only chivalrous to say a word in his defense.

He is "ours" to begin with, and that is something, as a sturdy mother said martially of her bow-legged child. (Y. M., we apologize!) Not that the Catholic young man is usually bow-legged; far from us to raise so ignominious a suspicion. On the contrary he is, as a rule, far better built, stronger, more manly than many of his fellow citizens. To begin with, he has had, at least it is to be hoped he has had, a good and virtuous father and mother, a father and mother to whom marriage has been a divine sacrament and not a contract to be dissolved at will, to whom the advent of a child has been a sign of God's blessing and benediction and not—alas! that it should ever happen—an irksome burden reluctantly borne.

The Catholic young man has had the advantage of a Christian home, of an education in which God has not been left out; how can he be otherwise than the peer of any man on earth? He has been saved by the teaching of the Church as well as by common sense, from that delusion by which many are blinded, namely, that the sowing of wild oats can ever be a profitable crop. To see life! What has it, in vulgar estimation, come to mean? Not life that is noble and grand and soul stirring, not a life of high ambitions and lofty aims, but a life whose first intoxication glosses over the brutalities and bestialities beneath. "Wine, women and song!" cried Luther, and women have been resenting that they should have a place in the trio ever since.

How many a man who has come at last into man's estate who has met and revered and loved, if he still is capable of it, the one woman whom the Lord intended for him, has been ashamed, has despaired of offering her the husks of a degraded heart, and has cried out in anguish and sorrow: "Would to God it had been different!" And so young lives have been broken, hearts once destined for each other have been reft apart. Women that might have been happy wives and mothers, now disillusioned in their heroes, must perforce take up their lives again, and in work for their hands find ease for their hearts. All because of this unhappy notion that a young man must "see life!"

It reminds one of that story of the young man who was talking to the pilot on one of our big steamers.

"How long," he asked, "have you been pilot on these waters?"

"Twenty five years; and I came up and down many times before I was pilot."

"Then," said the young man, "I should think you must know every rock and sand bank in the river."

The old man smiled at the youth's simplicity, and replied:

"Oh, no, I don't; but I know where the deep water is."

That is what we want to know—the safe path and how to keep it. That is what the Catholic young man knows, and if he does not always keep it he is the exception rather than the rule. And so when he comes to marry he is able to offer to his wife what he expects of her, an unsullied heart; and there is every reason to hope that such a marriage will be a happy one.

Nowhere do the virtues of the Catholic young man shine forth more brightly than in his love making. Reverencing all women, even the lowliest, how much more must he reverence the woman whom he hopes to call his wife. He is manly, he is honorable, he does not, like our friend, our erstwhile friend Charley, who has been figuring recently in the columns of the *Columbian*, win a girl's heart, get her to promise to marry him, and then, sheepishly inform her that he has been all a mistake and that "he cannot leave his mother." It is a question whether such a milk and watery youth could even support—not to speak of his mother and sisters—support himself. He ought to be still in a baby carriage and wearing a bib.

The poor girl is indeed to be pitied who wasted all the precious freightage of a woman's love on a wight like that. She has one consolation. If she has had him as a lover she will be spared him as a husband. That is much.

The typical Catholic young man does not act like that. He thinks before he speaks; a promise once given is irrevocable, he loves "deliberately, undisappointingly, fruitfully." He realizes what it is to win a woman's heart, and he is humble as well as proud for the gift in his keeping. He does not tell her of his love and at the same time that he "will never marry," he does not, when met at first by refusal, spoil his persistence by sentimentality and spooning. He reverences her too much to try to tempt her into doing what she, because of her more delicate conscience, might think wrong. It is easy to predict that love-making like this will be crowned with wedded joy.

Indeed it is one of the shining characteristics of the Catholic young man, his reverence for womanhood. The young man who loves and cares for his mother will love and care for his wife, and the young man who does not care for his mother—let all girls beware of any desire to be his wife. And we have too many instances of the self-

CATHOLICISM IN CANADA.

Its Rapid Progress and Firm Foundations—Strong Parishes—Bright Outlook.

Catholic Union and Times.

To the student of Church history it is not surprising that the advance of Catholicity in Canada should be rapid, steady and enduring, considering that its early foundations were securely laid by the zealous French missionaries, who left the comforts and civilization of their own land to carry the saving Gospel word to the rude Indian tribes who occupied the wild forest lands in the newly discovered country. But the separation from home was only the first step in the long and painful series of sacrifices which the holy men had to endure for the sake of Christ.

The Indians, who always had some vague notion of the existence of a supreme being, or, in their phrase, Great Spirit, began to realize more vividly that there must be such an over-ruling Providence, and that those holy men whom they had treated so barbarously were His ambassadors, bearing to them messages of peace and eternal salvation. These gleams of supernatural light falling upon the savage breast softened and Christianized it and thenceforward their wicked attitude was changed into one of love and reverence for the priests who came to minister to their spiritual welfare.

Before any appreciable conquests to the true faith had been made however, many of the heroic Jesuit missionaries had laid down their lives only to take up the martyr's crown, and never was more forcible lesson taught or clearer proof given of the truth of the fact, that "the blood of the martyr is the seed of the Church," for upon the dearly bought foundations Catholicism sprang up and flourished with almost incredible rapidity.

Of course, old Quebec was then, as it still is, the central point of Catholicity in New France. Within its sacred walls holy nuns from Paris established convents, hotels Dieu, educational and charitable institutions, wherein the pure gospel truths of faith, hope and charity were zealously taught and scattered broadcast over the infant colony. This impetus having been given to the civilizing and Christianizing movement, it went gloriously forward, adding strength to strength and conquest to conquest. Nor did the courageous Jesuits content themselves with planting Christ's kingdom in New France alone, for Marquette and his reverend co-missionaries penetrated as far as the Rocky Mountains, and into the Mississippi, planting the standard of salvation along their route and leaving behind them enduring memorials of their holy work and untiring efforts for the propagation of the true faith.

A period came, however, in the new Catholic French colony, when national events took place which threatened to stay the onward march of Catholicity. I here refer to the English conquest; but even this untoward event had not the power to stop the growth and influence of the Church in the conquered colony.

In truth and fairness to the conquerors it must be stated that England dealt with the conquered in a broad spirit of liberality, and accorded to them their religious and educational rights, while she also left them their laws and constitutional privileges. All of these were duly guaranteed by treaty compacts between France and England, but the latter's interpretation of the various clauses of the agreement were humane and liberal.

While historical fact demands this acknowledgment, there can be hardly a doubt that the Protestant victors hoped to turn the colony into a veritable Anglican stronghold, second only to Britain herself in its adoption and adherence to the new form of worship as by law established. This was a mis-calculation, for the Christian inhabitants of French Canada were thoroughly fixed in the precepts and principles of the true religion, and they had besides before their mental vision the memory of what hardships their forefathers had endured for the faith, and the thrilling impression left by the conduct of the early Jesuit martyrs was still alive.

Fortified by the recollection of these by-gone acts of Christian bravery, the French Canadian race have unflinchingly clung to the sacred religion of their fathers. As time went on and Catholic Ireland kept sending out her missionary priests and true Catholic peasantry, a certain proportion of them made Canada their adopted country, and into whichever village or hamlet those lay missionaries entered it forthwith became a center of Catholicity. At first, perhaps, Mass would have to be celebrated in the rude log hut, then in the modest frame church, later in a store or brick edifice of larger dimensions, and finally in the gorgeous cathedral.

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DOES GOD EXIST?

A Simple But Powerful Lesson From the Great Archbishop Fenelon.

Fenelon, the great and the good Archbishop of Cambrai, whose name is honored even by the irreligious, was walking one evening with a child confided to his fatherly care.

The heavens glittered with a thousand stars. The horizon was still gilded by the last rays of setting sun. All nature was at rest, beautiful and sublime. The child asking what hour it was, he drew out his watch.

"What a beautiful watch, MONSEIGNEUR!" said his young pupil. "Will you allow me to look at it?"

The Archbishop gave it to him, and as the child examined it closely, "it is a very singular thing, my dear Louis," said Fenelon calmly, "that that watch made itself."

"Made itself?" repeated the child, looking at his master with a smile.

"Yes, entirely alone. A traveler found it in some desert, and it is quite certain that it made itself."

"That is impossible," young Louis answered. "Monsieur, you are laughing at me."

"No, my child, I am not laughing at you. What is there impossible in what I have said?"

"But, Monsieur, a watch could never make itself!"

"And why?"

"Because so much precision is needed in the arrangement of the thousand little wheels which cause its motion and make the hands keep time, that it requires great intelligence to organize it, and even then very few men really succeed in spite of all their pains. That such a thing could make itself is absolutely impossible. I shall never believe it. You have been deceived, Monsieur."

Fenelon embraced the child and pointing out to him the starlit heavens above their heads, he asked: "What will you say then, my dear Louis, of those who pretend that all the wondrous heavens have not only made themselves but preserve themselves in an unbroken order, and that there is no God?"

"Are there truly men so foolish and so wicked as to say that?" asked Louis.

"Yes, dear child, there are those who say it; few in number, thank God."

"But are there any who believe it?"

"I can scarcely credit there are, considering how entirely they must do violence to their reason, their hearts, their instinct and their good sense before they can maintain such an opinion. If it be evident that a watch cannot make itself, is it not far more evident of a man himself, by whom watches are made? There was a first man, for all things have their beginning, and this beginning is universally attested by the history of the human race. It is certain, then, that some one made the first man. This some one is that Being who made all things, who has Himself been made by no one and whom we call God. He is infinite, for there is no limit to His being; He is eternal, that is to say, infinite in duration, without beginning and without end; almighty, just, good, holy, perfect and infinite in all His perfections. He is everywhere and in all things, and no one can fathom His marvels. It is in Him we live and move and have our being. He is our first principle and our last end; and true happiness, both in this world and the next, is to know Him, to love Him and to serve Him."

Such was the beautiful lesson that the illustrious Archbishop of Cambrai gave to his little companion. He gave it to us also, and we may profit by it to remark once again on the foolishness of those miserable men who dare to doubt the existence of God—Sacred Heart Review.

Pale sickly children should use Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. Worms are one of the principal causes of suffering in children and should be expelled from the system.

As a rule this is true: Unless we have a vocation elsewhere, then where we are is the best place for us to begin to work out our destiny according to God's plan for us and to save our souls by doing our present duty according to His will, leaving Him to send us sickness or health, fame or shame, wealth or poverty, as shall please Him.

Nothing in the world can perfectly satisfy us. Presidents and millionaires are still longing for the infinite. Happiness, so far as it can be reached here below, comes not so much from outside conditions but resides within mind and heart. The kingdom is within us. If our conscience is at rest, in a state of grace, all else is vanity. Trouble is sure. Every one has his cross. Discontent comes into the parlor as well as the kitchen. Only before the great White Throne will it disappear forever.—Catholic Columbian.

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scrofula

Any doctor will tell you that Professor Hare, of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, is one of the highest authorities in the world on the action of drugs. In his last work, speaking of the treatment of scrofula, he says: "It is hardly necessary to state that cod-liver oil is the best remedy of all. The oil should be given in emulsion, so prepared as to be palatable."

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FIVE-MINUTE SE

Sixteenth Sunday aft

MEDITATION

"That he would grant you, riches of his glory, to be adorned with might unto the (Eph. iii. 16.)"

Brethren, mark those inward man. The easily known: you see him, hear him whether God. Not even one's knows much of the inward man. Yet that is the reasoning, thinking, deciding, judging, and responsible man. The man God deals with in manner. He has his Church and the sacraments through the outward man—to reach you can reach. What is an outward sign of? What is Holy Mass—the all a religion? The Redeemer to the outward man—two thousand years past many thousands of millions inward man the Mass Christ here and now. ward spirit, then, the sacrifice, the whole Church is distant and forgotten. The object of all that is for the outward man the inward man.

So much for the getting of the outward symbol. Much might be said of would be highly profitable one little part of it of our sermon to day: What is mental prayer? Is that responsible being call with a view to his end of a really prayerful towards God, the essential to God, the essential to God, the essential to God. Hence the cultivation of God by inward or mental prayer, to be sure, character, even that loudly spoken. Pure is that of a parrot or a But there is a prayer sound is uttered, each eloquence of the heart should long for that we should try to understand as we understand our souls, as parent and other, by a species of sacred to be clothed in Now, brethren, I excellent Catholics the prayer, or meditation and nuns and priest take! Try yourself Father, study over meaning of that pray world and its distraction and you will meditate psalms and go from your thoughts and lutions have play up the words you read—you will meditate. parables, or the scene death and glory, and picture the scenes, the sons; ask yourself quite this or that? why? effect? with what help it effect me? Try every day. You need you will learn to know minutes of inner life minutes of a Sunday hour some day of evening a week-day Man "God is a spirit, and Him must adore His truth."

BLACK

Satan Worshipers F Trial in

Some months ago tear Huysmans published which he described as so-called "Black." Paris is celebrated for the "Satan cultus," Roman Catholic rite that such services were four places in the that it numbered no A public trial held recently has furnished that these statements, national fabrications, truth. A prominent paper, entitled *Le Siecle*, the special expose this new brought charges against Lucie Claring, her land, charging her vote of these Satan young lady in question enjoyed the reputation Roman Catholic and an order from the accordingly brought against the papal matter of the devil's ated in court. At the lady's lawyer was even a paper interests of this cultus *du Diable*. From lengthy extracts, the meeting of the mock Masses are returned upside down having been stolen crated in the church.

With I Yes! with invalids and needs coaxing they improve so Emulsion, which is as