

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Making a Gentleman.

A man goes into society that he may give as well as gain pleasure. The highest form of social pleasure is conversation; but conversation does not mean a monologue. Good listeners are as highly appreciated in society as good talkers. A good listener often gives an impression of great wisdom which is dispelled the moment he opens his mouth. Mr. Gladstone was charmed by a young lady who sat next to him at dinner; he concluded that she was one of the most intelligent women he had ever met, until she spoiled it by saying with effusion, "Oh, I love cabbage!"

A young man should neither talk too much or too little, and he should never talk about himself unless he is forced to. Madame Roland, a famous French woman, who perished during the Reign of Terror under the guillotine, said that by listening attentively to others she made more friends than by any remarks of her own. "Judicious silence," the author of "In a Club-Corner" says, "is one of the great social virtues." A man who tries to be funny at all times is a social nuisance. Two famous men suffered very much for their tendency to be always humorous. These were Sydney Smith and our own lamented S. S. Cox. Sydney Smith could not speak without exciting laughter. Once, when he had said grace, a young lady next to him exclaimed, "You are always so amusing!" And S. S. Cox, one of the most serious of men at heart, and the cleverest in head, never attained the place in politics he ought to have gained, because he was supposed to be always in fun. Jokes are charming things in a limited circle, but no gentleman nowadays indulges in those practical jokes which we have heard of. It is not considered delicate compliment to pull a chair away just as anybody is about to sit down; and the young person who jabs acquaintances in the ribs, to make them laugh at his delightful sayings, is not rapturously welcomed in quiet families.

The Temptation of Mr. Mang.

In practical life, some books have induced some boys to run away to sea, and other boys to become hooligans, and imitate in a lowly way Messrs. Sheppard and Turpin. But really, it is not the books which produce these effects so much as the spirit of romance that naturally wells up in the hearts of the young, says Mr. Andrew Lang. I was always rather sorry for these misguided hooligans. They do not really want to commit crimes, they only pine for romance, and by the defects of their education and circumstances they can see no field for romance except in hostility to the police and to the citizen. Robin Hood is their ideal if they knew it, but there is no Sherwood Forest at their doors; they cannot have a shot at the king's deer, but they maltreat, or even murder, the king's subjects. Books about the heavily armed "Kelly boys" lead these boys into mischief, but the real attraction of the Kelly ruffians was not their crimes, but their habit of wearing home made armor. Football is, no doubt, a rather overdone amusement, but it has a romance of its own, and a healthier romance than that of hooliganism. A book which might have caused me to sink to the level of the criminal classes was "Oliver Twist."

Captivity, in extreme youth, by the Dodger and Charlie Bates, I once very nearly yielded to the temptation to relieve an elderly gentleman of his pocket handkerchief. The Dodger had shown me how to do it, I did not want the handkerchief, not even to try it upon my own contentance," and restore it, as the Dodger did on one occasion. Merely I longed to repeat and verify the Dodger's experiment. I all but fell. Had I done so I might now be writing from a condemned cell, and attributing my sins to Dickens. Perhaps no book ever came so near influencing me as "Oliver Twist."

A Need of the Day.

Indolence is a virtue. It comes from two Latin words, which mean freedom from anxiety or grief. And that is a wholesome state of mind. There are times and seasons when it is even a pious and blessed state of mind. Got to be in a hurry; not to be ambitious or zealous or resentful; not to feel envious of anybody; not to fret about to-day nor sorry about to-morrow—that is the way we ought all to feel at some time in our lives.

This age in which such encouragement is greatly needed. We have fallen so much into the habit of keeping all ways busy that we know not how nor when to break it off with firmness. Our business tags after us into the midst of our pleasures, and we are ill at ease beyond reach of the telegraph and the daily newspaper. We agitate ourselves amazingly about a multitude of affairs—the politics of Europe, the state of the weather all around the globe, the marriages and festivities of very rich people, and the latest novelties in crime, none of which are of vital interest to us. The more earnest souls among us are cultivating a vicious tendency to summer schools and seaside institutes of philosophy and mountaintop seminaries of modern languages.

We toil assiduously to cram something more into those scrappages of knowledge which we fondly call our minds. Seldom do we rest tranquil long enough to find out whether there is anything in them already that is of real value—any native feeling, any original thought, which would like to come out and sun itself for awhile in quiet. *

Do you suppose that this wondrous stage of earth was set, and all the myriad actors on it taught to play their parts without a spectator in view? Do you think there is anything better for you and me to do, now and then, than to sit down quietly in a humble seat and watch a few scenes in the drama? Has it not something to say to us, and do we not understand it best when we have a peaceful heart and free from dolor. This is what indolence means, and there are no better teachers of it than the light-hearted birds and untiring flowers, commended by the wisest of

all masters to our consideration; nor can we find a more pleasant pedagogue to lead us to their school than a small, merry brook—Henry Van Dyke.

How to Get on.

A young man asked, "How can I get on in the world?"

1. Get at some work for which you are suited. Learn it from top to bottom. Excel in it. Know more about it than any other man, be more skilful in it than any of your competitors.

2. Save money. Begin to hoard the cents if you cannot afford to lay by \$1 a week. Acquire the habit of thrift.

3. Get a good reputation for honesty, truthfulness, regularity and trustworthiness. It is business capital. Deserve it. Don't cry to deceive the world. You are sure to be found out.

4. Treasure your health. Avoid excesses of all kinds. Keep from drunkenness. Arise early. Sleep enough.

With a business experience, frugality, a good reputation and health, opportunities for advancement in prosperity are sure to come.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A Pot of Sweet Alysium.

"It seems as if I must give her something!" Eunice Wells almost sobbed out those words as she stood, quite by herself, gazing in at a florist's window. She was a small, thin girl, and only fifteen years old; but her paltry \$8 a week formed the chief support of her feeble, widowed mother and little brother.

After the rent of their two tiny rooms and the other household bills were paid each month there was not a penny left for such a folly as a flower.

"It was 'nly last Christmas that she was so good to me," Eunice mused on.

And I only the girl that waited on her in the store. Maybe I was pleasanter than some of the others, and flew around more to find the things she wanted. But to think she should miss me, and ask my name, and why I wasn't there! Nobody else cared—but Mrs. Day did. And I never shall forget those great roses she sent me, and those nice things to eat. And now they say she is awfully sick—and I can't do a thing."

By this time Eunice was almost weeping outright.

Suddenly, moved, as it seemed, by something outside herself, she found herself advancing slowly into the shop and pricing the plants and flowers.

The clerk gave one glance at her clothes, and felt that there was no need to be polite to her.

"How much is this azalea?" she was asking, as if in a dream.

"Five dollars," with the air of one who should say, "Why are you bothering me? I know you can't afford to buy anything."

"That rose?"

"Two dollars. Guess these tulips are more in your line. Give you this pot for 60 cents. Give you a dozen daffodils for 50 cents."

And Eunice had but 45 cents in her shabby little purse—with the scrap of round steak for dinner to boot!

She felt as if the clerk could count her money through the crumpled bit of chamolai skin which she was grasping tight in her hand. She turned, saying with an attempt at dignity, "I think I will not take anything to-night."

As she was walking out, a little of sweet alysium caught her eye.

Her father had been a farmer, and sweet alysium had run riot over the farmhouse garden, just as this cheerful little plant was running riot over the edges of its pot, all alive with tiny, fragrant blossoms. "How much is it?" she asked breathlessly.

"That?" repeated the clerk, with an accent of even deeper contempt, "that is only 10 cents."

"I will take it!" she cried.

It was a mile to Mrs. Day's house, but Eunice almost ran the whole way. As she hurried along, conflicting thoughts began to disturb her. Perhaps the rich lady cared nothing for her humble sweet alysium. Perhaps she would say, "Why should that poor shop girl send me this cheap little thing? Better have given me nothing at all." Oh, it might all be an impulsive blunder!

Yet, never faltering in her purpose, Eunice ran up the steps of the stately house. She had taken time at the florist's to scrawl on a card which he had given her, "Eunice Wells is sorry you are sick. Please accept this very little thing with her love."

The maid who came to the door looked coldly at her, and unwillingly took in her hands the card and the little pot, with its covering of brown tissue paper. Eunice feared in her heart that her poor offering might be so despised as never to find its way to the sick room, but there was nothing more that she could do about it, and she hurried off in the gray spring twilight. She thought of the sweet alysium all the next day. First she was tortured with the thought of the poverty and meanness of her gift. Then she would cherish a hope that, slight and valueless as it was, it might, after all, carry some comfort.

When she reached her home that night a letter awaited her on the bare, clean kitchen table. It was written weakly, in pencil, but it was full of feeling.

"Never, dear Eunice Wells," it began, did I receive a gift so precious to me as your pot of sweet alysium. It grew in my grandmother's garden in my childhood. I love it. It is even now my favorite flower. How could you know it? A beautiful breeze from the sweetest corner of the past blows through my room whenever I look at it.

"Thank you, dear friend. I shall never forget your loving thought." It was a trifling incident—just the gift of a pot of one of the cheapest and commonest of flowers, and a penciled letter of gratitude from a sick woman. But to the heart of the poor shop girl came a thrill of such pure and heavenly joy as is seldom granted to mortals. As she bowed her head on the worn table,

her eyes filled with a gush of happy tears.—The Companion.

A Message.

Perhaps some boys remember hearing about the eminent surgeon, Sir Frederick Treves, who operated on King Edward some time ago when he was ill.

He was asked by the editor of a paper for boys to send the boys a message.

"This is my message to you, boys," said Sir Frederick:

"Don't bother about genius, and don't worry about being clever. Trust rather to hard work, perseverance and determination. The best motto for a long march is 'Don't grumble. Plug on.' You hold your future in your own hands. Never waver in this belief. Don't swagger. The boy who swaggers, like the man who swaggers, has little else that he can do. He is a cheap jack crying his own paltry wares. It is the empty tin that rattles most. Be honest, be loyal, be kind. Remember that the hardest thing to acquire is the faculty of being unselfish. As a quality it is one of the finest attributes of manliness. Love the sea, the ringing beach, and the open dunes. Keep clean body and mind."—Catholic Chronicle.

Praise in the Home.

There is nothing better for a girl sometimes than a little hearty praise. Many good people conscientiously act on the direct opposite and seem to think nothing better than a little hearty blame. They are mistaken, conscientious in their blame as they may be.

There are some blunders enough in life, bitterness and pain enough of it—enough to depress us all and keep us humble, a keen enough sense of failure, succeeded as one may, and a word of hearty commendation now and then will lighten the load and brighten the heart and send a woman on with new hope and energy, and if she have any reasonable amount of brains at all, it will do her no harm. Children are sometimes half starved for a little hearty praise. Boys will act up to the estimate put upon them, or at least try to, if they are worth their salt.—Montana Catholic.

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

How the mind and heart of every fervent Catholic turns heavenward on each recurring first day of November as he celebrates, in accordance with the command of Holy Church, the Feast of All Saints.

It is then we recall that vast and innumerable army of heroes and heroines "who have fought the good fight and kept the faith," a great multitude, "as we are told in Apocalypse, "which no man could number, of all nations, and tribes, and peoples, and tongues," "shining as the sun in the kingdom of their Father." And after felicitating them and paying our tribute of praise and asking their prayers we turn to ourselves and resolve to strive to imitate them, that we may one day join them and share something of their glory.

Now, it is not hard to attain to holiness and perfection if one only is resolute and persevering, for God will our sanctification and we have only to unite our wills to His to ultimately bring it about. It is God's grace that is the means, but it is our making use of it that is the effect. It is God's perfection which the saints reflect, and so to Him, first and above all, must the glory be, and so the Psalmist sings, "God is great in His Saints," and St. Paul acknowledges the same when he says, "by the grace of God, I am what I am."

The saints range in their sanctity the closer as was the union with God whilst on earth. Thus the Blessed Virgin, Mother of God, is by far the highest amidst the whole heavenly court. Next to her comes St. Joseph, though vast must be the distance between them by reason of their respective positions with regard to the Son of God, and yet far behind him must come the next in dignity, St. John the Baptist, Anna and Joachim, St. Elizabeth follow one another in order of rank and dignity, till we come down to the great groups made up from every profession and station of life beginning with the Apostles and following down the centuries, representatives from every age and country, each class of which has its chief figure like St. Peter and St. Paul for the Apostles, St. Augustine and St. Thomas for the schools of philosophy and theology, St. Francis and St. Dominic for the mendicant orders, St. Benedict and St. Alphonsus Liguori for the great monastic orders, St. Vincent de Paul for the charities, St. Francis de Sales and St. Philip Neri for the reformed classes, St. Ignatius Loyola for Christian education of youth and the enlightenment of truth seekers of every rank and station, St. John de la Salle also educator of youth, founder of the Christian Brothers, and a score of lesser lights.

Then among women saints we have a St. Agnes and St. Monica, and a St. Beigide, St. Gertrude, St. Catharine of Egypt and St. Catharine of Sienna, St. Teresa, St. Rose of Lima, St. Frances of Chantal, St. Margaret of Scotland and St. Margaret of Carthage, representing for the most part the contemplative life, and a St. Elizabeth of Hungary, and a host of others who became saints in the home.

Then there have been saints out of every walk and occupation of life, showing that in all states one may reach sanctity. St. Luke was a physician, St. William was a soldier, St. Alphonsus was a lawyer before he took to the study of theology, St. Louis was a king, St. Elizabeth was a queen, St. Genevieve was a simple peasant girl.

There were saints from every age—from youth as well as from mature years. St. Inelud was but nine years old, St. Agnes only thirteen, St. Stanislaus Kostka was but nineteen, St. Berchmans only twenty two, St. Aloysius twenty four years old, showing, as Holy Scripture tells us, that sanctity need not be of gray hairs, which these and hundred of other cases prove.

So sanctity knows neither age nor

station, and it has been found in the city as well as the hamlet, in the home as well as the cloister, in the shop and office as well as in the monastery, for God is everywhere and it requires only faithful co-operation with His holy will to live perfectly and become a saint. He sanctifies itself and imparts something of His own infinite holiness to those who live in perfect union with Him, and who can say, like St. Paul, "I live, not I, but Christ liveth in me."

It was by co-operating the saints attained to sanctity. They were like the rest of mortals, surrounded by temptations of every kind. They had the world to contend with, satan to resist, and their corrupt natures to overcome. But faithful to the help of God's grace, they were victorious. Some suffered calamity, others had snares set for them; but God was faithful and would not let their reason or virtue be taken away from them. The deaths of the martyrs were cruel in the extreme, and the living deaths of the secluded and penitential, confessors and virgins were none the less severe or meritorious. It is for us to take courage, then, and strive to walk in the footsteps of the saints, and we, if we make the effort, will have the help of their prayers as well as their good example.

Christ is the model of the saints and His thirty-three years of earthly life show us the way we should live. Learn of Me, He said, deny yourselves, take up your cross and come follow Me. This is the call the saints heeded, and they put their hand to the plow and looked not back but kept closely in the wake of Christ leading them and helping them to perfection. And as they journeyed along the way they kept united with God in their souls, until at length they reached the goal and received their crowns of un fading glory.

Let us, then, strive to imitate the saints in their spirit of fidelity to grace. God will be our life as He was theirs. He is our Father. We should strive to be His worthy children. Let us be faithful to His designs in our behalf; which are that we grow holy and perfect; in a word, that we become saints, and as such join Him one day in His heavenly kingdom. O all ye saints of God, make intercession for us, that we, too may strive for sanctity day by day.—Bishop Colton in Catholic Standard and Times.

A Wise Word.

Humility is the source of all true greatness; pride is ever impatient, ready to be offended. He who thinks nothing is due to him, never thinks himself ill-treated; true meekness is not mere temperament, for this is only softness or weakness.—Fenelon.

Women Flaunt Discarded Cross.

As a result of Senora Rodriguez de Hughes appeal, to the women of Uruguay to wear in public the crosses which the government some weeks ago ordered suppressed, thirty thousand Catholic women of Montevideo are now wearing, exposed on their clothing, dainty crosses of gold, silver, bronze, glass or other material, not hesitating to go upon the streets so decorated, whenever occasion warrants. So far the government officials have not taken any steps to stop the new fashion, many of the wearers being their own wives and daughters.

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