

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The Young Man's Responsibility.

The thirty-second annual convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union was held in New York Sept. 25 and 26. The president, Rev. Walter J. Shanley, permanent rector of St. Peter's Church, Danbury, Conn., delivered the following address on "The Young Man's Responsibility."

The distinction between the young man's responsibility and that of any other man is not marked, nor is the difference wide.

The young man has, however, a distinctive responsibility, which has its reason in his obligation to form, early in life, habits which will mould his character, and have a bearing on future conduct.

The ideal may not be easy of attainment in its perfect form, but it should be an object of earliest effort.

Habits of thought and action are easily developed in the period of young manhood, with its bright hopes and warm enthusiasm, which frequently carry the young man on the breast of a full tide over rocks and shoals to success. Many qualities go to define the young man's responsibility. It will be sufficient to discuss a few.

Generosity, courage and energy, are dispositions which ought to be brought into exercise by the young man, in order to faithfully discharge his responsibility to society and to himself. Generosity finds its exercise in contributing to the welfare of society. He is a social being, not a solitary. He has duties toward his fellow-men. He is dependent on his elders and upon men of his own generation. Others depend on him and expect service at his hands.

The dominant principle of Christian society is, "No man is intended to live for himself." It is one who has the true spirit of generosity, he will, in some measure, live for others, and live for himself in order the more effectually to live for his fellow-men. The better we are equipped, the more serviceable can we be to others.

The stronger, the higher one is, the more effectively can he raise others to a higher plane, and fortify them in that position. The world is a selfish world, and is mainly influenced by the principle—"Every man for himself." Men are generous when self-interest requires of them an open and a helping hand. Comparatively few make sacrifices for the welfare of others, with no view at ulterior personal compensation. Generosity implies sacrifice, high motive, kindness, which if not Christian charity, is commendable—an afterglow of the gospel.

True, sterling generosity is not foreign to courage. The young man should be a man. He is no longer a child. He should not think as a child, understand as a child, nor speak as a child. He should put away the things of a child, as St. Paul advises. Defects which are among the tempers of mind which are childish, should be eliminated from his life. Human respect, cowardice, fear of ridicule, should have no part in him. Self-denial is a powerful means. Self-respect, strength, fortitude, self-mastery, which are the elements of Christian manhood, should be fostered by him. Unless the young man is a mere child in disposition and habit, he ought to be able to deny himself. An occasional effort will not suffice. He must take up his cross daily.

The world admires men who are called great, who have achieved distinction by some heroic act, or exceptional success, which has subdued the popular mind and compelled applause, but who in private life are veritable slaves to passion. No man is truly great who is not master of himself. There is no slavery like unto the thralldom, in which passion or caprice holds sway. True liberty has its foundation in the subjection of the will to God's law. Human instinct as human passion is not man's guiding principle of conduct. Man has passions which will destroy him unless he destroys them. Man should be the master, not the slave.

A young man may succeed in life without social prestige, or without education, but he cannot succeed without self-mastery.

The history of mankind has proved that self-control will succeed with one talent, while self-indulgence will fail with ten.

"Give me that man that is not passion's slave, and I will wear him in my heart's core, ay, in my heart of hearts."

Energy is the necessary accompaniment of courage in the development of character. Man naturally declines to exertion. His tendency is downward. He seeks the easiest way. The indispensable condition of success in life is effort. Without effort there can be no true development. The duty of the young man is to find out what he is able to do, and having found it, to do it with all his might. He may not have great ability, but if he has the genius of labor, he can do wonders. Labor is a kind of omnipotence. It is the philosopher's stone that turns common material into gold. There is no excellence without labor. It is God's wonder worker. It is the condition of success.

"Excellence in any department," said Dr. Johnson, "can be obtained only by the labor of a life time; it is not to be purchased at any lesser price."

Michael Angelo said of Raphael: "One of the sweetest souls that ever breathed, he owed more to his industry than to his genius." This great artist died at the age of thirty-seven, yet he left two hundred and eighty-seven pictures and over five hundred drawings.

"People sometimes attribute my success to my genius," said Alexander Hamilton, "all the genius I know about is hard work."

On his seventieth birthday, Daniel Webster told the secret of his success: "Work has made me, what I am. I never ate a bit of idle bread in my life. When William Gladstone was approached for a score and ten, he paid tribute to work: 'The gray angels of industry, I early formed the habit of industry, and it has been its own reward. The young are apt to think that rest means

a cessation from all effort, but I have found the most perfect rest in changing effort."

"I find my greatest pleasure," said Edison, "in the work that precedes what the world calls success." The old German inscription on a key: "If I rest, I rust," should be every young man's maxim.

Man is inclined to try the path of least resistance, the cheapest, the easiest route. There is no growth, no development without resistance and conflict. To cease to struggle is to let go, and drift down the stream.

The young man should have no mean opinion of his ability, for if he is energetic, he is able to do more than he dreams. Labor is the law and condition of progress, realizing day by day yesterday's impossibilities.

The land is filled with young men who can find nothing to do, because they do not know how to do anything thoroughly well. The fine skill which places us in the front rank can be acquired by patient, assiduous labor, and in no other way. It is God's law of progress giving dignity and charm to life, a law of liberty and inequality. We are what we make ourselves by the free use of God's gifts.

"We have but what we make, and every good is locked by nature in a granite laud. Sheer labor must unclench."

In all this the young man must not lose sight of the end for which he exists. His first and highest duty is to "seek the Kingdom of God." His generosity, courage and energy should be directed to the fulfillment of the purpose for which he came into being. His greatest responsibility is based on his relation to his Creator. Natural qualities will avail little, unless they are informed by grace.

"Cheer up!"

"Cheer up!"

"Cheer up!"

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"Cheer up!"

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Mirror of Fate.

Here is a legend which I heard in Venice. I offer it to all among you who are fond of solitude and silence. I offer it to you as I would offer a flower which has blossomed amid sombre shadows on a sleeping lagoon:

Ghita Gherardini was the niece of the doge. Poets whose names we have forgotten, but who were renowned at that time, had composed innumerable songs in her honor. They praised in them the tresses of the young girl, black as night, in which pearls gleamed like milk white stars. They also sang about the radiance of her dark violet eyes and about the two roses which formed her lips. In truth, Ghita Gherardini was very beautiful. She had, however, listened too earnestly to the passionate words of the singers, and an immense pride took possession of her young soul.

One night she heard beneath her window the yearning sob of a lute. Standing in a motionless gondola, a loveliest page was singing to her. Tender was the music, and the water and the darkness added something to the sweetness of the strains and to the passion in the voice of the singer. The young page was glorifying her as the most radiant among all women.

Ghita heard him, and a delightful tremor ran through her. Without waiting to light the torches, which had gone out, she took her mirror and ran to the window, through which the moonlight shone into her room. Thereupon in this mysterious light she saw that she was strangely beautiful; that her beauty was indeed almost supernatural. The moonlight revealed her pale and transparent, like the princess of a poem.

Intoxicated with her charms, she let the seductive mirror slip from her hand, and a sigh of admiration and of ecstasy escaped her as she cried:

"I am beautiful! I am beautiful!"

Thenceforth Ghita Gherardini spent all her time marveling at her own beauty. She did not desire to all in love, for she fancied that there was no man living who was worthy of her. Those songs which had no words of praise for her eyes and her hair she treated with contempt, and to the mysteries of religion she never gave a thought.

She went to High Mass solely for the

purpose of being seen by the people and of being flattered by them as they whispered to one another about her. The restless eyes were never turned toward the altar.

She thought of nothing save her own triumphant beauty and of the jewels which set it off in sumptuous fashion. One day Ghita Gherardini slipped a little mirror beside the first page of her Mass book, which had been delicately illuminated by a pious artist. And while her attitude of devotion edited the multitude she studied her face in shrines in the book of prayer.

The doge's niece had forgotten that the Creator alone is worthy of worship and not any of his creatures. She had also forgotten that pride is an abomination to God, perhaps the most perilous of all sins—since it was the cause of the rebellion of the archangels and the downfall of Lucifer.

One day Ghita Gherardini was intently studying her face in the little mirror between the holy leaves of her Mass book, and suddenly she uttered a loud cry of terror. Through the large building it rang, drowning the solemn voice of the priest, the responses of the congregation and the sonorous murmur of the organ. And straightway the doge's niece fell to the ground in a faint. She had seen reflected in the guilty mirror, the sacrilegious mirror, not her own countenance, but that of death.

There is to day in the Church of San Giorgio Maggiore, where this miracle was accomplished, the statue of a woman, who is seated and looking at herself in a mirror. Very beautiful is this woman, as beautiful as Ghita Gherardini was formerly. The story goes that this statue is the work of a famous sculptor, but the people believe—and their legends contain a good deal of truth—that it was once Ghita Gherardini herself and that her body was turned into stone by the terrible vision.

To all those who love the silence of dead cities I offer this legend. I found it at Venice as one occasionally finds a flower which has blossomed amid sombre shadow on a sleeping lagoon.—Helene de Zaylen de Nessel in European Edition New York Herald.

Made Mother Happy.

"Mother's cross!" said Maggie, coming into the kitchen with a pout on her lips.

Her aunt was busy ironing, but she looked up and answered Maggie:

"Then it is the very time for you to be pleasant and helpful. Mother was awake a good deal in the night with the poor baby."

"The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when other people are cross. Sure enough," thought she, "that would be the time when it would do the most good. I remember when I was sick last year I was so nervous that if anyone spoke to me I could hardly help being cross; and mother never got angry or out of patience, but was just as gentle with me! I ought to pay it back now, and I will!"

And she sprang up from the grass where she had thrown herself, and turned a face of cheerful resolution toward the room where her mother sat tending a fretful teething baby.

Maggie brought out the pretty ivory balls, and began to jingle them for the little one.

He stopped fretting and a smile dimpled the corners of his lips.

"Couldn't I take him out to ride in his carriage, mother?" she asked. "It's such a nice morning."

"I should be glad if you would," said her mother.

The little hat and sack were brought, and the baby was soon ready for his ride.

"I'll keep him as long as he is good," said Maggie; "and you must lie on the sofa and get a nip while I am gone. You are looking dreadfully tired."

What a happy heart beat in Maggie's bosom as she tucked the little carriage up and down the walk. She had done real good. She had given back a little of the help and forbearance that had so often been bestowed upon her. She had made her mother happier, and given her time to rest.

She resolved to remember and act on her aunt's good words. "The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when everybody is tired and cross."—True Voice.

The Ideal for Boys.

It is the ambition of all boys to be men. Do they think what constitutes manhood? The idea of most boys is that a man is one grown in years and size and free to come and go and act without parental or other restraint.

Boys should be taught that these things are not all that constitute manhood. It is something more than mature years and size or parental freedom. True manhood is made up of character, of human excellence, of good behavior, gentleness, of honesty, of truthfulness, of desire and ability to do good. Whatever that person's calling, his first thought should be to be a man, a useful man, a true man in every respect and at all times. He may be a poor man, so far as the possession of this world's goods is concerned, and yet be an ideal man, a pure man in thought and action, standing before God and man as one determined to do his whole duty to his fellow creatures as far as circumstances and ability will permit. A man clean in mind and body may defy the world and be respected by every one. Let boys keep an ideal of this kind of manhood ever before them and endeavor to imitate him in his virtues and they will be likely to spend their days in happiness and possess an ideal family and home.—Intermountain Catholic.

Shakespeare a Catholic.

The Osservatore Romano prints in detail a story which is causing no end of comment in literary circles. The story is entitled "William Shakespeare a Roman Catholic." Then it proceeds: "The learned critic De Rougemont has published the authentic testament of the great poet Shakespeare, which begins with the words:

"In the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God, of the archangels, angels, patriarchs, prophets, evangelists, apostles and martyrs of the whole court of Heaven, and of my angel guardian, I William Shakespeare, unworthy member of the holy Catholic, apostolic and Roman religion, etc., etc."

"Thus finishes," continues the note, "every pretension sustained with such consistency by Protestants, that he was born, had lived and died outside the fold of the Catholic Church."

"Already two trustworthy Protestants, Richard Davies (Davies?) and Prof. Signeors, had asserted that William Shakespeare was a Catholic papist," was said at that time; and Gaizot affirmed that the father of Shakespeare, who bore the name of John, was a Catholic, and hence educated his son in a Catholic manner."

AN EDIFYING LIFE AND DEATH.

A beautiful hidden life was that of the late Mrs. Craigie, better known as "John Oliver Hobbes," author of "The School for Saints," "Robert Orange" and other clever and popular books.

"When her lifeless body was found," says the Tablet, "her rosary was in her hand and her crucifix on her breast." She constantly wore a gold locket containing a pink slip of paper on which she had written the paring words addressed to her when leaving her convent school by the Mother Superior: "Be very silent. Trust greatly in the Sacred Heart, and not much in anything below it's least of all in friends. When the sun goes in this change color. But the Sacred Heart is the same yesterday, to-day, forever."

Her death was sudden, but not unprovided, we may be sure. Mrs. Craigie was a convert, and though prominent in the social and the literary world, she rejoiced in the secret consolation of religion.

ARE THEY IN THE SWIM?

Father Phelan, of the Western Watchman, wants to know what becomes "of the sons of the Catholic millionaires in New York and San Francisco, where for years they have grown up in great numbers. We have often read of their fathers, but never of them. Their fathers were noted for their generous support of the church and her charities, and they were edifying members of society."

"Where are all the young Mackays and Kellys, and Crockers and Phelans and O'Connors and O'Briens and Floods and hundreds of others that we might name? They have dropped out of the Church and dropped into the polluted 'swim.' The clergy of San Francisco led the world that the beneficiaries of the Church of other days have left no heirs, and there are only the very poor left to rebuild the ruined structures of the past. The young Catholic millionaires have no money to spare, as their style of living demands every penny of

Advertisement for SURPRISE Soap. Includes an illustration of a woman in a dress and a box of soap. Text: "CHILD can clean house with 'SURPRISE' Soap. It loosens up the smoke and dirt and fly-specks on woodwork and paint so that no hard rubbing is necessary. Simply take a cloth and some hot water, make lather of 'SURPRISE' Soap, and then rub the doors and window-sash very lightly. It will surprise you to see how quickly and easily the dirt comes off. 'SURPRISE' Soap is the best to clean everything washable. It never injures anything or makes the hands sore or rough. It is a pure, hard soap, and costs no more than common HARD SOAP kinds."

their income. But it would be had enough if this was all that could be said to their discredit. These Catholic young millionaires are as corrupt nearly as their Protestant companions, and are doing their full share towards corrupting the rising generation of boys and girls. Their life is a round of dissipation, and the trail of their immorality is drawn over the five continents."

In Newm n' Wake. According to the returns of the American Statistical Society, the persons who have embraced Catholicity since the Tractarian movement in 1850 include 445 graduates of Oxford, 213 of Cambridge and 63 of other universities besides 27 peers, 214 military officers, 162 authors, 139 lawyers and 60 physicians. Among the graduates were 416 clergymen of the Established Church.

It is those friends of Jesus, who are most dear to Him, who are wont to be tried the most. If Christ sought not Himself, but became obedient, and ready to undergo all that was most vile and painful, why dost thou shrink, as thou dost, from toil and distress?

Advertisement for FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC. Includes an illustration of a man's face. Text: "DAILY SPASMS. 7. St. Jacob's, Ont., Nov 28, 1899. When a child 6 years old I was subject to St. Vitus Dance and spasms, and seeing an advertisement for Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic I concluded to try it. Its effect has been wonderful for before using I had spasms almost daily, but since taking this remedy have not had an attack for twelve days, and shall continue its use. MISS LYDIA RUDY."

Mr. W. F. Hackey, of Bathurst Village, N. Br., says that his little girl had from two to three attacks of fits a day for five or six months, but since she took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic had only one in ten months and none since.

Mr. C. Stoyes, of Brockville, writes that he didn't have a fit in 15 weeks since he took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, while before that he had attacks every week.

A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Sample Bottle to any address. Poor patients also get the medicine free. Prepared by the Rev. P. J. Koenig, of Port Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and now by the KOENIG MED. CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

Sold by Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle, 6 for \$5.00. Agents in Canada—The Lyman Bros. & Co., Ltd., Toronto; The Wingate Chemical Co., Ltd., Montreal.

Advertisement for THE HOME BANK OF CANADA. Includes an illustration of a building. Text: "HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO. TORONTO BRANCHES:—8 King Street West, 522 Queen Street West, and 73 Church Street. CANADIAN BRANCHES: ALLISTON, BROWNSVILLE, FERNIE, LAWRENCE, ST. THOMAS, SHEDDEN, WALKERVILLE, WINNIPEG. Savings Departments at all Branches. One Dollar opens an Account. General Banking Business Transacted. JAMES MASON, General Manager."

Advertisement for O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract of Malt. Includes an illustration of a bottle. Text: "Aids digestion, procures sound sleep and a keen appetite. It is prescribed by leading physicians all over Canada for nursing mothers, delicate children, nervous people and convalescents. When ordering Malt Extract from your druggist, if you want the best, insist upon getting 'O'Keefe's.' W. LLOYD WOOD, Wholesale Druggist General Agent, TORONTO."

Advertisement for FARM LABORERS. Text: "Farmers desiring help for the coming season, should apply at once to the GOVERNMENT FREE FARM LABOR BUREAU. Write for Application Form to THOS. SOUTHWORTH, Director of Colonization, TORONTO Ont. Fabiola A Tale of the Catacombs By Cardinal Wiseman Paper, 30c; Cloth, 60c., post-paid. Callista A Sketch of the Third Century By Cardinal Newman Paper, 30c., post-paid. History of the Reformation in England and Ireland (In a series of letters) By William Cobbett Price, 85c., post-paid. Catholic Record, LONDON, CANADA."

Advertisement for PURITY FLOUR. Includes an illustration of a woman kneading dough. Text: "Boys and Girls Grow Strong and Sturdy when raised on pure, nutritious Bread. You'll have wholesome Bread the children will 'eat without butter,' by baking with PURITY FLOUR. Made entirely from the finest Western Canada Hard Wheat by latest improved methods in the most modern mills in the world. That's why Purity Flour Makes Bread that Builds Bone and Muscle. Retailed everywhere throughout the Great Dominion. WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., Limited Mills at Winnipeg, Coderloh and Brandon."