

WORDS OF WISDOM FOR YOUNG MEN.

EXTRACTS
OF
A
SERMON
PRONOUNCED
BY
THE
REV.
STEPHEN COUBE, S.J.,
AT
BEYRUTH
UNIVERSITY.
—
TRANSLATED
FROM
THE
FRENCH

When man, rather than follow the voice of God calling him to the heights of supernatural life, willingly becomes the slave of his passions, he inevitably sinks below the simple level of human dignity and reason. He renounces all claims to nobility, he falls below his own nature; to quote the words of the Apostle he becomes "the fellow of beasts" "animalis homo." Let us consider one by one the ravages that vice makes in his soul. Vice blunts the understanding. It diffuses a corrupting miasma laden with impure images through which he can no longer see the truth. First of all he is unable to grasp religious truth. "The animal man," says St. Paul, "cannot understand the things of the Holy Ghost." To see God not only face to face as in Heaven, but even here below with the eyes of faith, the heart must be pure. This it is that explains the crisis which every youth of twenty years has to face, and which is only too often the downfall of his faith. I am not without knowing that he brings forth the objections of philosophy, science, and of a reason which in the first stages of development, longs to throw off its swaddling bands. Vain pretenses! Observe well that this storm of doubt coincides with the storm of the passions.

Faith condemns vice and vice takes its revenge by condemning faith.

It has been truly said that it is the heart that oppresses the head. The motives of incredulity and apostasy in a Christian are not of the intellectual and scientific order they are mostly always of a lower order, they are the offsprings of passion. Do not forget it, young men, and if you ever feel that the faith of your young years is becoming chilled in the atmosphere of modern scepticism, ask yourselves if the heart is not ailing in you, and if the best way to rid yourselves of your doubts would not be to plunge your soul in the blood of Christ by the Sacrament of Penance.

Not content with assailing and crushing the principles of faith, immorality robs its victims of the most elementary laws of natural religion. The Redeemer is not alone in condemning debauchery. The Creator also condemns it. Vice takes its revenge by suppressing so severe a God. In His place it substitutes more indulgent ones. Thus it was that antiquity abandoned the natural dogma of monotheism to embrace the shameful tenets of an absurd and ridiculous belief in thousands of divinities. It created for itself idols of wood and stone, but only because it had already made idols out of its own passions.

The greater part of the time, profane and natural truths become enveloped in the same hazy mist of darkness. Science is the scrutiny and discovery of the laws of nature and history, but the mind bound in the thrall of flesh knows no other laws than those of its brutal instincts; it is filled with aversion for high speculations. It is moreover incapable of that untiring labor which is necessary to develop genius itself. I am not astonished therefore, at the answer once made by Cuchy to a young man who sought advice how to become learned: "Young man," said the illustrious mathematician, "above all, be pure." Never forget these words, you, my dear children, who the new voice of science draws to this prison and great university. Doctors, unfold themselves, the soul feels the sting of guilty shame. It lifts its eyes towards heaven which it loves to gaze upon as its own true resting place; it becomes so homesick as to suffer terribly, not enough often to regain her wings or her strength. If then you wish to be happy on this earth, my children and never know the pangs of that most terrible of sufferings, which follows the contempt and scorn of self, be pure. Be pure above all if you wish to be happy in the other world. Otherwise you will one day hear the words which were thundered out from the gates of heaven "Foris eam et impudici." Out with the dogs and the impure! Out with those who have not chaste eyes to look upon the Eternal! Out with the shameless Astartes and her unhappy slaves! Never be slaves, my children, be free men. But to be such you must be angels. I have shown you that he who does not want to be an angel becomes an animal. You must choose. Be angels therefore, but to be angels, I am not afraid to say it, be gods. Be gods as the Holy Ghost wishes you to be when he says: "Dei estis." Be gods by the divine light of grace. Let nothing earthly fill your heart! Longfellow shows us a young man going through the world with a banner on which he has written the word Excelsior! Higher! He is one day surrounded by a crowd begging him to stop. What is he going to do afar off? Why not act like the rest? Let him remain in the city. There he will find pleasure, song and the joys of life. The young man brandishes his flag and passes on. There, my dear friends, is the image of your duty.

letters, linguists if your wish to reflect honor on your Alma Mater, be pure. If science is beyond the grasp of the corrupt man, art is still more. Art is the realization of the ideal; but, the ideal is the immaterial beauty seen, studied and loved, before it is framed into form and color, motion and sound. But immaterial beauty, like God whose splendid reflection it is, is visible to chaste eyes only. The man who is a plaything of his passions cannot therefore discover it, much less rivet his gaze upon it with that respectful feeling of love which it demands. It may scintillate before him for an instant, but it vanishes just as quickly. How often have we seen young artists admirably endowed, who have betrayed the hopes that their genius gave birth to. Fresh and sweet in the spring time of life was the voice that sang in their soul: the heavenly bird had awakened and was about to take its flight from the nest and charm the world with the sweetness of its voice; but sin, like an ugly vulture swooped down upon the young intellect and seized it as its prey, and perhaps in the midst of this death-like feast, those poor unhappy souls would sound a last note, harmonious still and of a solemn beauty, but it only made us regret that which we had lost.

Together with the keenness and power of his intellect the dissolute man loses the mastery of his will. He becomes incapable of a manly decision, he can no longer pronounce that word which on certain days contains all the nobility of a man or a nation, no! He can no longer say no to evil, no to error, no to tyranny. He is commanded to lie, he obeys; to prostitute his talents, he obeys; to betray, he obeys. His will is paralyzed. And that is the reason why nations without moral principles soon lose their independence and liberty.

The Persians, the Medes, the Assyrians had dazzled the world with the brightness of their power and civilization, but when corruption had set in, unable to hold their own with the more virile races of Greece and Macedonia, their only resource was to take to flight with their tyrants and effeminate satraps. When Greece had lost its pristine simplicity, she became the prey of the Roman eagles; and, Rome in her turn having floundered in the Imperial mud, was powerless to raise herself up again. The barbarians galloped in from the thick of their forests steppes, and those nations on the threshold of existence, whose austere morals and conjugal loyalty "connubia firma" excited the admiration of Tacitus, had only to stoop from their saddles to pick up the fragments of the Crown of the Caesars.

While the understanding becomes deadened, the will loses its prestige over the flesh: the heart becomes selfish and hard.

Impurity and cruelty are twins.

History tells us that the most immoral religions are the ones that have shed the most blood upon the earth. Who can count the victims of Moloch and Chamos, of Baalah and Astarte? Was it not Eusebius who called Astarte "the cruel dame of impurity?" On the contrary, the religion of purity brought upon earth by Christ, is a religion of love! She and she alone saved the world from being engulfed in a deluge of sin. The angels of purity that Christianity multiplies in our midst are angels of charity. And when they pass in our streets and on the public ways, under the veils of Catholic nuns, the unbelieving themselves, you are well aware, how in silent admiration.

Still another disastrous effect of impurity! It kills the peace and happiness of its unhappy victim. Ah! it is because the soul is not made to crawl in slime and filth, but to soar above the clouds in the regions of light, God has given it wings, and if these wings are broken, or if soiled with dirt, they can no longer

unfold themselves, the soul feels the sting of guilty shame. It lifts its eyes towards heaven which it loves to gaze upon as its own true resting place; it becomes so homesick as to suffer terribly, not enough often to regain her wings or her strength. If then you wish to be happy on this earth, my children and never know the pangs of that most terrible of sufferings, which follows the contempt and scorn of self, be pure. Be pure above all if you wish to be happy in the other world. Otherwise you will one day hear the words which were thundered out from the gates of heaven "Foris eam et impudici." Out with the dogs and the impure! Out with those who have not chaste eyes to look upon the Eternal! Out with the shameless Astartes and her unhappy slaves! Never be slaves, my children, be free men. But to be such you must be angels. I have shown you that he who does not want to be an angel becomes an animal. You must choose. Be angels therefore, but to be angels, I am not afraid to say it, be gods. Be gods as the Holy Ghost wishes you to be when he says: "Dei estis." Be gods by the divine light of grace. Let nothing earthly fill your heart! Longfellow shows us a young man going through the world with a banner on which he has written the word Excelsior! Higher! He is one day surrounded by a crowd begging him to stop. What is he going to do afar off? Why not act like the rest? Let him remain in the city. There he will find pleasure, song and the joys of life. The young man brandishes his flag and passes on. There, my dear friends, is the image of your duty.

Pass through the crowds, pass without stain. They will say to you "why not do like the rest? Why so different from all others?" Ah! words of hell, never listen to them! No, do not do as others, if they do wrong.

(Yes, we must be different from others in our day to do good. We must ascend, while the crowds crouch in the filth of sin and shame. And then we must never cease to ascend, Excelsior! You must not be content with a vulgar ideal. Let your watchword always be, "Higher up and always higher up." There you will not meet with death and decay, but with the sweet rays of the Eucharist. It is not a dreary solitude for there are found the greatest and purest of souls and at their head Jesus and Mary.

ELLEN M. TWIGG.

THAT OLD PAIN AGAIN.

Gnawing, Piercing Pains That Almost Make You Scream.

It is your old enemy, rheumatism, come again with the winter to torture you. These pains, remember, are caused by bad blood, you may ease them by rubbing with liniments and outward lotions, but cannot get rid of them in that way. Rheumatism is caused by bad blood and the only certain way to drive it out of the system, is to enrich your blood by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. There is no case of rheumatism Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not cure if given a fair trial. By making new, rich, red blood and strengthening the nerves they strike at the very root of such diseases as rheumatism, sciatica and lumbago. We give one case out of thousands to prove the truth of this statement. Mr. A. G. Lacombe, Sorel, Que., says: "For five years I was a victim to the tortures of rheumatism. At times the pains in my knees, shoulders and hips were almost past endurance. Often I could not dress myself without assistance. I tried many remedies, but I never got more than temporary relief until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I used altogether eight boxes, and since taking them I have not had a twinge of the trouble, and I feel better in every way than I did for years before. I would strongly advise every rheumatic sufferer to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial." Remember that only the genuine pills will cure—imitations can't cure, therefore see that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is found on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent post paid at 50c per box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Dangers of Evangelism.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

Rev. Dr. Teunis S. Hamlin, of Washington, has written a somewhat startling article on the "New Evangelism and Its Dangers." Of course, the writer is an advocate of "Evangelism," or "Revival Movements," as understood in the Protestant domain; but, in pleading his cause, he has frankly made some admissions that have more weight coming from such a source than they could ever have were they to be advanced by a Catholic writer. He declares that every type of revival or evangelism has its dangers. He gives some striking examples. He says that Dr. Finney preached with heart-searching power, but "so indiscriminately as to lead to many morbid experiences and to the cruel wounding of many tender consciences." Mr. Moody, he says, failed to gather into the organized life of the churches the converts of his great meetings." And he adds that the average evangelist "finds it difficult to work in due subordination to pastors and their plans; his labors, even when apparently fruitful, are too often unsettling, and in the end almost disastrous."

Without wishing to intrude upon the field where Protestantism "evangelizes," we can say that the foregoing expresses, to a great extent, that which we have always believed in regard to this matter. The revival meeting seems to have the effect of stirring into a spasmodic enthusiasm the more or less easy-going members of certain denominations; but once that effervescent effect has died out, there are no practical results left. Unlike the Catholic mission, during which the seed is sown, and after which that seed takes root, grows, and becomes a substantial harvest of souls, the revival is merely a stirring into abnormal activity a few impressionable people, who suffer the more from the subsequent lethargy that follows the unwelcome excitement, or activity.

As a remedy Dr. Hamlin advocates individual work—that is to say the continuation by individual members of the Church the work performed in a general manner by the evangelist. To illustrate this he allows himself to become very frank; and, in so doing, he exposes again a weakness that has ever been most potent to our eyes, but the presence of which the enthusiastic evangelist of Protestantism will not acknowledge. He says:—

"Pastors are urging their people to be evangelists within their own congregations and their circles of business and social life. They are exhorted to commend Christ to individuals and urge him upon their acceptance. This work is no doubt as important as it is sadly neglected by the average Christian. But it is also extremely delicate, requiring the best sanctified tact. There is real danger that zeal may outrun knowledge. In pastors, who realize what might be done, and want to set all their people at work. In the people, who feel the call to be of God, cannot wait to ascertain their fitness, or to get the requisite training, but imagine that they have only to accost the first man or woman that they meet."

There is exactly the point. A great evangelist conducts a revival, and at once each one of the congregation supposes himself, or herself, possessed of a mission to go forth and convert every man, woman, or child that may be met on the street. There is no consideration as to fitness, to knowledge, to training. There is but one idea—that of attacking the first person they meet and seeking to impose upon him, or her, their newly acquired idea of conversion to the Lord. Hence the holy horror that people have of the religious zealot who goes about with tracts that he does not understand and who renders ridiculous the very principles of Christianity by firing them in an indiscriminate manner at each newcomer, or chance acquaintance. This is exactly what we Catholics have been so long seeking to impress upon the self-constituted evangelists of Protestantism. But they do not seem to understand that they are merely making a constant and public parade of their actual lack of all knowledge in matters pertaining to Christianity. It would serve their purpose much better were they to reflect a little upon the frank remarks of Dr. Hamlin, and were they thus to be induced to mind their own business, to deal in that which they understand, and to cease worrying their neighbors with

their meaningless and often senseless declarations. We have every reasonable respect for the clergymen of the various denominations of Protestantism, and we do not find fault with their zeal and enthusiasm; but we draw the line when it comes to every uneducated, unread, untrained, individual, who takes it in his head that he is a missionary, annoying the public with persistent attacks of the evangelistic character. A few more statements, like those of Dr. Hamlin, might help to relieve the public of so many invertebrate nuisances.

The Pope's Physician Interviewed.

A Roman correspondent of the New York American, writes:—There has been such a strange recrudescence during the week of the reports of the Pope's health being precarious that the American correspondent visited Dr. Laponni, the Pope's private physician, and asked for the facts in the case. In reply Dr. Laponni gave the first authentic interview ever accorded by him to a journalist. The American correspondent found Dr. Laponni at his new villa in the Prati di Castello quarter. The physician looked in splendid health despite the fact that he is just convalescent from an operation for appendicitis.

The correspondent asked Dr. Laponni to tell all about the Pope's health, his inner life, his daily regime, and, above all, the secret of his wonderful longevity.

"How," the correspondent asked, "do you manage to keep His Holiness so well?"

"I would be glad to write an article for you," replied Dr. Laponni, "but I cannot, I will, however, do what is just as good, and what is more than I have ever done for any newspaper. Ask me all the questions you like and I will answer them. Then I will read your manuscript and correct it, if it needs correction."

Dr. Laponni kept his word, and revised the copy of the interview which follows:

"First, I want to know," asked the correspondent, "if there is any truth in the recent reports about the Pope's great physical weakness?"

"The same amount of truth as is usual," Dr. Laponni replied, "which is none at all. The Holy Father is stupendously well (stupendamente bene). He has not been better for the last ten years. He has got through the winter wonderfully. He astonishes even myself, who know his great powers of resistance. He is now preparing for the great function of March 3, which closes his year of Jubilee."

NEVER FAINTED.—"There is no truth, then, in current stories about his fainting fits?" the correspondent asked.

"They are the idlest fables," Dr. Laponni replied. "The Pope never fainted in his life; at least, so far as I know. I know for certain he did not faint when Dr. Mazzoni put him under the knife several years ago, and that was an occasion when a fainting fit might have been expected, but we did not even administer an anesthetic. People who see the Pope for the first time are sometimes deceived by his pallor, which gives him an appearance of weakness. He always has been pale and apparently fragile."

"Let me tell you a little story about this. Twenty-five years ago, when the cardinals went home after electing Leo as Pope, the youngest and strongest physically among them told his friends at Bologna, 'We have elected a splendid Pope, but I am afraid I'll have to make another visit to Rome soon to elect his successor, for Cardinal Pecci looks very delicate.' Well, Laponni continued, "this morning I saw His Holiness in perfect health, but grieving for the death of Cardinal Parocchi, the very man who made this prophecy at Bologna. Another thing that deceives people is that the Holy Father often looks worn out and exhausted. So he does, but so would most men who got through his daily work, but, on the whole, the Pope enjoys extraordinary health and vitality for a man of his years."

"Has the Pope ever been seriously ill?" asked the American correspondent.

"Yes, twice," Dr. Laponni answered. "Once, when he was Archbishop of Perugia, and again when Dr. Mazzoni operated on him. In itself this operation was not dangerous, but when your patient is nearly ninety years old it is hard to pre-

dict the results. However, twenty-four hours after the operation the Pope was as well and as bright as ever. The wound healed with marvellous quickness."

SECRETS OF LONG LIFE.—"I have now served as private physician to the Pope for fourteen years, and during all that time he has given me little anxiety. His Holiness has caught colds from time to time, but they have never been serious. He also has suffered, as most who live in Rome do suffer, from the changes of the weather, but he is a good patient, very good, indeed."

"Now, doctor, knowing that the Pope is strong, will you tell the American how you manage to keep him up?" asked the correspondent.

"Keep him up!" Laponni exclaimed. "I don't need to keep him up. I will tell you in one word what I do for the Holy Father. I look after the temperature of the air he breathes. It is my constant care to keep him in temperature varying from 108 to 120 degrees centigrade. This is not always easy, especially when the Pope has to preside over functions in different parts of the Vatican or St. Peter's. With the temperature of St. Peter's it is impossible to do anything. Fortunately, however, it never varies, but it is different with the halls of the Vatican, and I have to be very careful there."

"Does the Pope use any special diet, tonic or medicine?" the American correspondent asked.

"He never takes a tonic," Dr. Laponni replied.

"That is to say, a mere tonic, and he never uses medicine except when he has a cold. As for diet he eats sparingly, for no man of his age requires much food. The Pope's diet consists exclusively of broth, generally chicken broth, with bread steeped in it. He is very moderate in the use of wine; two small glasses of Bordeaux daily suffice him. You see he practices the maxims about frugality which he inculcated in his famous poem a few years ago."

"Does the Pope sleep well?" was asked.

"Excellent," Dr. Laponni said, "and this is one of the causes of his continued good health. His Holiness retires, after a good day's work, about 11 nightly, and rises refreshed the next morning about half-past 6 or 7. He does not sleep all that time, but always sleeps four or five hours each night. He does not need more than that, nor do I mean to say that his mind is resting during the hours of the night when not asleep. Very often it is during these hours, when the rest of the Vatican is wrapped in sleep, that the Holy Father is at work composing his poems."

REGULARITY OF LIFE.—"Will you say to what you attribute the Pope's longevity?" the correspondent asked.

"To the regularity of his life," Dr. Laponni answered; "he is as balanced in his habits as in his words, and always has been so. The Peccis are a long-lived family, but, excepting the Pope, none of them has got into the nineties. The Holy Father inherited a magnificent constitution, and strengthened it still further in his youth by plenty of athletic exercise. You may sum up everything by saying that I attribute his longevity and good health to the regular life he has always led."

"Does he take exercise in the open air now?" it was asked.

"From the beginning of November until the middle of June," Dr. Laponni answered, "he never puts foot outside the Vatican, but during the summer months he spends a few hours two or three times a week in the Vatican gardens, and at intervals treats himself to a half holiday there."

"You have been quoted as saying that the Pope may easily live to attain a hundred. Are you still of that opinion?" the correspondent asked.

"Yes," Dr. Laponni answered. "Just as strongly as ever. Indeed, I have no intention of limiting Pope Leo to a hundred years. If he goes on as well as he has done during the past eight years he may live to attain any age. Indeed, His Holiness is not getting any older."

"And you authorize me to publish all this?" the correspondent asked.

"Fully; every word of it is truth. You have my warrant for it," answered Dr. Laponni bringing the interview to a close.

No man is alone who loves God. If he feels that he is, then he is alone as Christ was; his loneliness is temporary, mental, subjective. That it is an effort for man to think of God does not take away from the value of this truth. I defy any man to lose honestly the consciousness of the Divine Presence in the blood, lest temptation ever waged in Gethsemane.—Rev. Henry Keeffe.

THE
A TALE OF

CHAPTER I

HOW

GARRYOWEN

ROSE,

AND

HOW

IT

FELL.

The little ruined outland gives its name to one of the popular national songs situated on the activity near the city of Limerick, a not unpleasant view of an old town, with the one that washes its battered and a richly cultivated country. Tradition has the occasion of its celebrated origin of its name, which is compounded of two Irish words, "Owen's garden" so-called was the town half a century since, of which, from its contiguity to the young city, sort with the young city, a lounge presenting features somewhat similar which are offered to the mechanic by the Battersea dens. Owen's garden was a rendezvous for those who for simple amusement or for the old people drank under the shades of trees—played ball, goal, or other exercises on the green; while lingering by the hedge-rows their fair acquaintances, came with sounds less bold, but yet possessing distinction also.

The festivities of our fathers, were frequently disturbed by so fierce a character of that, for any difference in of their convivial meetings might as well have been p. counters. Owen's garden was famous for scenes of st.

was for mirth and humor; on heads became a staple manufacture in the neighborhood. This new feature in the of the place was encouraged number of young persons somewhat superior to that usual frequenters of the. They were the sons of the respectable citizens, the and wholesale traders of the great turned loose from school a greater supply of animals than they had wisdom to. These young gentlemen, b of wit, amused themselves ing parties at night, to w heads off all the geese, and knockers off all the hall-neighborhood. They suffered their genius to soa as the breaking of lamp, a the demolition of a watchman perhaps this species of joki found a little too serious to beated over frequently, f achievements of so daring a are found amongst their.

They were obliged to contend with the less ambitious of destroying the and store-locks, annoying the able inmates of the neighborhood with long-continued on the front doors, terrify quiet passengers with every of insult and provocation. dalgling their fratricidal pro against all the geese in Ga.

The fame of the "Garryowen" soon spread far and their deeds were celebrated in glorious minstrel of the that air which has since re over every quarter of the and even disputed the palm of popularity with "The day." A string of jolly were appended to the tune, soon enjoyed a notoriety such that of the famous "Lillie-bullam-a-la" which sung James out of his three ki. The name Garryowen was known as that of the Irish town, Limerick, itself, and little garden became almost a synonym for Ireland.

But that principle of which assigns to the life of periods of youth, maturity