

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

If there is one thing of which young men are excessively lavish, it is time. They squander years in the minutes that they uselessly fritter away. How can they value time, since they waste so many of the moments of which it is composed? Let the readers of this department consider what follows and be affected thereby:

Putting Time to Use. After the business meeting of the Council the other night, the members fell to talking about time—especially the use of odd moments.

One young fellow complained that he couldn't "find time" to fulfil his social duties. An elderly member replied: "I can always have time to do what I'm determined to do."

So it looks as if here, too, where there's a will there's a way. Then this short but most instructive story was told:

Four years ago a young business man who lives in the suburbs of a city, noted that it took him about half an hour to get from the house to the store in the morning, and another half hour to get home again in the evening.

"I am going to utilize that hour a day," said he. So he bought a book giving lessons in German and began to study that language. It was dull and tedious work at first and he was tempted to throw it up.

But at the end of a month he began to get really interested and to be amused to realize how many German words and phrases he had mastered. So he studied harder and faster, and presently he could read some simple stories understood with interest.

Then, as if Providence had determined to reward him for his good use of time and his fidelity to his resolution, a position as foreign correspondent for a large importing house was offered to him and accepted. He now gets \$30 a week and has splendid prospects of advancement.

This story brought out others, and the librarian recalled the fact that Cardinal Wiseman had written that brilliant and scholarly story of Fabiola at odd times—on trains, in coaches, on scraps of paper, on the backs of envelopes, at home and away from home, whenever he had five minutes to spare at one time from his many clerical duties.

Then the secretary related the case of a country lad, who while working on the farm, resolved to fit himself for a business career in town. He thought that, to help him get a start, he'd study shorthand. So he bought a text-book of stenography, and, in a few leisurely moments, he mastered the elementary principles of the sounds and the characters.

Then he practiced on the lines and dashes, abbreviations, and what not, until he had them well in mind. Next he came to a long list of hieroglyphics called logograms or word-signs—abbreviations which stand for whole words and sometimes for entire phrases. There were hundreds of them, and the system that the lad pursued called for the memorizing of them all.

Just then the youth's father decided to have a certain large field on the farm plowed, and he directed our hero to do the work.

"I'll know every one of those signs," said the lad, "by the time I've finished that plowing."

So, every night he copied on to a slip of paper a long list of those logograms and their meaning. Then, all the next day, with that paper pinned to his shirt, he tramped after the horses and plow, and at the end of every row he would study a sign or two, and go on. When the field was done, he knew them all by heart.

Then he practiced at night, having his sister to read out to him, and before long, he could take dictation with rapidity and correctness.

So he won his position. And when he came to town he entered a night school, studied bookkeeping, typewriting and telegraphy, and now has three strings to his bow.

"That reminds me of my college chum," chimed in the treasurer, at this point. "While we were going through the last year of school he got interested in electricity and gave to it all his spare moments, studying and experimenting."

He got so interested that, after his graduation he entered the Stevens Institute, and is now an electrical engineer, contractor and I don't know what all, in business for himself, and doing mighty well."

"And don't you remember Will Murray," said the president, "who, while he was teaching school, studied law, and when the P. A. movement was started he entered a law office, got admitted to the bar, hung out his shingle, and is making almost as many thousands of dollars now as he was making hundreds before?"

And so the talk went on. Almost everyone present could recall some instance of an acquaintance who had utilized his spare time to good advantage. In these actual experiences is proof of the facts that a great deal of time is wasted and that much can be accomplished by the persistent and systematic use of odd moments.

A Few Resolutions. "Start right, and right away." "There's something better than making a living—making a life."

"Don't wait for opportunity—make it." "Stick to your aim. The mongrel's blood will slip, but only crows are loose the bulldog's grip."

quer the world." "The world makes way for a determined man." "Be brief. Your time and the other man's is precious."

"Character is the poor man's capital." "To smile in victory is easy—in defeat, heroic."

Archbishop Ireland to Boys. Avoid as you advance in years, the special temptations that come to young men. I am not going to mention all of them, only one—intemperance. As you go through the world and watch your fellow-men, you find the majority of failures in life due to intemperance.

The vice of intemperance attacks the weak and the strong, the educated and the ignorant. It is generous, open-hearted men that are the most exposed to this terrible curse. Determine, then, to avoid that temptation. I would advise every man to forth armed stop at once. Pledge total abstinence. A man is absolutely secure with it; without it there is danger. It is all very well for a young man to say, "I'll only take one glass," but will he stop at one? Pledge total abstinence; for there is in it discipline, and discipline makes character. The underlying principle of character is self-control. If we practice this self-control on one point we surely shall practice in everything.

On Reaching a Decision. The man who decides quickly can afford to make mistakes; for no matter how many he makes he will get on faster than he who is timid, vacillating and so afraid of taking a wrong course that he dares not start out to do anything. Those who wait for certainties, or stand on the brink of the stream waiting for somebody to push them in, never reach the other shore.—O. S. Marden in Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. STORIES ON THE ROSARY. By LOUISA EMILY DOBREE. The Assumption of Our Blessed Lady into Heaven.

LUCY'S OFFERING. "Of course, if you really want me to, Mary, I will," said Lucy in a grudging tone. "But, you know, mother really prefers having you with her, you have so many more conversations than I have, and—"

"That is nonsense, Lucy. I think mother is a little hurt sometimes at your not going in to her as often as she would like," said Mary shyly, for she was very blind to the faults of others, and not fond of setting people to rights about what she did notice.

"Now, Mary, that is too bad. Whenever I want to go she is either going to sleep or can't bear light, so that one has to sit doing nothing but talk to her, or listen, and she likes your reading much better than mine, and she chooses such dry things. I don't care a bit for the books she likes."

"Isn't it better to try and find out when she wants one?" said Mary. "I think when people are ill it is best to try and see what they want one to do. Mother suffers so and bears it all so patiently, and really, after all, it isn't very much that we can do for her. And one reads to her to please her and not oneself!"

"Yes, I suppose she does suffer a lot," said Lucy, and then Anne's words of the morning, until then completely forgotten, returned uncomfortably to her mind.

"Mary," she said, "Anne was croaking this morning about mother. I think she did it just to frighten me, as I had not got up in time. I suppose it's not anything very bad—you know Anne always takes the most gloomy view of everything," she continued. "She must get better soon."

"Do you mean about mother's illness," said Mary, looking rather alarmed. "Oh, I hope not! I don't know at all. I must ask father; when I have asked him lately he has turned the subject so quickly. What did Anne say?"

Lucy repeated the words, and tears rose to Mary's eyes. "Oh, it can't be true, it can't! I thought if mother had escaped the cold, and was not allowed to exert herself in any way, that she would be quite well soon. I shall certainly ask father, for, of course, we can't ask her," said Mary.

"Yes, do; we can after dinner, when Jane has gone out of the room. Well, I hope it's all right," said Lucy, who, in spite of her carelessness, loved her mother very much. "Now I must go."

Mr. Charley was more than usually grave all through dinner, and the girls had no need to begin the subject uppermost in Mary's mind, for he told them he wished to speak to them. Mary had graduated he entered the Stevens Institute, and is now an electrical engineer, contractor and I don't know what all, in business for himself, and doing mighty well."

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"Lend a hand. The best way to help yourself is to help your neighbor."

"Promise little and do more."

"Be king of yourself and you will con-

doctor had spoken seriously of her case, and the girls learned from their father that Anne's melancholy forebodings had some foundation.

Lucy felt rather bewildered by the turn things had taken, and while her heart was sad at the thought of her mother's departure and separation from her beloved twin, yet she felt a little important at being left in charge of the house, and more than relieved when her mother said Mrs. Weston, a widowed sister of hers who used to pay them long visits, could not possibly come then.

The night before they sailed, Lucy's usually cheerful face was extremely long and pale. She and her mother had a long talk together while Mr. Charley was shut up with Mary in his study, giving her various directions, and unconsciously making Mary feel rather nervous at the responsibility laid upon her. She knew quite well that though her uncle and his wife would be on board, that it was to her her mother would turn, and on her lean, as she had unconsciously learnt to do during the year past. However, this timidity was mingled with a great content at not being parted from her mother, and being able to devote herself to her, and Mr. Charley, who was ever slow to words to talk together, said a few words to Mary about her faithful acceptance of all her home duties, which had involved so much denial of her tastes and check to her aspirations, which gave her a glow of pleasure. Mary was too humble to be hurt by praise; and the words were bracing and encouraging.

Mrs. Charley felt her task difficult that night. She was fully aware of the serious state of her health, for she had asked and been told the truth, and, as she sat in the freight—for it was a chilly evening—with her little daughter, she prayed very earnestly, that this, which might be the last talk they ever had together, might leave an impression which would not fade away. But Lucy was in a contrary mood, apparently determined to turn aside any attempts to talk of anything beyond her mother's plans, and all she herself had to do during her absence, and whenever Mrs. Charley approached the subject nearest her heart, and expressed in her thoughts, Lucy contrived to divert her attention.

Mrs. Charley never felt Lucy was as accessible as Mary, who responded quickly to any conversation on religious matters, and who talked openly to her mother on many subjects which Lucy would never mention to her. As it happened, all that Mrs. Charley had prepared to say never got said, as Mr. Charley came with a telegram he had received about the morrow's journey, and the next day there was time only for a hurried parting, when Mrs. Charley was too much moved and upset to do more than strain her child to her heart, and kiss her on the forehead of our Lord and His Blessed Mother.

The return home was very trying to Lucy, though she tried to throw off all appearance of caring. There was the drawing room, with the empty sofa, and it was strange to think that his frequent occupant would soon be so far away. Books lately in use in the room all seemed drooping of her mother, and when she ran up to the latter's bedroom and found Jane putting it in order, it seemed as if her mother were dead.

She went to the dining-room, and finding it apparently empty she sat down by the fire, and before she knew she was listening, she overheard Phil and Dora talking in the morning-room, which opened with folding doors off it.

"I wish it had been Mary who had been left at home," said Dora in a dismal voice. "So do I. I shall hate my lessons with Lucy, and I am very glad to get to do my work with her. Father is going to send me to read with Fred Darton's tutor, you know."

"Yes; you are lucky." "It will be hateful not having Mary at home. She never thinks of herself, and she's always ready to help a fellow, and Lucy never seems to care and is always doing only what interests herself."

"She never plays with me," said Dora. "She's ever so bothered if I ask her to, and—"

However, as Lucy's memory here reminded her of the proverb about listeners not hearing good of themselves, she arose, crossed her room, and, coming to the door, she would have been very much more complicated than it ever had been before, during her mother's absence. She put aside the unpleasant query as to whether there was or was not any truth in the words unintentionally overheard. All the importance she had felt at the death of her mother, and which she had been feeling so much, was replaced with a good deal more to do than she had expected, and not be at all as welcome as Mary's substitute as she would have liked.

At the foot of the stairs she met Anne, who eyes were suspiciously red and tone gruff, as if usually when she was a good deal moved.

"So you're the young missus now," said Anne, with an attempt to cheerfulness. "Well, you've got your hands full, for Miss Mary—"

TO BE CONTINUED.

CATHOLIC CHINAMAN.

FIRST CONVERT BURIED IN CATHOLIC CEMETERY, MONTREAL BY THE CHURCH.

Montreal, Aug. 8.—A remarkably impressive funeral was held yesterday from the hospital of Notre Dame to the Catholic cemetery. It was that of a young Chinaman, aged only twenty years, who died in the hospital of typhoid fever, after an illness only lasting four days. His remains were followed to the grave by sixty other Chinamen, relatives and friends. What made it the more remarkable was that this is the first time a Chinese has been buried in a Catholic cemetery in Canada.

The young fellow was baptized by Rev. Father Martin Callaghan, of St. Patrick's, about two months ago, and the funeral service was conducted by Rev.

Father Martin Callaghan and Rev. Father Hornby, S. J., who has lately arrived from China to take charge of the Catholic Chinamen in the city. A Mass will be held for them every Sunday morning, in the Christian Brothers' chapel.

The procession of Chinamen on their way to the cemetery attracted much attention. The service was conducted entirely in accordance with the customs of the Catholic Church, with none of the rites peculiar to the Chinese. The first clod of earth was thrown upon the coffin by Rev. Father Callaghan. Rev. Father Hornby then threw a handful of earth, and was followed by the four cousins of the deceased, who did the same. The leading Chinaman of the city were present.

As the grave was being filled, a prominent Irishman, from St. Antoine street who stood near, said that the parish of St. Patrick's should build a chapel for these new converts, and if this were agreed to he would give a subscription himself of \$100. It is probable that more will be heard of the matter, as the Catholic Chinese are peculiarly under the protection of St. Patrick's.

THE NEW HELL.

George T. Knight, professor of Christian theology in Tuft's College, called attention in the July number of the North American Review to what he calls "The New Hell." He argues that there has been a great change in the doctrinal teaching concerning hell, on the part of the Protestant Churches. He intimates that there has been a change in the Catholic theology on the same subject. In this the professor is entirely mistaken. He says:

"The number of the lost is being still further reduced by both Roman Catholics and Protestants. Certain of the former have pointed out that the doctrine of 'no salvation out of the Church' has been overstated. To begin with, the Church has made no such authoritative declaration as that salvation is limited to its own members. On the contrary, it has taught doctrines that seem to imply the salvation of great multitudes of non-Catholics."

The Church maintains that non-Catholics to be saved must "belong to the soul of the Church." There are many Christians and who profess their belief in good faith in the denominations to which they belong. They are of "good will" and of innocent lives and do not protest against the Catholic Church as the Church of Christ, and being invincibly ignorant concerning the claims of the Church, live along in good faith. Such persons belong to "the soul of the Church," and, dying, are saved as members of the Church.

Professor Knight should not twist this stand of the Church, which is not a new stand, to change of doctrine concerning hell.

Mr. Knight appears determined to make the Catholic Church get into line on the "new theology," because he states that she "teaches that the essence of eternal punishment is the loss of the Beatific Vision of God."

Catholic theologians do teach that the "pain of loss" is one of the greatest torments of hell. But this is no doctrine or declaration, nor does it modify the teaching of the pain of sense in hell or its eternal duration. Men's speculations concerning hell will not change the fact of hell nor that it is a place of eternal punishment for the conscious, malicious and persistent enemies of God.

The "pain of loss" and "the pain of sense" are clearly pointed out in the Scriptures. "I have dealt with them according to their unfaithfulness and wickedness and hid My Face from them." "For He will give fire and worms into their flesh that they may burn and may feel forever." "A fire is kindled in My wrath and shall burn even to the lowest hell."

Professor Knight is somewhat doubtful about the efficacy of "the new hell." He says, as quoted in the Literary Digest:

"The new hell is often made so pleasant that it is liable to be chosen by bad men as a place of residence. The thing to be desired as a remedy for the backboneless condition of some modern theology is not unlike the good old orthodox doctrine of fear and the sense of justice excited—lest hell become like some of our 'reform prisons,' which, by unintelligent zeal in goodness, are made so comfortable and honorable as to fall of the purpose of prisons. Perhaps, indeed, there is evidence that the limits of excess are already reached."

Professor Knight and the ministers and others should know that the doctrine of hell and other eternal truths are not subjects to be modified or changed by plebescent or straw votes. The Catholic Church is after all the last resort as the supreme tribunal on earth to interpret the law of God and the Holy Scripture. "He that hears you hears Me" is her commission.

Protestantism, with its private judgment, is removing the safeguards to true religion and seeking to nullify God's decrees and to make a mockery of His eternal justice.

As the criminal makes the jail, the sinner may be said to create hell.—Catholic Universe.

I know nothing that demonstrates the emptiness of life better than the death of great men and the facility with which the foolish world gets along without them.

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