

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Music and Health.

Musical has a decided influence upon the blood pressure in the arteries, and upon the respiration. We all know how it soothes, refreshes, and rests us when we are tired and worried.

Many nervous diseases have been cured by music, while others have been greatly retarded in their development by it. Anything which keeps the mind of our troubles tends to restore harmony throughout the body.

All the uplifting, encouraging, cheer-provoking emotions, the emotions which create hope and buoyancy of spirits, expectancy of better things—all optimistic emotions—have a decidedly beneficial influence upon the health.

A feeling of uplift, of happiness and well-being, quickens the heart's action, increases the circulation of the blood, and tends to open up all the avenues to health.

Worry, fear, anxiety, jealousy—all the destructive emotions—tend to give a sense of restriction and repression. They inhibit the heart's action rather than accelerate it.

Where these emotions predominate there is a sense of constriction through the whole arterial system; even the internal organs feel the suppression and constriction.

Whatever makes us happy, whether it is a good or useful story, a good joke, or the tonic which comes from success or any unusual achievement, tends to produce health and mental well-being.

All have felt the uplift of a great, unexpected joy, which sent a thrill through the entire being. Every emotion which tends to produce mental harmony lubricates the bearings of the physical machinery and helps promote health.

Whatever makes us happy tends to make us healthy and efficient. But we must not confound happiness with that which gives temporary physical pleasure, but which is followed by fatal depressing reaction.

That can only be called real happiness which is lasting, which promotes permanent well-being.

We have all felt the refreshing, uplifting influence when physically worn out and discouraged after a nerve-racking day's work, on returning home we found some unexpected joy awaiting us—perhaps in the arrival of an old friend or friend whom we had not seen for a long time, and whose genial presence made us forget completely our troubles and weariness.

Or, perhaps, it may have been a call from a jolly, jovial neighbor, who sees the ludicrous side of things, and who made us laugh heartily, scattering all our problems and trials to the winds.

Who has not felt the sudden release from weariness and discouragement caused by the change to a pleasurable scene or environment, or the bringing into play of new facilities which had not been exhausted by the toil and perplexities of the day?—Success.

Stamina and Grit.

No man can rise to anything very great who allows himself to be tripped or thwarted by impediments. His achievements will be in proportion to his ability to rise triumphantly over the stumbling blocks which trip others.

When I hear a young man whining that he has no chance, complaining that fate has doomed him to mediocrity, that he can never get a start for himself, but must always work for somebody else; when I see him moping, unconquerable obstacles everywhere, when he tells me that he could do this or that if he could only get a start, if somebody would help him, I know there is very poor success material in him; that he is not made of the stuff that rises. He acknowledges that he is not equal to the emergencies which confront him. He confesses his weakness, his inability to cope with obstacles which others surmount.

When a man tells that luck is against him, that he cannot see any way of doing what he would like to do, he admits that he is not master of the situation, that he must give way to opposition because he is not big enough or strong enough to surmount it. He probably hasn't time enough in his backbone to hold a straw erect. There is a weakness in the man who always sees a lion in the way of what he wants to do, whose determination is not strong enough to overcome the obstacle. He has not the inclination to buckle down to solid, hard work. He wants success, but he does not want it badly enough to pay the price. The desire to drift along, to take things easy, to have a good time, overbalances ambition. Obstacles will look large or small to you according to whether you are large or small. People who have a tendency to magnify difficulties lack the stamina and grit necessary to win. They are not willing to sacrifice a little comfort and pleasure. They see so much hardship in working their own way through college or starting in business without capital that they do neither. These people always look for somebody to help them, to give them a boost.

Character.

Character is consolidated habit, and habit forms itself by repeated action. Habits are like paths beaten hard by the multitude of light footsteps which go to and fro. The daily restraint or indulgence of the nature in the business, in the home, in the imagination, which is the inner laboratory of life, creates the character, which, whether it be here or there, settles the destiny. Men forget what life is for. Their consciousness takes in only the flimsy, transient, passing show. They forget that experience is the only important factor. That character is worth more than all else the world can possibly yield—the very object of all materials, of all circumstances.—Our Young People.

So, if your tranquillity in prayer is disturbed, you must endeavor by all means to restore it before you go further, even though the whole time of your prayer be occupied in doing this.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A TALK TO THE GIRLS.

AVOID IDLE GOSSIP, AND DO ALL YOU CAN TO DISCOURAGE IT.

It is pre-eminently and peculiarly a fault of girls from their earliest childhood to lead themselves to gossip and "small talk," says Mary J. O'Brien in the Christian Family.

So much so is this the case that one cannot pick up an almanac or a "funny paper" without seeing this feminine failing made the basis of all sorts of weak jokes and silly pert epigrams at the expense of girls and women. The universal world seems to accept it as a foregone conclusion that all girls are gossips.

Let us now consider carefully whether we belong to the rule or the exception. If we are of the latter then this article for us is needless, but if of the former then pause and contemplate closely the sin of gossip in its different aspects.

First, what does gossip betray? An empty, small and oftentimes vicious and spiteful mind and surely always a thoughtless one. This is an injustice, girls, an injustice done by you yourselves to that generous, kind and unselfish girlhood that is the birthright of every one of you. How can a flower grow if it be choked with the city grime which hides it from its life giving sun?

How can your womanhood grow if you choke and stifle it with small, mean tongues?

I once knew a girl who became to me, a living example of the self-betraying, degrading effect of gossip.

On first acquaintance she seemed all that could be desired, a true, charming lady who could talk fascinatingly and brightly of all the delightful things of life—music, art, literature were absorbing themes, in which she was brilliantly versed. But as acquaintance passed into familiarity she dropped her pretty mask.

Having once gained interest and attention by brilliancy and wit and seeming charm, she relaxed and—oh! what a fall! relapsed into the smallest and pettiest of gossips. With the first ill-natured remark that fell from her lips she was transformed from the ideal girl "who speaketh no evil," to that common, everyday, narrow, despicable little gnat—the gossip.

Common; horribly common—you know that girls. Nothing can make us more common, more inferior, more to be disregarded and despised. If you can say no good, then determine that you will at least say no evil.

You are perhaps out for the evening and your young companions being of the "common" caliber, some of them may indulge in a few choice crumbs of gossip "What an I do then?" you say. "I cannot put a long face on and preach to them a sermon on the fifth commandment—the way we immediately ostracize me. And neither can I startle them by breaking in on their conversation with some high flown Ruskin or Longfellow." No; you cannot adopt either of these measures.

By your manner, however—a deaf, listless, "faraway" manner invariably "side-tracks" the gossip—you can do wonders. Remember that it requires more than one to take part in conversation, and even the gossip finds no pleasure in talking to herself.

Give her plainly to understand, and do not be afraid to do so, that you are a lady and not a common scandal-monger. She will admire you secretly and perhaps can never get a start for herself, but must always work for somebody else; when I see him moping, unconquerable obstacles everywhere, when he tells me that he could do this or that if he could only get a start, if somebody would help him, I know there is very poor success material in him; that he is not made of the stuff that rises. He acknowledges that he is not equal to the emergencies which confront him. He confesses his weakness, his inability to cope with obstacles which others surmount.

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THE CAUSES OF UNBELIEF.

Gibbon, the author of the well-written but unreliable "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," a title by the way, taken from Montaigne's earlier work, tells us that after his conversion to the Catholic faith at the age of sixteen, the age of his innocence and still uncontaminated purity, his father "threatened to banish, disown and disinherited his rebellious son;" and then inflamed with Anglican hate of the true Church sent him in exile to Louisa, in St. Ireland, to live in the house and under the tutelage of a Calvinist minister named Pavillard, where in "exile and a prisoner, after some irregularities of wine, of play and of idle excursions," he lost his faith and became a Calvinist, to end his career, as was natural, in infidelity. Thus, hatred of the Church by his father, a typical eighteenth century Anglican, brought the son into the quagmire of unbelief. But, his hatred of the Catholic Church still lives and acts in many a so-called Christian heart. "Let him be anything, Unitarian, deist or infidel, but not a Papist," is the cry of many a modern Gibbon senior in dealing with his children. And consequently many of them prefer to be everything infidel and take their place in the army of hate of everything Catholic.—The Monitor, Newark.

Speaking in Chicago recently, Mr. Byran urged a union of Irishmen throughout the world, whether Catholic or Protestant. "Love of liberty is not the sole possession of any one church," he said. In America, speech and religion are free. And in this country we can unite, not only in defense of liberty, but in sympathy with all who struggle for it everywhere. The chief sign of the times is human progress. First comes intellectual advance. Illiteracy is decreasing, schools are more numerous and the level of education is raising throughout the world. Second, throughout the world there is progress in government. Some imagine we are just beginning to be a world power. But for more than a century the American idea of government has been spreading, and in all countries there are signs of the coming of universal popular government. Public opinion is more potent than ever before and the increase in the feeling of brotherhood must surely work to the benefit of Ireland. God give to every human being a sense of justice, and on that sense government is built. Human progress is slow, but just as every rain drop helps the parched earth, so every wrong hastens the day of justice to the oppressed. And in no spot on earth is justice more needed than in suffering Ireland.

THE VOICE OF IRELAND.

"Look with me a little into the soul of the Irish Gael," Father Sullivan S. J., said, "and see if I read it aright. And as I pause, thinking of that soul, I seem to hear the music of Ireland—I hear the harp of Tara. I hear the minstrels singing in its halls, in cottage and hut; I hear the mothers crooning to their babes; I hear the men in the fields and on the hills and by the rivers. Over the windy seas their songs are blown to me in one heart-breaking harmony, in one magnificent symphony. Now soft and low, like the summer winds that sob at night around her ruined and ivied towers; now measured and solemn as the moan of the winter waves breaking along her Atlantic shores, with the voices of unnumbered wandering spirits in pain, now dropping to the rippling laughter of running streams, now rising sweet and clear and high like a silvery eagle call to battle.

Smiles and tears, yearnings and untold longings, battle-cries and groans are in that music; but through it all there pulses and beats an intensity of feeling that no other nation can claim in its song. True, Germany and Italy may claim the masters in grand opera and oratory, in the great epics of music; but for the songs that steal into the heart and nestle and abide there, Ireland stand pre-eminently. Sorely Handel, the German composer, was a great master, and the world has not yet forgotten him, and it cannot forget his music, and yet once, when he heard a little Irish song, 'Eileen Arois,' with which perhaps you are familiar, and which came down to us from the thirteenth century, he said: 'That is music; I would rather have written that little melody, than all my compositions put together.' It is this utter intensity of feeling that has put a magic charm into Irish song, and the music of a people is but the expression of its soul, we must admit that intensity in the religion, in the love, in the patriotism, in the very life of the Gael."

FATHER VAUGHAN THINKS WE LIVE TOO FAST.

Rev. Bernard Vaughan, the English Jesuit, sends this New Year's message to the New York World:

"I think the world is getting more and more reckless and unscrupulous. It seems that every one wants to be like a motor car and run through the ways of life at top speed. It cannot be done without a breakdown or a collision or both.

If man's mission in life were to catch the speed fever and rush like a motor, gone mad, screaming through life, craving nothing after him but a cloud of dust, be it road dust or gold dust, why then, instead of being a human being he ought to have been a glorified dust-bin.

All this fever, fret and fume, all this dissatisfaction, with what is and craving for what is not, is to say thoughtful man a fine proof of the immortality of the soul, with its resting place in the bosom of God.

There are many causes at work to undermine man's true life, the spiritual. First of all, there is the philosophy on which his mind is not fed, but poisoned. Spencer, Huxley, Kant, Hume—all have left their mark on the present age. These men were light leading, no doubt, able, clever and fascinating, but their principles were wrong, and generations have been led

THE ROSARY IN IRELAND.

No one familiar with the Irish at home or abroad will discern any note of exaggeration in this paragraph from a paper by the Rev. Father Procter, O. P., in the Rosary Guide.

"In prosperity and in adversity, in the evening of sadness and in the morning of gladness, in their joys and in their sorrows, the beads were ever in their talismans, the Rosary their anchor of hope which kept them united to Jesus the Incarnate Son, and to Mary, the Spotless Mother. In the ages of persecution the Rosary was their 'shibboleth,' the password by which they were known to be 'of Christ and of God.' During the dark days the Rosary kept the lamp of faith ever burning in the Irish heart and in the Irish home. When the Mass was proscribed and the sacred rites were put under a ban, and a price was set upon the head of the priest—the so-called 'black' or 'white' children—the Rosary, under the sweet Providence of God and the influence of the Virgin Mother and Queen, preserved that faith in the Incarnation and in the mysteries of redemption which is the very life of the Irish race."

We have often thought that, as Mary has "put down all heresies," so Irish devotion to Mary has been the "licker" cause of Ireland's having ever been preserved from either heresy or its half-sister, schism. Alone among all countries, the Emerald Isle holds the distinction of never having given her a Pope.—The Ave Maria.

BY WHAT RIGHT?

The right of the Church to legislate regarding the holy sacrament of matrimony was ably demonstrated recently by Rev. M. J. Riordan of Baltimore.

"Some of our non-Catholic brethren," said Rev. Father Riordan, ask by what right the Church assumes to make laws validating or invalidating marriage. This is a fair question and deserves an answer. Marriage is not only a legal relation, but a holy union as well, a divine institution as revealed in Genesis and in the New Testament. The State prescribes conditions and disabilities for marriage so far as it is a purely civil contract, and the Church does the same in so far as it is a religious act. In certain parts of the United States the civil law makes a marriage between first cousins void, and in England for centuries a man might not validly marry his dead wife's sister. The State establishes nullifying matrimonial impediments in order to promote social welfare. The Church does the same thing for the spiritual advantage of her children. That the Church's marriage laws do not always agree with those of the State is natural and necessary. There is no uniform legislation on the subject among nations or even among the States in our own country. The same persons are held married in one State and unmarried in another. Nor is there any church whose enactments or discipline do not conflict with some civil statutes. Thus certain religious bodies forbid dancing, the sale of liquor and other things which the State permits. The Catholic Church claims a similar jurisdiction over her members in the most sacred of all contracts, that of holy marriage."

Misinformed Catholics.

Unfortunately there are not a few Catholic families whose entire reading matter is supplied by the secular press. They are strangers alike to Catholic paper and magazine, and consequently are out of touch with current Catholic thought and events and are misinformed generally on things Catholic, accepting unquestioningly of Catholic "news" why then, instead of being a human being he ought to have been a glorified dust-bin.

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There may be no sensible fervor in such prayer; these acts may seem to the soul to be perfectly stupid; yet such acts of the will, done, at the same time, with great calmness and interior stillness, without hurry or anxiety, will be of the greatest value to the soul itself, and also in the eyes of God. You will make more progress during that hour than in many others when the reason was bright and the affections came gushing forth like a fountain.

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