CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Success! Success! Success! That is the cry of some magazines for the young, of correspondence schools, and a certain class of teachers.

And what do they mean by success?

Wealth.

And what do they assert of the possibility for their followers to obtain wealth? That riches are within the

reach of all.

This is a false standard and a false they themselves, these shrickers of the art of showing the way to Success, are the visible proof. For, if everyone can become epulent why are not they

Concerning this Babel about money ful article : The Gospel of Success.

What a noisy gospel is that of "success" and how many self-satisfied evangelists are enlisted in its service? Pulpits, books, pamphlets and periodicals overflow with its catchwords, its aphorisms, its modern instances. In shop and offices, inspired by the propaganda of this glittering lore, the young men are brooding. Bank clerks join the American institute, diligently read the "Bulletin," and procure in-struction from the correspondence school in quest of this elusive, precschool in quest of this elusive, precious, capricious thing—success. The literary hack ransacks the careers of conspicious personages for the secret and method of success. He finds the exceptional and striking incident, extracts it from the commonplaces by which it is surrounded, and sets it in a dramatic relief. The successful man is a player structing upon the stage. a dramatic rener. The succession has a player strutting upon the stage. He moves to a triumphant climax. At a given conjuncture he will exhibit a supernal power of decision, or pretersupernal power of decision, or preter tered. Do set her going, Mary, and then let her be quiet. One can't read supernal power of decision, or preter actual judgement, of clairvoyant vision, of titanic industry, and thenceforth his ultimate triumph becomes inevitable. In other words, the successful man as he is portrayed in cur rent literature, is an optical illusion, a chimera of the literary faddist. But all of us unless we are poor trash indeed, have moments of unusual power, acuteness and diligence. This is the common lot. Yet only a few is the common lot. cessful man as he is portrayed in curis the common lot. Yet only a few of us that share the common lot are destined to accumulate great wealth or achieve conspicious stations. The number of such stations and the chances for such accumulations never did correspond, and never will, to the number of energetic, ambitious and capable men who are hopeful of achieving them. This unpalatable truth the literature of

Success abhors.

The normal service of an able and faithful man has no place in the literature of success. Why? Because such a service has nothing picturesque about it—it is too common; it is wanting in the melodramatic pitch. Besides, it is so common, in fact, that we may identify it with countless individuals whose achievements, measured by these limelight standards, are ared by these limelight standards, are of no account whatsoever. The successful man has never made a mistake, never missed a cue, is never weary, plans and plots incessantly, and probably never sleeps at all! And above all things, he always reaches the top and invariably possess a heavy bank account. The greater this bank account the more wonderful the business and professional power of this astonishand professional power of this astonishing individual seems to be. He is always more faithful, more vigilant, more industrious, more efficient than other men. But this confuses the issue and

men. But this confuses the issue and debases the standard of success. Browning said that the emphasis of success should be laid upon endeavor. The man who is true to himself, faithful to the trust reposed in him, employing his resources to the fullest, allowing for human endurance as well as weakness, a successful man. His material reward may be modest, but he is doing a part of the indespensable work of the world, doing it steadily and well—is not this also success as weakness, a successful man. His material reward may be modest, but but several children having died when he is doing a part of the indespensable work of the world, doing it steadily and well—is not this also success and success of a high order? To the literary powerts who write nithy and will be a Seminary with the literary powerts who write nithy and view of preparing for the priesthood. literary perverts who write pithy and snappy articles on how success is achieved in this dull world, such a man is a mere cumberer of the ground. Be-cause some one stands higher, this man is held to be outclassed and out-qualified. He is simply not in the

What is Success? To that strong article a few words may be added:

The success of amassing money is not the best nor is it open to all.

There is the success of a noble life and a happy death—that is the best of

There is the success of a man who is thoroughly filling his place, fully do-ing his work, living the life intended for him by Divine Providence and san-

for him by Divine Providence and sanc-tifying himself by performing his daily duties for God's sake.

That supreme success can, with the aid of grace, be achieved by everybody, and it will last for eternity.

The earthly success of riches cannot be won by all, for there are millions on millions for whom the Almighty has designed the lot of comparative poverty. Only the minority can be well off, and only the very few can be extremely wealthy.

Lucre is a low ideal, moreover, especi-

Lucre is a low ideal, moreover, especially when it is sought, not as a mean with which to do good, but as a deposit for a bank account or an investment

with which to make more money.

To be of use in the world, to accomplish one's vocation, to discharge the duties of one's state of life, to please God and to be united with Him by love and grace, and to save one's immortal soul—that is the highest success, the only success that is worth the name, the one success worth striving for and the one that is open to all. — Catholic Col-

There is more bigotry left in England than we had supposed. When Sir Henri Taschereau presented himself to the King the other day, to take the oath as Privy Councillor, he was informed that there was a special form for him as a Catholic. We should like to know why any form of this oath should at the present day contain language which a Catholic cannot conscientiously utter.— Antigonish Casket.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. STORIES ON THE ROSARY

BY LOUISA EMILY DOBREE. The Assumption of Our Blessed Lady into Heaven.

LUCY'S OFFERING.

Mary, could you just show me how to turn this hem, please," said Dora, who was putting much strength into her efforts to hem a duster, seated as she was on her own chair in the schoolroom

was on her own changed of her home, which was in a Louis of her home, which was busy translating rather a difficult. French story into English, and the interruption had been unwelcome. However, she turned a smiling face to her little sister, pleated down the corner l

child had been using.
"Am I doing it nicely, Mary?" in-

own," said Dora, fixing her anxious brown eyes on her elder sister's face. And now I can do it, I think, quite nicely," and the child drew down Mary's golden head and kissed the rather white cheeks with eager affec-

tion.

"And you won't talk, will you, darling, if you stay up here with Lucy and me," whispered Mary.

"No, not a single word," said Dora

"No, not a single word," said Dora in a loud whisper.
"And—"
"Oh, do be quite, I really cannot make head or tail of what I am reading!" exclaimed Luey. "Can't the child go into the nursery!"
"There's a man putting in the panes of glass that were broken," said Mary calmly, "and nurse is having a great turn out as well. I am sorry we disturbed you."
Lucy made no answer and returned

Lucy made no answer and returned to the joys of her book, for she de-lighted in reading novels, and greatly bjected to the check her mother put objected to the check her mother put upon their quality, while also trying to restrict the quantity; the rule that she was not to read them in the morn-ing or after she went to her room at ing or after she went to her room at night being broken more often than she cared to avow. For Mrs. Charnley rightly considered that novels were to be read by a girl of seventeen by way of recreation, that too great a number spoilt the taste for solid reading, and that at night they were unsuitable food for the mind after night prayers and the closing of the day.

view of preparing for the priesthood; Mark, who was thirteen, being at Col-lege. Dora, the pet of the house, was the youngest, five years old, and the youngest, five years old, and Philip, a delicate boy of ten, was also tat home, and he and Dora did their lessons with Mary, who had passed her senior Oxford examinations and taken high honors at her convent school. high honors at her convent school. She was a clever girl, very fond of study, and with a great desire to write books and be a literary woman. Since she had returned from school a year before, she had found it extremely

before, she had found it extremely difficult to find time for doing many things she liked, for her days flew by without very much to show for them in the way of study and reading, still less of writing. At the end of the day she always felt as if she had accomplished literally nothing, and it was disappoint.

always feit as if she had accomplished literally nothing, and it was disappointing to realize this when she thought of the dreams that she had had in her schooldays of all she hoped to do. It seemed a very poor record, for she had to give up her hour's study of Italian with an old school friend who lived near, it being impossible to fit it in with all her other duties, one after another many pleasant studies having to be laid aside, and it was only possible to secure enough time to keep up another many pleasant states are to be laid aside, and it was only possible to secure enough time to keep up a little solid reading. It was so unexpected, coming from school and finding their mother suddenly become an invalid, obliged to spend half her time in bed or the sofa, and needing great care and attention. What with small means, insufficient servants, delicate Phil, and lessons to be given both to him and Dora, Mary's hours were very much filled up.

Her twin was very unlike her in appearance as in character, for while Mary was a tall, slight, fair goldenhaired and totally dissimilar to her, though the color of their eyes was the

though the color of their eyes was the

though the color of their eyes was the same grey.

There was silence in the schoolroom after Dora had been set to work. Mary threw herself into her tale, and Lucy felt breathlessly anxious about the denouement of her novel.

When 4 struck, Mary shut up her writing desk and went down to find Mrs. Charnley ready for her tea, after having had a restless nap which had not refreshed her at all. She was a

fragile looking little woman with

fragile-looking little woman with a wonderfully sweet expression.

'Shall I have tea with you, mother, or will it tire you?' asked Mary, looking anxiously at her mother.

'No, dear, not at all. Ah! here is Jane.''

Mary was soon occupied pouring out the tea and waiting on her mother.

the tea, and waiting on her mother, who sat up a little on her sofa to take

it.

"Have you been out, Mary, today?" asked Mrs. Charnley. "You
look rather white."

"No, mother; but I will go out
later and take Dora with me if you
like"

the nne and rather best one which the child had been using.

"Am I doing it nicely, Mary?" inquired Dora anxiously, for the duster was destined as a present for their mother on her birthday its use to be reserved for dusting the drawing-room china, and the child was anxious to do her best.

"Yes. The last bit is better than the beginning. Make your stitches like this," and Mary, having threaded the new needle, made a few stitches of the hemming.

"I must take those out though, Mary," said Dora, knitting her small brows, "because I want mother to know it's all my own work."

"What rubbish!" said an irritated voice from a lounging chair in the corner, "as if two or three stitches mather than the process of the life that she had been all unconsciously very much influenced and affected by her surroundings. The sweet familiar customs ings. The sweet familiar customs ings. The sweet familiar customs which form so great a part of Catholic life, serving as they do to keep up com-munication with the unseen world, were most of them foreign to her

tastes. "Oh, no, mother! I hurried off for fear she should do so."

"I explained to Dora that the candle was an outward sign of the prayer she had said to Our Lady for me, and she quite understood it," said

Mrs. Charnley.
"Yes. I almost envy the younger ones," said Mary thoughtfully, "for a Catholic childhood is such a lovely

thing."
"Indeed it is. I am always so sorry having had it," "Indeed it is. I am always so sorry for you elder ones not having had it," said Mrs. Charnley, for she and her husband were converts, the elder children being received into the Church when the twins were twelve years old. "Hewever, you were not so very old when you were received. So you have had some of it.

"Do you think very little children understand very much about it,"

understand very much about it, mother? That often puzzles me, though I admire and like it so much, whether it is really of much use to them to be taught to kiss pictures and

them to be taught to his pictures and the crucifix, and to go to shrines and be taken to Benediction, and learn the Rosary and other prayers."

Mrs. Charnley smiled. "No, they do not understand much, and the very little ones nothing at all, but still it is all parts of their sujritual education. all part of their spiritual education. One teaches a child holy words which it cannot understand in the least, but as some one has said very truly:
"Memory, affection and association,

"Memory, affection and association, all these come when one is young sooner than comprehension." The little child saying its rosary will later on be taught about the Great Mysteries which form part of that wonderful chain of prayer, and will discover more and more of their meaning. The forming of the early habit is a most important matter, and the little child night prayers and the closing of the day.

Lucy and Mary Chainley were twins, eldest of what had been a large family, associates what it sees with that which but saveral children having died who.

tapers used so much in our churches. "I remember," said Mrs. Charnely.
"He showed it to me. Wax, the spot-

"What a good memory you have, mother!" exclaimed Mary. "It is a comfort to me now, dear," said Mrs. Charnley. "There are so many hours when I cannot sleep at night, and in the day when my eyes are too weary to read and my head too tired to be read to, when I can recall a great deal that I have read. So you

a great deal that I have read. So you see that there are compensations," she added brightly. "Now had you not better go out, dear?"
"Shall I ask Lucy to come and sit with you, mother?" asked Mary, drawing the couvre pied gently over her mother's feet and arranging her cushions

"Yes, your father is out and I feel quite inclined for some one with me, and you can tell Jane that if any visitors come I can see them. Tell Lucy, please, to bring me my crochet. I think

will want to talk."
"Some visitors may come," suggested
Mary, "and she says she is well enough
to see them."
"Oh, well, there's no help for it,"
"Oh, well, "there's no help for it,"

said Lucy with a sigh. "Where's mother's crochet? I am sure I don't

will go now. Oh, Mary, I forgot to ask you, shall I take your flowers to the church to-night, with mine? I have a lovely lot; Baxter let me have them

A faint color came into Mary's face.

"No, Lucy, thanks, I haven't any to send. Now do—do go to mother," she added. "For you know it fidgets her writing for any one." waiting for any one."

Lucy shut her book with a half sigh
and went down to her mother.

Mary and Dora then started and had

a long walk over the Common. It was the first week in May, the air was rather cold, the trees were in their freshest green, and all nature seemed rejoicing in the spring. Mary talked to Dora and let the child enjoy her walk, which was ended by making a short visit to the church, which was

always open. When they came in Mary found plenty to do, for her father had come back from his office and wanted her to help him to find a quotation. This necessitated hunting through a good many books, and the dinner bell rang before she realized how late it was. It was a short meal, for there were but the two girls and their father, Mrs. Charnley having her slight supper sent in to her in the drawing-room. Mr. Charnley was much older than his wife, a silent, grave man, whose head was usually very full of his work, so full that his family for a care his way his the gradient of observing. often gave him the credit of observing very little, but this was not the case, as they found now and then to their surprise.

TO BE CONTINUED.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

OF HAVING CONFIDENCE IN GOD WHEN WORDS ARISE AGAINST US.

But give ear to My word, and thou shalt not value ten thousand words of men. Behold, if all should be said against thee which the malice of men can in

vent, what hurt could it do thee if thou wouldst let it pass and make no acco of it? Could it even so much as pluck But he, who hath not his heart with-

in nor God before his eyes, is easily moved with a word of dispraise.

Whereas he, who trusteth in Me and desireth not to stand by his own judg-ment, will be free from the fear of men. For I am the Judge and Discerner of

all secrets: I know how the matter passes: I know both him who offereth the injury and him who suffereth it. From me this word went forth, by my permission this happened: that out many hearts thoughts may be revealed. (Luke, ii. 35.)

I shall judge the guilty and the inno cent; but by a secret judgment I would beforehand try them both.

The testimony of men oftentimes deceives: my judgment is true; it shall stand and not be overthrown.

The Church and Temperance. In an address at the recent annual meeting of the St. Louis Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, the Rev. J. T. Coffey, pastor of St. Leo's church, St. Louis, said: "Don't mistake the attitude of the

Roman Catholics on this momentou liquor question. An Ireland of St. Paul, an Elder of Cincinnati, a Keane of Dubuque, a Spalding of Peoria, a Ryan of Philadelphia—all have spoken out in no uncertain accents on the evils of the liquor traffic in America. Re-cently an aged priest of the diocese of Cincinnati has visited every training school of the Catholic clergy in the States and Canada and has organized large and flourishing total abstinence societies among the young aspirants to the Catholic priesthood. Many of our Bishops, East, West, North and South, pledge all the children of the annual confirmation classes.'

walk humbly with your God."-Teunis . Hamlin.

What is your society doing to uplift its members and to spread the faith? The Church organization that does not The Church organization that does not rise above dress parades, banquets and suchres has no reason for existence and had better go out of business.—Catholic Columbian.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS,

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Mary went away, and found Lucy still reading.

"Oh, dear, what a bother!" said Lucy when she heard her mother's message. "Couldn't you have stopped with ther, Mary?"

"No; I am going out," said Mary. "Come, Dora, we must dress and be off."

"I shall never be able to finish this story if I go and sit with mother, who will want to talk."

"Some visitors may come," suggested Mary. "and abo." "Suggested Mary. "and abo." "All medicine Co., Brockville, Ont." "I shall never be able to finish this story if I go and sit with mother, who will want to talk."

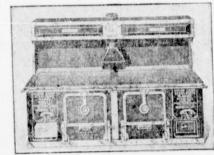
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