

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE WAY TO KNOW
Idle wishes are of no use. As a rule, a young man can have anything in reason, that he wants, and become anything, in reason, that he wants to be.

Do you regret that your early educational opportunities were limited or wasted? Knowledge is power.

There are thousands of men and women of intelligence, of good intentions, of industrious habits, who fall short of success because of educational deficiencies.

Would a knowledge of stenography, of grammar, of mathematics improve your chances for success? In speaking and writing, you are always sure of your grammar?

Do you always use the words that best express your meaning? Or do you lack confidence in yourself because you do not know?

Have you not often found yourself silent, hesitant and embarrassed when those about you were discussing with interest subjects of which you were ignorant?

Have you envied those who were able to join intelligently in conversations from which you were barred because of your lack of knowledge?

There is no reason why you should be discouraged by these deficiencies in your education.

You owe it to yourself to make the most, and best, of your life.

The habit of study is not difficult to acquire. Once acquired, it is pleasant and fascinating. In returns, it pays enormous dividends of pleasure and satisfaction, and even money.

A better knowledge of English; the ability to write stenography, or to speak, read and write one or more foreign languages; an acquaintance with literature and art; familiarity with geography and history; knowledge of the laws of hygiene, chemistry and biology, the arts of drawing and music, of economics, of political science, of current events, will make you a better man, a more competent and more useful member of society.

You can have this knowledge—the better equipment for getting the most out of life. Books, teachers, night schools offer you the opportunity to fit yourself, now, for the work you want to do—for the better and larger part in life you would like to take.

Do not moan over the loss or waste of youthful opportunities. The adult mind is better formed for learning than the child mind. Just get the habit of studying. Stop wasting your time wishing for a better chance; go to work now to fit yourself for the better chance.

Do not wait, even until fall, to start this work. You will find summer study a restful, agreeable recreation. Mere idleness and amusement are poor forms of recreation. The best rest is change of work, of thought, of occupation. A few hours a week devoted to study, will make your summer this year one that you will always remember, for the pleasure and profit derived.

If you really want to improve yourself; if you really want to make the most of your opportunities, don't waste time in wishing, but begin to act—to inquire, to read, to study and to practice. Every day, do some progress. Every word will bring you nearer to the goal of perfection.

FORMING REGULAR HABITS

One of the most interesting secrets of success in life is the forming and keeping of good and regular habits. Any boy who wants to grow into a successful man, no matter what vocation or profession he may decide upon should begin early to form good habits that he must allow to become a regular part of his daily life.

A boy should get up early in the morning, and go out in the pure fresh air where he can see the works of his all-wise Father in heaven.

The morning is the time to invigorate the lungs by inhaling the fresh atmosphere. It is the time to stretch the muscles and to strengthen the nerves by a vigorous exercise. It is the hour to establish a good, healthy boyish appetite, which will soon make a bright, rosy complexion. It is the time to study the birds and flowers. The birds are the happiest, and sing the sweetest in the early morning. The flowers are the most beautiful, and the dewy perfume is the most delicate in the morning hours.

The sun has the most influence over a sickly or weakened constitution in the morning, and if we rise early and allow nature to assist, we can gain strength of body and mind.

Our morals will improve also, for we will see the wisdom of the Lord in providing all the many blessings for our benefit.

The boy who determines to make a useful man of himself will find much to assist him if he will only get out early in the morning and look for it. He will establish habits that will remain with him all through life and which will assist him in many ways which are invisible to the boy.—St. Paul Bulletin.

When things seem to have gone wrong generally, and nothing is quite as it should be; when the other man gets the promotion; the other man makes the wise investment; the other man, in short, annexes to himself the desired things of life, the trouble is that you forget your part in the game while watching him play his. You're sat gaping at his brilliant moves, and stupidly allowed your own men to get cornered.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

WHAT A CHILD CAN DO

It was a stifling hot day in July; the flag-stones burned one's feet as one walked along the uneven, broken pavement, and no shade seemed to fall on the closely-packed houses of a dingy court, reeking with bad smells, dirt, and misery of all kinds, through which I one day wended my way to see a sick child.

In one of the rooms of the most wretched of these tenements lay a little girl about twelve years of age. A broken staircase led up to the place which was divided by a rough sort of boarding from the sleeping dens of the other lodgers in the house—you could not dignify such places by the names of homes! Each room had its distinct family—its tale of woe, misery and sin; and the one which I now entered was no exception.

On a miserable little bed, covered with rags which never could have laid claim to the name of bed-clothes, lay the object of my search. Pallid, dirty and uninviting as the poor child was, there was something in her face which instantly arrested my attention. Her large, lustrous eyes had a hungry expression, as if ever seeking after that which could not be found. As there was no chair in the room, I sat down on the edge of her poor little bed, and began to talk to her. I found her as ignorant of the most elementary truths as if she had never lived in a Christian land; she could not read a word, nor did she know a letter. She had been sent out to work as soon as she could understand anything, and there was no money at home for food, much less for schooling.

In carrying a heavy pitcher of water the year before (a load, in fact, far beyond her strength) she had fallen and injured her knee, and it had got worse and worse, and now she was quite laid up, she said, and unable to put her foot to the ground. I asked her to let me see it. She did so with evident terror, lest I should give her pain. It was in a frightful state of neglect and dirt, and an ugly wound showed me the scrofulous and consequently hopeless nature of her malady.

Promising to bring her some fine rags, and to come and dress it gently for her on the following day, I said good-bye to her little heart, and in which, after some preliminary shyness, I succeeded.

She knew nothing of the gospel history—could not even say the "Our Father" or "Hail Mary"; but she showed a feverish anxiety to learn. I had in my basket a series of little colored pictures illustrating all the principal events of Our Lord's life; and these I took out and showed her, explaining first time in her life, poor yet ever new, of His divine humility and love. The effect on her took me completely by surprise. Large tears filled those lustrous eyes, and ran down those pallid cheeks; and nothing would content her but that I should pin the whole series round her bed, beginning with the Nativity and ending with the Crucifixion, on which last subject she dwelt with a tenderness, mingled with horror and pain, which was a rebuke to my own cold-heartedness, not easily to be forgotten.

Soon after, her mother came in; in spite of her tawdry and dragged dress and bloodshot eyes, there was an evidence of a better nature struggling within her, which made her welcome with pleasure any one who was kind to her sick child; so that she received me with unexpected courtesy. Eagerly the child began pouring out into her mother's ears all the facts I had been telling her, pointing to the pictures; and then sadly exclaimed:

"Oh, mother; why did you not tell me all this before?"

The woman looked down sheepishly enough; and then, throwing her apron over her eyes, she suddenly burst out crying violently. I was prepared with reproaches for the mother who had so grossly neglected her duty towards her child, but the latter stopped me.

"Poor mother," she whispered; "it's not her fault—I shouldn't have said that; she has had such trouble! Do comfort her!"

Touched and surprised at her words and manner, I endeavored to soothe the woman, and asked her what had brought her to such straits. Then followed a sad tale of continual misfortune, trial and wrong, ending in despair and drunkenness, with all its evils; and, at the close of the relation, the poor woman's tears again burst forth.

GILLETTS LYE
The Standard Lye of Canada. Has many imitations but no equal.
CLEANS AND DISINFECTS
100% PURE

"And isn't it enough to break any one's heart to see a poor little Mary there—with nothing to give her, and she was dying, as one may say, and all the wages as would keep her comfortable going to the saloon; and I can earn nothing now, so to speak!"

I said a few words to her of sympathy, and of the Healer of all troubles, if we only lay them at His feet; and then took my leave, promising to return the next day.

The morning came, and the bright look of welcome with which I was greeted by the sick child amply repaid me for my hot walk. She had got her mother to paste all the little prints on the wall of her room in their order—so that the whole life of Our Blessed Lord was before her; and she remembered every word of our previous day's conversation. Gladly, therefore, did I continue it, having first washed and dressed the wound, which she submitted to patiently, after I had talked to her a little of the pain borne by Our Lord for her, and how she could offer up her suffering to Him. And so went day by day! and every hour the truths she was learning seemed to sink deeper and deeper into her heart.

Soon I felt that she was fitted for higher teaching than mine; and so, one morning I brought to her beside the kind and gentle priest who had so often striven in vain for admission into that wretched room. He was greatly moved both at the fervor of her piety and the freshness and vividness of her religious impressions, and lost no time in preparing her for her confession and first Communion, which she received with a faith and joy which will ever remain on my memory.

But soon after this, a sudden stop was put to our intercourse. One day, as I was reading to her as usual some parts of Our Lord's passion, which was her great delight, the door opened suddenly, and a man entered, of rough and surly aspect.

"What are you doing here?" he exclaimed to me, in great anger, "I want no canting Sister of Charity in my house!"

"But, father! father!" exclaimed the poor child, "she has been so kind to me, you don't know—and—" "And I don't choose she should stay here," he retorted, fiercely interrupting her; while thrusting back into my basket the jelly and other little comforts I had brought, he motioned me to the door. Fearful of the effects this scene might have on his child, and not wishing to excite him further, I rose at once, and quietly saying that I hoped some day he would feel differently towards me, I kissed the little girl and went away.

Home troubles and sickness prevented my returning to the court for a fortnight or three weeks; but the first morning I found myself at liberty I went back to see if I could once more gain access to the sick child's room. A woman met me on the first landing.

"Oh, Sister, you're wanted upstairs. That man in No. 6 is bad with fever. Yesterday he was not expected to live."

"What! the father of little Mary?" I exclaimed; and hastily climbing up the ladder-like staircase, found myself in a few moments in the room.

There was the man on a pallet by the side of his child, moaning in agony; and she, having crawled out of her little bed, was lying by him, gently repeating to him the "Our Father," and trying to make him follow her. When he saw me, he hid his head under the bedclothes, murmuring, "This is your revenge!"

"I took no notice, but, lighting a little stna I had brought with me, soon succeeded in making him some tea. The expression of his face was quite changed—he thanked me with tears in his eyes; and as for little Mary, she was radiant.

"He can say it all now," she whispered eagerly to me; "and he's never going to drink any more!"

I looked at the little apostle, as she lay with her, thin, wasted face close to his, and smoothed the hair on her white forehead.

"Father's all right now," she exclaimed; "he can say a 'Hail Mary,' and will never turn you out of doors any more!"

But the effort had been too great. The strain of the last few days had exhausted the child's remaining strength, and her head suddenly sank forward.

"My poor dear child!" cried out the penitent father, vainly striving in his weakness, to rise and help her. A cordial revived her, but it was only for a time. Her work was done—her father was saved—and that night the Master called her home.—Sunday Visitor.

LANGUAGE, RELIGION AND IMMIGRATION

An American resident in France has called our attention to an article in Revue Pratique l'Apologétique of March 15, by the late Abbe Guibert, S.S. stating that language and religion are the chief factors in preserving the racial characteristics of a people, and that race and language are essential elements in conserving the religion of its emigrants.

The first part of the thesis seems well founded. A nation's language, carrying down in an unvarying channel the centuries traditions of a race, links together the habits, customs and ideals of the present with the past; and continuity of the same religious beliefs and practices perpetuates the identity of thought and action in those matters which impress themselves on mind and heart as most solemn and sacred. It therefore exercises constant influence on the formation and conservation of character, reacting not infrequently on expression and physique; its doctrines beget right thinking, its morals right living, and the interaction of both tends to produce and conserve a race mentally and physically sound.

Of the total loss there can be no accurate estimate; but it must not be called apostasy. Reckoning all our non-Catholics who are to some degree descended from Irish Catholic immigrants since 1650—and few of these are of unimixed Irish blood—we are inclined to place the figure not far below M. Guibert's, Mr. Maginnis' "Irish Contribution to American Independence" (reviewed in America, vol. ix, 16 and 17), shows that the number of Irish Catholics imported as slaves, servants and free, was very large, and their intermingling with Protestants the usual procedure; so that their Protestant descendants in 1776 formed a considerable part of the then population of 200,000.

As priests arrived and dioceses were formed the subsequent losses decreased, but many children of the famine-stricken immigrants of 1847, and the following decade, were picked up by Protestant societies and families, and reared in their faith.

These became noted Protestant preachers. Allowing for the influence of Irish fecundity in the various intermarriages, the number of American Protestants who have some Irish Catholic blood would probably approach twenty millions.

The purely Catholic proportion would be scarcely one-sixth of this; but at all periods, and particularly now, the number of deliberate apostates among Irish Catholics is negligible.

Our foreign friends seem prone to misjudge American conditions, especially when working out a theory for a purpose. Our correspondent cites from another European magazine this passage:

Life in American cities is so hard that nature can not resist it. With very few exceptions families become extinct in the third generation. Were it not for the continual importation of immigrants the deaths would surpass by far the births in all our American cities.

The United States death-rate, 13.9 per 1,000, is less than that of any European country, except Sweden, which has 13.8. In Italy it is 21.4, in France 19.6, in Germany 17.3. The city average is somewhat higher here, as elsewhere, but of all our cities of 100,000 population and over, not one has a death-rate as high as the general rate in Italy. New York is 14.5. Moreover, the increase of population is considerably larger in our cities than in the urban districts, and this is equally true of States that are not affected by immigration. There are but two States, and these among the least populous, Montana and Wyoming, that show a greater increase in the rural districts than in the cities.

Civic growth is due, of course, to influx, as well as to births, but the wild assertion of "extinction in the third generation" is refuted both by figures and by experience. It is true of part of the New England stock, and here and there elsewhere, but as a general statement it is no more of America than of Europe.

It is quite commendable for foreign writers to endeavor to keep their people at home and prevent their country's veins being bled by emigration, but ultimately they will not serve the interests of their publications or their people by reckless mis-

number of defections that have taken place during several centuries among a people who, on their native soil, are remarkable for their faith.

The two causes of this apostasy are: the lack of a special language and the lack of priests from their native land. Speaking English, having no language which would isolate them from their surroundings and group them together, the Irish quickly amalgamated with the English and American elements, and embraced their ideas, their religion or their indifference.

Regarding these statements we are asked: Has M. Guibert exaggerated the number of Irish, by birth or by descent who have apostatized in the United States? If he has not, is his explanation of this apostasy the correct one?

Both questions can be answered together. In the first place, apostasy is the wrong word. A large number of Catholic Irish were forcibly deported by Cromwell, and by or with the connivance of his successors, as slaves and "redemptions," and scattered through the colonies where priest and church were barred, and everything Catholic was anathema. Many were mere children, and it these grew up in the ways around them they could not justly be called apostates. The adults and the more or less free emigrants who came towards the end of the eighteenth century had, for the most part, to marry, and the marriage, to be legal, had to be performed in a Protestant church. This, with the inevitable intercourse in school and social relations made it practically impossible for the children to be other than Protestant, unless where Irish communities were established. The authorities were careful that this should not occur, and where such establishments were effected, in Maryland, Philadelphia, and a few other places, the faith of the parents was transmitted, usually in the teeth of grievous disabilities. Under similar circumstances in pioneer States and throughout the South, the faith was gradually lost, though seldom consciously renounced, not because of their loss of language, though most Irish immigrants of the period were Gaelic speakers, but because of conditions that, humanly speaking, were bound to preclude the transmission of language or religion. The continuity of the priesthood was heroically maintained at home, but priestly immigration was effectively prohibited.

Of the total loss there can be no accurate estimate; but it must not be called apostasy. Reckoning all our non-Catholics who are to some degree descended from Irish Catholic immigrants since 1650—and few of these are of unimixed Irish blood—we are inclined to place the figure not far below M. Guibert's, Mr. Maginnis' "Irish Contribution to American Independence" (reviewed in America, vol. ix, 16 and 17), shows that the number of Irish Catholics imported as slaves, servants and free, was very large, and their intermingling with Protestants the usual procedure; so that their Protestant descendants in 1776 formed a considerable part of the then population of 200,000.

As priests arrived and dioceses were formed the subsequent losses decreased, but many children of the famine-stricken immigrants of 1847, and the following decade, were picked up by Protestant societies and families, and reared in their faith.

These became noted Protestant preachers. Allowing for the influence of Irish fecundity in the various intermarriages, the number of American Protestants who have some Irish Catholic blood would probably approach twenty millions.

The purely Catholic proportion would be scarcely one-sixth of this; but at all periods, and particularly now, the number of deliberate apostates among Irish Catholics is negligible.

Our foreign friends seem prone to misjudge American conditions, especially when working out a theory for a purpose. Our correspondent cites from another European magazine this passage:

Life in American cities is so hard that nature can not resist it. With very few exceptions families become extinct in the third generation. Were it not for the continual importation of immigrants the deaths would surpass by far the births in all our American cities.

The United States death-rate, 13.9 per 1,000, is less than that of any European country, except Sweden, which has 13.8. In Italy it is 21.4, in France 19.6, in Germany 17.3. The city average is somewhat higher here, as elsewhere, but of all our cities of 100,000 population and over, not one has a death-rate as high as the general rate in Italy. New York is 14.5. Moreover, the increase of population is considerably larger in our cities than in the urban districts, and this is equally true of States that are not affected by immigration. There are but two States, and these among the least populous, Montana and Wyoming, that show a greater increase in the rural districts than in the cities.

Civic growth is due, of course, to influx, as well as to births, but the wild assertion of "extinction in the third generation" is refuted both by figures and by experience. It is true of part of the New England stock, and here and there elsewhere, but as a general statement it is no more of America than of Europe.

It is quite commendable for foreign writers to endeavor to keep their people at home and prevent their country's veins being bled by emigration, but ultimately they will not serve the interests of their publications or their people by reckless mis-

DURABLE—Fire grates are three-sided; last three times as long. Shaped in the

McClary's Sunshine Furnace to grind up clinkers when "rocked". See the McClary dealer or write for booklet.

statements, especially when the facts are easily ascertainable. The language errors, touching not only facts but principles, are still more dangerous. Language and racial customs are often conservative of religion, as are many other unessential helps, and it is laudable to foster them in reason, especially where they have rights of priority and constitutional authorization; but we must not make of them a fetish. The Catholic Church can prosper through whatsoever tongue has words enough to explain her creed. Those who identify language with religion are preparing apostasy for those of their people who come under the necessity of receiving religious ministrations through another tongue. Such teaching is Gallican and Protestant, rather than Catholic. The capacity of Catholicity to diffuse itself through all lingual mediums may be called a part of "the gift of tongues."

Wilson said: "I see many times Catholic men lift their hats as they pass their places of worship. I would that you and I had such deep regard for religion. It seems to me that we should second this practice and exhibit this reverence. And I commend this to you for your consideration."

"This certainly is a commendable practice. But it is not to the Church that the Catholic shows this respect but to Him Who dwells therein—Christ in the adorable Eucharist.—Newark Evening Star.

That servant is termed "efficient" who doeth well the thing he was employed to do. The Mutual Life of Canada, the servant of the Canadian people, has demonstrated its efficiency.

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Total: 18,095,939

TO METHODISTS
Bishop Luther B. Wilson, in a sermon to the members of the Newark conference in session in the Halsey Street M. E. Church, praised Catholic men for the public reverence they display in removing their hats as they pass Catholic Churches.

THICK SWOLLEN GLANDS
That make a hoarse Wheeze, Roar, have Thick Wind or Choke-down, can be reduced with ABSORBINE

ABSORBINE
Also any Bunch or Swelling. No blister, no hair gone, and horse kept at work. Concentrated—only a few drops required at an application. \$2 per bottle delivered.

Common Sense Exterminator KILLS RATS AND MICE
It drives up the carcasses and absolute deposit, and allows the rat to rot in situ, attending the use of inferior preparation.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED
We ship on approval to any address in Canada. We give you a 10 DAYS TRIAL. It will not cost you a cent if you are not satisfied after using it.

Wilson said: "I see many times Catholic men lift their hats as they pass their places of worship. I would that you and I had such deep regard for religion. It seems to me that we should second this practice and exhibit this reverence. And I commend this to you for your consideration."

"This certainly is a commendable practice. But it is not to the Church that the Catholic shows this respect but to Him Who dwells therein—Christ in the adorable Eucharist.—Newark Evening Star.

That servant is termed "efficient" who doeth well the thing he was employed to do. The Mutual Life of Canada, the servant of the Canadian people, has demonstrated its efficiency.

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Total: 18,095,939

Mutual Life Assurance Co. of Canada
Waterloo, Ontario
Is therefore termed "The Efficient Company."

American House
Lake Muskoka
Good Boating and Fishing; Catholic Church five minutes' walk from house. Write for rates.

HOTEL POWHATAN WASHINGTON D.C.
HOTEL OF AMERICAN IDEALS
Pennsylvania Avenue, 18th and H Streets

Common Sense Exterminator KILLS RATS AND MICE
It drives up the carcasses and absolute deposit, and allows the rat to rot in situ, attending the use of inferior preparation.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED
We ship on approval to any address in Canada. We give you a 10 DAYS TRIAL. It will not cost you a cent if you are not satisfied after using it.

THE ST. CHARLES
Most Select Location Fronting the Beach
ATLANTIC CITY, N.J.
With an established reputation for its exclusiveness and high class patronage. Thoroughly modern and completely equipped. Courteous service. Bathrooms with hot and cold fresh and sea water attachment, etc. Magnificent sun parlors and porches overlooking the board walk and ocean. Orchestra of soloists. Always open. Golf privileges. Illustrated booklet.

THE GREAT SHIP "SEEAANDBE"
Length 500 feet, breadth 98 feet, 6 inches; 510 staterooms and parlors accommodating 1500 passengers. Greater in cost—larger in all proportions—richer in all appointments—than any steamer on inland waters of the world. In service June 15th.

Magnificent Steamers "SEEAANDBE," "City of Erie" and "City of Buffalo"
Daily—BUFFALO AND CLEVELAND—May 1st to Dec. 1st
Leave Buffalo 9:00 P. M. Leave Cleveland 9:00 P. M.
Arrive Cleveland 7:30 A. M. Arrive Buffalo 7:30 A. M.
(Eastern Standard Time)

Connections at Cleveland for Put-in-Bay, Toledo, Detroit and all points Western and Southern. Railroad tickets reading through Buffalo and Cleveland are good for transportation on any steamer. Ask your ticket agent for tickets via C. & B. Lines. Write us for handsome illustrated booklet.

THE CLEVELAND & BUFFALO TRANSIT CO., Cleveland, O.

Try ME on your BATH ROOM WALL
One rub will make it as white as snow
Old Dutch Cleanser
Many uses and full directions on Large Sifter—Can 10¢