CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

From A Gentleman.

A young man should not make a practice of using slang, and he should never use it in the presence of ladies, no advise a friend to "shut his face" To advise a friend to To advise a irient to the perch " may or to "come off the perch" may sound "smart," but it is vulgar, and is tatal to those ambitious young men who feel that their success in life de-pends on the good opinion of cultivated people. Moreover this habitual slang is likely to crop out at the most oppor-

tune times.

Slang is in bad taste; and the slang we borrow from the English is the worst of all—the repetition of "don't you know?" for instance, "I'm going to town, don't you know, and if I see your friends, don't you know, I'll tell them you were asking for them. don't your friends, don't you know, in tent them you were asking for them, don't you know,—oh, yes, I shall, don't you know," Imagine an American so idio-tic as not only to imitate the vulgarets Cockney slang, but to do it in the vulgarest Cockney accent! There was a woman who at a dinner said, was a woman who at a dinner said, "Have some soup, don't you know; its not half nawsty, don't you know."

I must remind you again not to use, in letter-writing, tinted or ornamented paper. Let it be white and, by all means, unruled; your envelop may be either oblong or square, but the square form is preferable. If you have time and want to follow the present fashion, and also to new a compliment of exand also to pay a compliment of ex-treme carefulness to the person to whom you are writing, close your let-ters with red sealing wax. Some old-fashioned people look on postal cards However, it is not well to write family secrets on these cheap forms. And if any man owes you money, do not ask for it on a postal card; it is against a more forcible law than those that make etiquette. Postal cards are not to be used except on business. Be sure to write the name of the person to whom the letter is ad dressed on the last page of the letter. dressed on the hast page of the But if you begin a letter with "Dear Mr. Smith," you need not write Mr. Smith's name again at the end of the Buy good paper and envelopes. And do not write on old scraps of paper when you write home. Nothing is too good for your father and mother; they may not say much about it, but every little attention from you brightens their lives and helps towards paying that debt of gratitude to them which you can fully discharge.

" Cheer Up."

"Cheer up."
The world, says the writer in the Bundle of Sticks, is taking your photo-

Look pleasant. Of course you have your troubles—troubles you can not tell to a policeman. A whole lot of things bother you. Of course. Business worries or domestic sorrows, it may be, or what not. You find life a rugged road, whose stones hurt your

feet. Nevertheless—
It may be your real disease is selfishat may be your real disease is sensitively our tribulations are worse than others bear. You feel sorry for yourself—the meanest kind of pity. It is a pathetic illusion. Rid yourself of that—and "Cheer up."

What right have you to carry a pic ture of your woebegone face and funer eal way among your fellows, who have troubles of their own? If you must whine or sulk or scowl, take a car to the unfrequented lanes.

"Cheer up."
Your ills are mostly imaginary. If you were really on the brink of bank-ruptey, or if there were no thoroughfares through your sorrows, you would clear your brows, set your teeth and make the best of it.

Cheer up. You are making a hypothetical case of your troubles and suffering from a self-inflicted verdict : Vo ing trouble and paying a high rate of

Why, man! In ten minutes' walk you may see a score of people worse off than you. And here you are digging your own grave and playing pallbearer into the bargain. Man alive, you must do your own work. Smile even though it be through your tears—which sneedily drw—and which speedily dry-and-

Ay, cheer up! Why not? Is not the world a good place to live in?

Think the matter over and see if you cannot find some way of making life better for yourself and those around you, nor forget the generations who will follow you.—Trades Unionist. Test of Manhood.

He is a pretty poor sort of man who loses courage and fears to face the world just because he hes made a mis take or a slip somewhere, because his business has failed, because his property has been swept away by some general disaster, or because of other trouble impossible for him to avert.

This is the test of your manhood; how much is there left in you after you have lost everything outside your self? If you lie down now throw up your hands and acknowlege yourself worsted, there is not much in you. But if, with heart undaunted and face turned forward you refuse to give up or to lose faith in yourself, if you scorn to beat a retreat, you will show that the man left in you is bigger than your loss, greater than your cross, and larger than any defaat.

your loss, greater than your larger than any defeat.
"I know no such unquestionable badge and ensign of a sovereign mind," badge and ensign of a sovereign mind," as that tenacity of said Emmerson, "as that tenacity of all changes of said Emmerson, "as that tenacity of purpose which, through all changes of companions, or fortunes, changes never, bates no jot of heart or hope, but wearies out opposition and arrives at its new

at its port.

It is men like Ulysses S. Grant, who, It is men like Ulysses S. Grant, who, whether in the conflict of opposing armies on the battle-field, or fighting against reverses, battling for a competence for his loved ones while the hand of death lay chill in the wear and tear of civic strife, upon him, "bater no jot of heart or hope," that wring victory from the most forbidding circumstances. It is men like Napoleon who refuse to recognize defeat, who declare that "impossible" is not display of self-control, which hardly another boy in the college could have matched. After the lapse of a few days the incident was forgotten. "The scholastic year was drawing rapidly to a close. June, the months of dear to the schoolboy's heart, came tripping lightly over the hills. Owing to the intense heat that prevailed during the first week, the members of the snior study hall went bathing in the adjacent river. After sputting in the

in their vocabularies, that accomplish things.—Church Progress. Signs of Deterioration of Character.

When you are satisfied with medioc-When commonness doesn't trouble

When you do not feel troubled by poor day's work, or when a slighted ob does not haunt you as it once did When you are satisfied to do a thing

'just for now," expecting to do it betthe midst of confused, systemless sur-roundings which you might remedy. When you can listen without protest

to indecent stories.

When your ambition begins to cool, and you no longer demand the same standard of excellence that you once

When you do not make a confidante of your mother as you once did, or are ill at ease with her.

When you begin to think your father

an old fogy.

When you begin to associate with people whom you would not think of taking to your home, and you would not want the members of your families to know that you know .- Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A NOBLE BOY.

Vacation had come at last. Soon the books were forgotten, and the boys, suit-cases in hand, were rushing to meet the outgoing trains, their minds filled with but one thought, "Home, sweet home." As I was desirous of waiting to attend Mass at the abbey, I deferred my departure until morning. Having a few moments to spend without any particular object to engage my mind, I called upon an old retired pro-fessor, to whom I had the pleasure of speaking quite frequently during the year. He was a fine, battle-scarred veteran of many a well earned victory fought out in the intellectual arena Now, weary with the heat and burden of the day, he had come back to his native heath to rest a few brief moments in the gathering twilight before laying life's burden down.

I found him seated in his room, the ruddy blaze of the descending sur tinging his thin gray hair with tints of gold. He invited me to a seat near him, and we were soon busily engaged talking of past events. During a lull in the conversation an odd thought

came into my mind, and I asked:
"Father, during your many years of
teaching a great number of boys have
come under your rule. Which one of all that great throng seems to have made the deepest impression upon your

He looked long and earnestly through

the open window, the glow of sunset falling like the light of remembered days upon his kindly face.
"Well, lad," he replied, rousing himself from the reverie into which my thoughtless question had thrown him, the many fine how, have come to me dur boys have come to me dur ing the years I have spent in the class Some of these have since made their mark in the world, but the noblest lad that I have ever met was a com panion of my own school days, in old New England long ago. "I was in the first collegiate at the

time of his coming. He had had some previous training in a Southern college, which preparation entitled him to a place in our class. Frank Dougherty was his name; a fine boy, with clearcut features and deep blue eyes. quiet smile ever playing about his lips seemed to relieve the sternness of his rather firm set jaws. He was not what you might call a class leader, but, by virtue of his sunny disposition, endeared himself to all, teacher and scholar alike. I may add that he was very fond of base ball, which was the

"During a practice game a very high ball was batted to deep centre. Frank and a rough, uncouth fellow by the name of Bernard McDevitt ran after it, name of Bernard McDevitt ran after it, each unconscious of the other's movements. Frank succeeded in catching it, but in doing so ran against McDevitt with such force as to throw him violently to the ground. Livid with rage, McDevitt sprang to his feet, and before any one realized what he was about struck Frank a stunning blow in the face which sent him reeling to the ground. Dougherty quickly recovered, and was on his feet in an instant, all the warrior spirit of his Irish ancestry the warrior spirit of his Irish ancestry

the warrior spirit of his Irish ancestry shining in his eyes. Quick as a flash he drew back his right hand—but the blow was never struck. In an instant the angry light died out of his eyes. Brushing the hair back from his forehead and adjusting his cap, he turned on his heel and walked away.

"A murmur of indignation arose from the crowd of boys at the apparent cowardice of their favorite. At table the incident was freely discussed, each lad explaining what he would have done under the circumstances. As for myself, I was quite provoked at the conduct of my friend, and meeting him in the corridor after supper, I accosted him, saying: "Frank, why in the world did you act in such a cowardly manner this afternoon."

"The smile still played, about his lips as he revised."

manner this afternoon."

"The smile still played about his lips as he replied: "Harry, in regaining my feet my first impulse was to give him blow for blow, but just as I was on the point of striking him I thought of the moment when our Lord stood before Pilate, and the brutal soldier, stepping out from the crowd, struck Him a cruel out from the crowd, struck Him a cruel blow in the face, and how meekly He bore it for our sake. Now you know why I acted as I did. Judge me as you

way."

"So what appeared to be an act of

"So what appeared to be an act of cowardice was in reality a magnificent display of solf-control, which hardly another boy in the college could have matched. After the lapse of a few

water for a full half-hour, one by one the boys grew tired and ascended the bank to don their clothing, until all were out with the exception of Mc Devitt, who still lagged behind. Sud-denly he was seized with a violent attack of cramps, and, with a despairing cry for help, threw up his arms and sank beneath the surface. Frank sank beneath the surface. Frank
Dougherty was about to put on his
shoes when, hearing the cry, he rushed
to the water's edge, and while the
others were staring, horror-stricken, at
the spot where their comrade had gone
down, he quickly divested himself of
his outer clothing, and without a
moment's hesitation, jumped into the

After a few seconds, which seemed like an age to the watchers on the shore, he reappeared, bearing the wellform of McDevitt. nigh exhausted Taking him by the hair, and holding him at arm's length in order that the drowning boy might not interfere with his movements in swimming, he brought his burden safely to shore. But while he was climbing out himself his strength completely deserted him; he fell back exhausted into the water, and in doing so struck his head agains a projecting log with such force as to render him unconscious. No sooner had he sunk than two of the boys were in the water after him. Kindly and tenderly he was taken out and laid grass, and after a short while he was able to be assisted home. Mo-Devitt, who, in the meantime, had completely recovered, was doing every-

tude. "That evening Frank was taken with severe pains in the head, and retired early. During the night he grew worse rapidly. When the doctor arrived the next morning he shook his head gravely, for the symptoms pointed unmis-takably to spinal meningitis. All that medical skill or science could suggest was done to save him, but it was of no avail. After a week of intense suffer-

thing in his power to show his grati-

fever seemed to leave him, and, opening in spirit again with her. It we seek his eyes, he smiled to see his mother kneeling by his bedside. The sun was stow it on us. But to be her accepted his eyes, he smiled to see his mother kneeling by his bedside. The sun was sinking behind the western hill, and great banks of golden tinted clouds were crowding like mourners around the grave of the departed day; the evening breeze was laden with the song of birds and the scent of roses, and the nuns in the neighboring convent were chanting their closing hymn to the Sacred Heart. In that quiet time of sweeter thoughts and nobler aspirations, in that holy hour when things of earth seem to recede and heaven draws more near and the conciousness of immortality is pressing upon the soul, his spirit went out to meet that band of noble men and

women who had gone before.

"Oh! it was hard to die in the sweet springtime of life, when the future stretched before him like a broad highway with the flowers of hope blooming either side, yet a thousand times harder was it to think that the one dream of his life, the thought that he would one day stand at the foot of the altar arrayed as a priest of God would never be realized! Still, he had raised the chalice to his lips, and, like the true soldier that he was, drained it, without murmur, to its bitterest dregs, knowing full well that the laurel wreath of victory is for those brows only that have been pierced by the crown of

thorns. Having finished his story, my vener able friend looked long and sadly into the distant horizon, where crimson and gold burned the evening clouds of the long June day. Meanwhile the clock in the lofty tower struck 8, and, knowing that silence is the rule in a monastery after that hour, I turned away and left the monk to the fancies that memory was deftly painting in the twilight's fading glow.

JAMES F. GALLAGHER,
St. Mary's College, Belmont, N. C.

HIS KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

THE HOLY FATHER HIGHLY APPROVES BOOKS DEALING WITH CHURCH AND HUMANENESS.

This week the Holy Father was graciously pleased to accept two books, "Les Saints et les Animaux" and "L'Eglise at la Pitie envers les Animaux." Of course His Holiness did maux." Of course His Holiness did not have time to read them then and there, but on learning that they had been presented by the Naples Society for the Protection of Animals, and that they had been written to show that many of the great saints were conscious. many of the great saints were conspicu ous for their gentleness and kindness towards animals, and that the spirit of the Church, as revealed in many striking ways, has always shown itself striking ways, has always snown itself strongly in the same sense, the Pope warmly approved of this object, and sent a cordial blessing to the Marquise de Rambures, a devoted daughter of the Church, the authoress of "L'Eglise et la Pitie envers les Animaux." His Holiness, also wrote an autograph Holiness also wrote an autograph blessing on his photograph for all who



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rotect from abuse and cruelty the approval thus given to its practical work in preventing cruelty.—London Tablet.

the Son of the Most High.

the feasts of her Immaculate Concepthe presage of better things, the prom ise of emancipation from satan's

whom the blessing came!
We who felicitate Mary on her glorious birth, should felicitate ourselves upon being so much blessed by it. And how may we show our gratitude to God and to Mary, His holy hand maid, unless it be by leading most pious lives so that we may one day reap in heaven the fruit of that redemption which she in the Divine Mercy was the worthy

ing, he passed away on the feast of Corpus Christi.

"It was towards evening that the birth, ask of God the grace to be born children we must strive to imitate the perfections of her Divine Son and her own perfections. He told us to learn of Him, to be meek and humble of heart, and His Blessed Mother was a model of humility and of all the virtues. Grace it was that made her so, and grace will be ours to become good and holy if we only ask for it, and we can best receive it by seeking it through her powerful intercession.

God, to make us thy children and keep us in the way we should walk by graces thou wilt obtain for us! by its light and help we may one day reach the heavenly mansions, there to be with God the Father, Son and Holy

Fulfillment of the Prophecies.

A newspaper report from Rome states that there has recently been states that there has recently been found a volume printed in 1783 and written by Abbot Apian Buonfede, which contains prophecies of disasters and the annihilation of Europe. Some of the prophecies have come true. A

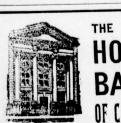
portion reads:
"In 1906 a terrible earthquake will entirely devastate Southern Italy; in

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dumb servants given us by God. It is hardly necessary to say that the Naples Society for the Protection of Animals has been greatly rejoiced by the papal

THE NATIVITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Every 8th of September we are asked by the Church to commemorate the feast of the birth of the Blessed Virgin. We are led to think of what that day meant for the world. Before that day the world was under the wrath of God ecause of the sin of our first parents. For four thousand years sin's awful cloud stood between heaven and earth and shut out the light of the divine countenance, but with the coming o Our Blessed Lady's birth all things began to be changed, for, conceived without sin, she was to be the promised virgin that was to give a Saviour to the world, and He to be no other than

All the feasts of the Blessed Virgin are very dear to the Catholic heart, but tion and of her Nativity are particu-larly so. Of her Nativity we love to recall it as the dawn before the day, slavement, through that other birth in time, of Him Who would be born of her, Redeemer of Mankind. Happy day, then, that marked so great a change! And happy she through

Deign then, O Blessed Mother of each day be a new day of grace that Ghost, and with thee, Heaven's Immaculate Queen, and all the blessed through all the ages of eternity.— Bishop Colton in Catholic Union and

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