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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Books for Young Men. There are two books that every Catholic American young man should read, namely, Lingard's "History of England," and John Gilmary Shea's "History of the Catholic Church in the United States. They will provide a safe foundation for further studies and for the accumulation of additional facts. They will furnish information with which to overcome current misrepresentations as regards the history of religion in the

as regards the history of religion in the two countries.

They should be supplemented with the reading of a third work—Milner's "End of Controversy," or Gibbons's "Faith of Our Fathers." Possessed of these volumes a student will have the nucleus of a library of truth. Armed with the weapons of knowledge that they provide, he can meet adversaries of his taith undauntedly.

During the coming winter would be a good time to procure those books and

good time to procure those books and read them, over and over again, from cover to cover.

An Obscure Hero.

Recently a religious paper published an editorial on "Suffering Perfectly." Written by a man who himself had fought for years with pain and ill-health it was a heart-to-heart message that reached many. Among the letters of appreciation that came in was one from man who said:

"You know how to help us sufferers. To show you how I personally can appreciate it, during the last seven years have not known one waking hour with-out keen pain in the joints, especially the hands. Taking the pen is like putting my hand and arm on the oper-ating-table, until the writing is done; then there is a little extra agony. A heart like yours, I think, knows that I could easily give up and keep still, and then it would hurt less—but then my work would stop and that would hurt worse. But I hear of other dear fellows

you. I do."

A letter like that goes into the deep places of the human heart. It tells of warm feelings, invincible courage. Yet the writer is no great or famods personage, only a patient worker in a small field. It is a fresh revelation of what most people need to remember, the nobility possible to obscure lives, in every day surroundings. It is not the place, or the high every day surroundings. It is not the place, or the high occasion, that makes the hero; but the man's own will and purpose and motive and dauntless courage. It is largely because of the heroic possibilities of human life that it is worth living. Some men have pain to bear; others have disappointments as bitter as pain; some have sordid and ugly burdens to carry. The essential of high and beautiful living is to keep up a brave and loving spirit, a union with God through acceptance of His will as the obscure hero does, and so to suffer perfectly, until suffering ends, and joy dawns immortal in the larger life beyond.

Sacrifice Hits.

The bases were full when young Adams stepped to the bat. He hit the ball to the short stop and was barely thrown out at first base, but not before the man on third had reached the home plate with the winning run. Adams was "out," but the team had won the game. His personal failure had contributed to the general success, and he was satis-

The man who is willing to make a sacrifice hit for the good of the cause is the most valuable member of his team, his club or his church. There are many who are only anxious to make grand-stand plays. They want to see their names mentioned in the reports. They sulk unless they can do the spectacular things. Their value is less than that of the man who is chiefly eager for the good of the cause. The men who will, at short notice, fill a vacancy on some committee, or step into the breach caused by some one else's failure, will

the Baptist sent from his prison to know if Jesus were the Messiah, and when he was so assured he rejoiced.
"He must increase, but I must decrease," he said. "Jesus' commendation of this self-effacement was a glorious tribute, "I say unto you, Among them that are born of women there hath not arisen a greater than John the Baptist.

His Quick Temper.

"He's the very best boy in the world; his only fault is a little temper." His parents and sisters had echoed the chorus, until Harry grew to manhood, he began to look work his presented. he began to look upon his uncomfortable disposition as an enviable distinction, and was quite free in his con temptuous allusions to the boys "who hadn't a bit of spunk." In his own home the brief restraint he had experienced from his father ended with the latter's death, when the boy was five years of age. Neither mother or sisters dared venture to oppose his wishes, lest opposition should bring on one of his attacks; and friends became cautious attacks; and friends became cautous and reserved in his presence, since the people who were attracted by his bright, handsome face, his generous open wars, were disenchanted when they came in contact with the stubborn self-will and

selfishness which lay concealed under that prepossessing exterior. Yet it seemed hard and unkind to call Harry selfish. He never shirked his duties; he was fair and generous with his playmates, ready to bear his part in

school or playground.

Counting over to himself his numerous virtues, as was often his habit he could never understand why it was that the boys feared him rather than loved him and shut him so completely out of their

"You know I was a little out of tem-per," seemed to him ample apology for any deed committed during their fre-

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As he grew up his temper still got hot at the slightest provocation and was let have its way so often that it became as it were, ungovernable.

That ugly disposition accompanied him all through life and threw the pall him all through life and threw the pall of anger, aversion, and hate over his

whole career.

One fault? Why, it was a million faults in one.—Catholic Columbian.

"Henry," said Uncle Hiram to his hopeful young nephew, "I would not advise anybody to go around continu-ally blowing his own horn. We tire of men who do that, and we are apt to think of them that that's all they can do,

at his own valuation, but the self-depre-ciatory man almost invariably is. " So never run yourself down or speak

self-confidence enough to say he can. "You don't know what you can do till ou try. Some men try and fail, but an

One April morning about seventy years ago, a stubbed, black-haired, blue-eyed boy of eight or nine years, with a couple of books under his arm, was trudging along bare-footed towards the small country school house in the town of Somerset, Ohio. The lad was poorly dressed, but there was an air of sturdy independence about the slight childish figure that attracted the attention of a traveler on horseback who overtook him just before he reached the school house. "Well, my boy, what are you going to be when you are a man?" inquired the

stranger.
"I'm going to be a soldier, sir," answered the lad, his eyes flashing.
"A soldier, eh! and what kind of a soldier—will you be in the artillery, the

cavalry or the infantry?" "Oh, the cavalry," cried the boy. "I will lead a troop of horses like Murat or Prince Rupert."

"A laudable ambition, truly," said the

The master had just called the school arm rushed up to the entrance.
"Not before me, Paddy," said one of the urchins, pushing the lad from in

front of him. "Paddy's blood is as good as yours and a little better," cried the boy, step-ping forward to his place with a steady push that utterly discomfited his oppon-ent and sent him sprawling upon the

with the blood dripping from his nose.
"I'll pay you for this," he cried: "I will tell the master."

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The Self-Depreciatory Man.

"On the other hand, Henry, never "On the other hand, Henry, never belittle yourself; never be self-depre-ciatory. Don't have a poor opinion of yourself, but if you do have such an opinion don't express it. The man who blows his own horn may seldom be taken

doubtfully of your own ability. If the boss is thinking of advancing you and he should say to you some day, 'Henry,

trying somebody else, taking a blower, maybe, who can't really do the work half as well as you could, but who's got

you try. Some men try and fail, but an astonishing number rise to occasions, developing strength or ability that others might never thought them to possess."—True Voice.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. LITTLE PHIL'S RIDE.

man regarding the slender figure keenly. "And perhaps you expect to be great as they were."

"On, if I only could be," cried the

Any day men can be found ready to stand in the front of the battle and do conspicuous things. But the men are not so easily found who will sink themselves and their reputations in self-sacrificing service for the same are not so easily found who will sink themselves and their reputations in self-sacrificing service for the same are not so easily found who will sink themselves and their reputations in self-sacrificing service for the same are to says that boys do not have such chances in these sober days."

"No one can tell what lies before him, but this I know, the bravest always wins. I'll be bound you will make your mark some day, if you keep this sacrificing service for the says that boys do not have such chances in these sober days."

"No one can tell what lies before him, but this I know, the bravest always min strength."

"No one can tell what lies before him, but this I know, the bravest always min self-sacrificing service for the says that boys do not have such chances in these sober days." rode on, leaving the barefoot boy to follow in the dust he left behind.

ground.

The disturbed arose from the earth





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closed his lips tight, for they were enter-ing the schoolroom, and Master McNan-ly was gazing at them with stern eyes. "What is the matter, Alfred Home?"

he inquired. "Phil Sheridan pushed me down," answered young Home.
"Why did you do that, Sheridan?"

the master asked. "He pushed me first when there was no cause, and he called me "Paddy." The blue eyes looked at him calmly and

unflinehingly.
"Which he had no right to do," said the master, "and he is properly pun-ished. Boys, remember that General Jackson has Irish blood in his veins and and that President Van Buren is a Dutchman, and they are both men to be honored for their ability and character. School is in session."

School is in session."

That afternoon as the boys were returning home from school, a lean, longmaned horse came cantering down the street, with a halter attached to its

"Hullo! there's farmer Jones' Thunderbolt loose again in the street! Let's ride him," cried Phil.

ride him," cried Phil.

"I'll bet you darsen't said the Home boy, tauntingly. "You are afraid to."

Little grimy, sturdy Phil Sheridan's cheeks flushed and his eyes shone.

"You say that because you wouldn't dare to yourself," he returned, "but I am not afraid, and what's more, I am going to ride him to."

ing to ride him, too."
With that the daring boy thrust his school books into the hands of a friend, and made one spring for the dragging halter, which he succeeded in catching.

For a moment it looked quite uncertain which would conquer, the startled, rearing horse, or the plucky, sturdy boy; but in less than sixty seconds he had brought him to his bearings, and in vaulted to his back. Gripping his knees tightly to the horse's sides he gave him a smart slap with the halter, and they went galloping down the street with a speed to the spe

with a speed that was amazing. It was probably the first time that he had been backed by so light a rider, and after the first dash the animal seemed to resent the fact of his easy conquest and threw himself out full length, pounding down his hoofs with a thundering force on the sandy street. The lad, however, clung like a centaur, and never for a moment lost his nerve. In fact, he rather seemed to enjoy his ride, although the

On and on dashed the half-wild steed the yard of a wayside tavern, where stood a crowd of interested guests who tall, well-dressed gentleman grasped the dare-devil rider by the leg and waist and lifted him to the ground, where he turned his face with a smile of amuse-ment and satisfaction to the admiring

and satisfying.

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"Who on earth taught you to ride," inquired the strange gentleman, holding the lad by the hand, as he started to lead him into the inn.

"Nobody taught me, sir," replied the young equestrian. "I just knowed how. For William Seymour told me the way to ride was to hold on with your knees. And I did." The spirited answer was greeted with cheers and appreciative remarks from the crowd of by-standers, and the little

fellow was clapped on the shoulders by half a dozen strong hands. "Well, gentlemen," said the tall, distinguished-looking stranger, who had come in on the stage but a few moments before, "I want to tell you that this boy will be heard from some day when we are dead and gone. He's the pluckiest kid I

have ever seen. And the words of Henry Clay proved true, for the courageous youngster who had taken that hazardous bareback ride, was little Phil Sheridan, who in after years was the famous leader of the cav-

Advice To Catholic Women.

address given at Trinity College: "You can dominate in the best sense the society in which you live, and bring the Catholic name into that honor which is its due. But you will need courage Other ideals will be supported by prestige, by the influence of great names, by together for the morning exercises, and the pupils were thronging in at the door as the boy with the books under his are such forces as you, educated Catholic women are competent to deal with in On and on dashed the hall-wild state far into the country, passing mile after mile, endeavoring, but uselessly, to unseat his tenacious rider at every bound, seat his tenacious rider at every bound, second place to any one. The premier-ship of ideals, as well as of ideas, is significantly you have the courage not And the little figure on its back seemed to enjoy his ride. for his eyes shone and his cheeks were flushed as he clenched his puny hands tighter and tighter into the long mane of the flying beast. Suddealy the excited horse turned into the yard of a wayside tavern, where has civilized, educated and uplifted the has civilized, educated and uplifted the human race for two thousand years. Compared with the venerable authority of the Church, what is the power of a college, a university, a school of thought? You have had all the advantages that others have had, and in addition you have had the singular advantage of a

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