

A BOY'S FUTURE. His Qualities Will Develop Into Those of the Man.

"The boy is the father of the man," is a paradox containing sufficient truth to give it currency. It signifies that the disposition and qualities of the boy eventually produce the character of the man. How far is this true? If the gradual building up of a character could be traced, the very continuity of life connects the traits of the man with the traits of the boy. The nose of seventy is the lenient descendant of the nose of fifteen, and an annual photograph would disclose how the pert exuberance of the boy became the father of the purple proboscis of the old man. So also the niggardliness of an old screw could be tracked year by year to the development or distortion of some boyish instinct. The intermediate processes are rarely traceable, and the point of interest lies in detecting in the man the traits of the boy, or, otherwise, in forecasting the man from the study of the boy. In college brilliant boys are flattered and puffed up with the success that is foreshadowed for them. While mischievous rascals are perpetually worried with forecasts of a dreadful future. Prophets rarely see the issue of their predictions. It is only in the reveries of later life when you brighten up the fading recollections of old schoolfellows, and compare early judgment with ripener experience, that the contrast between forecast and fulfillment becomes startling. Old memories rouse up dormant feelings and slumbering prejudices, and when you revise the view of the boy as you know him forty years ago you can scarcely believe that he is the father of the man whom you know now.

Forecasting, like prophecy, would be so much easier with a knowledge of the future. The same boy would produce a different man according as his lot is cast in the serenity of a hunting-squire, in the fever of politics, in the competition of commerce, or in the discipline of the camp. Luck and influence put some on the road to success, while others always miss the steamer for the port of fame. Many never get into the proper arena for the display of their capacity; instead of conducting a brilliant campaign they are chained to the desk from ten to four, instead of a seat in Parliament they are scribbling the draught of a conveyance. Again, the influence of companions is proverbial. A particular set may change the bent of thought, feeling and aspiration, so that a plastic boy may be crushed into a different mould by associates unknown to the forecast. On the top of these uncertainties comes the most uncertain of all, the wife. Taken for better or for worse, she sways a man's career for better or worse. She may help or hinder, make or mar, and who can forecast the wife that is in store for a boy? The boy may be the father of the man, but he is certainly not the father of his daughter-in-law. Evidently there is a tussle for pre-eminence of the man between early training and later influences. If the latter prevail a correct forecast should foresee their results on character. Some characters give promise of retaining their qualities in spite of any surrounding; their honor, truth, or honesty will cling to them through storm and disaster, or their cowardice and insincerity will break out even in a favorable breeze. They are sturdy or limp minds, solid or flabby characters, sufficiently marked to justify a forecast in any combination of events, but in the bulk of boys distinctive features are not so clear. Every boy has an unexplored region, a reserve of goodness or badness that is brought up only in the heat of the battle. With the difficulty of forming a just estimate of present character, and the uncertainty of future prospects, it is, after all, not so easy to detect the future man in the boy. General outlines may be hazily foreseen, but it would be as difficult to delineate the character of a man of fifty from the data of fifteen, as to sketch his portrait from the features of the boy.—London Tablet.

Its Origin.

N. Y. Catholic Review. It has been said that the famous secret Native American Society to which the name of "Know-nothings" was popularly given forty years ago was really originated by an Englishman. At all events there were many Englishmen in that society, though, of course, they passed as Americans. It is said too that the "A. P. A.," which has been having "a successful run" out West for the last few years and now threatens to bring its sectarian animosity into New York and other cities of the Atlantic seaboard, is really only an adaptation of the "Loyal Orange Institution" of Ireland and Canada, and that many of the most active promoters of this pretended patriotic alliance of Americans are men who are not only not natives of the United States but not even naturalized citizens—allens in law as well as by birth.

Mr. H. B. McKinnon, painter, Mount Albert, says: "Last summer my system got impregnated with the lead and arsenic used in painting; my body was covered with scarlet spots as large as a 25-cent piece, and was in such a state that I could scarcely walk. I got a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and at once commenced taking it in large doses, and before one half the bottle was used there was not a spot to be seen and I never felt better in my life."

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ST. JOSEPH'S DIGNITY. Catholic Review.

In viewing the lives of the saints there is nothing found in their history, apart from the influence of their individual character, that tends to impress so forcibly as the wonder of their marvellous deeds. Indeed, the history of the Catholic Church, from its very commencement, is replete with examples of men, on whom the Almighty in the bounty of His goodness, poured out the fullness of His Holy Spirit, and gifted them with powers that appear to us almost Omnipotent. Some of the saints, as we know, had full control over the laws of nature, and were free, as it were, to suspend their operations at will like Christ, their Divine Master, and to verify His command, they could still the waves, walk upon the sea, and restore the dead to life. Moses, in the Old Law, as we read in Exodus, had only to stretch forth his hand, and the borders of the Red Sea, and immediately the waters separate, and offer to him and his victorious army a dry passage to the opposite shore. Joshua, too, by a single word, walled up the waters of the Jordan. He commanded the sun to stand still in the heavens, so that the day might be prolonged in order that the victory over his enemies might be complete. "And the sun," says the sacred text, "obeyed the voice of man, and never before, or since has he done so long a day." St. Raymond of Penafort, standing on his mantle, and using his staff as a rudder, traverses the Mediterranean sea for a distance of one hundred and sixty leagues. St. Stanislaus, the Martyr, restored a man to life who had died three years before, and presented him in a court of justice to testify that he had paid him in full for a piece of property that he had bought from him. St. Peter's shadow healed the sick. St. Alfonso Liguori, founder of the Redemptorists, stemmed a lava torrent of Mount Vesuvius, and thereby saved the city of Naples from total disaster. Saint Francis Xavier, like the Apostles of old, had the gift of tongues. He could heal the sick, give light to the blind, and during his missionary toils in India, he more than once called back the dead to life. But although miracles not unfrequently accompany great and heroic sanctity, and are, beyond all cavil, a most convincing proof of the divineness of our holy mother the Church, still they are not to be taken as the only standard by which we can test the form an idea of the merits of God's chosen servants. Many of God's greatest saints lived and died without having done anything that would tend, in anyway, to dazzle or attract the attention of men. Indeed the saint whom Pope Pius IX. has given us as patron of the Universal Church, and whose devotion Pope Leo XIII. so strongly commends, may be said to have passed through this vale of tears in a manner almost entirely unknown to St. Joseph, as we know, wrote no books, preached no sermons, nor do the Evangelists tell us that he ever, while on earth, performed a single miracle. He passed the greater part of his life in the obscurity of a poor country village, where he was known only as a humble artisan. At Nazareth, he led a poor, laborious, and in the eyes of an unthinking world, a very uneventful life. But to the eyes of faith, St. Joseph's years on earth were fraught with deepest mystery, and he was a man who had been graciously preserved to us the little one-story cottage in which he once dwelt, as a memorial of his plain manner of living, as well as of the profound mysteries which took place within its walls. Indeed, the miraculous preservation of the "Holy House of Loreto" may well be considered the best object lesson that could possibly be given to the world. It was under that thrice holy roof that the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us—that Mary became the Mother of God. Adjoining the holy house of Nazareth, if not under the same roof, there stood, tradition tells us, St. Joseph's work shop. Here were kept all the cherished belongings of his humble trade. There was the bench at which he wrought, and at which the Saviour of the world often toiled by his side for weary hours. There, too, was the work bench, the plane and crosscut saw, with the various other instruments that St. Joseph used, and which Christ Himself employed while learning from his foster-father the lowly trade of a poor village carpenter. Yes, there, in that little work shop, the Creator obeys the creature and dwells in it; not beneath Him to learn from His foster-father how to adjust the works of His own hands. But what pen can picture the beauty of such a scene, make known to us, even in faintest outline, the sublimity of St. Joseph's mission! No Earth never saw before, nor will she ever see again, a man whose life was spent in such intimate relation with God. To St. Joseph, the King of kings and Lord of lords entrusts the guardian ship of His well-beloved Son. By shielding the Child Jesus from the fury of Herod, he became the saviour of the Saviour of the World. On earth, he represented the Eternal Father, protected the Son, and it fell to his happy lot to be always under the immediate influence of the Holy Ghost. St. Joseph is then, by pre-eminence a most singularly favored Child of the Holy Trinity—the mirror that reflects most perfectly the image of the God-head. It is only Our Lady's incomparable dignity that dares to approach nearer the throne of Mary, as we know, is the fairest of God's creatures. She is the Virgin full of grace. Our Blessed Lady, say the doctors, even at

the moment of her Immaculate Conception, surpassed in grace and sanctity the combined holiness of men and angels. Her transcendent dignity of Mother of God, raises her high above the heavens, and places her on a throne of glory next to that of her Divine Son. For all eternity the angelic hierarchy will pay Mary the grateful tribute of the homage, and salute her as the masterpiece of God's creation. God can, no doubt, in the might of His power, create worlds innumerable. He can, if He wish, project on the plane of His own unsearchable immensity, worlds upon worlds, one surpassing the other in endless variety and beauty of parts; but to put first His Almighty hand and raise one of His creatures to a dignity greater than that of His own Immaculate Mother—that, says the Angelic Doctor, the Omnipotent cannot do. And away above angels and archangels, and high above thrones, principalities, and powers—next to Our Lady herself in honor and glory, first among the saints, and leading heaven's highest host, comes the once humble Carpenter of Nazareth, Mary's chaste spouse, our glorious Patron St. Joseph! B. H. T.

RITUALISM AND CATHOLICITY. Sermon by the Rev. A. Whelan.

On Sunday evening the Rev. Arthur Whelan continued his course of sermons at Amberwall, on Ritualism and Catholicity. Taking for his text the words, "One body and one spirit," the preacher said that heresy was the antithesis of truth, and accompanied truth through all ages, as shadow followed the light. Heresy had always been marked with two characteristics—the first that it was stamped with the name of a man, and the second that it was in opposition to some POSITIVE DOCTRINE OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. Every age has had its heresy; one age had to fight Arianism, another age Nestorianism, another age the Waldenses, and then the nineteenth has its heresy, which was known by the name of "Continuity." The particular heresy of the present century was that certain forms of mutilated Christianity asserted the theory that they were lineal descendants of the one Holy Catholic Church, Apostolic in Reformation times. This was an age full of infidelity of all phases and characters, and if one read the reviews and novels of the present day, or read the speeches of learned men on religion, they certainly had not the remotest idea of what was known as DOGMATIC RELIGION.

And the young men of the present age were especially at fault in this matter. They said, "why should we young men of the nineteenth century, we modern Atlases, who attend polytechnics and institutes of every character, who understand all the sciences and primers, why should we be obedient and submissive to a religion which requires from us a most servile intellect as well as moral obedience? These young men were exceedingly clever, had studied astronomy and all the "ologies," why should they believe in a religion which was taught by the apostles who were ignorant fishermen? And so they would say they would have nothing to do with religion which had without it a mystery. But were these young men really logical? They say they will accept nothing that contained a mystery, but who told them that by a certain process in

THE HURD OF THREE they would gain the correct answer? Their master; they had confidence and faith in him, they could not tell the reason why a certain arithmetical process should bring out a certain definite answer, but they believed implicitly in these rules laid down by their master. And so with other questions which were surrounded with mystery; and yet these young men would ridicule a person who stated that the simple rule of proportion must not be accepted as correct. These young men were illogical in their reasoning, and if they accepted that which was natural, even though it contained a dogma and mystery, surely they ought to admit of the existence of a supernatural world, though it contained mysteries and dogmas. If the things below were possible and crowded with mysteries, and there was not a tree or blade of grass that did not speak of mystery, surely the world above should be believed.

The world then was full of various species of infidelity. As he had said, if they read the reviews that were published they would imagine that the WRITERS COULD FORM THIS WORLD MUCH BETTER THAN GOD did it; only the universe had been placed in their hands. There had never been a time in the history of Christendom when there was such an unscrupulous criticism, such a distrust of the old institutions, when the mountains and the high hills of God's Christianity were casting long shadows upon the earth in this evening of time as at the present day. There never was a time when faith was so much required and faith was so little; there never was a time when faith was so required as this present day. It would seem as if human thought were broken up, and the foundation of revealed truth shaken.

CONTINUITY WAS ONE OF THE PARTICULAR PHASES. of infidelity that existed at the present time. What was the branch theory? Protestantism had said that this was a branch of the Catholic Church. This was an astonishing statement when it was remembered that Protestantism was separated in order to get

away and have nothing to do with the Catholic Church. Let us take a simple mode of argument which illustrates the absurdity of such a theory. If Protestantism is a branch of the true Church, we may naturally expect to find a similarity of doctrine and practice between one and the other. But there never was such a contrast. Take the fundamental doctrines of Catholic faith—Invocation of saints, confession, the Real Presence, the supremacy of the Pope. Where in the supposed branch church can we find such doctrinal correspondence? Our dogmas are the very opposites of Protestantism, which was established in order to destroy them. Catholicism is founded and guided by the voice of the Holy Ghost, of whom the Pope is the visible organ, but Protestantism is founded and measured by private judgment. The one is the source of peace and unity, the other the cause of strife and confusion. Catholic faith has ever been the peace of the world. Be the world Roman, barbarian, Middle Age, or modern, in its different eras and epochs, its trials and its vicissitudes, Catholicism has been its support, life and hope.—London Catholic News.

Racy of the Soil. We hear from time to time very racy anecdotes about preachers. The humor in the particular case is, of course, unconscious, for it would not comport with the gravity of the pulpit for the preacher to indulge in what the listeners would rightly regard as unseemly levity. Some years ago there was a rather eccentric old curate in St. Mark's Protestant Church, Dublin. On one occasion he was preaching on the final separation of the wicked from the good, having taken for his text the verse, "He shall set the sheep on His right hand and the goats on the left." He developed his theme with much force and with all the eloquence he could command, and concluded his sermon in the following words: "And now, my beloved brethren, I beseech each and every one of you, rich and poor, young and old, man and woman, before you go to bed this night, to put yourselves into this solemn and all-important question, 'Am I a sheep, or am I a goat?'"

I am reminded by this mention of the goat of a story which the late Cardinal Cullen used to tell. The Cardinal was taking a walk by himself in the country one Sunday afternoon, and seeing a boy on the roadside holding a goat by a rope he entered into conversation with him. The following was the dialogue: The Cardinal—"Were you at Mass to-day, my boy?" The Boy—"No, your reverence, I wasn't."

The Cardinal—"Why not?" The Boy—"Because I was howling the goat."

The Cardinal—"Were you at Mass last Sunday?" The Boy—"No, I wasn't, your reverence."

The Cardinal—"Tell me, do you ever go to Mass at all?" The Boy—"No, I don't. Don't I tell you I do be howling the goat."

The Cardinal—"But couldn't you sometimes get some one else to hold the goat for you?" The Boy—"No, your reverence, I couldn't. You don't know that goat. The devil couldn't hold that goat; you couldn't hold that goat yourself."

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