CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

PATIENCE WITH THE LIVING.

Sweet friend, when thou and I are gone
Beyond earth's weary labor,
When small shall be our need of grace
From comrade or from neighbor:
Passed all the strife, the toil, the care,
And done with all the sighing—
What tender truth shall we have gained,
Alas! by simply dying!

Then lips too chary of their praise
Will tell our merits over;
And eyes too swift our faults to see
Shall no defect discover;
Then hands that would not lift a stone
Where stones were thick to cumber
Our steep hill path, will scatter flowers
Above our pillowed slumber

Sweet friends, perchance, both thou and I,
Ere love is past forgiving,
Should take the earnest lesson home—
Be patient with the living.
To-day's repressed rebuke may save
Our blinding tears to-morrow:
Then, patience, e'en when keenest edge
May whet a nameless sorrow!

'Tis easy to be gentle when
Death's silence shames our clamor,
And easy to discern the best
Through memory's mystic glamor;
But wise it were for thee and me,
Ere love is past forgiving,
To take the tender lesson home—
Have patience with the living.

It costs more to be cowardly than to be brave. If we are sad in serving God it is because we hesitate — we stand shivering, counting the cost, over and over again, and giving perhaps by halves at last. But, with good courage we give and it is done, and our hearts are happy.—Father Dignam, S. J.

Paths to the Land of "Nowhere"

If you are doubtful in regard to the efficiency of work, or the wisdom of spending energy and time in trying to develop body or mind, it is of no consequence; but let nothing impair your faith in the saving grace of luck.

There are many paths leading to the land of "Nowhere;" but it is not necessary to point out all of them.

If you send a snowball rolling down hill, it will gather additional weight and momentum as it rolls faster and faster to the bottom; so, if a boy starts out in life with a few of the qualities necessary to the making of a "nobody," others will quickly hasten to give momentum to his downward course.

No one reaches his goal more surely, swiftly, and easily than the youth who who makes up his mind to be a "nobody."—Success.

Chats by the Way.

Life was lent for noble deeds.

Some men forget their sins so easily that they are often amazed and hurt when others remember them.

Difficulties are often the husks wherein the seed of a talent, a success, lies waiting for the foot of Courage to tread it out.

A Japanese proverb says that a friend at hand is worth all your relations at a distance.

There is no real growth of character except by a conquest over opposing difficulties—the doing right when it is against our inclinations and prejudices.

Take the place and attitude which belongs to you, and all men acquiesce. The world must be just. It leaves every man, with profound unconcern, to set his own rate. Hero or driveller, it meddles not in the matter. It will certainly accept your own measure of your doing or being.

Swelling the Unsuccessful Ranks.

A great many men have been left behind because of their listlessness, their easy-going ways. They were too slow. Opportunities would not wait for them. They would have taken advantage of them, would have succeeded, if the chance had not hurried by so fast. If the opportunities had tarried a while, had given them a chance to look them over and consult their friends, or if they had only come back, these gentle people would now be on the heights instead of looking wistfully up from the foot of the mountain. But alas! opportunities never return, and he who is not ready to seize them as they flit onward, will have only regrets for his portion.

But of the great host which every year goes to swell the ranks of the unsuccessful, thousands have been side-tracked through no fault of their own, and for these one can have no other feeling than that of deepest sympathy. Many a brave, hard-working man has been driven to the wall because of an environment in which even a Webster or a Wanamaker could not have succeeded. Business men often side-track themselves by getting out of the line of traffic. No matter how hard people work under such circumstances, no matter how unflagging their energy and ambition, they cannot bend their environment to their will. In such places they cannot create the conditions of success. Others are forced out of the race by sharp competition, backed by unlimited capital, against which they are powerless to struggle. Many unfortunate ones, crushed by early trials, or disappointed in their affections, lose courage and slip off the track, careless of the future and indifferent to their own fate.

But growth is the divine law of life, and even for those who have recklessly squandered their youth and wasted their opportunities—for all who have been side-tracked, through whatever cause—the law still holds. "The only duty of life," says David Swing, "is to lessen every vice and enlarge every virtue." The day is not yet done; the light still shines on the mountain tops; and, if the discouraged wayfarer will only look upward, turn his face toward that light, and bravely take up the duties at hand, he may, to a large extent, redeem his past.—Success.

How to Live Happily.

The sage counsel embodied in the subjoined paragraphs, that should be reflected upon as they are read, will suffice, if acted upon, to render life happy for the ordinary mortal:

Don't place too much importance on the things of this life; they are passing.

The secret of success in life is for a man to be ready for his opportunity when it comes.

Children are travelers newly arrived in a strange country; we should therefore not mislead them.

Do not speak all that you can; spend not all that you have; believe not all that you hear; and tell not all that you know.

Those, though in the highest station who disoblige their friends, shall infallibly come to know the value of them, by having none when they shall most need them.

Caution in crediting, reserve in speaking, and in revealing one's self to a very few, are the best securities both of peace and good understanding with the world, and to the inward peace of our own minds.

Always speak kindly and politely to those under you. If you want them to do anything for you, ask them and not order them. They will respect and love you and be much more willing to help you.

The happy gift of being agreeable seems to consist not in one but an assemblage of talents tending to communicate delight: and how many are there who, by easy manners, sweetness of temper, and a variety of other undefinable qualities, possess the power of pleasing without visible effort, without the aid of wit, wisdom or learning, nay, as it may seem, in their defiance, and this without appearing even to know that they possess it.

How much of life is wasted in unfinished works! Many a man uses up his time in good beginnings. The labor devoted to commencing ten things and leaving them useless would finish five of them and make them profitable and useful. Finish your work. Life is brief; time is short. Stop beginning forty things and go back and finish four. Put patient, persistent toil into the matter, and be assured, one completed undertaking will yield yourself more profit than a dozen fair plans of which people will say: "This man began to build and was not able to finish." "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

Injurious Effects of Tobacco.

If statistics gathered at leading colleges have any weight it will have to be admitted that the free use of tobacco has an injurious effect upon the health of students. The best known and most thorough tests to determine this question were made at Yale and Amherst colleges. In 1891 the physician at Yale published the results of his observations on the use of tobacco among the undergraduates. In a class of 147 students he found that in four years the 77 who never used tobacco surpassed the 70 who did use it 10.4 per cent. in gain in weight, 24 per cent. in increase of height, and 26.7 per cent. in growth of chest girth. But the most marked difference was in the gain in lung capacity the non-users recording a gain of 77.5 per cent. greater than the habitual chewers or smokers. This is a remarkable showing, but it is surpassed by an investigation made among the under-graduates at Amherst. It was found that during the four years of a college student's life at that school the non-users of tobacco, gained 24 per cent. more in weight, 37 per cent. more height, and 43 per cent. more in chest girth than the tobacco users, while the increase in the lung capacity of the former was 75 per cent. greater than in the latter. This large relative increase among the non-users of tobacco at Amherst than at Yale is accounted for by the fact that the average age of the students at the former school is lower than at the latter school and hence they are more susceptible to any cause which affects them injuriously.

But the physical effects are not the only bad results of tobacco using. It harms the intellectual faculties also. According to Professor Fisk, of the Northwestern University, when a college class at Yale had been divided into four sections according to scholarship it was discovered that the highest section was composed almost entirely of smokers. Such demonstrations of the mental and physical results of the use of tobacco by college undergraduates justify the effort being made by some college authorities to check its use.

But startling as the results of the investigation among young men at college are it is probable that an investigation as to the effects of smoking on the health of young school lads would be much more startling. The newspapers record now and then the death or insanity of some boy from the use of cigarettes. But no account is taken of the stunting of the minds and bodies of the great mass of young lads from the same cause. To be effectual the battle against the harmful effects of tobacco must be begun while a lad is still at home and under the direct influence of his parents.

Purgatory.

And what is Purgatory? God hidden; hidden for a time, as the sun is hidden by the passing clouds. When God is thus hidden, then the soul is deprived of light and warmth and beauty and comeliness as the earth is deprived of beauty when night lies thick over the mountain, plain and valley.

We may aid our suffering brethren by our prayers and sacrifices. These imprisoned souls are no strangers to us, but most dear and honored friends. Heresy, thank God! has built up no impassable barrier between us and those we once knew and loved and who have now passed away. They are still our friends, yea more our friends than ever, and we may still extend towards them a helping hand in the hour of their trial. Let us hearken to their cry, "Have pity on me, at least you, my friends," and do our best to succor them.—Mgr. Vaughan.

The Evils of Constipation.

This dangerous condition causes sick headache, abdominal pains, piles, and in severe cases insanity and apoplexy. The most agreeable and satisfactory remedy is Ferrozone, which makes the bowels so well ordered that natural and unassisted action is established It is mild and certain in action and never causes distress or inconvenience, and may be taken as long as required. Pains in the stomach and intestines, piles, billiousness and headache disappear at once when Ferrozone is used. Recommended and sold by Druggists, price 50c. By mail from N. C. Polsor & Co., Kingston, Ont.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE STORY OF GUIDO VERDI.

It was the second evening after our arrival in Rome. We, that is, Bailey, Edwards and I, had just finished dinner at the Cafe de Venezia in the Corso and were still sitting about the little table talking.

All day we had been trying to convince Dr. Bailey of the wrong he was doing society in general and us in particular by encouraging the Roman beggars. He have alms to everyone who asked them; as a result, our carriage was followed by a constant stream of impostors—nor would he allow our guide to drive them off. And, as we had only a fortnight to spend in the Eternal City, every moment was of untold value.

After dinner the subject again came up. Becoming irritated by what I called the doctor's obstinacy, I said, impulsively, "If you persist in this nonsense, Bailey, you had better go about Rome alone, for Edwards and I do not propose having our visit spoiled."

No sooner had the words left my lips than I regretted them, for a look of pained surprise flitted across the doctor's face. In a moment, this expression gave place to one of loving pity as his gaze fell upon a poor, miserably clad boy standing, with outstretched hands, before him. As usual, the half lire was forthcoming from Bailey's pocket. Looking meditatively at the child's retreating figure, he said: "That youngster reminds me of a lad I saw in Naples fifteen years ago. At that time I was just fresh from Yale and possessed a most exalted opinion of my own importance. My father decided that I should travel over the continent some time before entering Heidelberg in the fall. That is how I came to be in Naples in August—the most miserable month of the year there."

After a pause, in which he lighted a fresh cigar, he continued: "I was anxious to make the ascent of Vesuvius, and, not wishing to go alone, had joined a party of Cook's tourists. I was terribly warm that day—with a dry, overpowering heat we never have in America.

"From our hotel we drove to the foot of the volcano in a great English coach. You and Bailey, who complain of the number of beggars here, should have seen the swarm that followed us that day. At that time I felt as you men do now—that it was wrong to encourage them. In fact, I made a speech for the benefit of my fellow-tourists, setting forth the evils accruing from pauperism. My words had such good effect than not a sou was thrown that motley following.

"The beggars soon grew tired running beside the coach and, muttering maledictions upon us, turned aside.

"Finally, all were gone but one boy, one whom I had noticed from the first. He was a beautiful child with great velvety brown eyes—the sort Murillo painted. But his pale, oval face wore an expression too old for his years. His wearing apparel consisted of a blue and yellow striped jersey and a pair of ragged trousers, confined at the waist by a sash of soiled yellow linen. His head had no covering save a mass of black curly hair.

"The poor little fellow worked hard. He danced. He sang. He turned wagon-wheel after wagon-wheel in a way our Yankee boys might well have envied. Every few minutes he stopped to beg most piteously for a few centisimos. Three or four times I was tempted to throw him a few sous when I remembered my antipathy to this habit.

"The child's peristence irritated me—for he followed us for two miles or more.

"For a moment I forgot him and was looking at the beautiful scenery, so I don't know just how it happened; but I heard a woman's scream as the wheel went over some obstruction. In a moment the coach was stopped and there in the road behind us the poor little beggar lay. In an instant I was beside him, but a hasty examination showed me no human skill could save him.

"In turning a wagon-wheel he had been overcome by the heat and thus had fallen between the wheels of our coach.

"We took a cushion from the carriage and placed it under a nearby palm tree. On it we laid the poor little unsconscious one.

"In a few moments a small crowd had gathered about us, among them a fruit vender who recognized the child.

"In those days I knew Italian pretty well so was able to understand what the man said.

"He told us the lad's name was Guido Verdi, and that he lived with his mother in one room of a house on the via Leopardi.

"Then followed a brief history of the boy's life. The father had earned a good living for his wife and child, but, unfortunately, he was seized with the idea of going to America; imagining, as so many Italians do, that there was a fortune awaiting him there. That was five years ago. Since then nothing had been heard of him. The vender told us that in Naples it is almost impossible for a woman to earn a living; but Guido's mother worked hard, too hard, for she was a delicate woman. A month before this accident she had been stricken with something similar to the dread perniciosa. The women of the neighborhood did for her what they could; but they were very poor themselves, having scarcely a crust to spare.

"So it fell to Guido's lot to earn money to keep his mother. 'It was wonderful,' the vender said, 'to see the efforts the child made. He carried traveling bags from railway stations to hotels, bags that were far too heavy for stronger arms than his. He danced. He sang for the guests at the hotels, and did everything he could think of to gain money. At first he was very successful. His beauty attracted the attention of strangers. They pitied him and sometimes gave him as much as a lire a a time. What proud, happy days those were for the boy! Then the hot weather came. The strangers all left the city and the wealthy Neapolitans went to their summer homes in the north, leaving Naples dull and dead. For weeks Guido had been able to earn scarcely a sou. The mother's fever had abated, but she was unable to gain strength, for they were unable to buy the nourishing food the city doctor had ordered. Every sou Guido made went to buy bread for his mother.

"As the vender ceased speaking I stooped over the little wasted figure. As I did so the great eyes opened, the child tried to move, but the pain was so great he desisted. His gaze swept over the group around him. He recognized the vender and motioned him nearer.

"'Get some bread for the mother,' he said, 'I haven't earned a centime to-day, but I will pay you to-morrow.' He tried to rise, but the effort rendered him unconscious.

"When he again opened his eyes, something in their expression told me that the lad realized his earthly journey was at a close. Looking at the vender, he said: 'If I cannot pay for the bread to-morrow, the Father above will.'

"The little one's voice was growing painfully weak as he continued: 'Don't tell the mother that—I—am—dead—just say—that—I have gone—to—seek the father.' The voice was still and yet the lips moved. Placing my ear close to the little mouth I caught the words, 'Mia madre—m—i—a—madre, m—i—a.' Then all was over. Needless to say, I did not continue my journey to Vesuvius that day.

"The vender and I made arrangements about the simple funeral.

"I asked him to take me to see the boy's mother. When we reached the house the neighbors told us that the poor woman had died in the morning a few moments after Guido had left her."

When Bailey had finished his story, neither Edwards nor I spoke.

Finally Edwards called the waiter, and I noticed an odd little break in his voice as he asked to have a twenty-lire bill changed into sous.

"Because," he said, half apologeticly, "I will need the coppers to-morrow to help Bailey pauperize the Romans."

"CATHOLIC" AND ROMAN CATHOLIC.

H. G. Hughes, D.D., in Ecclesiastical Review.

It is a fact to day that no one, with thr exception of a comparatively small section who, have a special theory to maintain, will find any ambiguity in the name "Roman Catholic," or mistake the Catholic Church for anything else than the Church whi h is in communion with Rome.

To come to the practical difficulty in which Catholics sometimes find themselves placed when they come into contact with our friends the "Anglo-Catholics" what is the course to be pursued? In the first place, while the name of Catholic must be claimed by us as an amply sufficient designation, the equally honorable title of Roman Catholic must in no wise be repudiated. If it is used by the other side for the insinuation of the branch theory, an antidote is at hand, first in the imperturbed assumption of the title Catholic by itself as exclusively the proper possession of those Churches which are in union with the Holy See; then in the distinction between "Roman" used of the Church in the Roman Diocese and the same name used of the Church Catholic throughout the world. The contention of Anglicans that "Roman" implies particularly and contradicts Catholicity is based purely upon the studied neglect of this obvious distinction and is nothing more or less than a controversial dust-throwing. If proof is demanded of the identity of the Catholic Church with the Church which is throughout the world also called "Roman" the appeal is to a known palpable and well organized fact—the fact that no other than the Church which is known as the Roman Catholic Church, and that Church alone, has the least claim to Catholicity, that is, to world-wide unity, and therefore to the assumption of the simple title "Catholic." In virtue of her Catholicity, promised to her in the beginning, realized from the first by the conversion of multitudes from every part of the civilized world; existing at all times: superabundantly evident now in the actual inclusion within her fold of some two hundred millions "of every nation and kindred and people and tongue," and by force of Divine promises never cease or stop till the world shall have been conquered—in virtue of such Catholicity the Roman Catholic Church alone deserves the Catholic name. She alone may truly look upon the whole world as the theatre of her action, or with any justice proclaim herself free from all limitations of nationality. She alone carries out now and has always carried out the Divine command to go into the whole world and teach all nations. As to our every day manner of speaking of ourselves, the name Catholic, being of itself amply sufficient to indicate our faith, is also for several reasons preferable to any other, and it has the advantage of particularly insisting upon the point at issue with Anglicans, that is, upon the claim to the sole right to that title.

At the same time, if any one pleases to call us "Roman Catholics," we need not be at pain to correct him, unless it be clearly his intention to imply thereby that he, too, is a "Catholic," though not a "Roman." In that case a gentle insistence into the fact that a Catholic and a Roman Catholic are one and the same and a firm refusal to admit any difference between the two, together with a just exhibition of pride in all that is included in and signified by the name "Roman" in its proper sense, will be the best and indeed the only means of defence atainst pertinacious refusal or in invincible inability—whichever it may be—to look at the matter from the true point of view. "Roman Catholic" we are neither able nor desirous to repudiate; "Catholic" we must exclusively claim. The former may, indeed, be sometimes of necessity to prevent misconception, but the common verdict of mankind (except a particular class of persons with their own peculiar theory) will bear us out when we say that "Roman" takes nothing away from "Catholic," adds to it no limiting note of particularity, but simply determines it as the exclusive prerogative of that great communion whose Catholicity is evident to all but those who will not see it. We can justly make our own and apply to both these honorable and venerated titles the words of an unknown writer of antiquity: "The Simonians are named from Simon; the Marcionites from Marcion, the Arians from Arius and the Eunomians from Eunomius. All these other faiths which bear the names of men and are called after them are not of God, nor is God in those faiths. * * * The most glorious of all glories is the Catholic Church (and we may add The Roman Catholic) as also that we are called and named Christians, as not being named of men, but enlightened of God."

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

OF CONSIDERING THE SECRET JUDGMENTS OF GOD, LEST WE BE PUFFED UP WITH OUR OWN GOOD WORKS.

Thou thunderest forth over my head Thy judgments, O Lord, and Thou shakest all my bones with fear and trembling, and my soul is terrified exceedingly.

I stand astonished, and consider that the heavens are not pure in Thy sight.

If in the angels Thou hast found sin and hast not spared them, what will become of me?

Stars have fallen from heaven; and I, who am but dust, how can I presume?

They, whose works seemed praiseworthy, have fallen to the very lowest; and those, who have fed upon the Bread of Angels, I have seen delighted with the husks of swine.

There is, then, no sanctity, if Thou, O Lord, withdraw Thy hand.

No wisdom avails, if Thou cease to govern us.

No strength is of any help, if Thou support us not.

No chastity is secure unless Thou protect it.

SEASONABLE ADVICE.

Change of Weather Disasterous to Many People.

BAD BLOOD MAKES YOU LIABLE TO COLD—A COLD MAKES YOU LIABLE TO TWENTY DISEASES—HOW TO PROTECT YOURSELF.

Changes of the season affects the health more or less perceptibly. The effect of the hot summer weather on the blood leaves it thin and watery, and now that the weather is changeable this makes itself disagreeably felt. You feel bilious, dyspeptic and tired; there may be pimples or eruptions of the skin; the damp weather brings little twinges of rheumatism or neuralgia that give warning of the winter that is coming. If you want to be brisk and strong for the winter it is now that you should build up the blood, and gives the nerves a little tonic. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest of all blood-making, nerve-restoring tonics, and will make you strong and stave off the aches and pains of winter if you take them now. Mr. James Adams, Brandon, Man., is one of the thousands whom Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have restored to health and strength. He says: "It is with deep gratitude that I acknowledge the benefit I have derived from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, Before taking the pills my health was much shattered with rheumatism, nervous depression and sleeplessness. For fully twelve months I rarely got a good night's sleep. When I began the use of the pills it was with a determination to give them a fair trial. I did so, and can truthfully say that I could not wish for better health than I now enjoy. I shall always speak a good word for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

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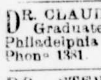
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