

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

A most common error is that of looking for happiness somewhere outside of useful work. It has never yet been found when thus sought and never will be while the world stands; and the sooner the truth is learned the better for every one.

Character-building through thought. The imagination, wrongly used, is one of our worst foes, and imagining evil is one of the worst uses. Many people live in perpetual unhappiness and discomfort because they imagine they are being abused, slighted, neglected, and talked about.

People who think such thoughts make themselves perpetually wretched by surrounding themselves with an atmosphere reeking with pessimism. They always wear black glasses which make everything around them seem draped in mourning.

These people have talked poverty, failure, hard luck, fate and hard times, so long that their entire being is imbued with pessimism. The cheerful qualities of the mind have atrophied from neglect and disuse, while their pessimistic tendencies have been so overdeveloped that their minds can not regain a normal, healthy, cheerful balance.

These people carry a gloomy, disagreeable, uncomfortable influence with them wherever they go. Nobody likes to converse with them, because they are always telling their stories of hard luck and misfortune. With them times are always hard, money scarce, and society "going to the bad."

Many young men, beginning a business career for themselves, make the mistake of basing wholly upon property or capital. They do not understand that character and reliability, combined with aptitude for one's business, and a disposition to work hard, are far more important assets to have than millions of dollars.

The young men who start for themselves, on a small scale, are more energetic, work harder, are more alert, are quicker to appreciate the chances of the market, and are more polite and willing than those with large capital.

Swimming is the Best Exercise. As the result of long and elaborate experiments with college athletes, Dr. Philip B. Hawk, physiological chemistry demonstrator at the University of Pennsylvania, just three minutes—no more, no less—is the perfect physical exercise; that is, it develops more red corpuscles in the blood than any form of exercise continued for any length of time.

George Ade, at a recent banquet, was asked to speak on success. "I suppose that failure is more familiar than success to all of us," he said. "We work away. Four things fail. The fifth thing succeeds. The hardest workers have the most failures, but then they have the most successes, too."

"One of my early failures was a melodrama that I treated all the way from Chicago to New York to sell to a manager. This was in my youth, when I had confidence in myself. The manager returned my melodrama. He said he didn't care for it."

"I pointed out the merits in it which he had overlooked. I proved that he would make a great mistake if he should not accept this work. But he shook his head."

"Can't you use it at all?" I asked, desperately. "Well," said he, "I might grind it up and use it for a snowstorm."

When a man habitually speaks slightly of a woman may reasonably be sure that a normal blight rests upon his own character. A scathing rebuke was

once administered to a young man of this class, who, at a public dinner at which no ladies were present, was called upon to respond to the toast, "Woman." He dwelt almost entirely upon the frailties of the sex, claiming that the best among them were but little better than the worst, the chief difference being in their surroundings. At the conclusion of his speech one of the guests arose and said: "I trust the gentleman, in the application of his remarks, refers to his own mother and sisters, and not ours."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

STORIES ON THE ROSARY

BY LUCIA EMILY DOBBERE

The Descent of the Holy Ghost

MAGDALEN'S CELL.

"I have very little hope about it! However, we shall see, and I will tell you all."

"Yes," said Mother Mary quietly; and for a moment she was silent, trying to hide the pain she was in, for she suffered very much more than was known to the generality of people.

"Had you not better run away and pack?"

"Yes, I had," said Magdalen, "and I must see about wiring to dad."

In a short time the packing was over, and Magdalen had said farewell to the friends of so many years; her last visit had been paid to the little chapel; she had been clung to and wept over by the girls who were staying behind, and who were horror-struck at the bad news about their favorite's prospects. They could not understand how she could take it so bravely, and how cheerfully she could assure them that she meant to make the best of things.

The twin girls watched the carriage out of sight, and then ran to the school-room, from a window of which they could still see it and wave their very damp handkerchiefs. They were two years Magdalen's junior, and they loved and admired her extremely.

"I wish she had not gone, she was so delightful," said Annie dolefully, as she subsided into a chair. "I don't think anyone could be kinder and better than she was, and not a bit goody goody and sticky, but always full of fun and making everybody happy. Do you remember when we came, we poor forlorn little things," she continued, "how kind she was to us. She never let me be teased when she saw it hurt me so, and she would not have any one laugh at my French accent. You know how I used to cry so!"

"Yes, and she was so generous," said Nellie, "not only in giving money but in lending things. I hate lending. If I had the money I had far sooner give people things than lend them. And she made me feel how well she was when she lent her lovely camera to Bertha, who got it all out of order. Then she never would laugh at mademoiselle though we all did. She said she could not help her funny brown wig and her glasses which were always dropping off, and her queer clothes. She said she was poor, and working hard to earn money for her old mother. And, do you remember? It was she who suggested that we should all give her something on her feast day, for none of us had ever thought of it! And how mademoiselle cried with pleasure, do you remember? and then her wig went all crooked, and not one of us laughed or smiled the very tiniest bit."

"Yes, and she often did things which she thought no one knew of," said Annie. "Don't you remember how untidy you used to be? Well, one day I was passing the dormitory, the door was open, and I saw her putting away all your things."

"I wondered who had done it," said Nellie. "It was just like her. Oh, dear, I do wish she hadn't lost all her money, for she said we must both come and stay with her during the next holidays, and she was going to teach me to cycle and you were to learn fret-work, and there was to be a big party, not for grown-ups but for girls of our age, and a Christmas tree for the poor. We shall never have all that. It is all lost."

"I care much more for her loss and not having her here," said Annie. "We shall miss her terribly."

"We all shall," said Mother Mary Joseph, who, entering unperceived, had heard part of this conversation. "And shall I tell you why?"

"Oh, Mother, because she is just the most splendid girl that ever was!" said Nellie, who looked as if she could begin to cry afresh.

money. No one, however, could doubt that he had done it for the best, for he seemed really sorry that Magdalen had so far such a different life than that which she had been brought up to expect, but it was not his way to grieve over things, and Magdalen inherited at least his sunny nature, which stood her in good stead just then. Magdalen was very fond of her father and was happily very blind to his faults, and she could not find it in her heart to blame him; she only pitied him for his disappointments, and assured him that she meant to try to be happy at the Court.

Mr. Waring evidently did not anticipate spending much of his own time there, and incidentally spoke of his engagements in Scotland and the prospect of the Twelfth of August.

Magdalen smothered a little sigh as she saw her father off on the 11th of August, and she was left behind at the Court to the company of her grand-mamma and her aunt; the latter having few interests in life beyond the care of her three puddles.

A few weeks after her arrival at the Court Magdalen wrote to Mother Mary Joseph one day as follows. She had received several times before and received kindly answers back, these being written at times when writing was a great exertion, and Magdalen had rendered a little at the brevity of the letters.

TO BE CONTINUED.

LOVE, HUMAN AND DIVINE.

This abiding presence of the Sacred Heart in the tabernacle is a truth which I fear we too often overlook, or at least do not consider sufficiently. In our devotions to the Sacred Heart we forget, at times, that the Blessed Sacrament is its greatest proof of love and in our visits and holy Communions we do not fully realize the fact that on the altar, behind the tabernacle door, and that same Divine Heart still throbs with love for each of its own time.

But who in thought can separate the Heart from love? And so, my brethren, we worship here the love—the infinite, incomprehensible love of the Son of God for us—that love which He had for us from all eternity, when all the second person of the Blessed Trinity, He loved us "with an everlasting love"—and that other love which filled the Sacred Heart at the moment of the Incarnation—all the love of the God Man for us, both human and divine, as symbolized in His Sacred Heart.—Rev. Hugh McMahon, S. J.

FORECASTING THEIR FAITH.

We have just read with much gratification the account of this year's annual parade of the Catholic young men's societies of Liverpool, England. The marchers numbered more than six thousand, while great crowds of spectators gathered to lend their cheers and the compliment of their presence. The sight is described as one of magnificence and grandeur to the Catholic body. No one will doubt it. Six thousand Catholic young men in a public demonstration is even an inspiring sight.

But it has another lesson. Truly may it be said to forecast their faith in the years to come. Six thousand young men of this character, awake the brightest hopes for the progress of Catholicity in Liverpool. This demonstration is a public pledge of their future loyalty to the Church. Rightly may it be interpreted as a sign of sturdy Catholic manhood—a manhood which may be counted unwavering in its devotion to the Church.

In this it is a lesson from which the Catholic young men of our own country may draw profit. It appeals to them for a display of similar force of character. Unfortunately, too many of our young men are the slaves of public opinion. In obedience to the infidel sentiment of their non-Catholic associates, performance of religious acts are frequently neglected. Fear of sneering "reflects" upon their faith make them too cowardly to resent insult. Continuation of such companionships eventually leads entirely away from the Church. A closer association with those of their own faith and the occasional mustering of their forces do for the Catholic young men of America what it is doing for those of England. From the comparison it is easy to see whether both are drifting.—Church Progress.

A Hero Priest.

Caseville, Ill., June 23.—Crawling on hands and knees through blazing wreckage, a young priest yesterday bravely death to carry the last relics of the Church to the sea. List, a fireman, who was being slowly roasted to death beneath the firebox of his engine. List was pinioned under the engine when Baltimore and Ohio passenger train No. 5 crashed into train No. 6.

The priest was a passenger on the train. Although the woodwork of the locomotive was ablaze, the priest did not hesitate. Covering his mouth and nose with a handkerchief he crept to List's side. Perceiving that List must die before rescue came, he administered the last rites of the Church. He modestly declined to give his name.

The future when rightly seen is an angel melting our chains and releasing us from prison.—Charles E. Jefferson.

CLERICAL INVENTIONS.

PROFESSORS WHO HAVE ADDED TO THE WORLD'S SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE. A reply to certain attacks of the Protestant press upon the "ignorance of the clergy," the "stupidity of the monks," the "intellectual darkness of the Middle Ages," and other stock phrases, which used to be current ones in this country also, gives occasion to the Linzer Quartalschrift to gather together an interesting list of some of the discoveries and inventions due to the Catholic clergy.

Guido, a monk of Arezzo, discovered the musical scale, the fundamental rules of music, and the principles of harmony.

The deacon, Flavio Gioja, of Amalfi, perfected the magnet and the mariners' compass, and so rendered possible the great ocean navigations which revolutionized history.

A Dominican, Spina, invented spectacles.

The first astronomical clock was built in 1326 by Richard Wallingford, Abbot of St. Alban's.

The Jesuit Cavalieri discovered the scale of colors in sunlight in 1717. Another Cavalieri, Jeronimo monk who died in 1647, invented the method of the "indivisible" for measuring surfaces and solids, now supplanted by the differential calculus.

Regiomontanus, whose real name was Johann Muller, Bishop of Regensburg, who died in 1476, was the first inventor of the metric system, erected a press in Nuremberg for the publication of rare mathematical works, was a great astronomer, and long before Galileo (died 1642) taught that the sun was stationary and that the earth revolved, greatly advanced the sciences of algebra and trigonometry, and improved several mechanical instruments.

A Brilliant Catholic Student at Oxford.

Among the whole body of Oxford undergraduates—numbering between two and three thousand in residence—the most brilliant record is at present held by Mr. Cyril Martindale, a scholar of the Society of Jesus, who matriculated at Pope's Hall (the Jesuit house of studies at Oxford) in the autumn of 1901. He has already won a first class in Classical Moderations as well as the Hertford and Craven Scholarships (the blue-ribbon of classical learning at the University), and since the beginning of this year he has further gained the Gaiford Creek Verse Prize for Latin Verse. Mr. Martindale is a convert to the Catholic faith.—London England Catholic Herald.

Copies of Ancient Bible.

One of the most interesting features of the Vatican exhibit at the World's Fair are the copies of the Codex Vaticanus, the original of which has been preserved in the archives of St. Peter's since the fourth century. The Bible, originally compiled in Hebrew, was translated by the early Fathers of the Church into Greek and from Greek into Latin. There are a dozen copies of this historic volume, the original of which the Pope will never allow to leave Rome. These copies are all on parchment, and will be displayed in cases. They are in varicolored inks and are said to be of very attractive and unique appearance and of great interest to students.

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