

vortex of modern life, with no other stay and security than the half-digested instruction they have received in early childhood.' 'It would be difficult indeed,' he added, 'to overrate the importance of keeping a hold on the young after they have left school. Their entire future, perhaps their salvation, will depend on the impressions made at this time. The man and the woman can be *made* when a child, but can never be remade at a later age.'

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This admirable work of 'saving the boy' after his school days is very efficiently done in Dublin by the splendid organisation known as the Boys' Brigade. It is being done in London by the Catholic Social Union, the work of which is twofold: (1) To establish social clubs for lads and lasses who have left school, especially for those of the needy classes. They are enrolled as members. (2) To bring the rich and educated into touch and sympathy with the parents and with the homes of the working classes generally. Catholic social clubs of this kind for boys and girls who have just left school have been at work for several years past, under the direction of the clergy, in some of the principal missions in London and Sheffield. In New Zealand, so far as we know, no provision is made in the Catholic social clubs for a section for lads and lasses whose school course has been completed. Our nearest approach to the youthful social clubs just described is, we think, the Old Boys' Associations attached to St. Patrick's College and to some of the Marist Brothers' schools. The principle needs, however, a wider application and a far greater extension; and its adoption would keep our working boys and girls strong in the spirit and practice of the Faith, refine their tastes, train their character, unite them together in a common bond, reduce the number of mixed marriages, and keep our young people from drifting into companionships and associations which frequently lead to indifferentism in religion and loss of moral fibre.

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It would be difficult to over-estimate the good which may be effected by the various forms of our young men's societies. They are taken in hand and placed, as far as is feasible, under good influences and amidst safe and pleasant and useful companionships and occupations at a period when the fresh budding life comes in contact with the thousand and one risks arising from idleness, evil associations, drink, dissipation. But, unhappily, the maintenance of the efficiency of these associations is frequently a matter of pathetic difficulty—a 'labor dire and heavy woe' to many an anxious priest, and many such societies live a pinched and meagre and half-starved existence for lack of encouragement from the very class which they are intended to serve. Some years ago, in writing upon our young men's societies, we made use of the following words which may be appropriately repeated here: 'There will usually be among the members a picked body of young Gideonites who hold fast with the grip of a steel trap to the principles of their society or club. Outside these there will ordinarily be a shifting and uncertain fringe of members who take a shy, dainty, spasmodic, half-hearted interest in the working of the society, but who appear in full force, and upholstered in their most expensive drapery, when the circling months bring the annual social or picnic around. Beyond and outside the fringe of flabby, spineless members there lies the mass of youths who are indifferent to the aims of Catholic young men's associations, or who shrink from membership because of some petty likes or dislikes affecting minor details of organisation. Some will have it all fat; others all lean. Your fluent young DEMOSTHENES would have the society a debating club pure and simple. Your budding BEAU BRUMMELL would practically turn it into a quadrille assembly. Between the two extremes of all work of one kind and all play of another kind you have a range of tastes sufficient to make the successful conducting of such a society a sufficiently ticklish task—comparable in a microscopical way to that of editing a Catholic newspaper.'

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Other clogs upon the wheel of progress are the clique-former, the 'kicker,' the interminable haranguer, the lazy-minded, the deadhead who is a dumb ox at the gatherings of the society and a growler outside, and the officers or members who seldom put in an appearance and leave the meetings sparse, and, especially if they take place in a large

hall, overwhelmed with a sense of loneliness, desertion, and failure. As for the listless, the apathetic, the intellectual dawdlers, they need bracing up unless they are to become like the fortune-spoiled, aimless-lived man of whom DALE OWEN speaks in his autobiography. 'I have let my mind go to seed,' said he remorsefully, 'I have thrown away a life.' And he had but one life to throw away. A host of zelators and apostles of the young men movement is greatly needed. And who are better fitted for the work than the young men themselves, who have so many opportunities day by day of practising this apostolate among the companions with whom they are day by day marching shoulder to shoulder along the road of life?

Notes

Counting the Slain.

Here is an extract from its Cape Town correspondent which appeared, of all other papers, in the columns of our enthusiastically Imperialistic contemporary, the *Dunedin Evening Star*: 'Many people wonder, no doubt, how it is that so many are in arms against us notwithstanding the subtractions which our reports account for. An explanation in part may be found in the exigencies of military service. If an officer loses men in an engagement there will be a black mark against him—it would be almost as well if he resigned—unless he can show that he inflicted a heavier loss on the enemy. To show this is not a work of insuperable difficulty, there will be a check on the number of men captured, but who is to say how many were killed? They are not supposed to return a list of men as being killed unless the dead bodies have been counted; but it is possible to make mistakes even in counting dead men, and the Commander-in-Chief is not likely to send an inspector round to verify the report; so it generally comes about that we inflict a greater loss on the enemy than we sustain ourselves.'

We are waiting with some anxiety to see what is going to happen to the *Evening Star*.

Not yet Slain.

We confess ourselves unable to fathom the cause of the mysterious thirst of the newspaper correspondents for the gore of Leo XIII. But the fact remains that they have slain him oftener than any living sovereign of the present day. And yet the great White Father has lived to see his ninety-second birth-day, the twenty-fourth anniversary of his coronation, and the silver jubilee of his career as Roman Pontiff. And this is the statement made a few weeks ago regarding his health and prospects of life by his physician, Dr. Lapponi, to a representative of the Associated Press: 'For years the Pope has not enjoyed such perfect health. He never fails to fast on Friday, and sometimes on other days. The principal precaution I insist upon is the keeping of his rooms at an even temperature of 65 degrees, especially as he is most careless about himself. He frequently retires without properly adjusting his flannels about his chest. When I remonstrate, he says he does not want to coddle himself.' When asked if the Pope should remain as strong as at present, how long he would live, Dr. Lapponi answered: 'I do not care to speculate on that question, but there is no reason why he should not reach the age of Gregory IX., who was a centenarian.' This (said the Associated Press despatch) would mean eight years more of life, which would make Leo's pontificate longer than that of St. Peter, and even longer than that of Pius IX., who reigned for 31 years.

Is Latin 'Dead'?

A West Coast correspondent sends us the following paragraph from a local paper:—'The *Scientific American* thinks all scientists should speak a common tongue, and suggests that they make Latin the universal language for the arts and sciences.' Our correspondent asks: 'Is there any hope of reviving a language so long dead and making it the language of arts and sciences?'

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Whereunto we make reply and say: The Latin language can only be called a dead language in the sense that, like dead languages, its forms are fixed and more or less cast-iron. But in parts of Austria it is still the spoken language of the law-courts. Even hotel-waiters in many places understand and speak it. It will be news to many of our readers to learn that not alone did the Reformers all write in Latin, but the records of English courts of justice were kept in that language till the reign of George II. Latin is still the recognised language of the medical profession. Hence your prescription for every ailment from dyspepsia to cholera morbus is to this hour, and in every civilised country penned in Latin. And the old language is still known and recognised as a medium of