OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

May's Dress.

BY ELEANOR FRANCES.

April is here at last, and I am going to catch some trout. How I have counted the days, for the past month, as I love to fish, and then I want to sell what fish I get, to buy a dress for my little sister. She is four years old, and I am ten. The other night mamma put little sister to bed, at 6 o'clock, so that she could sew and wash her dress, for it is the only one she has, and mamma cried as she sewed it, for she said she did not know when she could buy her another, you see papa is dead, and we don't have so much money as we used to have. Mamma says it takes all her money to buy food, and shoes for us, so I want to catch some fish real bad. I was afraid because there was snow on the ground that mamma would not let me go, but I coaxed her so hard that she did not let me. I went to Williamson's Brook, for I had seen some trout there every day for a week. In one hour I caught three. I had a good pole which I cut from a tree, and a lot of worms. I stayed there until dinner time, and I had eight pretty trout. I hid them away, and went home to dinner. I did not eat much, I was in such a hurry to get back, I did not say anything about them to mamma, but it was hard work, not to tell her about them, when she kissed me, telling me better luck next time, my son, for she thought I did not catch any. When I got back to the brook, there was a man fishing there, with a pole as long as our fence, and a feather on the end of his line, he didn't know enough to put a worm on his hook, I told him he could not catch fish, with a feather.

He laughed, and said :

"It was a fly," but it was the funniest fly I ever saw, he stayed there two hours, and didn't get a bite, I got three trout while he was there, and he said to me,

"How do you do it bobby?"

I told him my name was Frank, I don't like being called "bobby."

"Well how do you do it, Frank?"

"I do not do it sir, it is the worm."

He pulled in his line, and broke that long pole in five pieces.

I asked him what he broke that nice pole for.

He said he didn't break it, for he could put it together again. He asked me to let him try my pole, I gave it to him, but the fish swam away, and he did not get any. By 3 o'clock, I had fourteen trout, so I hid my pole amongst the cedar bushes, and went to the village, to try and sell them. The man in the first store, said he did not want any, and I felt like sitting down on the step and crying. The man told me to go to Lewis, he might buy them from me.

He did and gave me two dollars for them, and told me, he would take all I would bring him for the next week. I took the money, and ran all the way to Aunt Winnie's to get her to buy sister's dress for me. When I showed her the money, she took her specks off, and looking at me, said :

"Bless my heart, Frankie, where did you get all that money?"

I told her about the trout, and asked her to go to the village, and buy a dress for little May, if she could get it for that much money.

"It is more than enough, child. I am pretty busy but if you will stay here and keep wood on the fire, I will go for you."

She put on her shawl and bonnet, and went. I thought she would never get back, but then it is two miles to the village. When she came in, she had a dress and a hat for little sister. She walked home with me. Mamma was watching for me at the gate, and it was most dark, when Aunt Winnie told her all about it, the tears came in her eyes, and she hugged me real hard, saying.

"God bless my darling boy!" Little sister was marching up and down the room with her new hat on, and her pretty dress hugged tight in her arms, while Aunt Winnie was wiping her specks, laughing and crying while she watched her.

Doing Good.

"What shall you do with it?" asked Louise of Mattie as they went up stairs together.

"I don't know," answered Mattie, gloomily ; "ten dollars isn't so much after all, and I want so many things. We are just about ready for the poorhouse," she added bitterly.

"Nonsense, Mattie—don't croak! We're all right," and Louise went singing to her room, leaving Mattie by the hall window, sober and thoughtful.

"Ten dollars," sighed Mattie, gazing at the gold piece in her hand. "I wonder if the picture will be more. But mother needs a new bonnet dreadfully, and she never will make money enough for it ; and I don't need anything. My tuition is paid and I have books and clothes enough to last all year. Louise will spend all her money for music and such nonsense, as she always does ; and because I am the oldest girl I ought to spend my money for my mother's bonnet. It isn't fair for some to be so poor and others so rich," and Mattie frowned down at the gay flower beds in the tiny garden below, and sighed and fretted over her lot.

Mattie could remember, and so could Louise, days when ten dollars were given to them every month by a smiling father, who promised them twice ten when they were big girls. But as the girls increased the family fortune decreased, and ten dollars was still the monthly allowance of Louise and Mattie, while the younger members of the family were happy with one dollar for spending money.

Mattie and Louise were expected to make their allowance cover all expenses. They both attended the seminary, and that took nearly sixty dollars a year for tuition and books, leaving another sixty for clothing and incidentals. Dresses, therefore, were very plain, and very few "extras" brightened the lives of the girls. Their pet hobbies—music and painting—were expensive ones ; but instruction was free at the seminary, and both girls eagerly availed themselves of the chance.

"I shall spend my next month's allowance for music and that lovely music stand at Graham's," Louise had said a week before, and in answer to Mattie's caution to save for the future had replied ; "Don't croak, my dear ; the future will take care of itself. And you needn't preach : for I know you are going to buy that Madonna head in the art window, aren't you now?"

"Yes," Mattie had answered, and new remembering the conversation, she rose, remarking to herself, "I might as well take a walk and have another look at my dear Madonna, since I can't own her. I wonder if they want more than ten dollars for her."

Mattie donned her hat and jacket and started for River avenue, feeling very much aggrieved over the state of affairs.

"There is really no use in buying mother a bonnet, for she never goes anywhere except to church," thought Mattie, as she crossed the bridge and stopped to watch the green and white spray foaming over the rocks, "but at the same time it looks selfish to spend money for pictures when she needs one. If the picture is more than $10 I'll look around for pretty bonnets anyway," and Mattie hastened up the street until she reached the art window at Graham's.

No need to inquire the price of the picture. There it stood on its easel with "$10" plainly marked on a tag. And the gentle eyes of the Madonna looked up at Mattie, as if to say, "Buy me, please."

At least, that was Mattie's interpretation of the sweet expression of these "windows of the soul," and yielding to the temptation she went in and ordered the picture. Ten dollars seemed quite a sum when it was gone, but the picture was well worth it, and Mattie was satisfied for the present.

She went home to find Louise reading "Ben Hur," which was quickly closed when Mattie entered the room.

"Say, Mattie, I have an idea," was the sister's greeting.

"Have you?" and Mattie bent over her bureau drawer to put away her hat.

"Yes. I've been thinking about mother. She needs a new bonnet and wrap a good deal more than we do a Madonna or a music-stand. She is sweeter than all the music in the world. Suppose we give $5 each for a bonnet and cape for her, and wait another month for our things?"

Louise spoke in a confident tone that plainly showed that she expected approval and help from Mattie.

She was surprised then when Mattie answered slowly, "I am sorry, but I can't, sister."

"Why?" demanded Louise. "You can wait as well as I can, I know."

"I have spent my money already," answered Mattie, with her face dyed with crimson.

"That settles it then," and Louise opened her book.

Mattie went down to the kitchen, angry at Louise, angry at herself.

"It's a pity Louise can't do a little charity on her own account. If I wanted to buy a present for mother I wouldn't ask help from any one. Lou is never willing to give up all. But I wish I had bought her a bonnet, or at least waited a little. Her bonnet is shabby,"

So thought Mattie while preparing the mid-day meal. Meanwhile, Louise was doing some thinking upstairs. She took no one into her confidence, however, and shortly after dinner went out for a walk.

In the evening when the delivery man brought Mattie's picture there was also a large box for Mrs. Harris. Mattie seized the picture, flew upstairs to her room with it, thrust it into a closet, and stole back to see if her suspicions concerning the other package were correct.

Yes. There in the plain little parlor stood Mrs. Harris in the centre of an admiring group, a dainty bonnet on her slightly faded brown hair, and a long cape over her simple house dress.

"Whose idea was this? Mattie's," asked Mrs. Harris.

"Mattie's and mine," answered Louise, and as Mattie opened her mouth to remonstrate she was pulled into the next room, where Louise spoke decidedly.

"You are not to say a word. It was your idea. If you had'nt seen that picture you would have gotten her one all yourself, which I think would have been very selfish in you. I didn't care to go to Graham's either, as mother, would have had to wear her old bonnet another season."

Mattie hung her arm around her, sister, and with a little choke in her voice, exclaimed : "I'll give you five dollars just as soon as I get my next month's allowance. It is horrid in me to be so selfish when we are so poor that—"

"Oh, hush! Don't croak!" and Louis danced back in the parlor.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

We ought to Walk in Truth and Humility in God's Presence.

Son, walk before me in truth, and always seek me in the simplicity of thy heart.

He who walketh before me in truth shall be secured from evil occurrences, and truth shall deliver him from deceivers and from the detractions of the wicked.

If truth has made thee free, thou wilt indeed be free and wilt not heed the vain words of men.

Disciple. Lord, this is true ; as Thou Thou sayest, so, I beseech Thee, let it be done in my regard. Let thy truth teach me, let it guard and keep me till I come to a happy end.

Let the same deliver me from all evil affections and all inordinate love, and I shall walk with Thee in perfect freedom of heart.

Christ, 2. I, who am Truth will teach thee those things, which are right and pleasing in sight.

Think on thy sins with great compunction and sorrow ; and never esteem thyself to be anything for thy good works.

Thou art indeed a sinner, subject to, and entangled with many passions.

Of thyself thou always tendest to nothing, thou quickly fallest, thou art quickly overcome, easily disturbed and dissolved.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The desire shapes the deed. The hope of a young man lies not in what he now is, but in what he wants to be. The ideal pioneers the real. Every man's real is just a little less than his ideal. The manly feeling goes before manly achievements. A right ideal supplemented by opportunity and effort can achieve any result. The prophecy of the future of the young man is not in what he is now doing, but in what he is thinking and what he aspires to.

A Test.

It is a test of politeness for a man to listen with interest to things he knows all about, when they are being told by a person who knows nothing about them.

Tact and Gentleness.

Of all the gifts to be prayed for, next to grace at heart, tact and gentleness in manner are the most desirable. A brusque, shy, curt manner, a cold indifference, a snappish petulance, a brutal appearance of stolidity, antagonize and wound and rob even really kind actions of half their value.

It is worth while to do a kind thing gracefully and tactfully. There is a certain propriety of demeanor which never makes a mistake, which guards the feeling of a loved one as carefully as a mother cherishes her little delicate child. In time such tact becomes natural, and one who has it makes others happy without trying to do so.

The Gospel of Work.

Theodore Rossevelt was once asked, "If you could speak commandingly to the young men of our day, what would you say to them?"

His reply was, "I'd order them to work. I'd try to develop and work out an ideal of mine—the theory of the duty of the leisure class to the community. I have tried to do it by example, and it is what I have preached. First and foremost, to be American, heart and soul, and to go in with any person, heedless of anything but that person's qualifications."

These words received added significance from the fact that the man who uttered them has been elevated to the presidential chair. Although born to wealth, he scorned delights, to live laborious days. He has been a strenuous worker, and has set before the young men of the land a noble example of courageous endeavor.

Stray Chips of Thought.

We should perform some mission of kindness every day for the privilege of having lived it.

Whenever a man achieves marked success in anything, all of his intimate acquaintances wonder how in the world he did it.

The man who makes the most of the little that he has is of more intrinsic worth than he who owns worlds but is unhappy because he has not more.

We do not need the half of what we demand in order to make life comfortable. A slender income with a warm heart is better than riches and a restless soul.

Enthusiasm is the element of success in everything ; it is the light that leads, and the strength that lifts men on and up in the great struggle of scientific pursuits and professional labor ; it robs endurance of difficulty and makes duty a pleasure.

Let your strivings be after contentment. Get out of each passing day all the sweetness there is in it. Live in the present hour as much as possible, and if you live for character your foundation will overlast to-morrow. It is when men build without moral principle that they need fear the future.

There is hardly a day passes but that brings to our attention the absolute necessity of taking care of the future with a policy of life insurance. There is no man, whatever his condition may be, who should not carry a policy for some amount if even for no other purpose than that of taking care of his own funeral expenses and clearing up such bills which will inevitably accumulate.

About Temper

There are three reasons why one ought to control his temper, and the first is self-respect. When one loses command of himself and throws the reins upon the neck of passion, he may have for the moment a certain enjoyment in the license, but there must surely come a reaction of regret. When he is calm again and the fit has passed away, every serious person must be ashamed of what he said and what he did, of the manner in which he gave himself away and the exhibition he made of himself. He will recall the amazement on the faces of his friends and the silence which they adopted as a protective measure and the soothing language which they used, as if they were speaking with a baby and the glances which passed between them. He will not soon hold again with them as strong as he did before this outburst nor will he have the same claim upon their confidence as a sound and clear-headed man. He has acted like a fretful, peevish child and has for the time forfeited his title to manhood and the place of a man.

What Keeps Young Men Down?

Thousands of young men who possess splendid natural ability are dissatisfied. They chafe in their positions, and wonder why they do not progress faster, when, in many cases, the trouble lies wholly in themselves. They are like rough diamonds, and do not know it. Nobody wants to wear an uncut diamond, even if it is worth a large sum. It is by grinding and polishing that its intrinsic value is multiplied.

Young men possessing innane qualities that might have placed them at the head of great business enterprises, or have earned for them world-fame, are frequently seen working in very ordinary positions for small salaries. This is because they never have submitted to the grinding process, or else they have chafed under it so much that those who were doing the grinding became disgusted and stopped working. They are slipshod in their methods, loose-jointed in their composition, and careless in their diction.

Such people are naturally dissatisfied, because they are conscious of a rare power which they are not using ; they feel that they are getting a living by their weakness rather than by their strength.

There is considerable difference between a thing done in a masterly way and that done in a mediocre manner. The great value of a work of art lies in just this difference.

Most people do not possess the stamina or the persistence to take the steps from mediocrity to excellence ; hence they remain all their lives in obscurity and under the curse of commonness.

A man worth a salary of $10,000 a year cannot blame others that he continues in a position where he is paid only $500 simply because he is unwilling to go through the process necessary to bring out his value,—to undergo the polishing which will reveal the brilliancy of the real gem.

The marble in the quarry may rebel at the blasting, sawing, cutting, rasping, and polishing, which it must endure at the hands of the quarryman and sculptor; but, when it stands upon a pedestal as a statue of some great hero, it learns that the handling it has undergone has been the great secret of its value. Raw material can never realize its true worth until it has been put in proper shape.

The granite or marble cannot complain that its value is not appreciated, while it rebels at the process necessary to make it worthy to become the cornerstone of a great building, or the pillar of a mighty bridge.

There is nothing more blighting to natural ability than allowing oneself to half-do things.—Success.

A Bad Place for a Young Man.

Men who wish their sons to be fitted for active life are usually desirous of securing them positions in establishments owned and managed by successful business men. This is but common wisdom and prudence. They also desire that they should be engaged in useful and respectable occupations ; but it is equally important that they be placed in association with men who do not only do good work, but who do it in good ways, and in the fear of God, says the Angelus.

There are business men whose influence upon the young is little less that deadly. They may profess piety, and appear religious, and be active in good works, but if they practice dishonesty, if they indulge in deception, if they are guilty of falsehood and hypocrisy, if they do things in business life which are contrary to the laws of man and the will and Word of God, their success is calamitous and the influence of their example to be deplored.

Sentence against an evil work is not speedily executed, and a man sometimes holds his place in society and in the religious world long after those who know him in business life have made up their minds that he is a liar, a fraud, a hypocrite. He may perhaps go on to the end of life unchallenged, and die in the odor of sanctity, and if he does this he may rear a whole generation of young men employes, assistants and partners, who will be as crafty and as crooked as himself, and who, perhaps, lacking his shrewdness, will speedily come to grief.

Far better both for the interests of this world and the next to engage in the work of an honest ditch digger or hod carrier than be exposed to the tempting and ensnaring influences of a wealthy, crafty, dishonest hypocrite. When employes are under control of such a man they are sometimes called upon to do things which they know to be wrong, but they excuse themselves because the act is ordered by the employer, who is responsible, rather than the employe. But there will undoubtedly be great disappointments in the judgment day, and many persons who have done wrong for other people may find that they have to answer for it themselves.

The true principle is to do right by everyone and for everyone, and to remember that however strong the obligation which may bind us to the service of our fellowmen, there is a previous obligation to do right ; and we are first to be servants of God—the God of Justice, hating iniquity.

Fathers, take care of your boys, and see that they are not only trained in honest business, but that they are under the supervision of honest men. Temporary prosperity in business life is a poor substitute for moral power and a conscience void of offence toward God and man.

AN EPISCOPAL ADMISSION.

It is one of the results of the "Blessed Reformation" that critics of the Catholic Church in our day bring the same charge of immorality that was urged against Catholics in the first centuries. Attacking Catholics in his day, Celsus said : "While all other religions summon those whose consciences are pure to take part in their ceremonies, the Christians promise the Kingdom of God to sinners and fools." In the same spirit the Episcopalian Bishop Doane, of Albany, in his last published sermon, takes occasion, after the example of many others of his kind, to protest "against the corruption in doctrine and morals of modern Romanism." The imperiousness and indecency of this gentleman's attack upon the Catholic Church should prove a warning to those Episcopalians who desire to observe the laws of good neighborhood. As examples of practical Protestantism, compared with the outcome of Catholic teaching, Dr. Doane might be referred to the three most immoral cities in the world, London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, all "truly Protestant," and boasting of the "Blessed Reformation."

In the same sermon, after disposing, in his own fashion, of "the Papal assumption and the Roman claim," he comforts the reader by declaring that, "The emptiness, the idleness of mere momentary associations, falsely called unions, between or among religious bodies merely agreeing to disagree, has in it no substantial promise or power."

This attempt to throw dust in "the eye that," as he puts it, "looks out for a restored unity in Christendom," reminds one of the fox who, having lost his own tail, began to teach that tails were of no consequence.

There is one more point in Dr. Doane's choice sermon which was so savage on the ritualists that it was deemed prudent by the Churchman to omit that part, reminding people, as it did, of the sermon preached by him in Trinity Chapel, when he "ratted from the Ritualists." He has again excited their ire by the perfectly true statement—he is right this time—that the relations of his denomination, described in his prayer book as one of "the respective churches" of this country, allies it to the other "Protestant communions" rather than to the Catholic Church. A plenty of this sort of confession is in order. One does not wonder at this, since it is so clear to other minds than Dr. Doane's that the Episcopalian communion takes rank with the brood of one hundred and thirty-two sects in the United States, rather than with one Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Obedient to God.

Oh, that we could take that simple view of things as to feel that the one thing which lies before us is to please God! What gain is it to please the world, to please the great, nay, even to please those whom we love, compared with this? What gain is it to be applauded, admired, courted, followed, compared with this one aim of not being disobedient to the heavenly vision?—Cardinal Newman.

Pray For the Priests.

Once in the Ember season a servant of God saw Jean Jacques Olier celebrating Mass, and was led to pray for him, all through that holy sacrifice, that the priest then offering it might attain to a perfect union with God and that he might become a great captain in the army of Christ, to marshal soldiers in His service. Such should be our prayers for priests always.

THE SPRING FEELING.

Variable Spring Weather Disastrous to Weak People.

EVEN USUALLY ROBUST PEOPLE FEEL RUN DOWN AND OUT OF SORTS AT THIS TIME — DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS ARE THE VERY BEST SPRING TONIC.

The spring months are a trying time to most people. At no other time of the year do health and strength seem so hard to gain and to hold. You do not feel that you are really sick, but you feel about as bad as you could if you were seriously ill. That feeling ought to be got rid of—and it can be. What you need is a tonic to enrich the blood and free it from the impurities which have lodged in your system during the winter, and which are responsible for your present condition. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only reliable, never-failing tonic medicine. These pills make new, rich blood, strengthen the nerves and bring health and vitality to every organ in the body. They are an ideal spring medicine and the best thing in the world for all diseases having their origin in impoverished or impure blood. The case of Miss Belle Cohoon, White Rock Mills, N. S., is strong corroboration of these statements. She says : "Three years ago this spring I was very much run down. The least exertion exhausted me. I seemed to lose ambition and a feeling of languor and sluggishness took its place. My appetite failed me and my sleep at nights was disturbed and restless. In fact I was in a pitiable condition. After trying two or three medicines without benefit, I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they speedily worked a change for the better and by the time I had used a half dozen boxes I felt stronger than I had done for years. I have since used the pills in the spring and I find them an excellent tonic."

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