

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Show Yourself a Man. "Trust thyself; every heart vibrates to that iron string."

When you ask a man to give you a position, and he reads this language in your face and manner.

If you expect to get a position, you must go into an office with the air of a conqueror; you must fling out confidence from yourself before you can convince an employer that you are the man he is looking for.

A man does not want to hire a weakling or a dyspeptic, bilious, long-faced person, who has no faith in himself.

Your very manner and bearing must carry the evidence of power and ability. You must impress your prospective employer with your fitness and peculiar ability to perform the work you apply for.

If you carry with you evidence of your power, the badge of superiority, then you will not wander the streets looking for a situation very long.

Discouragements come; of course they will. Who ever heard of a spring time that was all sunshine, or gold so pure that it contained no particle of dross.

Discouraged? Let the word and thought have no place in your life. Manhood is made for better things.

Discouraged? Think not of the burdens, but count the blessings of your life. Do not let the mercies far outnumber the trials?

Discouraged? Sit not idly by the wayside in sackcloth and ashes. Be a doer; strive for the blessings you would have; conquer the difficulties that beset your pathway.

A Thought For Young Men. Andrew Carnegie says: The first and most seductive peril, and the destroyer of most young men, is the drinking of liquor.

The Cautious Scot. A Scotchman went to London for a holiday. Walking along one of the streets, he noticed a bald-headed chemist at his shop door, and inquired if he had any hair restorer.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

HOW THEY MADE A MAN OF JOHNNY.

By Rev. George Hampfield, CHAPTER XIV. QUITE TRUE.

Michael Popwicz was not at home on the night of Johnny's arrival. He was safe and Johnny could unfold his tale to his mother with greater confidence.

"They've treated him shameful," cried Martha Popwicz, "I'm sure they have; look at his poor white face!"

It was perfectly true; yesterday's drenching in the rain and the long walk from Thornbury had given him a severe cold, and taken the brightness and bloom out of his cheeks.

In half-an-hour the sky was overclouded, and the rain fell in torrents; and Johnny repented, as the drops trickled so uncomfortably down his nose, and the rain drove so sharply into eyes, that he had not chosen a happier night for his escape.

The policeman, too, would not have believed that story about his going for the doctor to see his dying mother, had the rain been less fierce.

MRS. MITTLEBURY TO HER SON JOSEPH. My dear Joe—We were surprised last evening to see Johnny Popwicz come walking into his Mother's about 10 o'clock a bundle of wet rags, and it's made your father and I very anxious; for he talks all manner of tales, and I can't think all of them's true, nor does Father Wittens.

You come in for a share. He says he ran away because all the boys were going to make him run what he calls the

gantlet, and that you were the chief urging them on to do it. I can't think that you'd do anything so shocking. If all is true, I hear, you must be a pretty lot of savages down at Thornbury.

Father's very angry to think that you were telling the boys to do anything so cruel. And all, Johnny says, because he wouldn't speak of some boys who got over the palings and frightened the poor old lady next door.

I never thought it of Father McReady. I wouldn't have believed it, if Johnny hadn't told me so innocent. Fancy a priest using the cat. Why you know when Jack Pipers got it in prison for getting a bank director he never got rid of the marks all his life; and he shakes up now sometimes in the middle of the night dreaming of it, and shrieking frightfully.

He says some of the other masters also are very cruel. There's a Brother he calls Brother Outbert; he's a regular tyrant. One day Brother Outbert thought Johnny had been copying his sum, so that's why he had done the sum, and the other boy copied from him, but then the other boy was a favorite of Brother Outbert's; well! this Brother, who ought never to be a priest, that's certain, beat him over the head with a thin cane till his head was out and bleeding; when he went to Father McReady to complain, Father McReady had other Brothers in to hold him, while he rubbed salt into the wounds. Father Wittens didn't think this could be quite true.

I noticed some odd marks on one of his legs, and he told me that he got these from a woman he called Molly, the servant next door, who had been beating him with a broom. He says like a scurrying brush, and it she washes a little boy, which is mighty seldom, she leaves marks all over him, where her five fingers have been. And when she's out of temper, which is seven days in the week, she scolds so powerful that even the brass band is obliged to stop practising till she's done. Joe I write back and say if this is true, she seemed to me a smiling sort of woman enough; bustling, it may be, and no doubt with her soul on the tip of her tongue like the rest of us, but with a fair heart in the right part of her, so far as I could see. I think Johnny must have been crossing the boundary about her. Leastways she's been a mother herself, and I can't think as a woman who's had a dear little life a-drawing at her own breasts can be a brute.

But there; if Father McReady encourages such savage ways, even a woman may go wrong; I am told he likes to see you fighting and sets you at it, and that you practise regular three times a week with the boxing gloves; Johnny says you are a regular prize fighter, and that you beat him once or twice for nothing at all, just because he didn't want to fight.

I thought it was the other way. I remember washing your bloody shirt after you'd been fighting with Johnny, for fear your father might find you out. But Johnny says you're mighty handy with your fists now; I'd rather you were handy at your books. Giving people black eyes won't prepare you for the priesthood.

He looks pretty fat, but it's a wonder, for the food he said is dreadful. Nothing but rice, and never a taste of meat—barring Australian—from Sunday to Sunday. When it isn't rice, it's stick jaw; so sticky that the boys can't open their mouths when once they've got it in; cobbler's wax pie he calls it. He says a boy lost a tooth in it once that two dentists had tried and couldn't pull out. Father Wittens, who, poor man, has got a awful, says he shall go down to Thornbury and dine there on the stick jaw day; it'll be pleasanter and cheaper than the dentist.

As for lessons, he says all you hear is singing and catechism. I reminded him about his getting beaten over his sums, and he says, "Oh! yes! I sum once a week," but all day long singing, no play, no games, nothing out singing and made to get up to notes he can't reach, till he feels quite sick.

Joe! all this upset me dreadful. I told him about your letter that I had been reading to Martha just before he came in, but he says you wrote that for the master to see, and that you wasn't really happy. Do write, for father is quite ill, and went to work without his breakfast—fretting.

Your loving Mother, SUSAN MITTLEBURY. THORNBURY SCHOOL. Dear Mother—It's all lies. Don't say and father fret. Your affectionate Son, JOSEPH MITTLEBURY. TO BE CONTINUED.

IT DEPENDS ON THE PARISH PRIEST.

A study of parishes reveals the fact that some are a garden of conversions, while some others are totally barren of such fruit. There is one parish I know, with beautiful church buildings, but there has not been a convert baptized in the church for the last ten years.

The pastor of the other parish is a good man, but he livs "in the sacristy," and comes forth once a week to hurl anathemas at Luther and Calvin. The old style Protestant preacher, when his sermon font ran dry, brought out the tirade against the Pope and the

Gillette Safety Razor. A Revolution—nothing else. In less than three years, more than a million men have revolted against the tyranny of the old-fashioned razor and enlisted under the "GILLETTE" standard.

Scarlet Woman. There was a difference, however, between him and the "sacristy" priest. The sermon font of the "sacristy" priest was always dry, for he never had any other text but the iniquities of Luther. The result was for ten years no convert has applied for admission into the church.

In the last analysis, it all depends on the methods pursued by the parish priest.—The Missionary.

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