

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Life will bring cares, many of them doubtless heavy and bitter—troubles that are far more sad than many fortunate ones ever know; but there is one generally safe and certain cure for all, and that is work.

What the Mouth Tells. Upon the mouth are recorded the various conditions of the mind—worry, doubt, sorrow, peevishness, and anger.

Most great men have been small. This sounds paradoxical. But grandeur of intellect does not always go with greatness of stature, or with enormity of bulk.

Thus, the great Emperor Napoleon was a little bit of a man, about 5 foot 3 inches in height, and Frederick the Great, the most famous of all the rulers of Prussia, boasted of about the same number of inches.

The great men of the world, the heroes of the past, the great men of the present, the great men of the future, are all of the same size.

How success is to be thorough, while it is the same as through. That is what is needed—is to be thorough and put things through to a conclusion.

Heavy laden! night pass, that home far away, through the He is not another's burden across the you shall see or than you is face—and

Every place where the milk per the No. 2 size, equal in every week on FREE

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of his means in order that, by joint effort, a result can be accomplished greater than would be possible to any one unaided by the means and efforts of the others.

The Roll Call of the Great. If the roll were called for the truly great, who would dare to answer? Would it be those who have clean hearts and clean hands, who have taken advantage of no one, but have helped everybody, and have retarded no one's progress?

Yes, would we not get more responses from the inmates of poorhouses—from the poverty-stricken—than from the millionaires themselves?

Let only him whose hands and heart are clean answer to this call. If your money has the smell of the blood of innocence upon it; if there is a dirty dollar in it; if you have used dishonest methods; if you have stolen with a long head instead of a long arm, whether it be the money or the opportunity, the hope or the ambition, of another; if there is a taint of avarice in your pile; if envy or jealousy or unkindness has figured in its accumulation; if selfishness has been your ruling passion; if you have been unmindful of the rights and comforts of others; if there is a stain of dishonor in your stocks and bonds; if a smirched character looms up in your pile; if greed is there—keep silent.

Let those whom you have wronged, whose opportunities you have robbed, those you have used for footstools and whom you have considered as nobodies—let them answer while you keep silent.

In their homes of poverty they perform deeds of heroism, of loving devotion, or of self-sacrifice for invalid wives, or crippled sisters—deeds of sympathy, nobility, and chivalry, perhaps often enacted amid bare walls, carpetless floors, and sunless tenements—which would make all your apparent wealth appear contemptible in comparison.

There may have been enacted, within the poor homes of your employees, deeds of kindness and sacrifices of affection and unselfishness which the angels would chant in heaven, while the real record of your life would only be chanted in the lower regions depicted by Dante.

When will the world learn that heart-wealth is the only real wealth, that money in itself is contemptible in comparison with noble deeds? When shall we learn that the accumulation of money often represents the lowest human faculties, the coarsest side of man in which the finer instincts have no part? Grasping, seizing, piling \$1 on another is not success.

Indeed, many of the biggest failures in this country are so-called millionaires, who are victims of selfishness and greed, and who are covered up by millions, coated with stocks and bonds, houses and lands. Inside these cupboards are the skeletons of wasted lives, wrecked ambitions, and blighted hopes.—Success.

THE POOR BOY'S CHANCE. Theoretically, the rich man's son has a better chance of success in any line, no matter what, than the poor boy.

He starts higher up the ladder, and thus, other things being equal, might be expected to climb further in a given time. Sometimes he does, for many instances are known of grand success, financial, professional and intellectual, attained by men who never in their lives knew what it was to lack for anything that money could buy.

Practically, however, the contrary is the case. The son of the rich man knows little of the value of money, and less of the value of work. Opportunities are made for him. He does not need to exert himself to improve them, for he knows that if one is allowed to pass, another will follow in his train.

The poor boy, on the contrary, learns by bitter experience the value of everything he gains. As nothing comes to him without effort, all is estimated at its working value. He does not spend thoughtlessly, for he knows how hard it is to acquire; he does not waste, for he knows that he must replace by labor that which he squanders. His training makes him economical, sometimes, it may be, too much so, and it teaches him one lesson that it is well for him to learn, the value that other people place on money; this lesson he rarely forgets.

The idea that the poor boy's chances of gaining wealth or winning distinction are diminished by the fact that this is an age of corporations, monopolies and organizations does not seem to be borne out by the facts. Companies and corporations are associations of individuals, each of whom has invested

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE LITTLE MAID OF ISRAEL.

BY EMMA HOWARD WIGHT. CHAPTER X.

Early upon the morning following a servant came to Leah and said: "There has been a fire outside the gates of the palace you desire speech with this."

"A lad desires speech with me," said the little maid, wondering. "But I know no lad in Damascus."

"He inquired for the Israelite maiden who is a slave in the house of Naaman," replied the servant. "This only a ragged beggar lad," and the servant turned scornfully away.

Leah passed out of the palace and ran down to the great gates. Beyond the gates, for the servant had not permitted him to enter, stood a man. His coarse garments were soiled and torn, his bare feet were cut and bleeding. The golden light from the rising sun fell upon his dark curly head.

Uttering a cry of joy, he ran, with outstretched hands, towards the little maid.

"Leah! sister! I have found thee at last!" he cried, and gazing at him with wide, bewildered eyes.

"Isaac! my brother! is it indeed thou?" she cried.

"Yes, 'tis indeed thy Isaac!" he answered. "But, as thou dost see, no longer a cripple, for Elisha has made me whole."

"Elisha has made thee whole," she repeated.

"Yes; listen, and I will tell thee all," said Isaac. "I will speak but briefly of the sorrow which did fill our hearts when thou wert captured by the Syrians. Had I not been a helpless cripple I would have gone forth to seek thee. Then one day our mother called our father to her and said, 'Unless thou seekest help we shall soon have no child, for Isaac will die of his grief for his sister.' Where and of whom shall I seek help?" asked our father.

"Journey to Samaria and seek the prophet, Elisha," answered our mother. "Tell to him how heavily the hand of misfortune has fallen upon our home. Beg of him to return with thee and heal our son."

"So upon the morrow our father did bring the ass of our neighbor and set forth upon his journey to Samaria. In the evening he returned, bringing Elisha with him. That night, sister, while our parents slept, Elisha came and stood beside my couch. I felt the touch of his hand upon my limbs and I heard his voice saying, 'With the sun thou shalt rise from thy couch and walk.' Then he was gone and it seemed to me I had dreamed. When the morning had come and the sun had risen, Elisha was gone, but I did arise from my couch and walk, for I was strong and made whole."

"Then did I set forth to seek thee. I was many days in reaching Damascus. I was often hungry and footsore, but I was happy for I was no longer a cripple. But yesterday I did pass through the gates of Damascus. There was great excitement upon the streets. The people were shouting and uttering cries of joy. I learned that they were rejoicing because Naaman, a great Syrian general and favorite of the king, Benhadad, had returned from Samaria healed of his leprosy."

"I asked a woman in the crowd who had healed Naaman. 'A great man called Elisha,' she replied. 'This said that Naaman did hear of his Elisha through a little Israelite maid who is a slave in Naaman's household.' Oh, dear sister, how I did rejoice at her words, for I knew then that I had found thee. I am come to offer myself as Naaman's slave that I may ransom thee."

Leah put her arms tenderly about his neck.

"Brother," she said, "I am no more a slave; neither shalt thou nor our parents labor, for Naaman has made me rich. Oh! dear brother! our hearts should indeed be filled with gratitude to Jehovah, Israel's God!"

THE END.

THE CONVERSION OF "TOM ARNOLD"

THE BRILLIANT SON OF THE MASTER OF RUGBY. Boston Pilot.

The Century Magazine for May has a very interesting biographical sketch, by William T. Arnold, of his father, Thomas Arnold the younger, who was brother of the great master of Rugby and Mrs. Humphrey Ward. Always an earnest seeker after truth, he passed through the stages of doubt and partial unbelief, only to end as a fervent Catholic. The story of his conversion is thus told by the son, who did not follow in his steps:

From first to last religion was to him the central thing in life. In the fragments of a novel, he describes how the reaction in his political sphere extended to the religious sphere as well:

"The confidence in the firmness of the existing social order which events had forced upon him, logically implied a different conception of that religion under the auspices of which that social order had been elaborated, out of the chaos consequent upon the destruction of the Roman Empire. If the one had infinitely more vitality than he had supposed, the same might be true of the other. When such was the tendency of his mind, it needed but some slight impulse from without to turn the balance irrevocably in favor of belief."

While this inward struggle was going on, he married in Tasmania, and became a father. He was devoted to wife and children, but none the less the claims of the spirit were inexorable, and he drove him and them once more into the wilderness. Newman's motto reached him—the "Essay on Development" and the "Lectures on the Idea of a University." They sank deep into his mind. One day he was on his inspecting rounds in a rural district of Tas-

mania. In a little wayside inn he found a stray volume of Alban Butler's "Lives" containing the life of St. Bridget of Sweden. As he read it, the long "subliminal" process burst its way to the light, the great change accomplished itself within him.

Philip the Radical, who had left England a disciple of George Sand, declining against kings and priests, who had lived side by side with Newman at Oxford and felt none of the great Tractarian's compelling power, was now reached at the other side of the globe by the same force which had laid hands on Newman. Then and there he resolved to write to Newman, to lay open his heart and ask advice.

Here is his letter. Newman must have received many such, but few can have been more interesting to him:

"Rev. and Dear Sir—I entreat you to forgive the freedom which I take in addressing you, though an utter stranger to you. The name I bear is doubtless familiar to you, and were it necessary that you should know any particulars about myself personally, there are several Oxford men to whom I could refer you. Ward and Faber I know among others, the latter rather well. My excuse for writing to you and seeking counsel from you is that your influence over my mind. I will try to make this intelligible in as few words as possible. My Protestantism, which was always of the Liberal sort and disapproved the principle of authority, developed itself during my residence at Oxford into a state of absolute doubt and uncertainty about the very facts of Christianity. After leaving Oxford, I went up to London, and there, to my deep shame and grief, finding a state of doubt intolerable, I plunged into the abyss of unbelief. You know the nature of the illusions which lead a man on to this fearful state far better than I can tell you; there is a page in your lectures on the University system where you describe the fancied illumination and enlargement of mind which a man experiences after abandoning himself to unbelief, which when I read, it seemed as if you had looked into my very heart and given in clear outline feelings and thoughts which I had had in my mind but never thoroughly mastered."

At last, by God's mercy, a meditation into which I fell on my unhappy and degenerate state was made the means—a text from St. Peter suddenly suggesting itself to my memory, through the violent contrast which I found to exist between the teaching of the Apostle and the state of my own soul—of leading me to inquire again, to pray again, and to receive again, most unworthily as I was, the precious gift of faith in Christ. This, however, is not all. You, who have said that a man who has once comprehended and admitted the theological definition of God cannot logically rest until he has admitted the whole system of Catholicism, will not wonder if, after having admitted Christianity to be an assemblage of real indubitable historical facts, I gradually came to see that the foundation of the One Catholic Church was one of those facts, and that she is the only safe and sufficient witness, across time and space, to the reality of those facts and to the mode of their occurrence. These convictions, the meditations of each day only tend to strengthen, and I ardently long for the hour for making my formal submission to the Catholic Church. It is here, however, that my perplexities begin; and it is to you, who can understand and enter into all such, and to whose writings I feel most deeply indebted, that I venture to write for a resolution of them.

Sincerely yours, "T. ARNOLD."

The perplexities of which he speaks were indeed many. I mean the conversion to Catholicism in the coloring up of his apartment in the college, and the plunging of himself, his wife and young children into an utterly uncertain future. It meant also the bitter pain and disapproval of all those who loved him.

Newman's answer, of which I give the essential parts only, seems to me extremely creditable to his heart, the quality of which has been sometimes doubted by those who were most ready to pay compliments to his head. Anything like ungenerous exaltation over his old opponent, whose son was thus submitted to him, is of course wholly absent from it.

"Dublin, October 25, 1856.

"My Dear Arnold:—Will you allow me to call you so? How strange it seems. What a world this is! I knew your father a little, and I really think I never had an unkind feeling towards him. I saw him at Orill on the Purification before (I think) his death, and was glad to meet him. I said ever a harsh thing against him, I am very sorry for it. In seeing you, I shall have a sort of pledge that, at the moment of his death made it all up with me. Excuse me—I came here last night, and it is so marvellous to have your letter this morning."

"I write in great haste as I have much to do to-day. May all blessings come upon you."

"Yours most sincerely in Christ, JOHN H. NEWMAN."

I do not follow my father's story further. Those who care to do so will find material in the "Passages from a Wandering Life," which he published shortly before his death. After his return to England, he wrestled much with poverty and outward circumstances, with depressions within and without, of which there is much touching record in his journals. But in hard work for history and letters, in family affection, above all in religion, he returned to his congenial work of a Catholic

poor girl, pity her. Growing! Yes, into weakness, but not courage she is, and she is, does not eat enough, and digests far less than enough. Her condition is so frequent, but how seldom noticed even by her friends. Give her Ferrozene, then, which her appetite improves, her cheeks and lips grow ruddy, her step elastic, her spirits bright, and she is a woman of eating and digesting enough, making blood, and thereby strengthening the nerve and brain power. Ferrozene gives a woman strength to weak girls. Your daughter or wife needs Ferrozene. Get it to-day.

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The Ale that's always Good. CARLING LONDON. Church Bells in China in Peas in Pots in Pills. McShane's. PROFESSIONAL. HELLMUTH & IVEY, IVEY & DROMGOLD. DR. CLAUDE BROWN, DENTIST, HONOR. DR. STEVENSON, 331 DUNDAS ST. W. DR. WAUGH, 37 TALBOT ST. LONDON. JOHN FERGUSON & SONS. W. J. SMITH & SON. UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS. O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract of Malt. Is made by a Canadian House, from Canadian Barley Malt, for Canadians. It is the best Liquid Extract of Malt made, and all Leading Doctors in Canada will tell you so.

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Save! If "economy" begins at home, then a woman had better discard the old-fashioned powder dyes and use Maypole Soap, which washes and dyes at one operation. "No mess, no trouble." Brilliant, fast colors—quick, easy to use. Best dealers sell it. Maypole Soap. 10c. for Colors. 15c. for Black.

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