

## ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

You may probably be rich my son, if you will be. If you make up your mind now that you will be a rich man, and stick to it, there is very little doubt that you will be very wealthy, tolerably mean, loved a little, hated a great deal, have a big funeral, be blessed by the relatives to whom you leave the most, reviled by those to whom you leave nothing. But you must pay for it my son. Wealth is an expensive thing. It costs all it is worth. If you want to be worth a million dollars, it will cost you just a million dollars to get it. Broken friendships, intellectual starvation, loss of social enjoyments, deprivation of generous impulses, the smothering of manly aspirations, a limited wardrobe and a scanty table, a lonely home, because you fear a lovely wife and beautiful home would be expensive, a hatred of the heathen, a dread of the contribution box, a haunting fear of the woman's aid society, a fretful dislike of poor people because they won't keep their misery out of your sight, a little sham benevolence that is worse than none: oh, you can be rich, young man, if you are willing to pay the price. Any man can get rich who doesn't think it is too expensive. True, you may be rich and be a man among men, noble and Christian and grand and true, serving God and blessing humanity, but that will be in spite of your wealth and not as a result of it. It will be because you were always that kind of a man. But if you want to be rich merely to be rich, if that is the breadth and height of your ambition, you can be rich, if you will pay the price. And when you are rich, son, call around at this office and pay for this advice. We will let the interest compound from this date.—*R. J. Burdette*

— Whatever philosophy may determine of material nature, it is certainly true of intellectual nature that it abhors a vacuum; our minds cannot be empty; and evil will break in upon them, if they are not preoccupied by good.

## HOME PIETY,

It is in the family life that a man's piety gets tested. Let the husband be cross and surly giving a slap here and a cuff there, and see how out of sorts everything gets! The wife grows cold and unamiable too. Both are tuned on one key. They vibrate together, giving tone for tone, rising in harmony or discord together. The children grow up saucy and savage as young bears. The father becomes callous, peevish, hard. The wife bristles in self-defence. The house is haunted by ugliness and domestic brawls. Is that what God meant the family to be, He who made it a place for Love to build her nest in, and where kindness and sweet courtesy might come to their finest manifestations? The Divine can be realized. There is sunshine enough in the world to warm all. Why will not men enjoy it? Some men make it a point to treat every other man's family well but their own, and have smiles for all but their kindred. Strange, pitiable picture of human weakness, when those we love best are treated worst; when courtesy is shown to all save our friends! If one *must* be rude to any one let it not be to wife, sister, brother or parent. Let one of our loved ones be taken away, a memory recalls a thousand sayings to regret. Death quickens recollection painfully. The grave cannot hide the white faces of those who sleep. The coffin and the green mound are cruel magnets. They draw us farther than we would go. They force us to remember. A man never sees so far into human life as when he looks over a wife's or mother's grave. His eyes get wondrous clear then, and he sees as never before what it is to love, and be beloved, what it is to injure the feelings of the loved.

— Recommend what is right rather than oppose what is wrong..... The best way of effecting the expulsion of evil is by the introduction of good.—*William Jay.*