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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

What blanks are we leaving in our lives, you and I? What things that we ought to have done for others—things of love, kindness, encouragement, uplifting cheer, comfort—have we been leaving undone? What things that we ought to have done for Christ boly living horosom in duty formers. that we ought to have done for Christ—holy living, heroism in duty, firmness in purpose, self-effacement that He may be honored—have we been omitting?—J. R. Miller.

The Man Who Never Laughs.

Spontaneous, happy laughter tells always of goodness, and the man who never laughs must not blame his fellows it than think there is goodness. if they think there is something wrong with his life, something dark within. If the streams which flow out are only bitter, the fountain cannot be sweet.

The Uses of Prosperity.

Success is the thing that all desire, though it profigure itself under many different forms and aspects. It may take that of a merely selfish desire; it may be a holy aspiration. For the general individual, however, it is apt to be a mixture of both. A man wants what he calls success as a basis to stand upon; but most men and women. what he calls success as a basis to stand upon; but most men and women want higher than that, and wanting first to be fairly well-placed them-selves, they also want, after this, to reach out a helping hand to others. reach out a helping hand to others.

Perhaps the fallacy is, that we fancy
we cannot reach out this helping hand
until we are ourselves tolerably well
provided for, for personal demands always increase with the ability to meet
them and he who waits help another them, and he who waits to help another until he has everything he would like himself might wait all his life and never experience the luxury of doing a generous deed. One does not require a fortune in order to give much service that is valuable to humanity. The wish to give it (in the communication of sympathy with all right purposes, of courage, exaltation, and honor,) the wish to communicate happiness, all these will find out their way whether one be rich or poor. "No gift can make right these who are nearly with these who are nearly with one be rich or poor. "No gift can make rich those who are poor in wis-dom," says Mrs. Howe. No lack of material gifts can be poor when one may offer spiritual stimulus. That has the supreme value.

"Shoemaker, shoemaker, work by night, and run about by day," shouted a little boy through a keyhole to Samuel Drew, who was working very late to make up for time lost the day before in the discussion of politics. "Did you not run after the boy and strap him?" asked a friend, to whom Drew afterwards told the story. "No, no," was the reply; "had a pistol been fired off at my ear, I could not have been more dismayed and confounded. I dropped my work, and said to myself, "True, true; but you shall never have that to say of me again." To me that cry was as the voice of God, and it has been a word in season throughout my been a word in season throughout my life. I learned from it not to leave till to morrow the work of to-day, or to idle when I ought to be working." From that moment Drew dropped gadabout politics, and became independent as a business man, and famous as a scholar and author.—Success.

Self Made or Self-Ruined?

Men often boast that they are selfmade, taking to themselves all the merit of the success that they have won, attributing nothing to Providence, won, attributing nothing to Providence, to rearing, to circumstances, to opportunities, to friends, to obstacles, and to the thousand and one other factors of a career. No, they are self-made.

But who boasts that he is self-

winded?
Yet just as fairly as the men who declare that they are self-made can the man who has fallen a victim to his passions or wasted his chances of accumulating some substance, announce that he is self-mixed. that he is self-ruined.

that he is self-ruined.

Temptations may have come, evil companions may have helped along his downfall, the way to failure, disease, downfall, the way to failure, disease, and poverty may have been smooth before him, but the main reason for his ruin was himself.

ruin was himself.

He did not have correct principles.
He never cultivated his will power to resist improper inclinations. He would not learn to say No and stick by the declaration. He would consort with unfit associates. He cared not for the advice to be frugal. And so he fell away, self-ruined, his own worst enemy.

Aim High

Aim high! That is the axiom dinned into the ears of the lad who is starting out in life. Aim high!

But what is the accepted meaning of the maxima.

the maxim? Strive for a high position with a big salary, so that you may grow rich? Get up in the world? Be come influential and wealthy? the summun bonum of the advice—aim high! as usually understood.

Now, only the few can be rich, only

Now, only the few can be rich, only the few can be powerful, only the few can be powerful, only the few can bave a high place; yet all ought to be able, in the best and truest way to—aim

high!

Riches may be a good thing to have, and certainly are mighty useful when put to good work. So if you are among the blessed who are poor in spirit, try with all your ability, according to your vocation, to get funds, and put them to

beneficent use, and so make a friend of the mammon of iniquity. But the truest riches are a noble But the truest riches are a noble character, purity, kindness, charity, truthfulness and deeds of mercy. Aim high here! Try every day to be a better man than the day before, to overcome selfishness more, to do more service to the neighbor, to lay up the riches of good works, to add new jewels to the crown of eternal life.

sary; so much has been written and said on the subject that every one who can read must be well aware that the habit if persisted in destroys a person,

body and soul. "It goes without saying that the causes for this craving for stimulants and narcotics by the people of the present day are various. One of the principal reasons is the wear and tear of modern life, acting upon a race ever becoming more nervous and active, through living under artificial conditions. The physician is to some extent responsible for the spread and prevalence of the habit, by his frequent lack of discretion in prescribing drugs

of a narcotizing nature. "It is well-nigh impossible to put forward an effectual or even partial remedy for this state of affairs. Legislation designed to restrict the sale of narcotics and to render them much more difficult to obtain than is the case at present might have a restraining ef-ect, but the only true panacea is that the community at large should be brought to a right appreciation of the menace the drug habit is to the health, moral and physicial, of the nation. In this missionary work the physician is peculiarly fitted, both by example and precept, to take a leading part.'

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. JONES' LITTLE GIRL.

THE SWEET HISTORY OF ONE DAY IN A CHILD'S LIFE.

Catherine Y. Glenn, in Catholic Columbian. Annie and her mother had had a difference of opinion, and spanking had been mentioned as a possible result. It was all a matter of some few scraps upon the floor. To Annie's mother's mind there were reasons why the scraps should be picked up; while to Annie's, and doubtless from her point of view as logical, there were reasons why they should lie where they were were. Annie did pick them up, as spanking is not agreeable to contemplate; but she uttered, rising on her short legs from

the task, an awful threat.
"I won't be Annie Lowe," she said,

Now this, as she knew, should have Now this, as she knew, should have brought any proper feeling mother straight to terms; but instead of beg-ging her to stay, Mrs. Lowe con-tinued dusting, and said cheerfully: "Yery well, Annie; run along!" Un-

with an obesided plotting wallies. Big Doily had only one dress, and that was lastened on—facts which Annie, as she squeezed the satchel to upon her, was for once too much engrossed with other matters to regret. Putting on her best hat, a straw with brown ribbons down behind, and crown poped out to accommodate a brown silk pompon on the top, she descended with her burden bumping after her, and walked out through the kitchen, with out a glance in the direction of the room beyond in which her mother was. A little gate in the fence between led from their yard into the Jones.' Opening it, she went through, and rea up, from the other side, to hook it fast

Mrs. Jones was sitting on her back stoop, peeling apples for pies, when she looked down and saw Annie, whose tearwet eyes were trying to regard her with a smile. The small person looked up bravely, realizing that something might

nice! I've always thought I'd like to

nice! I've always thought I'd like to have a little girl. Come right in, Annnie, and take off your hat."

Annie climbed the steps with some difficulty, and when she reached the top, set the valise down, for she was warm.

"What all," Mrs Jones demanded, with a return of the expression which had troubled Annie at first, "have you n there?" The tone, too, was just the

in there?" The tone, too, was just the least bit disconcerting.

Annie edged up closer to her bag.

"I have Big Dolly," she said a little timidly, "and Little Dolly and my clothes and Little Dolly's clothes. I think," she added, with another very pleasant smile, lest Mrs. Jones should be and be added to much, to be added to much, feel that she had brought too much,

teel that she had brought too much,
"they'il all go in one drawer."
"Oh, don't you worry over that,"
Mrs. Jones answered reassuringly; "I
guess we'll find a place for them.
There's a great big empty bedroom up above the porch that's been waiting for some little girl. You sit down until I finish here, and then we'll go up-

stairs."
"Did you ever make saucer pies,
Mrs. Jones?" she ventured finally.
Mrs. Jones flung off the last green
curlicue, and scraped her knife against

"Why, I never have," she said, "Mr. Jones has never seemed to want them. But now I've got a little girl I suppose I'll have to, wn't I? Perhaps," she added, as though the thought had just occurred to her, "you'd like to make the saucer-pies yourself? I don't be-lieve I know just how."

better man than the day before, to overcome selfishness more, to do more service to the neighbor, to lay up the riches of good works, to add new jewels to the crown of eternal life.

Aim high!

The Evil of Using Drugs.

The Medical Record in an article on the use of drugs says:

"It may be taken as proved that the drug habit has increased in both Great Britain and in this country, as it has doubtless increased in most of, if not in all, the civilized countries of the world.

"To dwell upon or to emphasize the evil effects of drug-taking is unneces-"

Decurred to her, "you d fike to make the saucer-pies yourself? I don's believe I know just how."

When she found herself perched on a chair beside the rolling board, after taking of her hat and setting up the dollies in the bedroom that was all her own, 'like big folks,' "she thought emown, 'like big folks,' "she thought emown, 'like big folks,' "she thought emown, 'like big folks,' she thought emown, 'like big f

proved herself to be a mother who could view things in the proper light, never once said, "There, now—just see!"

When the pies, hers and the larger ones, were in the stove, and she had been washed off, Annie sat in the rocking-chair and swung her feet, while Mrs. Jones washed up the rolling-board and pins.

The wave of suds mounting about the big bare arms — how often had she yearned in secret for that feeling on her own! — moved her, fresh from achievement, to try if other wonders were in store were in store.

Mrs. Jones' hands, stirring beneath the surface, came up with a splash, and set in the tray the bowl that had held

set in the tray the bowl that had her the apples.

"There are no cups, ducky deary," she responded, scrubbing the bowl with the towl until its blue pagodas shone.

"I'm only doing up the baking things.

been rescued, sank down crackling, melting, as is had done so many times

before her longing sight.

"Oh, Mrs. Jones," she gasped, with
a sigh that popped out of itself,
"mayn't I put my hand in there just

Mrs. Jones dried her own hands, un-Mis. Jones dried her own hands, untied her apron, tied it around Annie's neck, and tucked up her sleeves.
"Well, then," she answered, "muss away—until I get the floor wiped up."
While the chops were fried for lunch she stood beside the stove and held the neurophyse and was allowed to take a

she stood beside the stove and near the pepper-box, and was allowed to take a dish, a small white dolphin with gilt fins, and get the jumbles from the jumble pot. Each one, crisp and sugared, had a gumdrop on the top, and at lunch she ate as many jumbles as she could and the gumdrops off some she

could not eat.
"Do we have these often, Mrs.
Jones?" she asked.

Jones ?" she asked.

After lunch Annie dressed Little
Dolly in the frock she wore for afternoons, and sat with her on the top step of Mrs. Jones' back stoop. She wore Mrs. Jones' sunbonnet, as the sun was warm, and as she rocked to and fro, holding to Little Dolly's lip a candy she had saved for her, she cast an occasional condescending glance toward the house across the fence. "Little Dolly by-by, Little Dolly

by-by!" she sang aloud, just to show, if anybody over there should happen to be listening, how very well content she

She was roused from the peacefulness that was a joint effect of sun and jumbles by a shrill alarm. A few yards before her, in the garden, pluming himself as though he, too, had a right to be there, stood a bird with which

to be there, stood a bird with which she was acquainted.

"Why," she exclaimed, running to shoo him back with indignant flapping of her skirt, 'there's Lowe's old rooster scratching up our onion bed!".

The long summer afternoon passed by, and the sun, creeping home at last, slipped out of Mrs. Jones' yard with many a backward peep, and stopped to play a little longer in Mrs. Lowe's next door—perhaps because it was so lonely there without a child about.

Mrs. Lowe herself, in a pretty ruffled dress, sat by the window with her sewing. She looked up every now and then and cast a glance over toward the Jones' and once she saw Annie and Little Dolly on the step; and once she

Jones' and once sne saw Annie and
Little Dolly on the step; and once she
laughed outright, and then she foolishly wiped her eyes as she saw the
rooster come hack through the fence.
Mr. Lowe came up the path toward teatime, glancing about among his shrubs, and stooping here and there to clip a dead twig with his penknife or to knock off a bug. He stopped beneath the window where his wife was sitting and handing in his paner, began bravely, realizing that something might depend upon a good impression in this her new start in life.

"I'm not Annie Lowe any longer, Mrs. Jones," she hastened to explain.
"I've come to be your little girl."

"Well, now," she said, "if that isn't nigel. I've always thought I'd like to the start of the heraches of the rosebush which had slipped out from its fastening against the house.
"Where's haby?" he demanded and.

"Where's baby?" he demanded suddenly, for he missed something to which he was accustomed-the charge in his direction, and the clasp of two

small, stout arms.
"Annie has left us," Mrs. Lowe replied regretfully. "She's gone to live next door."

She rose to set the table, laying She rose to set the table, laying down her work, a petticoat that she was making, oddly, for Jones' little girl. She took from the cupboard, from mere force of habit, a tin tray, and a mug marked, "For a Good Child," and then, remembering that she was childless, put them back again. After he had been sitting at the table for a moment, Mr. Lowe glaned at the place where the mug and tray should have been, and laid down his knile and fork as though to rise and go

should have been, and laid down his knife and fork as though to rise and go for something; but Mrs. Lowe looked up and asked how business had been, which tuned the current of his thoughts. Business had been doing well that day, and there were several things to tell. When tea was over, he sat down beside the lamp and read his paper, while she cleared the supperthings away.

things away.

As she moved about, she could male As she moved about, she could make out dimly the house next door, for it was growing dark outside. The Jones' shades were down, and a narrow chink of light under each, or a shadow now and then, was all that gave, a clue to and then, was all that gave, a cute to what was going on within. By and by a shade upstairs was suddenly illumined, as though some one might be going to bed. Mrs. Love went to the window and stood with her face against

walked over to the crib and turned the covers down as usual, and taking from the desk a paper-weight—a silver ele-phant that always slept with Annie— put him beneath the pillow, undoubtedly that he might feel no change. Then she herself went quietly to bed.

One might have fancied from her peacefulness that she was asleep; but she was not. She lay and listened, for she knew nothing of the saucer-pies and soapsuds, until the house grew still, and the night without loud with the chorus of innumerable things. And at last, above the sawing of the katy-dids, she heard it—the pattering that were in store.

"Can't I wash, too, Mrs. Jones?" she had been expecting! She was she hinted helpfully. "I think that I she had been expecting! She was aware of it afar off, for her ears were aware of it afar off, to her ears were sharp, even before the gate squeaked, or the door and when on the dark stair, where a bear is so liable to follow one, it turned into a scramble, she sat up and put out her arms.

"Mother, mother, mother," wept a little voice, and the cold nose and feet that followed it were endurable because



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