

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Canvassing as an Educator.

I have seen a green, diffident; awkward college student, right from the farm, so completely changed by his experiences in book canvassing during the vacation following his freshman year that you would scarcely have recognized him. Confidence and self-assurance had taken the place of timidity and self-consciousness. His canvassing tour had proved a tour of self-discovery. He had developed initiative, and the very discovery that he could sell something had increased his faith in himself.

Before he started out canvassing he was a very poor conversationalist, because of his great timidity and lack of experience; but when he returned to college in the autumn he talked very interestingly. Like travelling, it grinds off the hard angles and the rough corners of those who have not had the advantages of society.

Canvassing gives a great opportunity for studying human nature, and there is no other education like this. It is a great thing to learn to read people, to develop sharp discrimination of character, to be able to measure men, to weigh their motives.

The successful canvasser must be a great student of the approaches, the avenues to the mind, for no two people are reached in exactly the same way. One must be reached through cold logic, argument; another is reached by the influence of suggestion, by appealing to his emotions, his sentiment. Some are reached by an appeal to their pride, their personal vanity.

The canvasser must learn the susceptibilities of people, must find their approachable point, whatever it may be. He must learn the power of the first impression. He will soon discover that if he makes a bad impression at first it will probably last him more than he can get in the interview just to overcome this unfavorable impression, and to get back where he started. He will then learn that with some people it is next to impossible to erase the first bad impression. It clings tenaciously.

Any kind of salesmanship employment is especially desirable for those who have been reared in the country, or who have not had the advantages of mingling with all sorts and conditions of people.

If a certain amount of canvassing were obligatory in all our colleges and higher institutions of learning, I believe it would be a good thing for the students, because it would develop their resourcefulness and inventiveness in their nature which would show them a side which could not touch which a college could not touch.

It is well known that many students who pay their way in college by canvassing develop a remarkable practical power which students whose expenses are paid by their parents do not develop.—Success.

Success.

The habitual loiterer never brings anything to pass. The young man whom you see lounging about, waiting for the weather to break before they go to work, will break down before they begin to get stuck before they start. Ability and willingness to labor are the two great conditions of success. It is useless to work an electrical machine in a vacuum, but the air may be full of electricity and still you can draw no spark until you turn the machine. The beautiful work may exist in the artist's hand, and it may also be a marble block that stands before him, but he must bring both his brains and his hands to bear upon the marble, and work hard and long in order to produce any practical result. Success also depends in a good measure upon the man's promptness and skill to seize opportunities and take advantage of the rise of the tide. A great deal of what we call luck is nothing more or less than this. It is the man who keeps his eyes open and his hands out of his pockets that succeeds. "I missed my chance," exclaims the disappointed man, when he sees another catch the ball and "go in."

If he had been as alert as the other he might not have missed. But something more than alertness is needed; we must know how to avail ourselves of the emergency. An elastic temperament, which never seems to recognize the fact of defeat, or forgets it at once and begins the work over again, is very likely to insure success. Many a great orator has made a terrible breakdown in his maiden speech. Many a merchant loses one fortune only to build up another and a larger one. Many an inventor fails in his first efforts, and is at last rewarded with a splendid triumph. Some of the most popular novelists wrote very poor stuff in the beginning. They were learning their trade, and could not expect to turn out first-class work until their apprenticeship was over. One great secret of success is not to be discouraged.—Western Watchman.

Keep a Cheerful Mind.

To be cheerful when the world is going well with you is no great virtue. The thing is to be cheerful under disadvantageous circumstances. If one has

lost money, if business prospects fail, if enemies appear triumphant, if there is sickness of self or those dear to one, then is it indeed a virtue to be cheerful. When poverty pinches day after day, month after month or through the years as they pass, and one has ever to deny self of every little thing for luxury and the puzzle of how to make a dollar do the work for two has to be solved, then the man who can still be cheerful is a hero. He is a greater hero than the soldier who faces the cannon's mouth. Such cheerfulness is the kind that we need to cultivate. To acquire this self-command we need to guard against giving away to irritation about little things. If we can maintain self-control in small matters, we shall have less difficulty in maintaining it when great matters are to be met. If we meet with irreparable losses, we must readjust our lives to the new conditions. There is no great evil so bad but that it might have been worse. Let us congratulate ourselves that the worst is not yet. There is truth in the saying that "every cloud has a silver lining." Though it may for a time look so dark we can see no glint of the silver, yet we know it is there.—Our Young People.

Opportunity Everything.

The most ordinary occasions will furnish a man with opportunities or suggestions for improvement, if he be but prompt to take advantage of them. Professor Lee was first attracted to the study of Hebrew by finding a Bible in this language in a synagogue, while working as a common carpenter at the repairs of the benches. He became possessed with a desire to read the book in the original, and buying a cheap, second-hand copy of a Hebrew grammar, he set to work and soon learned the language himself. It has been well and wisely said: "One needs only to know the twenty-four letters of the alphabet in order to learn everything that one wishes." Application and perseverance and the diligent improvement of opportunities will do the rest.—The Guidon.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Charm of a Pleasant Voice.

It is said that during the early history of Egypt only written pleadings were allowed in the law courts, lest the judges on the bench might be influenced or swayed by the eloquence of the human voice. In announcing the verdict, the presiding judge, with an image of the goddess of Truth, merely touched in silence the person on trial. "Shut me up in a dark room with a mixed multitude," says Thomas Wentworth Higginson, "and I can pick out the gentle folks by their voices."

Considering the marvelous power of the human voice is it not a shame, almost a crime, that our children at home and in the Public schools should not have their voices well trained? Is it not pitiable to see a bright promising child getting a good education and yet developing a harsh, coarse, strident, nasal, disagreeable voice, which will handicap his whole career? Think of what a handicap this is to a girl!

But in America one finds boys and girls graduated from schools and colleges, institutions supposed to have taught them how to make the most and best of life, instructed in the dead languages, in mathematics, in the sciences, art, and literature, and yet with voices harsh, coarse, nasal, repellent.

I know brilliant young ladies, who have been graduated with degrees from universities, whose voices are so discordant and harsh that a person with sensitive nerves could scarcely carry on a conversation with them.

What is so fascinating, so charming, as the human voice when properly modulated, when properly trained? It is a real treat to listen to a voice that enunciates clearly, sings out the words clean out, liquid, and musical, as from a divine instrument.

Is it not surprising that the human voice, the divinest of instruments, which was evidently intended to be the sweetest and most perfect in the world, should be totally neglected, so that, instead of being sweet and musical, it should be coarse, nasal, rasping, and as disagreeable to the ear as a buzz-saw or the filing of a saw-mill.

I have heard female voices in society which were so high-keyed, which rasped so terribly upon the nerves, which so offended the sensibilities, that I have been obliged, time and again, to leave the room in which they were.

I know ladies with beautiful faces, with divine forms, who fascinate you, until they open their mouths to speak. Then the charm is dissipated in a flash. The nasal, high-keyed, sibilant, so grate upon the sensibilities that you cannot see the beauty of face or figure. All else is lost in this disagreeable voice jargon.

A pure, low-keyed, trained voice, which breathes of culture and refinement and gives out clean-cut words and sentences, and syllables with perfect enunciation, a voice which expresses the very soul, rising and falling in sweet undulations that captivate in a divine accomplishment possible to most persons, especially women.

There is no one thing which marks the degree of good breeding, culture, and refinement so much as a beautiful, cultivated voice.

Do you know a lady whose voice has such a charm that wherever she goes everyone listens whenever she speaks, because they cannot help it. Her voice simply captivates you. Her features are plain, almost to the point of ugliness, but her voice is so exquisitely divine that the charm is absolutely irresistible, and is indicative of her highly cultivated mind and charming character.—Success.

The Importance of a Good Home.

A good boy is a natural product of a good home, and all the efforts of philanthropy to make boys better are consoling only in so far as they substitute for the only imperfect of a healthy-minded natural influence of the great over-shadowing home of a boy's life is not, as many suppose, his bad companions, or his

bad books, or his bad habits; it is the peril of homelessness. I do not mean merely homelessness, having no bed or room which can be called one's own, but that homelessness which may exist even in luxurious houses—the isolation of the boy's soul, the lack of anyone to listen to him, the loss of roots to hold him to his place and make him grow. This is what drives the boy into the arms of evil, and makes his family, or else home and him upon himself, into uncommunicated imaginings and feverish desires. It is the modern story of the man whose house was "empty," and precisely because it was "empty," there entered "seven devils," to keep him company. If there is one thing that a boy can not bear, it is himself. He is, by nature, a gregarious animal, and if the group which nature gives him is denied, then he gives himself to any group that may solicit him. A boy, like all things in nature, abhors a vacuum, and if his home is a vacuum of lovelessness and homelessness, then he abhors his home.—Professor Francis G. Peabody.

Warm-hearted Bootblack.

A Chicago bootblack, with his kit on his shoulder and a package of newspapers under his arm, stopped at the call of a man with a club foot. He worked away at the man's shoes, giving them as fine a polish as he could, and when the job was done the man threw him double pay, saying, "No change; I made you more work than most folks do."

Quick as a flash the little fellow handed him back half the money, saying with eyes full of earnest sympathy, "Oh, mister, I could not make money out of your trouble."

Don't Smoke, Boys.

There are plenty of good reasons why boys should not contract the habit of smoking, and various ways of stating them. The editor saw a practical statement of that kind a few days ago and he quotes it for what good it may do, in spite of the fact that it is the same time. A man who had more time than the editor can spare made a calculation showing that three cigars a day, at a cost of ten cents each, for forty-five years, say, from age twenty to sixty-five, would amount at 6 per cent, compounded annually, to \$13,100.14. Save the money, boys, and your health at the same time.—Our Young People.

A Girl's Character.

A girl can not be too careful about her character, for, like a snowy lily, the least blemish tarnishes its beauty. Some girls do not really mean any harm, but they seem to lack a delicate sense of propriety, and frequently invite criticism of an unkind nature. They laugh loudly, and consider reticences too freely, and consider acquaintances too freely, best suited for our grandmother's day. The girl who is slow to make acquaintances is, generally speaking, the best sort of a girl. When you get to know her, you feel her worthy and place her on the list of your friends with a feeling of pleasure.

What to Forget.

Forget evil imagination. Forget the slander you have heard. Forget the meanness of small souls. Forget the faults of your friends. Forget the misunderstanding of yesterday. Forget all malice, all fault-finding, all injuries, all hardness, all unlovely and distressful things. Start out every day with a clean sheet. Be lovely, by loving. See how much sunshine you can produce.

PRAISE YE THE LORD.

How can we account for the fact— for it is a fact— that there are many men who claim to be practical Catholics, who go to Sunday mass regularly, abstain from meat on Friday and are most vehement in their religious ideas, while at the same time continually breaking one or more of the commandments?

The second of the ten commandments, we believe, gets worse usage than any of the others. The habit of cursing and swearing has come to be a sort of language in itself. And still the second commandment is about as plain and emphatic in its wording as tongue can speak it, and it tells us we shall not take the name of God in vain.

We are supposed to give honor to our Creator and to adore God when we go to mass; and we are honoring the memory of Christ's death when we abstain from meat on Friday. So that, does it not seem as if a man who sits down to his Friday meal and refuses meat while he is cursing or swearing about something or other—probably mistaking the word on Friday—is either being offered meat by his God that he is trying to pretend to his religion or that he is living up to the habit of complying with the Friday obligation and does not realize its meaning?

And when a man leaves his church after mass and immediately indulges in profanity outside the church door—and this we all know is no exaggeration—he is surely ignorant of his reason for going to church or is guilty of blasphemy.

It is a lamentable fact that many Catholics in all lay fields of labor are not for their habit of profanity. They know it makes their fellow-churchmen to hear their jaw-breaking oaths. How brave they feel when they repeat these great feats of excretion! And still a child or even a parrot could perform just as well.

Think of a man who pretends to be a manly—who will bow and scrape and bare his head before a pretty face and look wise generally—throwing defiance into the face of his God by making a byword of the Divinity! To such a man we say, keep going to mass

on Sunday and keep up the Friday abstinence, but in respect for your religion, at least, if not for the safety of your soul, be consistent. Get it into your head that there is a commandment among the ten which very emphatically obliges us not to use God's name loosely. Protestants who hear Catholics cursing and swearing cannot help feeling puzzled, and the deterrent effect of such bad example is not to be easily measured.

We are taught and we believe that Christ is ever-present on our altars. When we pass the altar we bow the knee. We are taught and we surely ought to feel that too much honor cannot be given the name of our Maker.

Our very Catholicity calls for such veneration. We might as well say we are true adherents of one political party while taking bribes from another as to recklessly violate one of the commandments and still claim to be Catholics.

It was said of a venerable gentleman who passed to his reward some years ago that in a conversation about profanity he said, with a brogue—for he came from the Green Isle: "Sure, I couldn't twist my tongue into a curse." This man lived his life through without the use of profanity and was liked by all who have spoken his name. He commanded admiration and respect, and his family possesses many blessings as an inheritance.

We are told by Holy Writ (Leviticus, 24, 15-16), "The man that curseth his God shall bear his sin; and he that blasphemeth the Name of the Lord, dying let him die; all the multitude shall stone him, whether he be a native or a stranger."

An awful harvest is garnered by the man who cannot open his mouth excepting to emit foul oaths and profanations; better for him that he had not been born, for an outraged God will exact full reparation for this useless, senseless affront.—Buffalo Catholic Union and Times.

OUR MARCELLAISE.

When Napoleon was crossing the Alps, emulating Hannibal, his men were worn out and weary long before they attained a point where they could look down on the fair fields of Italy. When they were ready to sink down in despair, to resist every appeal of the man who next to Carnot was the world's organizer of victory, Napoleon ordered the bands to play the Marcellaise. The effect was instantaneous. Vast, undreamed of reserve forces were awakened. The army as one man bounded forward. The Alps were as the plains of Lombardy.

So in our souls are vast reservoirs of love. The voice of God, God's word or those of God's ministers, like the music of the Marcellaise, must move us; then on, on over every obstacle, up over the high places in the pathway to virtue—on, on, on, up to God.—Catholic Columbian.

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Pins X. to Possible Convert.

The Sun (New York) publishes the following special despatch from Rome, dated July 15:

Among the persons whom the Pope received in audience this morning he noticed an Anglican clergyman, who was recognizable only from the style of collar he wore. He was kneeling and implored the Pope's blessing. A small crucifix hung around his neck. A chamberlain informed the Pope that the clergyman has tendencies toward Catholicism. The Pope patted him paternally on the shoulder and smilingly said he hoped that upon his next visit he would be wearing besides the collar a cassock.

"The Sun correspondent is informed that these simple words of the Pope are likely to result in the clergyman's conversion to the Catholic faith."

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