

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

A mighty good rule to adopt in the regulation of your conduct for the year is this: Tackle only one day at a time, and make that just as decent and as clean and as upright as human nature will let you.

Secret of a Happy Life

Boys, try to master the art of saying pleasant things. Don't expect too much of your friends. Whatever work you do, make it congenial.

Do not believe all the world wicked and unkind. Never forget that kind words and a smile cost you nothing, but are priceless treasures to the discouraged.

Do unto others as you would be done by, and when old age comes to you and there is a halo of white hair about your head, you will be loved and considered happy.

Look Your Best.

Most large business houses make it a rule not to employ anyone who looks seedy, or slovenly, or who does not make a good appearance when he applies for a position. The man who hires all the salespeople for one of the largest retail stores in Chicago says: "While the routine of application is in every case strictly adhered to, the fact remains that the most important element in an applicant's chance for a trial is his personality."

Neatness of dress, cleanliness of person, and the manner of the applicant are the first things an employer notices in a would-be employee. If his clothes are unbrushed, his trousers baggy, his shoes unblackened, his tie in rags, his hands dirty, or his hair unkempt, the employer is prejudiced at once, and he does not look beneath this repellent exterior to see whether it conceals merit or not.

He is a busy man, and takes it for granted that if the youth has anything in him, if he is made of the material business men want in their employ, he will keep himself in presentable condition.

At all events, he does not want to have such an unattractive looking person about his premises; it would injure his business reputation.

Some Killing Emotions

Fear is not the only emotion that can do us deadly harm. Weak-hearted persons are warned, at the peril of their lives, to refrain from all unusual and disturbing emotions, but the injury of such emotions to sounder persons is only of lesser degree.

Many a violent paroxysm of rage has caused apoplexy and death. Grief, long standing jealousy and corroding anxiety are responsible for many cases of insanity. Emotion thus kills reason.

Grief is one of the best-known and most generally recognized of these killing emotions. Many a one has known some person who, because of grief at a death, has pined away and died in a few weeks or months.

Correggio is said to have died of chagrin because he received only forty ducats for a picture that is now one of the treasures of the Dresden Gallery. Keats, as hundreds of other sensitive souls have done, died of criticism too keen for his sensibilities.

Even joy kills when its impact is too sudden. The daily papers sometimes tell of an aged parent dying on the sudden return of a long-lost child, or of the news of great fortune having a fatally exciting effect. A man in Paris died when his number proved a winning one in a lottery.

Even if the emotion is not strong enough to kill its effect may be most injurious. A fit of anger will destroy appetite, check digestion, and unsettle the nerves for hours, or even days.

When, by reaction, the mental and the moral. Just as it changes a beautiful face to a hideous one, it changes the whole disposition, for the time being. Extreme anger or fright may produce jaundice, and these or other emotions sometimes cause nausea.—Success.

Take Part in Politics.

In an address to young men, Hon. John M. Gearin said: "You will be advised, I know, to keep out of politics altogether. I am not going to tell you that. I don't approve of the sentiment thus broadly stated. I believe that your duty to yourselves, to the community and to the state demands that you become a factor in the political movements that shape the policy of the government. It is true that politics is at times a 'filthy pool' it is so because, and only because, those whose duty it is, and whose business it ought to be to attend to the cleanings of this pool neglect that duty and permit the continuance of a condition that right minded people so much detest. The policy of the country should be directed by the brain, intelligence, the honesty and patriotism of the country. It is one of the peculiarities of our form of government that we must have political parties and those parties must formulate their principles into platforms and the people must approve or disapprove and be given an opportunity to approve or disapprove of the declarations in those platforms. And the management and direction and control of these political parties is what is called 'politics.'"

And while I would not have you, young gentlemen, make a business, a profession of politics, I do say to you that your country expects, and has a right to expect, the benefit of your advice, your education and your moral support in the conduct of public affairs. Let your aim in this as in all things, be along the lines of purity of thought and righteousness."

Move on, Don't Block the Pathway We are a firm believer that anyone who has ordinary intelligence can accomplish that which he desires if he will "move on and not block the pathway." To pause simply means to allow imaginary obstacles to grow into unsurmountable mountains, at the base of which you will give up your life in despair. A distinguished man has spoken on this subject recently as follows, and these lines should impress all who may read:

"I heard the philosophy that underlies success expressed in a few forcible words the other day, and in a manner not to be forgotten. An underclerk went to one of his friends for consolation and advice because, as he put it, his chief had assigned him something to do which was very difficult. 'What shall I do,' he whined: 'Do' thundered his friend; 'why, do what you're asked to do!'"

The wide difference between those two men was illustrated in that short moment. I read in that little incident their whole character and foresaw their future careers. There are just two kinds of people in the world, those who do things and those who do not. The former are the glory of the world. They lift its burden and see that things keep moving and improving. The latter are the baggage—the incumbrances. They have to be pulled along.

The man of the hour is the man who realizes that the hour is here; who recognizes, so to speak, the psychological moment. He is not asleep when opportunity taps at his door. He knows that a man's success is in proportion to the trouble he takes, and nothing is too difficult for him to undertake. He is not the clerk who asks what to do about it. He is the one who makes a way and does it.

Snaps' at a Father's. "What kind of an engineer would your freeman make, Johnson?" queried one of the division superintendents of the Boston and Maine Railroad, addressing the engineer of a local train. For an instant Johnson hesitated. Personally he liked his freeman, but knowing the man as well as he did, he was scarcely willing to be the one who should recommend placing him on the engineer's seat.

"Anything the matter with him?" asked the superintendent, noting the hesitancy on the part of the engineer. "Well, it's just this way, sir," said the engineer, fumbling his cap. "Tom is all right as a freeman, but so far as putting him in charge of an engine is concerned, I don't think the time has come yet."

"Does he drink?" "I never knew him to touch a drop of liquor."

"Inclined to be reckless?" "Exceptionally careful, sir."

"Careless about his work?" "No, sir."

"Well, what is the matter with him?" "I don't think he studies enough," said the engineer. "There's a reading room at the terminal where there are all kinds of books and papers about engines and railroading in general, but I never know Tom to spend five minutes in there. When he's off duty and about the station, you're pretty sure to find him in the smoking room talking with the rest of the boys."

Can you suggest the name of a freeman who you think would make a good engineer," asked the superintendent. "There's Stanley," said Johnson, after a moment's thought, "he's the reverse of Tom. If you don't find him on the engine, the chances are that he is in the reading-room, his head buried in some book on engineering. I don't know much about his record as a freeman."

"It's the old story, Joe," said Johnson's freeman, addressing the former a few days later, "friends in the management. Stanley has been appointed an engineer, and I'm kept firing."

his mother. She hasn't the consolations that we have, poor thing, for she is a Protestant," added Teresa.

"I am very sorry," said Agnese, with tears in her eyes. "It seems hard that when one is young one should have such an accident. How thankful I am to be sound and well! What should I do if I were to be crippled?"

"Ah! indeed you say well, Agnese. I am glad to hear you speak gratefully, for we have much to be thankful for," said Teresa, who was pleased to hear such words from Agnese, who took most things for granted, and was by no means blessed with a thankful spirit.

The news had interrupted Teresa's conversation with Antonio on the subject of the classes, but as soon as Maria was gone she resumed it, and forbade Antonio from going. Then there was an angry scene, for Antonio lost his temper and spoke very disrespectfully to his grandmother, telling her that he would go whether she gave him leave or not, and she, feeling justly indignant, was also keenly sensitive to the fact that Antonio was twenty and likely to go his own way whatever she might say. She did not venture to threaten him with turning him away from home if he disobeyed, as she knew all too well that her efforts to keep him steadfast in his faith would be all the more successfully frustrated if she did so.

That spring was an anxious one to Teresa, for Antonio became very silent and reserved as to his evening classes, absolutely refusing to talk about them to his grandmother, though he did so to his sister, who drank in the poison very greedily, accepting all her brother told her in good faith. Lent was late that year, and there was already a slight feeling of spring in the air, though the trees were leafless and there was a touch of snow still on the Valloombrosian mountains. The flower shops were full of beautiful flowers, and lovely roses contrasted with Lent lilies, hyacinths, anemones and many other spoils from the fields and gardens round and near the city of flowers. The carnival came, and on Shrove Tuesday the bells of the city all rang out at midnight to denote its ending and the beginning of the great fast of Lent.

Agnese, who did not dare refuse to go, accompanied Teresa for the imposition of ashes, which took place at the church near the house after every Mass. Though Teresa could not read, she knew quite well what the brief rite meant, and that the ashes placed on her forehead were accompanied by the injunction to remember that she was but dust and that to dust she would return. Teresa in her humble piety appreciated to the full all the rites and ceremonies of the Church. Like the beautiful pictures and images on which she loved to look and meditate, they were as books of learning to her. The short ceremony of Ash Wednesday served to remind her of the span of earthly life allotted to all, brief at its longest, and of the hope she had of eternal life. It was sweet to her to think that her Lord had, at His Ascension, gone to prepare a place for even her, a poor, insignificant old woman, who was ignorant of all but that heavenly love which was showing her how to live as a member of that ascended Lord, and would help her to die in the Faith.

Agnese ran off to her work, which was in the Borgognissanti, and Teresa went home to do a great deal in the little rooms, for the family where she was usually employed were away, and she was out of her usual employment.

After she had had her midday collation of some beans boiled in water and a piece of bread, Antonio came in and ate his share silently, after making a grimace, which his grandmother did not notice, at the fast-day fare.

"There now, I was going to forget!" she exclaimed as Antonio washed down the food with a red wine.

"The English lady came over this morning to say that her son, who is ill, wanted to see you."

"Wanted me!" exclaimed Antonio astonished. "What for?"

"Because he has noticed you often and says you look so strong, and he wants to arrange that should help to carry him into another room. It is just a fancy, and he has to be humoured."

"I don't know if the padrone will let me," said Antonio, rather flattered at this demand, as he had often felt extremely curious to see more of the beautiful apartment of which he caught a glimpse when the servant opened the side door for him when he brought flowers there from his master's shop. Now he would really go inside and speak to the young Englishman who had been such an object of envy to him.

"Che, che!" said Teresa. "Do you think the English lady is a fool? She has made up her mind to see a padrone. I wonder he didn't tell you."

"He is away. His brother at Perugia is dead, and he went off there today for the trasporto, and all yesterday he was at the gardens. When am I to go?"

"At the Ave Maria," said Teresa, "and don't be late. And mind," she called after him and brushed his jacket and comb your hair. Come in here first and do it before you go. I shall be out."

"Very well," said Antonio, and he went off. He looked very handsome as he ascended with rather excited feelings up the broad stair of the magnificent palace, the back windows of which gave on the narrow Borgo where he lived, and the front ones on the Arno with the lovely mountains of Vallombrosa to the left, and the heights of San Miniato and the Certosa opposite.

It was three weeks since Antonio had seen Jim Ascot, and the change was great, for suffering had laid its hold on the pleasant young Englishman, with his blue eyes, kindly smile and golden-brown hair. Antonio had all the true Florentine's charm of manner, observable, as a very general rule, in all classes, and he was not at all shy as Jim talked to him, speaking excellent Italian, for he had been brought up in Italy.

When Toni saw how much the young fellow had suffered and heard how bravely he spoke of it all, his anger against him for being rich rather died

away. They had not much talk that evening after Toni had lifted him in his strong young arms into the next room, and Jim had told him how much better he did it than their footman, who was kind but clumsy. It was arranged that he should go twice a day to lift him, and Toni was glad of the work which his master gave him free leave to take.

CONVERTS' LEAGUE.

FORMER EPISCOPALISM MINISTER TELLS STORY OF HIS CONVERSION.

The meeting of the Catholic Converts' League, which was held recently at the Catholic Club, New York, was attended by about three hundred persons, of whom a large majority were converts to the faith. The president of the League, Jesse Albert Locke, presided and announced the retirement of the secretary, Stewart L. Coats, who is preparing to remove to England, where he will reside permanently. A rising vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. Coats for his services to the League, and regret was expressed at his enforced retirement.

Mr. Locke announced that the League is growing steadily and is now in a prosperous condition. Since the last meeting forty-five converts have joined the League, making the membership now five hundred and twenty-five.

Short addresses were delivered by Mr. H. E. Gilchrist, formerly an Episcopal minister of Roselle, N. J., who became a convert to Catholicism on Feb. 17 of this year; the Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S. J., and the Rev. Timothy A. Hickey, of Brooklyn.

Mr. Gilchrist told eloquently the story of his conversion. It was impossible, he said, for him to say that there was any one striking phase of the Catholic Church that caused his conversion. He likened his conversion to the great ocean, which is formed by so many streams, flowing from mountains and through valleys until they are finally absorbed in the sea. "I may say," he said, "that my conversion was caused by the operation of Divine grace. The grace of God began to work in me fifteen years ago. It was like a growth, a development. Fifteen years ago I was the pastor of a Universalist Church. I then began to see that the privilege of private judgment would not work, that it would cause religious anarchy. It was then that I began to think of the teachings of Catholicity. I gave up the Universalist Church and later became an Episcopalian, but still continued to study Catholicity. I addressed myself to a thorough review of the fundamental theories of religion, resolved to follow the dictates of my conscience. The result is that I am here with you to-night forming new and pleasing associations. I am now learning from my Holy Mother the Church that which she has to teach. I have found the Catholic Church to be the embodiment of all the ideals I have longed for. The troubles which I have gone through in my quest of the truth are as nothing compared with the serene life I have found. I may say in conclusion that one of the channels of my conversion was the prayers of my Catholic friends, and for these prayers I sincerely thank them."

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

AGAINST VAIN AND WORLDLY LEARNING. I am He who teacheth to despise earthly things, to loathe things present, to seek things eternal, to relish things eternal, to fly honors, to endure scalds, to repose all hope in Me, to desire nothing out of Me, and above all things ardently to love Me.

For a certain person by loving Me intimately learned divine things and spoke wonders. He profited more by forsaking all things than by studying subtilities.

But to some I speak things common, to others things more particular; for if you write the signs and figures, to others in great light I reveal mysteries.

The voice of the books is the same, but it teaches not all men alike; because I within am the Teacher of truth, the Searcher of the heart, the Understander of thoughts, the Promoter of actions, distributing to every one as I judge fitting.

Self Love the Cause of all Our Pain. Forget yourself, and all your pains will disappear. People think the love of self is a martyrdom; no, all our pains only come from self-love. It is self-love that doubts, that hesitates, that resists, that suffers, that reckons up its sufferings, that changes on every occasion, and hinder that deep peace which souls that are delivered from themselves experience.—Lacordaire.

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