

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

To achieve victory, we must not only take the things that help, but also avoid the things that hinder.

Things That Hinder. "Rocks whereon greatest men have oftst wrecked."—Milton.

If we are to fight the battle of life with strength and success, we must "lay aside every weight," not merely the sin that so easily begets us, but every hindrance that might hamper our progress and endanger our victory.

Let us think of some things that have thrown many a man down and involved him in failure and despair.

First I would refer to lack of faith in whatever work or enterprise we have in hand. One of the chief necessities for genuine success is that we should love our work and thoroughly believe in it.

Secondly, how many men are hindered in life by ill health. "There is no good in arguing with the inevitable," says Lowell: "the only argument with an east wind is to put on your overcoat."

Many men consider they are very bold and manly and plucky if they ignore overcoats and umbrellas, and laugh at all protection against wind and wet.

Thirdly, what bright and promising careers have been wrecked by gambling. The awful power and fascination of this vice has seldom been shown in such a glaring light as by the frank confession of Lady Sebright.

Some Helpful Thoughts. The first rule to be observed by the young man who is determined to save money is to get money to save.

To commence many things and not finish them is no small fault; we must persevere in whatever we undertake with an upright intention and according to God's will.

Let us occupy ourselves with one thing alone—that is to do well what we are doing, because God does not ask anything more of us.

People who are going forward to a happy eternity ought to be cheerful while on the way there. Everything counts. Actually, there are no failures. Whatever leads to eventual success and growth cannot justly be called a failure.

Do something for somebody now! You have only this life in which to labor for the crown which should be yours hereafter, for "the night cometh, when no man can work."

If we need to be cool and quiet, and trustful for a game, which is merely an amusement, and if we play the game better for being cool and quiet, and trustful, why is not a quiet steadiness of life itself just as necessary, not only that we may meet the particular problem of the moment truly, but that we may gain all the experience when it may be helpful in meeting other difficult circumstances as they present themselves.

Compelling himself to do what he knows he should do, is what makes a strong man. A weak man is the one who follows his appetites, who can not say "No," to his passions.

tion, injures his family, and sinks himself in degradation and ruin. So, \$1 spent on a bet or laid on a horse-race, excites a desire to make good losses or win more gains, and so the passion comes, to gratify which the man will be guilty of injustice, if not also of direct theft.

The best way to avoid suffering from the consequences of gambling, is to make no bets and play no games of chance.

A fourth defect that hinders many a good-hearted fellow is self-conceit. You have heard a man referred to as "a clever chap, but the worst of it is that he puts on airs."

But it is the popular description of a common trait. I have heard of a gentleman who was so opposed by an overwhelming sense of humility that he prayed, "Lord give us a good conceit of ourselves." Assuredly there is no need of such a petition to-day.

Amongst other hindrances that cripple men who might otherwise be successful I would mention debt. It looks manly—so some fools think—to throw money about lavishly; but debt is a dark shadow which has cast a gloom over many a bright life.

Then, lastly, it is necessary to add one word about drink. Not so very long ago the body of a young suicide was discovered in one of our large cities. In his pocket was found a paper on which he had written "I have done this myself. Don't tell anyone. It is all through drink."

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

STORIES ON THE ROSARY.

The Scourging at the Pillar.

By LOUISA EMILY DOBRIE. A FAILURE.

Polly learned a great many things at her school, and her parents felt great pride in her washy little drawings, needless bits of fancy work and the times she wrung out of the old spinnet in the parlour when she came home for the holidays.

There were many changes after the school days were over. Diphtheria carried Mrs. Lumsley off one damp autumn, Polly married Mr. Jervis, the brother of one of her school-fellows, his death happening a year after their marriage.

In that one year of married life Polly seemed to have all the very greatest events crowded. Shortly after their marriage Mr. Jervis became a Catholic, and Polly, after some careful thought, followed suit, her baby being born and died just before she was left a widow.

Farmer Lumsley was still too irate at Polly's reception into the Church to have anything to say to her. Then he married again, and Polly's fortunes, as far as earthly prosperity was concerned, declined gradually but certainly.

Father Donaldson, the parish priest, a big, burly, genial man who generally had the right word to say to every one, came to see her occasionally. Not very often it must be owned, and no wonder. His was a crowded parish of the very poor who needed everything in the way of relief he could give them.

He tried little jokes and funny remarks to Mrs. Jervis, who was rather scared by them, and considerably in anxiety during the whole of his visit as to whether the small frail chair he invariably selected—after the manner of big men—would not break down with a crash.

However, one day when a fit of the blues had taken strong hold on her, she summoned up courage to tell him, as he happened to call, that when she died, money for her funeral would be found in a little old work-box which she pointed out to him.

"Very good, Mrs. Jervis, I will see after it if I am alive," said he, and she thanked him.

That little store of money was the result of years and years of self-denial and saving. Her annuity was so tiny that she could only put by a small sum out of it annually, by dint of extreme carefulness and deprivation.

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heights of contemplation, for she was absolutely unconscious of either fact. When the sufferings of the Passion came to her mind, tears often dimmed her eyes, and her heart ached and yearned to be able to do something to lessen the sin of the world.

It was useless, for she was shy and quite unfitted for the task, to attempt to go amongst the poor and try to impress the careless and convert the sinner, and she knew now that as old age was creeping on she was less and less likely to do anything in that way, even had she possessed the courage to attempt it.

The desire and longing were much in her mind one cold evening in Holy Week as she pinned on her old shawl and drew on her thin cotton gloves preparatory to going to Benediction.

The matches were placed so that Mrs. Jervis could find them at once; her lamp was put out, Smtt left in darkness and the door locked upon him.

Mr. Jervis was afraid of some one poor but irreproachably respectable, stealing her money, so the door was always locked after her when she went out. Her way to church lay through some of the worst streets—as far as the general character of their inmates was concerned—and as the queer little figure in its old fashioned bonnet and shawl passed through them she saw many sights, and sounds fell on her ear which made her heart ache.

Tonight the purple veiling shrouding the stations and images all spoke of the holy season, when year by year the Church calls on us to dwell especially on the sufferings of her Lord.

Mr. Jervis was rather annoyed with herself for liking one very much better than another. She had, however, in her inmost heart, a very distinct preference for Father Donaldson's preaching, and a faint smile always came on her withered lips when she saw him go into the pulpit.

THE PAINS OF THE DEPARTED. The pangs of Purgatory, which St. Catherine of Genoa assures us are inconceivable by our finite minds, are as nothing to the Holy Souls in their intense longing to be again in the Divine Presence for all eternity.

All opportunity for merit is over now; they are absolutely helpless, and dependent on the living members of the Church for relief, and ultimate release from their sufferings in the mysterious region of Purgatory.

For what is your life? It is a vapor that appears for a little while, and afterwards shall vanish away. The life of this world will indeed vanish for each of us, but not the everlasting life.

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THE WELL TO KNOW A GOOD THING. Mrs. Surface to Mrs. Knowell, when they met in the street. "Why, where have you been for a week back?" "Oh, I've been down to the store for a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil."

FOR THE OVERWORN. What are the causes of despondency and melancholy? A disordered liver is one cause and a prime one. A disordered liver means a disordered stomach, and a disordered stomach means disturbance of the nervous system.

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of our souls. And it depends on us what that everlasting life is to be—one of happiness or the reverse. Of course, we all know that each of the souls in Purgatory has actually been in the presence of God, no longer, as with us living, in a glass darkly, but in the full light shed upon each trembling spirit by the Divine radiance of His Judge.

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