

Life financial position is excelled. solid as the continent."

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Ready When the Opportunity Comes.

This is just another talk. With weather conditions anything but inviting, attention to details may seem tormenting enough to ruffle the temper...

Our something is a suggestion that young men take more pains to see to it that they are ready when an opportunity comes. What opportunity? Well any opportunity; for once at least you have an opportunity, and where time leaves you, after it has spent its force and gone out to sea again, depends pretty much upon how it found you.

It might perhaps be out of place to offend as often as that, but even at the risk of being thought boring, the necessity of being prepared for opportunities should be repeated until impressed. You know Francis Bacon called that one half of genius. He said if a man was prepared he would be in a position to make the most of his chances, and allowing the proverbial one chance to every person, he inferred that the man who had common sense enough to prepare for that chance was in a certain degree of the stuff geniuses are made of.

The suggestion is most valuable. Its application is universal. It knows no profession, it is limited to no calling. Take the office boy who begins his work daily by sweeping out the office. Some day or other things are going to happen which aren't expected. Some day the bookkeeper is going to be out-sidk; probably he won't get into town through a storm or something. Someone has got to fill the place for the day, and if the office boy who sweeps for vocation and studies bookkeeping for a vocation is called upon he is fit to fill the place. That may be only for a day; but that is the way good things come, by piece meal at first, then altogether. And if the office boy is able to keep books for the day that the bookkeeper is out, you can rest assured that his term as office boy is a limited one, liable to end without notice, with promotion the only change probable.

We know at least five cases, in a very short period of time, too, which have been featured in just this way.

Another instance that is worth repeating concerns a young man who is now one of the New England agents for the Associated Press. He went to work in the Boston office of that great news gathering organization, turning out copy on what they called a cyclograph machine. They employed manufacturers in the office; that chair being the beginning of a career in newspaper work. The youngster who started in at the cyclograph saw that he wasn't in the right line for promotion, and picked up as manufacturer. The day when some one was sick came, he was called upon, and to use Thureau's phrase, he "filled in." He learned telegraphy the same way, and he "filled in" under similar circumstances. About two years ago he was in regular line for promotion and about six months later he was sent to Rhode Island to represent his organization.

Now that young man actually had to force those above him to recognize him. For not only did he have to see to it that he would be prepared for the opportunity when it came, he had to let them know that he was prepared for it.

It's the fellow who's satisfied with being just average that keeps that average very low; and similarly it's the chap who isn't ready to "fill in" when the hole's made who is going to contribute toward fewer promotions.—Boston Republic.

The Man with One Aim.

Know one thing thoroughly. Do something useful better than any one else. Have a specialty. There are different ways of saying the same thing. In these days of competition, concentration and specialists, the way to success is by the straight road of a single purpose.

To succeed to-day a man must concentrate all the faculties of his mind upon one unwavering aim, and have a tenacity of purpose which means death or victory. Every other inclination which tempts him from his aim must be suppressed.

New Jersey has many ports, but they are so shallow and narrow that the shipping of the entire State amounts to but little. On the other hand, New York has but one ocean port, and yet it is so broad, deep and grand, that it leads America in its enormous shipping trade. She sends her vessels into every port of the world, while the ships of her neighbors are restricted to local voyages.

A man may starve on a dozen half-learned trades or occupations; he may grow rich and famous upon one trade thoroughly mastered, even though it be the humblest.

Even Gladstone, with his ponderous yet active brain declared that he could not do two things at once; he threw his entire strength upon whatever he did. The intensest energy characterized everything he undertook, even his recreation. If such concentration of energy was necessary for the success of a Gladstone, what can we common mortals do?

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Genius is intensity. Abraham Lincoln possessed such power of concentration that he could repeat quite correctly a sermon to which he had listened in his boyhood.

A New York sportsman, in answer to an advertisement, sent twenty-five cents for a sure receipt to prevent a shotgun from scattering, and received the following: "Dear Sir: To keep a gun from scattering put in but a single shot."

Enthusiasm as a Business Getter. You might as well try to thaw out a frozen pipe with an ice cake as to interest a customer in your proposition unless you are interested yourself.

Enthusiasm is a great business getter. It is so contagious that before we know it, we are infected with it, even though we try to brace ourselves against it.

Character is Credit. Financial credit is not based upon property or capital, cleverness or ability, so much as upon character. Reliability is at the base of all stability.

Can't Afford to let a Man Get a Bad Bargain. Nathan Strauss, when asked what had contributed to his remarkable career, said: "I always looked out for the man at the other end of the bargain."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

WELL ENOUGH.

BY FLORENCE L. HALLOWELL.

"Harry," called Mr. Spring, from his library, he heard his son's quick, alert step in the hall, "come here a moment."

"Yes, sir!" Harry appeared at the door, a smile on his frank, pleasant face, and one of the setter puppies in his arms.

"I was just going over to Westy Farm to take Jim Westy's puppy. You know, but it won't be much out of my way to go past the Forest place."

"Very well; and it will be a great favor to me, I'm going to get Henry Forest a place in the mill."

Mr. Spring handed his son the letter

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and Harry went out. At the gate stood Luke Galway, who was going with him to Westy Farm. Luke had bought one of the setter puppies himself, and so was interested in them all.

"We're got to go by way of the Forest place," said Harry. "Father wants me to leave this letter for Henry."

"Bother! It's a mile out of our way!" said Luke. "We'd much better stop on our way back. We won't have the puppy to carry then."

"All right; I guess that'll do well enough," rejoined Harry. "I don't suppose there's any hurry about the letter. So long as Henry gets it some time today, I needn't worry."

The disposal of the puppy and the tour of the Westy farm stables and kennels occupied some time. It was nearly dusk when the boys started for home.

"It's an awful nuisance having to take that letter," said Luke. "I wish now we'd stopped on our way out."

Harry wished so, too, when they at length reached the old house in which the Forest family lived, and found only the old couple at home.

"Mrs. Forest opened the door for them and insisted on their coming in. "Henry's gone to the city—taken a job of work there," she said. "Mr. Spring promised to let him know if he could give him a place in the saw-mill, for it went hard with him to go away from home. But no word came; so Henry thought there wasn't any use of looking for him in the hands of the bush, and he started off at 6 o'clock."

Harry felt chagrined and mortified when he returned the letter to his father, and explained why he had not left it.

"It's a great pity," said the mill-owner. "Henry is a thoroughly reliable workman, and just the man we needed at this time. I couldn't make him a definite offer yesterday, when he told me he was out of employment, for of course, I had to consult with Dayton first. If you had delivered the letter on your way out as you promised to do, you would have saved me much annoyance, my son."

"I'm awfully sorry," said Harry; "but I thought it would do well enough if I left it coming back to me. I lost it on my way out, and long after this, when Harry put the cows in the barnyard, he found that the wooden bar which always went across the gate, was missing.

There were other bars in the tool-house, but Harry was in too much of a hurry for his supper to go for one.

"I guess it will do well enough if I put a plank up against the gate," he thought. "The cows aren't likely to try to get out."

But the plank was put up so carelessly, that it fell down when one of the hogs rubbed up against it, and the gate opened at the touch of Brown Betty's horns.

The next morning the family were startled by the announcement that the cows were not in the yard, and when they were found, after a long search, they were in a neighbor's cornfield, and had eaten so much green corn that two of them died and the third was ill for many days.

Harry was almost sick over the consequences of his carelessness.

"I'll never do such a thing again as long as I live—never!" he said.

And for weeks he was so careful and conscientious that no one had a chance to find fault with him.

But a bad habit is not easily broken, as Harry found to his cost.

He drove up in front of the house one day to get the whip, which had not been left in the barn, as usual. There was no hitching strap on his harness, and so Harry contented himself with throwing the bridle over the gate post.

"I guess that'll do well enough. He isn't likely to pull it off, and I won't be gone a minute," he thought, and ran into the house.

But the whip was not in the hall-rack, and he had to go into the kitchen to hunt for it; while he was doing so, the rattle of wheels and the clatter of hoofs on the hard road made him rush to the window, with a dreadful fear at his heart—a fear that became agonized as he saw the powerful, spirited young horse rushing down the road like a mad creature, and in the light wagon was Kitty, the only daughter of the house.

Harry rushed out in the road in wild pursuit, but had gone only a little way, when he saw the wagon suddenly overturned and the child thrown violently out.

Never as long as he lived did Harry forget the horror and agony of that moment. How long it took him to reach the spot where his little sister lay he never knew; but at length he held her in his arms, her golden hair floated over his shoulder, and the white still face was upturned to his anguished gaze.

He thought at first that she was dead and that her death was due to his criminal carelessness in leaving the horse improperly fastened and what he suffered in the half-hour that passed before

little Kitty's blue eyes opened again transformed the boy into a man. He couldn't speak when his mother came to him and let him to the sofa on which his sister lay. He only knelt down beside her, and, burying his face in her golden hair, sobbed aloud.

That was the end of Harry's worst fault. Never, even with the most trivial faults, did he let "well enough" take a piece of "well done."

LITANY OF JOAN OF ARC.

The Roman Pontiffs in their sovereign capacity have repeatedly warned the faithful to be on their guard and not allow themselves to be deceived either by their enemies or pious "cranks" within the fold. If it were permitted us to unite our voice with that of the Sovereign Pontiff, we would do so most cheerfully to condemn the foolish novelty superimposed upon our most admirable, and which are the product of disease.

Not only years ago a book was published in France in favor of devotion to the blood of the Blessed Virgin; then a hysterical nun gave the public a lengthy pamphlet on the heart of St. Joseph; an English devotee contended in a two hundred page volume that the Virgin Mary was present with her Divine Son in the Blessed Eucharist, and soon after this, appeared a dissertation from a Frenchman contending that the Blessed Virgin, really and physically, lived before the creation of our planet.

And now comes a pious fraud who has written a Litany of the Blessed Joan of Arc, with a promise that whoever recites it for nine days will never be damned. The Church is having a hard time of it with her enemies attacking her from without, and her foolish friends, from within, subjecting her to ridicule.

Within her fold there are those who profess and have visions and calamitously claim that these visions and prophecies have the approval of the Church. What does it mean? Are these absurdities and hallucinations founded on faith or piety? Decidedly not. They have their origin often in ignorance or in a diseased mentality and sometimes, in perjury itself. It is deplorable that these productions find their way into Catholic homes where they tempt to superstition, make religion ridiculous and endanger faith, the supreme possession of the Christian.

One must read Pusey's "Errors of Romanism," or some late production of infidel France, to understand the loud laughter of the enemies of our Church as they enumerate these absurdities and quote them as if they carried with them the weight and authority of Pontifical encyclicals or decrees of Ecumenical Councils.

The Catholic Church has done and will always do its duty touching these emanations from eccentric men and women. One has but to look over the catalogue of the books on the Index to be informed of the long series of these so-called spiritual or ascetical books, meditations, indulgenced prayers, extravagant lives of saints, revelations, false visions, stigmas and ecstasies, indulgences, invented and sold by printers, and innumerable superstitions, deceits and frauds, condemned by the Church. The Church now and at all times has condemned and reprobated all these tomfooleries, which is a sufficient answer to those who would hold her responsible for what she cannot prevent.

Catholics, the world over, are in possession of the Bible, the works of the fathers and doctors of the Church, the ancient records of ecclesiastical history, the lives of the Saints, and prayer-books approved and recommended by their Bishops, and these ought to confirm their faith and satisfy their pious aspirations. We renew the advice we gave our readers some months ago, when writing about that absurd thing called the "Chain Prayer." "Burn it," and with it the Litany of Joan of Arc and all other pious novelties having about them an odor of suspicion.—Intermountain Catholic.

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The Love of the Dead.

The children of the Church may be said to be the only true lovers of the dead. What matters it to the departed one that he or she is sincerely regretted by many loving relatives and friends, and that his or her memory will never fade from their minds. If the dead ones have been so exceptionally holy and virtuous during life as to enter heaven immediately after death, such knowledge will be of very little import indeed; while if the deceased has lived the life of ordinary mortals, will the degree lessened by the consciousness of son's sufferings be assuaged or in any such a fact. But Catholics remember their dead in a practical manner. "We have loved them during life; let us not forget them in death." Catholics remember the dead in their prayers, for it is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins.

May now the Christian nations seek the protection of Mary with an ardor growing greater every day; let them lessened by the consciousness of son's sufferings be assuaged or in any such a fact. But Catholics remember their dead in a practical manner. "We have loved them during life; let us not forget them in death." Catholics remember the dead in their prayers, for it is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins.

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