

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

Gentlemen, do not conform yourselves to the world, but reform it, and bend it to the newness of your life.

Not many months ago \$1,000 was willed to a conductor of the Chicago and Alton Railway for being attentive and courteous.

Mr. Titus assumed his duties August 15th, with headquarters in Jackson, Tenn. He will be the youngest railway superintendent of dining cars in the United States, his age being but twenty-four.

The Danger of Drink. Young men need temperance even more than other folk do. For they are at the age where the great passion begins to be temptuous, and they need all their strength of will to control it.

Again, the young man has his career to make, and needs a good reputation in business circles. But the smell of whisky on his breath, and the report that he gets drunk occasionally, will injure his good name, destroy his credit, and damage his chances of getting ahead.

Besides, the habit of tipping is expensive. It costs money. And that money would be better in a bank than in a barroom till.

Moreover, the practice of temperance is an exercise in self-denial—a training in the mastery of the body by the soul.

The Kind of a Boy the World Wants. Boys are always in demand because they are the material out of which men are made, and as first-class material is always at a premium in every line of trade, so the boys who give promise of making first-class men are most eagerly sought after.

The boy the world wants to-day is the one who can be trusted to handle money without any of it sticking to his fingers or finding its way into his pockets. He will take as much interest in affairs of his employer as if they were his own, and will stay fifteen minutes without being asked, to finish a piece of work after the whistle has blown.

Keep a Light Heart. A light heart under failure is a condition of success which may be written down as an essential. No one should need to be warned against the deleterious effects of the blues.

What is there in a failure or two to cry about, or in a dozen failures, to see how you are bound to get there? Success is not an external trophy, not something you have to hunt and ensnare, like a bird. Success inheres in oneself, or in every true piece of work one does.

Have a Noble Ambition. Because one of the Beatitudes blesses the poor in spirit and because voluntary poverty is one of the counsels of perfection, the ideal usually set up for young men is contentment with small means.

Don't be a Second-Class Man. You can hardly imagine a boy saying: "I am going to be a second-class man. I don't want to be first-class and get the good jobs, the high pay. Second-class jobs are good enough for me."

second-class men are a drug on the market. Second-class things are only wanted when first-class can't be had. You wear first-class clothes if you can pay for them, eat first-class butter, first-class meat, and first-class bread, or if you don't, you wish you could.

Everybody knows the things that make these second-class characteristics. Boys smoke cigarettes to be smart and imitate older boys. Then they keep on because they have created an appetite as unnatural as it is harmful.

The Christian Gentleman. In the July Dolphin, the attractive and well-edited, interesting and timely magazine, there is an interesting and timely article on the gentlemanliness of St. Paul by the Rev. Professor H. J. Heuser. The article is timely because we are now at what may be called the negligent season of the year.

Energy, industry and courtesy are the elements which are popularly supposed to command success. But the truth is, that as much depends upon the purpose to which these qualities are applied, and to the manner of their exercise, as upon the qualities themselves. Energy and industry devoted to the promotion of an object which is less than good, or which is not good, which neither for the general good, nor for the individual, and which can add nothing to the comfort and convenience, or to the pecuniary gains of classes or communities, are like good seed sown on sterile ground.

Does any reader of this article know of an individual enriched by immoral means, whom he believes to be at peace with himself? The poor man, who is free, is richer in all that is worth living for in this world, and in his hopes of the next, than the millionaire, to whose perishable treasures clings the canker of duplicity, or any species of fraud or wrong.

There are a hundred thousand opportunities among us for great wealth. Who will provide the riches needed to make them fruitful? If one man had unlimited wealth, he could control the universe. For instance, he could support all the striking miners and corner the market

in coal mines, until the operators would have to give up. He could have enabled the Boers to win a complete victory, by supplying them with horses, munitions and men. He could get possession of every telegraph line, every newspaper and every other general avenue to news. He could dominate schools, armies, treasuries and nations.

Money is not needed in every case of good works. Some men make a holocaust of themselves like Francis Xavier. But, often a man cannot devote his life directly to altruism; yet, if he can contribute money, he can make it possible for other men to go forward in the path of sacrifice.

Resolve to get rich. But, at the same time, knowing that wealth is a danger, resolve to use every cent of your money in the fear of the Lord. Education, which will one day call you to account for every penny of it. Get rich in earthly money and use it to get rich in spiritual merit, for which you will receive an eternal reward.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

FLORENCE BINGHAM'S RENUNCIATION.

A Story For Girls.

Had she not been sure that the postman had brought a letter from father, Florence Bingham would not have left her top bureau drawer in the only half-tidied state in which she found it when she returned half an hour later.

She had turned the pages then, and began at the first. The letter was, as her father said, a "story of hard luck." How hard, Florence suspected; she could not know. Ever since her mother had died in Florence's babyhood, she had been an inmate of Aunt Mary's home. It was not a luxurious home, by any means, but it was one of quiet comfort.

Her father, dearly as she loved him, was a very dim memory to Florence. It was a long time since he had been able to come to see her, and he had declined her visits upon one pretext and another. Of late, she had begun to suspect that it was because he did not wish her to see the poverty and barrenness of the life which he and her two brothers led.

The letter, however, had dispelled the hope. It was a brave, strong letter, but the very explanation or why it had been so long in coming filled her with pity. For it told how Claude had been sick in the cheap boarding house where they were compelled to live.

There were no allusions to the hardships of his life except the little outburst at the end, but this was enough to make Florence very serious. She had not thought about it very much before, but she felt to thinking, as she rolled the bright ribbons about her fingers, of the cost of her girlish treasures. Father would not have been able to buy them for her.

It was not long, however, that she thought of that. The picture of her anxious father, going away to his work, leaving his fever-tossed boy alone the whole day through, filled her mind. Then there came a thought so overwhelming in its suddenness that she left her drawer, half tidied still, and went away to her favorite corner to think it all over.

That it is sweet to serve God, despising this world. Now will I speak again, O Lord, and will not be silent; I will say in the hearing of my God, my Lord and my King who is on high.

Oh, how great is the multitude of thy sweetness, O Lord, which thou hast hidden for them who fear thee. (Ps. xxx, 20.) But what art thou to those who love thee? What to those who serve thee with their whole heart?

Unspeaking indeed is the sweetness of thy contemplation which thou bestowest on those who love thee. In this most of all hast thou shown me the sweetness of thy love, that when I had no being thou hast made me, that when I strayed far from thee thou hast brought me back again that I might serve thee, and that thou hast commanded me to love thee.

Every sin has its own punishment: an axiom popular, because so well proved. One is punished in his liberty, from abuse of liberty. . . . Whoever sins is practically less free than before his fault; he has given evil a hold and a sort of right over him by committing it; and he can only recover his liberty by redeeming it.—Nicholas.

So, it was decided. It was some time before Mr. Bingham announced himself ready for his housekeeper, and when occurred Aunt Mary's young girl in taking the first steps of her venture. It was not until all the pleasant excitement of getting established was over, and Aunt Mary had gone, that Florence began to realize what she had undertaken.

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