

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The Passion for Achievement.

The love of achievement is satisfied in the very act of creation, in the realization of the ideal which has haunted the brain. Ease, leisure, comfort, are nothing compared with the exhilaration which comes from achievement.

Who can describe the sense of triumph that fills the inventor, the joy that thrills him when he sees for the first time the perfect mechanism or device—the work of his brain and hand—that will ameliorate the hard conditions of mankind and help to emancipate man from drudgery?

Who can imagine the satisfaction, the happiness of the scientist who, after years of battling with poverty, criticism, and denunciation, and the tortures of being misunderstood by those dearest to him, when he succeeds at last in wresting some great secret from nature, in making some marvelous discovery that will push civilization forward?

The struggle for supremacy—the conquest of obstacles, the mastery of nature, the triumph of ideals—has been the developer of man, the builder of what we call progress. It has brought out and broadened and strengthened the finest and noblest traits in human nature.

The idea that a man, whatever his work in the world, should retire just because he has made enough money to live upon for the rest of his life is unworthy of a real man, who was made to create, to achieve, to go on conquering.

Every normal human being is born with a great sacred obligation resting upon him—to use his highest faculties as long as he can, and to give his best to the world; and the laws of his nature and of the universe are such that the more he gives to the world the more he gets for himself—the larger, the completer man he becomes. But the moment he tries to sell himself to selfishness, to greed, to self-indulgence, the smaller, meaner man he becomes.

It is no wonder that the man who retires merely for selfish gratification is uneasy, unhappy and is sometimes driven to suicide. He knows in his heart that it is wrong to withdraw his great productive, creative ability from a world which needs it so much; to let his achieving faculties atrophy from disuse. He knows that it is a sin against his own development, his own future possibilities, to cease the exercise of his godlike powers.

It is the wrestling with obstacles and the overcoming of difficulties that have made man a giant of achievement.

If we could analyze a strong, vigorous character, we should find it made up largely of the conquering habit, the habit of overcoming.

On the other hand, if we should analyze a weak character we should find just the reverse—the habit of failure, the habit of letting things slide, of yielding instead of conquering—the lack of courage, of persistency, of grit.

There is the same difference between a self-made young man, who has fought his way up to his own loaf, and the pampered youth who has never been confronted by great responsibilities that would exercise his powers and call out his reserves, that there is between the stalwart oak which has struggled for its existence with a thousand storms, with all the extremities of the elements, and the hothouse plant which has never been allowed to feel a breath of frost or a rough wind.

Every bit of the oak's fiber has registered a victory, so that when its timber is called upon to wrestle with storms and the fury of the sea, it says, "I am no stranger to storms; I have met them many a time before. I feel within me stamina and fiber to resist the fury of any sea, because I have fought and overcome its equal a thousand times."

The hothouse plant succumbs to the first adverse wind.

Responsibility is a powerful developing factor which the idle, aimless person never gets the advantage of. Great responsibilities bring out great reserve to match them.

The consciousness of having a message for mankind has held multitudes of people to their ideals, amidst suffering, hardship and overwhelming difficulties.

Every normal human being is happiest as well as strongest when active, especially when doing that which he is intended to do, that which he is best fitted to do; when he is trying to make real the vision of his highest moment. He is weakest and most miserable when idle, or doing that which he is least fitted for by nature.

The divine discontent which all aspiring souls feel is a longing for growth, for a realization of possibilities. It is the call of the potencies within us to do, to be; the longing for that expansion and power which can only come from healthful, vigorous activity in pursuit of a worthy aim.

There is no mental tonic, no physical stimulus like that which comes from the consciousness of growing larger, fuller, completer each day in the pursuit of one's chosen work.

The passion for conquest, the conquering faculty which we all have—that something within us which aspires—becomes strong and powerful just in proportion as it has legitimate exercise and encouragement, so that every feeling out and stretching of the mind, every exercise of the faculties to-day makes a larger to-morrow possible.—O. S. M. in Success.

The Best Thing.

So far as this department has gone, its teachings may be summarized as follows:

- 1. That the best thing in the world is not wealth, but a noble character.
2. That success is achieved when we lead the life that God has destined for us in the way that pleases Him.
3. That frugality in youth is the surest way to a competence in old age.
4. That to sow "wild oats" is apt to result in the reaping of a wild harvest.
5. That as the married state is the vocation of the vast majority of men, the youth not called to the religious state, should work and strive and pray to be worthy of a good wife and a happy home of his own.
6. That the evenings should not be wasted in idleness, in bad society, in saloons, or in low theatres, but should be utilized in the cultivation of bene-

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social friendships, in reading, in the acquirement of skill or accomplishment.
7. That good books are good company.
8. That temperance, honesty, truthfulness and industry are the cornerstones of prosperity.

9. That every good citizen should be patriotically interested in public affairs and should do what he can to make politics pure and honorable.

These doctrines are fundamental for the formation of Christians, of gentlemen and of good citizens.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Poetic Justice.

"Father, what is poetic justice?" asked Fred Stanley at the table.

"Bless the boy! What put that into his head?" said mother.

"Why, there was something about it in our reading lesson to-day, and when I asked Miss Thompson what it meant, she said she would see how many of us could find out ourselves, and give her an illustration of it to-morrow; but I don't know how to find out unless you tell me, father."

Mr. Stanley looked thoughtful for a moment, and then smiled, as if struck by some amusing recollection.

"Poetic justice," he said, "is a kind of justice which reaches us through the unforeseen consequences of our unjust acts. I will tell you a little story, Fred, which I think will furnish the illustration you are after."

"I recall a summer afternoon a good many years ago, when I was not so large as I am now. Two other boys and I went blackberrying in a big meadow several miles from home. On our way to the meadow as we paddled along the dusty highway, we met a stray dog. He was a friendless, forlorn-looking creature and seemed delighted to make up with us; and when we gave him some scraps of bread and meat from our lunch basket he capered for joy, and trotted along at our side, as if to say, 'Now, boys, I'm one of you.' We named him Rover and boy-like we tried to find out how much he knew and what he could do in the way of tricks; and we soon discovered that he would 'fetch and carry' beautifully. No matter how big the stick or stone, nor how far away we threw it, he would reach it and draw it back to us. Fences, ditches and brambles he seemed to regard only as so many obstacles thrown in his way to try his pluck and endurance, and he overcame them all."

"At length we reached the meadow, and scattered out in quest of blackberries. In my wandering I discovered a hornets' nest, the largest I ever saw, and I have seen a good many. It was built in a cluster of blackberry vines, and hung low, touching the ground. Moreover, it was at the foot of a little hill; and as I scampered up the latter I was met at the summit by Rover, frisking about with a stick in his mouth. I don't see why the dog and the hornet's nest should have connected themselves in my mind, but they did, and a wicked thought was born of the union."

"Rob! Will! Come here. We'll have some fun."
They came promptly and I explained my plan. I pointed out the hornet's nest, and proposed that we roll a stone upon it, and send Rover after the stone.
"Ah, oh, won't it be fun to see how astonished he'll be when the hornets come out?" I cried in conclusion. They agreed that it would be funny. We selected a good-sized stone, called Rover's special attention to it, and started it down the hill. And when it had a fair start, we turned the dog loose; and the poor fellow, never suspecting our trick, darted after the stone with a joyous bark. We had taken good aim, and, as the ground was smooth the stone went true to the mark, and crashed into the hornets' nest just as

Rover sprang upon it. Immediately the furious insects swarmed out, and settled upon the poor animal. His surprise and dismay filled our anticipation; and we had just begun to double ourselves up in paroxysms of laughter, when with frenzied yelps of agony he came tearing up the hill towards us, followed closely by all the hornets.

"Run! I shouted, and we did run but the maddened dog ran faster, and dashed into our midst with piteous appeals for help. The hornets settled like a black, avenging cloud all over us, and the scene which followed baffles my power of description. We ran, we scattered, we rolled on the ground, and we howled with agony."

I have never known just how long the torture lasted, but I remember it was poor Rover who rose to the emergency, and with superior instinct showed us a way to rid ourselves of our vindictive assailants. As soon as he realized that we, too, were in distress, and could give no assistance, he ran blindly to a stream which flowed through the meadow not far away, and plunging in, dived clear beneath the surface. We followed him, and only ventured to crawl out from the friendly element when we were assured that the enemy had withdrawn. Then we sat on the bank of the stream, and

looked at each other dolefully through our swollen, purple eyelids, while the water, dripped from our clothing, and a hundred stinging wounds reminded us what excessively funny fun we had been having with Rover.
The poor dog, innocent and free from guile himself, judged us accordingly, and creeping up to me licked my hand in silent sympathy. Then some dormant sense of justice asserted itself within me.
"Boys, we've had an awful time, but it served us right."
Neither of them contradicted me; and rising stiffly, we went slowly homeward, with Rover at our heels.
"That, my boy," said Mr. Stanley, in conclusion, "is a good instance of poetic justice."—Our Dumb Animals.

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Patience in Waiting.

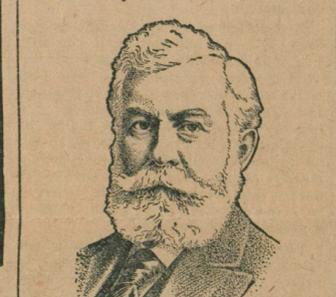
There is all the difference in the world between longing for something which time alone can bring and looking forward to an end which we are going to consummate or prepare for by our own efforts. The one protracts the intervening hours, the other shortens them. The child anticipates the holiday, and thinks it will never come. The young man longs to attain his majority and the months that elapse seem years. We watch the return of an absent friend and each minute grows longer than the last. But if we can work while we wait, and so expedite the end in view or prepare the way for it, the impression of length is removed. True patience is not inactivity, it is not sitting still and watching the clock, but using the energies in the intervening time to the best advantage. Let the child be interested in some pleasant preparation for his holiday; let the young man be eagerly fitting himself for the duties he is to assume; let the watcher use his waiting moment in sketching some agreeable plan for his friend's welcome, and the time will move with its accustomed celerity.

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Good Manners vs. Kindness.

After all, in what do good manners consist? They come from the heart. If in the heart one strives to give pleasure to others, to so order speech and act that no one can be offended, there will be little danger of flagrant bad manners. If a personal reminiscence can be pardoned, an early lesson apropos may be of use. When a small child at "tea" a very old lady took butter with her knife when it was passed at my mother's table. When the butter reached my dear father, he also used his knife in helping himself. A small pinch on his leg reminded him that a child was taking notes. When the evening chat came round, held fast in his arms, I was told if he had used the butter-knife, perhaps the lady would have been embarrassed and felt that her mistake was noticed. Then I was told that all manners which did not spring from the heart were of little consequence, that a breach of etiquette was preferable to hurting the feelings of anyone. Hard and fast rules cannot be made, but kindness, consideration, gentleness have a way and language of their own and are known over the entire world.

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