

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

We can easily manage, if we will only take each day the burden appointed for it. But the load will be too heavy for us if we add to its weight the burden of to-morrow before we are called to bear it.

Our brave step makes the next one easier. True, the road seems more piled up with obstacles as one goes along; but then, one is made stronger and more capable with every step, so that relatively we have an easy road always before us—at least, if not exactly easy, it becomes more interesting—one feels less inclined to grumble.

He who seeks to exalt himself regardless of every one else, will have only himself for aid, with all others to oppose him; but he who seeks to serve all others regardless of self, will lose only the services of self, and have all others to promote his.

We are forever going to begin work in earnest to-morrow," said Mr. Stay-bolt, "and we are never satisfied with the job we've got, and we perform the labor involved in it only a half-hearted manner, but we are going to work in dead earnest when we get a job to suit us."

"The truth is that we are dawdlers and shy of work and trying to get along just as easy as we can. We hate to pitch in and go to work."

"The time for us to work is now, not to-morrow; and the job for us to collar is the one we've got. Round that up in style; do the work completely and thoroughly and you'll be astonished to find how you'll bring it out and what chances there are in it. And everybody that knows about work or is in any way concerned or affected by it, as it is done well or ill, will be delighted to see it well done—every body likes to see a job, whatever it is, well done—and pleased with the doer, and there's money in it every time."

"It isn't the job that makes success, it's the man; and don't you forget it."

A young man who ceases to dream about the things he would do if he had plenty of time, and plans the things he will do with the time he has, may go slow, but he will go far.

Such a young man, thirty years ago, suddenly discovered that, by using in a continuous way the time he spent on ferry-boats and railway trains he might have a good deal of leisure. This leisure was made up of half and quarter hours at the beginning and end of the day—the odds and ends of time which most people regard as of no account. Taking them separately they are of little account; putting them together, by treating them as a whole, they furnished a fine opportunity for the liberal education of a young man of business. This young man saw the uses of these odds and ends of time if he could treat them as a whole. That was really a very simple matter, though multitudes of people have never found it out. To utilize these hours and make them as valuable as if they formed a continuous period of time, it was only necessary to make a little plan of work, and to have the material in hand so as to turn every quarter of an hour to account.

This young man wanted to know German. He bought an elementary grammar and phrase book and some simple German stories. He kept a book in his pocket, and when a spare quarter or half hour came, he studied the book. It was not difficult, and in a little while it became very interesting. He was soon reading simple German, and from that point his progress was rapid, and the pleasure of the occupation steadily increased. In less than a year he had German so well in hand that he began to study Spanish. He became engrossed in the study of languages as an occupation for his leisure hours; he found it very enjoyable, and every language learned was an open door to more enjoyment. In a few years he was reading German, Spanish, French and Italian easily and with keen enjoyment. In the meantime his business advancement had been rapid, and he had secured a very important and lucrative position in a great organization. His studies had not only given him an education, but they had also conducted to his success in practical affairs by the quickening and training of his mind. This is but one among thousands of similar achievements.—Success.

The Judgments of Elders. There is no self-conceit more offensive and more indicative of a weak nature than that which shows itself in slight disregard of the judgments and thoughts of parents and older men concerning the graver questions of life. Young men know as well as the wisest preacher can teach them what things are noble, right and beautiful, but they do not know yet the forces of evil, the corruptions that are in the world, and the countless and insidious forms of temptation. It takes the experience of years to find out these things, and no youth, unless devoid of both reverence and modesty, will spurn the warnings and counsels which come to him from older lips on these matters.

Aids to Advancement. Don't dally with your purpose. Character is the poor man's capital. If you hate another, it is slow suicide for yourself. Men call their own carelessness and inactivity fate. The lucky man is the one who grasps his opportunities. Character has a commercial as well as an ethical value. Genius darts, flutters, and tires, but perseverance wears and wins. The largest room in the world is the room for self-improvement. Give a youth resolution and the alphabet, and who shall place limits to his career? We got out of life just what we put into it; the world has for us just what we have for it. Don't brood over the past, or dream of the future, but use the instant and get your lesson from the hour. In many an establishment there are

successes who are infinitely inferior to the failure from whom they snatch the laurels.

No one else can solve your problem, or work out your riddle. You stand or fall by it. Your happiness, your well-being, your success and your destiny hang upon your carrying out the programme the Creator has given you.

Stock-taking every day is a great aid to advancement. Stop and add yourself up at the close of each day and see if you have anything to carry over. If you have nothing but ciphers to carry over, something is wrong somewhere.—Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

STORIES ON THE ROSARY

By LOUISA EMILY DOBREE. THE GLORIOUS MYSTERIES. No. 1.—The Resurrection. AN ACT OF FAITH.

"It does seem such a long time to the seventeenth, mother," said little Arthur Devereux with a sigh, one January day, as he sat at luncheon with his mother and his governess.

Outside the high wind was blowing the rain in all directions. Under a leaden sky were muddy streets and glistening pavements, all forming a great contrast to the comfort and luxury of the dining-room, in the great London house which had belonged to the Devereux family for many generations.

In the low-lit grate was a bright fire; pictures, well chosen and valuable, hung on the walls; there was plenty of old oak, heavy hangings to windows and doors, and a pretty luncheon table on which were rare hot-house flowers, old silver and delicate glass—all being suggestive of luxury and good taste; Mrs. Devereux, who smiled lovingly at her little son, being in keeping with her surroundings. She was a slight woman, a little over thirty, whose shy dark eyes were constantly cast down; a sensitive mouth, and color that changed very quickly.

Arthur was like his mother, having the same brown eyes and hair, but he looked delicate and frail, as she did not. His health, or rather want of it, was a source of great anxiety to his mother, who watched him incessantly, and who saw a great deal more of him than society women usually do of their children.

"I suppose it does seem a long way off," said Mrs. Devereux in answer to Arthur's remark. "When I was your age, I remember how much longer time appeared than it does now."

"I have a bit of paper above my wash-stand," said Arthur, "with all the days written down on it, and I cross off one every evening. There are only ten more now, mother, and then—and then—my birthday!"

"And a very happy day for you, my darling," said Mrs. Devereux. "There will be all kinds of surprises for you."

"I like surprises," said Arthur, "but haven't the least little bit of an idea of what you and grandfather are going to give me."

Mrs. Devereux smiled. "Something very nice you may be sure, Arthur. What a happy boy you are," she added. "I really think you never have anything at all unpleasant in your life."

"Oh yes, mother, I have," said Arthur. "Why, often I want to go in to the Park on my pony or to drive with you, and it's cold or windy or something, and I have to stay in the stupid house instead, and other things like that, mother."

"Not very often, darling. No, no more candied fruits, dearie. I want you to be quite well for your birthday, and if you eat many sweets they make you ill."

"Very well, mother," said Arthur, who was a sweet-tempered, docile child, seldom disobedient, never troublesome, and whose life was surrounded with every possible pleasure and means of enjoyment.

"I am going to spend this wet afternoon in looking up some things which will be useful for our tableaux," said Mrs. Devereux. "There are some old boxes full of odds and ends which I am going to unearth. I had forgotten their existence until Marshall reminded me of them lately, for they had always been in a large cupboard in grandpapa's study, and were only moved upstairs when that alteration was made last summer and the cupboard done away with."

"May I come and help you, mother?" asked Arthur.

"No, dearie, you must do your lessons, and if Miss Gray gives you good marks you can come down and have grown-up tea with me at 4, but only if there are no visitors. However, none are likely to come on such a day as this."

"Thank you, mother," said Arthur, and luncheon being ended, he went up, accompanied by Miss Gray, to his big schoolroom at the top of the great house in Pateham Place, which is not very far from Regent's Park. Miss Gray was a silent young person, fond of her charge and looked after him conscientiously, so that his mother felt great confidence in her. Mrs. Devereux, who had married in her teens, had been left a widow five years later. The marriage, with love on both sides, had been a very happy one, and the shock of her sudden widowhood had been severely felt by Ida Devereux.

Mr. Devereux was considerably older than his wife, of whom he made a great pet, and the sweet, shy girl, when it had taken two years of wooing him, as she had been by her father, from every possible disagreeable or unpleasantness, which few escape in life as much as she did. Her mother having died when she was a baby, and being an only child, she was made a great deal of by her father who had been a middle-aged man when he married. She was the only child of their marriage, was educated at home by governesses and masters, and had always been a companion to her father, who was a great student of languages, and who himself taught her Italian and French.

When Ida Devereux was old enough to appreciate it, she always accompanied her father on his travels, which

were as much as possible in Protestant countries. Ida always wished to stay a longer time in Italy and the more Catholic parts of Switzerland and Germany, but Mr. Vanderman was never happy there, the Catholic life around him and the external signs of a religion he detested most cordially, only irritated him, and even as an artist, he could enjoy nothing in those countries. Ida was quite unaccustomed to asserting herself in any way, to her it being always easier to follow than to lead. Hers was not a strong nature and she was accustomed to leaning first on her father, then on her husband, and, after his death, again on the former, that to follow their way usually pleased her better than anything else. As I have said before, she had been sheltered from all the rough winds of life, it having been a joy to both husband and father to protect her from all they could, they could that might annoy or vex her. One thing, however, neither of them could do, and that was, prevent the trial of Arthur's delicacy from causing her the greatest anxiety, though he had the best advice London or Paris could offer on every childish ailment, skillful nurses to tend him, and all possible care and supervision.

When her husband died her father brought Ida back to the old house in London, and it was he who managed all her affairs. The few years of her married life she had been living in the same luxury she had always known, and when she was left a widow and was told her husband's affairs had been left in a very bad way, and that he had been extravagant, and had lived chiefly on his capital, it did not affect her. Her father continued his usual allowance to her, and she never knew what it was to have a wish ungratified.

Mr. Vanderman, a man of strong opinions, was a Protestant of the aggressive order. In all anti-Catholic movements he took an active part, and spent a great deal of money as well as time and influence in the propagation of untruths respecting the religion of which he really knew next to nothing, as well as aiding efforts for the proselytizing of Catholics. It had always been the opinion of Mr. Vanderman to find Ida very unsympathetic on the subject. Religion of any kind bored, and possessed no interest to her. As a child, Mr. Vanderman would not allow her to be taught much, and had kept that part of her education in his own hands.

Ida had obediently learnt all that was taught her, and listened to all the instructions of the minister, in the confirmation class she attended, when old enough to lengthen her dresses and put up her hair. This clergyman occupied himself very much in instructing his congregation on what they should not believe, and in warning them of the "errors" of the Popery he was denouncing, in its reality in the Catholic Church, or its imitation amongst the High Church party. It failed to interest Ida one way or another, and she was glad rather than sorry that a bad cold prevented her from presenting herself for the confirmation held before they went abroad. All thought, then, of "receiving the Sacrament" was put aside, and when Mr. Vanderman retired to it a year later, Ida begged to be let alone on the subject. Mr. Vanderman was quite agreeable to this, for he had none of that personal love for our Lord, and sincere piety, found among many Protestants. Religion to him meant taking sides against "Popery" and everything in imitation of it which was found in the Church of England. He attended many meetings at Exeter Hall, read numerous Protestant papers, busied himself in writing letters to the latter, and in organizing demonstrations and meetings in the provinces.

Ida took no active part or interest in all this, and her father, after a while, left her to herself, and gradually she drifted into a life very much like that of a pageant.

That afternoon, as the rain poured incessantly, and Ida, having very little to do, she fulfilled her intention of going to the lumber-room, the key of which the housekeeper gave her with an air of astonished inquiry as to whether she wanted any help. "No, thank you," said Ida, taking the key, "not if I can get at those large brass-bound trunks easily."

"They are quite clear, ma'am, and I know they were dusted yesterday, so some things had to go up there and I had a little dusting done."

Little did Ida think as she mounted the stairs, humming a tune from the last night's opera, that her afternoon's employment would have a most surprising and important effect upon her whole life! In future days she looked back to that time, the details of which were stamped so indelibly on her memory.

There were some charming dresses which Ida was sure must have belonged to her mother, and, as she turned the things over, she found many that would be invaluable for the coming tableaux. At the bottom of the trunk before which she knelt were a few books, and these Ida examined with great interest. There were some guides to different places in Italy, an old Murray for Rome, an imitation of Christ in Italian, which had been very little used, and a well-worn Italian prayer-book, in which, as Ida turned over the leaves, were many little coloured pictures—"Santinos," as the Italians call them—with dates scribbled in pencil on the back, in a childish, foreign handwriting.

On the fly-leaves of both books was the name Annunziata Harrison, the dates being those of a few years before her mother's marriage. Ida stood there dumbfounded for the moment, at the very idea of her mother possessing a Catholic prayer-book. The initiation did not impress her so much, as she had come across it before, and knew it was read by those of many creeds, though she herself had never given it more than a cursory glance.

The room was very cold as there was no fire, but the shiver that Ida gave was more from a nervous feeling for which she could not account. She drew her fur-lined cloak round her and then proceeded with her investigation. There were a lot of old Tauchnitz

novels, and under one layer of them was a small box with inlaid wood cover, the little key belonging to it being tied to the fancy handle. In it was a leather-covered book containing a great deal of writing, and beside it a silver rosary, much tarnished, and with a very beautifully wrought crucifix attached to it.

Ida shut the box, took it downstairs with her, together with the prayer-book, and putting all away in her own room, she desired a servant to bring down the dresses and all she wanted for the tableaux, so that she might look them over. Ida's curiosity about her mother was thoroughly roused, and as she chatted with Arthur about all his childish interests, her thoughts flew back to the books, and above all the manuscript diary—for she had discovered it to be that—which she was longing to read.

Was it conceivable that her mother had been a Roman Catholic? Surely such could not have been the case! Her father, whose deeply rooted bigotry against everything Catholic affected his life and interests so much, could not possibly have married one of that faith.

After Arthur went up to the school-room Ida stayed in the frelight, not allowing the lamps to be lighted, as she was disinclined to do anything but think and wonder. After all, how very little she knew of her mother. Her father having all his life preserved the strictest silence on the subject, Ida had concluded that her death had caused a wound which time and her own love for, and devotion to, him were powerless to heal. Her own shyness had also always prevented her asking much on a subject her father was unwilling to discuss, and after a few curt replies to timidly put queries Ida lapsed into silence. As a child, when she had inquired where her own birthplace was, she had been told Avarsdale, a remote place in Scotland, and that was all. Her mother's maiden name she had always understood was Anne Harrison; her nationality, she had concluded, was English.

"Sitting by the fire-light, Ida!" "Oh, father, I did not hear you come in," and Ida rose and went up to the genial-looking old gentleman, with his snow-white hair and blue eyes, who had just entered. "I am so glad that you have returned, father," said Ida. "You said you would only be away for three days, and you have been a week! It was very bad of you."

"Did you miss me then so much?" asked Mr. Vanderman. "No, don't ring, Ida; I shall be glad of the frelight for a little."

"Of course I missed you, father," said Ida, sticking her father's hand. "The house always seems strange without you, and then I get nervous and think of wiring, and I don't."

"Sometimes you do, though." "Oh, yes, when it gets very bad. I know I am foolish, but I think something must have happened to you."

"Nonsense. Nothing is likely to happen. Well, I stayed because I found more to do than I thought. What have you been about?" "A dinner party at the Lashers—rather nice, an interesting man took me down; then I have been to the Lyceum, and once to the opera, and any amount of small things in between—luncheons and at homes."

"My doings have not been of that order," said Mr. Vanderman. "I have been as busy as I could be, and now have arranged for a capital lecturer to go to Massingham and Banole. I met the man in Liverpool, he had just come from America, an ex-priest, and a most intelligent fellow I found him. I was able to assist him with funds to enable him to publish a little pamphlet he wanted to publish—an account of his conversion—and it contains some of his experiences of Popery, all most interesting. We propose to distribute it gratis among the people at the lectures."

Ida's thoughts had wandered a little, for she was wondering if she could broach the subject uppermost in her mind, as she had no intention of delaying her inquiries.

"Father," she said after a pause, "I have been thinking a good deal about my mother, and I should so like to know more about her. It won't pain you, will it, telling me a little more than I know? For I can't help being interested."

"Why do you ask, Ida?" inquired Mr. Vanderman, and he frowned at the very unexpected demand.

"Because I want to know more. Was she English?" asked Ida, surprised at her own temerity. "I know hardly anything about her," she added in a pleading tone, "and it is natural I should care."

"It's a sore subject," said Mr. Vanderman shortly, and can't see the use of raising up the past—but if you particularly wish it— and he paused, himself feeling much stirred at the mention of the subject.

"Yes, father, I do; it has always been so strange this silence about her, and when I was a girl I always feel it—knowing nothing, and I longed and longed to ask you. Was she English?" "Her father was English, her mother Italian."

"She died soon after my birth, did she not?" "Yes, two months after it."

"What did she die of?" inquired Ida, finding it harder than she expected to do to put her father through this catechism.

"Her religion," answered he shortly. "Her abominable papistical notions—"

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they were the cause," he added in a tone of bitterness. "Then she was a Roman Catholic?" "Yes. How did you know anything about it?" "Because I was hunting to-day in some trunks in the lumber room for things I wanted for the tableaux for Arthur's birthday, and I came across some books and things."

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