

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

For all men all life is a series of testings; every day is a judgment day. The daily decisions of life test and attest us.

Jewels for the Mind. Longfellow once said to Mary Anderson: "see some good picture—in nature if possible, or on canvas—hear a page of the best music, or read a great poem daily."

Advice is hard to get. On this subject of advice, every sensible man desires it and seeks it—but the trouble is advice that is worth anything is hard to get.

Words of Cheer. Few people realize how much happiness may be promoted by a few words of cheer spoken in moments of despondency.

Men of Self-Control. How different is the outlook of a man who feels confident every morning that he is going to do a man's work, the very best that he is capable of, during the day!

Success and Failure. Success in the affairs of this world depends upon certain virtues and qualifications as well as favorable circumstances and a kind Providence.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. TARLTON. CONTINUED. "Here," cried he, returning in about five minutes, quite out of breath, "I've got the shuttlecock and I'll tell you what I've seen," cried he, panting for breath.

CONQUERING MOODS. If you are morose, moody, or despondent; if you have a habit of worrying or fretting about things, or any other fault which hinders your growth or progress, think persistently of opposite virtue and practice it until it is yours by force of habit.

Interpretation of the Holy Scriptures. The interpretation of the Holy Scriptures is a most important part of the education of the young.

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you will be surprised to see how all the ghosts of blackness and gloom—all thoughts which have worried and haunted you—have gone out of sight. They can not bear the light. Light, joy, gladness and harmony are your best protectors; discord, darkness and sickness can not exist where they are.

One of the brightest and most cheerful persons I ever knew told me that she was prone to fits of depression or "blues," but that she learned to conquer them by forcing herself to sing a bright, joyous song, or to play a lively air on the piano, wherever she felt an "attack" coming on.

Everything which depresses or arouses violent passions is a waste of mental force. Every time a wrong thought is indulged there is a waste of mental energy, of achievement-power. All wrong thinking is negative, and the mind can only create when it is positive and affirmatively.

There was a small window at the end of the back stair case, through which, between 9 and 10 o'clock at night, Tarlton, accompanied by Lovett and another boy, crept out. It was a moonlight night, and after crossing the lane and climbing the gate, directed by Lovett, they proceeded down the lane with rash, yet fearful steps.

How different is the outlook of a man who feels confident every morning that he is going to do a man's work, the very best that he is capable of, during the day! How superbly he carries himself who knows that he can work out the Creator's design each day, and has no fear, or doubt, or anxiety as to what he can accomplish!

Among the feverish rush and turmoil of modern life, the fierce competition, and the nerve-exhausting struggle for existence in which the majority are engaged, we see here and there serene souls who impress us with a sense of power, and of calm, unhesitating assurance, and who travel toward their goal with the rhythmic majesty of the stars.

Some time we shall all learn better than to harbor, even for an instant, any suicidal thought or emotion. We shall no more dream of entertaining thoughts of fear, envy, or jealousy, or worry, or fretful, or anxious thoughts than we would of entertaining thieves or murderers in our homes.

Every one was astonished that Hardy had not yet discovered their proceedings; but Lovett could not help suspecting that he was not so ignorant as he appeared to be.

"If I complain to their master," said he to himself, "they will certainly be flogged, and that I should certainly be sorry for; yet they must not be let to go on stealing; that would be worse still, for that would surely bring them to the gallows in the end. I will borrow Farmer Kent's dog, Barker, and chain him to the tree; he'll keep them off, I'll answer for it."

"Night came, and the boys returned at the usual hour. Grown bolder now by frequent success, they came on talking and laughing. But the moment they had set their foot in the garden, the dog started up, and shaking his chain as he sprang forward, barked with unremitting fury. They stood still, as if fixed to the spot. There was

just moonlight enough to see the dog; "Let us try the other side of the tree," said Tarlton. But to whichever side they turned, the dog flew round in an instant barking with increased fury.

"He'll break his chain and tear us to pieces," cried Tarlton; and, struck with terror, he immediately threw down the basket he had brought with him, and betook himself to flight. "Help me! help me! I can't get through the hedge," cried Lovett in a lamentable tone, whilst the dog growled hideously, and sprang forward to the extremity of his chain.

He called in vain: he was left to struggle through his difficulties by himself, and of all his dear friends, not one turned back to hold him. At last, torn and terrified, he got through the hedge and ran home, despising his companions for their selfishness. The next morning, he could not help reproaching the party with their conduct. "Why could not you, any of you, stay one minute to help me?" said he. "We did not hear you call," answered one. "I was so frightened," said another, "I would not have turned back for the whole world."

"And you, Tarlton?" "I had not enough to do to take care of myself, you blockhead? Everyone for himself in this world." "So I see," said Lovett, gravely. "Well, man! is there anything strange in that?" "Strange! why, yes; I thought you 'all loved me?'" "Lord, love you, lad! so we do; but we love ourselves better." "Hardly would not have served me so," said Lovett, turning away in disgust. Tarlton was alarmed. "Fugit!" said he, "what nonsense have you taken into your brain? We are all very sorry; come, shake hands, forgive and forget." Lovett gave his hand, but gave it rather coldly. "I forgive it," said he, "but I cannot forget it so soon." "Well, then come; you know at the bottom we all love you, and would do anything in the world for you." Poor Lovett, flattered in his foolish, began to believe that they did love him at the bottom, as they said, and even with his eyes open, consented again to be duped.

"Come, Lovett, lad, you're in for it; stand me up, and I'll stand by you." "Indeed, Tarlton," expostulated he, "I do wish you'd give up this scheme." "What scheme, man? you haven't heard it yet; you may as well know your text before you begin preaching." The corners of Lovett's mouth could not refuse a smile, though in his heart he felt not the slightest inclination to laugh. "Why, I don't know you, I declare I don't know you to-day," said Tarlton. "You used to be the best natured lad in the world, and would do anything one asked you; but you're quite altered of late. Come, do, man, pluck up a little spirit, and be one of us, or you'll make us all hate you."

"Hate me!" repeated Lovett, with terror; no, surely you won't all hate me," and he mechanically stretched out his hand, which Tarlton shook violently, saying, "Ah, now that's right!" "Ah, now that's wrong!" whispered Lovett's conscience; but his conscience was of no use to him, for it was always overpowered by the voice of numbers; and though he had the wish, he never had the power to do right.

The league being thus formed, Tarlton assumed all the airs of a commander, and laid the plan of attack upon the poor old man's apple-tree. It was the only one he had in the world. We shall not dwell upon their consultation, for the amusement of contriving such expeditions is often the chief thing which induces idle boys to engage in them.

After school in the evening, as he was standing silently beside Hardy, who was ruling a sheet of paper for him, Tarlton, in his brutal manner, came up, and seizing him by the arm, cried, "Come along with me, Lovett; I have something to say to you." "I can't come now, said Lovett, drawing away his arm. "Ah! do come now," said Tarlton, in a voice of persuasion. "Well, I'll come presently." "Nay, but do, pray; there's a good fellow, come now, because I've something to say to you."

"What is it you've got to say to me?" "I wish you'd let me alone," said Lovett; yet, at the same time, he suffered himself to be led away. Tarlton took particular pains to humor him and bring him into temper again; and even, though he was not very apt to part with his playthings, went so far as to say, "Lovett, the other day you wanted a top; I'll give you mine if you desire it." Lovett thanked him, and was overjoyed at the thought of possessing this top. "But what did you want to say to me just now?" "You know the dog that frightened us last night?" "Yes," "It will never frighten us again."

"Won't it? how so?" "Look here," said Tarlton, drawing from his pocket something wrapped in a blue handkerchief. "What's that?" Tarlton opened it. "Raw meat!" exclaimed Lovett. "How came you by that?" "Tom, the servant boy, Tom got it for me, and I'm to give him sixpence."

"And is it for the dog?" "Yes; I vowed I'd be revenged on him, and after all this he'll never bark again." "Never bark again! What do you mean? Is it poison?" exclaimed Lovett, starting back with horror. "Only poison for a dog," said Tarlton, confused; "you could not look more shocked if it was poison for a Christian."

"Lovett stood for nearly a minute in profound silence." "Tarlton," said he at last, in a changed tone and altered manner, "I did not know you; I will have no more to do with you." "Nay, but stay," said Tarlton, catching hold of his arm, "stay; I was only joking." "Let go my arm; you were in earnest."

"But then that was before I knew there was any harm. If you there's any harm—" "If," said Lovett, "Why you know I might not know; for Tom told me it's a thing that's often done; ask Tom." "I'll ask nobody! Surely, we know better what's right and wrong than Tom does." "But only just ask him, to hear what he'll say." "I don't want to hear what he'll say," cried Lovett, vehemently. "The dog will die in agonies—in horrid agonies, there was a dog poisoned at my father's—I saw him in the yard—poor creature! he lay and howled and writhed himself!" "Poor creature! well, there's no harm done now," cried Tarlton, in a hypocritical tone. But though he thought fit to dissemble with Lovett, he was thoroughly determined in his purpose.

Poor Lovett, in haste to get away, returned to his friend Hardy; but his mind was in such agitation, that he neither talked nor moved like himself; and two or three times his heart was so full that he was ready to burst into tears.

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TO BE CONTINUED.

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IMITATION OF CHRIST.

DISREGARDING ALL THINGS CREATED, THAT SO WE MAY FIND THE CREATOR. Lord, I stand much in need of a grace yet greater: If I must, arrive so far that it may not be in the power of any man nor anything created to hinder me.

For, as long as anything holds me, I cannot freely fly to Thee. He was desirous to fly freely to Thee Who said, Who will give me wings like a dove? and I will fly away and be at rest. (Ps. liv. 7.)

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