



CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Secret of Success.

It is not the tools that make the workman, but the trained skill and perseverance of the man himself. Some one asked Optic by what wonderful process he mixed his colors. "I mix them with my brain, sir," was the reply. It is the same with every workman who could excel.

Ferguson made marvelous things—such as his wooden clock, that actually measured the hours, by means of a common penknife, a tool in everybody's hand, but then, everybody is not a Ferguson.

A pan of water and two thermometers were the tools by which Dr. Black discovered latent heat; and a prism, a lens, and a sheet of pasteboard enabled Newton to unfold the composition of light and the origin of color.

An eminent foreign savant once called upon Dr. Wollaston and requested to be shown over his laboratory in which science had been enriched with so many important discoveries when the doctor took him into a little study, and pointed to an old tea tray on the table, containing a few watch glasses, test papers, a small balance, and a blowpipe, and said: "There is all the laboratory I have."

Stockhardt learned the art of combining colors by closely studying bird-terries' wings; he would often say no one knew how much he owed to these tiny insects.

A burnt stick and a barn door served Wilkie in lieu of pencil and canvas.

Bewick first practiced drawing on the cottage walls of his native village, which he covered with his sketches in chalk; and Benjamin West made his first brushes out of the cat's tail.

Ferguson laid himself down in the fields at night in a blanket, and made use of the heavenly bodies by means of a thread with small beads on it, stretched between his eyes and the stars.

Franklin first robbed the thunder-cloud of its lightning by means of a kite with two cross sticks and a silk handkerchief.

Watt made his first model of the condensing steam-engine out of an old anatomist's syringe used to inject the arteries previous to dissection.

Gifford worked his first problem in mathematics between cobbler's apprentice upon small scraps of leather which he beat smooth for the purpose, while Rittenhouse, the astronomer, first calculated eclipses on his plow handle.

—Catholic Mirror.

The Value of Initiative.

One of the finest qualities in a workman is this quality. One of the rarest in a servant in the house is the doing of things that need to be done without being told. Young men working their way through college are invariably if they have this quality. A tool is left out on the lawn; there is a nail on the fence; there is a lock broken from a door; there is a window-pane gone somewhere. The boy who attends to these things because they need attending to, without specific direction, is the boy who, other things being equal, is going to be in demand when he gets out into the great world, and it is the attention to little things and the habit of observation which sees what needs to be done and then does it, which makes exceedingly useful men, and there will always be a position for such persons. There will always be a call to come up higher. It is in one sense a small thing to do these little things without orders, but it is the doing of them that makes great captains, great engineers, great artists, great architects, great workers in any department, and it is the absence of this quality that makes commonplace men who will always have to live under the domination of petty orders, men who do nothing unless they are told to do it. It is this quality which makes volunteers in church work, and the invaluable men who do not have to be stood over. They are the persons who do not have to be watched.—Charles M. Sheldon in Western Watchman.

Strengtheners and Preservatives of Mind and Body.

If you do not want the years to count, look forward instead of backward, and put as much variety and as many interests into your life as possible. Monotony and lack of mental occupation are great age-producers. Ellen Terry and Sarah Bernhardt, "who seem to have the ageless brightness of the stars," attribute their youthfulness to action, change of thought and scene, and mental occupation. It is worth noting, too, that farmers who live so much outdoors, and in an environment much more healthful than that of the average brain worker, do not live so long as the latter.

When Solon, the Athenian sage, was asked the secret of his strength and youth, he replied that it was "learning something new every day." This belief was general among the ancient Greeks—that the secret of eternal youth is "to be always learning something new."

There is the basis of a great truth in the idea. It is healthful activity that strengthens and preserves the mind as well as the body and gives it youthful quickness and elasticity. So, if you would be young, in spite of the years, you must remain receptive to new thought and must grow broader in spirit, wider in sympathy, and more open to fresh revelations of truth as you travel farther on the road of life.

—Success.

Rules.

Most successful men have won success by hard work and strict honesty. You can do the same. Here are a dozen rules for getting on in the world:

1. Be honest. Dishonesty seldom makes one rich, and when it does riches are a curse. There is no such thing as dishonest success.
2. Work. The world is not going to pay for nothing. Ninety per cent. of what men call genius is only talent for hard work.
3. Enter into that business you like best and for which nature seems to have fitted you, provided it is honorable.
4. Be independent. Do not lean on

others to do your thinking or to conquer difficulties.

5. Be conscientious in the discharge of every duty. Do your work thoroughly. No boy can rise who slights his work.

6. Don't begin at the top. Begin at the bottom and you will have a chance to rise, and will be surer of reaching the top some time.

7. Trust to nothing but God and hard work. Inscribe on your banner "Luck is a fool's pluck is a hero."

8. Be punctual. Keep your appointment. Be there a minute before time, even if you have to lose your dinner to do it.

9. Be polite. Every smile, every gentle bow is money in your pocket.

10. Be generous. Meanness makes enemies and breeds distrust.

11. Spend less than you earn.

12. Be obedient in all lawful things to your superiors.

Good Deeds.

Let us learn a lesson from Christ's heroic conduct. Let us never hesitate to perform a good deed, even though we foresee that it will involve us in suffering and humiliation.

Many a man whose life has had in it a good deal of trouble and opposition would have saved much if he had learned in his childhood the lesson of "keep still." If the hard knocks hurt it will make it easier to make an angry reply. If you do not answer at all it stops right there; if your tongue cannot be restrained nobody knows what the result may be. You will find again and again that the way to keep out of trouble is to keep still.

—Our Young People.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Best Prize of All.

James Norris was a little Scotch laddie, who came all the way from his far-away home—beyond the great ocean—to his uncle's home in America alone. He was only eight years old when a low fever carried off both father and mother in a single week. After they were buried, neighbors wrote to Jamie's uncle and asked what was to be done with the orphaned boy. "Tag him for Baxter, Ill., U. S. A., and ship him by express to me," was the reply. So, after a fortnight's journey he reached the station to which he had been shipped, and was taken in charge by his uncle, who was waiting for his arrival.

James was homesick and tired after his long trip, but he was a brave little fellow and winked back his tears when his aunt kissed him and welcomed him to the prairie home. There were three children in the Norris home—Bruce aged eleven; Francis, ten, and little Jean, just Jimmie's own age.

It was on Saturday that he completed his long journey, and on Monday he went with his cousins to the village school. The boys laughed at his Scotch plaidie and mimicked his Highland brogue, but he walked off, knowing very well that he was too small to defend himself from their rudeness, and that it was better to endure their taunts quietly than be worsted in a fight.

In the evening when the roll was called Jamie observed that most of the scholars answered "merit," a few said "demerit" when their names were called, but not understanding what they meant by the answers, when they came to "Jamie Norris," he simply replied "Here," as he had been accustomed to do in the little school across the big waters.

"Are you 'merit' or 'demerit'?" asked the teacher, glancing up from her daybook; and when Jamie said he did not know what was meant by these answers, she explained: "If you haven't whispered one word during study hours, answer 'merit,' but if you have, 'demerit.'"

"Then 'I'm 'demerit,'" replied Jamie, "for I whispered several times."

"How often?" questioned the teacher.

"I don't know," Jamie returned quietly.

"As many as two?" urged the teacher.

"More than that," said Jamie.

"Three, four or five?" asked Miss Ray.

"More than that," was the answer.

"Six, eight or ten times, I suspect."

"I didn't know the rule, and so I didn't keep count."

Then I'll have to give you zero," said the teacher, sternly. "You ought to know not to whisper in school, even if you were not told."

"You're a gilly to tell," said Bruce on the way home in the evening.

"But I did talk, even so much," insisted Jamie. "What else could I do but tell?"

"Why, answer 'merit' like the rest of us, of course. The teacher didn't see you, and it'll spoil your report dreadfully. Just think of it, zero the first day! Father will think it is awful. He always wishes us to get merit."

"Not if you do not deserve it," Jamie returned. "And I can't see what difference it makes whether the teacher saw me or not. I saw myself, and that's the same."

"No, it isn't," contradicted Bruce. "That sort of whispering doesn't count and in the future answer like I do. Why, we all do that kind of talking. Making signs and writing notes aren't talking."

"But they are breaking the rule, and that's the same," persisted Jamie. "I'll try to keep from breaking the rule after this, but I forgot, I'll not answer 'merit.'"

And he held to his resolution despite the twitting of the scholars about his soft conscience and big "demerits."

were to be distributed on the closing day of the term, and, as usual, much interest was felt in the outcome of the contest.

In the award Jamie's name was not mentioned at all, but after the result of the winter's contest had been announced and the prizes distributed the president of the board, who had been spokesman on the occasion, said: "I have another prize to bestow to-night—one not mentioned in the list of honors. It is a gold medal, and goes to Jamie Norris, the boy who always prides 'demerits' to untruths, and in consequence carries away a report below the average, though, according to the teacher's estimation, in both work and conduct he stands higher than any pupil in the school."—The True Voice.

The Kaiser and the Little Girl.

A pretty story is told of Kaiser William I., the grandfather of the present German Emperor, which deserves to be remembered.

The Emperor visited a certain village, and the school children of the place took a prominent part in the reception which was given him. After it was over his majesty thanked the little ones for the pleasure they had given him, and then began to ask them some questions. Taking up an orange in his hands, he held it up and asked: "To what kingdom does this belong?"

"To the vegetable kingdom, Mr. Emperor," answered a little girl.

His majesty then took a gold piece from his pocket. "And to what kingdom does this belong?" he inquired.

"To the mineral kingdom, Mr. Emperor," said the child.

"And to what kingdom do I belong?" asked his majesty.

Jeremy Taylor, of Pater, even of Stevenson; but this is a slow and elaborate construction, pinched and pulled this way and that; and it is like some gorgeous picture, of stately persons in seemingly and resplendent dress, with magnificent wrought backgrounds of great buildings and curious garb. But the work of Newman and of Ruskin is a white art, like the art of sculpture.

I find myself every year desiring and admiring this kind of lucidity and purity more and more. It seems to me that the only function of a writer is to express obscure, difficult and subtle thought easily, but there are writers, like Browning and George Meredith, who seem to hold it a virtue to express simple thoughts obscurely. Such writers have a wide vogue, because so many people do not value a thought unless they can feel a certain glow of satisfaction in having grasped it; and to have disentangled a web of words, and to find the bright thing lying within, gives them a pleasing feeling of conquest, and, moreover, stamps the thought in their memory. But such readers have not the root of the matter in them; the true attitude is the attitude of desiring to apprehend, to progress to feel. The readers who delight in obscurity, to whom obscurity seems to enhance the value of the thing apprehended, are mixing with the intellectual process a sort of acquisitive and commercial instinct very dear to the British heart. These bewildering and bewildered Browning societies, who find themselves upon Ruskin, are infected unconsciously with a virtuous craving for "taking higher ground."

Sordello contains many beautiful things, but by omitting the necessary steps in argument, and by speaking of one thing allusively in terms of another, and by a profound desultoriness of thought, the poet produces a blurred and tangled impression. The beauties of Sordello would not lose by being expressed coherently and connectedly.

It is the one thing that I try with all my might to impress on boys; that the essence of all style is to say what you mean as forcibly as possible; the bare of classical teaching is that the essence of successful composition is held to be to "get in" words and phrases; it is not a bad training, so long as it is realized to be only a training, in obtaining a rich and flexible vocabulary so that the writer has a choice of words and the right word comes at call. But this is not made clear in education, and the result on many minds is that they suppose that the essence of good writing is to search diligently for sparkling words and sonorous phrases, and then

Little Kindnesses.

Little every-day acts of kindness—what a power they are! The thoughtful, cheerful word at home, the encouraging word to a friend, the smile that gladdens, the little assistance given regularly for the poor, and the reading matter sent them—all these seemingly little things make our lives broader, our sympathies deeper and our minds better and sweeter.

Then there is the visit to the sick, the few flowers given them now and then, the letter of congratulation or condolence, all proving the truly Christian, thoughtful heart. A helpful life is a happy, useful life, while a selfish existence, even though it be surrounded with luxuries, has nothing to beautify or elevate it.

The reason why so few of us do much good is because we do not understand our limitations, which we can make broad only for the trying. We set too small a value on little things, not knowing that they make up our lives and influence them for better or worse.

—Catholic Citizen.

An Old Story.

It is an old story, but it is a good one. A father told his son that whenever he did wrong he should drive a nail into the door of the woodshed. The door began to fill up very fast, and a great many nails were being used—heaps of them, in fact. The boy did not like the appearance of the nail-studded door, and told his father so.

"Well," said his father, "now every time you are obliged to speak a kind word, I'll draw one of the nails out."

So it went on for some time, till at last the son with a good glad heart called his father to draw the last nail. Out it came.

"Oh, I'm so glad, father!" said the boy; and then, the pitted-looking door catching his eye, he added a little sadly: "But the marks are there!"

"Yes," said his father, "and so it is with our evil deeds; they leave marks that linger long upon our characters and lives. We ought to try to escape not only the wounds, but the scars that are left after the wounds have healed; and the only way to do this is to avoid the wounds."

A Strength and a Defense.

The spirit of cheerfulness is sometimes the result of a happy temperament whose nerves have not been disturbed by loss, sickness, or calamity. Sometimes it is the abundance of youth still finding a surplus of vigor after the coils of the day. Sometimes it is the expression of character which from the reserves of its own nature and experience is able to preserve a cheerful disposition under even the most discouraging circumstances and face life always with hope and good cheer. Such a character is a strength and a defense not only to her who has it, but to all her associates and to all who feel her influence. They are the watch-towers of humanity, whose lights shine through the dark night of human struggle and whose word is an inspiration of hope and encouragement.

Communion of the Sick.

Some doubt seems to have arisen over the interpretation of the decree allowing invalids under certain circumstances to take drink before receiving Holy Communion. Rome is informed on good, but not on official authority, that "potus" in this case must be taken to include all kinds of liquid nourishment—soup, chocolate, beaten eggs, etc. The reason of the privilege is to allow the sick person to take nutrition to enable him or her to receive Holy Communion and its scope would not be fulfilled were the "potus" to be limited to water.

If you let the Holy Ghost work in your hearts, He will bring forth in you all His fruits that make you perfect towards God, towards yourself, and towards your neighbor.

NEWMAN'S STYLE.

I have been going through Newman's Apologia for the twentieth time, and as usual have fallen completely under the spell of that incomparable style; its perfect lucidity, showing the very shape of the thought with n, its simplicity (not in Newman's case, I think, the result of labor, but of pure instinctive grace), its appositeness, its dignity, its music. I oscillate between supreme contentment as a reader, and envious despair as a writer; it fills one's mind up slowly and richly, as honey fills a vase from some gently tilted bowl. There is no sense of elaborateness about the book; it was written swiftly and easily out of a full heart; then it is such a revelation of a human spirit, a spirit so innocent and devoted and tender, and, moreover, charged with a sweet naive egotism as of a child. It was written, as Newman himself said, in tears; but I do not think they were tears of bitterness, but a half luxurious sorrow, the pathos of the past and its heaviness, viewed from a quiet haven.

To revert to Newman's literary genius, he seems to me to be one of the few masters of English prose. I used to think, in old university days, that Newman's style was best tested by the fact that if one had a piece of his writing to turn into Latin prose, the more he studied it, turned it over and over, the more masterly did it become, because it was not so much the expression of a thought as the thought itself taking shape in a perfectly pure medium of language. Bunyan had the same gift; of later authors, Ruskin had it very strongly, and Matthew Arnold in a lesser degree. There is another species of beautiful prose, the prose of Jeremy Taylor, of Pater, even of Stevenson; but this is a slow and elaborate construction, pinched and pulled this way and that; and it is like some gorgeous picture, of stately persons in seemingly and resplendent dress, with magnificent wrought backgrounds of great buildings and curious garb. But the work of Newman and of Ruskin is a white art, like the art of sculpture.

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patch them into a droller fabric.—The Upton Letters, by Arthur Christopher Benson.

THE MIDNIGHT VIGIL OF BISHOP VAUGHAN.

It is to the cathedral of that diocese of Salford which Bishop Vaughan ruled so well that memory throws back for second "twilight" adventure though, by the clock it befell at dead of night. A priest was removing the Blessed Sacrament from the tabernacle in order to administer the Viaticum to a dying parishioner. No clerical reader need be reminded that the rubric strictly commands two candles to be lit for this purpose. In his great haste the priest lit but one, and, as he genuflected before the open tabernacle, was terrified to hear a strong voice call out from the black body of the chancel, "Light two candles please!" The commission of a fault against obedience and its instantaneous rebuke so frightened the good man that he was relieved rather than concerned when he found that the speaker was Bishop Vaughan, who was spending a night of sleeplessness and pain before the Blessed Sacrament.—John Kevin Magner in May Donahue's.

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