

CHATS WITH YOUNG N.

Studies One Can Take Alone. People who have a little income and feel their lack of education can make wonderful strides in a year by putting themselves under good tutors, who will direct their reading and study in different lines.

The danger of trying to educate oneself in a desultory, disconnected, aimless way, which does not give any thing like the benefit gained from the pursuit of a definite self-improvement programme. A person who wishes to educate himself at home should get some competent, well-trained person to lay out a plan for him, which can be effectively done when the adviser knows the vocation, the tastes and the needs of the would-be student.

There is one special advantage in self-education, and that is, you can adapt your studies to your particular needs better than you can in school or college. Everyone who reaches middle life without an education should read and study a great deal along the line of his vocation, and then broaden himself out as much as possible by reading in other lines.

One can take up, alone, many studies, such as history, English literature, rhetoric, drawing, mathematics, and can also acquire, alone, a reading knowledge of foreign languages, almost as effectively as with a teacher. Nothing else will so easily give a person the appearance of having general culture and of being well-read as good knowledge of history.

The daily storing up of valuable information for use later in life, the reading of books that will inspire and stimulate to greater endeavor, the constant effort to improve oneself and one's condition in the world, is worth far more than a bank account to a youth.

How many girls there are in this country who feel crippled by the fact that they have not been able to go to college. And yet they have the time and the material close at hand for obtaining a splendid education, but they waste their talents and opportunities in frivolous amusements and things which do not count in forceful character-building.

It is not such a very great undertaking to get all the essentials of a college course at home, or at least a fair substitute for it. Every hour in which one focuses his mind vigorously upon his studies at home may be almost as beneficial as the same time spent in college.

Every well-ordered household ought to protect the time of those who desire to study at home. At a fixed time in the long winter evenings there should be by common consent a quiet hour for mental concentration, for what is worth while in mental discipline, a quiet time uninterupted by the calls of the day.

In thousands of homes, where the members are devoted to one another, and should encourage and help each other along, it is made almost impossible for any one to take up reading, studying, or any exercise for self-improvement.

Perhaps, those who have nothing in common with your aims or your earnest life, drop in to spend an evening in idle chatter. They have no ideals outside of the bread-and-butter and amusements questions.

education. There are tens of thousands of clerks and employees of all kinds—even mill operatives—who are taking courses in these schools, many of them with almost incredible results. Students have found that their education paid them a thousand per cent. on their investment. It has saved them years of drudgery and has shortened the road to their goal wonderfully.

Wisdom will not open her doors to those who are not willing to pay the price in self-sacrifice, in hard work. Her jewels are too precious to scatter before the idle, the ambitiousless.

Charles Wagner once wrote to an American regarding his little boy, "May he know the price of the hours. God bless the rising boy who will do his best, for never losing a bit of the precious and God-given time."

The very resolution to redeem yourself from ignorance at any cost is the first great step toward gaining an education. There is untold wealth locked up in the long winter evenings and odd moments ahead of you. A great opportunity confronts you, what will you do with it?—O. S. M., in Success.

Little Things. The little things in this world often count for much. As we produce happiness in those around us by little acts of kindness, so we can make ourselves and those around us miserable by small acts of meanness. Henry Ward Beecher says:

You need not break the glasses of a telescope, or coat them ever with paint in order to prevent you from seeing through them. Just breathe upon them and the dew of your breath will shut out all the stars. So it does not require great crimes to hide the light of God's countenance. Little faults can do it just as well.

Take a shield and cast a spear upon it, and it will leave in it one great dent. Prick it all over with a million little needle shafts, and they will take the polish from it far more than the piercing of the spear. So it is not so much the great sins which take the freshness from our consciences, as the numberless petty faults that we are all the while committing.—Young People.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. Cardinal Gibbons to the Children. On a recent Sunday Cardinal Gibbons preached to the children in Baltimore. We hope our boys and girls will read carefully the following beautiful extract from the discourse:

The words of St. Paul may apply to you; you are the temple of the living God, and the spirit of God dwelleth within you. Where the spirit of God is there is liberty. They also enjoy the glorious liberty of the children of God who possess the spirit of God; the heart that is united with God. You would like to know how to ascertain whether the Holy Spirit dwells within you. There are certain marks and certain signs by which we can ascertain whether or not we possess the Spirit of God. As we know the tree by its fruit—so we know the presence of the Holy Spirit by His operation within us.

Now, children, the Spirit of God is first of all the spirit of prayer. The man who has the Spirit of God is a man of prayer; he leans upon God. He does not desert human energy or human effort, but he has his confidence and trust in God, and, in every emergency, has recourse to Divine power; so that the man of God, the woman of God will spontaneously lift up their hearts to God in every temptation.

Be honest, boys and girls, in all your dealing. Never let the least crookedness enter into your life. Be honest with yourself. Too many people try to deceive themselves. Let there be no dark corner in your heart into which you do not wish to let God's light. Let there be no secret chamber into which you are afraid to enter to note what it contains. Young people get the habit of being untrue to themselves, of shunning whatever is painful or unpleasant. They strive to satisfy themselves that everything is all right, yet their conscience troubles them, and they are afraid to look into the matter to see how they stand. A good examination of conscience in God's holy presence would be very helpful in clearing away the cloud that may harbor a great deal of dishonesty. Be honest with your neighbor. In all your dealings be open, clear, above board. Let the truth shine out in your words, be seen on your countenance, and evidenced in your acts. Men will respect you; your reputation for integrity will be established; and the nobility of your honesty will meet in this life with a great reward.

beasts it is right and just.—True Voice. Little Kindnesses. Little everyday 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 wiser.

Then there is the visit to the sick, the 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 good 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.—True Voice.

The cheerful face. Next to the sunlight of heaven is the cheerful face. There is no mistaking it. The bright eye, the unclouded brow, the sunny smile, all tell of that which dwells within. Who has not felt its electrifying influence? One glance at this face lifts us out of the mists and shadows into the beautiful realms of hope. One cheerful face in the household will keep everything warm and light within. It may be a very plain face, but there is something in it we feel, but cannot express, and its cheerful smile sends the blood dancing through the veins for very joy.

IN MEMORIAM ETERNAM. We justly praise the living when they are worthy by their character and their deeds, but we often forget the dead, and what they were and what they did. "Out of sight, out of mind," is oftenest the case with regard to those on whom the shades of death have fallen; and yet justice to their memory demands that they be not forgotten, when they made the world the better for their dwelling in it. God's ways should be our ways, His grace aiding us; and so we should of His ways through the psalmist, "The just shall be in eternal remembrance."

What is noble in a man is always noble; what is beautiful in character is ever worthy of admiration, and though the possessor of these qualities may no longer be present among men, still they live eternally in him because of his immortality. They have their due, but we often forget the dead, just as if they were still among the living. They are remembered in many cases in a way, for example, by some few words on a tombstone, or if they be among the more illustrious, by some few words in print. Still how sorry the memory and how useless the encomium. The marble tablet is seldom seen, and the book or pamphlet grows dusty on the shelves of neglected libraries, and soon the memory of the good and the great and what they did and said pass into oblivion. How forcibly the words of Shakespeare come to the mind wherein the grave-digger, to Hamlet's query, replies that an ordinary man's memory may last six months and a good man's two years, but if it is to last longer, then "Faith, he must be christened!" It is evident, then, that the praise of the Church best kept the recollection of the departed, and honored their names and works, especially those done in her behalf, by her continuous and effectual remembrances. And what the Church, the mother of all the faithful does, the same should do all her children, notwithstanding the neglect of the rest of men. The nearer are the dead to us by ties of blood and friendship, the better and oftener they should be remembered. The good deeds of father, mother, sisters and brothers should ever be in the halls of our memory to urge our emulation. With them we were in their life's brief span, and we should remember the possibility of our meeting them again where death is no more—in that heaven, let us hope, for which all men were created.

How many the things men treasure as souvenirs. These they hope may serve them to renew the recollection of places and scenes and persons and pleasures when they meet with life's journey. Yet often how insignificant and fading are they! Stick or stone, perhaps of no value; a leaf or flower that has faded; some little scrap of writing, such as one's card, or some picture of a person whose name is long since forgotten. How vain are these in comparison with the recollection of the beautiful and noble deeds of worthy lives, and in this class one need not to have been of them whom the world calls great, for the good are the greatest of the great and their memory never should be allowed to perish. They are the most precious souvenirs of life and should be treasured by their devoted children as heirlooms greater than lands or gold and silver, and used as the means to urge them to be their worthy offspring.

The simple life is the true life, and the simple, unadorned manners of the parent leave their impress upon the child and are, if he be true to his training, great factors in developing him to upright, honest manhood. How sacred are the memories that arise from the Christian parent, and how they should be remembered and revered for the good influence they may have on us. The father's encouraging word and smiling look, the mother's cherishing smile and tender, sympathetic glance, are the undying recollections of a love divine that attend one on his way through life and help him reach the goal whence their joy began. The deeds of sacrifice, too, in toil and trials often undergone by parent for child can never be requited, save by the child's endeavor to cast honor a hundred fold on father and mother and his own career. It is this, then, that is the best part of remembering our ancestors, the good that comes by its re-acting on ourselves. From early youth we strive to imitate them, to catch their spirit; and as life runs on we endeavor to repeat their deeds and to have their lives lived over again in our own. In this way one carries out the divine plan which bids, "Honor thy father and mother that thy days be long on the land which the Lord thy God will give thee," and whether father or mother still live, or are gone to their eternal reward, we still keep the position and the spirit of children towards them and would do naught but what they would approve and attempt nothing without invoking their blessing. Respect such as this and reverence so sweet go not without their reward. Our heavenly Father pours out His blessing and gives of His bounty to filial piety, and the son or daughter exercising it shows himself or herself worthy of honor, and generally receives the same in return from their own children and kindred, and from all who witness it.

Let, then, the true spirit prevail, which in the spirit exemplified by Christ our model. We recall His love for His Father and the union that existed between them, and this I love and union He would have exist in all Christian families, for I said "Be ye one as the Father and I are one." Let this unity be preserved by grateful children in following in the way of the good parents that bore them, and this shall be an honor to them and an honor to themselves—"In memoriam eternam."—Bishop Colton in Catholic Union and Times.

A HEROINE IN THE HABIT. Some years ago in a city in France all the soldiers were drawn up on the plaza. A woman in the habit of charity was called out in front of the governor general and this is what he said: "Mother Mary Teresa, when you were twenty years of age you received a wound from a cannon ball while assisting one of the wounded on the field at Balaklava. In 1859 the shell from a mitrailleuse laid you prostrate in the front ranks on the battlefield of Magenta. Since then you have been in Syria, in China and in Mexico, and if you were not wounded it was not because you have not exposed yourself. "In 1870 you were taken up in Rheims covered with many sabre wounds. Such deeds of heroism you crowned a few weeks ago with one of the most heroic actions which history records. A grenade fell upon the ambulance which was under your charge. You took up the grenade in

your arms; you smiled upon the wounded who looked at you with feelings of dismay, you carried it a distance of eighty meters. On laying it down you noticed that it was a gaging burst. You threw yourself on the ground; it burst. You were seen covered with blood but when persons came to your assistance you rose up smiling as if your wound were scarcely recovered from your wound when you returned to the hospital whence I have now summoned you."

Then the general made her kneel down, and, drawing his sword towards her lightly with it three times on the shoulder and placed the cross of the Legion of Honor on her habit saying: "I put upon you the cross of the brave in the name of the French people and army. No one has gained it by more deeds of heroism nor by a life so completely spent in self-abnegation for the benefit of your brothers and the service of your country, Soldiers, present arms!"

The troops saluted, the drums and bugles rang out, the air was filled with loud acclamations and all was jubilation and excitement as Mother Teresa arose her face suffused with blushes and asked: "General, are you done?" "Yes," he said. "Then I will go back to the hospital."—From "The Companionship of Books," by Frederic Rowland Marvin.

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC. Was in Untold Misery. I should have written before now about that precious Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic, but I thought I would first see what effect it would have. I have used only one bottle this time and am happy to state that I have improved wonderfully. I was not able to leave my bed and could not sleep nor eat, and was in untold misery. Now I can sleep the whole night and am feeling better, and getting stronger every day. Had it not been for my faith in Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic my life would be too much to bear for the last while, but having used it before I know its value too well to doubt the God-sent relief it brings. Would that the world knew more about it, for it is just wonderful. MAGGIE McDONALD.

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