

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The Model of Your Ideal.

A sacred thing, this, approaching the uncut marble of life. We cannot afford to strike any false blows which might mar the angel that sleeps in the stone; for the image we produce must represent our life work.

It always pains me to see a young person approaching his life work with carelessness and indifference, as though it did not make much difference to him how he did his work if he only got through with it and got his pay for it.

The part of our life work which gives us a living, which provides the bread and butter and clothes and houses and shelter, is merely incidental to the great disciplinary, educative phase of it—the self-unfolding, it is a question of how large and how grand a man or woman you can bring out of your vocation, not how much money there is in it.

Your life-work is your statue. You cannot get away from it. It is beautiful or hideous, lovely or ugly, inspiring or depressing, as you make it. It will elevate or degrade. You can no more get away from it than you can, of your own volition, rise from the earth.

Every errand you do, every letter you write, every piece of merchandise you sell, every conversation, every thought of yours—everything you do or think is a blow of the chisel which marks or beautifies the statue.

The attitude of mind with which we perform our life work colors the whole career and determines the quality of the destiny.

It is the lofty ideal that redeems the life from the curse of commonness, and imparts a touch of nobility to every calling. But a low, sordid aim will take the dignity out of any occupation.

When a Man Grows. Every little while I meet young men who dislike to tell what their vocation is. They seem ashamed of what they are doing. One young man I met some time ago, very reluctantly told me that he was a bar-tender in a large saloon.

I asked him how long he had been there, and he said about six years. He said he hated the business; it was degrading; but that he was making pretty good money, and just as soon as he could get enough laid up, so that he could afford it, he was going to quit and go into something else.

Now, this young man had been deceiving himself for years by thinking that he was doing pretty well, and that he would soon leave the business.

There is something very demoralizing to the whole nature in doing that against which the better self protests. An effort to reconcile the ideal with that which we cannot respect is fatal to all growth. This is the reason why men shrivel and shrink, instead of expanding, when they are out of place.

A man does not grow when a large part of him is entering its protest against his work. A volunteer makes a better soldier than a drafted man.

Senator Allison's Long Loan. Whether Ohio be the "Mother of Presidents," or not—that State can boast of something equally unique—a citizen who believes in returning borrowed books. And thereby hangs a tale.

Senator Allison was busy in the private room of the Senate Appropriations Committee when it was announced that a gentleman was in the outer room, who desired to see him.

The Senator appeared at once, to meet the outstretched hand of an entire stranger, a good-looking young man from Ohio, the Senator's native State.

"What can I do for you?" said the Senator perfunctorily, but with the usual kindly manner that makes a man think he has not intruded so very much after all.

"I have merely called to pay my respects, as I am making my first visit to Washington," the young man replied, then added, "and to return some of your property," taking from his pocket at the same time, a very ancient and well-thumbed but nicely preserved volume, and handing it to Mr. Allison.

It was a copy of the poems of Robert Burns, which the Senator could not remember to have possessed. But, nevertheless, on a fly leaf, written in a business hand which betrayed some of the characteristics of his present autobiography, was that most potent autograph: "W. B. Allison."

"I do not remember this copy of Burns. But this is my name," assented the Senator.

When you and my grandfather were boys together, you loaned this book to him," explained the visitor, and then added, with a twinkle in his eye: "I thought it was time that even a book that had been so kindly loaned, should be returned."—O. S. M., in Successor.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Bishop's Motto.

The late Bishop of Ratisbon, had for his coat-of-arms, two fieldfares, with the motto, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?" This strange motto had been excited attention, and many of his friends wished to know its origin, as it was said that the good Bishop had chosen it for himself, and that it bore reference to some event in his early life.

To an intimate friend the Bishop told the following story: "Fifty or sixty years ago, a little boy lived in a little village on the banks of the Danube. His parents were very poor, and almost as soon as the boy could walk he was sent into the woods to pick up sticks of wood for fuel. When he grew older, his father taught him to pick berries and sell them.

Day by day the poor boy went to his task, and on the road he passed by the open windows of a village school where he saw the school-master teaching a number of boys about the same age as himself.

One day, when he was walking sadly along, he saw two of the boys belonging to the school, trying to set a bird-trap, and he asked one of them what it was for? The boys told him that the school-master was very fond of fieldfares, and that they were setting the trap to catch some. This delighted the poor boy, for he recollected that he had often seen a great number of these birds in the woods, where they came to eat the berries, and he had no doubt but he could catch some.

The next day the little boy borrowed an old basket of his mother, and when he went to the woods he succeeded, to his great delight, in catching two fieldfares. He put them into the covered basket, and took them to the school-master's house.

"A present, my good boy," cried the school-master; "you do not look as if you could afford to make a present. Tell me your price and I will pay you, and also thank you."

"I would rather give them to you, sir, if you please," said the boy.

The school-master looked at the boy as he stood before him, with bare head and feet, and ragged clothes. "You are a very singular boy," said he, "but if you will not take the money, you must tell me what I can do for you, as I cannot accept your present without doing something for it in return. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Oh, yes!" said the boy, trembling with delight; "you can do something for me."

"Teach me how to read," cried the boy, falling on his knees, "oh, dear, kind sir, teach me how to read!"

The school-master agreed to this. The boy came to him at all his leisure hours, and learned so rapidly that the school-master mentioned him to a rich nobleman who lived in the neighborhood. This gentleman, who was as noble in mind as in birth, kindly befriended the poor boy, and sent him to school. The boy profited by his opportunities, and when he became a Bishop, he adopted two fieldfares as his coat-of-arms.

"What do you mean?" cried the Bishop's friend.

"I mean," replied the Bishop with a smile, "that the boy was myself."—W. M. F., in Our Young People.

Helping Others. "I'll help you! I'd just like to!" "You must let me be! I don't want any of your help!"

The lad stood with half a dozen of the potatoes in his hand. They had rolled from the old lady's basket when the handle broke and they all went scattering about the walk. For a moment Ned stood there with his hands full of the potatoes, saying nothing.

"I've had boys offer to help me before now, and when I got 'em all back in the basket, there wasn't half as many as I had to begin with. I can pick 'em up myself!"

Ned reached out his hands. "Let me put these in, anyway. It is too bad the handle broke! We can take it up and carry it that way." And he held the basket up under his arm to show the old lady just what he meant.

"Oh, I'll get along all right. I'm used to having things fall all to pieces. Nothing new to me!"

She laughed a little now as she kept on scrubbing the potatoes on the walk. Ned put the basket down and went on gathering up as many of them as he could. Something had happened that did not make it necessary for him to urge the case any farther. Was it the tone of the voice? Or was it the honest, manly look in Ned's face? Finally the potatoes were all gathered up. Ned took the basket up under his arm.

"You are going this way? It's my way, too. Let me carry it as far as I go." So they walked side by side, talking as they went, till the home was reached. As Ned passed on, from the lips of the poor old lady the words fell: "He really wanted to help me, didn't he? He said so, and he did it. That's what counts!"

get anybody to do even the simplest things really well, and to keep on doing them so; and I do love to meet people who do the work they have to do, no matter what it may be, thoroughly, and who have, besides, the sense and nerve to keep at it that way steadily.

It is a positive delight to me to find a boy that makes a good job of sweeping out the store, who is not satisfied with giving it a lick and a promise—sweeping out the thick of it from the middle of the floor—but who digs into the corners and sweeps clean along the edges and makes a good, thorough, workmanlike job of it all through.

Now, that sort of job of sweeping is a positive help to the business; it makes the store attractive. It actually gets into the atmosphere of the place and helps to draw people who would as surely be repelled; it not driven away by a store stinkily kept. And now suppose this boy keeps right on so, unflinchingly; suppose he shows that he's really got the stuff in him; why, he gets the first chance there is for a top job, for the demand for men who can do things is greater than the supply, and then if he will only keep on doing things the way he began, he's got his future in his own hands.

"What is true of the boy sweeping the store is equally true of every other boy, in whatever work he may be doing, absolutely; for the whole secret of success lies in doing whatever your hands find to do well and faithfully."

"This is an old, old, old story I know, but there's a fresh crop of boys coming into the field daily, to whom, ever, it must be new; and if but one of each day's crop would take the old story to heart, the world in general would be better off and the boy himself would profit by it greatly."

A TOUCHING STORY. HOW ARCHBISHOP BLENK WELCOMED EXILED BENEDECTINE NUNS TO HIS DIOCESE.

The burning of St. Joseph's Monastery and College, near Covington, Louisiana, on November 20, was a sad blow to the Benedictine Order in that State. The total loss on the buildings is estimated at \$75,000, while the vestments, valuable library of fifteen thousand volumes, furniture, etc., will foot up about \$25,000 more. In the library were rare vellum volumes and old manuscripts that can never be replaced, and many volumes that cannot be procured on this side of the Atlantic.

Brother Joseph A. Buch, who perished in the flames, was assistant librarian of the college and professor of French, Italian and mathematics. He was a native of Alsace Lorraine, and was forty years of age. He had been a school Brother in France for about twenty years and about three years ago came to St. Joseph's Monastery and began his studies for the priesthood. His death is a great loss to the order.

To none did the fire mean greater disaster than to the band of exiled Benedictine Sisters from France, who had found through the nobility and charity of the Right Rev. Abbot Paul a home and work on the college grounds. These good and noble women, in number, landed in America friendless and penniless. Abbot Paul offered them a building on the college grounds, explaining that their special work would be the management of the household and culinary department of the college, the proper care of the student's clothes etc.

"It is well known, however," says the Morning Star, of New Orleans, "that no religious community can locate permanently in any diocese without the consent and approval of the Bishop. At this time the successor to the lamented Archbishop Chapelle had not yet been appointed. In prayer and trepidation the faithful band of exiles awaited the coming of his successor, hoping that he would permit them to continue the work they had begun at the monastery, and at length accumulate enough through their personal efforts wherewith to erect a home for themselves.

"One of the first visits of Archbishop Blekn after his appointment as the head of this great archdiocese was to St. Joseph's Monastery. In company with the abbot the Archbishop visited the temporary shelter of the nuns. In tears and sorrow they told the story of their magnificent convent in France, the great numbers of their community, how the ruthless hand of the French infidel Government was laid upon them, and they were sent forth homeless, penniless and exiles. They fell on their knees and begged the Archbishop to let them stay in his diocese and rear their young ones."

The great heart of the Archbishop was touched; the tears welled up in his eyes as he said: "Rise, my daughters! France may send you out, poor helpless women, without a home, without a refuge, but here in free America you shall have a home. You can remain in my diocese, and I will be your father and friend. God forbid that I, to whom has been entrusted the care of souls

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And it is what counts. In this world there is not so very much more need for societies and bands and associations that talk about doing wonderful things, but there is a great need of boys and girls, and perhaps just as many older people, too—who really want to help! Plenty of room to help everywhere! You can hardly turn about when you are out in the world that you do not meet someone who really stands in need of a helping hand. Here they are, tugging their heavy loads along or stopping to pick up the potatoes from their broken baskets; and so few that will stop to lift at one corner of the burden or bend the back to pick up the fallen potatoes!

It is fine to think about doing nice helpful things. So stop long enough somewhere to say, "I'd like to help you!" and put behind the words all the warm heart God has given you. It will count to-day. It will never lose its power.—True Voice.

and the poor and helpless of the flock of Christ, should refuse a haven to His stricken children. You are free to stay, and to build up your home and your order. Here you will find kinder hearts than those you have left in your native France, that unhappy land that has fallen a prey to such infidels and athe-ists."

The nuns rose from their knees. Their hearts were full. As the great Bishop passed down the line giving each and all his blessing, the tears of gratitude streamed down their faces. Suddenly one Sister, whose heart seemed to be overflowing with emotion she could not control, rose to her feet and in a magnificent voice whose notes seemed to reach heaven itself, intoned the words of that grand antiphon, first sung by the inspired Virgin of Nazareth: "Magnificat Anima! My soul doth magnify the Lord! In an instant the other Sisters took it up and the grand psalm rose to God in the vast solitude of the pines, thanking Him who here at last the poor, tired, bruised hearts of the exiles had found a home and friend.

But the great fire has left them utterly helpless, has taken from them their means of subsistence, for they must wait till the college is again erected before they can begin work there. In the meantime they want to see self-supporting and also the opening of an industrial school, where they will take young girls and children and train them in cooking, washing, ironing and sewing, while giving them the benefits of a rudimentary education. At present they are lodged in a humble cabin in the woods, placed at their disposal by a kind lady."

Why Not Now? How much a word of kindness, encouragement, or appreciation means to others sometimes, and how little it costs us to give it! We do not need to wait for some special occasion. When calamity overtakes a friend words of sympathy and encouragement are offered sincerely enough, yet, in certain respects, as a matter of course. Such an occasion calls for expression on our part, and we naturally respond. But why wait for an occasion? Why not speak the kind word when there is no special occasion? In the course of our lives there must be many times when thoughtful words are spoken by us which wound the hearts of others. And there are also many little occasions when the word of cheer is needed from us, and we are silent.—New World.

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I know, indeed, that I can not do all that Jesus did, but, like Him, I can suffer all that is done to me; like Him, I can be sweet and patient with persons or accidents that try me. He gives me His grace to do this.

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