

CHATTS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The truly successful, helpful soul is he who has the power of automatically calling the machinery of life, whether in the school, the college, the counting-room, the court room, or the sick room. He is the really successful man who has the power of scattering sunshine, who inspires a spirit of helpfulness, who encourages wherever he goes; who makes you feel a little more determined to overcome in the battle of life, a little more ambitious to get on and up, a little more willing to wrestle with obstacles, to overcome obstructions.

Twelve Things to Remember.

Twelve things to remember: (1) The value of time, (2) the success of perseverance, (3) the pleasure of working, (4) the dignity of simplicity, (5) the worth of character, (6) the power of kindness, (7) the influence of example, (8) the obligation of duty, (9) the wisdom of economy, (10) the virtue of patience, (11) the improvement of talent, (12) the joy of originating.

A Youthful Delusion.

Among the fond fancies of children is the belief that when "grown up" there will be no more lessons to learn, no more commands to obey, no more weeping to endure. They will be no longer children in the nursery, pupils in the schoolroom; above rebuke and beyond coercion. It is a helpful belief, leading them the aid of hope to the dark days of the actual, in expectation of the cloudless skies of the ideal. And it is about as baseless as the mist-dreams of the morning. As if we were ever free from rebuke, lessons, command, coercion!

Done for Duty.

No work that is sincere and useful and done for duty's sake is barren of divinity. "Work is worship," was a deep saying of the old monk's.

"What would you wish to be doing?" someone asked a wise man, "if you knew that you were to die in the next ten minutes?" "Just what I am doing now," was the significant reply.

Leo XIII was sixty eight when he was elected Pope and ninety four when he died, and his pontificate was stamped with great works done for religion and humanity.

Johann Kepler was fifty nine years old when he gave to the world his discovery of the law of the distance of the planets from the sun.

Francis Bacon was fifty nine years old when he published his "Novum Organum."

Pierre Gassendi was fifty eight years old when he published his atomic theory.

Otto von Guericke was forty eight years old when he invented the air pump.

Johann Rudolph von Glauber was fifty five years old when he discovered sodium sulphate (Glauber salt).

Sir Isaac Newton was forty four years old when he published the law of gravitation.

Gottfried Wilhelm Leibnitz was fifty four years old when he was commissioned to establish the Academy of Sciences in Berlin.

Antonius van Leeuwenhoek was eighty three years old when he discovered blood corpuscles, infusoria, etc.

Rene Reaumur was forty seven years old when he brought out his thermometer.

Benjamin Franklin was forty six years old when he invented the lightning rod.

Joseph Priestley was forty one years old when he discovered oxygen.

Jan Ingenhousz was forty nine years old when he discovered the respiration of plants.

Henry Cavendish was fifty three years old when he discovered hydrogen.

Christian Huygens was sixty one years old when he published his theory of the undulation of light.

Count Berthollet, Klaproth, John Dalton, Gay Lussac, Count Rumford, Benjamin Thompson, Woechler, Liebig, Alexander von Humboldt, and in fact the majority of the eminent chemists and physicists did their most important work in advanced years.

A "No Chance" Governor. "My purpose was to make good in the town where I was born, and I did," John A. Johnson, the new governor of Minnesota.

This young man, born in poverty, cradled in want, homed in on every hand by seemingly insurmountable obstacles, and without friends or opportunity for education or advancement of any sort, has added one more name to the glorious roll of American boys with "no chance" who have conquered adversity and risen to distinction. He has proved again that the world stands aside for a determined soul, and that success is in the man, not in the chance.

There were probably thousands of boys and girls in Minnesota complaining that they had no chance to get a liberal education or a start in the world when the boy, Johnson, was struggling to carry the burden which lay on the shoulders of his mother and family. Intensely interesting is it to read how this lad of eight or nine helped his mother, who took in washing and, later, at the mature age of thirteen, proudly insisted upon her giving up working for strangers, while he toiled in the village store during the day and in the evening mail or printer's office, denying himself, and making great sacrifices in order that his mother's burden might be lightened, his five younger brothers and sisters to be fed, clothed, and educated.

In spite of his desperate struggle

some one had solved his problem of a college education by giving him money to defray his expenses. He is now in his last year in college and ranks well in all his classes, having taken first prize several times during his course.

This poor colored youth has something infinitely more valuable than money—a cheerful, hopeful, contented mind. It is the optimistic spirit that accomplishes. Optimism is the lever of civilization, the pivot on which all progress, whether of the individual or the nation moves. Pessimism is the foe of progress. Gloom, despondency, lack of courage, failure of heart and hope—the whole miserable progeny of pessimism,—are singly or collectively responsible for most of the failures and unhappiness of life. Long live the optimist! Without him the world would go backward instead of forward. In spite of all the beauties of earth and sky, without the sunshine of his face this world would be a dreary prison.—Success.

Some Helpful Thoughts.

There is no more beautiful illustration of the principle of compensation which marks the Divine Benevolence than the fact that some of the holiest lives and some of the sweetest songs are the growth of the infirmity which unites its subjects for the rougher duties of life.—Holmes.

Industry, honesty and a desire to make one's self useful are to-day, as they always were, the stepping-stones to success.—Stered Heart Review.

No creature should ever find himself so occupied with the duties of life that he finds no time for his greater duties to his Creator.

No single great deed is comparable for a moment to the multitude of little gentlenesses performed by those who scatter happiness on every side, and strew all life with hopeful good cheer.

Happiness is a great power of holiness. Thus kind words, by their power of producing happiness, have also a power of producing holiness, and so of winning men to God.

In our dealings with the souls of other men we are to take care how we check, by severe requirement or narrow caution, efforts which might otherwise lead to a noble issue; and, still more, how we withhold our admiration from great excellences because they are mingled with rough faults.

Great Men's Ages.

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with want, this boy never lost courage or self-reliance. He saw in the midst of it all a chance for a noble career. Where others saw only mediocrity or humdrum lives he saw opportunity for great things. What did he care for obstacles? He felt that he was greater than anything which could get in his path. Not even when shivering in the cold of a northern winter, for lack of clothing, and the family burden pressed more and more heavily upon his shoulders, did he waver. He pushed ahead and "tried to make good." No responsibility frightened him. A chance was all he wanted. He did not wait for it; he made it.

People who are made of the right kind of material do not make excuses; they work. They do not whine, they keep forging ahead. They do not wait for somebody to help them; they help themselves. They do not wait for an opportunity; they make it. Those who complain of no chance confess their weakness,—their lack of ability. They show that they are not equal to the occasion—that they are not greater than the obstacle that confronts them.—O. S. Marden in Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. STORIES ON THE ROSARY.

By LOUISA EMILY DOBRIE. The Crucifixion. A FOOL'S PARADISE.

"Yes," interrupted Cora. "Of course, I understand—you said she was ill and—"

"Very ill, mademoiselle," said Delphine emphatically. "People of that kind always exaggerate," said Cora to herself; then she said aloud: "It would be absolutely impossible, Delphine, in the height of the season; there's the drawing room next week and Lady Gorton's at Easter, you must come with me there."

"But Parker," ventured Delphine losing all hope by Cora's tone, which she had learnt by experience to interpret rightly.

"Parker!" exclaimed Cora, "why you know she never can do my hair as I like, and Dawson will be going at Easter with Miss Charrington and Miss Violet to Devonshire, so it's no use your thinking of her. No, it's quite impossible, and considering that I spared you for a week not long ago—"

"A year," said Delphine faintly, and wondering the while if she should lose her place for arguing with her mistress.

"Oh, what is it? I cannot remember," said Cora carelessly. "Well, you cannot go, so it's no use your thinking about it."

Delphine did not reply. She knew her mistress too well to hope that she would put herself to any inconvenience for her sake. But it was a good place and her high wages enabled her to send regular post-office orders to the little house on the Route de Martain at Avranches every quarter.

Breakfast that morning was a very lively meal, though they had to have it in the library, the dining-room being in the hands of decorators. Lady Charrington, who was fat, good tempered and stupid, congratulated her niece very cordially, and then gave herself up to her breakfast.

"Such a dreadful railway accident, mother," said Violet looking up from the Morning Post.

"Really—where?" asked Lady Charrington.

"On the A. and L. Railway."

"Many people killed?" asked Lily.

"Forty-seven, and twenty five injured."

"I am glad it was not the Irish Mail," said Cora blushing as she spoke, "for Giles might have changed his mind and come earlier than he said."

"Yes, it is fortunate."

"It is a shocking accident," said Violet, who was very much alive and interested in all that was going on.

"One poor man—"

"Oh, don't please," said Cora, "no details; I do not like to hear about those dreadful things."

"I rather like it," said Violet, "it's exciting."

"It always makes me feel so comfortable and glad that I am not one of the victims," said Lily Charrington.

"One must hear about such things," said Violet laying down the newspaper.

"It does not affect me as it seems to do you, Cora."

"Of course, I am sorry for the people," said Cora, "but my hearing all these horrid particulars won't help them one bit, and I cannot bear it. I am not an artist like you, Lily, but I do like all the beautiful things of life, and I hate what is sad and gloomy and ugly."

"I hope Madame Lenore will send my dress in time," said Lady Charrington, "she is usually to be depended on."

"The drawing-room will look lovely," said Lily; "the idea for it delighted me. Miss Hart has such good taste one can trust her."

So they chatted on of indifferent things, and as the morning wore away a batch of cousins came, all bent on seeing Cora; and there were more presents to look at, a great deal of talk, and in the afternoon visits to be paid, as well as looking in at a couple of "at homes."

"Just as Cora came down to the ballroom that evening, arrayed in all the glory of the most costly simplicity, her cheeks flushed with expectation and happiness, she saw Giles coming up the stairs.

Giles Vandeleur was a well-looking man, with a grave, face, steady blue eyes, and his longish hair gave him rather the look of an artist. Being a man of large independent means, he devoted himself to art as much as he liked, loving it for its own sake, and making it very much his world.

The scene that evening in the flower-decked ball-room was very lovely, for there had been an artistic mind to devise and skillful hands to carry out all the beautiful designs in which the flowers were now arranged. They were not amassed in hopeless confusion, as if beauty were attained by quantity, but they were treated sympathetically and always seated in their right places. The vast rooms thus adorned formed a fitting background for the exquisite dresses, gleaming jewels and many fair faces, which rivalled the flowers in loveliness. Cora enjoyed dancing for dancing's sake, but still, after an enforced absence which had seemed so long, the most delightful part of the evening was certainly that when they sat in the conservatory under shadowy palms, near beautiful blossoms of rare plants, the two "alone together," as the expressive Irishman has it.

Cora chatted on, for she was always voluble, and Giles listened and put in a word here and there. He was then silent, unless started on a pet topic, and his general characteristics contrasted strongly with those of Cora.

"Now you are back in town you will stay here, I hope," said Cora; "no more running away, sir, to Irish estates—do you hear?"

"I do, I was obliged to go this time. It's a bore being a landowner in Paddyland; there were a great deal more to do than to anticipate, and I am not satisfied that I left everything as it should be. Somehow or other my agent, who is a plausible Johnny, isn't quite the man to my liking. However, I have done what I can and shall not trouble further."

"You are rather an absentee landlord, are you not?"

Year by year as the glorious festival of Easter comes round, in which we joyfully celebrate the triumphant Resurrection of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, the old question still arises and in many minds comes to the fore (apparently requiring a repetition of the old answers.) "How do the dead rise again and with what manner of body shall they come?" To those who have not studied the subject, and who are not properly instructed, it seems quite incredible that these bodies should ever be revived and reunited to the soul in eternity. How is it possible, they ask with confirmed incredulity, for these mortal bodies which die, go to corruption and are scattered sometimes to the four winds of heaven, sometimes devoured by animals on the land or in the sea, to be gathered together again to form the original body?

St. Paul the Apostle calls such objectors foolish and he proceeds to show them how entirely they are mistaken. He does so by a striking and most convincing illustration from nature. The seed which we sow or plant is not the grain that is reaped and gathered into barns. On the contrary that seed dies—rots—and it mingled with mother earth. But out of the disintegrated elements springs the germ of a new body which grows and flourishes and produces the new grain which is reaped and gathered by the husbandman.

That process of reproduction is of course a mystery. We know not how it is done. We can only say with the apostle: "God giveth it a body as He will." The resurrection of the human body involves a greater mystery than that. The Apostle says it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body.

Here is where the objectors to the resurrection of the body make their mistake—they fail to realize that the body that will rise again is not the corrupt, decayed, natural body of flesh and blood, but a spiritual body of which we know nothing, except that Almighty God, in His own time and way, will raise it up from the gross elements which have been dissolved and scattered to mingle with mother earth.

Our Lord rose with a spiritual body, without the ordinary process of dissolution. The nature of that body is indicated by His occasional sudden disappearance from sight, and by His appearance on many other occasions in the room where His disciples were assembled while the doors were shut. He appeared to eat and drink as usual and His Body had the power of resistance. But eating may have been in appearance only as was the case with the Archangel Raphael who, after making himself known to Tobias as a celestial inhabitant, instead of a young man, said to him: "I seemed indeed to eat and drink with you, but I use an invisible meat and drink which can not be seen by men."

The objections to the resurrection of the body are founded rather upon ignorance than upon knowledge. The fact is we know nothing about the real nature of matter. We know there is an essential difference between matter and spirit, but of the essence—the substratum of matter—we know nothing; and as to the spiritual body—how it is, where it is, how it will be raised up—all this is reserved to the wisdom and power of Almighty God, Who will accomplish His own purposes in His own time and way. But of the fact itself we are well assured, and we may well join with the Apostle in his exulting and joyful anticipation: "When this mortal hath put on immortality, then shall come to pass the saying that is written: Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting? Now the sting of death is sin, and the power of sin is the law, but thanks be to God Who hath given us the victory through Our Lord Jesus Christ."

Never esteem anything as of advantage to thee that shall make thee break thy word or lose any self respect.

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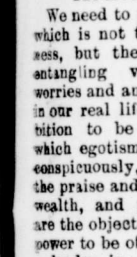
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