

## CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Do not be misled by the statement, so frequently made that the good opportunities for boys have gone by. The average physician and surgeon to day would smile at the loss of the great specialists of even fifty years ago. Scores of concerns to day are hunting for men to fill positions at from \$10,000 to \$50,000 a year. It may be very crowded where you are standing, but there is always room a little higher up. Millions of men may be out of employment, and yet at the door of every profession and every occupation there is always a standing advertisement—*"Wanted, a Man."* The whole world is looking for better trained men, better managers, broader manhood-leaders. Greater salaries than ever before, greater rewards await young men of the future who are bound to win. There is a grand success awaiting every one who has the grit to seize his chance and fight his way to his own lot. But you must remember that your good opening is in yourself. As long as you think it is somewhere else, in somebody else, you will be a failure. Your opportunity is wrapped up in your own personality. The potency of your achievement is in yourself, just as the future oak is wrapped up in the acorn. Your success must be an evolution, an unfolding, an expression of yourself.—O. S. M., in Success.

## A Bank Account.

We have often advised our young men to open a bank account, if only with a dollar, and we would like to repeat that advice to them again to-day.

The self-control that is required by the habit of frugality, will be the chief benefit from an acceptance of this advice. It will strengthen the will in refusal to resist inclinations to unnecessary expenditures. And every time the will is exercised in self-denial, the spirit is invigorated.

But wonderful, also, is the direct benefit of regular savings. The little pile increases, and increases, and increases, until the owner of it experiences a keen sense of joy every time he makes a new deposit to enlarge it. He becomes eager to add to it. He intensifies his economy, cutting off useless pleasures and little luxuries, in order to save an extra dollar or two.

Then, as his savings run up into the hundreds, his bank book gives him a feeling of self-respect, of independence, of security. He is no longer living from hand to mouth, dependent every week on the preceding Saturday's wages. He could pay his board for some time, even if he were to lose his position. He has a sentiment of responsibility. He is a capitalist. He is among those citizens who have a visible pecuniary interest in the welfare of the community in which he resides.

Begin it to day.

Book-Black, Blacksmith, Electrical Engineer.

What persistence and determination did for one young fellow is told in the following story by the Hartford Courant:

The only excuse for making this a story about town is that the opening scene occurred near the Union Station in this city. The professor was one of the Yale faculty, and he was trying to kill time while waiting for a New-Haven train. He observed a bright looking Italian boy with a shine box slung across his arm seated on the station steps, earnestly poring over a book. After a few minutes he approached the youngster and asked him if he would like to shine his boots. The bootblack went to work vigorously, placing the book on the ground close by, where he gave it an occasional sharp look while shining with vigorous and skillful hand. The professor noted his alertness, and asked what book it was that proved so interesting, expecting to hear that it was a thrilling story of "Old Sleuth," or something of that sort. He was surprised when the shiner said with unconcern that it was an algebra.

"So you're studying algebra, are you?" said the professor.

"Yes, sir, and I'm stuck. Do you know anything about algebra?" responded the youth, both sentences in the same breath.

Now this professor was one of the notable mathematicians of Yale, and it sounded queerly in his ears to be asked if he knew anything about algebra.

"Well, I know a little about it. What's the matter? Perhaps I can help you."

By this time the shoes were shined, and the boy placed his book in the hands of the man to whom intricate mathematical calculations were not difficult at all. It was but the work of a moment to clear the mind of the aspiring young calculator, and he fairly danced with delight.

"Why, I've been working at that for two days. I don't see how I could have been so stupid," declared the now enlightened young man. "I thank you very much, sir."

But this book grows more difficult as you proceed. What are you going to do when you get stuck again?" asked the friendly gentleman.

"I don't know. Only keep it, I suppose."

"Now, I'll tell you what to do," said the gentleman, offering the boy his card. "When you get stuck again, you write to that address and I will see that you get straightened out. Remember, now." And the professor rushed off to catch his train for the City of Elms.

Not more than three days elapsed before the mail brought a letter stating that the bright-eyed bootblack had again "got stuck" with his mathematics. And the return mail brought the much needed help. A few more days, and another application came for assistance, and again the wonderful knowledge came as quickly as before. This kept up for a time, and then the professor began to advise the young man how to improve his condition.

"Leave bootblack and get a job in a blacksmith shop, or some place where you can learn the use of tools," was the instruction. The boy went over to East Berlin and secured a place

in a big shop there. The correspondence and the instruction continued.

A letter brought the injunction: "Save your money."

The reply came back: "I am saving every cent I can."

This went on for three years, and that blacksmith's apprentice over in Berlin had come to know a good deal about figures. He was a skillful manipulator of all the tools of his trade, and then came a proposition that gave the young blacksmith the happiest moment of his life. The professor invited him to come to New Haven to become his special pupil, without expense to the young man except for board. The offer was made in such a way that the young man felt no hesitancy in accepting it, and the way he went to work, now that he was relieved of the nine hours in the shop each day, gave the best evidence of how well he appreciated what the professor was doing for him.

He was not a student of the university, but the influence of the professor obtained some privileges for him that were valuable. He became not only a skillful mathematician, but a remarkably skillful manipulator of apparatus.

At the end of two years there was an opening for the young blacksmith-mathematician. The General Electric Company wanted a young man of just his talents and training, and when the professor recommended him a favorable offer secured his services. The young man went to work just as he went at the algebra five years before, with a vigorous determination to master all the difficulties in his path, and he did so. In two years he was receiving a salary of \$6,000 a year.

It would be a delightful imaginative ending of this story to say that the professor has fallen sick, and is in need, and that the young man is supporting him, but that isn't the case at all. The professor is quite well, and is attending strictly to business at the old stand.

## Some Helpful Thoughts.

The discovery of what is true, and the practice of that which is good, are the two most important objects of philosophy.

Love is best shown in sacrifice, and blossoms sweetest in the white garments of purity.

It is God's law that nothing can be added to our treasures that we wrongfully take from others.

Temptation rarely comes in working hours. It is in their leisure time that men are made or marred.

True independence is so found where a person contracts his desires within the limits of his fortune.

Good breeding is the result of much good sense, some good nature and a little self-denial for the sake of others.

Good example is the magnet which attracts so many outsiders into the fold of the Church. It is only necessary for the Catholic laity to conform their lives to the teachings of the Church to become her greatest missionaries.

A word or an act of kindness will dispel the darkest cloud that hangs over the human heart. Either often prompts the hardened sinner to repentance when all other means have failed. Both bring earth closer to heaven, yet few of us appreciate their value.

Men spend sumptuously of their wealth to win the plaudits of the world in places of honor. Where one succeeds, however, a thousand fail. Yet had they turned their money into the channels of charity, all could have reaped a golden harvest in eternity.

Good lives—Christian lives—are usually crowned with temporal success, but not always. It is not guaranteed, though the higher rewards are. We must wait and trust God. He is working gradually; slowly He is bringing blessings out of affliction. We can only keep happiness by keeping faith.

Prove the principle of the text by your own experience; the happiest people you know are the Christian people. Prove the principle by the history of the world; the most prosperous nations are the Christian nations. God is our Father and cares for us. The clouds will pass, the sun shine, all problems at last be solved. "All things work together for good to them that love God."—Rev. S. O. Roche.

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

## STORIES ON THE ROSARY.

By LUCIA EMILY DORRIS.

The Crucifixion.

A FOOL'S PARADISE.

"You are delightfully strong, Cora; it must be very nice."

"Yes, it is. I have splendid health," said Cora, who was fully alive to her blessings, though it never occurred to her that she was most ungrateful in never thanking the Author of them all.

"I wish, Lily, that you did not get tired so soon."

"It can't be helped," said Lily philosophically. "Well, as tea won't be here yet shall I come up and help you to nail up your crucifix, or will you tell Parker to do it?"

"Oh, no, I like doing those things myself," said Cora, "and if you will come up and give me the benefit of your artistic taste, I shall be very much obliged."

"It will be something to do," said Lily with a half suppressed yawn; "I am tired of this drawing."

"Come along then," said Cora, taking up the leather case containing the crucifix, and the girls went up to her room, where they discussed where the crucifix would look best, and finally placed it in an alcove above a small writing table, going into raptures as they did so about its lovely effect on a blue background.

It was very nice the next morning for Cora to be awake by her pleasant looking French maid, who had her early tea on a pretty silver tray, and who smilingly informed her mistress that a pile of parcels were on the landing—should she bring them in to mademoiselle?

Cora assented, feeling that it was very delightful to be twenty-one, heirless to a large property, and so full of that vigorous life stirring in her that

the mere fact of existence was a pleasure to her. There was just then a great deal of gaily in prospect, including a very delightful ball that night at their own house, and to enhance the joys of the latter, Giles Vandeleur, to whom she was engaged, would be back from Ireland in time for it. He had been suddenly called away on business connected with his Irish estates, and the few weeks he had been there seemed very long ones to his fiancée.

That Cora should have had many offers of marriage seemed natural and probable, but until six months ago every suitor had been calmly dismissed, nor could she be accused of having encouraged any one of them. All that Lady Charrington could say in favor of those who had influenced positions and honoured names fell upon useless ears, for under her apparently butterfly nature there was something deeper which made Cora shrink from a loveless marriage.

Then that mysterious something which comes to few more than once in a lifetime touched her heart when she knew Giles Vandeleur, whose fancy was taken by her at their first meeting. As it happened he was rich and of an old Irish family, and when the engagement came to pass Lady Charrington was pleased, and Cora felt she had come to the golden time of her life.

So with a radiant face Cora sipped her tea and read her numerous letters which were nearly all of congratulation, and as for her presents she decided to wait for the pleasure of opening them until she was dressed. Among her letters, however, was one in a strange handwriting, and curiosity made her open it soon. The postmark was Anderley, the small town nearest to Lady Charrington's Hampshire home, the land of which adjoined Cora's estates. The church was poor and small, the mission a struggling one, and the priest was asking every one of whom he could think to help him in it. He was new to the place, but having heard that Cora was a Catholic, and having seen her at Mass during her last brief visit to Hampshire, he had great hopes of his appeal meeting with a generous response.

Cora skimmed the letter quickly, frowning over it as she did so, for she hated begging letters and did not take the slightest interest in this one, or in any of a similar kind ever received before. She put money into the plate in church, at the offertory, and had on occasion sent a small cheque to some charity which came before her very forcibly, but the sum given away was out of all proportion small compared to her means, and the duty of intelligent almsgiving was one hitherto almost entirely neglected. The idea of giving a fixed portion away to the Church and the poor never entered her head.

Cora threw aside this letter impatiently, thinking to herself that she would send five pounds if she could remember to do so, which as a fact she never did.

As Delphine brushed out Cora's thick, dark hair, she chatted as usual in French, and obtained at first but little response, as her mistress was thinking of her letters and wondering what that pile of parcels contained.

"Ah, yes, it is indeed *triste* to think of my poor mother. She is *poignante*, as I told mademoiselle, and she gets worse and worse," and Delphine sighed.

"Yes; it is sad," said Cora, who hoped Delphine would not tell her more about it as she disliked hearing of sad things, and always made a point of avoiding anything gloomy. Not so high, Delphine," she continued, alluding to her hair.

"She does so wish to see me!" said Delphine.

"Who does—oh your mother; well, that is very natural."

"I suppose it would be quite impossible," began Delphine tentatively, giving a wistful glance at the reflection of Cora's face before her.

"Impossible? what? No, I don't like that, Delphine, at all. You are not doing my hair as well as usual. Do mind what you are about."

Delphine choked back a little sigh. "Could mademoiselle spare me?"

"Spare you? What do you mean?" asked Cora looking up surprised.

"Just to go home, if only for a few days, to see my dear mother—Oh, if mademoiselle would but let me read her the letter, and hear how she longs to see me, for she cannot live long the doctors say."

TO BE CONTINUED.

## ON BEING CHEERFUL.

Father McSorley, O. S. P., writes as follows in the Catholic World for March:

"To be cheerful means to make little of the hardships we encounter."

"Take for instance, the impulse to turn thoughts and conversation into the channels of criticism and fault finding; is that not much more dominant in the average man than the interests of accuracy would dictate? Look around and observe how what is noticed first, what is talked about most, what sticks fastest in the mind, is ordinarily something in the nature of an evil, a blunder, or a fault. Note the newspapers, which are at once the stimuli and the reflectors of the public mind. Does not a casual glance at the headlines of the least sensational of them at once flash a vision of crimes and disasters before the imagination? Here and there we may, indeed, discover the record of an act of heroism, or the account of a life.

"Serene and resolute and still; and calm and self-possessed."

"As to the means we should employ to carry out a course of self-development in cheerfulness, the question may be looked at from many points of view; we can get suggestion from the hygienic, the pedagogic, the ethical, and the religious fields. When all counsellors have had their say, it seems to remain clear that each of them attributes a good deal of efficacy to the exercise which the Catholic Church has for ages recommended and practiced under the name of meditation, namely, the methodical presentation to the imagination and intellect of pic-

tures and ideas calculated to awaken beneficent emotions, healthy affections, and good resolutions. Among the curious sights presented to us nowadays, is the vindication of many a good old Catholic practice by means of the new principles which, to so great an extent, have been supposed to discredit the Church. Meditation is one such practice; and we find it recommended now by the representatives of modern psychology as a fine instrument of mental formation and character-building. Among the specific uses it may be put to, is the development of a spirit of cheerfulness; and when this is undertaken, we shall have at least one good result—men will be using their energy in the right direction and on an efficacious means. Even though it be but the human side of the process which appeals to them, they will surely be in some way the better for it, and, therefore, necessarily nearer to the kingdom of God."

## A CARDINAL'S PRIDE.

In Cardinal Cullen's time there was a sick call for a priest in Dublin. The sick person was at a certain hotel, the proprietor of which was a Protestant. A stormy, wet, dark night it proved. As soon as the messenger got there the priest started; through slush and mud he made his way, and at last arrived at the hotel, saw the sick person and gave the sacraments. Everything went off as usual thus far, but now the curious part began. The proprietor of the hotel, thinking to do a little proselytising, invited the priest to come into his own sitting-room. After administering some welcome refreshments, this Protestant evangelizer let himself out.

"To think, Father," said he, addressing the priest, "of the pride and sloth of those Bishops and Cardinals! Is it not monstrous? I warrant how that while the Cardinal has sent you on this long tramp through the muddy snow he is comfortably toasting his heels and drinking a good warm punch."

"I think you wrong him."

"Because he is doing nothing of the kind."

"You don't tell me! But how do you know?"

"I know by the best of reasons. You have never asked my name."

"Your name—what is it?"

"Cullen—Cardinal Cullen."

In a moment the hotelkeeper was on his feet, hat off. "Will your Eminence, forgive me? I spoke in ignorance. Shall I order a carriage for your Eminence?"

"Oh, no; I can go back as I came."

The Cardinal departed. A few days afterwards the hotelkeeper went to a priest for instructions, and was finally received into the Church.

## GLADSTONE ON DRUNKENNESS.

Let us all carry with us, deeply stamped upon our hearts and minds, a sense of shame for the great plague of drunkenness which goes through the land, sapping and undermining character, breaking up the peace of families, oftentimes choosing for its victims, not the men or the women originally the worst, but persons of strong social susceptibility and open in special respects to temptation. This great plague and curse, let us all remember, is a national curse, calamity and scandal. If we have a high place among the nations of the world in more respects than one, I am afraid it must be admitted that one of the points in which we do not occupy a very high place is indeed with respect to the habit and voice of intoxication. I wish we could all of us take it into our minds (for sure), there is hardly one amongst us that has not seen in individual cases the pestilent result to which this habit unfortunately leads; that we should all carry with us individually a deep sense of the mischief of drunkenness, and an earnest intention to do what in us lies, each man within his sphere, for the purpose of mitigating and of removing it.—W. E. Gladstone.

## THE PARENTS' DUTY.

"The parents owe the child health of body and soul, a debt which increases with its years and can not remain unpaid without the commission of sin. We to the parents who bring physical disease upon their children, but greater woe to those who are the cause of their moral ruin. Let the father and mother teach their offspring the doctrines of religion and morality. The still conscience recognizes its obligations and that knowledge be obtained which strengthens good inclinations, opposes evil propensities, and has a wholesome effect on the entire conduct. It is an old saying that 'words make, example draws.' When we speak of good example in the home, we mean not only that the father and the mother should abstain from intemperance, dishonesty, backbiting, anger and the like, but that the exercise of all the virtues should be so prominent as to attract the notice of their children, and influence their daily lives. Beyond doubt, if the public and private life of the parents makes them esteemed, the children will be proud of them, admire them, and desire to imitate them."—Bishop McFall.

## The New-Found Love For St. Patrick.

"All at once," says the Canadian Messenger "the world, as it were, has turned from the abuse of the name of St. Patrick to extol its praises and echo its glory. It would claim St. Patrick for its own, vindicate his memory from the superstitious setting of bygone ages, and wrest his name from ignorant usage. St. Patrick was forthright! no Roman, but a good honest man who read the Bible

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and always followed his conscience, in spirit a Freemason. Not only say they did receive no mission from the Pope but the churches and monasteries which he founded were independent of Rome!

## IN THE NURSERY.

Every mother should be able to treat the minor ailments of her little ones. Prompt action may prevent serious illness—perhaps save a child's life. A simple remedy in the home is therefore an absolute necessity, and for this purpose there is nothing else so good as Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets promptly cure all stomach and bowel troubles, break up colds, allay fevers, destroy worms, aid teething, and make little ones healthy and cheerful. Guaranteed to contain no opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. Mrs. John N. Pringle, Forest Falls, Ont., says:—"I think I can thank Baby's Own Tablets for my baby's life. He was badly constipated, but after giving him the Tablets he was relieved at once. I also find them good when he is at all restless and feel I cannot say too much in their favor." Sold by all druggists or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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