

solidly quality of promptitude about you that one does not often see in a woman."

"That is because I was trained by a man. My father taught me early how important promptitude is in life, and how irritating the lack of it may be."

"A wise teaching, but many women would not have profited by it."

"I think I am more of a man than a woman," said the girl, laughing. "I have always thought so. I have a passion for men's work, and I don't like women's work at all. If I were a man my ambition would be boundless. I should never rest until I was prime minister of some great country, or general-in-chief of some great army."

"You would permit your friends to salute you from afar, I hope," said Gilbert, laughing too, yet thinking, with a painful sense of remoteness which is familiar to all who have loved helplessly, that she looked fit to rule a country or to lead an army, woman though she was. "I cannot help fancying," he added involuntarily, "that you will play some such part in the world, though it will be as inspirer rather than doer."

"I am afraid that I am not humble enough to care to achieve through others," she said. "Is it not unfortunate that, having such a vaulting ambition, I should not possess the opportunity for it to overleap itself, as vaulting ambitions are likely to do? Disappointment must be a terrible thing in such a case."

"And to fall, worse than never to have climbed."

"But what would become of the world if nobody cared to climb?"

"That is hard to say, for there are people glad to climb at any possible risk. The world is rather in need of a few more quiet people like myself, who prefer that others should have both the labor and the glory of such undertakings."

"I really think you are the most enviable person I know," said Cecil. "You are so thoroughly content with your lot, so perfectly sure of gaining all that you want from life. You are to me an embodied essay on the wisdom of moderate desires."

"Yes," said Gilbert, not without a secret sense of amusement at the unconscious irony of her words. "My desires are, generally speaking, very moderate; and if by chance I fix my eyes on something beyond my reach, I do not deceive myself with false hopes of ever gaining it; but, recognizing its excellence, I am glad that the world is richer for possessing it—though I am not, and never can be."

TO BE CONTINUED.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

It is an aid to contentment to remember that nothing need be done in a servile spirit, that the lowliest employments may be raised and glorified with a high motive, and that the noblest purpose of life—sanctity—can be attained as well in drudgery as in conspicuous occupations.

A Good Character is Capital.

"Thousands of dollars are loaned on character; for these are men of such high character—that they will not borrow more than they can pay." That was the reply of a bank president at a recent meeting of bankers in St. Louis, when asked concerning the ability of small capitalists—men doing a small business—to raise money on credit. Another banker put it more bluntly, saying he would rather lend money to an honest poor man than to the rich knave, who could give a surety of the stanchest security. The tenor of all the replies was a tribute of high-headed business men to the great value of a reputation for honesty.

On the Road to Ruin.

Bishop McQuaid says: "Young men who break away from God will find have taken the first step downward in the saloon. Now, I am an old man with a great deal of experience, and often my heart begins to weep young persons who have begun so well, drop away from God, and naturally I had to study. Although a young man may be all right when he goes into a saloon, he soon comes to like the kind of company he finds there, and, taking to their speech and habits, he becomes a drunkard like them, and a drunkard is a disgrace to the community and on the highway to hell. Now, if we can only save the young to sobriety until they are twenty-one years of age, they are generally saved forever."

Put Life Into Your Work.

A young man's interest and duty both dictate that he should make himself indispensable to his employers. He should be so industrious, prompt, and careful so that even his temporary absence should be noticed. A young man should make his employer his friend by doing faithfully and minutely all that is entrusted to him. It is a great mistake to be over-nice or fastidious about work. Pitch in readily, and your willingness will be appreciated, while the "high-toned" young man who quibbles about what it is and about what will get the high place. There is a story that George Washington once helped to roll a log that one of his corporals would not handle; and the greatest emperor of Russia worked as a shipwright in England to learn the business. That's just what you want to do. Be energetic, look and act with

alacrity, take an interest in your employer's success, work as though the business was your own, and let your employer know that he may place absolute reliance in your word and on your act. Be mindful; have your mind on your business; because it is that which is going to help you, not those outside attractions which some of the "boys" are thinking about. Take a pleasure in work; do not go about in a listless, formal manner, but with alacrity and cheerfulness, and remember that while working thus for others, you are laying the foundation of your own success in life.

Character Building.

Dr. George H. Hepworth, editor of the New York Evening Telegram, lately delivered an interesting address on "Character Building." Dr. Hepworth said, among other things:

"It is absolutely necessary, if you are to build, to have a foundation—a good foundation, too. There must be no sham about it; it must represent honest and faithful work. Then it is necessary for you to feel a divine consecration to the work you have in hand or which you are to pursue. The Lord's work can be done by you as well as by the graduate of any theological school. God has given you a portion of the world's work to do, and it makes little difference what sphere you are in. You are just as truly called by God to be a mason or a carpenter as a minister has been called to his work. So long as you live in this world be a part of it, but be a good part of it. Money is not to be despised, but to be won, if possible, and I wish I had more of it."

"But, remember, money is of no value whatever unless honestly earned. When you look upon a dollar, look upon it as a dollar that you have conscientiously earned, as a dollar for which you have given due value to the world. Keep your heart and conscience clear, so that you may be able to say with the going down of the sun: 'I have done nothing wrong this day.' It's hard work to get this; it's hard work to make a money, but the great secret is to put your teeth together and keep them there! Never feel beaten and you will never be beaten. Rise up from every blow and success will come at last."

"There are two books which have given me great comfort during my life. One is the Bible and the other Mother Goose's Melodies. There is one verse in the latter that I want you always to remember. It runs:

There was a man in our town, And he was wondrous wise, He jumped into a Bramble bush And scratched out both his eyes; And when he found his eyes were out, With all his might and main, He jumped into another bush And scratched them in again.

"This verse exemplifies the manner in which a man who has met with misfortune and lost his all ought to act. It is to persevere, persevere, and do it in the face of all odds. Though you have to begin again do it with a determined strong will. Look carefully after your reputation. Put on no pretense, but have a good sterling character, one that you can face the world with and court investigation without shame. Be true to your principles and yourself always, no matter what happens. Then only you are safe."

"Rather die a poor man respecting yourself than a millionaire despising yourself. The funeral is a barometer, and when a man cries at the side of a coffin, you may be sure the dead man has gone to heaven. There is something in life that has met God's approval. Strive to gain that tear."

Cultivate the Judgment.

There is no one who looks in upon his own nature with close scrutiny, that is not conscious of a deficiency of judgment. Indeed this lack may be said to be the source of by far the greater part of the suffering that is endured in the world.

In physical matters conclusions are drawn from the most superficial examination; and ignorance and prejudice pronounce dogmatically upon subjects which, if a sound and educated judgment were brought to bear upon them, would at least be treated with modesty. We are disposed to trust our senses more than any of our other faculties. These, at least, we think will not fail us, whatever else may. And in this we are correct, though the judgment we deduce from them are frequently very erroneous.

Though some philosophers aver that our senses are often delusive and fallacious, and bring many instances to prove it, yet the ablest among them have shown this to be impossible. Dr. Reid, the famous Scotch metaphysician, gives an interesting example of this supposed fallacy of the senses. He imagines one anxious to prove it, taking a piece of turf, cutting it into the shape of an apple, and scenting it with essence to imitate the odor of that fruit. Thus it might be declared, that the sight, the touch, and the smell all deceive us, and render false testimony. But to this Dr. Reid justly replies: "No one of our senses deceives us in this case. My sight and touch testify that it has the shape and color of an apple; this is true. The sense of smell testifies that it has the smell of an apple; this is likewise true, and is no deception." It follows, therefore, that the error we make belongs not to the senses, which convey truthful impressions, but to the judgment, which forms an erroneous conclusion.

In all education, whether self-training or parental discipline, or school instruction, the primary desire is improvement. The errors we make—and we all know how numerous they

are—must then be mainly attributable to a failure in wisely selecting the best means of accomplishing our intentions, or, in other words, to a deficiency in judgment. In all private and public life, good intentions and worthy objects are constantly frustrated by the same cause. Through it the charitable frequently increase pauperism, the enthusiastic injure their own cause, and the thoughtless impair their health, and much labor of head and heart and hand is thrown away.

It becomes, then, a matter of vital interest to every one to consider how far he has progressed in the education of his judgment; and if the self-education of the judgment is so invaluable, it is no less desirable that it be made a large part of all the education of youth.

Conquer the Body.

Mortification—the lower nature that is in us must be put to death that the higher may live. The animal must die that the man may live. And if literal death be not hereby signified, yet so really destructive of mere appetite is the Christian's union with Christ that mortification or putting to death is one condition of obtaining it. Human ease and pleasure are opposed to the soul's fulfillment of its destiny. In itself no doubt the natural joy of this life is not evil. But there is no joy of man simply "in itself." It all flows from that root of bitterness which original sin planted in our hearts, and which makes it necessary that we not simply obey to God's law, but "born again."

These are very strong words. They and the many other such words in Holy Scripture have much to do with explaining our religion—the cross on our churches, the crucifix over our altars, the shameful confession, the plaintive tones of self-denial; even the voice in her chants, of the Church's voice in her most joyful offices. Indeed, the true joy of a Christian is in the theological virtue of hope—is placed in a paradise which for him is yet to begin. He is too hardly pressed with the conflict of his higher and lower nature to be quite happy, except in anticipation of a victory never fully gained this side of the grave. And it is only when the very taste for ease and pleasure has been blunted that the consolations of the Holy Spirit begin to be felt. The whole inner life of a Christian is regulated by his power to deny himself, especially in outward things—in eating and drinking, in working and resting, in seeing and hearing.

To noble spirits the very innocent care of the body is irksome, and this for no sin of sloth, but because the soul, absorbed in high spiritual things, is vexed by the mean things of our animal nature. Hence the everyday business of a religious man is to restrain the headlong folly of corruption by the bit and bridle of mortification. And this is every Christian's duty. Though one may feel no call but to the ordinary Christian state, yet he is plainly called to self-denial. Outside the Church there is little or nothing of the practical self-restraint of the Gospel. And even among our selves many are forgetful of this war of the spirit against the flesh, except at the rare intervals of infrequent confession, or during such seasons as Lent and Advent. The need of constant self-denial is one of those truths that the ever flowing waters of corruption wash out of our memories for the quick. Hence it is related of St. Philip Nevi that he was accustomed to say in the morning: "Lord, keep Thy hand upon Philip, to-day, or, O Lord, Philip will betray Thee."

So there is no grace that you have more need to pray for than the strength of will to practice some daily mortification. Nay, pray for the grace to accept those trials that God sends every day and it is enough. Not a week passes over but we must give up one day to God and to our better selves by abstinence from flesh meat. Not a season goes by but the three Ember days are set apart for hunger and thirst. The Holy Advent, the penitential season of Lent, makes a loud call—would it were better heeded—on our higher nature to reduce the beast to subjection.

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LEGENDS AND STORIES OF THE HOLY CHILD JESUS.

The Betrothal of Isabella.

CHAPTER III.

Isabella was much admired at Court. Her beauty was of an uncommon kind in Spain, where dark eyes and hair prevail. She was asked in marriage over and over again, but for some reason or other her father refused all the offers, until at last one day her aunt entered the girl's boudoir and said:

"Said I not well that thou shouldst never see Hugh Lynton again? Thy father has accepted a brilliant offer of marriage for thee, and soon thou wilt be betrothed."

Isabella fell on her knees at her aunt's feet.

"Oh, aunt," she cried imploringly, "save me from this cruel fate of being separated from Hugh. Save me; beg my father not to force me into an alliance which would make me unhappy for all my life."

Her aunt only mocked the girl; the truth was, she was jealous of her youth and beauty, and only too glad to give vent to her spite by sneering at Isabella in her trouble.

A few days afterward the Count Graziano de Luzman called Isabella to him and told her that the young Marquis Lusignan, a French nobleman then at the Court of Spain with the French ambassador, had asked for her hand in marriage, and that he had given him his promise that she should be his bride.

"He is young, handsome and rich," said her father. "What more can a girl want? And, hey, why these tears?"

Isabella threw her arms around her father's neck, and besought him to break off the promise he had made to the Marquis de Lusignan and to allow her to marry Hugh Lynton.

"What a humpback?" said her father angrily. "Dost think that I am going to give the only daughter of the house of Graziano de Luzman to a humpback? Forsooth, I would almost as soon see the lying dead than give thee up to such a life."

"Run away, girl," he said at last, putting her cheek; "run away. There is but a girl's light fancy. Soon thou wilt forget Hugh Lynton, and in other years wilt thank me with all thine heart for having been firm at this moment."

In vain Isabella protested. Her father was resolute; he had never heard of such a thing as a girl wishing to choose her husband for herself, especially when she had no sense that to choose a young man could not but be a disgrace to her all her life.

The weeks rolled by. Isabella grew thinner and paler every day. The Marquis was presented to her by her father, and she took a dislike to him at once, with a sensible look and beard, his finely pointed mustache and affected airs. Every day she spent more and more time in prayer, half hoping that God would send some way of escape, perhaps at the last moment, to save her from Hugh. She had had no letter from him, though he had promised to write, and he had never come to Madrid, and she thought sometimes, in an agony of despair, that perhaps Hugh was dead. Her aunt told her mockingly that Hugh was faithless, as all men are, and that he had most likely found some pretty Italian girl with whom he was already wedded. Indeed she affirmed having heard the news from a lady who had been at Court.

The marriage was fixed for Christmas Day, and the family were to travel back to the castle so as to celebrate the festival in the chapel which had been the scene of all the family ceremonies for many generations back.

Poor Isabella had lost all her light-heartedness now. She was never seen to smile or laugh. Often and often

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she spent the whole night in prayer and weeping. For the days flew by, and no tidings of Hugh and no sign of relenting on the part of her father soothed her breaking heart. That journey home that she had looked forward to so long, oh, how sad and harrowing to her feelings! Still the time passed by. It wanted only two days to Christmas and still no ray of hope lightened her path. At last Christmas Eve arrived, and the family assembled at midnight to hear Mass. The next day was fixed for the wedding, and Isabella was so ill and trembling that she could hardly approach the altar rails to receive holy Communion at the midnight Mass.

Christmas Day dawned, and still no help came. And Isabella, half dazed with grief, was dressed by her maids and led into the chapel for the wedding ceremony. The young Marquis knelt beside her at the altar rails.

The chapel was thronged with guests and retainers, and the priest came at midnight to hear Mass. The next day was fixed for the wedding, and Isabella was so ill and trembling that she could hardly approach the altar rails to receive holy Communion at the midnight Mass.

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