

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Have Self-Confidence.

One talent utilized in a single direction would do infinitely more than ten talents scattered.

The rifle barrel is the purpose that gives direct aim to the powder, which otherwise, no matter how good it might be, would be powerless.

"A sublime self-confidence," says E. P. Whipple, "springing not from self-conceit, but from an intense identification of the man with his object, lifts him altogether above the fear of danger and death, and communicates an almost superhuman audacity to his will."

It is fashionable to ridicule the man of one idea, but the man who have changed the front of the world have been men of a single aim.

Mr. A. often laments at me," said a young American chemist, "because I have but one idea. He talks about everything, aims to excel in many things; but I have learned that, if I ever wish to make a breach, I must play my guns continually upon one point."

This great chemist, when an obscure schoolmaster, used to study by the light of a pine knot in a log cabin. Not many years later he was performing experiments in electro-magnetism before English ears, and subsequently he was at the head of one of the largest scientific institutes in this country.

"We should guard against a talent which we cannot hope to practice in perfection," says Goethe. Improve it as we may, we shall always, in the end, when the merit of the matter has become apparent to us, painfully lament the loss of time and strength devoted to such booting.

A Light Heart Under Failure. A light heart under failure is another condition of success which may be written down as an essential.

But when she took five-eyed Stub Green—not from the poor house or gutter, but directly from serving a sentence in the penitentiary—they all declared that it was the last straw.

And after a month of continued failure and exasperation, Miss Annerly herself almost came to the same conclusion. There did not seem to be a single soft spot in the armor of Stub's depravity.

But when she did not quite despair, this small of silliness and brutality meant a part of the boy's life which she shuddered to contemplate.

"Why, you poor boy!" she cried compassionately, as she picked him up, in her strong arms and carried him into the sitting room, and laid him tenderly upon a lounge, "why didn't you knock?"

"I dashed," in a weak, scared voice, "I took something, and I come back to tell."

"Oh no, you didn't take anything," soothingly, "you are just tired and cold."

Deafness Cannot be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies.

In a recent contest for the best definition of the word "friend," a London paper awarded the prize to the candi-

THE WELL-GROOMED MAN

whose smooth, clear skin and clean-cut appearance, are the passport to success, know how pleasantly and effectively

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"I'll get you some hot soup to drink, and then you must take a long nap. After that you'll feel better."

"Here, drink this, Stevie," she had called him this from the first, for she said it was a prettier name than Stub.

"I dashed," he repeated, trying to push away the bowl with his hand. "Not till I tell. I swiped your pocket book."

"Oh, no you didn't, Stevie," he proclaimed, "I've got it here in my pocket now. See. 'Not that one,' eagerly, 'the one upstairs in the chest drawer.'"

"It was meant for me," in a weak, awed voice, "for my Christmas. I never had nobody give me nothing afore you, an' I thought them fishin' pole and things was some kind of game. But when I got off in the city an'—an' found this, I knowed it was me—me."

The Child and the Angels. Valerie had been ill for many days, and now it was Christmas Eve. Outside, the children were making merry, but she did not seem to heed them.

"Do you hear them, mamma?" asked the child. "Hear whom, my darling?" "The angels, calling me?"

"No, child, you have been dreaming." "No mamma, I am wide awake—the angels are singing. It is like the choir in the church, only far more beautiful. Or like a serenade, only far more heavenly. The angels are all around us. I can even hear the flutter of their wings; listen!"

"Surely you heard them, then, mamma?" "No, my darling. I heard nothing. Try to sleep now."

"But they wait me; they are calling me. Hark! Hark!"

"Mamma, I must go with them, I must go." "But where, my darling?" "To heaven. They are saying, 'Come, Valerie, come.'"

"It is only the wind sweeping through the trees." "No, mamma, they are playing on silver harps. I can see them, and hear them. And there is a wondrous star above them—the star of Bethlehem. Listen!"

"Hear them, mamma. I must go; good-by." "Dear child, you rave! Try to sleep so that in the morning you may welcome Christmas."

"I shall be in heaven then. Good-by, mamma, good-by." "But you are better, dear. The doctor said to-morrow, Christmas-day, you might sit up a little while, and if you do not sleep now you will be so tired."

Valerie said no more. She stretched out her little hands to her mother, who took them in her own. For a long time the poor woman sat thus, till, tired and weary with watching, her head sank on the pillow beside the child, and she fell asleep.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

One of the Waifs.

Miss Annerly rather liked to work in unfavorable soil. There was no credit in growing things that grew naturally, she would say with one of her odd, whimsical smiles; but take something that others had passed by, and coax or urge it on to success, and—well, that was work that was worth while.

And this theory brought out many surprising results from the bare spots of her few rocky acres. Neighboring farmers looked and smiled, and looked again, and pursed their lips into low, suppressed whistles of astonishment.

And even more surprising—to them at least—were the practical results of the theory as applied to her help. She had a preference for obstinate soil even here, and her boys were the dogs of a neighboring poor house, or the cinders, which had sifted through the meshes of the surrounding farmers and been found waiting.

"Come to us, soul so white, Come in joy of the Christmas night, To that dear heaven, where thou shalt see Jesus the Lord, and Sweet Marie. Come to us, little one, come."

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Many considerations made and keep me a Catholic. Among them the following reasons: Because the information I could gather about the Greek church confirmed me in the conviction that it was no branch of the true Church. The Erastianism of the Russian Church is nothing more or less than shameless.

Because Catholicism walks reverently with bowed head, amongst mysteries. When you come to Protestantism, the mystery has gone. The Faith has undergone a process of rationalisation and nothing is left but what can be served out from the pulpit in a verbal discourse. I for one will not believe that the great mystery which is Christianity can be reduced to a mere matter of words.

Because the man of the world respects while he fears, the Catholic priest, but for the person—I make no apologies for him—he has nothing but a good-natured contempt. Because Catholic priests generally become known, if known they become, for devotion to their duties. Anglican parsons, in England at any rate frequently become known for something not of

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INFLUENCE OF BOOKS.

TOO MUCH CARE IN THE SELECTION OF READING MATTER CAN SCARCELY BE EXERCISED—THE MASTERPIECE OF THOMAS A. KEMPIS.

Some one has said, books are our best friends. Friends old the most part fall in the hour of adversity, an I true, indeed, are the lines of Shakespeare: "But hollow men, like horses hot at hand, Make gallant show and promise of their mettle, But when they should endure the bloody spur They fail their owners, and desert their backs in the trial."

Friends may fail us, but a good book never. Take up your book in your hours of ease. A fasting friend, 'twill delight and please; And when heavy sorrows weigh the mind, It cures the Griefs which never resign.

What wise old Polonius said about a true friend, "grapple him to your soul with books of steel," I venture to say about a good book. We are all of us a reading people nowadays, and there is scarcely a home in which you do not find a book of one kind or another, but I am sorry to say the general tendency is to take into the home the sensational novel, books dealing with questions antagonistic to faith and morals, and to exclude altogether books calculated to impart instruction, books in which there is some useful lesson conveyed. As nothing is more injurious to the morality of the individual, the nation as a filthy press, an immoral book, so nothing is more conducive to their well being as a healthy press, a good book. A good, wise man reads only those books in which he finds something useful, books of travel, history, science, or a well-written novel containing a moral, and hence the man who is given to reading such books is an entertaining man. Each one of us has his or her peculiar likings and dislikes in the matter of books, but there is the book of the Holy Scriptures which we should all like and have, and that book is the Imitation of Christ. There is no book written equal to it, always excepting, of course, the Holy Scriptures, and this is the universal opinion or rather, verdict, of those qualified to know, men of deep learning, and men differing widely in religious cult. It is a spiritual masterpiece. Great saints, like Ignatius of Loyola, great theologians like Cardinal Bellarmine, and a host of Catholic divines are loud in their praise of it. Among the Catholic laymen who made this book their constant study, I will mention two names—Sir Francis Cruise, Ireland's most skilled medical doctor, who, I believe, had the Imitation by heart, and the late Lord Russell of Killowen, lord chief justice of England, one of the greatest lawyers and judges of the past century. The latter carried the Imitation about with him in his pocket, and was in the habit of reading a chapter out of it every day. Let us now see what some of those great minds outside the church thought of the Imitation. Dr. Samuel Johnson, and he no doubt was well qualified to judge. His opinion of the author of the Imitation was that he was the best of social philosophers, and that his work was replete with the wisdom which men require on their way through life. He knew the Imitation by heart. Thomas Carlyle, whom some one named "the sour sugar of Chelsea," speaking about the Imitation, says: "Master the Imitation of Christ, and then you know all the philosophies of the ancient and modern world. He recommended a Kempis to all young men who came in contact with him. Not very long ago I came across a beautiful appreciation of the Imitation in the pages of an English journal edited by a notable nonconformist minister, and among the remarks on the work was this one: "No home is furnished without the Imitation." Auguste Comte, founder of the school of positivism, recommended with no wavering, no uncertain voice, all his followers to master a Kempis. Yes, the Imitation should be read by every young man, Catholic and Protestant alike, for it is the duty of us Catholics and Protestants to look for the best in men and books. Truth, beauty, simplicity of language, and a wisdom that is found in no earthly philosophy, all these breathe in every line of the Imitation. As a Kempis felt, he spoke and wrote, and as we read that beautiful work we feel that our souls wished us to bring home to ourselves this lesson most of all: "What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world and in the end suffer the loss of his immortal soul."—Intermountain Catholic.

Because Protestantism inclines more and more to present to the world an ideal of a religion which argues upwards from man to God. Catholicism on the other hand presents us with a religion which argues downward from God to man. Catholicism listens wholly to the still small voice of a progressive revelation, Protestantism keeps one ear continually towards the never-ending clamour of human unrest.

Because I never met a Christian till I met and knew the Catholic Christian. I had met men whose characters reflected the deepest sincerity, the most compelling earnestness, the widest charity, but I never met a man whose character reflected or reproduced the Christ-type as I conceived it until I met a certain earnest, sincere, good and great man who was also a Catholic prelate.

Because every generous sentiment I have ever had, every pious wish, every stirring of heart, every spiritual perception, every process of reason carried me onward without break or halt or perplexity to the firm conviction,

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which grows stronger every day, that the spirit of Catholicism is the spirit of Truth, a perpetual evolution from the mind and heart of God. H. K. GOBNALE, M. A., Cambridge, The course of those that are opposite to us is the nearest commendation that can be given us.—St. Evremont.

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