

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

On Choosing an Occupation.

Long familiarity with a bad business will make it seem right to you. If it is very profitable, it will at last hush your doubts and blunt your moral faculties. It will make you feel that there is compensation in pursuing it—at least until capital is accumulated for something else.

So, my friends, when you are thinking of engaging in an occupation which is a little questionable, and which does not get the complete consent of your faculties, do not forget this tremendous gripping power of habit, which, when you change, will pull like a giant to get you back into the old rut.

You have no right to choose an occupation which calls into play your inferior qualities—the lying, cunning, over-reaching, scheming, long-headed, under-handed qualities—those which cover and grasp and snatch, and never give, while all that is noblest in you shrivels and dies.

If you have already made a wrong choice, why should you need to remain in an occupation which does not have your unqualified approval, or in one of which you are ashamed, or in which you have to stretch your conscience every day to make deceitful statements, false representations to influence purchasers unduly, to induce them by a smooth manner and a lying tongue to do that which you know is not for their advantage, and for which you will reproach yourself afterwards?

Why should you so debase your manhood and pervert your ability in a contemptible occupation, when there are so many clean, respectable vocations which are searching for your ability and waiting for your talent?

You say that it is hard for you to change. Of course it is hard to jog along in humdrum toil for the sake of being honest when acquaintances all around are getting rich by leaps and bounds. Of course it takes courage to refuse to bend the knee to questionable methods, lies, schemes and fraud, when they are so generally used. Of course it takes courage to tell the exact truth when a little deception or a little departure from the right would bring great temporary gain. Of course it takes courage to refuse to be bribed when it could be covered up by a little specious justification. Of course it takes courage to stand erect when by bowing and scraping to people with a pull you can get inside information which will make you win what you know others must lose. Of course it takes courage to determine never to put into your pocket a dirty dollar, a lying, deceitful dollar, or a dollar that drips with human sorrow, or a dollar that has made some poor quill-wretch poorer, or has defeated another's cherished plans, or robbed him of ambition or education. But this is what character is for. This is what manhood means. This is what backbone and stamina were given us for—to stand for the right and oppose the wrong, no matter what the result.

Wear three coats, if necessary; live on one meal a day in a house with bare floors and bare walls, if you must; but under no circumstances ever consent to prostitute your manhood, or to turn your ability to do an unclean thing. Dig trenches; carry a hod; work as a section-hand on a railroad; shovel coal—anything rather than sacrifice your self-respect, plant your own rice your self respect, and shut yourself off forever from the true joy of living and the approbation which comes only from the consciousness of doing your level best to reach the highest that is possible to you. — O. S. Marden in Success.

The True Gentleman. To be a gentleman should be the ambition of every man and boy in the world. It is a law imposed upon us by society and by the command of our Lord Himself. Doubtless the most beautiful natural reward that accompanies a good Christian life is the refining influence of the teachings of Christ. The quintessence of Christianity is contained in the golden rule: "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." When followed out scrupulously, this maxim makes the perfect gentleman.

There is a word of meaning in that one word—gentleman. No higher or more flattering tribute can be paid to a man than to speak of him as a gentleman. That signifies he is a man of absolute integrity, of good character, of uncommon intelligence, an ornament to society. His presence is desired on all occasions, he is welcomed by his men acquaintances and respected by his friends of the other sex. Young and old love and admire him, and he exercises an influence unassuming and far-reaching that oftentimes even the priest can not claim.

The real gentleman is above all a man of self-possession. He is never harsh in his speech or in his actions—he is too considerate of the feelings of others to cause them pain by what he says or does. He is attentive to the wants of those around him. He will listen to conversations that do not interest him when it is necessary to make others happy. He is never intrusive, though he is not unbecomingly modest either. He is patient, but he does not carry his patience until it becomes moral weakness. While he accords to others courtesy, he knows how to maintain his own dignity. He strives to be polite to others, but he does not allow others to imagine that his attentions are so directed.

He that is in perfect peace suspects no man, but he that is discontented and disturbed is tossed about by various suspicions; he is neither easy himself, nor does he suffer others to be easy.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

HOW PETER GOT A PLACE.

"Mother, here's an advertisement that looks as though it would just suit," said Peter, coming in with his broom on his shoulder. He had been sweeping the pavement for Miss Patience Weeks, who by way of compensation, allowed him to look at the advertising columns every morning.

"What is it dear?" asked his mother, beginning to pour out the coffee at the little round table in the corner of the bright, clean kitchen.

"I'll read it to you," said Peter. The advertisement ran as follows: "Wanted: A good, smart boy, who is willing to run errands, and who is not afraid of work. At the Old Bookstore, corner of Fennari and Beech Streets."

"Yes, that sounds well. But by the time you get there, Peter," said his mother, "I am afraid the place may be given to some one else. It is a good distance from here."

"Well, I'll try it, anyhow," replied the boy, hurrying with his broom. The meal over, he started for the store, and had gone about half way, when he saw a boy on a bicycle a few feet ahead of him, run into a dog and throw the animal over. The bicycle suffered an injury also; a tire was punctured badly, making progress slow. Peter lingered a few moments to see if the dog was badly hurt. It was a pretty little terrier, and as he lifted it from the ground it looked beseechingly into his face, with short yelps of pain.

Peter glanced around, but saw no one to whom the dog seemed to belong. The boy examined it and found that one of its forepaws was injured. He did not know what to do. He could not bear to leave it in the street; and while he was considering, the little white creature nestled down contentedly in his arms, occasionally uttering a moan, but on the whole appearing to feel rather comfortable.

Peter was obliged to accelerate his pace, and soon came up to the other boy, now making but slow progress on his bicycle.

"Hello!" he called out, as Peter passed him. "That's the dog that ran into me, isn't it?"

"That's the dog you ran over," said Peter, and passed on.

"Is it yours?" shouted the boy. Peter shook his head. The boy turned down a side street and Peter lost sight of him. But when he reached the old bookstore he found him seated, with three or four others, on a bench inside the door. A little man with blue spectacles was talking to them. Peter felt that he had but a slight chance among so many, but joined the group, not forgetting to remove his cap, which none of the others had done. Before entering, Peter had taken the precaution of placing the dog under a box which stood in the vestibule. As he entered, the old man was saying to the boy with the bicycle:

"I guess you'll do. You have a bicycle, and you can run errands more quickly. You'll have to carry home books, you know. Come in the morning."

"All right sir!" replied the boy. The others stayed not upon the order of their going, but sidled up one by one, evidently disappointed. Peter was about to do likewise, when the old man suddenly turned and asked:

"Was that a dog crying, boy? Did you hear it?"

"Yes, sir," rejoined Peter. "Where is it?"

"Just outside—under that box. It was hurt, and—"

"Hello!" laughed the successful one. "You see, I was along pretty fast, and my machine ran into the cur. This fellow he picked it up and carried it to his arms like a baby. I didn't know he was comin' here, though. He's a regular sissy boy, that fellow is; you can tell it by his pink cheeks and curly hair."

The bookseller growled and looked sharply over his spectacles at his new assistant.

"Your dog?" he inquired of Peter. "No, sir," was the reply. "Yours?" he asked, turning to the other boy.

"No, sir. I ain't got no use for dogs at any time. And I'd like to smash that one; he made me puncture my tire. There was a sharp stone, and—"

"You don't like dogs, eh?" said the old man. "Most boys do like them."

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suggested the old man. "Oh, no! I don't think I ought to do that," replied Peter at once. "If he is valuable, or if his owner wants him, he will do that himself."

"You're not so slow," remarked the old man, with a broad smile; "and your position is well taken. I think I'll keep him myself—if he will stay with me," he added.

"But," began Peter, "that wouldn't be right, either."

"Yes, it would," rejoined the old man, "because he's my dog."

"Your dog?" exclaimed Peter, clasping the animal a little more closely, while the other boy burst into a loud laugh.

"You're a pair of blokes," he cried, imprudently. The old man turned upon him.

"You may go!" he said, angrily. "And go at once, and don't come back! Do you hear?"

The boy slunk away. The old man again addressed himself to Peter.

"It is my dog," he said. "I'll show you 'Pinkie'!" he called, and the dog, lifting its head from Peter's jacket, looked shamefacedly into his master's eyes. Seeing a welcome there, he sprang suddenly from Peter's arms into those of the old bookseller.

"Now do you believe he belongs to me?" inquired the old man, laying his wrinkled cheek on the head of the little truant. "Do you like books, boy?" he asked, after a moment.

"Very much, sir," replied Peter. "There are plenty of them here," said the man—second hand, principally, but interesting, most of them, and valuable, many of them. I know you like dogs. I have two passions in me—books and dogs."

"Thank you, sir!" replied Peter. "You see," said the old bookseller, as he accompanied the boy to the door, "I'm very fond of fox terriers especially. They are the most intelligent animals you ever saw; affectionate, too, and very companionable; but they have the bad habit of running away for days at a time. I never saw one that didn't. They always turn up again, though, unless they're run over and killed, or stolen, or no doubt he will be some day, for he is always following custom ers. However, now that he will have a young companion, one that he likes besides—for I can see he likes you—perhaps he may be satisfied with little jaunts without going so far afield. I really believe—what is your name, my boy?"

"Peter, sir—Peter Smith," answered the boy.

"I really believe, Peter, that he gets lost, that he does not willfully remain away. I have great hopes of him from this time forward. Peter. I feel almost certain he will stay at home now that you are coming. What do you think?"

"I'll do all I can to keep him here, and see that he doesn't run too far away," said Peter. "And I'm very much obliged for the place."

"It was the dog that did it. Thank you dog," replied the bookseller. "I'll expect you at half past seven in the morning. You will have to sweep out the shop and put away the books, and learn to wait on customers a little when I am absent. If you love books, as you say you do, you will soon learn your duties in that line. I'm sure we shall get on, Peter—I'm sure we shall get on. And now I'll have to put some witchazel on Pinkie's foot, before customers begin to make their appearance. Good-morning, Peter; good-morning!"

"Good-morning, sir!" responded Peter, blithely, as the heavy door swung behind him; and, thanking his good fortune, he hastened home to tell his mother the welcome news that he had not only found a place, a master, and a playmate, but that all three were just as he would have chosen them if it had been given him to choose.—Ave Maria.

HONOR TO OUR LADY.

The Casket.

It was the opinion of Newman that one of the reasons why our non-Catholic brethren think we pay too much honor to our Lady and the saints is that they themselves do not pay enough honor to our Lord. This is probably true to-day that was when Newman wrote the following passages on the eve of his departure from the Church of England:

"Arius or Asterius did all but confess that Christ was the Almighty;

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they said much more than St. Bernard or St. Alphonsus have since said of the Blessed Mary; yet they left Him a creature and a wonder in heaven! Thus there was a wonder in heaven! a throne was seen, far above all other created powers, mediatorial, intercessory; a title archetypal; a crown bright as the morning star; a glory issuing from the eternal throne; robes pure as the heavens; and a sceptre over all; and who was the predestined heir of that Majesty? Since it was not high enough for the Highest, Who was that Wisdom, and what was her name, the Mother of fair love, and fear, and holy hope, exalted like a palm-tree in Engaddi, and a rose-plum in Jericho, created from the beginning before the world in God's everlasting counsel, and in Jerusalem her power! The vision is found in the Apocalypse, a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and she wore a crown of twelve stars. The rotaries of Mary do not exceed the true faith, unless the blasphemers of her Son come up to it. The Church of Rome is not idolatrous, unless Arianism is orthodox.

"Yet it is not wonderful, considering how Socinians, Sabellians, Nestorians, and the like, abound in these days, without their even knowing it themselves, if those who never rise higher in their notions of our Lord's divinity, than to consider Him a Man singularly inhabited by a divine Presence, that is a Catholic saint—if such men should mistake the honor paid by the Church to the human mother for that very honor which, and which alone, is worthy of her Eternal Son."—Essay on Development, Chap. IV.

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BETROTHAL AND MARRIAGE.

The recent Roman decrees concerning marriage and betrothal have dawned from the Boston Herald the following comment:

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