

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A Boy Who Recommended Himself.
John Brent was trimming his hedge and the "snip, snip," of his shears was a pleasing sound to his ears. In the rear of him stretched a wide, smoothly-kept lawn, in the center of which stood his residence, a handsome, massive modern structure, which had cost him not less than \$90,000.00.

The owner of it was the man who, in shabby attire, was trimming his hedge. "A close, stingy old skinflint, I'll warrant," some boy is ready to say.

No, he wasn't. He trimmed his own hedge for recreation, as he was a man of sedentary habits. His shabby clothes were his working clothes, while those he wore on other occasions were both neat and expensive; indeed, he was very particular even about what are known as the minor appointments of dress.

Instead of being stingy he was exceedingly liberal. He was always contributing to benevolent enterprises, and helping deserving people, often when they had not asked his help.

Just beyond the hedge was the public sidewalk, and two boys stopped opposite to where he was at work, he on one side of the hedge, and they on the other.

"Hallo, Fred! That's a very handsome racket," one of them said. "You paid about \$7.00 for it, didn't you?"

"Only \$6.00, Charlie," was the reply. "Your old one is in prime order yet. What will you take for it?"

"I sold it to Willie Robbins for \$1.50," replied Fred.

"Well, now, that was silly," declared Charlie. "I'd have given you \$3.00 for it."

"You are too late," replied Fred. "I have promised it to Willie."

"Oh! you only promised it to him, eh? And he simply promised to pay for it I suppose? I'll give you \$3.00 cash for it."

"I can't do it, Charlie."

"You can't if you want to. A \$1.50 more is not to be sneezed at."

"Of course not," admitted Fred, "and I'd like to have it, only I promised the racket to Willie."

"But you are not bound to keep your promise. You are at liberty to take more for it. Tell him that I offered you another time as much, and that will settle it."

"No, Charlie," gravely replied the other boy, "that will not settle it; neither will Willie nor with me. I cannot disappoint him. A bargain is a bargain. The racket is his, even if it hasn't been delivered."

"Oh, let him have it," retorted Charlie, angrily. "Fred Fenton, I will not say you are a chump, but I'll predict that you'll never make a successful business man. You are too punctilious."

John Brent overheard the conversation, and he stepped to a gap in the hedge, in order to get a look at the boy who had such a high regard for his word.

"The lad has a good face, and is made of the right sort of stuff," was the millionaire's mental comment.

"He places proper value upon his integrity, and he will succeed in business because he is punctilious."

The next day, while he was again working on his hedge, John Brent overheard another conversation.

"Fred Fenton was again a participant in it."

"Fred, let us go over to the circus to," the other boy said. "The men are putting up the tents for the afternoon performance."

"No, Joe; I'd rather not," Fred said.

"But why?"

"On account of the profanity. One never hears anything good on such occasions, and I would advise you not to go. My mother would not want me to go."

"Did she say you shouldn't?"

"No, Joe."

"Then let us go. You'll not be disobeying her orders."

"But I'll be disobeying her wishes," insisted Fred. "No, I'll not go."

"That is another good point in that boy," thought John Brent. "A boy who respects his mother's wishes very rarely goes wrong."

Two months later, John Brent advertised for a clerk in his factory, and there were at least a dozen applicants.

"I can simply take your names and residences this morning," he said, "I'll make inquiries about you, and notify the one of whom I conclude to select."

Three of the boys gave their names and residences.

"What is your name?" he asked, as he glanced at the fourth boy.

"Fred Fenton, sir," was the reply. John Brent remembered the name and the boy. He looked at him keenly, a pleased smile crossing his face.

"You can stay," he said. "I've been suited sooner than I expected to be," he added, looking at the other boys, and dismissing them with a wave of his hand.

"Why did you take me?" asked Fred, in surprise. "Why were inquiries not necessary in my case? You do not know me."

"I know you better than you think I do," John Brent said, with a significant smile.

"But I offered you no recommendations," suggested Fred.

"My boy, it wasn't necessary," replied John Brent. "I overheard you recommending yourself."

But as he felt disposed to enlighten Fred, he told him about the two conversations he had overheard.

Now, boys, this is a true story and there is a moral in it. You are more frequently observed and heard and overheard than you are aware of.

Your elders have a habit of making an estimate of your mental and moral worth. You cannot keep late hours, lounge on the corners, visit low places, of amusement, smoke cigarettes, and chaff boys who are better than you are, without older people making a note of your bad habits.

How much more forcibly and creditably pure speech, good breeding, honest purposes, and paternal respect would speak in your behalf!

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

It may be Power for Evil.

The idea that knowledge is power should not obscure the fact that knowledge is like an edged weapon that may hurt the one who holds it. A knowledge of poisonous drugs is useful to the chemist and physician who use it only for the good of mankind; it becomes dangerous knowledge when imparted to the criminally inclined.

We should seek knowledge with the consciousness that it may be used for good or for evil, and that in itself it has no power to make us better men. It is a weapon whose power depends upon the skill with which it is wielded—a sword, not a rapid firing gun. It will make us better if in its use we are guided by high purposes; it may help to degrade us if the development of moral force has not kept pace with the growth of knowledge.

Spent Less.

Almost every man at some time in life has to learn the bitter lesson of poverty, not perhaps in its severest form, but in the limitations of his income and the inability to keep up with a former style of living. If he has not to face failure he has to meet unpleasant debts and pressing creditors, to feel the pinch of the accounts of our readers, undoubtedly many of our readers will note the total with dismay. But learn your lesson, however hard it is. Cut down expenses until there is a safe margin and then brace yourself to the work of the future. The quicker such matters are taken in hand the better, for debts breed debts and kill a man's courage, and pride goeth before a debtor's destruction. It is surprising how many things a man calls "needs" when they are only wishes. If men do not form habits of saving while young they will be taught to do so by some severe and humiliating lesson. Benjamin Franklin's words on economy of life are always worth reading:

"There are two ways of being happy; we may either diminish our wants or augment our means—either will do, the result is the same. It is for each man to decide for himself and do that which happens to be the easier. If you are idle, or sick, or poor, however hard it may be to diminish your wants, it will be harder to augment your means. If you are active and prosperous, or young, or in good health, it may be easier for you to augment your means than to diminish your wants. But if you are wise, you will do both at the same time, young or old, rich or poor, sick or well; and if you are wise, you will do both in such a way as to augment the general happiness of society."

Lack of Sociability.

The question of the lack of sociability among Catholics is thus treated by the Northwestern Chronicle:

"From within and without the complaint is often made that Catholics are not sociable; that they have no eye nor hand for the Catholic stranger in the city or for the newcomer in the parish; that, in fact, the members of the same congregation, and even the occupants of adjoining pews, often have for years and years only a bowing acquaintance with one another. The substantial truth of these statements cannot be denied. Time and again we have heard the sad story of how Catholic young men, migrating to cities new to them, were obliged to seek among non-Catholics relief from the isolation to which their own cruelly abandoned them. The sufferings endured by those who, leaving home, find themselves alone among strangers, can be appreciated adequately only by the graduates of the school of bitter experience. It is not surprising that some of these, neglected by their Church and taken up by others, are lost to the faith of their childhood. This is an important point in which Catholics neglect what is more than a mere social duty to one another."

The line of defense usually followed in explanation and palliation of the non-sociability of the Catholics as Catholics, is that they consider divine worship as personal rather than social; that is, the Catholic goes to church to discharge an all-important obligation to God and not to pay a petty social debt to man. The Catholic does not ignore the social aspect of religion, but he looks upon it as appertaining to the solemn expression of worship rather than to the mundane amenities of life. To him the church is a house of God and not a merry meeting-place; to him the sermon has effect as the word of God and not of the advanced thinker or the sensational preacher; to him true worship is not a act of sacrifice and not the laudatory utterance of rhetorical prayers or the harmonic execution of polyphonic anthems. According to the Catholic view, divine service is directed to the Creator and not to the pews. Therefore about the church and the functions of the church is an air of silent solemnity and over-awing sanctity. It is believed that the church is not the place for chattering and flattery and flirtings. For these reasons Catholics are not inclined to

mix sociability with their religion, but they make a grievous mistake if they jump to the extreme conclusion that they have no obligation whatsoever toward the fellow-members of their parish. There is imperative need of more attention to the "social" question among Catholics—to the social question in its thousand and one bearings.

"Chumps" and Sharpers.

I am surprised that any young man possessing health and strength should ask me the question which one of my correspondents did last week. He is one of the heirs to a little unsettled property and wants to realize on his share at once, so that he can have a good time. He asks me how he shall do this, and if the advertisements which he sees in the daily papers offering to advance money to heirs are worth considering. I judge from his letter that he has no occupation and wants to live on the proceeds of the property left him, until they are all exhausted. In the first place, I must say decidedly that he is a lazy, selfish, unprincipled fellow who will never come to good unless he mends his ways. I presume that he is fond of loafing round saloons and smoking cigarettes. His kind, metaphorically speaking, this kind of work for idle hands to do.

If he wants money for immediate use, why does he not go to work and earn it like a man? He is laying out a life for himself that will bring him nothing but sorrow, for a lazy man is never happy. He is always dissatisfied because everything is not cushioned for him, and is continually finding fault with other people because they are not administering to his comfort. To him the slightest exertion is an affliction. No doubt my young correspondent is calling the executors of the property, in which he is interested, all kinds of hard names, because they will not furnish him with plenty of money before the estate is settled. If he had his way all the bills against it would remain unpaid, so that he might gobble up whatever income there might be, to waste in profligate and sinful pleasure. I venture to say that this young fellow rarely if ever goes to church, eats meat on Friday and other days of abstinence, and like the fool says in his heart there is no God. When young fellows begin to go to the bad they always secede at religion, because their precepts are opposed to the vile lives they are leading in open and secret sin. The man who is no higher aspiration than to be a loafer and a boaster in disreputable resorts is on the highroad to ruin here and hereafter.

Now as to raising money on his share of an unsettled estate. Does he know how many money sharks there are waiting to swallow a gudgeon like my foolish young correspondent? They advertise to let money at low rates, but that is only a promise that is made to be broken? What are the low rates that they talk about? Let us see. In the first place, if you want to borrow, say \$600, they will make out two notes of \$300 each, which they will make you sign. Then for the use of \$700, they will charge you 12 per cent. a year. Mind you, \$100 of this sum you never get at all. That goes to the agents of the loan for so-called commissions, always exorbitant, and for searching the records, the real cost of which would be about \$20. You will see by this, if you have any brains at all, that you have been egregiously sold. And this is not all. If you do not pay the interest regularly, these financial sharpers will foreclose on your portion of the estate, offer it for sale, when it will be probably bought up by some interested party at a fourth of its value. At any rate, you will have paid for the use of \$600 for two years about one-half of the whole amount. Do you think this is a profitable thing to do, and do you believe that the money that your father accumulated by hard and unceasing toil should be wasted in this way? You would probably begrudge to put 25 cents in the box for some deserving charity, and yet you will let insurance have the bulk of the money that your father left you to establish yourself in a business, or perhaps to buy a home, where you might rear a decent family.

I write all this more in sorrow than in anger, though I may have spoken harshly. I ask you now to retrace your steps, and to give up all idea of virtually using your little property before it comes into your possession. Begin to labor at once, and overcome your indolent habits, for laziness can be cured, like everything else, if one sets about it resolutely. You will find yourself happier in the end by pursuing this course, and will have something to show for when you really come into your inheritance.

It is often a curse for a young man to inherit money, and especially so if he has no fixed principles and looks upon the world as only a place for indulgence in illicit pleasure. It often brings him to the state prison in the end, for the spendthrift, if he does not die early, almost invariably turns into a worthless vagabond who will swindle or steal, if indeed, he does not commit some greater crime. He goes from bad to worse until he has not a shred of character left, and is shunned by all reputable men. Don't be either a spendthrift or a chump.—Benedict Bell in Sacred Heart Review.

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INFIDELITY, NOT SECTARIAN CHRISTIANITY.

The report of the Connecticut missionaries to non-Catholics in the Missionary (Epiphany) number, just to hand, contains a very important suggestion, and one which we consider peculiarly appropriate to the present time, and applicable to other localities besides Connecticut. The report says:

The experience of the past three months has taught the Fathers of the Connecticut apostolate that more than Scriptural arguments are needed at times to win over those who do not profess our faith. Much has been seen in print recently about the waning Christianity of the descendants of the Puritans. So far as the rural districts of Connecticut are concerned, we are learning that the barriers which divide us from our separated brethren must be lowered with the sledge hammer of reason before revelation can make an effective appeal. The character of the questions which we are called upon to answer; the personal interviews with those who come to seek further information; the objections which the resident clergy are requested to convey to the preacher, all evidence that we are struggling with infidelity rather than with sectarian Christianity."

Yes, infidelity, rather than sectarian Christianity, is the powerful enemy with which we have to contend everywhere. What is the use of quoting Scripture to men who don't believe in the Bible, or whom the higher criticism has led to doubt the authenticity and divine inspiration of the sacred books? Perhaps there is a small minority of orthodox people whose faith is still unshaken, but that the great majority of the descendants of the old Puritans are strongly infected with infidelity and agnostic principles there can be no reasonable doubt. Of course, in dealing with them it is necessary to appeal to reason, and to answer the thousand and one objections to the very foundations of Christianity which are working in their minds.

Unfortunately it is to be feared that too many of our own people are in danger of being more or less affected by the popular indifference and even doubt which pervade the whole community. Nor is it very much to be wondered at. The mass our people have not been thoroughly instructed in the grand, distinguishing feature of their religion. They are Catholics, as it were, by inheritance. They are living in a Protestant community, they breathe an atmosphere impregnated with Protestant prejudice, skepticism and doubt. Their principal reading is of the secular papers, which, to say the least, do not exert a very powerful influence in favor of Christian faith and morality. Their companions in the workshop, their partners in business or professional life are skeptics, infidels, sometimes even scoffers, and it would be a miracle if they were not more or less affected by it all.

What is the lesson that this state of things seems to teach, and which it ought to bring home with great force to every intelligent, loyal Catholic? Is it not the indispensable necessity of the minds of our people being fortified by a more thorough instruction in the great distinguishing features of their religion? The minds of our young men, especially, should be fortified against the insidious and dangerous reasonings and objections of skeptics and infidels.

And can any good reason be given why our interest should be extended to outsiders? Surely the condition of our Protestant friends at the present time may well appeal to our Catholic sense of having a sure and undoubted hope of heaven, and of the blessedness of being a Catholic. The descendants of the old Puritans are naturally religious. Many of them are groping in the dark, looking for some sure foundation for faith. What they need is just what the Catholic Church can furnish them. The experience of the missionaries to non-Catholics proves abundantly that they are ready to listen to the exportations of the Catholic faith made for their special benefit, and multitudes are embracing that faith with joy and thanks-giving. Does not Christian charity, as well as a feeling of Christian sympathy and brotherhood prompt us to do everything in our power to extend to them the unspeakable blessings which we enjoy.—Sacred Heart Review.

EFFECTS OF MUSIC.

"An admirable facility which made him to express and represent to the mind, more inwardly than any other sensible means of the very standard rising and falling, the very steps and inflections every way, the tunes and varieties of all passions whereunto the mind is subject, yes, as to imitate them that, whether it resembles unto us the same state wherein our minds already are, or a clean contrary, we are not more contented by the one confirmed than changed as led away by the other."

In harmony with the very image and character even of virtue or vice is perceived, the mind delighted with their resemblances, and brought by having them often iterated, into a love of the things themselves. For which cause there is nothing more contagious and pestilent than some kinds of harmony; than some, nothing more strong and potent unto good. And that there is such a difference of one kind from another, we need no proof but our own experience, inasmuch as we are, at the hearing of some, more inclined unto sorrow and heaviness, of some, more mollified and softened in mind; one kind apter to stay and settle us, another to move and stir our affections, there is that draweth to a marvellous grave and sober mediocrity; there is also that carried, as it were, into ecstasies, filling the mind with a heavenly joy, and for the time in a manner severing it from the body; so that, although we lay altogether aside the consideration

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PALE AND LANGUID.

The Condition of Very Many Young Girls in Canada.

THEY ARE SUBJECT TO HEADACHES, HEART TROUBLE, AND AN INDISPOSITION TO EXERTION—PARENTS SHOULD ACT PROMPTLY IN SUCH CASES.

Miss Alma Gauthier, daughter of Mr. Adelard Gauthier, proprietor of a well-known hotel at Three Rivers, Que., enjoys a wide popularity among her young friends, and they have recently had occasion to rejoice at her restoration to health after a serious illness. When a reporter called to ascertain the facts of the case Miss Gauthier was out of the city on a visit, but her father very gladly consented to give the story of her cure. He said:—"I believe that had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills my daughter Alma might now have been in her grave, and I would be ungrateful indeed if I did not at all times say a kind word in favor of the medicine that restored her to health."

My daughter's health first began to give way several years ago. At first the trouble did not appear to be serious, and we thought she would soon regain her accustomed health. As time went on, however, this proved not to be the case. She grew weaker, was troubled with headaches, poor appetite, dizziness and a feeling of almost constant languor. She seemed to be gradually fading away. If she walked up stairs she would have to stop several times to rest on the way. She lost all her color and her face was as white as chalk. Her trouble was clearly that which afflicts so many young women entering womanhood, and we feared it would develop into consumption. One day a friend of the family urged her to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and she consented, and procured a couple of boxes.

Before they were quite gone there was a slight improvement in her appetite and we looked upon this as a hopeful sign. Another half dozen boxes were procured, and under their use she day by day acquired new strength and new interest in life. She is now as healthy a girl as there is in Three Rivers, with every trace of her pallor and languor gone. This is entirely due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I am rejoiced to be able to say so publicly."

The case of Miss Gauthier certainly carries with it a lesson to other parents, whose daughters may be pale, languid, easily tired, or subject to headaches, or the other distressing symptoms that mark the progress of anemia. In the case of this kind Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will give more certain and speedy results than any other medicine. They act promptly and directly, making new, rich red blood, and strengthening the nerves, and correct all the irregularities incident to this critical period.

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