

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

"Can't 'elp likin' 'im." In the Black Hills of South Dakota there lives an humble, ignorant miner, who has won the love and good will of everyone who knows him.

Bright, handsome young men, graduates of Eastern colleges, are there seeking their fortune; a great many able, strong men have been drawn there from different parts of the country by the gold fever; but some of them holds the public confidence as does this poor man.

There is just as much of an art in approaching people properly as in approaching a landscape to get the best possible effect.

One should cultivate the art of reading character at first sight. Some people know at a glance what road to take to get into a stranger's confidence.

There is nothing else which will create such a good impression upon a stranger as a sunny face, a cheerful, gracious manner.

Young men who are ambitious to amass money often make a great mistake in thinking that it is waste of time to cultivate their social faculties.

The result is there are multitudes of well-to-do men in this country who can scarcely say their souls are their own in a drawing-room or elsewhere in society.

They are dumb upon other subjects. They taboo what is called society. It is a bore to them simply because they have never developed their social qualities.

At the end of two long months, she had \$8.00. At last, at last, the amount was made up. Eagerly she hurried to a bird store and bought a lovely ballfinch that was a fine singer for \$5.00 and a brand new cage for \$3.00.

She carried them home herself at an hour when she knew that Alice would not be at home, and placed them in the latter's room, together with this note: "To Alice: An act of repentance, a sign of sorrow, a token of love, and a plea for forgiveness. Please accept the offering, but don't say a word to me about it. Affectionately, "MARY."

When Alice came home and saw the new bird and read the message, she understood. She sought her sister. Without a word, she put her arms about her and kissed her. No better way of expressing pardon for a wrong could have been used. The gift was accepted as an act of reparation, and the past, so far as it could be, was blotted out.

What a great thing it is to "start right" in life. Every young man can see that the first steps lead to the last, with all except his own. No, his little, prevarications and dodgings will not make him a liar, but he can see that they surely will in John Smith's case.

There is a wonderful relation between bad habits. They all belong to the same family. If you take in one, no matter how small or insignificant it may seem, you will soon have the whole.

You have seen a ship out in the bay

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Mary's Act of Revenge. Alice was making something which she would not let Mary see. Whenever the latter came near where she was at work she would wrap up what she was doing to go to some other part of the house.

Mary went off by herself in a pout. She determined "to get even" with her sister. The more she thought of it, the more she was tempted to be vindictive.

Quickly she rushed up to Alice's room, opened the door, with a stick forced the casy out, and watched it fly and flutter out of the window, which happened to be open.

She went to the window and looked out. The bird had alighted on the fence. But, see, there was a big stray cat about to pounce upon it.

Mary was too unnerved to move or to answer. But when Alice called for her again, she stambled down the stairs somehow.

"Come down, Mary, I have something to show you." Mary was too unnerved to move or to answer. But when Alice called for her again, she stambled down the stairs somehow.

"Why, what's the matter?" inquired Alice, anxiously, "aren't you pleased?" "O Alice," cried Mary, "don't speak to me, don't be kind to me; I'm a mean, hateful thing."

"Why, what's the matter, Alice?" "Don't ask me. I'm ashamed to tell you. I'll never forgive myself. O my hasty temper, my quick, hot, ungoverned temper! Will you ever forgive me, Alice?"

"Forgive you for what?" "But thereupon Mary became hysterical. Yes, she fell into paroxysms of crying and nothing could stop her or comfort her. She became so violent that the doctor had to be sent for.

The physician gave her a sedative potion that quieted her nerves and put her to sleep.

But she had to keep to her bed for three days and the sight of the bird-cage or any mention of the vanished canary sent her into a spasm of weeping and moaning.

Alice searched everywhere for her lost pet, but no trace of it was ever found.

As soon as Mary recovered, she went to her little store of savings and pocket money and found that she had \$1.82. Then she began to walk up and down town, to have no dessert at lunch-noon, to find several opportunities to earn a little money, and in every possible way to accumulate funds, by her own effort, at the cost of labor and self-denial.

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But Mary had been taught a lesson to curb her temper, to regulate her curiosity, and to be slow to seek revenge for fancied slights.—Aunt Agnes in Catholic Union and Times.

Tact of Gentleness. Of all the gifts to be prayed for, next to grace at heart, tact and gentleness in manner are the most desirable.

A brusque, shy, curt manner, a cold indifference, a snappish petulance, a brutal appearance of stolidity, antagonize and wound and rob even really kind actions of half their value.

It is worth while to do a kind thing gracefully and tactfully. There is a certain propriety of demeanor which never makes a mistake, which guards the feeling of a loved one as carefully as a mother cherishes her little doll cate child.

WITHOUT TRYING TO DO SO.—Church Progress.

There are some scenes in our child life that remain in the memory all during life, and that in later years seem to stand forth most prominently.

Among those scenes is the one which we call evening prayer. The day for the child is over, all the little pleasures, the little fears and the pains that seemed to sharp are over, the sunshine of the day has gone, and with the coming of night comes bedtime and the evening prayer.

But to which portion of that great throng do we belong? Is the palm we bear an emblem of victory? These are questions which it behooves us to put to ourselves at this particular time.

Here, then, is the lesson. Here the important question which conscience calls us to answer. Namely, to which portion of the multitude do we belong, that which is following Jesus honestly and faithfully and profiting by the doctrine which He preached, or that which is later heard calling out, "Crucify Him!"

Again, are the palms which the Church blesses and places in our hands on this day emblems of victory for us? A victory over our appetites, through the observance of the regulations of Lent; a victory over sin and Satan; a victory over our passions; a victory over the vices of the world and the ways of wickedness.

Conversion by Example. Sir Henry Bellingham, who some time ago inaugurated at Castlebellingham, County Louth, the system of setting up the wayside cross in Ireland, has been a convert for nearly forty years.

He has given the following account of his conversion: "The personal example and simple faith of the Irish poor were the first things that impressed me. I compared it favorably with the class of Protestants in Ireland amongst whom I mixed, and whose doctrines consisted more in hatred of Rome than in any definite belief.

My daughter enjoyed very good health until about two years ago, when she showed symptoms of dependency. After some time she experienced a heart-breaking pain and then had severe convulsions.

My wife has taken six bottles of Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and she has had no return of the fits, and I think this remedy has had the desired effect. I cheerfully recommend it to anyone suffering from that dreadful malady "Epilepsy," and may God aid you in your good work.

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PALM SUNDAY: ITS LESSON.

Sunday next will be Palm Sunday, commemorative of our Lord's triumphant entrance into Jerusalem, as was foretold many hundreds of years before by the prophet Zacharias.

So vividly is the picture presented that we find no difficulty in becoming one of the great multitude; in mingling our Hosannas with theirs and in feeling the breezes from the waving palms, emblems of victory.

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