

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Before taking up any special line of study—mathematics, for instance—make up your mind, at the outset, that you will persevere until the subject is thoroughly mastered. Do not drop it because it proves more difficult than you thought it would be. Do not be discouraged because you have to spend so much more time in trying to solve your problem than you anticipated. Persevere and you will not only master a branch of knowledge which will prove invaluable to you in the affairs of life, but you will also have clarified and enlarged your mind and made it much better fitted to cope with other things.—Success for February.

Mother Will Worry.

A good test of a boy's manliness is the way he treats his mother. As a rule this best of earthly friends will cheerfully endure any sacrifice for the sake of her happiness. A little thoughtfulness and attention on his part will lift her heart with delight. The lad who is mentioned below ought to have many imitators. Don't worry mother, boys!

One of our writers overheard some boys talking together lately. A plan for spending the evening had been proposed, and one of the boys refused to join the party. He had promised to be at home by supertime. The rest laughed at his excuse.

"No," he said, "I have promised to be at home, and mother will worry." There were many gibes at his mother's nervousness and whims and the old maidliness but the boy was firm; he would not give anxiety to his mother. She was making great exertions to give them all an education at a college near by, and the noble fellows appreciated her efforts. Their greatest pleasure in any success was the joy of "telling mother"; their best recreation after school was a walk with mother. Whenever she was obliged to go to the store or market, one of the boys, usually the youngest, was at her side carrying the bundles, waiting upon her into the cars and finding his pleasure in watching her happy face.

The college boys dubbed the three sons "Their Mother's Knights." It was a title to be proud of, and it would not be a bad idea to start an order among boys with some such name. The lad who was afraid of making his mother worry was the leading scholar in the class, fond of sport and a live boy generally, and bids fair to recompense all his mother's care by his successes. He is too manly to willingly cause her a moment's pain. Happy the mother of such a boy!

The Wheat Children.

They were tiny green seeds, baby seeds, surrounded by hundreds of brother seeds, snugly packed away in cozy little homes, waving in the breeze at the top of a long green wheat stem. Mother Nature had furnished all the thousands and thousands of wheat homes waving and bending in the breeze.

Kind old Mother Nature loved her wheat children dearly. Every day or two she would send a nice warm shower bath to wash away the dust, and house clean for them, and give them nice fresh drinks in their rootmoots, so they could grow and grow. Then she would send the warm sunshine to warm their little heads and bodies. Each day they would feel their little bodies swelling and growing larger. They wanted to grow as fast as they could, so they could surprise Mother Nature when she came to see them.

One day in June Mother Nature came at last to visit her wheat children. He held they had changed their little green coats for lovely golden jackets. They nodded gaily in the breeze, so proud were they of their new clothes. Suddenly they all settled down to a calm, beautiful stillness to hear what Mother Nature had to say to them.

She smiled gently as she said: "My children, I am proud and happy to see you are all no longer green-pumpkin, but you will have to leave home now and go out into the world to do the work that God, your Father in heaven, has planned for you to do. He has given each one of you some work to do, and I hope you will do it faithfully and cheerfully. Each of you must choose to-day the work you want to do, the work that you can do best."

One little grain of wheat said: "Oh! I know what I want to do; I want to be taken to a mill and be ground into flour and be made into a nice biscuit for some poor little child that is hungry and cold and miserable."

Then on all sides a thousand little wheat grain said: "We want to be made into flour, too, so we can do some good."

Mother Nature smiled her sweetest smile as she said: "You have chosen well, my children, and your Heavenly Father will surely bless your work." Then another little grain said: "I want to be put to bed in the nice old earth, to rest there all the cold, bleak winter. When the spring comes I will grow up tall and green and beautiful. People will love to look at me and I will give pleasure to all. I want to have a house full of little wheat children to send out into the world to do their Father's work."

A thousand little voices said: "We do, too! We do, too!"

Mother Nature smiles again and pats them on their heads as she said: "Your work will be a good one, too, my vain little wheat children who have chosen a life of beauty. Go into the world and give pleasure to all that see you."

Then a lazy little voice said: "I don't want to be ground into flour, and I just won't be planted in the dirty old earth. It isn't any use to work anyway. I want to be put in some farmer's barn, where I won't have any work to do, and I will sleep and sleep and sleep all the day long."

A lot of little lazy voices said: "We want to be put in a barn, too, so we won't have to work."

Mother Nature looked very sad and bright tears stood in her eyes as she said: "My poor, lazy little wheat children, you have chosen a life of wretch-

edness and sorrow. May God touch your hearts so that some day you may rise to a noble life of usefulness!" Then she said: "Good-bye, my children. The reapers have come and you must all now fulfill the life you have chosen."—The Western Recorder.

Trappist Aged 9.

Let me introduce to you Brother John monk; residence, Trappist monastery, Oka; age, nine years. Nine years old, a monk and happy as the day is long. Nine years old, with more grit, earnestness and strenuousness in his baby make-up than is usually found in lives of full-grown people! Nine years old, and possessed of sufficient knowledge of the world to detect it and of sufficient love of God to give up all in order to serve Him! Nine years old, at Oka, in the brown habit and cowl, serious, silent, meditating, doing penance and chopping wood; this is Brother John.

But where is Oka? It is a little Canadian settlement, founded by the Indians long years ago and renowned as a trading place, situated on the Ottawa river, near its confluence with the St. Lawrence. A short distance off to the east, on the mountain side, is the Trappist monastery—a large stone main building of severe aspect, with its numerous outhouses, shops, dairies, etc., nestling in a depression of the slopes. Away from it on all sides stretch acres of finely cultivated land, orchards and vineyards. The monastery shelters some sixty monks of the strictest order in the Church, all of whom are intensely interesting to the average outsider, and one is sure to monopolize the attention of the visitor from the street, and give him food for reflection for many a long day after his departure from Oka.

Let us remember he is nine. His usual companion, in whose company I found him, is Brother Celestin, a giddy young thing of seventy-five or thereabouts, and behind him Brother John walks with downcast eyes, solemn tread and serious mien. He never talks, he fasts and keeps vigil, he prays and chants and works—leads the life of a genuine monk, this marvelous youngster of another and better age. If he breaks the rule, which happens sometimes, he confesses his fault in the community hall before the Father Abbot and Brothers assembled, and accepts his penance with the philosophic humility of the most hardened, weather-beaten anchorite.

When you meet him he will not look up; if he surmises you are staring at him, he will try to direct your vision to the patches on the back of his faded habit; if forced to face you, he will blush from ear to ear like a young culprit caught with his finger in the jam. He will answer your question with a "Yes" and "No" if the abbot orders him to speak, but he will give unmistakable signs of anxiety to be off and engaged in some more profitable occupation than posing for the curiosity of visitors.

Is he happy? Well, with due consideration for the value of words, that is putting it very likely. The fact is he simply revels in being a monk. This is his element; he was made for it and it for him, and he lives this life to his little heart's content.

His father brought him here over a year ago because the lad, having heard of the place, by dint of tormenting had exacted a promise, and the promise had to be kept. Once there he hazarded the remark that it would be a good place to stay. He was diplomatic in his advances; first asked, then begged, pleaded, besought and finally insisted on staying. What would mamma say? Plenty of others at home, twelve or fourteen, to take up mamma's time, and what else does she want than to know her boy is happy? What would the abbot say? That could be ascertained by consulting him. And the abbot examined this novel petitioner. He acquainted himself with the particulars of the case and, as much to humor this extraordinary fancy that had taken possession of the boy as to give the case a test, consented to allow him to remain for a two weeks' trial. Those two weeks were as good as a lifetime. That was enough, and one day a tall, awkward young man, called on him. He had a weak face which bore signs of dissipation; he wore cheap clothes cut in the latest fashion; there were rings on his fingers and a gold chain swung ostentatiously over a gay waistcoat. He came to consult the doctor about his mother, who had some obscure ailment, and he feared, feeling, he did not forget to adjust his chain and to twirl his moustache as he talked.

She has been a very active woman," he said. "Had tremendous energy all of her life, but now she seems to have gone all to pieces. She has no pain, no disease, but she can't eat nor sleep much and she is so weak she can hardly walk. She cries if you look at her. What is the matter? Can you help her?"

"What work did she do?" asked the doctor. "She was a tailoress, and she worked harder than was necessary," said the young man, reluctantly. She used to sew until 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning.

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What Alled Mother. Last summer a famous specialist in nervous diseases visited a little village on Cape Cod. One day a tall, awkward young man called on him. He had a weak face which bore signs of dissipation; he wore cheap clothes cut in the latest fashion; there were rings on his fingers and a gold chain swung ostentatiously over a gay waistcoat. He came to consult the doctor about his mother, who had some obscure ailment, and he feared, feeling, he did not forget to adjust his chain and to twirl his moustache as he talked.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

"Resolute and unafraid counted; a boy to be trusted and counted upon—sturdy and capable of hard knocks!" Show me a boy of whom this can be said, and who also possesses that other vital characteristic of Grant—promptness to see and seize an opportunity—and I will show you the making of a man who is bound to succeed in whatever he undertakes. He may not become a great general, or a president, but he will, most assuredly, become a successful man. If he cultivates the spirit of kindness, generosity, magnanimity, justice, and honesty which distinguished General Grant, he will become a great man, such as Dean Stanley had in mind when he exclaimed: "Give us a man, young or old, high or low, on whom we know we can thoroughly depend; who will stand firm when others fail; a friend faithful and true, an adviser honest and fearless, an adversary just and chivalrous; in such a one there is a fragment of the Rock of Ages."—Success.

About Your Appearance.

It should be good. You owe that to yourself. And whether it is at the office or when you are out visiting you should be a clean, wholesome-looking young man. Cleanliness does much toward godliness, and a clean body aids a clean soul. It may not be in your power to possess a dress suit, but if you should not, don't borrow one and don't hire one. Brush up the best clothes you have, make them immaculate, and then wear them. Your linen can always be fresh and clean, and your tie can be in good style and properly knotted. Never wear a loud scarf and never wear imitation jewelry. Gentlemen select plain gold buttons, and simple gold links, and scarfpins of the most modest pattern. If you can afford dress clothes, remember to appear in them until after dark. You may wear, as you like best, either a lawn tie or a black satin one, but the stiff little bow should be looped by yourself and not bought ready made.

The Reward for Overcoming.

There is the basis of a great truth in the belief of some Indians that, when they conquer an enemy, his strength is added to their own. When you conquer an obstacle, or hold to our task in spite of great difficulties, we unconsciously increase our strength to overcome. One victory gives power to win another. As the solid muscles and sturdy sinews of an athlete are a result of wrestling, running, and exercising, so the force and aggressiveness of strong characters are largely the result of the effort required to surmount obstacles. To overcome means to be strong; to struggle with adversity means to develop power.

The timber in the sapling in the forest has no rigidity, no sturdy fiber or strength, because it has never had to struggle with the tempest; but the tree which stands in an open field or on a mountain side, which has had to fight every inch of its way, from the tiny sapling to the giant oak, with the furious winds, which have tried to wrench it from its bed, and the arid soil which has grudgingly sheltered its roots, furnishes timber whose fibers and strength defy the waves of ocean and the fiercest hurricanes—material which will stand the wear and tear of many years.

"If a boy is not trained to endure and to bear trouble, he will grow up like a girl," says Beecher; "and a boy that is a girl has all a girl's weakness, without her regal qualities." To be obliged to wrestle with circumstances, to clear one's own path through a tangled forest of difficulties, to walk, often, it may be, with aching heart and bleeding feet over the thorns and brambles that obstruct the way, but with undaunted courage, self-reliance, courage, and perseverance—qualities that make strong men and women—otherwise might remain dormant.

It was through such a tangled forest that Samuel Drew, at twenty-one, a poor shoemaker that could hardly read the alphabet, cleared his way until he became the most profound metaphysician of his time, the author of works upon immortality of the soul which have never been surpassed.

Samuel Leo, apprenticed to a carpenter at the age of twelve, and, at seventeen, at the close of his apprenticeship, earning six shillings (\$1.50) a week, received, as the reward of overcoming the obstacles which crowded his path, the chair of Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University of Cambridge, and the honor due him as one of England's great oriental scholars.

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"What is your trade—your business?" demanded the doctor.

"Well—I'm not in business at present. It's pretty difficult to make a start, you know. I've considered several occupations, but I have not found anything suited to my peculiar bent as yet. But I came to consult you about mother. What do you think is the matter with her?"

"You!" said the doctor. "Nothing else. She has sapped her life for you; and now, when you should be supporting her and bringing comfort and honor to her old age, you are a dead weight and a disgrace. If she dies, you and you only are to blame for every business failure she may experience. It should be the aim of the moralist and preacher to bring business men back to the methods and practices of those days. Then a man's word was his bond; now it is difficult to prepare a bond that will hold the crooked man straight.

We thank God that there are honest men in this town and in every business center. I would that they were more numerous! Would that they could stir others to be like them! They stand clean amid the dust of trade and commerce; they prosper, but riches have not hardened their hearts; they are true to the light within them in all their dealings; hence heaven's blessings rest upon them and the work of their hands. They are the ideal captains of industry, the true princes of trade and commerce, of whom our country is justly proud. May their number multiply!

Health in Spring. Nature Requires Assistance During These Months. TO HELP THROW OFF THE IMPURITIES THAT HAVE ACCUMULATED DURING THE WINTER MONTHS—PURGATIVES SHOULD NOT BE USED—IT IS A TONIC THAT IS NEEDED.

In this climate there are many reasons why people feel all out of gear in the spring months. Perhaps the chief of these is the long hours in imperfectly ventilated offices, shops and houses during the winter months. You may feel that there is nothing serious about the matter; you are only a little tired after slight exertion, or perhaps your appetite is feeble, or little pimples or eruptions on the skin show that the blood is not as pure as it should be. If you feel this way, not only your comfort but your health demands that you take proper steps to cleanse yourself of the blood impurities that are responsible for your condition. You need a tonic, blood purifier, or a strong purgative and general up-lifter of the entire system. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People meet all these requirements more perfectly than any other medicine. These are tonic pills and not violent and weakening like purgative medicines. Nature does not require a violent measure in the spring, but a helping hand to drive out the impurities which have accumulated during the winter, and so toning and strengthening every organ and function that a condition of perfect health will prevail. Everyone—old and young—ought to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the spring. There is no other medicine will do you so much good. Mr. James Salmon, postmaster, Salmon Creek, N. B., says: "Last spring I was feeling decidedly unwell. I was weak, dizzy at times, and continually felt tired. My appetite was poor and I was losing in weight. I tried several medicines, but nothing did me any good until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and a few boxes of these made me feel like a new person. I would advise all who feel run down and out of sorts to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are also effective in the cure of all diseases due to poor, thin, watery blood or weak nerves. Do not take a substitute for these pills—it is a matter of money and health to the health to do so. See that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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