

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. THE NEW BOY.

"You had better eat meat, you know, Rodgers," said Monks. "Monks is a terror," whispered another, "you had better."

"I can't," expostulated Rodgers. "Catholics can't eat meat on a Friday," continued Monks. "I shan't," was the quiet answer.

"See here," said Monks, "if you don't, I'll make you. We shall stand none of your bigotry here."

Monks reflected, made a mental estimation of the newcomer's fighting powers, and seemed to hesitate, then stammered, "Well, I would, only I don't like to hurt you."

Rodgers smiled. He was a newcomer to Seaforth's boarding school. Seaforth's, you must know, was one of the most successful schools in the colony. It was a Presbyterian school; but professed to be perfectly impartial in matters of religion.

Her husband was inflexible. "My dear," he said to her, "you shut your eyes to Willie's best interests; the boy has talent, remarkable talent, and it would be unfair to him, as well as to ourselves, if we were to deprive him of the advantages of such an education as may be had at Seaforth's."

On Friday the new-comer found that no provision had been made for anyone who did not wish to eat meat. The dishes came one after another, but with the exception of some vegetables and a potato, he found there was nothing he could eat.

After dinner Rodgers found himself in the midst of a crowd of boys regarding him with feelings of mixed wonder and curiosity, as the boy who "cheeked Monks and refused to eat on Friday."

"What a silly ass he is," he overheard one say. "Oh, yes, a little bigot," responded another; "this is the first time a Catholic refused to take what he got on a Friday. We'll soon teach him better."

"Oh, let him alone," said a bigger boy, who just joined the group. "He will soon get tired of his abstinence. He will eat meat like the rest, next Friday. Let the youngster alone. It's not quite fair to a new-comer."

The majority of the boys began to feel ashamed of themselves, and hurried off to their cricket and tennis, leaving their recent victim in peace. He repeated more than once: "He will eat meat like the rest, next Friday." Why, what a stupid lot of duffers they are, he thought, not to know that a Catholic can't eat meat on a Friday. But I wonder if it's true that the other Catholics here eat meat.

"And you call yourself a Catholic, Hardy?" There was such a degree of contempt in the voice and gesture of the new-comer, that Hardy blushed for every shame. Muttering something about narrow minded bigotry, he hurried away to hide his confusion.

As Rodgers knelt by his bed that night he was assailed with quite a shower of stockings, sponges, pillows, etc. Without showing the slightest alarm or irritation he finished his prayers. Many whispered from their beds, "The new-comer is a plucky fellow at any rate." Henceforth he was seldom disturbed at his devotions.

There was trouble yet in store for him. He found next day that many of his friends looked coldly on him; some even refused to let him join in their games, alleging that they wanted no "bigots" there. He found a few, indeed—and in every school such a few will be found—who showed him some kindness, and defended him from the worst of his enemies, though they persisted in advising him to give in. But what grieved him above all was that he had to suffer most from his fellow-Catholics. They persecuted him most unrelentingly, and tried to make his life as miserable as they could.

There was some excitement in the refectory as all eyes were fixed on the new-comer to see if he would stick to his colors. The soup was passed to him. "Go it, Rodgers, or 'twill be worse for you," said Monks.

"Don't be an ass, Rodgers," Hardy shouted up from the end of the table. "Some whispered, in friendly tones: 'Just take a little on your plate, it will do no harm.'"

He passed on the soup untouched to his neighbor. Monks looked angry. Hardy said something ungentlemanly. Some thought "it was cheeking the school;" others laughed, but from that moment the new-comer was more popular than before.

"He's a bigoted little chap," they said, "but he has plenty of grit. If they let him alone he will do just as the others after a time."

But Willie Rodgers did not do as the others. Friday followed Friday; the systematic persecution from the clique which seemed bent on his conversion never ceased, but neither did his resolution ever falter for an instant. They tormented him in many ways, striving to prevent his getting vegetables or bread on fast days, not passing him the meat on other days, still his good humor did not forsake him. They called him nicknames to which he replied with interest. They out endless jokes at his expense, he joined in the laugh. They did their best to sit on him at cricket, but he soon became a leader there. Beaten at every point, Monks and his crew had sadly to confess:

"No, there ain't no files on Rodgers." Strange to say they never tried to make him attend their Divine service. Perhaps they saw how useless the attempt would be; perhaps it was only the fasting that wounded their amour propre. But, nevertheless, scarce a Friday passed without its trials.

Finally Lent came, bringing with it its numerous fast days. Rodgers grew rather thin, as time went on, from the constant worry and abstinence, but his spirit never wavered, his cheerfulness remained constant. In his letters home there was not a single line of complaint of the treatment he was receiving. In his class he made steady progress, and at cricket it was whispered he would be one of the "eleven's" bowlers in the coming year.

Good Friday proved to be the last day of his trials. On that day he absolutely abstained from everything except a piece of dry bread at breakfast and dinner. It was rather a feast day at Seaforth's. In the refectory the boys were watching his table very quietly and intently. It was known that Monks had resolved to make him break the fast. For this purpose he had changed his place at table, and seated himself opposite Rodgers.

"You're not looking well to-day, Rodgers," he began. "You're eating too much lately, I'm afraid." He sneered at the slice of bread that lay on Rodgers' soup plate.

"It is very kind of you, Monks, to take such an interest in my health," replied Rodgers with perfect good humor. "So you fast to-day, do you? This is a feast day here, you know, you must join us."

"No, I shan't." "No, I shan't." "You'll try a slice of this ham, won't you. I can recommend it." "No, thanks, Monks. Better attend to yourself." "Well, if you don't eat, you'll drink."

emptied its scalding contents over his tormentor, then, leaning across the table struck the bully with all his force in the face.

There was never such a scene witnessed in Seaforth's before. For an instant there was a death-like silence, all eyes riveted on Rodgers, as he stood erect, with pale cheek and flashing eye, confronting the bully he had so deservedly punished. Then such a cheer! Willie Rodgers had become the hero of the school.

After dinner the boys crowded round him, clapping him on the back, and overwhelming him with congratulations. The captain of the house approached, and shaking hands with him, said: "You are a plucky fellow, Rodgers. You did quite right in punishing Monks. We have been treating you most candidly, and are very sorry for it. In the future anyone that gives you trouble will have to answer for it to me. Three cheers for the new-comer, boys!"

When Rodgers became captain of the school, a little later, new boys all ways wondered why he had a special cover at table on Fridays, and the smaller boys never tire telling how he defied the whole school and punished a bully in the golden days of old.—Irish Messenger.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Feel, young man, that your day is in your own making, and try to find yourself out just as soon as you can. That is, make up your mind that you were born to do something, and go at it and do that something just as soon as possible.

There is nothing that the tellers of bad futures for a boy so soon forget as their own words, when they find that these do not turn out right. The "I told you so," and the "I always said," never show their faces unless their predictions are verified. Therefore, young man, make a promise in your own mind with yourself, when you hear said of yourself, or know it is said of you, that you will never be this or that, that you will make of him who said it a false prophet. Set your work in life and try for it.

Character.

A growing tree is not thinking of the shadow it will cast. It is growing to bear its fruits or furnish the timber of its being. The shadow grows in consequence. And it is so with an honest, good life. The inspiration of it is not the desire of others' applause, or the growth of personal influence, but the wish to do the duty of the day because it is duty. It is not by mere brains that good, enduring influence is secured. Character which inspires confidence, with respect, and by the very laws of life tells on others—this is the force which a good man directs. But self-conceit, personal vanity, and over-confidence in one's self are not consistent with this character. Let there be the unaffected modesty behind obvious power and respect is won; and respect implies influence of the best kind.

Stick to It!

A habit of application is, it would be safe to say, of as much importance to any great man as his genius. Not that any amount of application can make a dull man brilliant; but that without steady application a brilliant man might almost as well be dull, as far as anything that he is likely to accomplish is concerned. Perseverance is only the right hand of genius. Something is breathed into a man at his birth—a divine fire—which makes great things possible to him, while to his brother in the next cradle there would be impossible forever. But having received this divine fire, he must give it fuel. It is the sign that he must work more, and not less than his fellows; and so there is no one thing so remarkable in the history of our great men as their habits of prodigious application.

The Duty of Being Cheerful.

We speak much of the duty of making others happy. "No day should pass," we say, "on which we do not put a little cheer into some heart, make the path a little smoother for some one's tired feet, or help one fainting robin into its nest again." But we are not accustomed to think of the duty of being happy ourselves. Yet the one duty is taught in the Bible as clearly as the other. Jesus said His disciples should have tribulation in the world, but He said in the same sentence: "Be of good cheer."

That is the problem which is set before us as Christians. We are to live cheerful. The fact is, however, that not all Christians are cheerful—some are habitually uncheerful. Others are cheerful only at times, when the sun shines and all things go well with them.

The truth is, there are in the ordinary life a thousand pleasant things to one which is unpleasant. It is a shame, therefore, to let the one roughness or pain spoil us for all the gladness of a thousand good things, the one discordant note mar for us all the music of the grand symphony.

Mother's of Great Men.

Chopin's mother, like himself, was very delicate. Gounod's mother was fond of painting and music. Schumann's mother was gifted with musical ability. Spohr's mother was an excellent judge of music, but no musician.

Milton's letters often alluded to his mother in the most affectionate terms. Raleigh said that he owed all his politeness of deportment to his mother.

Wordworth's mother had a character as peculiar as that of her gifted son. Goethe pays several tributes in his writings to the character of his mother. Charles Darwin's mother had a decided taste for all branches of natural history.

Sidney Smith's mother was a clever conversationalist and very quick at repartee. Haydn dedicated one of his important instrumental compositions to his mother.

Gibbon's mother was passionately fond of reading and encouraged her son to follow her example.

Success and Failure.

If by success we mean the full accomplishment of an end, the actual reaping of a harvest of results, then it is undoubtedly true that the higher and nobler the purpose the rarer will be the success. If we aim to relieve a man's hunger we can quickly succeed in the easy task, but if we aim to inspire him with a desire to earn his own bread the work is more difficult and the success far more problematical. It would restrain a thief from robbery, the prison bars and locks insure success, but if we would make an honest man of him, our task is a complex one, and success may be afar off. We undertake to teach a child to read. If with requisite effort we follow up our task, we are successful, but if we aspire to raise the educational standard of our community how arduous the task, how uncertain the result, how questionable the success!

The low man sees a little thing to do, Sees it and does it; The high man, with a great thing to pursue, Discovers he knows it.

In his life, then, a failure? No; let us never imagine that any high purpose, any noble thought, any generous emotion, any earnest effort, is ever lost. We may never witness its growth, we may not live to gather its fruit or even to see its blossoms, but we may safely trust that somewhere and at some time the harvest will be abundant, and success, long hidden, shall become apparent.

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Mr. Walter H. Johnson is one of the best known residents of the northern section of Queen's country. He resides in the town of Caledonia, where he keeps a hotel, and also runs a stage that carries passengers and mail between that town and Liverpool, a distance of some thirty miles. Mr. Johnson was in Bridgewater recently, on which occasion he gave a reporter of this paper the following facts: About three years ago he was taken very ill. He had the best of medical attendance, but made very little progress towards recovery, and the doctor told him there was very little hope that he would be able to return to his former work. The trouble appeared to have located itself in his kidneys, and for eight weeks or more he was confined to bed. He suffered greatly from constant pains in the back, his appetite became impaired, and his constitution generally appeared to be shattered. At this juncture he decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and got a half dozen boxes. In the course of a couple of weeks he noticed an improvement in his condition and he continued the use of the pills until he had taken some ten or twelve boxes, when he not only felt that his cure was complete, but

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