

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

A man recently made a fortune by picking out specks of gold from the heaps which the miners had cast up and abandoned. They were in search of nuggets, and despised the smaller grains which rewarded their perseverance. And how frequently the richest findings of philosophy are in the commonplace incidents of life!

The fellow who fights alone. With every hand at hand. With every eye on his side. With every foot on his side. With every voice on his side. With every heart on his side. With every soul on his side.

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Little things are often the hardest things. It is comparatively easy to do a momentary deed of daring that will startle everybody; it is not so easy to do little acts of quiet courage from day to day, unheeded by all and unbeseeching.

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observant child. Said a father to his erring boy, "My son, your misconduct necessitates punishment. I am willing to receive it, on my own person, if you will be more impressed than if you were punished." The son asked to be comprehended the spirit of his parent.

Out of self-control comes patience, the most important quality that can be cultivated. Success is often more dependent on this than any other quality. The remark has often been made that patient plodding is, after all, true genius.

The result was that a few days later Tim found himself engaged as assistant to the soldier who was to take the principal care of the doctor's thorough-breds.

His salary was to be \$3 a month, and there were two full months before the class was to make their First Communion.

Tim had six bright silver dollars carefully tied up in an old pocket handkerchief, stowed away safely in a fine hiding-place, the grain bin, in the doctor's stable.

It was Wednesday, and on Sunday next the happiest event in his life was to take place, and thanks to his Mother in Heaven, he would appear at the Sacred Banquet properly attired.

Tim had soon poured forth his trouble into the old man's sympathetic ear. Dennis turned the oats out of the box and searched and searched for the missing money, but nowhere could it be found.

Tim tried to speak cheerfully, but his voice would break a little as he thought of his vanished hopes and of how distressed his poor mother would be.

"There's one thing I'll have just as fine as the others," said Tim. "I'll have that's my Rosary." For Father Wynne had given each of his children a lovely imitation ivory one, the Crucifix though was of solid silver, and on the back of it was inscribed the name of the happy little communicant and the date of the great event.

The beads had been blessed with special indulgence, and these, the priest had carefully explained to the children.

Tim had never before received a present of any real value, so that the Rosary was doubly valuable to his eyes, for both its spiritual and material merits.

Most frequently had he said his prayers to the Queen of the Rosary, and the thought came to him now that if he could only take that beautiful beads down on the river bank, under the shade of the curious gnarled big live oaks and tell his Heavenly Mother all about his trouble, he felt sure she would sympathize and help him to bear it bravely, as the son of a soldier should.

It was of no use trying to pray at home with four noisy children playing about; he would not even tell his poor mother of his loss until he had talked it over with his Blessed Lady.

He had not knelt down, but had thrown himself on his face, so that his thoughts might not be distracted by the fascinating sights and sounds around him.

For this poor, ignorant little boy was an ardent lover and student of nature, though perhaps he could not have understood the meaning of these terms at all.

The second jovial mystery was just ended; already Tim felt greatly comforted when the sound of laughter and merry voices struck his ear.

Presently he saw Marjorie Harrington with her nurse and the little Lloyd girls emerge from the path. They carried long fishing poles and a big tin bucket, evidently expecting to make a big catch.

He had just finished the last decade when a piercing scream rent the air, followed in quick succession by cries for help. Rushing in the direction of the cries, Tim saw Nora, Colonel Harrington's nurse, screaming and frantically waving her arms, while the Lloyd children followed her example.

Then came a dreadful moment when he felt the water sinking, as if in a dream he heard shouts. "Hold on, we're coming, just a moment," cried the voice mockingly; a moment, no, not a second, for with the shouts in his ears Tim felt the cool dark waters rush over him.

Tim knew nothing more until he awakened to find himself in a pretty cool room, with dainty white curtains blowing to and fro, and on the wall, right where his eyes rested, was a beautiful photograph of the Holy Mother and the Divine Child.

The mother's eyes looked at little Tim tenderly, and the child held out his arms as if to embrace him.

Mrs. Finnegan, in her best black gown, sat looking anxiously at her son. "Is Marjorie safe, mother?" he murmured, drowsily.

"Yes, dear; thanks be to God who gave you the strength to hold on to her."

"Are my beads safe?" was his next question. "They were in your pocket, dearie, and only got a bit wet."

"I'm glad, for they're all I have for my Holy Communion. I've lost all my money, mother; some mean thief has stole it."

There, there, dearie, be quiet now. Dennis has told us all about it," replied his mother, soothingly, for the little pale cheeks flushed with excitement, and Tim's eyes looked bright and feverish.

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