

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. THE COWARDLY HEROINE.

Minnie Leland was not a welcome guest when she made her appearance at Sweet Briar farm. The day the letter announcing her proposed visit was received there was quite a commotion among the younger members of the Randolph family.

"I wish she would stay at home," said Amy, emphatically, after the letter was read. "I do not like these city people who make their country visits merely from selfish motives."

"And go round with her nose in the air because she does not find city accommodations on the farm," muttered George. "I have seen girls from the big towns who thought it a mark of refinement not to know a cow when they saw one, and who boasted that they could not tell a sheep from a pig."

"She will laugh at our plain clothes and the way they are made, too," suggested Ellen. "Of course she will bring half a dozen trunks packed with finery, and spend nine tenths of her time before the looking-glass, primping."

"I am sure I shall not draw an easy breath while she is here," grumbled Frank. "Nor eat a good square meal in her presence," added George, with a knowing wink. "You will have to improve your table manners greatly if you do not offend her fastidious taste."

"Come, come, children! you must exercise more charity toward your cousin," remonstrated Mrs. Randolph. "You have not seen her since she was a very little girl, and it is both unfair and unkind to condemn untried."

"We are only judging her by the average city girl," excused George. "They are all proud and stuck-up, and act as though they were made out of a better quality of clay than ordinary people."

"I do not think that my sister Mary's daughter can be the useless, disagreeable creature that you have described," said Mrs. Randolph, reprovingly. "We always credited Mary with more than ordinary common sense, and I'll be surprised if her child resembles the picture you have photographed."

The expected guest arrived a day or two later, but instead of the half dozen trunks packed with finery Ellen had predicted, she brought with her only an ordinary-sized telescope, which proved amply large for the modest wardrobe she carried. Her dresses though bright and fresh, were as inexpensive and as plainly made as either Amy's or Ellen's, and she was more unselfish and unassuming than either of them.

"Dear Minnie, I tremble to think what the result would have been but for her bravery!" said the mother, as she pressed the baby to her heart. "And to think that we refused her the welcome she deserved, too," replied Amy, regretfully, thinking of all that had passed.

And he did, much to Minnie's astonishment, for the girl who always tried to do her best, it sounded like flattery to have her cousin compliment her for doing her plain, simple duty. "I never thought of heroism in connection with my effort to save the baby," she protested. "I simply did what was right."

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The true gentleman carefully avoids whatever may grate or jar on the minds of those with whom he is cast; all clashing of opinion or collision of feeling, all restraint or suspicion or gloom or resentment, his great concern is to make every one at his ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender towards the distant and merciful towards the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions or topics that may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation and never wearisome. He makes light of favors which he does and seems to be receiving, while he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort, he has no ears for slander or mere gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes an unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long-sighted prudence he observes the maxim of the ancient sage—that we should ever conduct ourselves toward our enemy as if he were one day to become our friend.

He is patient, forbearing and resigned on philosophical principles. He submits to pain because it is inevitable, to bereavement because it is irreparable, and to death because it is his destiny. If he engage in conversation of any kind his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourses of more brilliant perhaps, but less educated minds, who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean; who mistake the point in the argument, waste their strength in trifles, misconceive their adversary and leave the question more involved than they found it.

An Interesting Chat. I have heard of persons who claim to tell the character and disposition of a horse by his nose, but recently I met a gentleman, an evening reception of literary people, who told me that he can pick out a stingy, small-minded man or one that is liberal and generous-minded, by a glance at his nose. "Nine out of every ten men," he continued, who have a concave nose and particularly if it is small, are stingy or intensely selfish, narrow-minded and mean. It would take but very little dealing with them in a business way, to discover this fact. When you see a large or good-sized nose that is convex in build and especially if it has more or less of an intimation of the Roman nose about it—as architects would say—you can depend that its owner is a liberal, broad minded fellow, and usually, very scholarly."

Discipline. What logic is to intelligence and reason, what economy is to finance, discipline is to conduct and character. By discipline I mean the series of means by which we make life strong, mistress of itself, and by which we establish among its various forms of action an equilibrium which instead of bringing them into conflict harmonizes them. Under the pretence of liberty and the dignity of man, many modern schools have rejected discipline, with frightful results. He who has no check, no law, no reverence, who does not know obedience, and who does not recognize the authority of inevitable laws, which underlie everything, and which conscience should reflect, descends lower than the brute. Discipline is necessary and salutary. You need hope to gain nothing, without it, it is necessary to have undergone it, and to be undergoing it unceasingly, if we would not fall into confusion, incoherence and sterility; Unhappily, all the world do not seem to have thoroughly grasped this. There are many strong, but deluded minds among youth, who think they can dispense with details and can reach the mountain top without the fatigue of climbing step by step. The lack of real discipline is the scourge of the times.

I wish I could make every young man perceive the horrible state of depravity and misery into which those foolish and soft hearted beings throw themselves, who dread all manly control, who do not know how to refuse nor resist anything, and who yield to the first wish, desire or whim, or to the impulses and caprices of events and wills other than their own. I wish to make them perceive it in order to awake the desire for a different life in the hearts of those who catch a glimpse of the abyss into which it is possible to fall. For although this seeming severity appears so formidable, its results are beautiful. Action is such a good thing that we must prefer the lash of the whip which makes it, to the caress which lulls it to sleep. In spite of all, we appreciate its grandeur. Even weak, de-

based minds have a secret admiration for it. He who is in control of himself is like a light-house in the moral world.

STRENGTH OF SOUL.

Nothing so instantly recommends itself and is so imposing a strength of soul. When it passes, we feel that royalty has passed by, and something in the depths of our nature makes us wish to possess this royalty. The spectacle of debased wills fills us with disgust for others and ourselves. There are days and hours when the appreciation of universal worthlessness crushes us. The spectacle of virility on the contrary, is consoling. It is enough for its pure ray to have once shone into our conscience, for us never to forget it. It is a veritable sermon and one we love, to meet a young man whose ideal is to be strong and to fear nothing but a mean action. Such a character, realizes his noble aspirations by discipline and attention to its small details. For it is with small details that we must begin. Be sure of this, that action, like all of man's faculties is subordinate to the laws of development. It may be cultivated like the intelligence and like it rise from simple things to the most difficult. In the details of life make it your aim to be active rather than passive. We can be in bed because we ought to be there and need rest. We can also be there because we are simply lazy. This is to be passive. It is the same with all the acts of life. To work simply because one is forced by hunger or thirst is to be passive. Life demands the conquering in detail of the inevitable and of outside influences; of the desires, the appetites, the passions and the force of inertia which is in every one of us.

THE SECRET OF LIFE.

How many human beings have lived and died without ever suspecting that the great business of human life is to live human life, and not to allow themselves to be carried along and dominated by it. This is the secret of human life, that young soldiers must learn who wish to enter this school of war,—they must seize on life, they must keep a watch on it and must strive to gain ground on the passives which surprise and binds us, in spite of ourselves, when the guard within is sleeping. A good way to bring about that vigilant action which makes our life come little by little under the power of our reflective will is to strengthen it by every kind of virile exercise. Nothing is so effective in hardening it as a little trouble, privation and even suffering. As a rule, strong characters have lived in the very midst of the struggles and the difficulties of life. Events have furnished them a severe and solitary school. Let us follow the hint life gives, and be hard on ourselves. Let us seek fatigue, exertion, all that stretches the muscles and solidifies the bones, all that makes more red the blood, all that exercises patience and endurance of whatever nature it may be. Little by little under this regime one comes by daily practice to lift weight which inert hands cannot even move. Bodily vigor is one of the conditions of moral vigor. To strengthen the soul we must strengthen the muscles, said Montaigne.

OF LOVE AND HATE.

To enlarge life and to better it; to make it just, strong, pure, heartfelt, joyous; to love it and to prove his love by serving it—this should be the aim of every young man in the land. But when you have learned to love life in its divine essence and its integrity, one must hate many things. Hatred of evil is the indispensable complement of the love of life. He who knows not how to hate: knows not how to love. He who says, "I love," to say it truly must say with the same breath, "I hate." These beautiful and mighty passions are the backbone of struggles. All the great friends of men have known them, because they are enduring as the rocks on which one builds one's house or breaks one's head. To love and hate with all that one is and all that one has, even to the point of sacrifices and death, is what constitutes the highest degree of virile discipline. Willing obedience from humble beginnings and faithfulness in little things has now become the highest liberty and the loftiest and purest pleasure.

A fig for cowardly and passive enjoyment, which after all, makes us effeminate and leaves us unarmed and exposed to even the smallest attack. What a wretched happiness this! True happiness is in action, in struggling. Oh to live, to suffer, for what one loves and worships,—for faith and hope and love and justice and God. Oh to be a manly heart, a rampart as the Greeks had it, a breastwork that cannot be taken: to be able to say no as firmly as yes, to have a sword that can be depended upon as surely as the rising sun, to fall into step with the immortal phalanx who march to humanity's field of honor, in a blaze of glory!

Father Ignaz Uerega, a Lazarist missionary and a Hungarian by birth, wrote some years ago, from China, a statement which sounds strange enough in the light of present events. "In almost every part of China churches and chapels are building, some with towers, all with the symbol of the cross rising above them. In many districts we carry the Blessed Sacrament to the sick openly through the streets, and celebrate burial services. Our Christian sea-captains hold public devotional services on the decks of their ships and the high-born passengers offer no objection, but sometimes sanction it by their presence. The truth is that upon this gigantic native tree, which we call China, many a noble Christian growth has been already grafted."

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THE CHAINED BIBLE.

Since his recent conversion from the Anglican to the Catholic Church, says the Literary Digest, Dr. Benjamin F. De Costa has shown his zeal for his new found faith by extensive lecturing and writing. In the Catholic World (August) he returns to the subject which chiefly occasioned his change of belief, the relations of the Roman Catholic Church to the Bible. He writes in the present instance especially of the common assertion that the popular reading of the Bible is or has been opposed by the Roman Church, and says: "The truth, nevertheless, remains that the first book printed on the invention of printing was the Bible, and that before Luther was born, 1483, fifty-eight editions of the Bible had been printed in Latin alone; and that prior to Luther's famous chained Bible, in 1507 one hundred and twenty-nine editions had appeared, thirty-eight of these being in the German tongue. In 1507 small and cheap pocket editions were in circulation. Protestants were even obliged to complain that Catholic countries were in advance of them in the printing and circulation of the Scriptures. The British Museum alone shows nearly thirty Catholic editions before Luther's Bible.

"No doubt that there was a chained Bible at Erfurt in 1507. Chained Bibles were found two hundred years later, as chained directories are seen to-day in hotels. The preface of the pre-Luther German Bibles stated that the book was 'for the use of unlettered simple folk, lay and spiritual.' They were quoted freely in sermons; and when Luther's edition appeared, Zwingle, a fellow-reformer, charged Luther with changing and mutilating the Word of God, which was deliberately done in the King James translation, as the revised edition now shows. Much of Luther's translation was plagiarized.

The Bible was published in Rome before Luther was born, as well as in cities like Naples and Florence. The Popes contributed to get the Bible into circulation. In France and Spain many editions appeared, and it is estimated that 900,000 Bibles were in circulation when Luther 'discovered' the Bible in 1507. In 1811 Pope Clement had ordered the establishment of professorships for the study of the Sacred Word; and Pius VI, in 1778, congratulated the Archbishop of Florence on his success in placing the Scriptures in the hands of the people in their own tongue, as the Scriptures 'ought to be left open to every one.' The history of the Popes is a history of Bible advancement. Adam Clarke, the celebrated Methodist commentator, declared that the Benedictine Calmer's was, 'without exception, the best commentary on the Sacred Writings ever published either by Catholics or Protestants.'

THE BEST OF ADVICE.

To Those Who Feel Sick, Weak or Depressed.

MISS BELLE COHOON, OF WHITE ROCK MILLS, N. S., TELLS HOW SHE REGAINED HEALTH AND ADVISES OTHERS TO FOLLOW HER EXAMPLE.

From the Aeadien, Wolfville, N. S.

At White Rock Mills, within sound of the noisy swish of the Gasperon river, is a pretty little cottage. In this cottage there dwells with her parents Miss Belle Cohoon, a very bright and attractive young lady who takes a lively interest in all the church and society work of the little village. A short time ago an Aeadian representative called upon Miss Cohoon for the purpose of ascertaining her opinion of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—which remedy he had been informed she had been using. He was very cordially received and found both Miss Cohoon and her mother most enthusiastic and ardent friends of this great Canadian remedy which is now so universally used throughout the world. We give below in essentially her own words Miss Cohoon's story:

"Three years ago this spring my health was very much run down. I had not been feeling well for some time and when spring opened up and the weather became warmer my condition became worse. The least exertion exhausted me and was followed by a awful feeling of weakness and a rapid palpitation of the heart. I seemed to lose my ambition, and a feeling of languor and sluggishness took its place. My appetite failed me and my sleep at night was in a very sorry condition. I suffered in this way for some time. Then I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they soon began to work a change for the better. My strength and spirits improved wonderfully, and the old feeling of tiredness began to leave me. My appetite returned and my weight increased steadily. By the time I had used less than half a dozen boxes I felt stronger than I had done for years. Since that time whenever I feel the need of a medicine a prompt use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills has always brought me speedy relief, and in future when ailing I shall never use anything but these pills, and strongly advise others to follow my example."

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