

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Work.
"To a young man just beginning the battle of life I would say: Work, work, work; work hard. Be persistent. Mind your own business. Don't attempt to ameliorate the condition of the world alone. There are philanthropists engaged in that particular work. Attend strictly to business; and, if you have found the place for which your talents fit you, you are bound to succeed sooner or later."

An Enemy.
There is nothing on earth so good to have as a friend; it is sometimes better to be made by doing what is wrong, or by leaving undone what is right to do, is in fact a deadly enemy. Think of this when tempted to "do as the rest do," when conscience does not approve.

Goodness Requisite for Gentleness.
To be a good Christian makes a man a gentleman. It is inborn gentleness that cannot be acquired. A man with an assumed polish or varnish may deceive for a time, but he is bound to be tray himself sooner or later. But for a man to be called a gentleman simply because he dresses well and knows what to do with his knife and fork at the table is preposterous; while these little things are adjuncts, real gentleness consists of honesty, scrupulousness in the smallest things, and a refinement and courtesy that is for the poor as well as for the rich, the lowly as well as for the great. What detestable men are those who reserve their manners for people they consider of importance, or who cut and slight those whom they do not consider on the same social plane with themselves!

Chat by the Way.
Get a man's record while he is alive. He is gone and can't be relied on. If a friend lends you his staff to-day do not expect him to carry you on his back to-morrow. It is the great art and philosophy of life to make the best of the present, whether it be good or bad; to bear the bad with resignation and patience, and to enjoy the good with thankfulness and moderation.

The duration of man's life should not be estimated by his years, but by what he has accomplished—by the uses which he has made of time and opportunity. By inuring our mind and body to exercise and activity, we double the years of our existence. Every one desires that his labor should command respect, but few understand the way to bring it about. It will never be done by leaving one employment to another; the same character will shine through both. Instead of this, let each one put the very best and highest qualities he can command into the work he has on hand; let him throw his whole soul into it, becoming one with it, hoping, laboring, and, if need be, sacrificing for it, so that he makes it grow in excellence.

What to Do When Cares Assail.
"When I was a boy," said the middle-aged man, "we used to have a song about driving 'dull care' away. I dare say that children are singing the same song to-day. It was a good, cheerful, lively song. But as I remember this song must have been sung more as a preventive than as a cure, because we didn't have any care in those days; we used to sing the song without any adequate notion of what care was; we used to gallop through it in the cheeriest sort of way possible. So 'dull care' is a brand that never disturbed me in the least. It is associated in my mind with youth; with a period of life when I actually didn't know what care was, and when I laughed at it, as I did at everything else. And I can laugh at 'dull care' now, or smile at it, anyway. The first kind of care, that I ever struck that did disturb me was the brand known as 'carking care.' This is a pretty sandpapery sort, very different from 'dull care,' and when a man finds 'carking care' coming his way he wants to shut it off at any cost."

"And the same may be said of the various other brands of care that one may encounter as he goes through life, which may be well known, staple brands, such as can be found anywhere if a man is looking for care, or which may be care peculiar to the man or his situation. But of whatever brand they may be, common or special, shun 'em off. Care never helped any man. A sense of responsibility is one thing that's just enough good ballast to hold a man steady, but oppressive care is quite another thing, and one that never did anybody any good. It overloads and hampers him. Throw it overboard! You can do twice as much work and earn twice as much money, to say nothing of being blessed with a far keener enjoyment of life."

When Muscles Get Tired.
Only when your muscles attain that tired state when they begin to call on other organs of the body for support should heart or lungs begin to come into play. Then they will be of use. And then, too, when you breathe hard or your heart beats fast the increased circulation of the blood and motion of the lungs are of benefit to you in every way. With every breath clean new blood goes through you. Your lungs have expelled every trace of tainted air and are cleansing house. You are sweeping your body out with a thou sand tiny brushes of fresh air and red

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The walk to school was a pleasant one. Helen sang softly to herself as she swung along the shaded country road with her bag of schoolbooks swaying to and fro on her arm like a great pendulum of knowledge. At the corner Leonard Green joined her, and the two went to school as a pleasant one. Helen and Leonard liked one another thoroughly and with pure school boy and girl frankness. "Hello! I expected to miss you to-day," cried Leonard. "I had to wait for Aunt Kitty to finish a letter."

"And I had to wait to wash the dishes," said Helen. "It was Mildred's turn to do them, but she began by scolding her hand, poor child, so I had to stop and finish them after I had made the beds. You know we take turns."

"My! Wish I had a brother to take turns with me!" "Yes, but you would have to share your pleasures, too. How would you like to take turns on your trips to the city? How would you like continually to be taking your choice between some pleasure and the overwhelming blessedness of generosity? Say! How would you always like to feel you must either give up the best end of a thing or else make your brother give it up?" "H'm?" asked Helen, nodding her head merrily.

"Well, that would be Dobbin's choice," admitted Leonard; "but perhaps we could both go together sometimes. And a thing is always more fun when there is another fellow along. Why! what does this mean?" For, chatting carelessly along, they had, in turning a corner, come directly upon a large sign which blocked the road: "Dangerous Crossing! This road is closed for repairs."

"It evidently means they are repairing the old red bridge they've been talking about so long," said Helen. "But let's go on! They can't have torn it all up so early in the day and it's a mile farther around the other way."

"I'll be a mile and a half if we go clear to the bridge and then have to go back!" "But I shan't go back if there is a single plank to cross on!" declared Helen, merrily. "Then, certainly, we would better take the other road, so you won't be tempted to run too great a risk," said Leonard.

"H'm!" sniffed Helen. "If I'm not afraid, you needn't be a coward for me! Come on!" The voice was imperative and the one scornful. Leonard knew it would be wiser to obey the warning on the signboard, but Helen's scorn provoked him to walk on with her. "There!" cried the girl, when they came in sight of the old red bridge. "There are the men at work on the bridge. And see! There are planks all the way across!"

"Shore, now, Missy, them planks ain't nothin' but rotten lining," said the foreman. "I wouldn't warrant them to bear up under a cat." "Helen went up and tried the end plank boldly with a determined little foot. "Shore, Missy, they mayn't be that strong all the way across," said the man, dropping his iron and coming towards her. "Yed best not try another."

"For answer Helen gave a bright little laugh, and slipping away from all detaining hands, sprang from board to board as lightly as a sunbeam, until she stood on the firm ground at the south end of the bridge. Then she turned and laughed at their frightened faces. "Now, Leonard, show your courage!" "No, no!" cried the man, hastening to prevent by force if need be this foolhardy attempt. "The lad weighs fifty pounds more. He shall not try it!"

"But the boards did not even bend or crack," said Helen. "They are as firm as they were last week when tons of hay came over—only the planks off. Come on, Leonard, or you will be late for school, and I shall tell them all it was because you were a 'fraid-cat. Come on!" "If ye step one fut on the bridge, I wash my hands of all consequences," said the foreman. "Come on," laughed Helen, "if you are not a coward."

Leonard set his lips firmly. A dare is one of the greatest temptations a boy can meet. The boy who can be brave and strong enough to risk a dare is safe in all manner of temptations. Evil can scarcely reach one clothed with the invulnerable mail of courage to appear a coward for wisdom's sake. "Shall I run half way to help you?" laughed the sweet, taunting voice. "No!" shouted Leonard. "I will not run such a risk for the mere nonsense of showing my nerve. I should be ashamed to do it. I will not come one step!" "Yes, you will!" cried Helen, plucked now to show the strength of her influence over him. "Come, little boy!" she laughed, teasingly, as she tripped lightly back over the blackened boards. "Come to school with—"

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"Run for a ladder. It'll never do for any man to venture on them rotten boards, which even that light little creature couldn't go! Run for a ladder or a boat!" "She'll drop afore ye could get either," muttered another, peering over at Helen's ashen face. "Give me that rope!" cried Leonard, with undimmed eyes. One of them handed it up automatically. To obey such a spirit was instinctive.

"Soore, ye mustn't go a step onto the bridge or we'll hev two o' ye in the fix," whispered the foreman, hoarsely. "Hold this end!" Strong now! Pass it around the tree!" commanded Leonard, and without a moment's hesitation he began to creep cautiously over the skeleton bridge. The men held their breath to watch the brave lad. Once, twice, a board cracked and almost gave away, but Leonard quickly threw his weight back and advanced from another direction.

When he reached Helen she was too exhausted to help herself, but by the aid of the rope they managed at last to draw her back to the safe, firm earth once more. Then how the men cheered! And how proudly they shook hands with the pale young hero! "Soore, ye did a big thing to risk yer own life to save others after all yer tauntin'," said one of the men, bluntly, but with honest feelings; "but, me lad, the bravest thing ye did was to refuse to run the risk for a mere stump! I wish I had a boy o' my own wid yer spirit!"

One of the men had hastened to the nearest barn for a horse and carriage, and poor foolish little Helen was taken home as tenderly and with as little rebuke as if the accident had not been caused wholly by her own folly. It was over a week before her strained nerves would admit of her seeing any one. Then she called for Leonard.

"I can't ever tell you how sorry I am that I was such a little goose as to tempt you by calling you a coward," she said. "On, that was all right. I suppose it really was one," laughed Leonard, "for I nearly fainted with terror at the moment I touched the ground with you. If the men hadn't cheered loud enough to scare my sense back again just then I should certainly have collapsed!"

"You saved my life," said Helen, "but you should have saved it much more easily if I had only heeded your warning. But, Leonard, honestly, I didn't think you a coward for a single minute. I admired you most of all when I was most scornful, for the boy who can resist a dare to show his courage—and from a girl, too—is a real hero, and I know it." Catholic Fireside.

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ON THE OBSERVANCE OF... "Keep you My Sabbath, for you; he that shall profane it, death; he that shall do any work shall be cut off from the midst. Exod. 31, 14.

The Pharisees permitted of an ass or an ox on the sabbath, but considered the healing of a man a crime. Such must be considered either of absurdity or clear by yet their actions are far than the contempt of many Christians of the treat the observance of the sabbath. The Sunday is the day but, alas, many Christians day of the devil, by spending time in frivolity and sinning day is a day on which advance nearer to Heaven; unfortunately, it is one on which cease to eternal perdition. The Lord has become one the devil. A terrible trial you will be convinced if what commands are God what duties. He has through His Holy Church these obligations are discussed. Amidst the rolling of the flashing of lightning on Mt. Sinai: "SI thou labor and shalt do a but on the seventh day is of the Lord thy God, the work on it, thou nor thy daughter, nor thy man thy maid servant, nor the stranger that is with Exod. 20, 9. This is the command which the Lord and earth has given. In the seventh day of the Lord's day; in the New day, the first day. It is memory of our Lord's from the dead, and of the Holy Ghost. But by day from the last to the week, the law of keeping not changed, but remain. But where do we find the divine mandate: count the Christians who sanctity of the Sunday, cessity nor from any leg but from sinful indifference of God. There are as it were in contempt mandament, make the Sunday work and debauchery the day following to rest they have done for Sunday. Do not be surprised that day is a day of harvest. This becomes more a consider the duty which imposes upon us this day, in which this observed. The Church can hear Mass on all Sunday of obligation, and this this precept of the King: "He that heareth Church) heareth Me, and plecth you deplish Me 10, and again: "If you will not hear the Church, she as a heathen and Matt. 18, 17. How many and publicans do not present to the All-seer. These blind unfortunates vote one day to the sabbath; not one hour to God by assisting at the Mass, and fulfilling an binds them under pain. They would rather pain. They would rather give the honor due to neighbor and pray for graces. Add to these go to Church, but who during Mass or who by enice or scandalous in sanctuary of the Lord, sins on their consciences these sad truths and stand why hell rejects of Sunday.

The performance of even the neglect of the greatest crimes committity of the Lord's day outraged by innumerable intemperate drinking and excesses of all kind it during the week, so to offend God and hurt the devil, and that the in a hundredfold manner on Sunday. This is t on which are comm crimes that find their jails or on the gallows day for forming licen ces, of mingling with panions, and of en amusements. All the where innocence is body and soul are gi and destruction. Su quarels, of cursing a Sunday is the day of wives and children, and fathers squander in consequence of hunger during the Sunday is the day on vanity reign, when most time to spend i Sunday is the day w reading those detesta undermine faith and But enough of this convinced without it ion, that more sin committed on this the other six days. truth, and yet Sun the Lord. Must n heart of every Christ and sees this day raged? Let us be swell this sinful thro of judgment may n