#### FEBRUARY 22, 1908.

### CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The Shadow of Failure. The Shadow of Failure. The terror of failure and the fear of coming to want keep multitudes of people from obtaining the very things they desire, by sapping their vitality, by incapacitating them through worry and anxiety, for the effective, creative work necessary to give them succes. Wherever we go, this fear ghost, this terror-specter stands between men and their goal ; no person is in a position to do good work while haunted by it. There can be no great courage where

on Thurs. There can be no great courage where there is no confidence or assurance, and Ir. John L. half the battle is in the conviction that tor, Mr. L. we can do what we undertake. The mind always full of doubts, ness of the

ears, forebodings, is not in a condition to do effective creative work, but is to do effective perpetually handicapped by this unfor tunate attitude.

Nothing will so completely paralyze the creative power of the mind and body as a dark, gloomy, discouraged mental attitude. No great creative work can be done by a man who is not an optimist. The human mind cannot accomplish

great work unless the banner of hope goes in advance. A man will follow this banner when money, friends, re-putation everything else has gone. copie Who Talk Down Their Business Some men are pitched to a minor

key. They probably do not realized in but there is a downward tendency in conversation nterest their thought and conversation. Everything is down — business poor, nerease prospects dark. They are always see ing snags ahead. They see tondencies in American life which are sure to nt was

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into such a mental habit. I know some of these people. Their letters are always pessimistic.

so through life like a tornado cloud blackness and threatening disaster wherever they go. Everything depends upon the wsy we look at things. Near these cala-mity howlers we find people living

practically under the same conditions who see beauty and increasing goodness, and an upward trend in civiliza en everywhere. What an untold blessing to form early

in life the optimistic habit of scein the best instead of the worst! Think how much more those get out

Think how much more those get our of life who are always courageous, hopeful, always grateful for every good thing that comes to them, and who have a great faith in the goodness of human nature and in the honesty of most people!

#### Smile and Wait.

One of the hardest, and yet one of the most useful lessons we can ever learn, is to smile and wait after we have done our level best. It is a finely trained mind that can

struggle with energy and cheerfulness toward the goal which he cannot see. But he is not a great phi'osopher who has not learned the secret of smiling and waiting. A great many people can smile at

difficulties who cannot wait, who lack patience ; but the man who can both mile and wait, if he has that tenacity purpose which never turns back will surely win.

The fact is, large things can only be done by optimists. Little successes are left to pessimistic people who can-not set their teeth, clench their fists, and smile at hardships or misfortunes

and patiently wsit. Smile and wait-there are whole volumes in this sentence. It is so much easier for most people to work than to

If the Corners of Your Mouth Sag. When you see the corners of your child's mouth go down, you know the remedy. You try to make him laugh,

rice. As for teachin he says the boys learn nothing. I'm sure your riting aint no better, and your spellin is hor I'm going to see you next week, and lock out for a parcel to morrow. There's six fresh eggs — the bantam hen's a sittin, and will have a nice brood—and some puddin-and four slices of bread and butter-and some ham sandwiches -and a nice cake which grandmother made for you-and six sheets of note paper and envelopes for you to rite home—and a pound of cherries, black-harts—and a bottle of elder wine—and

a green tie from your aunt Bridget. Give my respects to Father McReady. I am told he's a nice good meaning gentleman and fine priest, and that's it's all the fault of those about him that the boys isn't looked after.

# Look out for us next week. Your lovin mother till death, MARTHA POPWICH.

P. S. They say young Muttlebury' oln to your school. I'm glad of it. oin to your school. little starvation will do him good. Don't you get quarrellin with him. Be a you get quarrellin with him. Be a good boy, and be very obedient to your

masters." A few days after the receipt of this letter, the porter announced that Mrs Popwich and two other ladies had come to visit her son John. Very impatient was the poor mother, as she waited many minutes and still the door opened not. To her Johnny was the whole school. The other two hundred boys vere quite put out of sight, and matron masters-nay! Father McReady him self-had nothing to do but wait upon the wants of Johnny. Therefore Johnny should have been produced on the in-stant, clean as a new pin, spotless, reundermine our democracy and end in cently satiated with mests and drinks, evolution. Nothing is as it used to and his mind as fully fed within as his be when they were young. They can-not get any more decent help. Everybody without. As a matter of unhappy fact, Johnny, living in a school of real life and not in a school of a mother's imagination, was, contrary to all orders thing is in a deplorable condition. It is a most unfortunate thing to get received from authority, disporting himself in a large hole in the play-ground, which the workmen had hol-They lowed out as the first step to the mak ng of a big swimming bath. Recent rains had formed an inland lake, and on this Master John, dressed in his best clothes by the care of the mation who had a wholesome dread of Mrs Popwich, washed, combed, and generally straightened in the early morning, was now floating on a raft of slender and dangerous make, one shoe and tronser eg thoroughly drenched with muddy water, his coat bespattered with water by rival navigators, his hair floating

aildly in the breeze, and his face brigh with excit ment and fun, but otherwis rimy, and not in that state which would delight an expectant mother's eart. The unhappy matron could not heart. restrain a burst of indignation, which Johnny answered with a flood of angry ears : in the midst of which came as

impatient message from Mrs. Popwich demanding to be informed how much longer she was to be kept there. So with pouting lips and a face from which washing had not wholly removed

the trace of tears, with boots dull with wet, and one scaking trouser-leg, came Johnny, still full of anger with the aatron, to his irritated mother. For a time nothing was heard but obs of affection and feeling, as Johnny

was passed from mother to aunt, and aunt to mother, and turned round, and examined, from tearful face to bespattered trouser and wet shoe.

" And here's a state to find my darl ng boy in ! His clothes wringing wet enough to give him his death of cold ! Didn't I tell you, Bridget, this was the way they neglected the poor children. And you've been crying, my poor boy ; to they beat you, Johnny? Oh ! i they ever beat you !"

"The matron's always knocking me about," whimpered Johnny, holding about," whimpered Johnny, holding out his right hand in such a way that a mall cane mark in the palm of the hand would attract attention.

"Did she hit you like that ? Look here, Bridget, they'ro murdering the

### THE CATHOLIG RECORD

# Johnny clung weepingly to his mother, while Father McReady interposed and said that he must wait the father's de

which in the evening, with many total and many additions. "Now that's to persons who really need it—I sup enough, woman," said Popwich ; "yon went down to kick up a row ; and if wish she had my accounts to settle :— you'd found the boy fed on oysters and porter, with goid trousers on, you'd have kicked it up—good night, Mar-that's all—no! stop, here's a pourd from a Protestant, good man, and that

#### CHAPTER VIII.

FATHER MCREADY'S POST BAG. The short holidays which could be llowed at Thornbury school sere over. Poor Johnny had not been home. Soite of tears and out cries from Mrs. Pop wich, Michael held firm; "leave the boy where he is," said he, " what will he flud in the streets of Bermondsey to do him good ?

Johnny stopped at school for the holidays, not without inward grumb-lings and talks up and down the play-

But the holidays were over at last; But the holidays were over at last; and Father McReady is looking over his letter bag in his little office room, with Brother Placidus beside him. Let us for we have his permission— ion them and read the letters with join them and read the letters with "Oa !" said Father McReady,

" there's that poor boy, Bilton, not coming back !" " No loss to the school, Father ; he was stupid, poor lad; but what reason does his mother give ?" "The school is not good enough for

him, Placidus; but you had better read it, the spelling is a little odd. I don't fancy the poor woman is a very good judge of progress." "Sur I recived your noat and will

send you the muney in the corse of a weak I ham sorey to say the boy came home a grater dance than wen E went home a grater dance than wen is sent to chool at your Plase I tharefore sent some ware filse. S. Bilton." labors under two great enseries only last week. It was Christmas eve and the

some ware fise. S. Bilton." "Poor woman I" said Father Mc-Ready; "there are three things-the hardeat things in all knowledge-out which it seems to me everybody in England supposes himsalf an infallible pose that as they deck the church busiced to and from the school masters. Well 1 here's a boy to make up for Well ! here's a boy to make up for him. At ! this is the sort of case I want want

ant. "Rev. Father, -- My first duty as a be himself used to lead them in his mother is to bring up my children in our holy religion, and I want, please God, to do my duty. I write now to community at Pagani were waiting ask you to take my boys into Thorn-bory School. The cldest is turned eleven years, and the only teaching he have had is the little I can give nim. I have two boys. The younger is going on nine, and my whole thought s how I can manage to give them religious training. We have no Catholic place of worship nearer than twenty Catholic two miles off at S. Alban's-and that's only just opened, and the best I can do is to get over there at Easter-tide to keep myself in the Church. Now and again we've had a priest to visit us, and glad I was to see him, but not for these four years. I do feel so opesome-no one of my own to talk to and all the neighbors quarrelling with one another about religion—and all (We have communicated with Father (We have communicated with Fabber Methady, and can vouch for the cor-rectness—word by word of—this letter) —(Ed.) hating the true Faith—poor ignorant things. Well it's part my own fault, and yet he's a good husband to me though he's not a Catholic. Still, can't hume myself much and it's no can't blame myself much, and it's no use now. And now will you kindly tell

me all about the schools. What clothes must they have to come? and do they wear an uniform ?



ed a quarter of an hour later, when the square in front of the church be-came filled with a multitude of men. "What is the use, my dear boy? We have already done what we were bound to do-denied the truth of all as many as 3,000 and here in the midst of them was a carriage without horses with the three Redemptorist missionthese things. Having done so, we have done all that we need for courtesy, and for our fair name. Believe me, They had been aries seated in it. drawn in triamph the whole six miles Placidus, this kind of thing is best let alone. Be courteous, and kind to oi the journey, and they had been accompanied by practically the entire all who attack yop, but be silent, and male population of the parish they had don't attempt to defend yourself. It is not half so virtuous; and it is only lost been evangelizing. Then they the church, sang a hymn, listened to time-they never believe you. What have we here? A letter from Mr. the thanks of the rector of Pagani, received his blessing and returned in a What body to their distant parish to take part in the Midnight Mass there .---

There is One Who knows all which is hidden from me; there is One Whom nothing escapes of all that threatens A BEAUTIFUL INSTANCE OF ITALIAN Here is a Christmas story, which me or that happens to me; there is One Who foresees all, where I can foresee othing; Who can do all, while I can to nothing; and Who guides my steps which uncering wisdom, whilst I walk blindly on; and this all - knowing, lenghty One is my Father. He is not ess powerful than wise, not less loving than wise and powerful; lounite in the threefold unity of His wisdom, His power and His love.—Abbe Henri Pereyve.

30th Thousand Catholic Confessiona But it was growing late, and the community at Pagani were waiting the return of the Fathers who had and the Sacrament of Penance been giving a mi-sion in a parish some six miles away. Everything was very still in the darkness around, until at By Rev. Albert McKeon, S. T. L

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last a faint murmur was heard in the distance, which grew louder and louder and nearer with every minute. could it be? The mystery was reveal-



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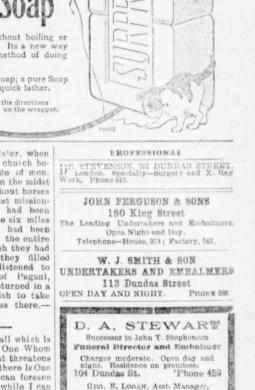
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let us have her boys, and do our best for them. "What have we here?" continued

said that he must wait the father's de cision before he allowed the boy to go. "Oh ! so this is a prison-house, is it ? where a mother can't have her own flesh and blood when she wants it about her ! If there's law in fingland, l'll have my boy out." And the whole tale was told to Pop wich in the evening, with many tears and many additions. "Now that's to persons who really need it.—I sup pass she think we don't. Placidus ? I

from a Protestant, good man, and that is all in the money way. "Here's another letter from poor Father Mordle ; I am sorry." "Does he still believe that boy of

his, Father ?" "Oil yes: still the old thingnot enough to eat of course, and put him to dirty jobs, and didn't get his own mag to drink out of, nor his own knife to eat with, and the boys hit him, and I know not what-here, Placidus, it away in the left hand don't let us lose our peace or our time

over that." "Shao't you answer it, Father ?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

FAITH STILL STRONG.

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The thundercloud is in your face because there is one in your mind. It is a mental reflection.-Success.

change.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. HOW THEY MADE A MAN OF JOHNNY. By Rev. George Bampfield. CHAPTER VII.

MES. POPWICH VISITS HER SON.

MRS. POPWICH TO HER SON. "Blue Anchor Road,

Bermondsey.

Dear Jack-I suppose you've been thinkin your mother has forgotten you. Forget my boy 1 never 1 A mother who's suckled her babe day and night for many a month, and had him down with measels and scarlet fever, isn't ne to forget. A father of course isn't with to be expected to have the same feelins, but I think of my angel boy day and night, and sees him in my dreams coming home from his prison-house to his

mother's harms. I hope you bear up, Johnny. For myself I've been a poor creature from myself I've been a poor creature from your home. he day you went away from your home.

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remedy. You try to make him laugh, to forget the thing that caused his month to droop. Why not apply the antidote in your own case? If the corners of your mouth sag, you know the antidote that will turn them up—a smile, a good, hearty laugh or an upiliting thought. If you catch a glimpse of your face in the glass and see that there is a thundercloud in your expression, if it does not seem possible to look pleas. does not seem possible to look pleas-ant, just get by yourself a few minutes wearing them on week-days, contrary

washing them on weevays, contrary to all rule. Mrs. Popwich was on the point of de-manding to see Father McReady at once and remove her boy; when annt Sarah, the third lady, who had a family and persistently crowd into your mind as many pleasant, hopefal, joyous, optimistic, encouraging thoughts as possible and you will be surprised to see how quickly your expression will of her own, and knew something of the ways of spoiled children, directed at tention to a pleasanter subject.

"See! Johnny, here are some of the cakes I promised you."

Grief for the time was over ; Johnny's mouth was full of cake, and his heart was full of contentment ; but even out of present happiness Mrs. Popwich soon again gathered grief.

again gathered grief. "Look at the dear boy," she said, "he eats as if he'd had nothing for a twelvemonth. Have you had your

dinner, Johnny ?" "Yes," said Johnny, helping himse f to another cake, " but I could always eat ever so much more, and they never give us puddin-not," added Johnny a little conscious of untruth, " not such a nut give us, mother." "He looks very well," put in Aunt

Sarah ; " beautifully clean." " Clean 1" cried his mo

"Clean !" cried his mother. " ah ! pretty well; but what's this, Johnny ?"

as she came upon a patch on which there was no hair. "A sore place," said Johnny. "I cut myself when Brother Placidus knocked me down." But Johnay for. got to add that it was on the cricket ground, when he and poor Brother Placidus bunted somewhat violently together in trying to catch the same ball, with the usual result that the

weaker went to the ground. The appearance of the matron, who

the day you went away from your home. Popwich tries to cheer me up, and tells me the holidays will soon bis hear, but it all ain't no good without my boy. I don't hear good tails of your school at all. Mr. Prambles was down to see us last night, and he says the boys are us last nishameful rags, because they have nothin to eat from year's end to year's end but mouldy bread and raw

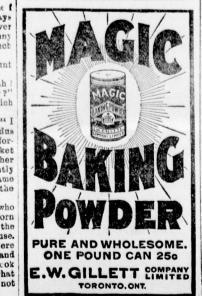
I hope they'll be let serve altar, the youngest has a nice little volce for singing. I hope you will be as reasonable as

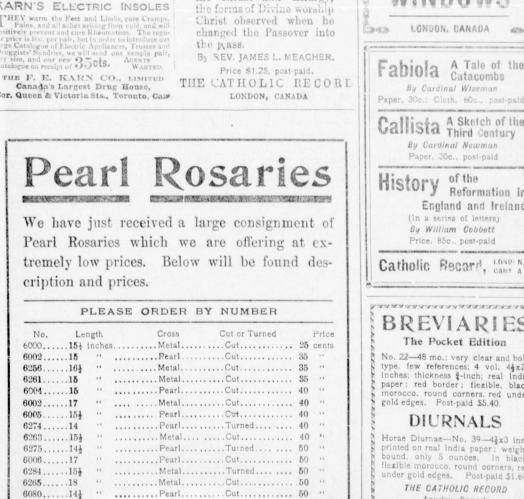
you can with me about the terms. Trade's been very dull down here these few years, and I can't pay much ; but I'll do all I can, if I get my poor boys brought up in the love of God. Hoping a favorable answer, from

Yours truly. 'MARY ANN BARLOW.'

" A good woman, Brother Placidus that-and just the case I want the schools to meet. It does seem to me so

schools to meet. It does seem to me so sad a case-these poor creatures living away from Mass; and the country's full of them. I never found a village yet without a Catholic in it." "She shouldn't have married a Pro testant, Father." "Small blame to her, Placidus. Who was there to marry? How was she to come across a Catholic husband, unless she picked up a stray hay-maker down in those parts? By all means down in those parts ? By all means





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