

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Luck means rising at 6 o'clock in the morning, living on a dollar a day if you earn two; minding your own business and not minding other people's. Luck means never failing to keep; the train you have never failed to catch. Luck means trusting in God and your own resources.

More Than Money.

There is nothing that gives such pure delight as helping a fellow creature. It is a great mistake to think that this can be done only by means of money, food, or raiment. Invaluable as these may be in certain cases, they are after all, but a very small proportion of our available resources. Sympathy, encouragement, hope, advice and experience may all come under the head of gifts which can be advantageously bestowed upon a struggling fellow being.

How to Succeed.

Not a few essays have been written to show young men how they may become rich, but it is very doubtful whether they serve the purpose in a single instance. A more practical subject for essays is, "How to keep a situation." It is quite a common thing for an intelligent clerk to be dismissed, while a more stupid one is retained. This may seem strange, but it is true: nor is the cause difficult to discover. It is the result of a little work as possible, while the other not only performs his allotted task probably not so intelligently, but faithfully, and in addition does not lose an opportunity to convince his employer that he believes the interest of one to be the interest of both.

What System Will Do.

It will produce more work and of a better quality.

It will clear the mind of cobwebs and of brain ache.

It will increase your business and decrease your expenses.

It will increase effectiveness, lengthen life, and make it worth living.

It will foster the habits of promptness, thoroughness and decision.

It will increase the respect of your employees and your popularity with them.

It will enable the mediocre man to accomplish more than others of much greater ability.

It will make you happier, because your life will be more orderly and more harmonious.

It will increase your efficiency, because it will increase your self-confidence and self-respect.

It will simplify a mass of perplexing details and give you freedom for larger creative work.

It will save the results of your labor, so that you will not have to do things over and over again.

It will increase your self respect, self-faith, and hence will increase others' respect and confidence in you.

It will increase others' confidence in you, because everybody believes in the man of system and of order.

It will enable you to make better use of your experience, and save you from the mistakes of business disasters.

It will enable you to find anything you want immediately, instead of losing valuable time hunting for it.—Success.

Busy Lives Are Pure Lives.

Busy lives, like running water, are generally pure. Nothing will do more to improve the looks than the life in the heart. Endeavor to keep your life in sunshine—the shadows will catch it soon enough. A child's mind is often much like a piece of white paper upon which anything may be written. Don't blot it. Those who have the "best times" when they are young bring the soonest to nurse their rheumatism. Happy is he who learned this one thing—do the plain duty of the moment quickly and cheerfully, whatever it may be. If you want love you must toil for it; if you want food you must toil for it; if you want pleasure you must toil for it. Toil is the law. Pleasure comes through toil and not by self-indulgence and indolence. When one gets to love work his life should be happy and useful. Therefore learn to enjoy your work. "Triumph and toil are twins."—Pennsylvania School Journal.

Make This Day.

Make this day. There is no gain. In brooding over days to come: The message of to-day is plain. The future's life is over dumb. The work of yesterday is gone—For good or ill, let come what may: But now we face another dawn. Make this a day.

Though yesterday we failed to see The urging hand and earnest face That call upon our duty, Let us fail no more to-day. We failed to know the time or place For some great deed, what now may be As dawn comes up a silvery gray. The golden moments must be met. Make this a day.

This day is yours: your work is yours; The odds are not who pays your hire. The thing accomplished—that endures. If it be what the days require. He who takes up his daily round, As one new armor for the fray, To onward steps on solid ground. Make this a day.

A New Recruit.

In an article on "Frequent Communion," which is the general intention for June, the Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart tells the following story, which cannot fail to interest our young men.

"St. Philip Neri, who devoted his life to the sanctification of the young men of Rome, and whose testimony comes to us with the double weight of sanctity and exceptional experience, used to say that frequent Communion, together with devotion to the Blessed Virgin, were not only the best, but that they were the only means of preserving the faith and morals of young men and of helping them to rise again after their falls. How he carried out this principle in practice will be seen by the following example:

"A student came to him one day and begged his assistance in ridding himself of some evil habits to which he had long been a slave. The saint encouraged the young man, gave him good advice and after hearing his confession absolved him and sent him on his way happy, with the permission to receive Holy Communion on the morrow. If

you should be so unfortunate as to fall again, 'come and see me at once,' he added, 'and in the meantime put your entire confidence in God.' The next evening the youth returned to the saint to confess a relapse. Philip treated him exactly as before, encouraged him to struggle bravely, absolved him, and allowed him to approach the holy table the next day. The student, harrassed by the tyranny of the evil habit, and yet eager to return to God, from this compassionate direction and from the reception of the Holy Eucharist such an energy and constancy of purpose that for thirteen days in succession he returned daily to the saint's confessional. Finally charity carried the day, and Our Lord gained a new recruit. The young man made such rapid strides in the way of perfection that St. Philip soon judged him worthy of aspiring to the priesthood. He eventually became an Oratorian, edited all Rome by his zeal and his virtues, and died still young in the odor of sanctity. To the end of his life he never wearied of telling the story of his conversion in order to encourage sinners and to make young men understand that their only hope lay in frequent Communion.

One of the most important virtues to be cultivated by every man who would be successful in his undertakings is self-reliance—that determination to be one's own helper and not to look to others for aid. This virtue has been defined as the secret of all individual growth and vigor and as the master key which unlocks all difficulties in every profession or calling. The French saying, 'help yourself and God will help you,' is as true now as it was in the motto of the Ancient, and should be the motto of our young men of to-day.

One of the greatest evils that can befall a man is to be continually looking to others for help. He who becomes a prey to this evil is like the child learning to walk; it must cling to a chair, a table or some other means of support, before it can pick up the courage to move from its resting place. An observation grounded on widespread experience is that "help from within always strengthens, but help from without invariably enfeebles those who receive it." We well know that it is on the Alpine cliffs, where the storms blow fiercely all year around, that the toughest plants are reared; not in the sheltered house where every possible care is given. We have observed that in learning to swim, more rapid progress is made by plunging into the water and buffeting it, than by the use of corks or other artificial means. The man who, instead of following his own independent judgment, continually runs to others for advice, becomes in a short time a moral weakling; his channels of individual effort and lofty ambition are stagnated, and his intellect is undeveloped.

No doubt you have often heard the story of the lobster, which, when washed high among the rocks, has not sufficient instinct to work its way back. It lies there waiting for a wave to toss it into the sea. If such does not happen there it remains and dies, although with slight effort it could reach the water which is perhaps but a few feet away. Now, there are many human lobsters existing to-day. They lie dormant on the rocks of life waiting for some one to lift them off. If aid does not come, there they remain stranded to their own destruction.

In walking through the streets of our cities, what do we observe? Countless young men with broad shoulders and healthy looking faces, standing with their hands in their pockets sadly lacking that initiative which bids them be up and doing. Their friends suggest, in vain, some independent endeavor, but no! that will not do, they want a place where they are not obliged to depend on themselves; they have a dream, or as it were, a vivid imagination that some day a rich uncle or aunt will die and leave them an immense fortune; for know you—dependency lies in bedwishing the postman would bring him news of a legacy. Self-reliance gets out at 6 a.m., and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence. Now God never intended these young men to cling to others for help. He meant them to hew out their own passage, through the rocks of stern opposition, with the chisel of self integrity, the same as all our young men who become successful in life.

All the difficulties, trials and hardships, which obstruct us on our course through life, are indeed blessings. At first approach they seem to overcome them, but after we have once overcome them they are to us as it were a bulwark of strength; they teach us to be self-reliant, and render us gigantic in will.

In glancing about the mart of the world's commerce, what men do we observe holding the highest positions? Are they the sons of wealthy men, who never knew what it was to struggle for themselves? Are they men of leisure, who were never in pecuniary want? Indeed no! They are men of poor parentage, men who have buffeted against the storms of adversity and the whirlwinds of opposition; who have often stumbled over the rocks of fate whilst treading the path of life, but quickly regaining their footing started forth again with a more determined will.

Whilst this is an age of phenomenal industrial progress, and even claimed by some to be a period of remarkable social development, nevertheless it is not all advancement; and individual retrogression is by no means an unknown quantity. So now, be not one of those who are always awaiting some usual good luck; be not ranked with such as are continually going to do this or that great deed, if they were only in better circumstances. Be not of the impetuous, brace up, convince yourselves that you are fit to battle with fortune; believe that you can conquer if others have conquered, for what man has done man can do.

Make your pass word "I'll do what I can." I can is a hero, never afraid of exertion. I can't is a laggard, too lazy to work. Let us wield our own sword and carry our own shield, always bearing in



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mind that God, ever the Protector, is watching over us and guiding our footsteps. And if we thus bend all our energies towards this great virtue every drop of sweat which we shed in striving to become self-reliant will be turned into gems and pearls for our crown of success, and we will plant within ourselves the elements of usefulness and honor.—T. J. C. '68 in the Schoolman, St. Jerome's College.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Work of a Girl Farmer.
York Correspondence Baltimore Sun.

Miss Ada Glatfelter, seventeen years old, has just completed the task of planting thirty five acres on the farm of her father. She is the daughter of the late A. H. Glatfelter, who was killed a short time ago by being caught in the wheels of a threshing machine. The only male member of the family is a crippled brother, and the work of farming one hundred and fifty acres was left to the young man and young woman.

Some Famous Boys.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their color and painted the white side of his father's cottage in Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings of his pot and brushes, easel and stool, and said, "That boy will beat me some day." So he did, for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a blood and thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself: "Now, this will never do. I got too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So here goes!" And he flung the book out into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.

A Little Girl's Experience.

Among the children who made their First Holy Communion at the church of Our Lady of Angels, in Los Angeles, California, was a little girl who expected to have made it in San Francisco, in the St. Patrick church. But fate decreed otherwise. She went through the terrible ordeal of fire and earthquake, but in all the peril and excitement, she did not forget that she was going to make her First Communion some time, if she lived. So, while every one else was running away from the little maiden, with commensurate pride, she gathered up her crucifix and beads, which she carried with her until she reached Los Angeles. Don't you know that little girl will always treasure those things?

Japanese Girl Baptized.

An unusual and interesting ceremony took place on last Monday evening in the chapel of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, Lafayette place and Great Jones street, when a Japanese girl received the sacrament of baptism at the hands of the rector, the Rev. Malick J. Fitzpatrick.

The girl, Minnie M. Abbi, twenty years of age, was one of the many geisha girls sent by the Japanese government to the St. Louis Exposition. These girls were employed in explaining the Japanese exhibits and in serving visitors with dainty cups of tea. Among the official visitors from New York was Dr. Daniel C. Potter, of the Department of Finance. Dr. Potter sought the privilege of baptizing some of the geisha girls in American institutions, and, after much opposition he was successful in placing two or three, and was made their legal guardian. Miss Abbi was sent to St. Elizabeth's Home, Mount Loretto, Staten Island, immediately after the closing of the Exposition, and for the past year and a half has applied herself to the study of the Catholic faith, under the careful direction of the Sisters of St. Francis. She proved to be a very bright pupil and has made wonderful progress, not in the study of religion, but in the English language. Her baptism was witnessed by Dr. Potter and many of the priests and Sisters connected with the mission.

The Answered Prayer.

A gentleman saw two children. Both him in a car, a boy and a girl. Both looked tired. They were dressed poorly, but neatly, and were travelling alone. Toward noon the little girl got up from her seat; presently he found her kneeling on the floor, with her head bowed in the cushion. Was she sick? Did she find this an easy way to sleep? No, she was praying.

"What are you doing my little girl?" he asked when she got up.

"I was saying 'Our Father, Who art in heaven,'"

"And what are you saying it for now?" he asked again.

"I'm so hungry," she said.

"We've been travelling two days," said the boy, "and our luncheon is all gone."

The gentleman wished he had something in his pocket, but it was empty. At the next stopping place he went out himself and bought something for the children to eat.

When he handed it to the child, "I knew it would come," she said, looking up with a blush of joy on her face. "Did God send you, sir?"

Yes, God sent the gentleman. The child did not see how the cars were to furnish the "daily bread," going so fast and so paucely. But the Son of God taught her to pray, "Give us this day our daily bread," and the little girl believed it. She asked Him, and God well knows ever so many ways to answer our prayers. You see he let a kind gentleman bring her some.

A Little Girl's Adventure.

A pretty story of the Duke of Norfolk is related by the Catholic Herald of India. It is only one of many stories showing how simple and kind hearted this distinguished Catholic gentleman is, and how fully he deserves the title of nobleman. He is noble by rank and noble by nature.

A woman residing at Brighton took her little girl on a cheap excursion to see some friends in Arundel. The train was full, and the woman and child who had third-class tickets, were hastily placed as the last moment in a first-class compartment. The little girl lost no time in getting into conversation with a gentleman who was the only other occupant of the carriage. The gentleman put his paper down and seemed so very kindly disposed that finally the child opened her luncheon basket and offered him a banana which he took and ate. Just as the train drew up at Arundel, he handed the mother a card which he said would admit her and her little girl to see all parts of the castle. After he had alighted, the woman looked at the card, and the little girl opened big eyes of wonder when told that the gentleman who had eaten her banana was the Duke of Norfolk.

Do Not Judge By Clothing.

Boys do not judge a boy by his clothing. An incident occurred on one of the street car lines of this city a few days since which is worthy of notice. A poorly clad woman entered the car carrying an infant in her arms. As she sat opposite I observed she seemed troubled about something. When the conductor passed through the car for the fares she said, in a very low voice: "Please, sir, I have no money; let me ride this time."

"Can you hear that story every day?" said the conductor, in a loud, rough voice. "You can pay or get off."

"Two fares please," said a pleasant voice, as a tall, worn and sun-browned hand passed the conductor ten cents.

"Heaven bless you, sir," said the woman, and long and silently she wept the language of the heart so eloquent to express our hidden thoughts.

This man in worn and soiled garments was one of God's noblemen. He possessed a heart to feel for the woes of others, and although the act was but a trifle, it proves that he can, not with safety, judge a man by his clothing. "For many a true heart beats beneath a ragged jacket."

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND "CHURCHLESS CHRISTIANITY."

"No one who has kept abreast of the times can have failed to remark the great change that has come over the teeming millions of our country, in the matter of religious belief. We were, not many years ago, a reverential, church-going people; at present, the great majority of those who are not Catholics are classed among the 'churchless,' 'multitudes.' Writers of various shades of belief, misbelief and unbelief have not failed to notice this fact, and not wishing to brand the people of the United States as altogether unreligious, have sought out different loopholes, in their efforts to avoid or evade what would seem to be a necessary deduction from conceded premises. 'Religion,' it is said, 'is being more and more differentiated from church-going; our people have ceased to be church-goers, but religion is as deep as ever in their hearts.' Following on the heels of this statement, to the startling and oft-repeated question 'Is Christianity dying in our midst?' the answer is glibly and unhesitatingly thrown back 'Dogmatic Christianity, yes; real Christianity, no.' Now what are we to think about this churchless, undogmatic Christianity? It cannot be denied that religious questions do arouse a certain amount of interest, and many persons there are who really wish to have near at hand some ready-made opinion on such topics. But as the great mass of our people, who must toil for a living, have no time to think out their religious holdings for themselves the daily newspaper. Travelers in our fast express trains—filers they are called—are much interested in our method of filling the water tank of the locomotive without the inconvenience of stopping the train. By an ingenious device, the water along side the track is splashed up the inclined plane into the reservoir. A somewhat similar process, along mental lines, we see going on every day, morning and evening in the subway. Live men and women are being hurled to their places of business and back; but not wishing to waste time, they are anxious to secure a so-called thought-supply for the occasional chat of the morning and the longer talks of the night. Hence they upon them from a few ideas splash out upon them. No one, however, will dignify this process by the name of thinking; and yet it is precisely such an unsatisfactory mode of procedure that gives rise to the many superficial views concerning churches and undogmatic Christianity of which we hear the echoes on all sides of us. This absence of real thinking also explains how it comes to pass that the moment a man denounces some article of Christian belief he is proclaimed by writers of a certain stripe to be 'highly intellect-



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ual"; and how it is continually insinuated that if some of us still hold to the faith—once delivered to the saints—it is only because our reason has been completely or entirely atrophied. Now we consider it high time to call a halt on such shallow talk and writing, and to ask the men and women of our day to demand proof of what they hear and read and not to be satisfied with mere assertion. Before forming a serious and thoughtful judgment on the connection between a church and Christianity, we must have a clear idea of what is meant by Christianity, and of the function which a Church is called upon to fulfill in such an organization. If Christianity is only another name for humanitarianism, and if a church differs from a lecture-hall only by its peculiar style of architecture, then the whole question is easily settled. If man and woman frequent their churches only in order to have transferred from pulpit or platform to the occupants of the news columns the day's comment on the passing events of the day, then indeed have the churches outlived their destiny and hereafter the great cathedral of nature may do away with all more elaborate and more expensive ecclesiastical edifices. But if the Church is the real House of God, if it is the hallowed spot where God's life giving sacraments are dispensed to His loving children, if it is the school of divine truth where, not man's views but the unchangeable word of God is proclaimed with authority, then indeed Christianity must not be churchless."

—From Sermon of Rev. Father Pardon S. J. in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York.

DEVOTION TO OUR LORD'S SACRED HEART.

It is the heart of our divine Lord that most appeals to us, for it was from it, as a centre, flowed that burning and consuming love that prompted Him to die for us. "Behold," says our Lord, "the heart which hath loved men so much that it hath consumed itself with My love for them." There is nothing appeals to us like the heart; for it is the organ of feeling and affection; it is the centre whence proceed the good acts and good thoughts men do and think for one another, and their worth is in proportion to the feeling and disposition that reigns in their hearts. And so we often excuse the mistakes and faults of the judgment, because the heart is all right. Our Lord's love for us is a perfect love—there is nothing wanting; it is an all absorbing, all consuming love. It is to return this love all we can, that Holy Church asks us in June to be devoted to our Lord's Sacred Heart. It will, we know, be but an imperfect return, so imperfect we are by nature and so many the distractions around us, but good will is all we can give, and as best we may, and with this He will be fully satisfied. We show our love for one another by our goodness and kindness, and so we show our love of our Lord by being good and well disposed to Him and to all His interests. We love Him for His infinite perfections and His perfect loveliness, and we interest ourselves in all that interests Him, and help to advance these interests in any way we can. As the greatest interest of God is the salvation of man's soul we show our love of Him by doing all we can to save our souls and the souls of our brethren. True love must be acted out in deeds. It cannot be a mere sentiment, a pass 1 g word, a thoughtless liking; it must be founded deep in the heart and be something that has life and vigor and shows it by good deeds, noble words and gracious acts as occasion gives the opportunity. Let us, then, practise our love for our Lord by our

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