

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

A Great Awakening.

A champion prize-fighter says that he does not train for his contests. "The weight question," he declares, "is the least of my troubles. I can make one hundred and thirty-three pounds with ease, and while it is not generally known to the public, I will get down to this weight by thinking about making it. I get rid of flesh by always keeping in mind that I must make the weight. I just keep telling myself that I've got to get down to the notch. The articles leave nothing for me to do but to be at weight, and I will continue to keep this in mind."

As will be seen later in this article, the famous experiments of Professor Anderson of Yale University prove that the strength of muscles can be increased immensely by mental action alone, without any physical exercise whatever. We hear a great deal about the power of the mind over the body. Why, the whole secret of life is wrapped up in it. We do not know the A, B, C of this great, mysterious power, though the civilized world is rapidly awakening to its transforming force. The prophet, the poet, the sage, from earliest times have felt and recognized it.

"Be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind," Paul admonished the Romans. "'Tis the mind that makes the body rich," says Shakespeare. "What we commonly call man," writes Emerson, "the eating, drinking, planting, counting man, does not, as we know him, represent himself, but misrepresents himself. Him we do not respect; but the soul, whose organ he is, would be let it appear through his action, would make our knees bend." Today even the prize-fighter, the uneducated, as well as the educated, the man who lives on the animal plane even as the man who lives on the spiritual plane, in fact, all sorts of people, are beginning to see that there is some tremendous force back of the flesh which they do not understand. The rapid growth of the metaphysical movement, shows how actively this idea of man's hidden power is working in the minds of all classes.

Mind and Body Building.

Some of our best physicians, who only a few years ago ridiculed mental healing, are beginning to adopt the principle—so far as they know how—in their practice; especially the power of suggestion. They are finding that their patients are often more affected by mental medicine, by their calls, their encouragement and good cheer; than by their pills. They are finding, too, that the mental attitude of the patient has everything to do with the effect of the disease, that it often proves the turning-point in a crisis. The result of all this mental influence is a very marked falling off in the use of drugs. Many of our leading physicians give but very little medicine, because they have very little faith in it. It is now well known that scores of eminent physicians employ metaphysical healing in their own families and often for themselves. Even the regular medical schools are taking up the subject of mental medicine in their lecture courses.

Hampered as this great movement still is by the errors and extravagances of over-zealous followers, and also by the fraud of charlatans, who take advantage of the opportunities it offers to impose on the credulous and ignorant, there is no doubt that the basic principle of this metaphysical movement, has opened up many possibilities of mind building, character building, body building, and even business building, which are destined to bring untold blessings to the world.

We are beginning to see that we can renew our bodies by renewing our thoughts; change our bodies by changing our thoughts; that by holding the thought of what we wish to become, we can become what we desire. Instead of being the victims of fate, we can order our fate; we can largely determine what it shall be. Our destiny changes with our thought. We shall become what we wish to become when our habitual thought corresponds with the desire.

"For each bad emotion," says Professor Elmer Gates, "there is a corresponding chemical change in the tissues of the body. Every good emotion makes a life-promoting change. Every thought which enters the mind is registered in the brain by a change in the structure of its cells. The change is a physical change more or less permanent."

Changed His Disposition.

"Any one may go into the business of building his own mind in an hour each day, calling up pleasant memories and ideas. Let him summon feelings of benevolence and unselfishness, making this a regular exercise like swing dumbbells. Let him gradually increase the time devoted to these physical gymnastics, until it reaches sixty or ninety minutes per diem. At the end of a month he will find the change in himself surprising. The alteration will be apparent in his actions and thoughts. It will have registered in the cell structure of his brain."

There is nothing truer than that "we can make ourselves over by using and developing the right kind of thought forces."

Not long ago a young man whom I had not seen for several years called on me, and I was amazed at the tremendous change in him. When I had last seen him he was nervous, discouraged, almost despairing; he had soured on life, lost confidence in human nature and in himself. During the interval he had completely changed. The sullen, bitter expression that used to characterize his face was replaced by one of joy and gladness. He was radiant, cheerful, hopeful, happy.

The young man had married a cheerful, optimistic wife, who had the happy faculty of laughing him out of his "blues," or melancholy, changing the tenor of his thoughts, cheering him up, and making him put a higher estimate on himself. His removal from an unhappy environment, together with his wife's helpful "new thought" influence and his own determination to make

good, had all worked together to bring about a revolution in his mental makeup. The love-principle and the use of the right thought-force had verily made a new man of him.

He is a fortunate man who early learns the secret of scientific brain-building, and who acquires the inestimable art of holding the right suggestion in his mind, so that he can triumph over the dominant note in his environment when it is unfriendly to his highest good.—O. S. M. in Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

He Guessed "There's Two Kinds of Ladies."

As a young lady walked hurriedly down State street on a bleak November day, her attention was attracted to a deformed boy coming toward her carrying several bundles. He was thin, clad, twisted his limbs most strangely as he walked, and looked before him with a vacant stare. Just before the cripple reached the brick pedestrian, he stumbled and dropped a bundle, which broke open and emptied a sausage on the sidewalk.

One or two richly dressed ladies drew their skirts aside as they passed, and one of them exclaimed, "How awkward!" A lad stood grinning at the mishap, and a schoolgirl, amused by the boy's lack of blank dismay, gave vent to her feelings in a half-suppressed laugh, and then went on without taking any further interest.

All this increased the boy's embarrassment. He stooped to pick up the sausages, only to let fall another parcel, when, in despair, he stood and looked at his lost spoils. In an instant the bright-faced young lady stranger stepped to the boy's side and in a tone of kindness said, "Let me hold those other bundles while you have picked up what you have lost."

In dumb astonishment the cripple handed all he had to the young Samaritan and devoted himself to securing his cherished sausages. When these were again strongly tied in the coarse, torn wrapper, her skillful hands replaced the parcels on his arms, as she bestowed on him a smile of encouragement and said, "I hope you haven't far to go."

The poor fellow seemed scarcely to hear the girl's pleasant words, but, looking at her with the same vacant stare, he said, "Be you a lady?"

"I hope so; I try to be," was the surprised response.

"I was kind of hoping you wasn't."

"Why?" asked the listener, her curiosity quite aroused.

"Cause I've seen such as called themselves ladies, but they never spoke kind and pleasant to boys like me, 'cepting to grand 'uns. I guess there's two kinds—them as thinks they are ladies and isn't, and them as tries to be and is."

A "Band of Mercy" Girl.

A coal cart was delivering an order in Clinton place the other day, and the horse made two or three great efforts to back the heavily loaded cart to the spot desired, and then became obstinate. The driver began to beat the animal, and this quickly collected a crowd. He was a big fellow, with a fierce look in his eyes, and the onlookers were chary about interfering, knowing what would follow.

"I pity the horse, but don't want to get into a row," remarked one.

"I'm not the least afraid to tackle him," put in a young man with a long neck, "but about the time I get him down along would come a policeman and arrest us both."

The driver was beating the horse, and nothing was being done about it, when a little girl about eight years old approached and said:

"Please, mister."

"Well, what yer want?"

"If you'll stop I'll get all the children around here and we'll carry every bit of the coal to the manhole and let you rest while we're doing it." The man stood up and looked around him in a defiant way, but meeting with only pleasant looks he began to give in, and after a moment he smiled and said:

"Mebbe he didn't deserve it, but I'm out of sorts to-day. There goes the whip, and perhaps a lift on the wheels will help him."

The crowd swarmed around the cart, a hundred hands helped to push, and the old horse had the cart to the spot with one effort.—New York Sun.

Michael Angelo.

Two boys were herding swine in Italy. They were evidently discussing some very important subject, for they were earnest at it. A man approached, and the boys separated, each for his own side of the pasture. The man was angry and was shaking his hand at them. The boys said nothing; they drove their swine in and were quiet as a mouse about it. The man had said they should stay out until dark, and the sun had not even set yet. After they had driven the swine to their respective places each crept to his room and took his clothes and tied them in a bundle. This done, they both crept down and ran to the road which led to Rome. One's name was Peter; the other Michael Angelo. Both were poor boys. They tramped and tramped, and the first thing they did when they reached Rome was to go to church. After they had rested and prayed they looked for employment. Peter received employment as the cook's boy in some cardinal's house, but Michael could find nothing to do, so he almost despaired.

He went to his friend Peter, who gave him something to eat and at night secretly let him into his room in the attic to sleep. This went on for a long time. Peter content to let his friend do this and Michael content also. Michael when in church had seen some fine pictures. One which fascinated him was "Christ Ascending to Heaven." Taking bits of charcoal, he went to Peter's room and drew pictures on the white walls. One day the cardinal had occasion to go to the room. Michael had meanwhile secured employment in the cardinal's kitchen. The cardinal, upon seeing all the pictures, was dumbfounded with their accuracy. He called Peter and Michael upstairs and asked who had drawn them. Michael confessed he had, but said he thought he could rub them out again. The cardinal explained to

him that it was all right so far as the wall was concerned. He took Michael and sent him to a drawing master and gave Peter a better position. And Michael worked hard at his drawings, learned diligently and became the renowned Michael Angelo, one of the greatest painters of his time.—Catholic Telegraph.

SCIENCE AND THE PULPIT.

In his able article on "A Curious Heresy," in the American Catholic Quarterly, Mr. Simon Fitzsimons cogently assails the Protestant pulpit which is preaching infidelity in the guise of Christianity. Says Mr. Fitzsimons:

"Modern scientific philosophy has eaten into Protestantism to the very core. The Christian element in many Protestant pulpits is but the shadow of a shade. The historian Lecky it was who long since called Protestantism the half-way house between Catholicism and infidelity. The average Protestant mind has to-day left the half-way house far in the rear, and while yet retaining the name of Protestantism is fast nearing the infidel goal. The walls of the Pro-tericho have tumbled at a mere shout from the scientific ranks, instead of the saving truths of Christianity, many Pro-pulpits now emit a rank infidelity and even a pantheism which Spinoza need not have disdained."

CARDINAL NEWMAN ON CHURCH SCANDALS.

(Anglican Monthly, The Lamp, Nov., '06.)

To those of our Anglican brethren that are super-sensitive about the bad morals of some Roman Catholics and too forgetful, we fear, of the saintliness of others, Cardinal Newman has bequeathed the lines which follow:

The Church has scandals, she has reproach, she has shame. No Catholic will deny it. She has ever had the reproach and shame of being the mother of children unworthy of her. She has good children—she has many more bad. Such is the providence of God, as declared from the beginning. He might have formed a pure Church; but He has expressly predicted that the cockle, sown by the enemy, shall remain with the wheat, even to the harvest at the end of the world. He pronounced that His Church should be like the fisher's net, gathering of every kind, and not examined till the evening.

There is ever, then, an abundance of material in the lives and histories of Catholics, ready to the use of those opponents who, starting with the notion that the Holy Church is the work of the devil, wish to have some corroboration of the leading idea. Her very prerogatives give special opportunity for it; I mean that she is the Church of all lands and of all times.

If there was a Judas among the Apostles, and a Nicodemus among the deacons, why should we be surprised that in the course of eighteen hundred years, there should be flagrant instances of cruelty, of unfaithfulness, of hypocrisy, or of profligacy, and that not only in the Catholic people, but in high places, in royal palaces, in Bishop's households, in the seat of St. Peter itself?

What triumph is it, though in a



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long line of between two and three hundred Popes, amid martyrs, confessors, doctors, sage rulers, and loving fathers of their people, one, or two, or three are found who fulfil the Lord's description of the wicked servant, who began "to strike the man-servants and the maid-servants, and to eat and drink and be drunk?" What will come of it, though we grant that at this time or that, here or there, mistakes in policy, or ill-advised measures, or timidity, or vacillation in action, or secular maxims, or narrowness of mind have seemed to influence the Church's action, or her bearing toward her children? I can only say that, taking man as he is, it would be a miracle were such offenses altogether absent from her history.

ECHOES OF THE NEW YORK CENTENARY.

The wonderful display of strength of organization and number of adherents made by the week of celebrations in New York has been variously commented on by those who are not of the fold, and through all these comments runs the statements that the Catholic Church stands for the highest interests of the civic order and for the spiritual elevation of the individual soul. It is not only a helpful agency for human betterment, but it is absolutely necessary for our moral and civic welfare. It is no longer a negligible quantity, but it possesses prestige and there is no other moral agency that can do its work or take its place.

These statements from non-Catholic sources are a measure of the marvelous advance the Church has made in the public estimation. The time was, and not long ago, when the press qualified its statements. If it bestowed praise with one breath, it was only to reiterate blame and accusation with the next. But this time the press of the opposition is unqualified in its statement of what it deems the truth without any bias or apology.

What opportunities! this state of public mind gives us for our Apostolate to non-Catholics. They appreciate and value the Catholic Church for some other else, and the only reason it does not commend itself to themselves as a moral uplift and a regenerating influence for their own souls is because they do not understand the Church's teaching in its fullest. They see what a beneficent institution the Church is for society and for Catholics, and they are anxious to know what she is in herself. They want to know her teaching and her policies. Nowhere in the whole world is there a mind so eager to know the truth as the American mind. Nowhere in all the world is there a heart so untrammelled to embrace the truth once it is known as the American heart.

Exterior to ourselves is the Real Presence of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament; before Him are our souls, the souls of those whom He died to save, and for whom His Sacred Heart once broke in its passion of pain and love. One thing He asks in return—the union of our souls with Him.

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