

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. WHAT CONSTITUTES REAL HAPPINESS.

Everywhere we see prosperous people who are making a great deal of money, and yet they are dissatisfied, discontented, unhappy, restless. They rove about from place to place, trying to find pleasure in this thing or that, but are always disappointed. They think that, if they could only get somewhere else than where they are, could only do something else than what they are doing, if they could only go abroad, travel over different countries, in a touring car or in an automobile, they would be happy. Their eyes are always focused upon something in dream-land instead of something in the land of reality.

They mistake the very nature of happiness. They put the emphasis on the wrong things.

The secret of happiness is not in your fortune, but in your heart. It does not consist in having but in being. It is a condition of mind. Real happiness is of such a nature as to satisfy us day by day as we go along, now or never. Like the manna which the children of Israel tried to hoard, if we try to keep it for to-morrow it spoils. There are men everywhere who can see ease and useful ease to-morrow, not to-day. The opportunity for doing good they are too busy to attend to to-day. They will neglect friend-ships to-day, social duties to-day. They post up a little charities, because they are going to make some great donation when they get a little further on, and have a little more money.

What pitiable failures we see everywhere—unhappy men who have gained wealth, which they thought would be the solvent of all their woes.

Most men seem to think that when they once get their fortune they can change their life habits, that they will not be anxious. They do not realize that they are the victims of their life habits, that they are no more likely to get away from these than a leopard is likely to change his spots.

What a mockery most of us make of our lives! They are but the burlesque of the life we were intended to live. We know that the Creator intended life to mean more, to be infinitely richer, nobler, happier than this. This brutal game of money football, which so many of the human race are playing, this restless pushing, and crowding for place, this lust for power and wealth, had no place in the infinite plan for the race.

A strong resolution to be contented every day, to wear a cheerful face, and to speak a pleasant word to the news-boy, the elevator boy, and the office boy, to be civil to the waiter in the restaurant or hotel, to speak cheerily to the servants, to everybody with whom we come in contact, would not only add enjoyment to the ordinary industries of life, but would also keep the wheels of our ordinary social activity well lubricated.

It is a great art to learn to see the things close to us, to enjoy life as we go along.

So do not spoil 1908 by trying to crowd 1909 into it; do not try to live February in January. Do not be late and stingy this month, this year, because you are aiming for next month, next year.

Do not trample on the violets and the daisies to-day, never seeing the world of beauty and marvel all about you, under your very feet, because your eyes are fixed on the stars.

Resolve that you are going to enjoy the brass and carriage on your own, and not spend your time riding in imagination in the fine automobile you are going to have next year.

Just make up your mind that you are going to make the most of your little cottage, the home you have; that you are going to make it the happiest, sweetest place on the earth to-day and every day, and that you are not going to try to live in that long-dreamed-of new house until it is finished.

Resolve that you are going to marry your life, ruin your happiness while single, in planning what you are going to do when married. Instead of all the time thinking what you are going to do when you have a home of your own, enjoy what you have now—not stingily, not with a part of yourself, but completely, royally, wholly. Find your whole life in the present moment. Do not plan to get 99 per cent. of your happiness out of to-morrow, while you take 1 per cent. to-day. Get a 100 per cent. out of the day you are living in.

Learn a lesson from happy, care free, childhood. See the abandon with which a child gives himself to the joys of life. They are no "ifs" or "buts" or "wherefores" in his bright sky. No care-filling thought of time or money haunts his visions; he simply gives himself up to the passing moment; enjoys himself unshadowed by dreams of what is to come.

This does not mean that we should never plan for to-morrow or have pleasant anticipations of things that are to come. It only means that we should not so focus our eyes and attention on the future, and be so absorbed in anticipation of to-morrow, that we get no thing out of to-day; that we lose the pleasures, its opportunities and its joys.

It is not intended that we should always live in anticipation. Imagination, that blessed faculty, was given us as an occasional retreat from suffering, from trying conditions, a retreat to which we can fly and get a better outlook on life, where we can refresh our minds and renew our fanes.

Living too much in the imagination makes life seem dry and dreary. It makes our vocations drudgery instead of the delight which they were intended to be. It drains our power for enjoying the life that now is.

If you have made a batch of 1907; if it has been a failure; if you have not succeeded in your undertakings; if you have blundered and made a lot of mistakes; if you have been foolish, have wasted your time, your money, do not drag these ghosts over the new year line to haunt you, to destroy your happiness. Let it all go. Forget it; bury it. Do not let it sap any more of your energies, waste any more of your

time, destroy any more of your peace or happiness. You cannot afford to give it more thought or attention. "Leave thy low-vaulted past."

Resolve that when you cross the line between the old and the new year, you will throw away all useless baggage, drop everything that hinders, which can rob you of joy or power, that when you enter the door of the new year, you will not be mortgaged to the past and will never look back.

Live in the here and now. Let this be the battle call for the new year. Live your life fully, completely, richly. Do not make this a mean, stingy, poverty stricken year. Pack this year, not next year with all the good things you can command. Live as you go along.—O. S. M., in Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

HIS MOTHER.

Father Crumley reversed his crossed legs, laying the left one over the right, and pulled up an extra foot in his cassock to allow play for his knees.

"No, I certainly never knew an unmitigated rascal," he said. "I've known pretty bad specimens—under death sentence, in state's prison, and out of it—the worst cases being out of it—but I never knew a man who hadn't a soft spot somewhere, if you could find it. There's a spark of good in the worst of us, believe me."

"Tim?" Mr. Black hinted suggestively. "Ah, well, now, there is Tim! Yes, there is Tim!" Father Crumley assented reluctantly. "To be sure he seems—but then look how little we know him! If I weren't a priest very likely I could get close enough to the man to see his soft spot."

"There are plenty of dot get near to him, Father," said Mr. Lamb, scowling. "There's never been one of his friends who said a word in his praise."

"His friends?" The old priest's eyebrows went up with interrogative humor.

"Associates, then," Mr. Lamb amended appreciatively. "This said he's the last person any of the men who know him best would go to for a favor. We know that he never darkens a church door. He's mean, cruel—look how even animals shrink from him! No one ever takes his word, and hardly his word without endorsement, and every low sin in the list is laid to him. As far as I can see, Tim's your exception, Father."

"Well, maybe he doesn't backbite his neighbors as we do," Father Crumley said. "Must you be going? It's early in the evening yet, and I could show you a chestnut I had sent me that is worth your examining. No? Well, you're degrading me! I looked for a long chat after business. But I'll see to the business the first thing in the morning, trust me. Good night to you, gentlemen both."

The old man bowed out the president of his St. Vincent de Paul Association and his tenor soloist with old-fashioned dignity combined with cordiality. Then he put up his chain bolt, turned the key in the lock, testing it to make sure that it had turned, whistled his dog from the ambush of the basement stairs where he lurked, wagging his whole body, impatient for the visitors to go, and went back with the dog to his fireplace to finish his evening.

Shamrock, the setter, laid his head on the knee that was wearing shiny, and licking the kind hand that held an unopened book. Father Crumley absently patted the dog's head and thought of Tim. Tim was one of his abiding sorrows; he was the man that scowled at him when he passed, and whose reputation was such that Father Crumley's heart yearned over him. He seemed, as far as eye could see, the exception to the priest's experience of men, inasmuch as he appeared destitute of one redeeming virtue.

At that same hour Tim was hastily throwing into his bag the necessities for a hurried journey, gnawing his underlip until his short cropped mustache stood out fiercely, and swearing at his old housekeeper in the intervals of packing when she offered to help him. On the table lay a yellow telegram; its words were few.

"Come at once. Your mother is dangerously ill," it said. Occasionally Tim threw it a glance of fear and aversion, and then his eyes traveled to the clock and he swore pointlessly. It seemed an endless journey to Tim that night, although it was a familiar one. No one guessed that when he disappeared from his haunts every alternate month it was to take this journey. But it ended at last, as all journeys do—even the lifelong one which Tim's old mother had found long, long and weary some, as long and as wearisome as her son found the journey which he was taking to see her arrive at the terminus.

He saw in an instant when he entered the room that her journey was to end in the Great Arrival. It frightened him first, and stabbed him secondly. For there on the bed, dying, lay the clue to Tim's better nature in which the priest on whom he frowned had faith. Battered, sin stained Tim, cruel, relentless to all the world, loved his mother.

"I knew you'd get here, Timmy," the little mother said. "You're such a good boy, my little Timmy! I knew you would never fail me at the end."

"It's not the end, mother," the son said, slipping to his knees beside her bed. But he knew that he was not speaking the truth. She saw that he knew it, and smiled at him to spare him.

"It's full time," she said. "And now listen to me, Timmy, my own little son."

The man of more than forty years listened, and to prove that he heard said: "Yes, mamma," without wondering at himself for doing so.

"You're a good boy, no, you're a man now—you're a good man, Tim." The feeble voice made the statement with no interrogatory, but it paused for a reply.

"No," said Tim. "I've lied to you all these years, mother, but I'll tell the truth now. I haven't a friend on

earth. There isn't one who would speak a good word for me—with reason. I couldn't speak a good word for myself. There's nothing but I don't do, and nothing good I do. I never put foot on the lowest step of a church. I've received you on top of it all, for you believe in me."

"You've never deceived me, Timmy," his mother said. And Tim was startled. The quiet of one who already saw by the broad light of eternity, and was within its peace was hers. "Do you think that a mother doesn't see when her son's face grows harder year by year, with the look of a child fading out of it? I've known all along, my Timmy. Yet I say still you're my good son, Tim, if you're not a good man. The world hasn't known, maybe, but I've known how mindful of me you've been, how generous to me. Never once have you failed me on the day I looked for you, and I've kept in memory the comforts you've brought me. Not one of them but pleads for you now, Timmy, when your mother must leave you. And when you lied to me, boy, and tried to make me believe you were as faithful to what I'd taught you as I'd have had you, then I knew you lied to save me the pain of knowing. And though the pain was deep in my heart that moment, still I hoped that it might turn to good for you that you hated to have your mother know the blackness that had grown into the little heart she gave you. So now it's all open between us, Timmy, and that's because you'll never again come here to me. I want your promise to come to me by and by where only you'll find me—if I die gentle to me—and where we've all got to come truthful, Tim dear."

"I wouldn't know how," said Tim. "I can travel to you on the railroad, but I can't follow you, mother."

"I laid the rack for you when you were little, Tim," she said, with a gleam of humor which was a part of her very self.

The little mother did not die at once; she lived three days with Tim at her side, and then left him in her gentle manner.

Tim was gone a week. His associates wondered what he was up to, and accorded to the wickedness which they conjectured admiration which this time was not Tim's due. When he came back he was white, the mark of self-sacrifice upon him. Always taciturn, he opposed absolute silence to the speculations as to the crowd that had called him away with which those who dared bombard him. On the evening after his return he made himself decent in his black coat and tie, and rang Father Crumley's bell.

The old priest himself answered the summons. He fell back as Tim stepped forward.

"Be as you are, save us!" he murmured. Then he put on his strong hand and drew Tim within the warmth of his house and his presence.

"I'm a pretty tough proposition, Father Crumley," Tim began abruptly. "But as far as I can see you've got to take the job of reforming me."

"Very well," assented the priest quietly. "It can't be a very hard job when you come yourself to offer it to me. Do you smoke? Down, Shamrock! You are not fond of animals, I think, Tim?"

"I never have been," said Tim, laying a hand that shook on Sham's gleaming red head. "But my mother loved everything. She died last Monday."

"Ah!" said Father Crumley. "Death must be blessed to those who loved everything. And you loved her! It's an irreparable loss, Tim. There's no use in offering you weak comfort. You'll miss her till you go to bed. I miss my mother at times with positive hunger still, and she died when I was under twenty."

The old priest went on talking quietly, simply, of that unforgotten mother, and the home that she had made for her three boys and one girl, of his boyhood which had been gay and light hearted with her sympathy to brighten it, her influence to restrain it.

"Why, when I was sixteen I felt that nothing could measure up to my mother's: 'Well done, Philip!' No reward could touch that."

"I felt that way too, sir," said Tim huskily.

"We're all alike in our love for our mother and in missing her," said the priest.

"I promised her I'd come to you," said Tim rising. "I didn't suppose I'd like it. You've been kind, sir. I never treated you decent, but then I'm not decent. The way I felt about mother was my one good spot—do you think you can spread it for me?"

"All men have at least one good spot, Tim," said the priest, laying a hand on the burly shoulder of his visitor. "Yes, your love for her will spread and blot out your wrong. Good night, my son. I'll be in the church to-morrow night at half past seven, then. Mind the step; I don't want you coming. And come around often to share my fire and tobacco. It has done me good to talk of my mother to one whose grief is fresh." Tim did not look around to see the radiance of the beautiful old face.

"Thank you, Father," he said. "I'll come. It's a queer, lonely thing to feel she's not looking for me." Marion Ames Taggart in B. C. Orphan Friend.

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The great cathedral of Milan, writes Rev. John Price in the Pittsburg Observer, owes its existence to a vow made by Giovanni Galeazzo Visconti, Duke of Milan, 1388. The material is pure white marble from the quarries of Mount Gandaglia, near the Lago Maggiore, or Greater Lake. The Duke paid for it all.

The present grand temple is erected on the spot occupied by the ancient metropolitan church, which was built A. D. 836 and dedicated to Santa Maria Maggiore. The cathedral today bears over its splendid facade the dedicatory title, "Marise nascenti"—"To Mary giving birth." It thus forms one of the foremost architectural wonders raised to the honor of Our Blessed Lord's Mother.

The building is Gothic with the exception of the front, which was built in Greek style by Pellegrini, and slowly carried on until Napoleon, in 1805 ordered its completion. Nearly 3,000 statues are on the exterior and in the interior of the edifice, and the cost of the whole imposing structure up to date is set down at 550,000,000 francs, or \$110,000,000.

There is sincerity and faith in the whole edifice. The statues and statuettes, the roses and the leaves and the other ornaments in carved stone, are as carefully and neatly finished away up in the air as they are down below. It was built for God's eye to see, and hence no laws or slurs are permissible. It was a monument to Mary, the Spotless and Perfect, and nothing that was not perfect was considered worthy of a place in this monument in her honor. In length the Cathedral ranks next to St. Peter's in Rome.

IMMORTALITY.

It is interesting, but equally painful, to witness the constant groping in the dark, the futile strivings, the hopeless expressions of hope, of those who set up their human intelligence and reasoning powers against the "problem of immortality." Harper's Weekly recently contained a labored editorial on the "fascinating" theory that immortality may be realized by those who so desire. As might be expected when man attempts to amend the laws of God, the result is a curious confounding of eternal truth and unsupported theory.

"It is perhaps true that we extend life into other spheres by our desire and our will," says Harper's editorial writer. The matter of life in other spheres was disposed of so unequivocally by the Son of God so many centuries ago that it is doubtful whether many persons will hail this new dispensative with much enthusiasm.

The Buddhistic "law of Karma" is brought to bear to enhance the fascination of the subject. The visions of other great poets of later days are quoted with some approval. Still, it matters little that each man sees immortality through the medium of his separate vision. Exactly; it matters so little that each might well cease

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