

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

A Pygmy or a Giant.

A soldier once took a message to Napoleon in such great haste that the horse he rode dropped dead before he delivered the paper. Napoleon dictated his answer and, handing it to the messenger, ordered him to mount his own horse and deliver it with all possible speed.

The messenger looked at the magnificent animal, with its superb trappings, and said, "Nay, General, but this is too gorgeous, too magnificent for a common soldier."

Napoleon said, "Nothing is too good or too magnificent for a French soldier."

The world is full of people like this poor French soldier, who think that what others have is too good for them; that it does not fit their humble condition; that they are not expected to have as good things as those who are "more favored." They do not realize how they weaken themselves by this mental attitude of self-depreciation or self-encouragement.

You will never become a giant if you only expect a pygmy's part. There is no law which will cause a pygmy's thinking to produce a giant. The statue follows the model.

Most people have been educated to think that they were not intended to have the best there is in the world; that the good and beautiful things of life were not intended for them; that these were reserved for those especially favored by fortune. They have grown up under this conviction of their inferiority, and of course, they will be comparatively inferior until they claim superiority as their birthright.

One reason why the human race as a whole has not measured up to its possibilities, to its promise; one reason why we see everywhere splendid ability doing the work of mediocrity, is because people do not think half enough of themselves. They do not realize their divinity, and that they are a part of the great causation principle of the universe.

The Stimulus of the Affirmative.

We do not think highly enough of our own birthright. We do not realize to what heights and grandeur we were intended and expected to rise, or to what extent we can really be masters of ourselves; that we can control our destiny, make ourselves do what is possible to us, make ourselves what we long to be.

If we could only realize that the very attitude of assuming that we are the real embodiment of the thing we long to be or to attain, that we possess the good things we long for, not that we possess all the qualities of good, but that we are these qualities—with the constant affirming, "I myself, an good luck, good fortune; I am myself a part of the great creative, sustaining principle of the universe, because my real, divine self and my Father are one, what a revolution would come to earth's toilers!"

"Nerve us with incessant affirmatives," well said the Sage of Concord. Few people understand the tremendous force there is in a vigorous, perpetual affirmation of the things we long to be or that we are determined to accomplish. Great things are done under the stress of overpowering conviction of one's ability to do the thing he undertakes, under the stimulus of a vigorous affirmative expressed with unflinching determination. One might as well have tried to move the Rock of Gibraltar as to have attempted to turn Napoleon from his course or to change his decision. What did he care for the Alps, for "impassable" rivers, or for desert sands!

You Create Your Conditions.

We often wonder how such men as J. Pierpont Morgan, John D. Rockefeller, and Andrew Carnegie manage to make so much money; and we are apt to think that there is some magic in the matter; that they must be great geniuses, or that luck has had a great deal to do with their success.

But, if we analyzed the causes, we should find that when these men first started out in active life they held the confident, vigorous, persistent thought of the robust belief in their ability to accomplish what they had undertaken. Their mental attitude was set so stubbornly toward their goal that the doubts and fears which dog and hinder and frighten the man who holds a low estimate of himself, who asks but little, demands but little, expects but little, or for himself, got out of their path, and the world made way for them.

We are very apt to think of men who had been unusually successful in any line as greatly favored by fortune; and we try to account for it in all sorts of ways but the right one. The fact is that their position and their condition represent their expectations of themselves, the sum of their positive, creative, habitual thinking. Their successes in their mental attitude outpictured, made tangible in their environment. They have wrought, created what they have and what they are out of their constructive thought.

Think of a man trying to create wealth when his whole mental attitude, when his very face and manner seem to say, "Keep away from me. Prosperity; do not come near me. I would like to have you, but you were evidently not intended for me. My mission in life is a humble one, and, while I wish I could have the good things which the more fortunate enjoy, I really do not expect them. It is true, I keep working for them, but I do not really expect to attain them."

Abundance can not get near a person holding such a mental attitude. Prosperity is a product of the creative mind. The mind that fears, doubts, depreciates its powers, is a negative mind, one that repels prosperity, repels supply. It has nothing in common with abundance, hence can not attract it.

Of course, men do not mean to drive opportunity, prosperity, or abundance away from them; but they hold a mental attitude filled with doubts and fears and lack of faith and self-confidence, which virtually does this very thing without their knowing it.

What, what paupers our doubts and fears make of us!—O. S. M. in Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BEN'S INVESTMENT.

"Pa, will you give me the key to my savings box? I want to see how much there's in it," said Ben Heriot on New Year's day.

"You want to take stock of your wealth, eh?" said Mr. Heriot, fumbling in his pocket for the key which he had in charge.

"Yes, just like all first class business men do at the beginning of the year," laughed Ben.

He dumped the contents of the small metal safe upon the table.

"Well, how much is it?" inquired Mr. Heriot pleasantly.

"Just three dollars and fifty cents."

"And what do you intend to do with it?"

"Oh, nothing just now. There are a good many things that I should like to get for it, but what I should like to get most is too expensive. I would take a dollar and a half more to buy it."

"What is that?"

"That's Tom Dolan's camera. He got one last summer from his father and now he got another from his uncle for Christmas. The one from his father he wants to sell, but three fifty won't do. He wants five dollars for it, and not a cent less. It is a pretty good one you know."

Presently Mrs. Heriot entered the sitting room and interrupted the conversation. At seeing Ben she exclaimed angrily: "Why Ben, it is simply awful that you will never mind what I tell you. I warned you not to leave the door of the chicken coop open after you feed the chickens and to-day you have done it again. All the chickens got out and we had to chase after them in the snow. When will you ever learn to think?"

"Did I leave it open again?" asked Ben with scared countenance.

"Of course you did. It is the same with you every day. You forget all you are told. Nearly all my preserves are spoiled, because last week you opened the cellar window and forgot to close it. The day before yesterday you lost your nice new umbrella, leaving it standing in the grocery store, and when I send you down town, you come back without half the things that I told you to get."

"I can't help it, Ma," said Ben penitently. "I don't mean to be careless. I just forget."

"A big boy like you, thirteen years old, should not always forget," said Mr. Heriot sternly. "That is just a bad habit and you should train yourself to remember. What will become of you when you are grown up, and go into business, if you always forget things you are entrusted with. You cannot be depended upon by anybody."

Ben hung his head. The next moment his face brightened.

"I just think of something, papa, that might help me to remember. I don't want to tell you just now, but you will find out afterwards."

When Mr. and Mrs. Heriot saw Ben's earnest desire to reform, their vexation waned, although they had little confidence in his secret scheme. To their silent surprise, however, during the following days, Ben gave no more reason for complaint. All his little duties were promptly attended to.

When two weeks had passed without any recurrence of Ben's habitual thoughtlessness, his parents were so pleased at this, that they resolved to give him a pleasant surprise. They intended adding one dollar and fifty cents to his money in the safe, and get him the camera he coveted. Mrs. Heriot went to get the box from the shelf where it had been placed together with the key, but lifting it, she discovered that it was entirely empty. This was almost a shock to her. It was evident that Ben had disposed of his money without saying anything about it to his parents. She held the just opinion that boys ought not to have secrets from their mothers, and to his mother's knowledge Ben had never had one before.

That same afternoon Mrs. Heriot went to the store and on the way met little Richard Plum, one of Ben's younger schoolmates. Richard's father had suffered an accident some time ago, in consequence of which one of his legs had to be amputated. Ben's mother stopped to ask the boy how his father was getting along.

"Oh, he is very much better now," said Richard with a smile. "Since he has got the crutches, he can walk around, and perhaps he will get a job now. We are very grateful to Ben that he gave us the money for them."

"Did Ben give you money for crutches?" queried Mrs. Heriot.

"He gave me three dollars and a half on New Year's day, to buy crutches for Papa, because I told him that we had no money. Didn't you want him to give us the money? You will not punish him for it, Mrs. Heriot, will you?"

"Oh, no, indeed, not. Don't worry, Richard," said Mrs. Heriot.

"Why didn't you tell me, Ben, that you gave your three dollars and a half to Richard Plum?" she asked Ben when she came home.

Ben's face colored. "Oh, mama, did you find that out?" he cried. "You don't disapprove of it, do you? You see that part of the secret plan I made to train myself to remember. I only carried it out a little different from what I had at first intended. I had read a story of a young man who was in the habit of swearing. He was anxious to break himself of it, but it seemed that he could not succeed. Then he vowed that he would give a dollar to the poor, every time that he would swear. He was not very wealthy himself and earned only small wages. It was very hard for

him to part with the dollar, but he gave it every time he had a relapse into his bad habit, and after three or four times, he always remembered and never swore any more. That made me think. I would make a vow to give fifty cents of my money to the poor, every time I forgot something I was told to do."

"That was a good idea," interrupted Mrs. Heriot. "How did it happen that you did not carry it out?"

"Well, a little later in the afternoon I met Richard, who was crying as though his heart would break. I asked him what was the matter, and he told me how poor they were, since Mr. Plum was sick. He said his papa felt so downhearted that he cried, because he could not walk, and had no money to buy himself a pair of crutches. Then I thought that I might just as well pay my fines beforehand, as it seemed sure to me that I would fall to remember once in a while, and I gave Richard all my money. But what do you think, mamma, since that time, I did not forget once what I was told, and I find it quiet easy to keep things in my mind."

"That is because of your earnest resolution, which God gives you the grace to keep in order to reward you for your act of charity. You made an investment with our Lord, and are drawing high interest," said Mrs. Heriot.

"Perhaps it helped, too, that Richard and his people prayed for me. He said they would, when I gave him the money. He was so awfully glad, mamma, it did me good to see it."

Because of Richard's manly sacrifice of his savings, Mr. and Mrs. Heriot felt even more pleased with him than before. The next day when he came home from school, his mother presented him with the camera, which had brought from Tom Dolan. The unexpected gift put Ben in such a state of exultation, that he could not abstain from executing a sort of waltz dance around the room.

"By Jimmy!" he cried. "If other boys, who are under the lane of a bad habit, knew how happy a fellow feels when he is conquering it, and how well it got rewarded for my efforts, they would all surely try their best to reform."

M. R. Thiele in Christian Family.

MASS DURING VACATION.

Catholics go to Mass on Sunday because they are commanded to do so by the Church, and because they know that to break that command would be a mortal sin, since the Church speaks to them in the name and by the authority of Almighty God. All the year round this command of the Church still remains in the ear of every Catholic, but some Catholics seem to think that as the vacation season approaches they are, somehow or other, dispensed from the law. And so when they plan the usual summer vacation for a few weeks, they take no pains to discover whether or not there is any church or any possibility for hearing Sunday Mass at the place they intend to spend their days of recreation. They think of everything else very carefully, and consider very closely the terms, the food, the location, the possibilities of all kinds in their chosen summer resort, but they never think of Sunday or of the obligation which rests upon them as Catholics of attending Mass on that day. They do not bother to inquire whether the house at which they intend to stay is one mile or fifty miles from a Catholic church.

This is a great mistake. Catholics are Catholics in summer as in winter, in the country as in the city, in strange places as in their own parish; and the obligation of hearing Mass on Sunday still rests upon them in vacation as well as in the city. Of course, when they are at home, of course, when they are sick, people who through no fault of their own find themselves too far from a church, people who have duties to attend to upon which their living depends—to none of these do our remarks apply; but the Catholics who, of their own accord, and in pursuit of pleasure, place themselves outside the possibility of attending Mass on Sunday are certainly blameworthy.

There is no longer any need for Catholics who go away for a few weeks vacation in summer to hide themselves away from sight or sound of everything Catholic. There are many excellent summer resorts nowadays which are supplied with a church and a priest. Catholics should remember the when they are planning their summer vacation. Apart from complying with the obligation to hear Mass, there is a comforting sensation in knowing that in case of sudden and serious illness, it is possible to have the priest. This means a great deal to Catholics in their home parishes. It should be just as important to them when they are on vacation.—Sacred Heart Review.

A BEAUTIFUL STORY.

A beautiful story is told in the Catholic Argosy, in describing the life of an aged couple, whose first purchase on the eve of their marriage was a crucifix. The modest little crucifix in plaster was given in their home the place of honor over the mantelpiece, where it seemed to reign as true ruler, the undisputed master over the whole lives of these humble and courageous workers who had asked God to protect and bless the union of their hearts.

Weeks and years passed and the crucifix was never taken down. Now the man and his wife are old. Their whole family is exemplary and edifying; they are esteemed and loved by all who know them. Nobody has ever heard any quarrel amongst them; they love each other tenderly, because they have learned to practice the domestic virtues. It happened that a friend coming asked the old grandmother, now bent with age, how her children were kept so good and walked so uprightly. And the old woman pointed her hand above the mantelpiece for half a century. "You must ask Him," she said, her face lighting up with a serene smile, as of one who knew the secret of true Christian happiness.

THE FUNERAL OF AN ELK.

The Monitor of Newark, N. J., had, the other day, the following well-balanced consideration of a recent occurrence in New York City:

The other day Peter Dailey, a well-known and popular actor, died. Peter Dailey was a genial soul. He jollied his way through life and his friends jollied his body to the grave. Peter's name tells his nationality; and his origin, full of all that makes the Celt the most lovable of men. He had a big, warm heart and a magnetic personality that won him friends by the thousand. And these friends he retained, and they mourned for him when he died. Many were the stories of his kindness and his generosity that tumbled from lip to lip; many the quip and joke of his that made eyes twinkle through the tears his death had bidden.

"And on every side," wrote a Sun reporter, "his little groups discussed the dead jester who learned that his friends never had heard him swear, never had heard him tell an 'off color' story among all the countless arms he used to spin and never was known to be angry. Peter would be the last, they said, to accuse himself of sanctity, but these things were true, and so Broadway knew him only as the happy-go-lucky jester who was fine and white and Pete Daileysish, and who, at a time when on every side the muck raker and what not scream that everything that it is wrong, could make you laugh and show you that things weren't so deplorable after all."

Few men, we may well argue, possessed better natural qualities or a more lovable personality than Pete Dailey. But if Peter's name told his nationality, we might also claim that it disclosed his religion. Peter Dailey was a Catholic. Were you to ask him his religion, he would undoubtedly assure you with a

convincing smile and a merry shake of the head that he belonged to the "Old Church." He could not, if he wished, belong to any other. And yet how sad his funeral! There was little Catholic about it. There were Elks and Lambs and Friars and White Rats galore present at it; there were orchids and roses and lilies and violets and jonquils a riot deep; the orchestra played "Dinah" and "When Chloe Sings." It was a stage funeral. There was no Mass; there was no chanting of the Church's solemn "Requiem"; there was no blessing of the body, the temple of the Holy Ghost, as it was laid away in the grave. No; instead of this, the service of the Elks was held. In the background was a delegation of Masons, wondering whether the dead actor had renounced membership in their order before his death, as he was bound as a Catholic to do. It was not the kind of funeral that Pete Dailey's good old Irish father and mother would have wished for him. There was pomp and there were flowers. There were celebrities from stage and court and political arena. There was music and there was a gush. The Lambs bleated and the White Rats gnawed and the Elks, good souls, swung their antlers over the opened grave, while "white-souled, joyous Pete" was buried.

BE' OUR [SEARS AND PAINFUL THE WOUNDS MADE BY THE SHARP STROKE OF TEMPTATION, YET MAY IT BE OUR LOT TO BE FOUND STILL GLIMMERING BRAVELY AND FONDLY TO THE HEART OF JESUS.—Le Comtelex Leader.

TO SEEKERS AFTER TRUTH.

We cannot insist too strongly upon the following points with those who wish to seek out the truth—who are desirous of finding the true religion which God has established.

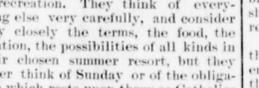
1. They must put aside prejudice of every kind. They must be desirous only of finding out the truth, no matter what it is nor where God has placed it. If they will not do this, they are willfully blind. How can they expect God to show them the truth when they do not really wish Him to do so?

2. They must strive to put out of their heart every sin and every tendency to sin. They must remember that they are seeking from God the greatest favor He can bestow upon them—that upon which their happiness here and hereafter rests, and must endeavor to put away from them their state of sin so offensive in God's eyes. They must pray to Him for a true and thorough repentance. They must never cease doing this till God grants their prayer.

3. They must pray directly, earnestly and perseveringly. Their continuous, earnest, persevering cry must be: "Lord, that I may see! Lord, what wilt Thou have me do?"

This point of praying—earnestly and perseveringly—is, we might say, the great point. Here, if anywhere, apply the words of our Lord, "Seek and you shall find; knock and it shall be opened to you." Our Lord has promised, on His infallible word, that if we pray for what is necessary for salvation we shall surely obtain it.—From Truth, North Carolina.

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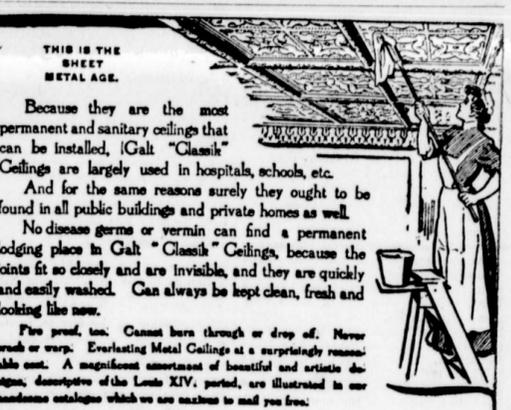
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