CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

MARSHAL YOUR FORCES

No mind, no intellect is powerful or great enough to attract wealth while the mental attitude is turned away from it—facing in the other direction. One of the greatest problems of modern science is to discover means by which the great energies or forces which are going to waste all about us may be utilized. It is a well-known fact that the finest locomotive yet made has succeeded in utilizing only about 15 per cent. of the energy of its fuel. Eighty-five per cent. of the sun's force stored up in the coal is lost. Great forces of nature are everywhere going to waste because man does not know how to control them, to marshal them, to harness them to his uses.

On every hand we see great human ability doing the work of mediocrity or running to waste; splendid possibilities in rags and hovels; men of quality and talent living shiftlessly in narrowness and squalor; thousands of men and women, who have reached their gray-hair period, having still 75, 80, or 90 per cent. of their ability undeveloped, untouched. They are small, mean, and pinched, when, had they discovered themselves and demanded the best of themselves, they might have been large, broad, full and complete.

Very few people ever become aroused to the full extent of their possibilities. They never make exploring voyages within themselves, and they carry with them to their graves great, undiscovered continents of ability—pass beyond with the best thing in them unexpressed. They live relatively in the condition of the Indian when America was discovered. They know scarcely anything about the country in which they live. They are satisfied to huddle together on the shores, cultivate a little fringe of the soil, and to leave the vast continent beyond undiscovered. They live wholly unconscious of the rich mines and untold resources of possible wealth in the interior of themselves.

ABILITY MATCHES AMBITION

We should think there was something the matter with a man who would leave nine-tenths of a large fortune lying idle all his life, only investing or improving one-tenth; yet how many of us are using only one-tenth of our mental capital because we have never discovered the nine-tenths, or learned how to get hold of ourselves to use our entire capital effectively!

Perhaps there is no other one thing which keeps so many people back as the conviction of lack of ability, their low estimate of themselves. They are more handicapped by their limiting thought, by their foolish conviction of inefficiency than by almost anything else, for there is no power in the universe that can help a man do a thing when he thinks he cannot do it. Self-faith must lead the way, confidence must precede the dollar. You cannot go beyond the limits you set for yourself.

It is one of the most difficult things to a mortal to really believe in his own bigness, in his own grandeur; to believe that his yearnings and hungerings and aspirations for higher, grander things have any real, ultimate end or basis in reality. But they are, in fact, the signs of ability to match them, of power to make them real. They are the stirrings of the divinity within us, the call to something better, to go higher.

No man gets very far in the world or expresses great power until he catches a glimpse of his higher, grander self; until he realizes that his ambition, his aspiration is a proof of his ability to reach the ideal which haunts him. The Creator would not have mocked us with the yearning for infinite achievement, with the longing for the unspeakable accomplishment, without giving us the ability and the opportunity for realizing them, any more than He would have mocked the wild birds with an instinct to fly south in the winter without giving them a sunny South to match the instinct.

The cause of whatever comes to you in life is right inside of you. There is where it is created. The thing you long for and work for comes to you because your thought has created it, because there is something inside you that attracts it. Your habitual mental attitude brings it to you. It comes because there is an affinity in you for it. Your own comes to you, is always seeking you.

THE INWARD VISION

Whenever you see a person who has been unusually successful in any field, remember that he has usually thought himself into his position; his habitual mental attitude and energy have created it; that what he stands for in his community has come from his mental attitude toward life, toward his fellow men, toward his vocation, toward himself. Above all else, it is the outcome of his inward vision of himself, the result of his estimate of his powers and possibilities.

It is mental force, mental vigor, matched with a robust determination, that does things in this world. We are just beginning to learn the A, B, C's of the tremendous power of thought; the force of affirmation, the power of a stern resolution, and a large and true estimate of oneself.

Multitudes of people think themselves into weakness. They cut down their vitality by limiting, discouraging thought and by imagining that all sorts of things are going to them. They think that their health, their career, their whole lives are at the mercy of accident; that, whether they are able to perform the work of a man or a pygmy, whether they succeed or fail, depends largely upon the chance of their having inherited a strong physique, or the chance of their not being cut off by some contagious disease or by an accident; in other words, they believe that their whole destiny is largely a matter of chance.

The Creator never put us in such a dilemma. We were put here to fulfil a grand destiny which we are amply able to fulfil to a certainty. That destiny is the realization of our highest and noblest ideals.

"If you will be sure that the longing you feel for something better," says Robert Collier, "is not to end in disgrace when your call comes, you must now be gathering the idea and aptitude that will assure the place. Keep your whole life open and ready."

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With many of us the longing to express that divine something which throbs within us, when life is young, ends in failure or disgrace. The things most of us do are but a mockery of the things we could do and should do. The man one becomes is usually but an apology of the man one should become. —O. S. M. in Success.

INDEPENDENCE IN CHARACTER

A man of weak, pliant character is never respected. He may, indeed, get through life smoothly, make no enemies, and never be vilified or slandered. But he is looked on as a nonentity. He has no fixed opinions or principles: he never stands up for religion or truth or country when one or other of them is attacked; he is too timorous to express dissent from other people's views, no matter how opposed they may be to his own.

Men of this class form the rank and file of political parties. They are driven like sheep in flocks to the ballot boxes. They give their votes for rulers and legislators whose tactics and principles they mildly abhor. When you ask them indignantly why they do so, they look at you deprecatingly, shrug their shoulders, and observe: "Anything for a quiet life."

If you observe four or five men discussing some current topic, you will generally find among them at least one specimen of this jelly-like type of character of which I speak. He will nod approval, smile, shake his head, answer "Yes." "Undoubtedly," "Not at all," in perfect unison with the spokesman of the party. He has an uneasy consciousness that he is not acting a manly part in not giving expression to his individual views; but he feels tongue-tied—hypnotized—under the influence of the leading spirit, and he allows himself to be swayed and led as if he had no will of his own.

If the subject of conversation in such a gathering be the private life of a neighbor, and if he be charged with crimes or misdemeanors that lower him in public esteem, then whoever knows such charges to be false, and is present where they are made, is strictly bound to contradict them, under pain of being branded as a mean-spirited coward.

Have opinions of your own, formed by reading and reasoning, and speak up for them tactfully on all proper occasions. Don't let every other man do your thinking for you. In all open questions, make up your own judgment and stand by it.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A YOUNG M. D

Dr. Burbank stood in the front hall drawing on his gloves, preparatory to going out in the storm. His face was very grave, and as he patted Danny Small's brown head he said: "We can't be too careful, Mr. Small; do what we will, it means a hard pull for this lad's mother. She needs absolute quiet and a mind free from worry. The children must be so many mice; and Danny, here is going to do his part—be my assistant."

Two minutes later the doctor was driving away, and Danny Small and his father were seated in the library, talking over the doctor's last words.

"He means just this, my boy," said Mr. Small, holding Danny's hand in his own: "you must do your part to keep your brothers and sisters quiet and happy while your mother is sick, and that will do as much to help as his medicine. In that way you will become an assistant of whom any doctor would be glad."

"I'll do it; begin at once," said Danny, his eyes sparkling.

"Hurrah! I'm—" said John, rushing into the house like a small tornado.

"Sh!" said Danny, clapping his hand over his brother's mouth; "don't you know your mother is sick?"

"Oh, sure enough. I forgot about mother." And John retreated toward the door.

"Well, you don't want to forget," said Danny. "I'm Dr. Burbank's assistant, and—"

"Dr. Burbank's what?" interrupted John, pausing on the threshold.

"Dr. Burbank's assistant," said Danny, flushing; "and you must obey orders —no shouting and no quarreling within a hundred feet of this house."

That night the children were impatient and cross, and Danny found his services as the doctor's assistant again required.

"Be as quiet as mice and I'll show you something new," said Danny, taking an apple from the pantry and hanging it by a string from the top casing of the door. "The first one that bites a piece out has the whole apple."

Thus for an hour Danny managed to keep the youngsters out of mischief.

"How has my assistant been getting along?" said Dr. Burbank, when he came the next morning.

"My wife has had the best night's rest she has known for a fortnight," replied Mr. Small, his eyes glistening. "Danny has been an angel. I am obliged to be away at the office most of the day, and the nurse finds it impossible to keep the little ones all quiet; but Danny—well, Danny has managed it somehow, and wife says that she has not heard a sound from the children since you were here yesterday."

"Capital! Capital!" said the physician; "between us we shall have Mrs. Small on her feet again soon."

The following day, when Danny returned from school, a great wagon load backed up before the house on the opposite side of the street, and the teamster was arranging the iron chute, intending to shoot the entire load into the cellar.

"See here, mister," said Danny, looking up in the begrimed face of the teamster, "my mother is awful sick over there in that house, and would you mind dumping that coal in with your basket; maybe you've got a sick mother, or had one once."

For an instant the man stood looking at Danny in amazement. To grant the request meant much extra work, and at first he was inclined to be surly. Then he scratched his head and reached for his basket, muttering something about having a sick boy at home.

Dr. Burbank was coming up the street, and he took it all in—not the coal, but the situation—and as he mounted the steps at Mr. Small's home he said, "God bless the boy."

So the weeks passed, each hour and day finding something for Danny to do as Dr. Burbank's assistant, and they were not irksome hours, either; on the contrary, they were among the happiest of Danny's life. Gradually health returned to Mrs. Small, and one morning early in the spring she came down to dinner for the first time in two months. Dr. Burbank came in while they were seated at the table.

"I am down once more, thanks to you, Dr. Burbank," said Mrs. Small.

"Thanks to my assistant, Master Danny," corrected the physician; "he has done more than I."

That was the proudest minute in Danny's life—the proudest of Dr. Daniel Small's life, for years passed and Danny became a physician himself and a very successful one.—Success.

BEAUTIFUL TABLE CUSTOMS

Quite recently I visited a German widow living in a delightful country seat, with a little son of eight and a daughter of five. As we sat down to the well-spread table, the little boy, folding his hands and closing his eyes, thanked our Father in heaven for the food before us, and asked Him to bless it. Then the little girl, in her childish accents repeated: "Lord Jesus be our guest. Come and this table bless, and do us good." The little ones were taught by their pious mother to think of whom they were addressing.

At several places where we visited in Scotland, the youngest child at the table asked the blessing, and the memory of those sweet, low, reverential, childish voices haunts us yet, as the echo of some rich carol.

In some families there prevails the beautiful customs of joining in the Lord's Prayer at breakfast; and in one that we visited oft last summer, this was sometimes omitted, and in its place the twenty third psalm recited. For a Sunday morning, after a week of plenty and joy, what can be more suitable?

In other families the silent blessing is the custom; and very touching it is, too, for it seems to make us realize that God is, indeed, near, when we can give Him thanks though our lips move not.

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OUR LADY'S FLOWERS

According to tradition the brier rose was born of drops of blood that fell from our Saviour's brow, pierced by the crown of thorns. The "Passion Flower," with its wonderful formation, is emblematic of the crucifixion and is the symbol of faith.

The daffodil was once called the "Lent Lily" and the "Lent Rose," coming as it does during the solemn penitential period, the herald of joy and hope. The meaning of the word daffodil, it is thought may be traced to an old English name, that of "Affodil," which means "cometh early."

In the Madonna pictures of the old masters are frequently three lilies on one stem, typifying either the Trinity or the annunciation, conception and birth of our Saviour. A pot of lilies over doors or windows symbolizes the Virgin, in ecclesiastical art and architecture. St. Joseph's staff that budded, brought forth lilies, and he is thus represented by the early masters.

CONTENTMENT AND HAPPINESS

The world is much like a mirror, and gives back the reflection it receives. If you gaze into it with a scowling, disagreeable face, you will see that face reflected, and the world soon criticises mercilessly the face that betrays what it should take pains to conceal.

The cheerful girl or boy is a blessing, and that cheerfulness can be cultivated is true in every case. Some of the most amiable, lovely people are the greatest sufferers. But it is a well-established fact that the greatest sufferer are also the most silent and patient. Are not those to be admired who can hide a load of suffering behind a cheerful face?

THE VIRGIN'S TREE

Our readers have all heard of the celebrated "Virgin's Tree," an ancient sycamore under which our Blessed Lady is said to have rested during the flight into Egypt. For nearly two thousand years it, or the original tree from which it sprang, has been an object of pious veneration for thousands of pilgrims, Moslems as well as Christians holding it in greatest reverence. It was situated at Matarieh, a little village famous for its balsam trees, about five miles from Cairo. We say "was," because the "Virgin's Tree" fell during the summer and is now no more. But cuttings had been taken from it by order of the present Khedive, and it is probable that a fresh sapling already marks the spot hallowed for so many centuries.—Catholic Citizen.

Food for Thought

The world is looking at Catholics, and wondering whether they are fairly good results of the teachings of the Catholic Church. The world admires the Church for many things, but it is not so much impressed by fine buildings and beautiful music for instance, as by fine spirits and strong, beautiful characters. The Rev. John W. Cavanaugh puts this thought well when he says:

What the world wants to know in regard to the Catholic Church is, does it make men more honest, more chaste, more industrious: does it make women more motherly, more daughterly, more unselfish? And it is the duty of every member of the Catholic Church so to live that he will impress his fellows with the beauty and goodness of his religious principles, that he will be an exemplar of Catholic morals.—Sacred Heart Review.

An Ancient Monument to Catholic Faith

One of the most remote churches in Great Britain has recently been reopened after restoration by the Protestant Archdeacon of Brecon, Eng., a fact which suffices to show that it is not in the possession of its rightful owners. It stands (Partrishow by name) on the southern slopes of the Black Mountain in Breconshire.

The font dates from 1060, and a rood screen of singular beauty from about the year 1500. There are three stone altars within the church and a little western chapel built against it, while in the church yard stands a preaching cross, and the remains of a stone ledge or bench runs along the south wall of the church, on which the congregation could seat themselves. Out of the stem of an ancient yew tree grows a rowan and a holly tree.

Tradition says that the church was originally built by a foreigner, who was cured of leprosy by the waters of an adjacent well, and who left "a hatful of gold" to build a church as a thank-offering.

A good example is the best sermon.

THE ONLY EXCUSE

for not insuring your life is that of impaired health, for such an excuse is valid, while all others are only imaginary and of no value.

In failing to insure you are taking two desperate chances for your family—death may overtake you any day or sickness may impair your health. It is well to remember that you cannot insure when ill or worn out, and you cannot have another chance when death is on the approach. Wisdom will be shown on your part by procuring a policy right now from the old-established and reliable Company whose financial position is unexcelled.

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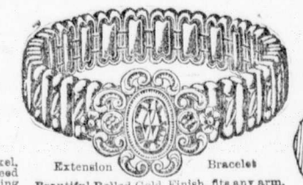
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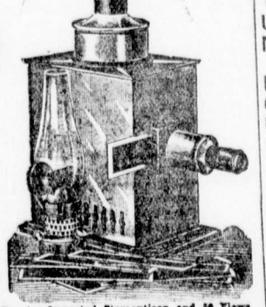
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