

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Lemon Squeezers. We all know people whose particular occupation seems to be to squeeze the sour out of everything. They never see anything sweet. Everything is bitter to them.

They cannot enjoy a friend because of his faults. His mistakes and weaknesses loom up so large that they cannot appreciate the good in him. They cannot see the man God intended, perfect and immortal; they see only the deformed, diseased, crippled, handicapped man who, in their opinion, will never come to any good.

No do they see the world that God made. The beauty that looks out from the landscape, from the trees that rustle in the wind, that is wrapped in the dance of the flowers, is lost to them. They only see the floods, the fire, the earthquakes, the lightning, the wreck which destroys. They are blind to beauty. It is all covered up in the ugly, the forbidding. They do not hear the infinite harmonies that entrance the ear that is in tune with the infinite. This is all lost to them in the discord of their thoughts.

These people are habitual fretters, borrowers of trouble. They have never learned to enjoy God's medicine—mirth and joy. To them, the joy of the dance is lost in the possible sin. They have never learned the joy of living, the exulting pleasure that comes from the unspeakable privilege of being. They take life too seriously. They never learn the secret of the laughter cure, or the tonic of joy.

These people seem to have a genius for anticipating evil. The weather looks bad, the season is too wet or too dry, and the crops are likely to be poor. It is going to be a bad year for business; money will be hard to tight. They can always see a storm coming on the horizon. Their imaginations are wonderfully prolific in all sorts of gloomy predictions.

People who are always seeing disaster in the future, who are afraid that their families or their friends are going to be killed in the railroad wrecks, or burned up, or wrecked in steamships, who predict hard times and poor crops and poverty, never amount to much, because their pessimism strangles their possibilities. The mind becomes a magnet and attracts the realities of the very thoughts and sentiments that prevail there and dominate it.

These people do not realize what a great part hope plays in success and happiness. They do not understand that people who always see good things coming who believe the best of everybody, who believe that there are great and good things in store for them, who think abundance and good times, are likely to realize what they expect, for they put themselves in a success and happiness attitude. Their minds look in the right direction, and thus they attract the things which they long for. Nothing has power to attract things unlike itself. Like attracts like. Everything radiates its own quality, and attracts things which are akin. If a man wants to be wealthy and happy, he must hold the abundance thought and so limit himself. He who has a normal dread and fear of poverty generally gets it.

The young man who starts out with a determination to make himself comfortable, to surround himself with abundance, who builds his foundation as though he expected a large generous superstructure, is much more likely to succeed than the man who does not prepare for much, who does not believe there is anything great in store for him.

Stop thinking trouble if you want to attract its opposite. Stop thinking poverty if you want to attract wealth. Do not have anything to do with the things you have been fearing. They are fatal enemies of your advancement. Cut them off. Expel them from your mind. Think the opposite thoughts just as persistently as you can, and you will be surprised to see how soon you will become a magnet to attract the very things you long for.

It is astonishing how a poor boy with no chance, even in the midst of an iron environment, begins to attract success to himself by constantly and persistently holding to his ambition, dreaming of the future he longs for, thinking of it, struggling toward it. He increases his power of attraction more and more by the longing and the struggling and working toward the desired goal, even when he cannot see the light.

A fatal penalty awaits those who always look on the dark side of everything, who are always predicting evil and failure, who see only the seamy, disagreeable side of life; they draw upon themselves what they see, what they look for.

The plants of prosperity and happiness will not thrive in such an atmosphere. They will never bear fruit when blighted and chilled by the winds of pessimism. The conditions must be congenial, or there will be no flowering or fruition.

He Was Done—but Did Not Stop.

A long winded member of the Massachusetts Legislature was delivering an address in the Town Hall of a village near Boston. An old Scotchman, after listening for some time, arose and left the hall. One of his countrymen, who was waiting at the door with a hawk to drive the speaker to the station, asked: "Is he done yet, Sandy?" "Ay," Sandy replied, "he's done long ago, but he will na stop."

One of the great faults of Americans is that they talk too much and think too little. Many people fear that if they do not talk they will be thought foolish or ill-mannered, so they keep jabbering away whether they say anything or not.—Success.

The reputation of the Goulay piano has been gained by careful conscientious effort to produce the highest type of instrument made in Canada, and the result has been a piano that now enjoys a continental character for its fine, singing tone, artistic appearance and remarkable resistance to climatic changes.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A Flower Mission. "Don't you want to throw away that wilted rose and put on this fresh one?"

The scene was on the platform of a street car, where a sweet-faced lady in a tailor made gown, evidently from the upper class of society, offered the weary car conductor a rose from the cluster of hot-house blossoms she carried in her hand.

The man's tired face lighted up as he said: "Thank you, ma'am, but I don't want to spoil your bouquet."

The lady smiled as she answered brightly: "O, it won't do that! I am going shopping, and to each girl who waits upon me I give a rose."

How rested the man looked as he accepted the flower! On the opposite side of the car sat a group of school girls who listened with intense interest to the conversation. The lady left the car, but her kind act had dropped a seed, though in the heart of these girls.

"What a lovely idea!" exclaimed one of them as the car moved on. "Why haven't we thought of something like it before?"

"We have just loads of pansies," said another. "We picked a thousand blossoms to decorate the tables for the Shakespeare luncheon a week ago. The pansies are full of flowers again. I'm going to pick a basket of them and take to my favorite glove girl at Dadd's."

"Our lodge of Madam Cecil Bruner roses is just coming into bloom," announced a third. "I'll gather a big cluster and give them to that dear little girl at Philip's who always takes such pains to see that I am well served."

So the beautiful plan grew, and was not only a plan, but was actually carried out. Each time that these dainty maidens from the city's suburbs went into town they carried with them some thing from the home gardens. Many a girl in the stores of the great city went home at night almost forgetting her weariness at the sight of the flowers in her hand.

The girls had not thought of making their little plan public, but in some way the story leaked out. Others took up the idea, and now, in that city, there is scarcely a day but some one from the suburbs carries to the sisterhood of the workers in town a bit of God's out-of-door world.—Selected.

Religion in Trifles.

"An eight foot length of gas tubing, madam? That will be 16 cents extra, please," said the clerk, hanging up the shorter pipe the young woman had just returned and taking down another. While he was wrapping up the new package she turned to her companion and said: "How much did I return? It was 5 feet, wasn't it? or was it 6 feet? If it was, I owe 15 cents instead of 10," taking out her purse again.

"Why do you bother?" was the reply. "That is his lookout, not yours."

"Oh, but it is mine," was the rejoinder. "I'm going to see how long it is. I'm not positive, but my impression is that it is 5 feet." She hunted till she found the tubing, which proved to be just 5 feet. She paid the clerk a nickel and was off, leaving the clerk looking after her in puzzled wonder.

"Now what made her do that?" he said to a cash girl who had witnessed the incident. "She needn't have done it; nobody would have known."

"God would have known," the girl replied, softly, her cheeks flushing faintly in the effort required to speak the words.

"God would have known!" All day the sentence repeated itself to the lad as he thought of different instances of petty trickery on his part in the past. At night it had not left him. In the morning it still haunted him. It marked the turning point of his life.

The young girl had no idea of the far-reaching consequences of her words. She could not have foreseen their potency. But that act for the right not only changed the whole course of the boy's life, but affected to a greater or less extent for the better the lives of all with whom he came in contact.

You can never tell when you do an act. Just what the result will be. But with every act you are sowing a seed. Though its harvest you can not see.

Kind Words. Kind words are the music of the world. They have a power which seems to be beyond natural causes. There is hardly a power on earth equal to them. It seems as if they could almost do what in reality God alone can do, namely, soften the hard and angry hearts of men. Even quarrels give way to kind words, for an unforgetting heart is a rare monster. Words have a power of their own for good or evil. Hence it is that an unkind word ranks longer in the heart than any angry gesture, nay, oftener than a blow.

Kind words are like revelations from heaven unavailing complicated misunderstandings and softening the hardened convictions of years.

Why, then, are we ever else but kind? Kind in words? There are some difficulties. It is hard for a clever man to be kind in his words. He has a temptation—a temptation bordering on the irresistible—to say clever things, and somehow, clever things are hardly ever kind things. There is a drop ever of acid or bitter cheerfulness of others is hardly ever without sin. There is something in genius which is analogous to a sting; its sharpness, its delicacy, its pain, its poison—genius has all these things as well as the sting. A man who lays himself out to amuse is never a safe man to have for a friend or even a acquaintance. He is not a man whom any one really loves or respects. No one was ever drawn nearer to God by a sarcasm. Our Lord's words in the Gospel should be our model.—Father Faber.

The perfection of grit is the power of saying "No" with emphasis that cannot be mistaken.

THE ASCENSION.

Thursday, May 28, will be the feast of the Ascension of our Blessed Lord into heaven. How very wonderful it all seems, when we come to fix our minds steadily upon this great event, in the stillness of our prayers.

There, on the mountain top of Olivet, stood the risen Jesus, in the sight of His disciples. They saw Him stand before them, as they had seen Him again and again during those mysterious Forty Days since His resurrection. He had been really crucified on Calvary; He had really died on that cruel cross; He had really been buried in Joseph's tomb; and then He had really risen from the tomb, had eaten with them, and had talked with them face to face. Was not all this wonderful enough? Yet, now, on this fortieth day, He spoke with them His parting words. How many, many words of deepest wisdom and divinest beauty He had already said to them; yet had any man among them ever felt prepared for the last words and the event that was to follow? "When He had said these things, while they looked on, He was raised up; and a cloud received Him out of their sight. And while they were beholding Him going up to heaven, he bethold two men stood by them in white garments. Who also said: 'Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye looking up to heaven? This Jesus who is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come, as you have seen Him going into heaven.'" Let us dwell to day upon the fact that there really is a heaven and a future life. No matter how often evil men may scoff at this doctrine of the Church, she calmly and steadfastly holds it to; she bids us, her children, reflect seriously upon "the four last things, death, the judgment, heaven and hell." These things are surely to come. We must remember that God is Almighty; it is just as easy for Him to give us eternal life as it is to give us our earthly life; just as easy for Him to raise us from the dead as to give us life at all; it is just as easy for Him to fill us with endless joy as it is for Him to give the happy little song-bird strength to trill the notes in the tree beside our window. Let us truly grasp, with perfect faith, the fullness of the truth that God is Power itself, and that He is Love itself, and all else will become plain to us. All that we have to do is to prepare for that future home carefully. You may possibly have heard some people say: How can I be happy there, where there is no little grief, where there is no sorrow, where there is no pain? But they know not where they speak. Even as the eagle's eye is made strong to gaze upon the sun, and as the fish dart swiftly through the ocean's waves, and as the gifted musician scales the highest notes in music, so, but in far simpler measure, our soul will be made strong for the endless joys of heaven; so shall we, tirelessly, thankfully, with an ever-increasing rapture, look upon God and sing His praises there. The one thing needful is, to seek His love and do His service here. He will see to the rest.

economic laws is the influence of Christ upon human character." In other words, the Golden Rule must be carried into business life, and govern men's commercial relations, as well as their private relations, with one another. The man who is "cruel in commercial warfare but the best of good fellows in private life" must be relegated to his proper place, in the company of the buccanniers and card sharps who are so generous in spending the money which they have gained by plundering and cheating.—The Casket.

From the thought and care exercised in its construction springs that pure, sympathetic, powerful tone, responsive touch and wearing qualities which make the Goulay piano such a prime favorite with music lovers.

THE DECLINE OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Every false system of religion and philosophy has its day. They grow at first because of their novelty, attain a certain vogue, either limited or widespread for a time; and then gradually there sets in the process of decline and decay. Christian Science, so called, seems to be no exception to the rule. There seems to be quite a general impression that it is on the wane, at least in these parts, in the construction of the magnificent temple, which towers above its surroundings, in the vicinity of Huntington avenue.

In fact this great structure, its most grandiose material achievement, has been in one way, the occasion of its undoing. For the attention of the whole community upon the system of religion or out, call it as you may, which, in so short a time, could produce such abundant resources, while the wonder caused by such a spectacle hastened the close and keen examination of its tenets which has laid bare the weakness of the foundations upon which Christian Science, as a system rests.

What has been happening here is occurring also, elsewhere. Recently the opening of a new temple of Christian Science in Chelsea, England, has drawn forth from Mr. Chesterton, in the London Daily News, a sharp and searching analysis of its cardinal dogma—the non-existence of pain— with the result that Christian Science appears to be positively anti-Christian. In substance, Mr. Chesterton claims that the doctrine that pain and death are not real at all, except in so far as their victims are cowardly enough to submit to them, is a diabolical doctrine obviously calculated to produce all the diabolical qualities, such as intellectuality, cruelty and contempt for the weak.

Such a doctrine is against the whole trend of Christianity which holds up before the view of the world Christ clothed in the weakness of human nature, while still remaining God; and who by submitting Himself to pain and death, by liberating forever human beings from any humiliation arising from such limitations.

The contrast made between Christian Science and Christianity in their respective attitudes towards pain is at once striking and effective. "Christian Science says that pain is not a reality. Christianity says that pain is so great a reality that even the Creator could feel it. Christian Science says that a man need not think of death at all. Christianity says that even God thought of it with awe." Surely one

THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

In the Rampton Lectures, delivered last year at Oxford University by the Rev. James H. F. Pelle, and just now published, we find some thoughts expressed which we have several times laid before our readers. "Most of the tricks and immoralities of trade," says Professor Pelle, "are due to the increasing stress of competition, through the prevailing passion for cheap gains." The stress of competition has led to the formation of "combinations" on the one hand and to "sweat industries" on the other. The spirit of individualism let loose by the Reformation has become so rampant in our times that long disused laws, thought to be necessary only for those whose energies had been paralyzed by Popery, are being employed once more to protect the poor against the rich and the weak against the strong. So long as the poor and weak were only a few individuals, they were told that they must put up with their lot or assist in the overthrow of the whole system of the State. But when a half dozen men, at the head of a railway system, or a manufacturing plant, proved too strong for millions of people, then the government, in spite of all theories to the contrary, thought it necessary to make anti-trust laws and prohibit sweating industries. But government action needs to be complemented by the action of the individuals. The passion for cheap bargains should be overcome. We should refuse to profit by the labor which has been bought at a starvation price, and have no dealings, if we can help it, with those who overwork or underpay their employees. Professor Pelle thinks a new religious movement is coming. "The principle which inspires it," he says, "comes, 'comes, from the intellectual side from our old enemy and helper, Science, in the doctrine of the Unity of all Life and Force; on the social side it appears in the reaction against that exaggerated individualism which, like Cain of old, denies corporate responsibility; its religious aspect is a quickened belief in the brotherhood of all men in Christ."

We have no right, for their sake or for our own, to preach contentment to the poor, or bribe them into acquiescence, until we have given them the elementary justice of an equal opportunity of living the life which God intends for them." The college president who would preach fasting to his students during Lent, with the obvious desire of reducing the running expenses of the college, would be sowing the seeds of infidelity in his students. Yet Professor Pelle is right enough when he says: "It is idle to rail at economic laws, it is ruinous to disregard or transgress them; because, so long as men are governed by the principle of selfishness, economic laws are the correct formula for recording and forestalling their mutual relations. But he concludes by saying: "I believe the Miracle which can alone deliver us from the insupportable tyranny of

economic laws is the influence of Christ upon human character." In other words, the Golden Rule must be carried into business life, and govern men's commercial relations, as well as their private relations, with one another. The man who is "cruel in commercial warfare but the best of good fellows in private life" must be relegated to his proper place, in the company of the buccanniers and card sharps who are so generous in spending the money which they have gained by plundering and cheating.—The Casket.

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Galt Corrugated Sheets advertisement. Includes illustration of a man working with sheets and text describing the product's benefits for construction.

may say with this critic of Christian Science as compared with Christianity that the ethical results of the two systems point the way to the truth. The one professes a contempt for pain and has produced a tone of manners and type of face of its own; the other has a profound reverence for those who suffer, for "ever since the Crucifixion a certain actuality, and, therefore, a certain sanctity has clung around the hard pain of prosaic men." — Boston Pilot.

What Converted Him?

A Catholic Irishman (formerly a Protestant), Sir Henry Bellingham of Castlebellingham, County Louth, who has revived the good old Catholic custom of setting crosses on the wayside, gives an interesting account of how he was converted to the ancient Church. "The personal example and simple faith of the Irish poor," he said, "were the first things that impressed me. I compared it favorably with the class of Protestants in Ireland amongst whom I mixed, and whose doctrines consisted more in hatred of Rome than in any definite belief. The language they used first irritated and disgusted me and predisposed me to make inquiries."

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