CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

Do you think that you haven't a fair chance in life, that you have too many obstacles, that you have not had a fair start, and that you cannot be expected to make your way to the front? Listen to this story of a poor boy's rise. Compare his opportunities with yours. Contrast your cowardice, laziness, lack of ambition, and want of determination, with his pluck, energy, persistence, and fortitude:

AN ARTIST'S CAREER

Edstrom, the rising sculptor, was a newsboy in Ottumwa, Iowa, and later the companion of crooks and saloon politicians, but was saved from their influence by meeting with a man who gave him a taste for books.

The sight of a crayon drawing inspired him with the desire to study art. He worked hard in a slaughter house, saving his money for that purpose. At twenty one he was still a poor ignorant fellow, out of work by reason of a panic, and with his savings tied up in unsalable land. He walked to New York and worked his passage across the ocean as a stoker. He entered a class of beginners in an art school in Stockholm, Sweden, working his way. He was the laughing-stock of the school, so great was his ignorance, but in two years he had passed through all the grades, living meanwhile on herring, skimmed milk, raw onions, salt and black bread, and hungry most of the time. Instead of wearing socks, which he could not afford, he wrapped his feet in rags. He entered the Royal Academy and won a $20 cash prize, with which money he bought a suit of clothes, and he calls it the best moment of his life when he was able to enter the class looking like the rest. But his struggle had been too severe. He fainted in the class room and had a long spell of illness. This was the turning point. People began to notice him, and soon his success came in a flood.

Now, the guest of millionaire collectors, he is known throughout Europe for his wonderful artistic conception.

Plucky? Is it not enough to make most of us ashamed of our complainings?

BUILDING FOR ETERNITY

Out of mistakes and failures, out of joys that vanished half tasted, out of hopes deferred, out of little successes and petty losses, out of patience hardly gained and charity learned by humiliating self-revelation, out of common todays and yesterdays with their commonplace joys and sorrows we are building the life that is to be endless and the character that is to be heir to eternal treasures. The material seems to us scant and poor, but the Master has endowed it with wonderful possibilities, and no other is given to our hand. It is out of what we have that we must shape what we will be.

SYMPATHY

Sympathy need not mean coddling a friend's weakness. True, the Greek word means "suffering with," but if a man were drowning the most valuable sympathy would not be that of the man who would jump in and drown with him, but that of the man who, disregarding the struggles of the sinking one, would pull him out, though it were by the hair of the head.—Catholic Columbian.

WHEN YOU HAVE MADE A BAD INVESTMENT

One of the hardest things a business man is called upon to do is to accept a great loss when he has made a mistake without trying to get his money back by the same means that he lost it. He says to himself, "Well, I am going to keep that thing up long enough to get my money back, and then I'll quit." But as a rule it is a mistake to continue in a thing which your judgment condemns.

When you are convinced that you have made a mistake, that you have entered into some business relationship or have gone into something which you should have kept out of, cut it off as quickly as possible.

Many a man has made the fatal mistake of continuing in a bad venture trying to get his money back. Most business men find that when they make a mistake, no matter how great the loss or how unfortunate, the best thing to do is to apply the heroic treatment, amputate the diseased limb, not try to palliate the symptoms with medicine.

A New York business man told me that he made an investment outside of his own business a few years ago, and that it did not turn out well but that he was so determined not to lose any money and to make it win, although it was a business which he knew practically nothing of, that he kept putting in more and more until he found that he had over two million dollars in the venture. He had made this money in his own business, which he knew all about, and after he found he had made a mistake in the new venture, when people laughed at him for his failure, his pride was touched and he determined to show them that he could win out even in a business which was foreign to his training.

He said that his experience had taught him two lessons: to keep out of things which he knew nothing about; and when he found he had made a mistake, no matter how great the loss, to take his medicine and quit immediately.

WHY HIS ADVERTISING DID NOT PAY

He adopted the policy of running down his competitors.

He did not make his advertisements interesting, attractive, or convincing.

He was conscious of the superiority of what he had to sell, but did not know how to bring it to the attention of others effectively.

He did not know that a fatal reaction always follows deception.

He did not know how to write an advertisement that would "pull."

He did not know that a brief graphic description, in a few short, pungent, telling sentences that will attract and hold the attention, is more effective than a whole page of fine print, written in a loose-jointed haphazard way.

His advertisements "pulled"; but the effect was lost in bad handling afterwards; in careless, inefficient correspondence.

He never learned that many a good customer has been lost by a careless letter.

He did not follow up his advertisements until he got the ear of the public.

Cowan's "Perfection" Cocoa

is made from the finest carefully selected cocoa beans, roasted by a special process to perfect the rich chocolate flavor. Cowan's is most delicious and most economical.

The Cowan Co. Limited, Toronto. 90

LIVE ABOVE THE ALARMS OF TIME

"O Universe, what thou wishest, I wish!" This was the cry of that most Christian of all pagans, Marcus Aurelius. This perfect faith in the future, this feeling that reason is at the heart of life—this is the thing that gives the poise and the peace that makes possible our nobler work.

It is related that once a young student came excitedly to Emerson, saying that astronomers were prophesying the early destruction of the solar system by the in-rush of a terrific comet in conflagration. "Very well," answered Emerson, going on with his work, "I can get along without the solar system!" This Emersonian calm is the true attitude of the strong heart toward the chances and changes of life. Square yourself with conscience: then hold the thought—"Nothing can harm me; nothing can hinder me. I swing in the divine currents." This will give you power to meet the days with courage and victory.—Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

LITANY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

By Rev. J. T. Roche, LL. D.

One of the most beautiful passages in Sienkiowics's famous novel, "With Fire and Sword," is that in which is pictured the last moments of the great Polish warrior, Pan Yan. Wounded to the death, with the bodies of his Tartar foes piled high about him, like a true Christian soldier he prepares to meet his God. Slowly and deliberately he makes his act of contrition; and then as his life-blood slowly ebbs away he turns for aid and comfort to the gentle mother of the Saviour and pours out his soul to her in the beautiful words of the Litany. As his lips murmur "Queen of Angels," with his face still to the foe, he sinks down; and the author tells us that "the angels of God took up his brave soul, and laid it down as a pure pearl at the feet of their Queen."

In these words the writer bears testimony to a prevalent middle-age practice of the faithful. They memorized the litanies of the Church, and made them an essential part of their daily prayers. In those days long prayers were the rule, rather than the exception; and they had not yet arrived at the stage where brevity was considered the first characteristic of effective prayer. I sometimes feel that our Catholic people do not appreciate how beautiful a form of prayer our approved litanies are. Too many of them never think of opening a prayer book, except on Sunday. The few minutes of oral prayer offered up by the average Catholic generally includes the Our Father, the Hail Mary, the Creed and the Confiteor. Morning and night prayers, as they are given in our manuals of piety, are seldom recited. Mental prayer is not even so much as thought of; and yet many Catholics complain that they cannot pray—aye, more than that, they do not know how to pray.

The Litany of the Holy Name of Jesus is a veritable mine of spirituality. Our Lord Himself is addressed by a great variety of beautiful titles; and it is impossible to repeat this prayer without being moved to sentiments of contrition, and without being inspired with a deeper love and confidence in the Saviour and Redeemer of the world. The same is largely true of the Litany of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The Mother of God is appealed to under a great variety of titles. The heights above and the depths beneath—in fact, the whole realm of nature has been searched for terms in which to pay tribute to Mary's charity and zeal for souls. Every term is a hymn of praise; every title is a sublime prayer. All spiritual writers agree that the ejaculatory form of prayer is most effective. The Litany is a long list of beautiful ejaculations, with a simple "pray for us" at the end of each. I believe that every Catholic boy and girl ought in early years to memorize this Litany of the Blessed Virgin. They will find it the true armor of God in the hour of temptation. So long as they know it, prayer will never be wanting to their lips. It furnishes material for all moods and all spiritual conditions. It tells a story of Catholic faith and love and confidence coming down through the ages, and finding expression in poetical terms of the rarest beauty, as well as of the deepest spirituality. It can be recited anywhere—at work, on the streets, or in the privacy of one's home; and it has an eternal newness and freshness not possessed by many other forms of prayer.

Fathers and mothers ought to see to it that their boys and girls learn this beautiful Litany by heart. I believe too, that what the great novelist says of the Polish warrior will be true of all those who die with this beautiful Litany upon their lips—the Angels of God will take up their souls and lay them down forever at the feet of God's Blessed Mother and the Angels' Queen.

"PHIL" SHERIDAN'S VICTORY

One of the sweetest and most pathetic war stories, is about the Sheridans, father and mother of General Phil Sheridan.

The old people were living at Somerset, Ohio, when word came that General Sheridan had suffered defeat in the Shenandoah valley. They slept none that night, but in the morning the old gentleman said:

"Mother, I have though it all out, Phil wasn't there when the fight began. That is what the paper said. It would not be like our boy to remain away throughout the battle. As I make it out, Phil returned in time to save the day. I'll go to the store and wait until the paper comes, get the news and hurry back. I don't believe there's anything to worry about."

"I hope you are right, father, but I'm afraid yesterday's news was correct. Phil had had so much good luck I'm afraid he's had bad luck this battle."

Old Mr. Sheridan was sitting on the steps in front of the store when a man rode up and called out, "Good news from Sheridan!"

Then one of the bystanders caught up the morning paper and read the account of Sheridan's return to the army, of his turning the tide, of the president's message of thanks, of Sheridan's heroic conduct and the complete rout of the enemy.

The paper said it was one of the greatest victories of the war.

That was enough for Mr. Sheridan. He started on a trot to tell Mrs. Sheridrn the news about her son's greatest battle.

She saw him coming and hurried to the gate to get the tidings from Cedar Creek.

"Glory to God, mother, glory to God! Phil licked 'em! The president has sent him the country's thanks, and the paper says it was one of the greatest fights of the war. I knew Phil would get back in time to save the day."

The old couple hugged and kissed, and kissed and hugged again and again.

After they had gone into the house the old lady suddenly became very sober.

"What's the matter, mother?"

"Father, did the paper say anything about John?"

"No, but you know Phil would have sent a dispatch, if anything had happened to John."

John was another son, a private in Sheridan's army in the valley. — The Parish Monthly.

CHEERFULNESS

Cultivate cheerfulness. Discontent soon shows itself in the face. If you have some disappointments so do others. Learn to make the best of things. An unhappy person is a perpetual cloud in a home. A fretful girl has few friends, and the number lessens year by year.

KINDNESS

If we would but reflect what effect one kind word or act produces; how it casts a ray of cheering sunshine into a despairing heart; how it lifts the soul fallen into the depths of gloom; how magically it transforms a tear into a smile, how many unkind words we would suppress. There is nothing so sweet, nothing that brings a truer sense of satisfaction, than to help those in distress or gloom. We are all children of our loving Father Who loved us so much that He even died for us; should we not love each other and treat each other as brothers of one divinely governed family? Kindness is the angel of God, who tries to counteract the angel of despair and temptation, satan's demon. Smile and make others smile.

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PAUL JAMES FRANCIS, THE RECENT CONVERT AND SUPERIOR OF THE GRAYMOOR COMMUNITY, AT HIS OWN REQUEST IS FORMALLY DEPRIVED OF OFFICE OF EPISCOPAL SECT

Regarding the abjuration and profession of faith of "Father" Paul James Francis, and the Society of the Atonement of Graymoor, N. Y., recently chronicled in these columns, we read in a special despatch from Wilmington, Del., that,

"It was announced to-day that Bishop Kinsman, of the Episcopal diocese of Delaware, has deposed from the Episcopal ministry Father Paul James Francis, of the Society of the Atonement, Graymoor, N. Y., Father Paul (Lewis Thomas Wattson, a native of Easton, Md.) has embraced the Catholic faith. The deposition which took place in the chapel adjoining the Bishop's residence, was in accordance with a request of Father Paul, who declared in writing his renunciation of the communion and ministry of the Episcopal Church. When Father Paul began to teach the duty of submission to the See of Rome, Bishop Kinsman publicly withdrew from his connection with Graymoor and inhibited the priest from preaching the doctrine of Catholic supremacy. There was extended correspondence in which the Bishop told the priest he could not serve both the Roman Church and the Protestant Episcopal Church at the same time. The Bishop said:

"Either give up belief in a divinely established Papacy and in Roman dogmas as the one complete expression of the Christian faith, as one must do who is a consistent and contented Anglican, or else give up Anglican orders, make an unqualified submission to the Latin Church and be a good Catholic. I have no hesitation in saying that if I were in your position I should choose the latter alternative."

He "chose the latter alternative," and, we trust, has found light and peace and rest in the bosom of the one, true Church.

ROMAN PROTESTANTS

The good English ladies who seek to make good "Roman Protestants" in the City of the Popes continue their work year by year with unabated vigor, says a writer in an exchange. Money is lavished with unsparing hands among the poorest of the poor in Rome, provided they abandon the Church in which they were baptized and consent to step inside a Lutheran establishment at least once a week.

One hears occasionally of the unworthy tactics employed by those zealous ladies. When engaged in their "Gospel campaign" among the poor, they generally look for the out-of-works and decide to make a prey of them. First the husband is gained over by a few bright English sovereigns; then the wife, who may not have a supper for the little ones is coaxed "to the right faith." Needless to say, the conquest of the rest of the family is easy.

Some are drawn away from the Church, but the interesting question is, do these converts remain in their new "beliefs?" The answer was given me two days ago by one who knows the circumstances well. The poor proselytes never remain in the Protestant church, for the simple reason that they never believe in its tenets and merely enter it to tide over temporary pecuniary embarrassment. Some fine morning, the proselytes find their arguments—good English coins—are of no further avail. The proselytes have obtained work and both have returned to the old faith which in their hearts they had never left.

IDLENESS AND DRUNKENNESS

A man who once arose to prominence as an advocate of prohibition reports as a result of his study of the liquor question that the middle classes, who do the world's work, are becoming temperate in the use of liquor. But the idle classes, either poor or rich, are indulging more than ever in the liquor habit. The inference is that idleness is one of the powerful causes of intemperance. The rich man finds time hanging heavily on his hands, and the idle poor find the search for drinks gives them as much work as they are disposed to do. But the men and women who do the world's work discover early in life that the excessive use of liquor impairs both mental and physical faculties. An individual who is once seen under the influence of liquor will not be trusted with the conduct of affairs of real importance. His employer never knows when the habit of drinking will get the mastery over him. Consequently the man who has made up his mind to succeed in business keeps on the safe side of the drink habit. In these days, when almost every man is a member of some club association with good fellows who are fond of a social glass is attended with some danger unless the ambitious man holds secure control over himself. But it pays in the end to be unsocial as far as liquor is an essential factor in sociability. An employer who likes a social glass himself does not like to see an employee enjoying himself in the same way.—San Francisco Bulletin.

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CRITICIZING PRIESTS

The habit of criticizing our priests—what a harmful and wretched habit that is, how disedifying to the hearer, so far-reaching sometimes in its evil effects. Do the people who criticize the Lord's anointed ever pray for the priests in their arduous and awful office of tremendous responsibility? Oh, in any case, whether we are moved to praise or blame, let us pray most, and first and last, for all our spiritual Fathers in the Church and let us remember that if an angel from heaven were to come down visibly to minister to us, we might think we saw something to criticize in him, because—"we should not always understand."

This beautiful prayer for priests frequently said, should do our own souls good as well:

O Jesus, Eternal Priest, keep Thy priests within the shelter of Thy Sacred Heart, where none may touch them.

Keep unstained their anointed hands, which daily touch Thy Sacred Body.

Keep unsullied their lips, daily purpled with Thy Precious Blood.

Keep pure and earthly their hearts sealed with the sublime marks of the priesthood.

Let Thy holy love surround them, and shield them from the world's contagion.

Bless their labors with abundant fruit, and may the souls to whom they minister be their joy and consolation here; and in heaven their beautiful and everlasting crown.—Sacred Heart Review.

He who makest known the good example and virtues of his neighbor, offereth to Jesus most lovely flowers.

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