

OCTOBER 19, 1907.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. WE BUILD MONUMENTS TO OUR DREAMERS.

Our public parks, our art galleries, our great institutions are dotted with monuments and statues which the world has built to its dreamers—men who dreamed of better things, better days for the human race.

What horrible experiences men have gone through in prisons and dungeons for their dreams, dreams which were destined to lift the world from savagery and emancipate man from drudgery.

The very dreams for which Galileo and other great scientists were imprisoned and persecuted were recognized science only a few generations later. Galileo's dream gave us a new heaven and a new earth. The dreams of Confucius, of Buddha, of Socrates, have become realities in millions of human lives.

Christ Himself was denounced as a dreamer, but His whole life was a prophesy, a dream of the coming man, the coming civilization. He saw beyond the burlesque of the man God intended, the burlesque of the deformed, weak, deficient, imperfect man heredity had made, to the perfect man, the ideal man, the image of divinity.

Our visions do not mock us. They are evidences of what is to be, the fore-glimpses of possible realities. The castle in the air always precedes the castle on the earth.

George Stephenson, the poor miner, dreamed of a locomotive engine that would revolutionize the traffic of the world. While working in the coal pits for sixpence a day, or patching the clothes and mending the boots of his fellow-workmen to earn a little money to attend a night school, and at the same time supporting his blind father, he continued to dream. People called him crazy. His roaring engine will set the houses on fire with its sparks, everybody cried. "Smoke will pollute the air; carriage makers and coachmen will starve for want of work." See this dreamer in the House of Commons, when members of Parliament were questioning him. "What," said one member, "can be more palpably absurd and ridiculous than the prospect held out of locomotives traveling twice as fast as horses? We should as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congress's rockets, as to trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine, going at such a rate. We trust that Parliament will, in all the railways that may grant, limit the speed to eight or nine miles an hour, which we agree with Mr. Sylvester is as great as can be ventured upon." But, in spite of calumny, ridicule, and opposition, this "crazy visionary" toiled on for fifteen years for the realization of his vision.

On the fourth of August, 1907, New York celebrated the centenary of the dream of Robert Fulton. See the crowd of curious spectators at the wharves of the Hudson River at noon on Friday, August 4, 1807, to witness the results of what they thought the most ridiculous idea which ever entered a human brain, to witness what they believed would be a most humiliating failure of the dreams of a "crank" who proposed to take a party of people up the river to Albany in a steam vessel named the "Clermont."

"Did anybody ever hear of such an absurd idea as navigating against the current of the Hudson River without sail?" scornfully said the scoffing wisecracks. Many of them thought that the man who had fooled away his time and money on the "Clermont" was little better than an idiot, and that he ought to be in an insane asylum. But the "Clermont" did sail up the Hudson, and Fulton was hailed as a benefactor of the human race.

What does the world not owe to Morse, who gave it its first telegraph? When the inventor asked for an appropriation of a few thousand dollars for the first experimental line from Washington to Baltimore, he was sneered at by congressmen. After discouragements which would have disheartened most men, this experimental line was completed, and the congressmen were waiting for the message, which they did not believe would ever come, when one of them asked the inventor how large a package he expected to be able to send over the wires. But very quickly the message did come, and derision was changed to praise.

The dream of Cyrus W. Field, which tied two continents together by the ocean cable, was denounced as worse than folly. How long would it take to get the world's day-by-day news but for such dreamers as Field.

When William Murdoch, at the close of the eighteenth century, dreamed of lighting London by means of coal gas, conveyed to buildings in pipes, even Sir Humphry Davy sneeringly asked, "Do you intend taking the dome of St. Paul's for a gasometer?" Sir Walter Scott, too, ridiculed the idea of lighting London by "smoke" but he lived to use this same "smoke" dream to light his castle at Abbotsford.

"What!" said wise scientists, "a light without a wick? Impossible!" How people laughed at the dreamer, Charles Goodyear, buried in poverty and struggling with hardships for eleven long years to make India rubber of practical use! See him in prison for debt, still dreaming, while pawning his clothes and his wife's jewelry to get a little money to keep his children from starving! Note his sublime courage and devotion to his vision even when with out money to bury a dead child, while his five other children were near starvation, and his neighbors were denouncing him as insane!

Women called Elias Howe a fool and "crank" and condemned him for neglecting his family to dream of a machine which has emancipated millions from drudgery.

The great masters are always idealists, seers of visions. The sculptor is a dreamer who sees the statue in the rough block, before he strikes a blow with his chisel. The artist sees in his imagination the painting in all its perfection and beauty of coloring and form before he touches a brush to the canvas.

Every palace, every beautiful struc-

ture is first the dream of the architect. It had no previous existence in reality. The building came out of his ideal before it was made real. Sir Christopher Wren saw Saint Paul's Cathedral in all its magnificent beauty before the foundations were laid. It was his dream which revolutionized the architecture of London.

It was the dreaming Baron Haussmann who made Paris the most beautiful city of the world.

Think what we owe the beauty dreamers for making our homes and our parks so attractive! There are thousands of practical men in New York to-day who, if they could have their way, would cut Central Park up into lots, and cover it with business blocks.

The achievement of every successful man is but the realized vision of his youth, his dreams of bettering his condition, of enlarging his power.

Our homes are the dreams that began with lovers and their efforts to better their condition, the dreams of those who once lived in huts and in log cabins.

The modern luxurious railway train is the dream of those who rode in the old stagecoach.

Not more than ten years ago the horseless carriage, the manufacture of which now promises to make one of the largest businesses in the world, was considered by most people in the same light as is the airship to-day. But there has recently been an exhibition of these "dreams" in Madison Square Garden, New York, on a scale so vast in the suggestiveness of its possibilities as to stagger credulity.

Half a dozen years since, this invention was looked upon as a mere toy, a fad for a few millionaires. Ten years ago there was not a single factory in America making cars for the market.

Twelve years ago there were only five horseless vehicles in this country, and they had been imported at extravagant prices. To-day there are over a hundred thousand in actual use, and it is estimated that not less than fifty thousand automobiles will be sold during the present year. Instead of being a toy for millionaires, the automobile is now being used in place of horses by thousands of people with ordinary incomes.

This "dream" is already helping us to solve the problem of crowded streets. It is proving a great educator, as well as a health giver, by tempting people into the country. The average man will ultimately, through its full realization, practically travel in his own private car. In fact this "dream" is becoming one of the greatest joys and blessings that has ever come to humanity.

The ability to arise out of discord, squallor, and misery, and live with God in a land of harmony, beauty and truth, is a man's right, and it is his duty to enable him to fly away from the disagreeable, from pain, and suffering, and from the things which vex, nag, worry, and harass, to enable him to rise from poverty and to live, temporarily, at least the sweet and simple life of the immortals.

During a discussion on the prophecies of the human body, someone asked Lincoln how long he thought the legs of a man of a certain height ought to be. "Well," he said, "a man's legs ought to be long enough to reach the ground, anyhow." The dreamer must keep his feet on the ground, or his dreams will be impractical.

It is a splendid thing to dream when you have the grit and tenacity of purpose and the resolution to match your dreams with realities, but dreaming without effort, wishing without putting forth exertion to realize the wish, undermines the character. It is only practical dreaming that counts—dreaming coupled with hard work and persistent endeavor.

The power to dream, to forecast possibilities, is an essential quality of a great mind.

We are not mocked with this wonderful faculty of dreaming without a possibility of making the dreams real. These mental visions, these ideals, are given us to buoy up hope, and to encourage us to persist in our endeavor until we can work the dream out into its matching reality.

A sacred thing is this faculty of visioning the future, of forecasting what is to come, if we are only equal to putting the reality under the dream, the foundations under the air castles.

Just in proportion as we make our dream realities, will we become strong and effective. Dreams that are realized become an inspiration for new endeavor.

It was in this faculty of dreaming, and in the power to make the dream good that we find the hope of this world.

Dreaming and making good, this was what John Harvard did when with his few hundred dollars he made Harvard College possible. The founding of Yale College was a handful of books was but a dream made good.

President Roosevelt owes everything to his dreams of better conditions for humanity, higher ideals, his dream of a larger, finer type of manhood, his dream of better government, of a finer citizenship, of a larger and cleaner manhood and womanhood.

It is the creative power of the imagination that will break down the barriers of caste, race, and creed, and make real the poet's vision of the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

"The Golden Ages lies onward, not behind. The pathway through the past has led us up; The pathway through the future will lead on. And higher."

—Success.

A Private Message.

"An amusing instance of the way in which non-Catholics succeed in finding a text of Scripture to fortify whatever religious theory they may hold," remarks the Sacred Heart Review.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Small Deeds of Mercy.

Early in the autumn, when the bright faces and gay colors of school-girls were seen once more on the streets, after the long, happy summer, a group of little girls, on their way to school, went chatting and laughing along, telling each other their varied experiences of the holiday season since they parted in June. Presently they heard a child's voice saying, comfortingly:

"Never mind, Willie. You couldn't help it. We'll go home to mother. She won't scold, and we'll look for another silver penny as we go along."

Overtaking the two little ones, some of the girls asked what was the matter. "Willie is crying because he let the 5 cent piece drop out of his hand," said his sister Annie, who was only six years old, and very tame.

"What was he going to do with it?" asked one of the girls. "We were going to buy some milk for our breakfast," said Annie, "and Willie wanted to carry the money. But he couldn't help it; just look how little his hand is."

"It fell out of my hand," sobbed Willie, "down into the gutter, and went away."

As the water was flowing rapidly after a rain, there seemed no hope of its recovery. Some of the children exclaimed, "Poor little fellow!" and went on their way to school—all but Lucy Grey. She was touched by the patient, mellow expression of little Annie's face—here she spoke to her.

"Will you have me milk for your breakfast now?" she said. "No," replied Annie. "Mother has not got any more money to give us to-day. We will have just water with our bread."

Lucy asked where her mother lived, and found it was in a small street, not far away. The mother was ill and very poor.

"Here is another silver penny, Willie, to buy some milk," said Lucy. "Ask the woman to fill your pitcher, and take the change home to mother."

And Lucy took from her pocket the quarter of a dollar which she had earned at noon recess, thinking she could do without them better than these poor children could do without their breakfast.

"Oh, how good you are!" exclaimed Annie, looking up, surprised, while Willie joyfully cried:

"Now we can have breakfast!" and set to work to retrace his steps to the milkman's.

Lucy watched him, and his little lame sister trying to overtake him, thinking how glad she was she had stopped to find out their trouble and relieve it.

Her benevolent little heart gave her further work to do in the illness and poverty of the children's mother, and the kind assistance that was given to the family during the winter was the result of her personal efforts to secure their comfort, until the poor mother recovered her health and was able to work again for her children. This is what a little school-girl did.—E. N. J. in Our Young People.

Imitating the Saints.

Francis had been reading the "Lives of the Saints," and was pondering deeply upon the subject of mortification. The saints had done some wonderful things that it was hardly possible for her to do. She could imitate them to a great extent, so she would try something not too hard at first, and perhaps she would be able to do more heroic things after awhile.

What should she do? At last an idea occurred to her. She had read of a saint who had slept on the bare ground and thought she could not very well do this, still she would sleep on the floor. Having determined upon this she could hardly wait for bedtime to come, and wore such a mysterious air that her mother inquired if there was anything the matter with her.

At last night came and Francis started off to bed. Her mother was longer than usual in coming to bed, and Francis had hard work to keep awake. As her mother bent over to kiss her goodnight, she said, "Why, Francis, what makes you so restless? Are you ill?"

"No, mamma," answered she, feeling that somehow her mother would not quite approve of her contemplated action.

As soon as her mother had gone she jumped out of bed, and, wrapping a blanket about herself, stretched out on the floor. She had now made a good start at least in the path of perfection, so she began to plan heroic deeds for the future that would astonish everyone.

Soon, however, the novelty wore off, and she was feeling quite uncomfortable. The floor certainly was hard, and Francis had never felt such weariness, and she realized the omnifort of a pillow. The moonlight streamed in through the open window and Francis, scolding the beautiful home beyond the skies, determined to persevere, and full of these thoughts she fell asleep.

The morning dawned wet and dismal and the chill wind blew sharply into the room. Francis awoke, chilled and sore, and as she knelt to say her morning prayers she realized that she had done a rather foolish thing after all. She went to the breakfast table in a fretful state of mind, but found that she had no appetite for her meal. Looking up from his paper her father said, "Francis, why are you not eating your breakfast?"

"I can't, Papa, my throat is sore," and the tears welled up into her eyes.

"Francis," said her mother, who had just entered, "did you not tell me last night that you were perfectly well?"

"Yes, mamma, but—"

"But what, Francis?"

"Oh, mamma, I wanted to be like the Saints and—"

"To be like the Saints," echoed her father. "Why, what does that have to do with your being sick?"

Seeing that no one understood her

poor Frances broke down and cried bitterly.

"Come, Frances," said her father, as he gathered her into his arms; "tell me what the trouble is." Thus consoled Frances sobbed out the whole story.

"I am glad to learn that my little daughter had such a worthy motive for what she did," said her father after she had finished, "but Frances, God does not require extraordinary things from a little girl like you. All that is necessary for you just now is that you be a good and obedient child, and later on, when God requires more of you, He will give you the grace and strength necessary for its accomplishment."

Happily the bad effects of her cold wore off after a few days and I am glad to say that Frances soon learned that real perfection lies in doing one's best by ordinary means.—Sister M. E. in Orphan's Friend.

A Swift Messenger Boy.

It was in Philadelphia that a careless driver had so far turned wrong that his horse fell into a six-foot deep trench that was being dug for the laying of pipes. The trench was possibly two and one-half feet wide, and naturally the horse was wedged in tight. So deep down, also, that his back was level with the top. How to remove the animal worried the crowd. The driver was helpless and being abused roundly for his carelessness. A civil engineer was called from the city department, but his suggestion of a derrick, etc., was futile because no straps or ropes could be gotten down the sides of the animal.

Some one suggested that the horse be shot, but not how to get him out of the trench. Then along came a messenger boy about twelve years old, pushing his "bike" right through the crowd. He took in the situation at a glance, and with supreme contempt remarked to the engineer: "Hally gee what a bunch o' chumps you 'se all is, an' 'hoose ideas gittin' that boss out o' that ditch. Why don't youse fill it full o' this here dirt an' let 'im walk out hisself?"

He took ten minutes to "let 'im walk out" after being in nearly an hour.—W. F. K. in B. C. Orphan Friend.

GLADSTONE AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

In the course of a spirited religious discussion carried on in English papers the statement was made that the late Mr. Gladstone a few months before his death was in communication with the Church and "died a Catholic."

The Rev. J. H. Peabody, vicar of St. John's, Seven Kings, thereupon sent the message to Mr. Herbert Gladstone, son of the dead statesman, asking his opinion upon it, and received the following reply:

"There is absolutely no vestige of foundation for the allegation that my father was in close communication with Rome and died a Roman Catholic. I cannot conceive how any living person outside a lunatic asylum could make himself responsible for a statement."

Rev. H. P. Turner, O. S. B., in a letter to the press apropos of the erroneous statement, says that to his knowledge Mr. Gladstone was in communication on questions of religion with at least one high Roman ecclesiastic. Some time after his retirement from public life Mr. Gladstone wrote a long letter on Anglican Orders, the position of the Established Church of England and the unity of Christendom, to his old friend and correspondent, Abbot Testi, of Monte Cassino. Later he wrote to the abbot asking for a copy of this letter. The abbot sent the original by registered post. "No doubt Father Turner," the abbot received no acknowledgment and no reply to repeated requests for the return of the letter. The venerable abbot believed that his communications with Mr. Gladstone had been intercepted, and this unpleasant thought embittered the last memories of a long friendship."

WHEN YOU ASK FOR SURPRISE A PURE HARD SOAP. INSIST ON RECEIVING IT.

A DISGRACEFUL ACTION.

Sacred Heart Review. Rather an unusual point, but nevertheless a good one, was made by a Jesuit priest preaching a mission in the cathedral of Brisbane, Queensland, the other day. He was speaking of the many dangers that surround Catholics of safe guarding the faith by Catholic reading, when he digressed a bit to score severely the Catholics who show meanness or carelessness in the matter of paying for Catholic papers. Catholic publications, he said, suffered very much from unpaid subscriptions. Oftentimes the paper was sent for years, and when the bill for payment came, very often a post-card was sent, stopping the paper altogether. This, declared the preacher, was a shameful and disgraceful action on the part of Catholics, and a great deal of the weakness and inefficiency of the Catholic press, complained of by some people, is due to Catholics who seem to have money for everything else, but who "get mad" and stop the paper if they are reminded of their remissness.

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