AUGUST 2, 1924

THE CATHOLIC RECORD



MEN

GOOD CHEER

Have you had a kindness shown? Pass it on.

'Twas not given for you alone-Pass it on. Let it travel down the years, Let it wipe another's tears. Till in heaven the deed appears ;

Pass it on. SUCCESS OR FAILURE?

There are many bugbears which There are many bugbears which men dread to encounter in every-day life. There is possible ill-health, loss of money, the ill out-come of some cherished enterprise, the death of a loved one, the uncertainty attendant on the most noble undertakings . . . these, and many more. Men fear nothing so much as failure. "Nothing is so disappointing as failure—except success."

success The statement would seem to be a paradox at first sight. But intro-spection and experience alike teach that if success is dear to the heart f man and delights him as nothing else can do, it is usually futile to bring the attendant peace of mind which it would seem to foretell.

"It is a very small world in which to do wrong, though, if a man do a little good in his lifetime, it is soon mislaid and trodden under the feet of the newcomers" feet of the newcomers."

It is a very small world in which to flaunt success in any ambition or enterprise, and the attendant good which comes of it is soon swallowed up in the misery of try-ing to hold on to it and in evading the shafts of criticism, of envy and of illwill, which are directed toward it from all sides. The spirited enterprise of men

who bear honored names in history illustrate the truth of this axiom. To all, perhaps without exception, came one day the stern realization that success is dearly bought. For sometimes its attainment meant that the best years of life were spent in the tremendouseffort of striving. If the motive was pure and the object worthy, there was some consolation in the knowledge of a clear con-The things you would call your in the knowledge of a clear con-science. But if, as usually happened, there was more or less That the dear Lord Jesus forgets dross mixed with the gold, the gain was in no degree proportionate to He never forgets His own. the loss.

One of the greatest generals the world has ever known experienced in striking manner the futility of success and the bitterness of failure after a long series of marvellous accomplishments seem-ingly beyond the power of mortal man to attain.

All the force of his genius had been directed toward the conquest of a virgin city toward which his half starved army moved with restless discontent seething in their hearts. Their mighty leader, in his ambition, had remembered matter with restless discontent seething in their hearts. Their mighty leader, in his ambition, had remembered all things in their proper time and place—all save the fact that his gigantic army was made up of men and not machines. that his gigantic and not machines. He forgot or cared not that, in the approaching frosts of a Northern winter in Russia, the sheer clothing of summer days was insufficient to the summer days w recked little of these things, deem-ing all men proud to obey his military code. Sector the most comfortable places in the room when older people are present.

military code. Soon after daylight on the appointed day the army moved toward the city. "The suburbs were deserted. The houses stood with control of the room when order people are present. Whispering in company is ill-mannered. Laughing at something not understood by the whole com-pany, or at least by all who would with closed shutters and locked Not so much as a dog doors. awaited the triumphant entry through the city gates. Long streets without a living human being from end to end met the eyes Tablet. of those daring organizers of triumphal entries who had been sent forward to clear a path and sent forward to clear a path and range the respectful citizens on citizens. There was not a single witness to this triumph of the greatest army the world has seen, led across Europe by the first Captain in all history, to conquer a virgin Capital." In the midst of the streets shrouded in silence, a man passed on hisway to awaiting carriage. He was short and stout and squarely built, with head set closely on the into the carriage, he turned to range the respectful citizens on either hand. But there were no citizens. There was not a single witness to this triumph of the into the carriage, he turned to survey a rose-red sky above the burning city which lay to the east of him. In his proud eyes there flashed a sudden gleam of triumphant power.

Truly, "all men look at the world from their own standpoint and consider mankind in the light of their own interests." Nothing is so disappointing as failure—except success. There are many who toiled a lifetime to oy and security. about us. Our accomplishment is because, says a spiritual writer, the

After we have received Holy Communion, or while our Lord is in our souls, we can then ask Jesus for everything, and He will refuse us nothing. During the few minutes after Holy Communion we ought to take advantage of our Lord's presence in our souls to ask for many things, and above all, ask And scarcely has that coveted end been attained when lo! men find themselves alone in their dreaming. Death has outstripped proud and lofty ambition and now mocks at the vain fulfillment of the dream. "Strong is fate to make, to mar, to end," says the old adage. No one would hesitate to decide which many most the horizon the for many things, and above all, ask for great graces, so that we may become saints and thereby please the Sacred Heart.

which man was the happier, the great Captain at whose slightest word men trembled and whose successes in battle were only com-Other times of special efficacy of prayer are our conversations with Jesus before the tabernacle. We can always pray better, and with parable to those of the great con-querors of old—or the poor soldier of the Old Guard to whom Napoleon was little less than an can always pray better, and with more fruit, in the presence of Jesus than at any other time. If we want to know how we stand before God, and if we want a guarantee of God, and if we want a guarantee of our progress in holiness, we have merely to ask ourselves. "Do I understand,' the necessity of prayers, and do I repeat e jaculatory prayers frequently." Our progress in prayer will be the measure of our progress in holiness.—The Universe. indomitable spirit and who offered his life gladly for the success which he never lived to ascertain.-The Pilot.

CONFESSION

(By Cardinai Newman)

a solace, to receive the assurance that there is One who thinks of

How many are the souls in dis-

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

"HE NEVER FORGETS" Do you think because your heart

aches

With a bitter, cruel pain, And your life's sweet happy sun shine Is shadowed by storm and rain, tress, anxiety or loneliness, whose one need is to find a being to whom

one need is to find a being to whom they can pour out their feelings unheard by the world! Tell them out they must. They cannot tell them out to those whom they see every hour. They want to tell them out, yet be as if they be not told; they wish to tell them to one who is strong enough to hear them And the music is hushed and silenced Till you hear but the undertone, That the dear Lord Jesus forgets you?

He never forgets His own. Do you think that because the

who is strong enough to hear them, yet not too strong to despise them; they wish to tell them to one who sorrow All human hearts must know, Has come to you or the darling You loved and cherished so, can at once advise and can sympathize with them; they wish to relieve themselves of a load, to gain

you

And we're all His own dear chil-

them, and One to whom in thought they can recur, to Whom they can betake themselves, if necessary, from time to time, while they are in the marked dren, And He holds us all as dear in the world. How many a Protestant's heart As you do your own dear wee one Who creeps to your heart so near; And if we will only listen We can hear His tender tone: would leap at the news of such a benefit, putting aside all distinct ideas of a sacramental ordinance or of a grant of pardon and the con-"Oh, rest in peace, My children ; I never forget My own." —Irish Messenge

MANNERS IN SOCIETY

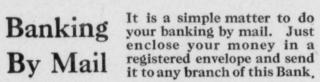
of a grant of pardon and the con-veyance of grace! If there is a heavenly idea in the Catholic Church, looking at it simply as an idea, surely, next after the Blessed Sacrament, confession is such. And such is it ever found in fact— the work at the law When a request is made, no natter how slight, it should be

where in the states of the sheer clothing seated when there are hades of piercing, heart-subduing tranquil-of summer days was insufficient to warm the limbs or to sustain the enthusiasm of tired and discon-tented souls. Swelled up by the magnitude of his successes, he recked little of these things, deem-ing all mon means, deem-tented souls. Swelled up by the should not occupy the easiest chairs nor the most comfortable places in as it is in fact.

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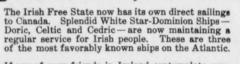
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If any of your friends in Ireland contemplate com-ing to Ganada you will be especially interested in White Star-Dominion Line prepaid passages. Further information, rates and sailing dates from

phant power. "It was Napoleon at the summit of his dream," looking down the far horizen where the decline begins on the other side toward the deep abyss. At the zenith of men's dreams,

the table and scampered out of the door as fast as he could. There was great consternation. "Search for him," said the judge, who was now greatly interested in the matter. So a hunt was made and the dog was found lying peacefully upon a hearth-rug in the house of a continuemen from whom the hole when success has smiled on their pathway, there comes at times the dim ghost of an undefined fear. Fear of what? One cannot tell. But it may be fear of the awful price which must be paid for success and achievement. The triumph which they had so eagerly a gentleman, from whom the knife grinder, the original thief, had stolen him months before. The ragpicker, of course, had robbed awaited—and which they expected was to be so sweet—what has it the knifegrinder.

become? Strangely enough, there is often something lacking to the happiness those who accuse others of wrong-doing are guilty themselves.-The which comes after success. There are those, perchance, with whom we had planned to share it. They Ave Maria.

Dublin, Ireland.-After a lapse impolite. Exchanging glances or meaning smiles is rude. Boister-ous laughter is always rude.—The of three hundred years, the White Canons, also known as Norbertines, have again secured a foundation in Ireland.

A TRIUMPH OF JUSTICE

ASK FOR BLESSINGS

In 1120, St. Norbert founded the Order of Premontre or White Canons, and in 1125 their first It happened one day in a town of Holland, that a knife-grinder went to the police and declared that a Scottish monastery was established. Between 1143 and 1185, six English houses were created and in 1180 the

his master." A long table was arranged, the two claimants sitting at opposite ends, and halfway between them the bailiff, holding the dog by a stout cord. The judge clapped his hands, and the men began to whistle and call, and the bailiff let go the rope. The animal gave one look about the court-room, gazed into the faces of both knifegrinder and rag-picker, then jumped over and rag-picker, then jumped over the table and scampered out of the Pencil & Pe

Answers for last week : Miracle of the Multiplication of the loaves suggesting the Holy Eucharist. Saint James the Apostle and Saint Anne

Thus it sometimes happens that

we had planned to share it. They are no longer within reach of a handclasp or the glimmer of glad sympathy in the eye. There are those whom we thought to dazzle by this achievement. They are near at hand, but, strangely enough, they do not appear to be excited

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