#### NOVEMBER 28, 1908.

### CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. Product of Stale Brains.

The ignorance, the foolishness, of many otherwise prudent, level-headed men, in respect to matters of health, is pitiable. Some of our greatest judges and for Some of our greatest judges and legis-lators, men who make our laws, are mere pygmies in regard to their knowledge of thomely a conclusion that the statest s themselves, or else they are constantly and voluntarily violating nature's laws. Isn't it deplorable to see a man with the brain of a Plato or a Webster as foolish as a child regarding matters of health? I know a very brainy man in New York who absolutely counteracts a large part of his work, vitiates much of his mental effort, by running his mental machinery when it is out of order, when it needs Inbrication so badly that it can do only dry, uninteresting work. During the evening, he will often put hours of effort on a piece of work which turns out to be tedious and ineffective because he tried to force a jaded brain and fagged faculties to produce good results. If he would drop his mental work when the day is past, and spend the evening in ting the greatest amount of physical and mental recreation, lubricating his mind, letting his keyed-up brain uncoil, so to speak, allowing it to regain its elasticity and spring, he would accomelasticity and spring, he would accom-plish infinitely more than he does by trying to work fifteen or sixteen hours a day. Brain workers require a great deal and a great variety of mental re-treshment. Otherwise the processes of the mind become closed.

the mind become clogged. The reason we see so many able men The reason we see so many able men, especially writers, doing so much poor work is because they do not get rid of their brain ash. Their brains are clogged, befogged. They cannot think clearly or concentrate with force. The brain cannot do fresh work while fed by impure blood. In order to produce the best results it must be sustained, reinforced by the whole body; the physical condition must be up to the highest standard.

A large number of the dry, uninterest ing books and newspaper and magazine articles are not due so much to a lack of ability of the writers as to the fact that the writing was done when the brain was fagged, or clogged, and not in a condition to give off its maximum of power, when the blood was vitiated by overeating, late eating, or improper

food, or the body was suffering from overwork, insufficient exercise, or the lack of sleep or fresh air and sunshine. How can brain workers expect to do

good work cooped up in sunless, airless rooms, where a plant not only would not thrive, but would actually die? The brain needs a great deal of the same kind of nourishment that the plant

A brain worker should keep himself always in condition to touch his top note, to do his best. A wide reader and keen observer can detect very quickly the bile of an author in his composition. He can pick out the dyspepsia or the gout by which it is marred. Every bit of dissipation of a writer, every physical weakness, will creep out in his composi tion and betray its secret source.

Some of our best writers occasionally turn out wretchedly poor work, work which is not up to the standard of many second-class writers, simply because a the time of writing they were handi-capped by vitiated blood, a low vitality, a reduced physical condition. Even an iron will cannot compensate for the de-terioration of a brain fed by vitiated blood.

Everywhere we see the deteriorated results of stale brains, the work of men who are trying to force jaded minds, brains that are exhausted by imprudent or vicious living, to do their best.

I do not believe it is exaggerating to say that the larger part of the work of many authors in dead matter, so far as the public is concerned, because it is forced out of stale brains. It is unnatural product, and people will not

A great deal of the thinking of business men is ineffectual because it is poor, imperfect thinking. It lacks definiteness, because it is done when the brain is not keen, when

people are so sensitive to the personal-ities of others, that they are not really themselves when in their presence. They are disconcerted, thrown off their bal-ance, like a planet which is deflected from its course when nearing some other heavenly body .- Success.

# OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

## THE LONG REMEMBERED PICNIC.

"Tommy !" called Miss Olivia the second and third time. Hearing her voice the boy dived deep in the fragrant hay to escape detection. "Tommy ! I do declare that boy grows more trifling every day !" By this time Miss Olivia had reached

the tell-tale group of boys gathered about the barn-door, and saw the rustling wisps of hay which were still fall-"You need not think that you can

fool me, young man !" she said sternly. " Come out of that haymow ?" Seeing that hope of escape was worse than useless, Tom Shaffer came sullenly

own. "The idea of you playing ball this morning when we have so much work to do !" scoided the good lady indignantly. "You know the picnic is on hand, but you act like you expected me to do everything. If you don't look sharp,

ou shan't go one step." The boys who had listened silently to Miss Robinson's words slunk away across the fields, and Tom, when alone, smarting under the allusions of Miss Olivia, began his task in good earnest. In his hurry to finish everything, to make up for the time he had lost, Tom Shaffer,

for the time he had tost, Tom Shaffer, as many an older person has done, neglected his most important duties. In feeding, he left the granary door open. A brood of saucy little pigs, seeng a gap in the fence, tumbled in and breakfasted sumptuously on the spring seed wheat which was was Miss Olivia's special pride, and when the good woman discovered the awful truth, she hesitated not an instant in carrying into execution the threat of the m

ing. "You need not put on your Sunday clothes, Tom !" she announced solemnly. "You may stay at home and pull weeds all day.' Tom did not believe that she meant it, but when the Sugar Creek delega-

tion came thundering up the road, the hay ladders loaded down with happy boys and girls, he learned the terrible truth. The horses were nodding their heads proudly beneath their red, white and blue plumes; hags were fluttering, horns blowing, banners waving. The very sight filled his heart with tumuluous joy. He grabbed his coat and

ran to meet them, but Miss Olivia "Tom ! Tom !" they shrieked. "I am sorry, but Tom will not be able to go to-day !" she announced ; then without another word of explanation, she went into the house, and shut the door. A few minutes later she drove away in her shining buggy, and

ne was left alone. Resentfully Tom, after half an hour of useless complaining, slouched out to the garden so lately stripped by the enterprising hogs, and suddenly set to work. At moon, a large pile of wilting weeds showed that he had performed his duty well. Perspiring and tired he hurried to the house at noon, and bathed his hot face in the clear cold water

at the well. When Tom saw the dainty repast when Tom saw the dainty repast spread out for him in the dining room, a sting of conscience oppressed him. There was chicken salad and wafers, devided eggs in an emerald lettuce bed, amber jelly and preserved strawberries, whipped cream and his favorite whipped cream cake. The toothsome edibles were arranged on Miss Olivia's best tablecloth, and there was a china plate

tablectoth, and there was a china pitch with a dainty cup and saucer by it. "That was pretty good of her to go to so much trouble for me," said Tom, with a mouthful of cream cake. "I ought to she never speak again ?

# THE CATHOLIC RECORD

ness as before. The proprietors arose to the occasion. Avoid people who depress you. Some people are so sensitive to the personal-tices of these these these the depression of the sensitive to the personalribbons. "What is the matter, Spot. old boy ?"

w nat is the matter, Spot. old boy ?" asked Tom, patting the horse's head. "Where's Miss Olivia ?" Spot neighed loudly, stamped his foot angrily. "Just wait a minute." Tom speedily loosened the remaining por-tions of the broken harness, and led the now thoroughly conquered animal to now thoroughly conquered animal to the trough where he drank greedily of the clear cold water. "Ill bathe your foot, Spotty," crooned the boy, "then it will feel bet-ter." Tom washed and bandaged the

njured foot carefully. It was really a neat piece of work, but it took him so ong to complete it that the old clock truck 4 when he had finished. "I guess Miss Ollie'll wish she had taken me with her !" chuckled the boy oing to the front gate for the fortieth ime. She had no business to have driven that spirited colt in such a crowd. I wouldn't a took that horse into the crowd myself, and I am big and

nto the crowd myself, and I am big and strong; but you can't tell a woman anything. A man can beat 'em on judgment every time. When she pays for getting her buggy fixed up, I guess she'll think her spite work didn't pay very well. I don't care. It serves her right." For another hour the her to silence For another hour the boy, to silence his

his accusing fears, grumbled and watched and waited. He knew, but would not admit it, even to himself, that the slight punishment which Miss Olivia had inflicted was well deserved ;

that she was right and he was wrong. At 5 o'clock the Sugar Creek delega tion drove wearily home. "Have you seen Miss Olivia?" queried Tom, nailing them. The driver shook his head dubiously. "Ain't she home?" "She had a runaway this afternoon," chimed in Tilly Ford, who lived on the adjoining farm; "she wanted to go home early so ha drove her horse a while to early, so pa drove her horse a while quiet him down. He was so skittish.

would not worry. She has probably stopped somewhere." "But the horse came home alone. I'll have to go hunt her if she don't come pretty soon." Nonplussed, Tom waited for the string of vehicles which he could see ascending the hill. No one had seen Miss Robinson since ear y in the afternoon. It was almost sundown. At the bars

the patient cows stood waiting ; but he heeded not the reproach in their quiet eyes, heeded not the nervous whinnies of the white colt. "I'll take old Nell and the spring

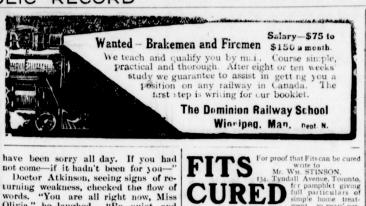
wagon. Nobody knows," he shuddered, "how will I bring her home. It seems strange that no one has seen her. They must have come the mud road." In a few moments Tom was on the way. At the corner he left the pike, way. covered with endless wagon tracks, and swung out onto the path, across the west side of the farm. It was not long

until the steady old horse plunged into until the steady old horse plunged into the very heart of the wood. Tom Shaffer noticed on y dimly the flowers and the birds which were all about him. He realized that, in spite of all the beauting with the start of the start of the start of the start beauting with the start of beauty, no path however flower-strewn is without thorns. Suddenly a blot of purple just ahead

made his heart leap tumultuously. Leaping from the wagon, he rescued the lavender-beribboned bonnet which Miss Olivia had worn. And just beyond where the pine trees moaned, and the water broke over the black stones, he saw an "Miss Olivia!" called Tom loudly

He bathed her face with water from the brook, and used every available means, but all these remedies were useless. Despainingly he led the horse to a great rock by the roadside. Tom was tall and strong, but it was all that he could do to carry Miss Oliva to the vehicle. Then a race, possibly for her life, began. A word to the horse was all that was necessary. Nell strode out of the woods and across the fields fast and faster as

they neared the coming town. Miss Oliviadid not move. The expressionless face lay passively on his arm. Would "O Miss Ollie !" groaned the repent-ant boy, "speak just once more !" But



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turning weakness, checked the flow of words. "You are all right now, Miss Olivia," he laughed. "Be quiet and rest.' In a few days Miss Olivia was TRENCH'S REMEDIES Ltd., Dublin

cheery, thoughtful self. Tom saw that the sharpness had gone from her tone, the sting from her words. She noticed wonderingly that her boy had become thoughtful, affectionate and industrious. Few words were said, whether of peated, consequently the work is not of any considerable length. Rossini's melodious music is beautiful in itself, but it is rather operatic in its character, and but little in keeping with the spirit gratitude or reproach, but the tie formed that sweet summer day was a bond cemented by love which grows of the text. The "Stabat Mater" of Anton Dvorak comes nearer to this; it stronger every day. The occasion of the annual picnic is is one of his best creations. The con

cluding number is especially effective, and we are told by an eminent musical an anniversary of mingled pleasure and pain, but the lesson learned by both Miss Olivia and her adopted son has critic that "for rugged power and dras-tic energy it reminds us of Beethoven in one of his loftiest moods." It has also never been forgotten. Their affection for each other grows sweeter and better been put to music by Pergolesi, Hadyn, Bellini, Neukamm and Meyerbeer. with every changing year.—Grace B. Sanders in Christian Advocate. It may naturally be asked whether this was the only poem its author wrote. We are told by his biographer that he wrote a number of prose articles in which

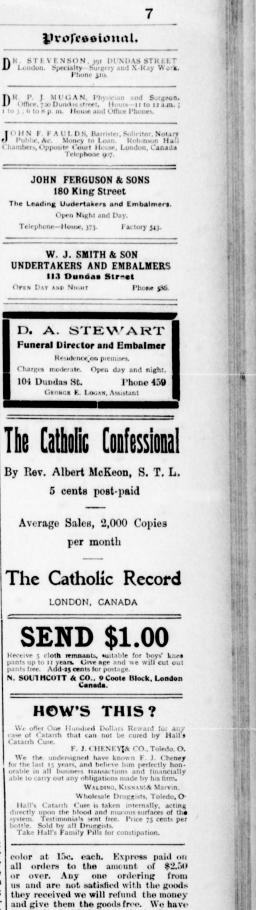
## THE STABAT MATER.

THE SAD STORY OF ITS COMPOSER. he attacked the corruption of the societ in his day, and also quite a number of other hymns. But the "Stabat Mater" A great many people whose devotion to the Way of the Cross is helped by the was his masterpiece, and it is sufficient to immortalize him.—Cork Examiner. hearing of the "Stabat Mater," would like to know something of its origin.

The "Stabat Mater" was written b 'Jacopone" da Todi-Italian for "Silly Jack." He was born of a good family in Todi, a village in the province of Um-bria, in the year 1230. He graduated with high honors at the University of Bologna, taking the degree of doctor of The Catholic Church Extension Society has now in mind the establishment. in a quiet way, of a new department, that of colonization. The object is to get a practical man in charge who knows the United States and who can be a law. He at once entered upon the prac-tice of his profession, and although he led a dissipated life, soon became one of 'clearing house," as it were, of informa the most successful and wealthy young men in the province. It was then he tion regarding where Catholic colonies are located and the prospects in each. It is hoped that Catholics who desire to married Vanna di Bernidino di Guidone. a beautiful, highly accomplished and most virtuous young lady, in whose veins settle in new colonies will get into touch with this bureau so that they can be directed to places where there are priests and schools and where, therefore, coursed the blue blood of the Ghibellines. He had not been married one year, when, at a celebration of public their children will have an opportunity of keeping and practicing their religion. games, on a certain fete day, which both he and his wife attended, he, in the There are many problems to overcome but one of the papers to be read at the forthcoming missionary congress in Chicago will be on the subject of "Colcapacity of one of the participants in the game, suddenly the temporary struc-ture in which the audience was asembled fell in ruins, and most of it, inonization." The Board of Governors of the Society cluding the fair Vanna, was crushed be neath the debris. Almost frenzied with will meet with the Bishops at the close grief, the young husband sought his wife whom he found bleeding and fatally of the congress and formulate plans for the new department if it is to be organinjured. It was then he discovered that ized.—Church Extension Press Associa she wore beneath her splendid gown a shirt of hair cloth. "It was for you," she told him, and with these words she CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS AND died. Poor Jacomo, for the first time in his life he realized that he had been

reading "the primrose path of dalliance not reckoning his own rede." Thereafter, having sold all his possesabout \$500 worth of Bells and other decorations at our own price. In order to make a quick sale of them we are sions, and given the proceeds to the poor, he wandered about his native town bareheaded, barefooted and in rags. The boys gathered around and mocked him. going to cut the prices in two: 1c. Bells 9c. a doz., 5c. Bells 3c.; 20c. Bells at 10c.; He feigned madness in order to punish 10c. Bells at 5 cents. Denninson's Gar-lands, 1 doz. in a box, in red and green effect, that we have sold at \$2.00 a box, imself for his love of vainglory and "Jacopone"—the silly one. But often when his deriders hemmed him in, he now 75c. a box. The dozen extends over 75 yards. Fancy rosette garlands, \$2.00 a turned upon them and preached to them, doz. now \$1.00 a doz., Christmas green admonished them to give up their sinful 40 cents a doz., Christmas fans in red and green 40c. a doz., Garlands extending ways and lead better lives. For ten years he led this kind of a life, until he 10 yards or over with about 8 sacred Catholic pictures to each garland, 50 each entered a Franciscan Convent as a Lesser Brother.

or 3 for \$1.00 while they last. Flag gar-He had hoped to find peace, but hav-ing become involved in difficulties with lands now \$2.00 a doz., other garlands in holly designs at 40c. a doz., our own the Pope, he was excommunicated and imprisoned. It is pleasing, however, for holly vines in green, white, waxed gold or diamond dusted \$1.50 a dozen yards. Perfumed carnations, 20c. a doz., waxed Catholics to know that three years be-fore his death he was absolved from



they received we will refund the money and give them the goods free. We have in stock all kinds of goods for Bazaar purposes from 10 cents a dozen and up-wards. Get your order in early so as to receive prompt attention. We will give free to all who place their orders in at once, a large round rosette measur-ing 30 inches in diameter. They sell at 50 cents each which makes a pretty decoration. Write the Brantford Artiticial Flower Co., Brantford, Ontario, Box 45. 1571-2

To keep the tainting influence of modern society, which aims at the forced growth of mind and heart away from

it cannot grasp ideas with freshne be ashamed of myself to torment her handle them with vigor. Many lives become so dry and flavor

less from continued monotony that there no enthusiasm or zest in them. Enthusiasm, spontaneity, buoyancy canno be forced, even by the strongest will. They are born of that freshness, saneness, and vigor of mind and body which are absent in those who have no play in their lives.

I know men and women who are so dead-in-earnest, so determined to make the most of their opportunities in their work, and for self-improvement, that they entirely miss the great end of ideal life. Many of them after a while cease to be companionable, because they have been shut within themselves so ong that they have become self-conscious, self-centered, and wholly uninteresting .- Success

#### Hints For Business Men.

There is a great difference between culation and investment.

Competition calls out resources, deone's ingenuity, and stimulates initiative.

Cultivate your customers-" A pleased customer is the best advertisement." Keep a superior class of goods, for

looking back at the norrid scenes be-fore he came from the city, like the children of Israel, Tom mourned for the flesh-pots of Egypt. So as he swayed in the dizzy hammock, the long hot day dragged on to a close. With half-open eyes, he lazily watched a buzzing bee people remember quality longer than do price. Cutting your prices to injure the man

next door is "cutting off your nose to spite your face."

eyes, he lazily watched a buzzing bee which rested its heavy wings on the golden throne of a solitary lily as if he too, meant to sleep. Now and then, he could hear in the distance the strains of In advertising, the economy of to-day is often the loss of to-morrow; the ex-pense of to-day the profit of to-morrow.

stirring music, and in fancy he could see the cheering crowds and the happy A position at \$18 a week that offers no children at the picnic, the one exciting opportunity to get beyond \$20 a week, is not as good as a \$10-a-week foothood thing of all the year. Tom Shaffer had not realized that he

in a business that affords opportunity to get up to \$2,000 a year. Remember that when you are selling

was half asleep, but clattering hoofs had made him wide awake in an instant. Annonnced by a cloud of yellow dust, a your services you are selling your re-putation also, just as the merchant horse came down the highway at break neck speed. The frightened animal reputation is made up of the sum of all paused at the Robinson farm, trotted in his gales, nurchases, and other sales, purchases, and other trans-ions. A mail-order house which, a few years was selling two or three million the shining buggy away on that memoractions

A mail-order house which, a few years ago, was selling two or three million dollars' worth of merchandise annually, was confronted by a very formidable competitor, and now the old house is doing three or four times as much busi-

" It' Then the tempter answered : only some of the stuff she had left over from her picnic dinner. Tom was too hungry to argue. He did full justice to the lips, smiting a mocking smile, did not move In that hour of sorrow Tom Shaffer every dish, and after eating threw him-self down into the hammock for a lived over the happy days since he had been brought, an outcast, to Willow Brook farm. He thought of the kindment's rest.

"It would serve her right if I'd let mess of this woman who had been a mother to him, of the possibilities of the her old cows out, and turn the horses into the road," he muttered angrily. "What business had she to leave me at future and in that moment the boy beame a man. home? I wish I had never seen this old place.

At last they reached Ripley. Hold-ng Miss Olivia in his arms. Tom drove ing Miss Olivia in his arms. Tom drove through the maple shaded streets to the doctor's office and not waiting to hitch Tom had the grace to blush furiously at this remark. Ever since the day when Miss Olivia Robinson had rescued the horse, went into the little room, and him from the crowded streets of Ripley, laid his burden on the couch. Doctor Atkinson came hurrying to

his had been a life of uninterrupted happiness. Before coming to the Robinson farm Tom had never seen the bottor Atkinson came nurrying too meet h.m. "I heard about the runaway, but did not expect anything like this. Don't worry. No bones are broken." While the physician was examining the patient, Tom anxiously paced the country. He remembered yet how beautiful everything had seemed when beautiful everything had seema when he reached the place ten short years ago. When he lived in Ripley, cold and hunger had met him face to face; in fact he had abided with them. Now looking back at the horrid scenes be-

"The weak heart is causing the trouble," he said at last, "How long has she been unconscious ?"

"I brought her to you as soon as found her.' "Clement," Doctor Atkinson called to his son, "get the restoratives. She will

open her eyes pretty soon, but if you had been much later, my boy, help would have been too late.' have been too late." It was only a short time, but it seemed an age to Tom before Miss Olivia opened

her eyes and spoke faintly. • "Who found me? You Tom? And I



excommunication, and died fortified by the Sacraments of the Church, on Christmas night, in 1306, just as the priest in the convent chapel was intonng the "Gloria in Excelsis."

It is not known just where he wrote he "Stabat Mater." It is more than likely that it was the work of years, for uch masterpieces are not usually dashed We have said master off at one sitting. niece-for such it is, as unique in its way as any of those painted by Raphael or chiseled by Angelo. "The Catholic liturgy," as we are told by Ozanam, "has nothing more touching than this sad lament, whose monotonous stropes fall like tears so sweet that there can be here recognized a sorrow wholly divine and consoled by the angels." And Lud-wig Tick says of it: "The loveliness of orrow in the depth of pain, the smiling in tears, the childlike simplicity, which touches on the brightest heaven, had to me never before risen so bright in the soul. I had to turn away to hide my tears. especially at the place, 'Vidit

snum dulcem natum."

It has, moreover, been illustrated by some of the greatest painters, and set to music by some of the world's leading composers Guide Rant Salut Salut Salut Guido Reni, Salvi Sassofercomposers. rato and Carlo Dolce, each devoted a canvas to the Mater Dolorosa. Titian added two, and Murillo and Brockman each one. Lazerges devoted a canvas to

the illustration of the poem which he calls the "Stabat Mater;" this is the only painting by that name which we know of. As to the musical settings, there is first of all the old Gregorian Chant tune, to which the words are isually sung in our churches. Pales trina was the first to set it to more

elaborate music; he wrote it for double choruses, with an occasional quartette but the words of the hymn are never re





