CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

YOU CAN REALIZE YOUR HEART'S DESIRE

The mere habit of vigorously claiming as our own, as a vivid reality, that which we long for, yearn to attain, has a tremendous magnetic power. Persistent, unyielding faith that the thing we desire will come to us will tend to bring it, will help us to realize it.

There is a divinity in an honest desire. Our legitimate longings are evidences that there are realities to match them. Faith is not only the substance of things hoped for, it is the substance which indicates that there is a reality to correspond with them.

We can not understand how the inventors, the discoverers, the achievers, can bear up under years of poverty, suffering, and the torture of being misunderstood and denounced by those dearest to them, but it is because their faith opens up a beautiful vista and gives them a peep into the promised land of fulfilment.

Faith is a great sustainer, because it sees ahead, beyond the clouds and the fogs. It is constantly assuring its possessor that what he longs for, yearns for, struggles for, shall sometime be realized; that what he is seeking with all his heart is seeking him, and that the desire and the reality shall sometime come together.

Live mentally the life you would like to live in reality, the life you desire, long for and you will tend to draw it to yourself. The mental picture and the reality attract each other because they belong together—they are kin.

If you are poor, vigorously send out the thought that it is right for you to have plenty, that abundance is your birthright and you mean to have it. Hold persistently the suggestion of opulence, of prosperity, and you will draw it to you. We tend to realize that which dominates in the thought and if we hold a poverty thought, if we think poverty, we shut the door to supply.

If you are out of a position do not get panicky and terror-stricken lest you may not find one and come to want. Just believe that you are going to get a position and a good one; that there is just the right place for you somewhere—the one that is fitting your capacity and preparation, and that you are going to get it. Keep doubt out of your mind, for it is a great handicap. It strangles more success possibilities than almost anything else. The victims of doubt of self-depreciation, of fear are everywhere. Never for a moment allow yourself to doubt that what you are honestly, earnestly striving for with all your might will come to you. An attitude of confidence, assurance, expectation of the reward of your earnest endeavor is the mental attitude that will help you to realize your hope.

There is a tremendous power in focusing the mind constantly, vigorously, persistently, upon the goal. I have always noticed that difficulties look much more formidable at a distance than they do at near range. When we get close to an obstacle we are often surprised to find how easily it is overcome, how quickly it dissolves, when confronted by a determined mind.

Supposing that the way does look dark to you; that you see no light, no opening; do not take it for granted that there is no way out for you; that you will have no way to express what God has locked up in you just because you happen to be temporarily tied to an iron environment and see no way of getting away from it. Wait, and work, and have faith. The closing of one door always means the opening of another.

The right mental attitude is a powerful magnate, and whatever you desire to have or to be, you should affirm constantly to yourself that you have that thing, that you are what you long to be. If you wish to be well and strong, if you wish to have vigorous health, to have plenty instead of poverty, constantly say to yourself, "I am well; I live in abundance; there can be no lack, no poverty, no want in my life; I am wealth because I am principle."

The habit of thinking and asserting that things are as we would like to have them, as they ought to be, holding tenaciously the mental picture of ourselves as we want to be, thinking and asserting our own wholeness, completeness, and that we can not lack anything, because we are one with the All-Good, one with the Principle that made us, not alone helps us to realize our desires, but also gives us a marvelous sense of serenity, of content.

The life follows the thought. When the mind dwells upon a certain line of thought for a long time, it tends to bring the whole life into harmony with it. The constant contemplation of good things, of pure, holy things, incites to the doing of them. The constant dwelling upon and contemplating the beautiful, sublime, noble and true, and the effort to incorporate them into the life, make the character beautiful. Our longings, our desires, are out-pictured in our lives. The desire is the pattern the life processes tend to reproduce.

THE INCREASING DEMAND FOR RELAXATION

The tremendous strain of modern life has created a great demand for the kind of amusement and literature which affords complete relaxation, an entire unbending of the mind. The mental faculties are severely exercised during the working hours of the day, and, like the always-bent bow, if the strain is not occasionally relaxed, they will lose their spring, their projectile force. People feel compelled to seek light, silly amusement in order to preserve the physical and mental balance which nature demands, and which is jeopardized in the perpetual strain of business cares.

The great success of the drama in its lower forms—the light and superficial, the sickly sentimental, the melodramatic or sensational plays, as compared with its frequent failure in its higher forms; plays that contain strength or uplift—is due largely to the overwhelming demand for complete relaxation, an entire change from the exhausting stress of business or professional life.

The same thing is true of the vapid, trashy novel. It is not so much due to their admiration for such stuff as to their craving for relaxation, for brain rest, nature's compensation for overstrain, that people read such literature.

As there seems to be no hope in the present tendency of the times of stopping the deadly pace at which we are going, a pace which is dwarfing and unpoising the human race, the only remedy seems to lie in the indulgence in healthy, uplifting recreation of all kinds, recreation that will be a tonic for the mind as well as for the body, instead of the enervating and demoralizing amusements and relaxation in which so many people now indulge.

GENUINENESS GIVES POWER

There is nothing which will add so much to one's power as the consciousness of being absolutely sincere, genuine. If your life is a perpetual lie, if you are conscious that you are not what you pretend to be—that you are really a very different person from what the world regards you—you are not strong. There is a restraint, a perpetual fighting against the truth going on within you, a struggle which saps your energy and warps your conduct.

If there is mud at the bottom of your eye, you cannot look the world squarely in the face. Your vision is not clear. Everybody sees that you are not transparent. There is a cloudiness, a haze about your character, which raises the interrogation point wherever you go.

Character alone is strength; deceit is weakness; sham and shoddy are powerless; only the genuine and the true are worth while.—Success.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

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Certainly she is not the blue-stocking crammed with information in an undigested form, neglectful of her person, sallow of skin, contemptuous of these graces which are to womanhood what the scent is to the lily or the color of the rose.

If you could induce her to forget how clever she was, or lose sight of it yourself for half a minute, she might be lovable; but the clever woman is always insisting upon her cleverness—at least, the so-called clever woman of to-day, who is really the most stupid woman of all time.

Not the beauty, because handsome is as handsome does, and the prettiest girls are often the shallowest and the vainest.

Not the society girl, always in a whirl, the devotee of balls and private theatricals, thirsting for publicity, rushing wildly from one thing to another, depending for happiness upon excitement.

Not the meek colorless girl who says, "Yes, dear," to everything, and is only too ready to make a footstool of herself for man to put his feet on.

Not the Martha-like maiden, harassed about household affairs, whose burning ambition is to live in a large house, and who regards a husband more or less as an adjunct to it.

Not the exacting girl, quick and passionate of temper, jealous of every other woman, suspicious to an insane degree, always fancying some neglect and resenting is.

Not the sharp-tongued girl, with the quick repartee and the witty sarcasm.

Not the smart girl, with her frequent changes of costume, her inordinate extravagance and her devotion to fashion.

The most lovable type of girl is the old-fashioned. The girl who thinks in many things as her great-grandmothers did before her; the girl who is glad of a man's protection, his arm across a street, his help over a stile, his assistance in carrying parcels, his escort to the theater—the girl who could stand alone, if she had to do it, but who greatly prefers to be spared the necessity.

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When you find a girl who has kept the friends she made at her first school, for whom other women would do almost anything, the sunshine of home and the delight of old people and children, you may be sure you have found the most lovable type of girl.—McCall's Magazine.

HIS FIRST SPEECH

A young debater, in asking our advice upon methods of preparation, complains that "nerves and memory" combined to play and havoc with his best laid plans for his maiden effort at set discussion. His passing failure should hearten him to greater effort. Some of the ablest young men speakers that we know began as (apparently) rank failures. "It is very well," said Fox, one of England's greatest orators, "for a young man to distinguish himself by a brilliant first speech. He may go on, or he may be satisfied. Show me a young man who has not succeeded at first, and *has yet gone on*, and I will back *him*." And who has not heard of Disraeli sitting down, with his whole soul writhing under the cat-o'-nine-tails blows of shouts of derisive laughter from all parts of the British House of Commons? It was *his* maiden debate, too. But he had grit enough left to say: "I have begun several times many things, and have succeeded in them at least. I will sit down now, but the time will come when you *will hear me*." The time came even for the Disraeli dandy. Success yields, if to any, to the man who "begins several times."

A FORGER'S ADVICE

There is a man in Chicago, a convicted forger, who was successful in his criminal career for twenty years, but was caught and convicted at last. Once he was known as "Honest Pete," and his first forgery was one for which he fully intended, at the time, to make restitution. Out of his experience in crime—and with himself as an honest man changed into a criminal—he has given four maxims as a guide to young men in business. Here they are.

"Be honest in small things.

"Do not permit your conscience to become calloused.

"Be economical, and never risk other people's money, no matter how certain success may seem.

"Once you commit a wrong, make restitution immediately, for delay means ruin."

They are good maxims. Criminals know how to do right, but they stray from it just where these first three signposts are set to mark the road of right. To be strictly honest in small things, even the smallest, is the only safety against slipping into dishonesty little by little, without becoming conscious of it. "Honest Pete" began that way, and his advice comes out of practical experience.

A tender conscience, in business matters, is by some young men mocked at as a drawback. But a convicted forger knows that a conscience not calloused means security from ruin. He looks back over the downward steps of his own dishonor—extravagance, risky use of other people's money, crime to cover it up and final destruction. His advice has weight behind it for beginners to ponder. It is a warning shouted back from the gulf, to keep others from the brink.—Catholic Citizen.

A LESSON FOR OUR BOYS

Here is a little lesson in courtesy for our boys:

General Lee was in the car going to Richmond one day, and was seated at the end farthest from the door. The other seats were filled with officers and soldiers. An old woman, poorly dressed, entered at one of the stations, and finding no seat, and having none offered her approached the end where the general was seated. He immediately arose and gave her his place.

Instantly there was a general rising, each one offered his seat to the general. But he calmly said: "No, gentlemen, if there was no seat for the infirm old woman, there can be none for me."

The effect was remarkable. One after another got out of the car. The place seemed to be too hot for them, and the general and old lady soon had the car to themselves.

WIT AND HUMOR

TRUE THRIFT.

"When visiting a certain town in the Midlands," says a medical man, "I was told of an extraordinary incident wherein the main figure, an economical housewife, exhibited, under trying circumstances, a trait quite characteristic of her. It seems that she had by mistake taken a quantity of poison—mercurial poison—the antidote for which, as all should know, comprises the whites of eggs. When this antidote was being administered, the order for which the unfortunate lady had overheard, she managed to murmur, although almost unconscious: 'Mary, Mary! Save the yolks for the puddings!'"

The foreman of a large iron-works, being short of laborers one morning, as a last resource went to an old "tramp" who was having a free 'doss" at one of the furnaces, and roused him up with the following:

"I say, my man, are you wanting work?"

"What kind of work?" asked the tramp.

"Can you do anything with a shovel?"

"Yes," replied the tramp, rubbing his eyes: "I could fry a piece of ham on it."

He is a very discreet man who never says either too much or too little. At a business meeting the chairman announced: "Brother Skinner submits his resignation as a member of this society. What action shall be taken upon it?" "I move, sir," said one of the parliamentarians present, "that the resignation be accepted, and that a vote of thanks be tendered to Brother Skinner.

THE MARQUIS OF RIPON

A GREAT YET A SIMPLE MAN

According to an old Latin proverb, *honores mutant mores*—"Honors alter conduct;" which, being interpreted, simply means in our every-day vernacular that some men cannot stand prosperity; or, according to the homely old adage, "Mount a beggar on horseback and he will ride to destruction." There is wholesome food for reflection in that Latin apothegm; for honors or wealth, being gifts of God, were never intended to alter the recipients for the worse. Nay, they are meant not only to improve our material lot, but to elevate our character and transform our nature to higher and nobler. If they do otherwise, there is inherent weakness, some vitiated quitch of nature, in the men whom they degrade or debase.

That they do degrade and debase is all too evident in the life of the world about us. The "insolence of office" and the abuse of "a little brief authority" have become proverbs for the parvenu spoiled by power. The *novus homo*, the "new rich," riding roughshod over his former associates excites our disgust daily, for he is all too common in this materialistic age. The mushroom Croesus violating every law of God and man; the plutocrat debauching legislatures and corrupting politics for his selfish ends; the millionaire of to-day who was the toiler of yesterday, enriched by a sudden turn of fortune's wheel, by an unexpected corner of the market, repudiating the wife of his poverty for some gaudy paramour of his affluence—these things are too common to excite other than our contempt. They are, unfortunately, not so rare as to shock or surprise us.

We can only mercifully account for and tolerate them on the plea that whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. For their extravagant conduct is invariably an evidence of such insanity as inevitably ends in ruin. To them in their insolence applies the ancient warning: "Be not deceived; God is not mocked!" In this lies the consolation of the poor and oppressed.

But in contrast with such products of our materialistic and mammonistic civilization, how noble appears such a character as the late Marquis of Ripon, of whom it may be truly and devoutly said in the extreme of praise that, taken all in all, he was a man! What an example he offers our young men who would aspire to higher things! And the secret of his unspoiled greatness? His childlike faith in God was incorruptible. Therefore, did he truly in his life exemplify and splendidly illustrate the Golden Rule of all high and honorable action: "Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself!" Here is an example for Catholic youth to emulate.

"Great men are very simple," said the famous Jesuit, Father Bernard Vaughan, eulogizing the dead statesman at his funeral before the intellectually and officially great of England. "He, who was so ardent a politician, so keen a sportsman, and so ready a conversationalist upon a wide range of subjects, a Cabinet minister and a foreign viceroy, was in his spiritual life as simple as the child put before us by our Lord in the Gospel. He loved such pious practices as putting up a penny candle before our Lady's statue, placing a flower from his buttonhole at her feet, and telling her beads, and singing her hymns with a heart brimful to joy. His crucifix he liked to hold in the hollow of his hand, pressing it with pious ejaculations to his lips. Was he not a Catholic to his finger tips? Characteristic of him was the incident which I must tell you. Shortly before he breathed his last, his chaplain attempted to draw from his hand a crucifix that he might bless him with it, but our dying friend looked up, smiled, and with both hands clutched his cross, as though he meant to say, "I cannot part with it for a moment." When the end came, like a child falling asleep, he closed his eyes forever to this world, but he opened them to see the smile of the Master he served so loyally. May we not believe he heard the words: 'Well done, well done, enter into the joy of thy Lord?'"—Rosary Magazine.

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country of her people, and even consented to his children being educated in Austria. His only son became a monk, and his wife and daughters made many pious pilgrimages, and were unceasing in their prayers for his conversion.

In the fullness of time Lady Gerald died, exhorting her children to guard their faith and to return to their father.

Back once more in Ireland, they were pained to notice how miserable the old squire had become. Even the solace of sleep was denied him, and he was utterly wretched.

In the grey dawn of a chill November morning, some time after his wife's death, he heard a noise, which he thought proceeded from her room. He rose, went out, and stood irresolutely in the corridor, with his hand on the door-knob, but dreaded to enter. Conscience held him fast. He had a superstitious fear that her spirit, in some visible form, would [illegible]

Some time ago a very rich old Italian lady died, leaving to her heirs a colossal fortune. She was very pious, and, first of all, laid upon these heirs the obligation to remit to the Vatican 2,000,000 lire. The heirs were greatly embarassed by this bequest. They obtained a decision which should put the Vatican in possession of this legacy, but neither the Pope nor Cardinal Merry del Val would accept it. A bailiff was charged with the duty of giving notice of the judgment to the Holy See. He was unable to place this paper in the hands of Pius X. or in the hands of his secretary. He could not approach the Holy Father and entrance to the apartments of Msgr. del Val was prohibited.

He then devised a scheme. He learned that the Cardinal had gone to bathe in Lake Bracciano, some distance from Rome. At the moment when the Papal Secretary reappeared on the surface of the water after a plunge the bailiff was before the ministerial officer to place the paper under the nose of his Eminence. But the Cardinal, who is an excellent swimmer, made a dive, disappeared and next took refuge in a bathhouse, closing the door behind him.

A half hour later his Eminence was breakfasting at a restaurant. The repast ended, he asked for his bill. The garcon brought it to him, and upon the same plate the Cardinal found the official paper. The garcon was no other than the bailiff. His last trick had succeeded. The paper was served.—Le Cri de Paris.

Ejaculatory prayers can be made at all times, wherever we are or whatever we may be doing. And St. Francis teaches us that merely to keep ourselves peacefully and tranquilly in the presence of God, without other desire or pretension than to be near Him and to please Him, is of itself an excellent prayer.

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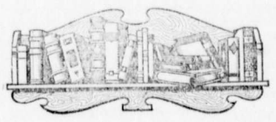

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