Good Habits Are A Life-Belt.

He makes rising and retiring comparatively easy by getting up and going to bed at a definite hour each day. He showers and shaves, brushes his teeth, his clothes, his shoes in a definite sequence, at a certain time, and reduces these necessary details to almost automatic, effortless habit. He goes to Mass and Communion cold mornings and fair, studies at his desk for definite periods every day and reduces the order of his day to habit. Everything seems easy for him. By repeated, conscious acts of the mind resistance to bad thoughts becomes instantaneous, easy as can be. Thus he makes habits, mental and physical, the life-belt on which he easily rides the heavy, salty waves.

Bad Habits Are A Death-Weight.

He putters around at night, puts off his bed-time, gets up only when he must, shaves and showers one day now another day then, studies only when the impulse drives him, goes to Mass and Communion this week once, next week every day, the following week not at all. Everything is hard for him, good works are dull and boresome. Wasteful disorder he makes the habitual tendency of his life. And this external disorder reflects the weak and panicky disorder of his mind... Habit he thus makes, not a life-belt, but a death-weight that constantly drags him down to the weedy bottom of the sea.

PRAYERS: (Deceased) Rev. Myles Kiley; Rev. Fr. F. S. Rant (St. Paul). Ill, Father Frank Cavanaugh C.S.C. (operation); (critically) father of Howard Korth (Prownson).