

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. THERE IS A MAN AT HAND FOR EVERY POSITION.

Proprietors of large concerns are often very much exercised by the death of a superintendent, a lieutenant who has managed with exceptional ability. They often think that very disastrous results will follow, and believe it will be almost impossible to fill his place; but, while they are looking around to find a man big enough for the place, some one, perhaps, who was under the former chief, attends to his duties temporarily, and makes even a better manager than his predecessor.

Young men are rising out of the ranks constantly, everywhere, who fill these positions oftentimes much better than those who drop out and almost impossible to fill. Do not be afraid to pile responsibility upon your employees. You will be amazed to see how quickly they will get on from under their load and what unexpected ability they will develop.

Many employers are always looking for people outside of their own establishments to fill important vacancies, simply because they cannot see or appreciate a man's ability until he has actually demonstrated it; but how can he demonstrate it until he has the chance?

There are probably to-day scores of young men in every one of our great business houses who are as capable as the present heads. There is no position that cannot be filled as well or better than it is being filled now, by someone who is still in the ranks and who has not yet been heard from in any distinctive way.

When some great statesman falls, the people often look about to find that there is apparently no one to fill his place; but from an unexpected source, perhaps from a little out of the way town, from the common ranks—remarkable men are always rising who are equal to the emergency.

When the first generals in the Civil War were found unequal to coping with the enemy, and when the newspapers and the people were lamenting the fact that no one was large enough to lead our armies to victory, a general who was a giant compared to all his predecessors, arose out of obscurity and became one of the greatest military geniuses in all history. Grant never knew what was in him until he was thrust into a position where every bit of his reserve power was summoned into action.

Then, for the first time, he tested the quality of his power, for the first time he got a glimpse of his possibilities. When the great slavery question cast such a black shadow over this whole nation, and it seemed as though we should be a divided people, "Abe" Lincoln came out of a log cabin and showed a chaotic people the way to the light. While Lincoln was conscious of latent power he never knew how great that force was until the whole weight of the war was thrust upon him. This was the emergency which showed the world how great a man Lincoln was. Some sides of his nature had been known before, but no occasion had been great enough, broad enough, to bring out the entire man.

The way to bring out the reserve in a man is to pile responsibility upon him. If there is anything in him this will reveal it. Some of us never quite come to our selves in fulness and power until driven to desperation. It is when we are shipwrecked like Robinson Crusoe upon an island with nothing but our own brain and hands, nothing but resources locked up deep in ourselves, that we really come to complete self discovery. A captain will never know what is in his men until they have been tested by a gale at sea which threatens ship wreck.

That there are great potencies and power possibilities within us which we may never know is proved by the tremendous forces that are aroused in ordinary people in some great crisis or emergency. The elevator boy may never have dreamed that there was anything heroic in his nature. He may never have thought there was a possibility of his rising in the world to the importance of the men whom he lifts to their offices; but the building takes fire and the boy whom nobody notices ever noticed or saw any signs of ability in, in a few minutes develops the most heroic qualities. He runs his elevator up through the burning floors when choked with smoke and the hot cable blisters his hands, and rescues a hundred people, who, but for him, might have lost their lives.

A ship is wrecked at sea, and a poor immigrant becomes the hero of the hour and commands a lifeboat, gives orders with calmness, authority, and force, when others have lost their heads. In fires and wrecks, in great disasters or emergencies of all kinds, are enacted deeds of daring and of sublime heroism, which, before the great test came, would have been thought impossible by those who did them. No one ever knows just how much dynamic force there is in him until tested by a great emergency or a supreme crisis. Oftentimes men reach middle life, and even later, before they really discover themselves. Until some great emergency, loss, or sorrow, has tested their timber they cannot tell how much strain they can stand. No emergency great enough to call out their latent power ever before confronted them, and they did not themselves realize what they would be equal to until the great crisis confronted them.

We have known of several instances where daughters reared in luxury were suddenly thrown upon their own resources by the death of their parents and the loss of their inherited fortunes. They had not been brought up to work, did not know how to do anything, had no trade, and had no idea how to earn a livelihood; and yet all at once they developed marvelous ability for doing things. The power was there, latent; but responsibility had not been thrust upon them. Young men suddenly forced into positions of tremendous responsibility by

accident or the death of their father are often not the same men in six months. They have brought out strong manly qualities which no one ever dreamed they possessed. Responsibility has made men of them.

Many people distrust their initiative because they have not had an opportunity to exercise it. The monotonous routine of doing the same work year in and year out does not tend to develop new faculties. All the mental powers must be exercised, strengthened, before we can measure their possibilities. I know young men who believe in everybody but themselves. They seem to have no doubt about other people accomplishing what they undertake, but are always shy about themselves: "Oh, do not put me at the head of this or that; somebody else can do it better than I." They shrink from responsibility because they lack self-faith.—O S. M. in Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. HOW THEY MADE A MAN OF JOHNNY.

By Rev. George Bamfield. CHAPTER XIII. FLIGHT.

It was perhaps not altogether without a little womanly malice that Susan Muttiebury called through all that heavy rain upon Mrs. Popwich. But it sounded like love, when she kissed Martha so heartily and said, "you see, my dear, I'm quite a draggie. The parish ought to pay me for sopping up the puddles as I come along. But the fact is I've had a letter from dear Joe, down at Thornbury, and I thought you'd like to hear it."

"Dear boy!" said Martha, with a frowning smile, and a raspy sweetness of voice. "I'm sure, Susan, he's a comfort to you if ever boy was, and I hope he 'as his 'ealth better, for last time I was down I thought he looked sadly; my Johnny was worth two of him. I hope, Susan, you won't lose so dear a lad, such a little sweet, too."

The two women visited outwardly they were friends; but they slew each other with kisses and kind words; Cleopatra-like they hid ass under flowers and fruits; every kiss was a bodkin, and every kind word a needle, with which they pricked each other's souls.

Joe writes quite cheery," said Susan, "he tells nothing, but your Johnny has been in the infirmary. I hope they take care of him, for those stout lads go off sometimes sudden, like the snuff of a candle. He's no time to lose in the infirmary; your Jack was always a bright cheerful boy, more fond of play than of lessons."

"True for you, Susan; Johnny was never one of your book maggots. None the worse for that may be. You and I have done very well without much education Susan."

"You may say that, Martha. It's five-and-twenty year to morrow since I married Muttiebury, and a happier woman never was since, nor a better husband to be found nowhere. It's our Silver Jubilee as it's the fashion to call it, and that's another reason I had for visiting my old school friend in all the rain."

There was a touch of real friendship and tenderness in Mrs. Muttiebury's voice which deserved a better answer than she got. "I congratulate you, Susan; since you didn't get my Michael, you ain't done so much amiss. But Muttiebury ain't Popwich to my thinking. Five-and-twenty years ago! Lor! I can remember when you were no higher than my knee."

"Yes!" said Susan, "five and twenty years ago! There I was serving at the bar, you know, for my father, not thinking nothing about any such thing, when in comes a gentleman and says 'a pint of half-and-half, Miss, if you please.' I thought he looked hard at me, and he spoke so civil and nice, and I just stepped into the inner room for a moment and I heard him say to his friend, 'That's my wife,' says he, 'if ever I has one.' He was struck that sudden. Well! I don't know what took me, but I turned round sharp and says—'it was anything but a compliment, and I was sorry the moment after—'Who do you think, I says, 'would have such a fool as you?' However, he didn't seem to care, and he came down next Sunday thinking to see me at High Mass, but I'd gone on purpose to the 7 o'clock Mass—though I did love Father Cleary's preaching at the 11 o'clock—but I happened to look through the curtain of my room up stairs, and there I saw him hanging about after Mass. And Sunday after Sunday Muttiebury kept steady, and here I am, you see, a happy woman, the mother of twelve."

"Well! Susan, dear, and no one gladder than your old friend Martha. Matches are begun under heaven, they say; though they sometimes end, I'm thinking, in the other place. But now for Joe's letter."

"Thornbury School, February 8,—" Darling Mother—I hope you're not fretting after me; you're a great hand at fretting when there's nothing to fret for, and I'm sure there's nothing to fret for about me. I am as happy as a bird, and up early as early—earlier, I think, for we got up long before it's light, at 5:30 in the middle of the night Poppy calls it."

"Who's Poppy?" put in Martha. "Oh! that's his way of calling your Johnny."

"Like his impudence," said Mrs. Popwich snappishly. "Lor! Martha he don't mean nothing, boys will be boys." Susan read on.

"It's precious cold sometimes, and inside boy's warmer than outside, but up we have to get when the bell rings, except Sundays; oh! isn't it jolly on Sundays to lie awake and hear the clock strike 6, and know you've got another hour in bed, and turn round and see all warm and cozy under the bedclothes. Well! then at 6:30 we go to Mass, at which we say prayers, and sing hymns. Johnny and I are both in the choir, and Pop sings lovely."

"Ah!" said Martha, "he always did have a fine voice."

"Though he's jolly lazy at it," added Susan, quickly, "and sometimes gets a tanning over it which makes him sing a different tune."

"The villains!" said Martha, "do they dare to lay a finger on him?" "Then we come in for breakfast, and then play, or listen to the band practice. The band does play fine; I'm learning the Clarinet and Johnny would have a Saxhorn if he wasn't so lazy, and would do what he's told."

"Lazy!" said Martha, with her voice getting raspy, "why can't he leave Johnny alone? Always Johnny, and not much good to say of him."

"O Martha, dear, it's natural being neighbors, and they're friendly before they went to school."

"In school I am learning ever so many things; I like Latin; and Virgil, the part we're reading—all about an old fellow that lost his bees—is fine. You know, mother darling, it's good for me, because I'm going to be a priest, and say Mass for you and father when you're dead."

"Bless the boy!" shrieked Martha, "does he want to bury you both already?" "It's my birthday next Wednesday week, and I shall be fifteen. Send us please some of your cakes, you know the sort I like, there's a good mother, and send lots that the fellows may have some. Give my love to Dad, tell him to write to me—and send me the Universe and the Catholic Times when you can."

Tell Mrs. Popwich Johnny is in the infirmary but I don't think it's much—half a pint of stout, and a good mother, and send lots that the fellows may have some. Give my love to Dad, tell him to write to me—and send me the Universe and the Catholic Times when you can."

"The impudent brat!" muttered Martha. "Good bye; Your affectionate son, JOSEPH MUTTEBURY."

"Give my respectful love to father Witten as you see him. Say I don't forget a Hail Mary for him every night."

He seems happy, Martha, don't he?" said the fond mother. "That's more than Johnny is I'm thinking," said Mrs. Popwich. "But Lor! Susan, what's that?"

It was 9 o'clock and the rain was driving the storm, half rain, half sleet, furiously against the window pane, and making the door as if it wanted to be set in as a guest; but between the walling gusts was heard a half-frightened tap at the door, and the smothered wailing of a human voice. The latch was lifted, and there walked into the room, as if by right, a pitiable looking creature, drenched through with rain, his face pinched and white with frost, his hands black with cold, his hair tangled and matted over his eyes, and dripping the wet in showers from cap, and clothes, and feet, as he shambled with his soaked shoes about the room.

Martha caught the wet bundle of rags in her arms and hugged it, all dripping as it was, to her breast. "My darling Johnny," she sobbed, "my darling, darling Johnny, they've half-killed him; they've half-killed him; and some minutes passed before the more sensible Mrs. Muttiebury could make her old school-fellow rouse herself to the thought that not a moment was to be lost in taking off the dripping clothes, putting the boy into a good dry bed, and giving him such restoratives that might avert the probable cold.

When all this was done, Susan took her departure home, and the anxious mother sat by the bedside holding the boy's hand in her own, and asking him the reasons and the story of his escape from school.

TO BE CONTINUED.

If the paralytic man had been cured in the first beginning of his illness, instead of lingering in sickness according to the ordinary course of nature, he would not have edified others and advanced the glory of God, by offering the spectacle of a soul full of life and of an enduring patience in body already half-dead. But help comes at last, for the Loving Friend of our souls will never "suffer us to be tempted above that which we are able."—Abbe Henri Perreyve.

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UNMASKING

A few years ago the Rev. R. J. Campbell, who succeeded the Rev. Joseph Parker as pastor of the City Temple, London, created quite a stir in the Protestant world by his "new theology," which was hailed by many Protestants as the ushering in of a higher and purer form of religion. The doctrine set forth by the pastor of the City Temple, when analyzed, resolved themselves into a form of Modernism, and therefore came within the scope of the condemnations embodied in the Ecumenical Pascendi Gregis. At first the "new theology," like Modernism, indulged in generalities more or less vague. It was not so outspoken in its rejection of the essentials of Christianity as to shock Protestants who did not perceive the trend of Rev. R. J. Campbell's teachings.

In course of time, however, the advocates of the "New theology" have grown bolder. They now openly reject the very foundation on which Christianity is based, namely, the divinity of Christ. The following cable dispatch explains itself:

London, March 3.—The Rev. R. J. Campbell, pastor of City Temple, publishes a letter addressed to all free churchmen and other sympathizers proposing to form a new sect and organization for an active propaganda in behalf of his "new theology," the central idea of which is the denial of the divine origin of Christ, whom he regards as merely a social reformer.

Mr. Campbell's reason for this step, he says, is the hostile attitude of the official element in the churches to new movement.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell, unlike the Modernists, does not believe in remaining a member of a Church whilst trying to undermine it. He would have a brand new sect of his own, which cannot be called Christian without doing violence to the word Christian. If the Founder of Christianity were merely a social reformer gifted with the highest intellectual and moral qualities, but only human, then Christians for almost two thousand years have been worshipping as God a mere man.

What then becomes of Christianity? It ceases to exist for those who accept the "new theology." They may call themselves what they may, but they are not Christians. Protestantism, with its lack of authority, cannot make such effective resistance to the propagation of the teachings of the "new theology" as the Catholic Church has to the spread of Modernism. Pius X. issued his now famous Ecumenical Pascendi Gregis, and Modernism in the Catholic Church simply wilted. Who in the Protestant Church possesses a similar potency to stay the ravages made by the "new theology," which threatened to eliminate from the Protestant sects every trace of Christianity?

The new sect which the pastor of the City Temple is about to found will be another added to the many existing dissidents that are actively at work disintegrating Protestantism in Eng-

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land. If the Rev. Campbell and his followers succeed in acquiring great numerical strength in England and in all likelihood they will, the "new theology" undoubtedly will cross the Atlantic and make headway in America, causing American Protestantism to further relax its grasp on Christian doctrines and principles. As it is but one of the forms of Modernism, we can see and appreciate the wisdom and the foresight of Pius X. in exposing the character of a cleverly disguised assault upon the very essentials of Christianity.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Let us Forget.

The Right Rev. Bishop Hedley, of Newport, England, in the latest of his clear and impressive pastorals, writes thus of the Catholic's duty, too generally neglected, of knowing his religion:

"It is a rare thing to find Catholics in those days who have any grasp of the length and breadth of their own religion. This is a great misfortune. In simpler days, when there were fewer books and no newspapers, the elementary notions of Christianity sank into the mind and heart, and entered into the very substance of thought and intellectual life. Now our crowds and our faith have to fight with every kind of error and with every variety of speculation. The minds of men are preoccupied, and God's science finds no room. That is the reason why educated Catholics in these days have to learn their religion well. True, a Catholic can be a good Catholic and yet be quite unlearned. The poor and the workers are not expected to sit over books or to go to school again. Yet it must not be forgotten that in these days even the unlearned read. And if they read at all, they must not neglect to read about their religion, or else they lose their hold on their religion."

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