

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

WHAT PERSISTENCE CAN ACCOMPLISH

A striking example of what courage and perseverance can do is afforded in the person of the Hon. David Moylan, elected Judge of the Municipal Court, Cleveland, Ohio.

sensual enjoyment. In a word, the greatest man will be he who most abounds in wealth and luxury.

But this life is not our only life, and our destiny is not accomplished here. The grave is not our final doom; this world is not our home; we were not created for this world alone, and there is for us a life beyond this life.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BE HELPFUL

Look out for others. If you are strong, so much the more should you keep an eye out to see where and when you can help one less favoured than yourself.

A number of robust, active boys were busy in playing baseball, while a little lame fellow, about twelve, pale and sickly, stood leaning on his crutches, evidently very sorry that he was not able to take part in the exciting game.

TWENTY GOLDEN MAXIMS

- 1. He does not really believe who does not live according to his belief. 2. Tell not all you know, believe not all you hear, judge not all you see, do not all you can.

Why, Jimmy," said one, at last, forgetting himself for a moment, "you can't run, you know."

"Oh hush!" answered another, the tallest by of the party. "Never mind, I'll run for him, and you can count it for him."

A BRAVE LITTLE SOLDIER

A great surgeon from across the sea was visiting in a small southern city, and because he knew so much about some kinds of disease all of the hospitals and doctors within reach wanted his help.

One morning he was visiting, with a doctor, the different wards of a children's hospital. The morning was clear and warm and the sky outside was heavy and gray, as if a storm might break any minute.

The sick children were nervous and restless and fretful, while the crippled ones complained of everything and soon grew tired of books and pictures.

The hospital was not out in the green fields or down by the seashore, but right in the heart of the city, where low roofs and other houses and a strip of blue sky made up the outlook from the window.

Even the house doctor and the nurses looked fagged out and tired and the great surgeon seemed depressed by it all.

"You've no business with a hospital down here in the city," he said sharply, "and especially a hospital for children!"

"Well, you mustn't blame me for that!" said the doctor irritably, and they might have gone on and said more that was quite as useless, only just then a wonderful mocking bird poured out his rich whistling song all through the dark building.

The surgeon stopped short and listened, and soft lights came into his steely blue eyes and little tender smiles began settling down on his rugged face.

"A nightingale, here in this country?" he said wonderingly. "No, it must be your southern mocking bird that I've read so much about. How wonderful it is! It makes one believe in angels!"

"It's a little human bird," answered the doctor, with a tender softness in his voice. "That's our Little Soldier."

"A soldier in a children's hospital?" asked the surgeon. "I don't understand that."

"Well, you know there are two kinds of soldiers," said the doctor. "One kind wear bright uniforms with gold lace and shining swords and go marching off to war; and the others wear no uniforms at all, but just stay at home and face their duty every day as it comes along. Our Little Soldier is one of this kind."

Then the doctor led the way to where a small boy with a thin white face sat by an open window. One leg was all bound up in an iron brace and little twinges of pain now

and then flew over his sensitive face, but a brave light shone out of his true blue eyes, and the most beautiful bird music came out of his little whistling throat.

The great surgeon tipped sootily over to where the Little Soldier sat, and touching him gently on the arm said, "How do you do, my lad?"

"Oh," said the boy, smiling as best he could, "it's the pain that makes me do it so much. You know when you are hurting very, very much you just can't be quiet, and if you don't whistle you have to groan, and whistling seems much braver, and then it's much nicer for other people who have to listen to you. On days when the leg doesn't hurt so much I can read to the other fellows in here or I can paint pictures, but when the pain is too bad I can't do anything but whistle or groan, and whistling seems better."

Then the great surgeon from overseas threw his head back to keep some tears from spilling out of his steely blue eyes, and taking a small iron cross from the inside of his coat he stooped over and pinned it on the shabby little coat of the brave Little Soldier.

"There, my boy," he said tenderly, "there's the Cross of the Legion of Honor from my country. My king gave it to me for a trading service, and I thought you were proud of it; but to-day I have met a man who shames my courage and deserves it more than I."

The Little Soldier said, "Thank you!" very sweetly, and then as the two men left the building they noticed the other children had quit fretting, and the house doctors and nurses were smiling or chatting good naturedly together, while the golden music filled the place with happiness.

"It's always that way," said the doctor, with a little chuck in his voice. "We are doing what we can for the little chap and hoping and praying for him to get well, but all we can do isn't half what he does for us."—Francis McKinnon Morton, in S. S. Times.

"INTER-CHURCH CONVERSIONS"

A few weeks ago an Episcopalian weekly printed a leader under this heading. Its purpose was to contrast the difference "between the Anglican and the Roman spirit in the treatment of converts."

The Roman plan is to herald each one by name and to make a great ado over it. The Anglican plan is to say nothing out of deference to the individual. With this leader in mind, we opened with some surprise the annual calendar printed by this same weekly; almost the first thing to attract our notice was a paragraph entitled "Ministers Received." This gave the names and particulars of twenty-six clergymen who let other denominations for the Episcopal Church during the past year.

They were able in almost every case, by consulting our files, to find a full notice of each of these conversions, in the pages of the very week which has coolly stated that "the Anglican plan is to say nothing!" To give instances, it will surely not be denied that the Italian ex-priest—who played a confidence trick on the Protestant Bishop of Missouri, received a volume of advertising? Then again, there is the case of that clerical "nobelman," who after crying several religions, and being "dissected" by Villattini, Bishop there being no prospect of employment in the Catholic Church—announced himself as the leader of a great Hungarian movement towards Anglicanism. He received for many weeks a remarkable amount of publicity through the favor of the self-same weekly, until it was discovered that he did not have a Catholic following, nor even a church building. We could multiply instances. All it is denied that the decision of Mr. Carroll, the author of the "N. W. Theology" and the minister of the City Temple, London, to renounce Non-Conformity for the Established Church, has not received due notice? The truth is, there is no paper in the United States more eager to publish conversions than the one in question. It only suppresses information when the case is not creditable. We convict it, from its own pages, of making a most glaring misstatement of fact.

There is more than this. The leader goes on to minimize the importance of any inter church conversion. "Religious affiliations rest all too lightly upon American Christians." There is a great deal of drift going on, we are told. We think this is true to a certain extent, but there is an error in such a sweeping generalization. All "conversions" are not due to drift. The twenty-six clergymen mentioned above can scarcely be said to have drifted into the Episcopal Church. The eighty-six ministers who have left the Anglican Church in England during the past five years—we have a complete list of their names—can scarcely be said to have drifted into the Catholic Church. There are some conversions which are significant. The conversion of one who exercises the pastoral office in any Church must have some notable cause.

As between those who have passed from Canterbury to Rome and vice versa, a contrast has been made in the methods of their treatment. We, too, can make a contrast. It is nothing to do with the amount of advertising they have severally received. In the first place, we can

show that a conversion to the Catholic Church is radically different from a defection from it. In the second place, we can point out that the feeling that Catholics have about their converts is generally different from that which Anglicans have about theirs. We instance the Anglican Church, because it is always harping on the convert question. For the other denominations the drifting process is more the obvious one.

A conversion to Catholicity is totally different from a conversion to Protestantism. The difference is not only contradictory; it is also contrary. One who enters the Catholic Church must make a confession of faith; he must undergo a course of instruction; he must bind himself to a stricter discipline; he must encounter the opposition of the world; in nearly every case he must make sacrifices. In a word, he deliberately chooses a harder road for an easier one. The change of faith hinges on the spiritual. The convert must at least profess that he becomes a Catholic because he wishes to save his soul. But a convert to Protestantism has merely to drop out of his previous allegiance. He has to renounce rather than affirm. He proclaims his disbelief, not his belief. He throws off one yoke without accepting another. He needs no convictions, except that he does not wish any longer to live as a Catholic. He undergoes no instructions. He merely ceases to be a Catholic, and by the force of gravitation he finds himself a Protestant. His attachment to any particular denomination is the result of environment rather than conviction. He doesn't even have to climb down; he merely falls down, and some Church picks him up. There may be unworthy conversions to Catholicity, but there are no worthy defections from it. No one ever left the Catholic Church for a high motive. No saint ever became a Protestant, while many Protestants have become Catholics.

No fallen away Catholic ever became even a Protestant saint, if there are such people. They tell us King Charles I. of England was one. No Catholic ever renounces the Catholic Church, but idolizers for a time, but posterity tells the truth, and the idol tumbles from its pedestal. In a certain sense a fallen away Catholic is even more a witness to the truth of Catholicity than is a convert to the faith. The latter may be unworthy, but the former is never worthy. He goes out of the Church in proof that his soul is not of it. He has either lost his faith his morals or else his vital principle. They tell us King Charles I. became an Anglican in order to save his soul; the very notion of such a thing is ludicrous. Whatever his motives were, they were at least of a less high character. If he has been a priest, maybe he wants to marry, to enter "society," to assent his independence, to spite his superiors, but not to save his soul. 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