

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

HOW JIM HILL LEARNED TO BE HIS OWN MASTER

I have been surprised, in looking over the sketches of Hill which have fallen under my eye since his death, to observe how one incident is ignored, which, as he told me thirty-odd years ago, had marked the first important turning-point in his life.

It occurred when, as a young man, he went, with a fellow clerk and in a very small way, into a fur-trading venture in the Hudson Bay country. He had always felt, up to that time, more or less dependent on others for his chances to get ahead in life.

Then, for the first time in his life, he told me, he dropped upon his knees and committed himself to the mercy of God. When he rose his heart was strengthened, and he felt himself to be a full-sized man, who must thereafter stand on his own two feet and make his own way without leaning on others or trusting blindly to luck.

UNDERSTAND YOUR OPPONENT'S THEORY

It is useless to argue unless we first understand one another, define exactly what we mean by the terms at issue, and have a true idea of each other's point of view.

Two very able men, who are keenly interested in social problems, met the other day for the first time. They had long known of each other by reputation and they had been eager to meet. They were soon plunged in a discussion.

The little episode set me thinking. Is there so much disagreement in the world, after all? Is not a great deal of the disagreement either verbal or self-assertive? Where people believe strongly they have a tendency to try to put down those who do not wholly agree with them.

It is a dangerous thing to use up all of your physical and mental energy as you go along. You should not, as so many people constantly do, encroach upon your reserve. You should use each day only the force which is generated during the twenty-four hours.

Go to any seaside resort and note the attitude of our American boys and girls. Down on the sands the young people are bathing or lolling in the sun. Bright covered novels lie beside them—suggestive stories mostly—bought at the newsstand and—must I say it bought for that very reason, and to indulge an unwholesome curiosity, because some one had said, "Don't read that book, it's dreadfully wicked, but fascinating; you can't stop until you finish it."

My professors, however, would have none of this. Their teaching demanded a "sacrificium intellectus" in favor of the formula: "It is written." But who among them really knew "what was written?" This was the thought I used often to have. For the last four hundred

books that are for sale, and in our public libraries too. Parents should be very careful of allowing their children to choose books indiscriminately in the public library. Last week I can bear witness that one of the worst books, and by a reputable writer, too, came under my notice.

Now, these emergencies come to all of us at one time or another, and they are the test of our reserve strength. If we do not have sufficient we pay the penalty in shattered health.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

VACATION SHOULD NOT MEAN THE END OF ALL MENTAL ACTIVITY

The end of June will see a rush of sweet girl graduates and strong boy graduates off to the seaside or country, there to recuperate after their studies and triumphant final. Many of them will cast aside their books for the Summer months and give themselves wholly to enjoyment.

It is but right that enjoyment should follow labor, whether it is physical or mental work. No one can be expected to study all the time; but is it right that the lessons learned during the year should be put entirely out of sight? Brains rust as well as weapons, and as brains are our most powerful weapon in the battle of life, we should not give them even the slightest chance of losing their sharpness and brilliancy.

This advice is only for the healthy boy and girl who have sustained only natural brain fatigue through their studies for graduation. It is not for the delicate young people who have exhausted all their energies, mentally and physically, to accomplish victory in their studies. Let this latter class spend every moment in the open. Let books be a dead letter to them. Let them think only of one thing; to regain as quickly as possible their lost energies and health.

But these delicate boys and girls are only a few among the naturally robust young people who form the great majority. Our American boys and girls, as a rule, are healthy, and thus the question presents itself: why should they make haste to lose the results of their year's studies in sheer idleness, when a little forethought in selecting some choice study for the Summer months, instead of lessening their enjoyment would add to the pleasures of their holiday existence? Every boy and girl has a favorite study, something he or she takes delight in learning. With some it is history, poetry, or good reading, as the case may be.

I grew ever more accustomed to consider Protestantism as a whole and to compare it with Catholicism. I saw how the Protestant people became indifferent, because one contradicted the other on the most important questions, and one made the other skeptical about his faith. I saw how the enemies of the Cross found it easy to gain adherents to their anti-Christian propaganda and how powerless against them were even the most vigilant Lutherans.

It was in this state of mind, while I was still in Berlin, that the desire to oppose the enemies of Christ drove me into a movement organized by certain young men who wished to be very Christian, but without being affiliated with any church. At this time, having received the impulse to become a missionary, I attended a theological seminary in Bavaria. This institution maintained a pronounced conservative tendency and imitated the Catholic Church more than other Lutheran bodies.

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Every one should keep in his physical bank a large reserve of energy for emergencies. It may occur in your business, when your precious capital may be in jeopardy and you have to draw very heavily upon your reserve. It may come to the lawyer in some critical case upon which his whole reputation and future hang. He may be obliged to work day and night to save his client and his own reputa-

tion. It may come to the physician in times of great epidemics, when he can get very little rest. It comes often to the mother, in sickness in the family, when for weeks she may have to watch over her loved ones with only the minimum of rest and sleep.

There are so many splendid Catholic novels now that it should be easy to gratify a taste for good reading. Not so long since Catholic works could not be had in public libraries. Now all that is changed. One has only to ask for a book by a good writer to get it. By Catholic books I do not mean religious books, but books that have been written by men and women for the amusement and instruction of youth, books that have a distinct charm, love stories of the purest kind—none of your triangle business with divorce as an outlet for unhappy marriages, and shameless men and women posing as hero and heroine. Such filth should be thrown into the fire and burned, before it gets leave to do its deadly work of ruining souls.

Study while on your holidays, whether it is only good novels or history or poetry—study. It will help to keep your minds busy—and you know the old adage, "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." Consider how much mischief the Master of darkness can do with brains. Keep your minds in unison with nature, fresh and pure, and you will spend happy holidays and return in the Fall refreshed in mind and body.

THE CONVERSION OF A LUTHERAN MINISTER

Translated from the German by Rev. A. A. Miller, S. J., for "The Catholic Convert."

Mr. Friederich Schuchard, of Dubuque, Iowa, one-time Lutheran pastor, was received into the Church with his wife and five children a year ago. He is a direct lineal descendant of Philip Melancthon, who was Luther's most noted associate.

My father, who was himself a Lutheran pastor, died in Cairo, Ill. In his last years he had inclined towards the Episcopal Church, and he received the last Communion from the hands of an Episcopal clergyman. After my father's death my mother went with her five children to Germany. I was at that time only five years old. At an early age I became identified with what might be called an "opposition" religious party, which was directed against the usurpations of the civil power in ecclesiastical affairs. This party arose at the time when the Catholic Church in Germany was passing through the historic Kulturkampf. We fought valiantly, but soon the lack of the necessary co-ordination and subordination among the pastors became apparent. Schisms arose among the party small as it was, and the different factions turned against one another.

These impressions received in my boyhood days accompanied me all through life, and in my subsequent studies of Church history helped me to explain psychologically the many dissensions existing in Protestant Church affairs. And later when I myself belonged as pastor to one of the many Lutheran parties I came to know that among Lutherans there never had been unity, and never would be, least of all in doctrine.

I grew ever more accustomed to consider Protestantism as a whole and to compare it with Catholicism. I saw how the Protestant people became indifferent, because one contradicted the other on the most important questions, and one made the other skeptical about his faith. I saw how the enemies of the Cross found it easy to gain adherents to their anti-Christian propaganda and how powerless against them were even the most vigilant Lutherans.

After persistently refusing to give credence to the frequently repeated statement that teachers are "extraneous" in their tendencies," the New England Journal of Education finds that of late the evidence has become too conclusive to be rejected. The suicide of a city school superintendent in Michigan and of a professor in Johns Hopkins University on almost the same day, together with other similar instances preceding and following these events, induced the educational journal to issue a formal warning under the startling headline: "Mania for Suicides among Teachers." That such a warning is thought necessary for the teachers of our non-Christian institutions is certainly lamentable; but the motive urged to prevent such deeds is, if possible, even more pitiful. It strikingly indicates how weak are the props of morality when religion is removed. "It is important," says the journal, "that teachers realize that the whole profession suffers when one of them goes wrong in life, or in going out of life." A slight deterrent indeed for the man who stands prepared to break into the sanctuary of life and willfully to cast aside the canons which God has set against self-slaughter!

Side by side with this illustration which is only one sad evidence of

what "intellectuality" accomplishes without God, may be placed an example of the defilement of the pride of intellect which is common in our day. It is taken from an article in the Atlantic Monthly containing a frank plea for a rejuvenated paganism whose high priests are to be chosen from among our university professors. The Church of the Living God is disclaimed, and the devotees of the new cult are invited to stroll into the temple of Minerva, there to find peace for both "eye and mind." They are to keep alive the fire of intellectual light "by setting apart a priesthood, a body of intellectual men who shall worship the God of truth and Him alone. The professors at Harvard, Yale, and elsewhere constitute, or should constitute such a priesthood. The "truth" referred to here is the negation of Christianity and Revelation.

This is the cult of the pagan philosophers of our day who would erect over the ruins of the Christian temple the shrines of Venus and Minerva. It is the cult from which have arisen the disasters of our time, wars and suicides and the idolizing of the things of the flesh. The non-Christian university is a fit place wherein to set up this modern Baal.—America.

The fact that in Germany the Zeitgeist (meaning "Spirit of the Age," a materialistic movement), threatened at one time to sweep everything before it until it met its most powerful antagonist in the Catholic Church, while it has always found its best friends among the Protestants, must give food for serious reflection to every one who has not forgotten how to pray: "Thy kingdom come." Yet in the face of these facts, which became increasingly plain to me, my Lutheran friends kept on disputing whether the Pope was the anti-Christ in person or had only the characteristics of anti-Christ.

My conviction grew all the while stronger that the institution of the Papacy is divine, is the rock against which the spirit of anti-Christ will be dashed to pieces, and that Christianity without this institution would have been wrecked long ago.

Therefore I submitted joyfully to the authority of the Pope! God's grace had led me on, by placing me in circumstances from my early years which challenged my criticism of the Protestant system.

On hearing of my conversion some of my friends were good enough to say that it was due to my dullness. This accusation may easily have been true; of one thing I am certain that I was too dull as a Lutheran pastor to defend the particular brand of Lutheranism I knew, against its many other varieties. I admit also that I was too dull to get my pupils to examine independently, without a teaching authority, but at the hand of the Bible alone, whether the "Confession of Augsburg," or the "Formula of Concord," or the "Schmalkaldian Articles" had any right to exist, and whether all other shades of Protestantism outside our own possessed the truth that we believed we held.

I feel flattered, however, at the way the Lutheran pastors took the news of my conversion. One of them, who hates the Catholic Church, said I was too honest to become a Catholic; the other, who loves the Catholic Church, said I was too honest to remain a Lutheran.

REMEMBER: THEY ARE BLIND

A memorable lesson on the treatment of fanatical bigots, whose violence and abuse are sometimes so hard to bear, has been left by the late Lister Drummond, the zealous English convert, as recorded by the Ave Maria. One of his many friends and admirers, probably an associate with him in the activities of the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom, writes: "He was once asked if he had ever had serious trouble at his meetings in the Park, and replied in the negative, attributing his success always to keeping his temper, no matter how ridiculous or offensive the questions might be. He asked us to consider the case of a man entering your well-kept garden and trampling all the flowers down, walking on the beds, etc. If you saw this from a window you would immediately rush out, with the idea of kicking him out of the gate; but if on approaching him you found he was blind, your feeling of anger would change, and you would take him by the arm and lead him out of the garden. He begged us to remember always to treat those outside the Church in the same way."

SUICIDES AND THE CULT OF MINERVA

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A CRISIS IN CATHOLIC HISTORY

Thoughts of great moment for ourselves and for the Church universal must suggest themselves to American Catholics as they read the report of the United States Branch of the Society for Propagation of the Faith, together with the apposite remarks of the National Director. The total contribution of \$503,619.08, including stipends for Masses, may at first sight appear satisfactory enough. It is certainly an indication of an awakening of our dormant sense of missionary responsibility. Yet if we add to these receipts all other donations sent from our country to the foreign missions we will hardly arrive at a total of \$750,000, or about five cents per capita. Compare this with the \$18,798,000 contributed during the same period to the Protestant foreign missions by organizations in the United States and Canada.

It is sad, pitifully sad, to read that rich Catholics, rich congregations, fashionable colleges and academies, have with rare exceptions done little or nothing for this great work of God. Yet missionary zeal is a real test of faith; it is a most evident proof that men are seeking purely the Kingdom of God and its propagation upon earth. Catholic millionaires do not figure in the list. "They have no time to contribute to the propagation of their faith abroad, God grant they keep it themselves at home." If anywhere, it is here that one is tempted to speak in no uncertain tones. It is difficult to excuse from lukewarmness in his holy religion the Catholic who understands the intense need of his assistance at the present moment in the foreign mission field, and who nevertheless holds tight the purse-strings of his wealth.

sects are everywhere building schools and striving to train up a native clergy for their mission work. They are doing their utmost to make these missions self-supporting. They are accomplishing their work intelligently. God has left the promotion of the faith to human agents. He will not send His Angels from heaven to propagate it. This duty is ours: it is imposed upon American Catholics in particular, at this great crisis in human history. The Lord of the harvest has given us warnings and exhortations in abundance. The zealous handful of men engaged in rousing mission interest among the Catholic clergy and laity are doing their utmost. It depends upon us whether we will heed the call or neglect it. The conversion of the world is given into our hands, as far as by God's Providence that can be accomplished now. This is the opportunist hour and we must seize the opportunity given us and gladly respond to the call. Were every Catholic in the United States to give even one cent a month, the aggregate sum would be \$2,000,000 a year. All can contribute at least this much, and practically all can offer far more. The work must be organized thoroughly and carried out diligently in every parish of the land. Thus will God's blessing come to us at home a hundredfold.—America.

CHEATING THE TRUTH

The numberless converts that every day literally break into the Church, despite their prejudices, have received a splendid exemplification in the case of a recent distinguished convert. In the Chicago Examiner, he tells us: "I began my inquiry as an enemy," but, like many others, he ended it as a devoted friend. There are men really afraid that the truth will force them into the Church—the road of sacrifice leading heavenward. They would deem the discovery of Christ's truth a misfortune. They humbug themselves with their own shallow sophistry. They go through life in a state of religious coma induced by nervous indifference. They hush their consciences into a sickly quietude and think they are all right since they do not know, and believe they have not time to find out the truth. Such men are living in a state of mortal sin, for they are perpetually daring to trifle with God Himself in playing hop-scotch with eternal verities.

He who reasonably doubts of Protestantism, and does not investigate his doubts can no longer be said to be in good faith; his mental condition is essentially the outcome of bad faith. A baptized man who does not doubt of his false faith is in error, but not in sin. Quite different is it with the coward who fears to learn the truth lest he might lose the comforts of the world and the prestige to which thoughtless friends exalt him. He lives in a "fool's paradise," and runs to hide himself when wisdom shines in a stray ray. He is a coward, a liar, and a cheat—deceiving himself and daring to believe that his silly trickery deceives his God. Such men are the worst of fools, inasmuch as they fear to be wise.—Catholic Columbian.

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Advertisement for Old Dutch Fruit jars and Old Dutch Cleanser. Includes an illustration of a woman cleaning a jar and a can of cleanser.

Advertisement for Gurney Royal Oxford stove. Includes an illustration of the stove and text describing its features and price (\$46.50).

Advertisement for The Bell Telephone Co. of Canada. Includes a calendar for July 17 Monday and a telephone book.

Advertisement for Cherry Hill Vacation Camp and Tutoring School. Includes text about the camp and tutoring services.

Advertisement for Stained Glass Memorial Windows and Leaded Lights by B. Leonard Quebec P. Q. Includes an illustration of a stained glass window.