

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

HE MUST DIG

He wanted a job and like everyone else, He wanted a good one you know; Where his clothes would not soil and his hands would keep clean, And the salary mustn't be low. He asked for a pen, but they gave him a spade, And he half turned away with a shrug, But he altered his mind, and seizing the spade—he dug!

He worked with a will that is bound to succeed, And the months and the years went along. The way it was rough and the labor was hard, But his heart he kept filled with a song.

Some jeered him and sneered at the task, Why never did anything of Just as hard as he ever could plug; Their words never seemed to disturb him a bit—as he dug.

The day came at last when they called for the spade, And gave him a pen in its place. The joy of achievement was sweet to his taste,

And victory shone in his face. We can't always get what we hope for at first— Success cuts many queer jigs, But one thing is sure—a boy will succeed—if he digs.

SUCCESS LATE IN LIFE

It is a grievous delusion to imagine that there is no success ahead for those who have not achieved it early in life. Why never did anything of Just as hard as he ever could plug; Their words never seemed to disturb him a bit—as he dug.

It is never too late to begin to do better; and the very reversal of the attitude of mind, the turning about and facing the sun, so that the shadows fall at your back, will be a great encouragement to go forward.

A man of fifty, sixty or more, ought to be ashamed to say there is no chance for him. Read the life stories of those who never did anything of importance until they had passed the half century mark, and of those who have done great things after sixty, and you will be ashamed to give way to discouragement.

Life is a journey of progress, and there is no reason why we should not continue to develop, to improve, to the very end.—The Monitor.

GROW OR GO

Whether life shall be a success or a failure depends very largely upon the call we make on our resources, the extent to which we develop all our possibilities.

The other day, I was trying to encourage a young man who had the opportunity to start out for himself and not to settle down in a narrow groove to work for somebody else all his life. "I am afraid," he said, "I haven't the courage to take chances. I have always worked for somebody else. I have never made a program for myself; never started anything on my own responsibility. I don't care to make the attempt lest I fail."

That young man will never get hold of half of his resources, because he is afraid to trust himself. We don't know what we can do until we try, and unused faculties never grow or strengthen.

"Grow or Go" is the very suggestive motto hanging in a conspicuous place in the New York office of the president of one of our largest insurance companies.

HUMAN SYMPATHY THE KEY- NOTE OF SUCCESS

You often hear the expression: "That fellow has hosts of friends; people will do anything for him; how does he manage it?" The answer is easy. He remembers.

Had Burton written an Anatomy of Insult instead of his fearful tome on Melancholy, doubtless he would have pointed out that the worst insult one man can give another is to forget him. It is mental assassination.

For the same reason the very flower of compliment is to remember one who thinks he has been forgotten ten long ago. It is as if you carried all these years some little keepsake he gave you as a boy.

Years ago I knew slightly an eminent man. He had been governor of the State. He had a large law business. He was deep in politics. He was one of the busiest men in the city.

An old friend of mine celebrated his silver jubilee. There were many gifts of course, but I recall one particularly from the ex-governor. It was twenty-five beautiful roses.

I used to wonder how that man had gained his high position. The roses told the story. In all his varied occupations, sufficient to tire out a score of men, he took care not to let that occasion pass without sending his offering. He was one of those who remember.

It is a strange thing that most of the men who have earned enduring fame, whose figures loom up in history like colossi, all had a marvellous memory for names and faces.

Cesar never forgot anyone. Napoleon knew his soldiers by name. O'Connell was as much at home in the House of Commons. One he met a man he knew him always.

The gift of sympathy, like any other gift, may be developed. The trouble with the majority of folk is that they throttle it instead and concentrate their efforts blindly on their own selfish achievement.

Real advancement is not selfish; it brings not merely the principal agent but many others along with it. The self seeker does gain something, but each gain costs in public sentiment and disapproval far more than it is worth.

Doubtless "he travels fastest who travels alone," but he finds only loneliness at the end of the road. They who really win, win not only for themselves but for others. They who attain success that is satisfactory are the prodigals of sympathy, the men and women who in the fierce race of life always have time to pause and assist the halt, the blind and the lame.—Boston Pilot.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE WIND

I saw you toss the kites on high And blow the birds about the sky; And all around I heard you pass, Like ladies' skirts across the grass— O wind, a-blowing all day long, O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did, But always you yourself you hid, I felt you push, I heard you call, I could not see yourself at all— O wind, a-blowing all day long, O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold O blower, are you young or old? Are you a beast of field and tree Or just a stronger child than me, O wind, a-blowing all day long, O wind, that sings so loud a song!

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

THE SAINT OF THE IMPOSSIBLE

Tuesday, May 22nd, marks the five hundred and thirty fifth anniversary of the birth in a small Italian town of a child who grew up into womanhood unknown and unheard of save in a small circle. The world at that time did not know her—she lived privately and unostentatiously at her parents' home as a dutiful daughter; in her own home as the patient wife of an overbearing quarrelsome husband, and, for her declining years, as the humblest member of a humble religious community. Sixteen years ago, after scores of miracles had been wrought at her intercession, she was canonized, St. Rita of Cascia.

That, in summary, is the story of the life of the humble woman of God, whose birth anniversary has again rolled around. That is the story of the life of a woman whose sanctity was so great that she prayed to suffer as Christ suffered—and had her request granted. That is the story of the woman whose powers of intercession are so great as to have won for her title of "The Saint of the Impossible."

St. Rita was born in Cascia, Italy, on May 22, 1381, of humble parents. Little is known of her early life, save that she showed such a spirit of piety that her parents, themselves a holy couple, had constructed for her at home a cell wherein she might satisfy her devotion to Our Lord. It is known, also, that at the age of twelve she expressed a desire to enter upon the life of a religious.

Her parents, pious though they were, did not hide the sorrow and trouble they felt, and their tearful pleadings prevailed on Rita to put off until a better time the fulfilment of her noble purpose. She was given in marriage to a young man, who was impulsive, irascible and well fitted to try the patience and virtue of Rita. Two sons were born to them, and they both inherited their father's quarrelsome temperament.

The sanctity of the young wife was now shown in the harsh trials to which she was subjected. She continued her accustomed devotions and her sanctity and prayers finally won her husband's heart and he willingly approved of her acts. She lived with her husband eighteen years until his death, and her two sons died shortly after.

Then her former resolve to consecrate herself to God took possession of her and she went to Cascia and sought admittance among the Augustinian nuns, but her request was refused, and she returned to her home. Twice more she sought admittance to the convent, and then God Himself advocated her cause. In the quiet of her humble home she heard her name called and in a miraculous way she was conducted to the monastic enclosure, no entrance having been opened. The nuns, astonished at the miracle, received her, and she was enrolled among their number.

Her hidden and simple life in religion was distinguished by obedience and exactitude. Her penances were extreme. She scourged herself three daily. She wore a rough hair shirt, and interwoven with her tunic were thorns which from time to time tore her flesh. After listening to a sermon on the Passion she returned to her cell, prostrated herself before her crucifix and begged to feel the pain of at least one of the thorns with which Christ had been crowned. Her prayer was answered and ever afterwards she bore on her forehead a wound full of corruption. Because of its odor, she was denied the companionship of her sisters in religion.

The power of miracles was soon recognized with Rita. When the jubilee was proclaimed by Pope Nicholas IV, it was Rita's desire to attend and she was allowed on condition that her wound be healed, as it was, until she returned. When she was dying she requested a relative to bring her a rose from her home at Rocca Porena, and although it was January, and all the roses had ceased to bloom, the relative went and found a full grown rose. For this reason roses are blessed in her honor.

After the death of St. Rita, 1456, her face became radiant in beauty,

and the odor from her wound was as sweet as the odor of the roses which she loved so well, and it spread all through the convent and into the church, and it remains even to this late day. Rita was beatified by Pope Urban VIII, May 22, 1628. Pope Leo XIII, appointed Cardinal Martinelli (formerly Apostolic Delegate to the United States) Postulator of Canonization in 1892. The Cardinal visited the sacred body of Rita and testified as to this supernatural odor, and the proofs were accepted by the Congregation of Rites as one of the required miracles. The Canonization of St. Rita on the Feast of the Ascension, May 24, 1900, was one of the solemn acts of the jubilee of Pope Leo XIII.

The body has remained incorrupt to this day, and for a time retained its natural color, and at present, though changed in appearance, the face is beautiful and well preserved. At her death the lowly cell was aglow with heavenly light and the bells of Cascia were rung by the angels. A relative with a paralyzed arm was cured when the sacred remains were touched. A carpenter, who had known the saint, expressing his readiness to make the coffin, immediately recovered the use of his long stiffened hands.—The Tablet.

THE LUKEWARM CATHOLIC

A POWERFUL ARGUMENT FOR THE NECESSITY OF THE CATHOLIC PAPER

Rev. P. M. H. Wynhoven, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Greta, La., recently delivered a powerful plea for the Catholic press. Speaking of the reasons why many Catholics blush when asked if they are Catholics, he said in part:

It is because these people are moral cowards. They are moral cowards because they are ignorant. And why are they ignorant? Is it on account of their lack of proper education? No. For we find these religiously dull-minded and spineless and sometimes unprincipally boastful individuals even amongst those who graduated with the highest honors from our Catholic schools, colleges and academies.

"Why, then, have even these educated people grown indifferent? Because they do not read Catholic papers. This statement may sound new and extravagant to you. However, I will explain.

Let us take a boy who leaves college—a Catholic college. He goes to work. Here, in his profession or trade, he daily meets with all kinds of people, mostly indifferent, some non-Catholics and not a few with an anti-Catholic inclination. He often has to listen to conversations, discussions, remarks and insinuations, offensive to all Catholic sentiment. At first he is startled at hearing this, and it deeply grieves him; and in the beginning, if he is a boy of the right caliber, he will make bold to answer and manfully defend his religious convictions, as they were rightly taught him. But, then, these people will laugh at him, ridicule and snub him, and will tell him of their experience and of happenings and conditions, most of the time malicious lies or misrepresentation of facts, for which he had no arguments of contradiction, as he had never heard of these facts' at school. This discourages him, and from then on he will hold his peace, and gradually he will grow used to this scattering of his high ideals, and little by little even thoughts of distrust will enter his mind, which, slowly but surely, will grow stronger by the reading of some articles in our daily papers, and the occasional perusal of those vile anti-Catholic sheets which are spread broadcast all over this country for the purpose of "Killing the Catholic Church."

He reads in these papers articles intended to lessen in his estimation the noble object of our Church, open attacks on our Holy Father and our Bishops, foul and devilish lies of scandals committed by priests and sisters.

"What is the effect of this company and this reading? Sooner or later the bad weed thus slowly sown will choke in its rapid growth all the high ideals, principles and convictions so faithfully inculcated at school. This boy, after listening to and reading what he does, begins to come to the conclusion that, after all, there must be some truth in what his companions tell and what those papers state, because he does not hear it much contradicted in church. Thus, he gradually grows indifferent to his religious duties, and in a couple of years that same Catholic college graduate, who was ready to fight and die for his religion, will be ashamed to acknowledge that he is a Catholic.

"Now, this calamity would not have happened if that same boy had spent about twenty minutes a week in reading over a Catholic weekly, for that would have kept his higher ideals alive; he would have received new and fresh pictures of the glories of his religion. His pride for his Church would have been vigorously stimulated weekly; he would have found all those lies nullified, all those reported scandals convincingly contradicted; he would have had ample proofs and arguments to successfully defend his religion and its teachings on every issue.

"Naturally, if this fact is sadly true for our Catholic school graduates, it is ten times more true for those poor children who only received a little Catholic training when they were preparing for their first Communion, and a hundred times

more true of those unfortunate boys and girls who, through the sinful negligence of their parents, never went to a Catholic school; their faith will soon be tottering at the time they begin to figure out things for themselves, and only hear saloon debaters, country store theologians or parlor philosophers corroborating the teachings and facts they gather from the rubbish they read.

"It is an impossibility for us priests to explain every Sunday the things which are misunderstood or misrepresented, to effectively deny the various lies and many scandals reported, to attack general abuses and correct misconceptions. Indeed, a little instruction at Sunday Mass on the general principles of our holy religion very often proves already too long for most of our congregation.

"Therefore, our work must be necessarily supplemented, our endeavor enforced; and the only way that this can be done is by a good Catholic paper, which should be faithfully read by our people. Unless this is done, we will make little headway in God's mission, most of our efforts will be futile, and religious indifference is bound to be the consequence."

THE WAR

HAS WELL DEMONSTRATED THAT THERE IS ONLY ONE WORLD CHURCH

The Herald (Herald, an organ of the Reformed Church, Holland).

"The Roman Church as she exists in the different countries now at War exhibits among her members as wide a divergence of feeling about the causes and events of the conflict as is possible. The French clergy are for the Entente Powers, ardently and unanimously, and frankly express their feelings, whilst the German Catholic clergy are equally strong and unanimous in their loyalty to the German cause, and equally outspoken. But the Roman Church as a Church is out of and above the controversy, which divides the feelings and inspires the weak passions of her members. Whatsoever represents the great unity of Catholicity, whether in the Papacy or in the Roman Episcopate of all nations, is in spirit and utterance aloof from this divergence of personal views.

"As a World Church she stands above it all, and holds her members firmly united. She is spiritual enough to lift all her members out of even this worst of temporal antagonism; her unity has not suffered any lesion. The Pope speaks words of peace to all nations, and not a few observers look to him to be the final mediator of peace.

"It does not help us Protestants to belittle the significance of so mighty a fact—its existence cannot be ignored. Whilst the War has broken asunder all ties of social life, as well as those of science and arts, the Roman Church, and she alone, has preserved her international unity absolutely intact; she has thus given a brilliant proof of the solidity of her organic life. In contrast consider how Socialism, one of whose essential dogmas is the international solidarity of the world's toilers, has been shattered to pieces by the War, whilst not a stone of the Roman world-arch has been in the least degree loosened. On the bitterest battlefields Catholics of the warring races have mutually aided one another in imparting and bestowing the comforts of their common faith; whether wounded or not they felt not the least survival of warlike passion in presence of their Church's call for mutual charity. Consider, too, that the Pope was able to assemble the Cardinals of the various warring peoples around his throne, in the very capital of one of the belligerent nations, to hold conference with him upon the prospects of peace.

"In presence of this spectacle we Protestants can show very little of this spirit of human brotherhood. All spiritual bonds between the great Protestant Churches have been cut asunder; the communion of saints and believers has vanished from among them. Christian love has given way before bitter racial hatred. Instead of the universal prayer of all Catholics everywhere for peace from German Protestant pulpits resounds the loud cry: 'Gott strafe England! English Protestant preachers have cried out for the extermination of Germans like vermin. When a solitary peer in England pleaded for the ending of this awful bloodshed and in consequence was reviled and condemned, the entire Church of England clergy was mute, not one of the bishops gave him adhesion. How much higher stands the Episcopate of the Roman Church in France; for when the French government would imprison a cure for preaching the gospel doctrine of peace, the Bishops everywhere in France boldly declared that they approved that priest's stand. Not any synod of Protestantism anywhere has uttered a longing cry for peace; only the Pope and his Cardinals have done that, voicing the authority of the Church of Rome and of its entire clergy and people.

"The outcome of it all is the manifest fact, that Catholicity stands forth a World Church, and Protestantism is characteristically a set of national churches. Christ established in opposition to the national Church of Israel, a Catholic, that is to say a universal Church, taking into unity the whole world. He sends His Apostles to preach His gospel to all nations and to enroll them all as His disciples; the Apostles therefore

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affirm emphatically and constantly that in Christ there is no longer Jew nor Greek, Scythian nor Barbarian; and as a matter of fact the Roman See exhibits that Church to-day above all national differences—not a grouping of racial Churches but one vast World-Church. Protestantism at its very beginning made the awful blunder of reducing the one World-Church into many national Churches, standing apart from one another and with no bond of union among them, each having its inalienable national character, each wedding itself indissolubly to a racial State.

"The Lutheran Church became German, bone and marrow, or Scandinavian to the core. The Anglican Church went so far as to accept the English king as its supreme head in all things, whether temporal or spiritual, and has ever been ruled by act of Parliament.

"The only Protestant leader who saw the peril of all this was John Calvin, who advocated Protestant unity by means of a general synod of all Protestant churches. But his voice in this matter was that of one preaching to the sands of the desert. His book on the Harmony of Profession was futile. In our own Netherlands, the Synod of Dordrecht, made another appeal for such unification—equally vain. All the Reformed churches in every country in the world are separatist to the bone." Our Sunday Visitor.

LAUDS CATHOLICITY JAPANESE MAYOR APPRECIATES POWER AND BEAUTY OF THE FAITH

Rumors have reached this country that there is an increasing sentiment against Catholics in Japan that may crystallize into a persecution under government direction. If this be so, it would seem a duplication of conditions in this country, where bigotry grows out of the ignorance and prejudice of an undesirable and low element, and is used by unprincipled politicians for their selfish purposes. For among the better and more educated classes of Japan there is an appreciation of the beauty of Catholicism and its great import in this hour of growing materialism.

Addressing a gathering of Japanese savants in his home city, the Mayor of Tokio said recently: "Last year Dr. Anezaki Maaha, professor of comparative religion at the University of Tokio, made a journey through Europe in order to become better acquainted with the Catholic Church and her religious orders. In the course of a lecture on the results of his observations, he declared that, to the best of his knowledge, 'the Catholic Church is the most powerful, most perfect and the most sublime institution with which the history of mankind is acquainted.' Mayor Ozaki proceeded to tell those whom he addressed that the study of the personality and the life work of St. Francis of Assisi made a deep impression on Dr. Maaha. He obtained permission from the Vatican to visit the mother-house of the Poor Clares in Rome. The Mother Superior he described as a woman of 'great enlightenment,' who discussed the deepest questions with the most touching simplicity. He also visited several houses of the Lazarists, Dominicans, Benedictines and Franciscans. 'I found the life within the cloister walls,' he writes, 'radiant with joy beyond expectation. In a certain class of books much is read about the corruption of the monasteries. It will be well to meet such accusations with distrust, as they are generally made by apostate members. The pleasant, wide-awake character and the openheartedness of the religious with whom I became acquainted impressed me favorably. I have found many good friends among them, and I correspond with some of them still. If we look only at the Franciscan monasteries we feel that the spirit of Christianity is by no means approaching dissolution. On the contrary, if we look at Buddhism we see with regret that its once flourishing monastic life has been woefully declined.'—Providence Visitor.

Oh, for faith in prayer. Jesus belongs to us. We shall never know till the last day all the answers there have been to our prayers offered through Him.—Father Faber.

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