

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE STONE WILL ROLL AWAY

Holy Scripture tells us that "when the Sabbath was past, Mary Magdalen, and Mary the mother of James, and Salome, bought sweet spices, that coming they might anoint Jesus, and they said one to another: Who shall roll us back the stone from the door of the sepulchre? And looking, they saw the stone rolled back. For it was very great." (St. Mark xvi, 1, 2, 3, 4). When a hard thing is to be done, the natural inclination of most of us is to allow ourselves to think on the effort necessary to do it, instead of going ahead and doing it. And here we make one of the most common mistakes of our lives. When one is confronted by a severe task, a duty which seems almost beyond one's powers, it is fatal to pause to consider its difficulties. Never mind how hard it may seem, nothing should be tolerated in the mind except the accomplishing it. It is a wise economy in daily life to train the mind to take the attitude of determination in the beginning; to be dead to the self which insists upon dwelling on difficulties, and at once to bring into action the principles determined to succeed. Most persons have had the experience of looking back over an accomplished task with amused surprise at the exaggerated idea they entertained of its difficulty before hand. Do the thing first and consider its difficulty afterwards.—The Missionary.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF A KICK

Sometimes a knock is a boost—what seems a misfortune turns out to be a blessing in disguise. Adversity, hard struggle, defeat, narrow circumstances, are, if courage be not lost, merely obstacles to be overcome by a further exertion of strength. The exercise will develop will power, grit, manliness, independence, and fortitude. The very obstacles may lead the way to final victory. He had seemed to be without ambition, worthless, absolutely unsuccessful, in short amounting to nothing. Then the kick came. He lost his job and everybody said it was the end of him—there was nothing he could do. But that kick aroused him—it stirred his sleeping energies, it fired his ambition, it kindled his indignation and he vowed he'd prove himself—and he did.

Someone must have discovered a latent spark of ability for our unfortunate was induced to take up life insurance. He worked early and late, he studied his own weak points and those of his competitors—he learned every special feature of his own company's policies and exploited them and first and last and all the time he talked protection. He made the one appeal that never fails, he came back always to first principles—the original idea of life insurance—protection for the family and the home and this he dwelt upon with increasing success. He was only another example of which we have seen many—the change made in some men when dire disaster threatens them. He had drifted along getting some sort of living and might have gone on in that way for ever—just barely existing when what seemed a tragedy occurred, but it was a kick that proved to be a boost—a blessing in disguise. Someone goes under when such a kick comes, but a few swing around completely and show their mettle, all their strength, all their fighting blood is roused and they fight the world back, blow for blow, and slowly they gain ground.

When one learns to put fear aside—fear of losing one's position, fear of all the nameless ills with which imagination threatens us, then does one gain strength and poise. Then there is opportunity for the best self-expression, the best development. The worst had happened to our agent, he had nothing more to fear and this seemed to give him a new courage for the fight. Pride came to his rescue and would not permit him to sink under the misfortune and thus the kick which was supposed to be his undoing proved a boost to ward heights undreamed of in former unambitious years.

We are none of us eager to suffer reverses in order to prove ability, we are always praying that misfortune may pass by our door. But how often do we need just some such spur before we do our best. If we would shake off dull sloth—if we only keep our ambition reined up and ready to go a smart pace—but human nature is lazy and even from earliest childhood we do our tasks better for promised rewards. So the kick that at first seems like a death blow often proves, as in this case, the beginning of a successful business, to say nothing of the awakening to good of the whole nature of the victim.

If we would only take what life brings us in the right spirit we should learn to transform many a kick into a blessing.—Catholic Columbian.

The teaching of theologians even though undivine, will not make matter of divine faith; but their consent creates an intellectual tradition against which no man can set his judgment without rashness. We should be rash if we measured ourselves against any one of them; we should be more rash if we set ourselves against their unanimous judgment.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

TOO LATE

Out of the negative failures, which rob life of so much that is fair and sweet, few things can compare with the habit of taking for granted that our friends will understand our love and gratitude, and appreciation, all without a word on our part. Strangely enough it often happens that the girl who is quite outspoken in her affection and admiration where outsiders are concerned leaves the home folk to take everything on trust. The girl who does not think her mother a pattern of beautiful unselfishness is something of a rarity, and yet there are comparatively few mothers who have their daughters' assurance on that point. If the average girl was half as likely to tell her sister that her new dress is wonderfully becoming, and to compliment her on the way she is getting ahead in her music, as she is to make the same agreeable statements to some new acquaintance, family life would take on a new charm.

But perhaps it is the fathers of households who most of all are left to take the affection of the young people for granted. The sudden departure of a New York business man not many years ago, his oldest daughter seemed absolutely inconsolable. So passionate was her grief that her friends were given to remonstrate with her, and talk of resignation. "You don't understand," she cried. "I'm not mourning for my father, but for myself and my lost opportunities. Oh, how he has worked all these years. He was off in the morning before any of us were up, and home at night, too tired to share in any of our pleasures. He made a fortune for us, but his board and clothing were all he got out of it. And I, along with the rest, took it as my right, and never even told him that I loved him for his self forgetfulness."

After it is too late, one recalls such things with blank wonder. How could it have happened that the little tender word that would have meant so much was never spoken? How did it happen that the love and sacrifices were accepted as a matter of course, and those who gave them were left to take our gratitude for granted? There is no answer to the question, except an unceasing heart-ache, for those of us who have let our chances slip. But some of you who are making this mistake, have the opportunity to retrieve the past, and put into words all that your heart feels.—Catholic Sun.

TWO APPLES

Such nice rosy apples as they were! Bennett fondled them lovingly. His mother had set the dish upon the study table just before she left to make an evening call. Bennett selected the rosiest one he could find and handed it to his father. Then she sat looking at the rest. "I'll take the next rosiest one myself," he finally said, "but I won't eat it to-night. I'll take it to school with me to-morrow."

"That is a good idea. I'll not eat mine, either," Mr. Rockwell observed, handling his apple thoughtfully. "I'll take it to the office with me to-morrow. Then we'll both report to-morrow night how they tasted," he added. The next morning both left the house, each with a rosy-cheeked apple stowed away in his pocket. "Good boy, son; hope you'll enjoy your apple," Mr. Rockwell called back as he ran to catch a passing electric car. Bennett had polished his apple until it was so slippery it slid around in his pocket like a big marble.

Recess time came. He had been thinking constantly about the rosy apple in his pocket that he faintly slid into his hand when he filed out behind Jimmy Fagan, who never was known to have anything in his pocket, unless it might happen to be a hole. Suddenly a bright thought popped into Bennett's head. And quick as the thought the apple popped from his hand into Jimmy's pocket. When Jimmy discovered it, the boy's were playing tag. Then that apple slid out of Jimmy's pocket just as easily as it had slipped into it, the polishing that Bennett had given it had been so thorough, it disappeared, too, just about as quickly. For when a little boy hasn't tasted an apple for weeks and weeks, and then suddenly finds one in his pocket, he doesn't stop long to wonder how it got there; he just goes to eating.

"Well, son, how did the apple taste?" Mr. Rockwell queried when the two were alone in the study together at the twilight hour. "I didn't eat it," Bennett stammered, hanging his head. "Didn't eat it? What did you do with it?" "I slipped it into Jimmy Fagan's pocket, papa. Jimmy never has an apple, and I thought perhaps he'd like one. How did yours taste?" Bennett asked. "I didn't eat mine, either, son; I gave it to a newsboy," his father confessed. Then a smile lit up both faces, as both thought how they had enjoyed those two rosy cheeked apples.—Ex.

Never think it is too late to touch a soul. One more prayer, one more appeal, tender and strong, too, one more act of self-sacrifice offered in silence, may prove to be the trumpet that shall level the walls of Jericho.

A POET'S SERMON

In a "Poet's Corner" we chanced on a new version of the old story of St. Philip Neri and the penitent whose tongue "did speak a vile, malicious lie" of one he judged to be his enemy. The lie did its work. Men passed by the slandered man with looks of scorn; old friends stood aloof; no one seemed to pity him as his face paled and his lips trembled when insult followed insult. The slanderer revelled in the result of his evil deed. Revenge was sweet, and he gratified it to satiety. Then came the reaction. The prompting of his better self made him see at last the enormity of his offense. He would call back the lie:

But when I sought to call it home again, Alas! though black and foul it had gone forth, I knew it not in very truth for mine, Hailed and caught up and hurled as it had been By eager friends who call such monsters toys.

So the penitent sought St. Philip, asking: "Father, what shall my great atonement be! How can I unto him whom I have wronged, And unto God Whose truth I have defamed, Make reparation for this mighty sin?"

The saint looked at the sinner with a reproachful yet compassionate glance, and bade him: "My son go thou into the market place, Take thence a bird the archer has brought down, With dead, limp feathers waiting to be plucked, Take these between thy fingers, one by one, Gazing not in thy walk to right or left, Marking not which way this one floats, or that. But still pursuing thy appointed way Until the dead bird in thy hand lies bare; Then backward turning, stooping in thy path, Uplift each tiny feather lying low, Missing not one from out the scattered shower; Then will thy sin return to thee disarmed, Powerless as when its poison lay undrained, Then will thy reparation be complete."

Aghast, the penitent protested that the task was beyond the power of man to accomplish. A bird's feathers airy and light, floating hither and thither on the breeze, could not be gathered back. The wind had borne them where sight and touch could reach them nevermore. "Thou sayest well," the patient saint replied. "And thus the breath of slander, wafted far Into the market places of the world Beareth its scent of plague, its poison touch On waves that widen and return no more From the vast sea of everlasting death."

The poet draws the moral thus: Even so, good friends and neighbors everyone, Read the page, con we its lesson well; And while we seek its moral other-where, Take heed lest haply it may touch ourselves. "Take heed!" To day, as in St. Philip's time, a reputation is easily smirched by an evil tongue; irreparable injury is done by the malicious lie, by idle gossip.—Sacred Heart Review.

THE CHURCH IN ENGLAND In examining a new issue of the Catholic Directory for Great Britain, the Universe of London asks: "Is the Church growing in England, not only absolutely but relatively? Unfortunately, the question can not be answered unless against the figures of conversions we can set figures of leakage, and that we presume, is impossible—at least, with anything approaching accuracy. Nevertheless, the number of conversions is considerable—9,034; this figure, be it noted, being for the year 1914. In proportion to the total population, the province of Liverpool shows a greater increase than the provinces of Westminster or Birmingham. Another evidence of growth is to be found in the statistics of marriages. In 1914 the number celebrated was 18,759 (excluding the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man), an increase of 850 over the previous year, of 1,014 over 1913, and of 1,737 over 1912. When we come to the statistics relating to priests and churches, we find that in England and Wales at the end of last year there were 3,892 secular and regular clergy and 1,891 churches, chapels and stations, the latter including only those where a weekly Mass is celebrated. As compared with the previous year, the clergy show a decrease of ninety-three but it may be pointed out that there are about 800 Army chaplains, many of whom are not included in this year's total. The churches show a gratifying increase of twelve."

ARE YOU SCRUPULOUS?

Are you scrupulous? If you are perhaps you pride yourself that the cause is a highly sensitive spiritualist. But a great Catholic theologian Lehmkuhl, enumerates other probable reasons:

- 1 A melancholy and timid disposition.
2 A diseased state of the brain and of the nervous system.
3 Weakness caused by overwork, study or austerities.
4 Weakness of judgment.
5 Pride and self-conceit.
6 Suggestion by reading scrupulous authors or coming under the influence of a too scrupulous confessor.

As the causes of scrupulousity are often purely physical, physicians are often called upon to handle such cases. Their eyes are not, as a confessor's are apt to be, concerned with moral problems purely. But they classify all such patients under the head of those who are laboring under fixed ideas. In the first class of fixed ideas, the intellect alone is concerned. An example of this sort is one who is "dull" on the subject of arithmetic—like the ecclesiastical student who attended Mass at a certain church, Sunday after Sunday, in order to count the number of men, women and children who were there. In the second class the emotions as well as the intellect are concerned. Here is where scruples are placed. The scrupulous person is obsessed with the idea that he is committing sin, and is morbidly anxious about it—like the worker in a cocoa factory who became fearful that the poisonous red lead used in fastening certain hot pipes would become mixed with the cocoa. He used to clean and reclean the tins. Finally, five years after he stopped manufacturing, he read of a child dying from some chocolate she had eaten, and thereupon accused himself of killing her. The will of the scrupulous person is not, however, gone, and he therefore can still be taught to resist his unhealthy obsession.

In the third class come those who have lost all control over their will. Here belong kleptomaniacs, dipsomaniacs, and many other instances. When the confessor realizes that scruples are caused by physical degeneration, he will, while prescribing other remedies, according to

Thomas Slater, S. J., also take care to recommend his penitent to see a doctor, or he will himself advise a holiday or fasting up. At the scruples are nothing but empty fears, he will briefly point this out to his penitent, and as the scrupulous state has been formed by indulging those fears, the confessor will take care as far as possible to stop the process of fostering them. He will not allow anything to be said about them, they must not be confessed, nor even thought about if that is possible. With this object in view, he will prescribe constant occupation in interesting work of one form or another. Such indirect remedies are often most effective, but they should be supplemented by direct action against the scrupulous dread, much in the same way that a horse is taught to face objects at which it is accustomed to shy. If the scruples have their origin in indolent fervor, the penitent should be taught that God asks for reasonable service, and that spiritual progress, if it is to be lasting, is always slow and gradual. If the cause is some form of pride, the confessor will know how to administer a paternal scolding when the occasion arises. A humble consciousness of one's own weakness and a consequent trust in God are great safeguards against the danger of scruples.—New World.

CAN PROTESTANTS BE SAVED?

Often that one would suppose this question put by non-Catholics to priests who are conducting a mission, or to Catholics in a course of private conversation. Whether the query is put in a satirical sense, or whether the inquirer is really bent on knowing the truth, one can not always say; but the fact remains that in nearly all communications that take place between Protestants and the people of our faith, the non-Catholic is desirous of knowing the Catholic position with regard to those outside the pale of the true Church. Perhaps as good a reply as can be made, is found in the excellent little work, Catholic Belief, by Rev. Joseph Fra Di Bruno. Catholics do not believe that Protestants who are baptized, who lead

a good life, love God and their neighbor, and are blamelessly ignorant of the just claims of the Catholic religion to be the only one true religion (which is as laid down in heaven, provided they believe that there is one God in three Divine persons; that God will duly reward the good and punish the wicked; that Jesus Christ is the Son of God made man, Who redeemed us, and in Whom we must trust for our salvation, and provided they thoroughly repent of having ever, by their sins, offended God. Catholics hold that Protestants who have these dispositions and who have no suspicion of their religion being false, and no means to discover, or fail in their honest endeavors to discover the true religion, and who are so disposed in their heart that they would at any cost embrace the Catholic religion, if they knew it to be the true one, are Catholics in spirit and in some sense within the Catholic Church without themselves knowing it. She holds that these Christians belong to and are united to the "soul" as it is called of the Catholic Church, although they are not united to the visible body of the Church by external communion with her and by the outward profession of her faith.—The Missionary.

LEADERS IN SWITZERLAND

Switzerland is happy in having three Catholics occupying the most important positions in her national affairs at the present time. The president of the Helvetic senate or premier, as we should say, M. Pythou, is a veteran Catholic of the Fribourg canton, which has already given Moneigneur Colliard to the Biehopric of Lausanne and Geneva. M. Pythou was largely responsible for the foundation of the University of Fribourg, which has done so much for Swiss Catholics, and which has rendered great scientific and literary services to the world in general. The vice president of the Council of State, M. le Landemanu Buelet, who was recently feted at Morgarten, is also a Catholic, and the actual president of Switzerland, M. Motta, who comes from the Italian Canton of Ticino, is also a Catholic. Thus the three divisions of the federal states, the French, the German and the Italian, are all represented by Catho-

lic exponents in the government of the federation at the present time.—Internationale Catholic.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER advertisement featuring an image of the product and text: 'MAGIC BAKING POWDER', 'MADE IN CANADA', 'NO ALUM', 'E.W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED'.

Actress Tells Secret

A Well Known Actress Tells How She Darkened Her Gray Hair and Promoted Its Growth With a Simple Home Made Mixture. Miss Blanche Rose, a well-known actress, who darkened her gray hair with a simple preparation which she mixed at home, in a recent interview at Chicago, Ill., made the following statement: "Any lady of gentleman can darken their gray hair and make it soft and glossy with this simple recipe, which they can mix at home. To a half pint of water add 1 oz. of bay rum, a small box of Orlex Compound, and 1-4 oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the required shade. This will make a gray haired person look 20 years younger. It is also fine to promote the growth of hair, relieves itching and scalp humors and is excellent for dandruff and falling hair."

FIFTY-SECOND ANNUAL REPORT OF THE HURON AND ERIE MORTGAGE CORPORATION

The Fifty-Second Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders was held at the Corporation's Office in London, Ontario, on Wednesday, February 9th, 1916. The President, Mr. T. G. Meredith, K. C., took the chair, and Mr. M. Aylsworth acted as Secretary. The Annual Report and Financial Statement were submitted as follows: After defraying the expenses of management and all other charges, and making allowance for actual and possible losses, the balance available for distribution is \$122,889.15, as follows: Brought forward from the previous year's account \$22,344.80 Net profits upon the past year's business 428,197.34 \$450,542.14

Statement for Year Ending December 31st, 1915

Table with columns for ASSETS AND LIABILITIES, PROFIT AND LOSS, RESERVE FUND AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS, and AUDITORS' REPORT. Includes financial data for 1915 and 1914.

FOURTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE CANADA TRUST COMPANY

The Fourteenth Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders was held at the Company's Office in London, Ontario, on Monday, February 7th, 1916. The President, Mr. T. G. Meredith, K. C., took the chair, and Mr. M. Aylsworth acted as Secretary. The Annual Report and Financial Statement were submitted as follows: After defraying the Expenses of management and all other charges and making allowance for actual and possible losses, the balance available for distribution is \$122,889.15, as follows: Brought forward from the previous year's account \$5,386.38 Net profits upon the past year's business 117,002.77 \$122,889.15

Statement as at December 31st, 1915

Table with columns for LIABILITIES, ASSETS, and PROFIT AND LOSS. Includes financial data for 1915 and 1914.