

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE MAN BEHIND THE FLOW

They sing about the glories of the man behind the gun. And the books are full of stories of the wonders he has done; There's something sort of 'thrill' in the flag that's wavin' high, And it makes you want to holler when the boys go marchin' by; But when the shoutin's over, and the fightin's done, somehow, We find we're still dependin' on the man behind the plow.

In all the pomp and splendor of an army on parade, And through the awful darkness that the smoke of battle's mace; In the halls where jewels glitter and where shouting men debate; In the palaces where rulers deal out honors great, There is not a single person would be doin' bizness now Or have medals if it wasn't for the man behind the plow.

We're buildin' mighty cities, and we're gainin' lofty heights, We're winnin' lots of glory, and we're settin' things to rights; We're showin' all creation how the world's affairs should run, Future men'll gaze in wonder at the things we have done, And they'll overlook the feller, just the same as they do now, Who's the whole concern's foundation—that's the man behind the plow.

-S. E. KILMER

SWEAR OFF

Gossiping. Anticipating evils in the future. Fault-finding, nagging and worrying. Dwelling on fancied slights or wrongs. Scolding and flying into a passion over trifles. Thinking that life is a grind and not worth living. Talking constantly about yourself and your affairs. Saying unkind things about acquaintances and friends. Lamenting the past, holding on to disagreeable experiences. Tying yourself and bemoaning your lack of opportunities. Writing letters when the blood is hot, which you may regret later. Thinking that all the good chances and opportunities are gone by. Carping and criticizing. See the best rather than the worst in others.—True Voice.

SMALL BEGINNINGS

A genial philosopher recently preached an excellent sermon on Small-Beginnings, which is appropriate for the beginning of the New Year. His purpose was to show that success in life can only be achieved by humble origins and incessant drudgery. "Often," he said, "we find ourselves admiring some difficult achievement—a huge and successful business, a skillful cook, a brilliant concert pianist, a clever navigator, a fine athlete, a good housekeeper, a gifted mathematician, a magnetic personality, great works of art, or literature, or music, or drama, or architecture, or science; a strong character—it is wise to stop and remember the iceberg. Most of it is out of sight. 'Isn't there some way I can pass this course without reading through all that technical drudgery?' once asked a student. 'It all depends,' replied the professor, 'on what you want to be. Nature can make a squash in one summer, but she takes a hundred years to make an oak.'

The composer Wagner whose technical mastery of the musical form is the stupefaction of musicians, tells us in his autobiography that as a young man his teacher made him give up composing pieces for six months to undergo a technical drill. Another artist, the master technician of the short story, served an apprenticeship of seven years under his master without being allowed to publish a single word. These men became masters of their art by small beginnings, long experiments, and unremitting toil. To quote Uncle Dudley again, "Hours of solitary thought; months it may be of secret suffering; years of silent struggles; the slow painful schooling of mistakes; these are the master craftsman who deepened and enriched the tones of that voice, who sculptured the indefinable nobility of that face; and who gave the spell of the magic personality." Strange and terrible are the workshops in which these master pieces of human character—these biggest of all art forms—are wrought. These are they who have opened the last doors of experience and learned that nothing is what it seems. Such masterpieces are begun in the land of Humble Origins. They are continued in Heartbreak House. And of all the labor and pains that go into the shaping of them, the eye of the world sees hardly a tenth part.

It is so with all human growth. Our spiritual progress has its laws and its ordinary course of progress. We grow better, stronger, swifter, surer, only little by little, and with many slippings backward. We walk before we fly, we creep before we run, we go forward little by little in the spiritual life achieving a height of goodness only after weary times of discouragement. We seek perfection by trying to imitate the Son of God, climbing steadily upward. But how many heartaches and discouragements He had to endure; how many sleepless nights and weary days He had to count before His mission was accomplished!

The successful artists, singers, sculptors statesmen and business men, have before them only the ideal of earthly success. Yet they are willing to undergo almost incredible sacrifices to gain their objective.

We have set before us the ideal of Eternity, success not in this world but in the world to come. Should we not be willing to take a page from their book and to strive humbly, unremittingly, and prayerfully to perfect ourselves for the Kingdom of Heaven. The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light. Therefore as Our Lord Himself pointed out, we should take an example of diligence from them in laying up treasures in Heaven. For after all this is the only true success in life.—The Pilot.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE BEST With an axe or with a pen, With a chisel, brush and palette, With a spade in wood or glen, Or a ploughshare keen pursuing, In his work would have success, Must, for certain, aim at doing Just his best and nothing less.

He who labors in the meadows, Where the golden sunbeams lie, Or in dim or dusky shadows, Of the forests close and high, He who toils within some city, North or south or east or west, Failure finds, alack, the pity! If he doesn't do his best.

He who fairly toils will never Fall a due reward to meet, He who does his best will ever Find his daily labor sweet, Success smiles on his employment, Peace reigns calmly in his breast, Work for him is but enjoyment, Who's prepared to do his best.

-MAGDALEN ROCK

JOHNNY'S JOB

"Got a job, mama!" exclaimed nine year old Johnny Hawkins excitedly, as he strode across the back porch into the kitchen. "I've got to be downtown by 8 o'clock, so hurry up with breakfast!" "Why, Johnny, where have you been at this hour of the morning? I thought you were in bed yet." "Didn't I say last night I was going to get up in time to watch the circus come in? But you and Ruth wouldn't pay any attention to me. How long 'fore breakfast, mama?" "Well, I suppose I can have it ready in five or ten minutes. So my little man has gotten work, has he?" "Yer, mama.—You see," assuming an air of grave responsibility, "I thought it was about time for me to be earning some money of my own. I didn't want you (very sweetly) to be going to 'spare' for me all my life, so I walked up to a fellow running a peanut stand and asked him if he would hire me today. He offered me 5 cents an hour. That'll make, from 8 to 12, 20 cents, and from 1 to 6, a quarter more. If he needs me after supper I get extra pay, but there's 45 cents sure anyway."

"Goodness!" broke in sister Ruth, "45 cents. You can buy George Phelps' air rifle all by yourself. But did the man tell you his name?" "Yer, Mr. Jones. One of the show men, I s'pose. And say, Sis, maybe George will let me have that gun for 40 cents. If he does, I'll buy you a doll or something with the rest."

"Did you say," interposed Mrs. Hawkins with a tone of concern, "that the man belongs to the circus?" "Dan's know, but I think so. I saw him down at the depot."

"Johnny," after a pause, "you had better stay at home today, and help Ruth, and me with our new flower bed. You'll like that better than being out in the heat and dust and noise and—"

"What?—Mama!" "I don't trust these circus men. You can never tell what harm a little boy may do." A pair of strong, young arms closed around her neck and between kisses and whisperings Johnny eloquently expostulated.

"O, you dear, sweet mama, there you go again. I can't go swimming or play ball, or—do anything, but what some harm is always coming to me. Mrs. Phelps let's George do everything he wants to. He's running a booth down town today all alone, and I'm almost as big as he is."

"Yes, yer. But George has Mr. Phelps to look after him. If your father was still living—"

"Come on, now, Mama, let me go, won't you? Nothing's going to happen to me."

Such pleadings, reinforced by an unmitigated profusion of the most endearing hugs and kisses, was too much for the soft, maternal heart of Mrs. Hawkins. "Well, well," she said at length capitulating, "Have your own way, but mind! Take good care of yourself and keep an eye on that circus man."

Breakfast was soon ready. A few hasty mouthfuls, another word of parting admonition, and Johnny was trotting down the street towards the peanut stand. Full ten minutes before the big town clock struck 8, he had mounted his employer's conveyance and was publishing their wares at the top of his youthful voice. Gradually the streets of Cherryville became more crowded, and the towns' folk poured out and the country folks poured in, so that by parade time the peanut stand was doing quite a thriving business. How important Johnny felt, as he threw back his head and vaingloried forth with all the power of his lusty lungs: "Peanuts! This way, sir! Peanuts—two for five!" And how that sense of importance was infinitely increased when the owner, called away for a few minutes, left the whole firm under his sole charge. As noon drew on, Johnny grew both hot and hungry. He had not

tasted a single peanut all morning, "cause that wouldn't be honest," and he was resolved on being an honest business man. The little fellow bore himself bravely however, and neither to his employer, when leaving for dinner nor to his mother afterwards at home would he confess that he was the least bit tired.

Back at the wagon immediately after dinner, he engaged the unenviable privilege (it was at least 102 in the shade) of being exclusive occupant for more than an hour, whilst Mr. Jones partook of his mid-day repast. The afternoon was sultry, dull and wearisome. By 3 o'clock whatever of novelty remained over from morning had completely worn off and Johnny's original vociferations had dwindled down to an occasional feeble pipe. Long before supper time he was, in fact, completely fagged out, and he heartily hoped that Mr. Jones would pay him off and dismiss him for the day. But no! Just at 6 o'clock the crowds were pouring in from the show grounds and Mr. Jones seemed to forget all about his little helper in the immediate rush of business. The boy waited bravely on till about 7 o'clock, confidently expecting at least double pay for his extra work. Finally Mr. Jones turned to him: "Hello, sonny, I forgot all about you! It's after time, isn't it? Well, hustle home to supper now, and try to be back by 8 o'clock. Here take this bag along with you." For a moment Johnny gazed wistfully up into the man's face, but getting no satisfaction, and not daring to mention pay he stuffed the peanuts into his pocket and turned homeward.

"Well," called out his mother, hearing his footsteps on the porch, "How does my little business man feel after his day's work?" "Let's see your money," chimed in Ruth. "Did you buy the gun yet?" "O, shut up, Ruth, about that money! That's all girls ever think about." Then perhaps not too conscientiously, "I've got to work again after supper. But I'll get more pay for it."

"After supper, again?" Mama exclaimed, a trifle alarmed. "No Johnny, you are worn out, and you had better stay home and go to bed." "But I've got to get my pay, Mama," the lad objected. "What! weren't you paid yet?" "No. I tell you I didn't finish my job."

Supper finished and Mama's opposition overcome, Johnny trudged along, off once more—not half so gayly as in the morning, it is true, but buoyed by the certainty that he would soon come back with at least half a dollar in his pocket—perhaps 75 cents—perhaps even a dollar, considering all his extra work. He was whistling away in fairly good spirits as he rounded the corner to the peanut stand. Suddenly he halted with a blank stare on his face. The wagon was not there! He looked up the street and down the street. No wagon in sight. He ran down to the next crossing, but could catch no glimpse of the vanished vehicle. A merchant was standing in his store entrance, before which their wagon had been stationed. Johnny stepped up to him and asked if he knew what had become of the peanut man.

"O, that fellow hitched up and drove off an hour ago."

"But he didn't pay me," Johnny blurted out. "I worked for him all day, and he owes me half a dollar."

The man looked somewhat amused at first; then, as a big gleam of light appeared in either of the little fellow's eyes, quite sympathetic, "Well, boy," he said hesitantly; "I'm afraid I'm afraid the rascal has gone off and cheated you." Just then a customer brushed in, and the merchant left to wait on him.

"Cheated!" the boy burst out crying. After all his work, and all his honesty, and all his fond dreams of wealth! What should he do? He'd hunt the man up and demand that half dollar. But where go to find him?—He'd tell the police. But Cherryville only had one policeman, and Johnny was dreadfully afraid of him. He wandered up and down for several minutes alternately sobbing and grinding his little teeth.

Then his thoughts took a new direction. What will Mama and sister say? "Ruth'll laugh," he said to himself, and then savagely 's'bed better not!" But Mama. She had told him not to trust the show man. She had tried to keep him home. But he wouldn't stay. He had to have his own way. Good enough for you," he almost admitted as he burst out crying again. It was too much. Johnny faced about and ran every step of the way home. Through the window he could see his mother sitting up waiting for him. Ruth had already gone to bed. He hesitated just a moment at the door, then rushed in, with a great sob, into his mother's arms. The boy didn't speak a word. Mama knew what had happened and he knew that she knew it. But before he went to bed that night he had solemnly promised that he would never, never again make mama tell him "have his own way," and Johnny Hawkins kept that promise pretty well.—Lawrence O'Toole.

OUR BEST FRIEND

The holy and sustaining truth of the presence of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament is a real power in the lives of those who, beyond the excited duties of religion, find time to be present at Mass on week-days, and to make a visit to some convent church in the course of the day. Our churches in the centers of activity bear constant testimony to this proof of real religion in the hearts

Mark Well!

Your safeguard is the name

"SALADA"

This is the genuine 'tea of all teas'.

If you do not use Salada, send us a post card for a free sample, stating the price you now pay and if you use Black, Green or Mixed Tea. Address Salada, Toronto

of our people. The wonder is that so many good, practical Catholics neglect these intimate personal relations with our Saviour. How many Catholics could at the cost of small inconveniences, sanctify and enliven their days' toil by spending the short time of Mass in the presence of and in dear companionship with the One who is their whole hope and trust. How often, too, could a few moments be found to spend in some silent church in the sole company of God. Such treasured moments are their own reward and are sure sources of comfort and new hope in the hum-drum and weary routine of daily life.—Catholic Standard and Times.

BON ENTENTE CORDIALE

PAPER PROPOSES A FRENCH PRINTED IN FRENCH

The publishers of "My Canada," soon to be Canada's National Weekly, propose to print from 1 1/2 to 2 columns of Bon Entente Cordiale matter in each issue, in French, with a view to inducing English-speaking readers to realize their need of the French language in Canada, and to generally stimulate all Canadians to appreciate and keep up their knowledge of French to conduce towards being a Unifying Force—building for the better and the greater Canada that is to be.

If you appreciate this idea as a good one, write the publishers (see their advert. on page three this issue of The Record) and encourage them in their good and altogether laudable work.

BAPTISM

Baptism is the first and most necessary of the Sacraments. It is defined as the Sacrament which cleanses us from original sin, makes us Christians, children of God and heirs of Heaven.

NATURE AND INSTITUTION From Our Lord's own words we learn the nature of this Sacrament. "And there was a man of the Pharisee, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the people. This man came to Jesus by night, and said to Him, Rabbi, we know that Thou has come a teacher from God: for no man can do the things which Thou dost, unless God is with him." Jesus answered and said to him: "Amen, amen, I say to thee, unless a man is born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God." Nicodemus said to Him: "How can a man be born again when he is old? Jesus answered; "Amen, amen, I say to thee, unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter the Kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." (St. John III.)

This holy Sacrament was founded by Christ, and clearly enjoined on the Apostles for the reception of their converts. "Going, therefore, teach ye all nations; baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Two different periods are noted in reference to baptism: the institution by our Saviour, and the law concerning its reception. The Sacrament was instituted by our Lord Himself, when on being baptized by John. He gave water the power of sanctifying. A very strong argument on this point may be found in the fact that the Blessed Trinity in whose name baptism is conferred, manifested their divine presence on that occasion. The voice of the Father was heard: the person of the Son was there: the Holy Ghost descended in the form of a dove. Sacred writers are unanimous in holding that the time when the law regarding baptism became obligatory, was when, after the Resurrection, Jesus gave the command, mentioned above, "Teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

EFFECTS OF BAPTISM

The effects of baptism help us to realize the dignity conferred upon us. The first effect is the remission of Original sin, then the remission of all actual sins, mortal and venial, and the destruction of all the remnants of sin, such as abide in the soul after forgiveness in the Sacrament of Penance, and which have to be obliterated by sufferings in this world or in Purgatory. Another effect of the infusion of sanctifying grace is the purifying and beautifying of the soul, and in this included the facilities for exercising the virtues of Faith, Hope, Charity, the cardinal virtues, and the gift of the Holy Ghost. We all know the effects of water. It can cleanse the body, it can nourish the body, it can put out fire, it can give fertility to the soil. In the spiritual order, baptism cleanses the soul, nourishes it;

Why Not Make Your Will?

It is a business arrangement which we should not neglect, and it is a simple matter. If you should accidentally be killed without making your will, your estate might be distributed contrary to your wishes. Endless sorrow and litigation is often caused by the failure to make a will.

Your wishes will be faithfully carried out and your heirs properly protected if you appoint this Company your Executor. See your Solicitor or arrange for an interview with us. Correspondence invited.

CAPITAL TRUST CORPORATION  
10 Metcalfe Street OTTAWA Temple Building TORONTO

You will always rejoice in the evening if thou spend that day profitably.—A Kempfle. Faith puts her hand into God's, and lets Him lead her safely where He will.—Gregory.

IN ATLANTIC CITY It's THE ALAMAC. Plumb on the Boardwalk. Parlor's Exquisite. MACKLATZ CO. who also conduct The ALAMAC in the Mountains on Lake Hopatcong N.J. "Nearest Mountain Resort to New York" OPEN JUNE TO OCTOBER

Constant Headaches EVERY headache has a meaning—and you should heed this warning of nature, if you would avoid more serious complaints. A headache frequently points to the failure of the kidneys to perform their natural functions. Give Gin Pills a trial. At all druggists—60c a box. Write for a free sample to National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ont. U. S. residents should address Na-Dru-Co., Inc., 202 Main St., Buffalo, N.Y.

When You Visit Buffalo Add to your pleasure and comfort by stopping at the Lenox. Quietly situated, yet very convenient to business, theatre, and shopping districts, and Niagara Falls Boulevard. The service, and the surroundings are of the sort that will make you want to come again. European plan. Fireproof, modern. Exceptional cuisine. Every room an outside room. From \$2.50 per day. On Empire Tours. Road map and running directions free. C. A. MINER, MANAGING DIRECTOR NORTH ST. AT DELAWARE AVENUE BUFFALO, N. Y.

HOTEL LENOX BUFFALO, N. Y.

LEAVES ON THE WIND New Volume of Verse by Rev. D. A. Casey. "At the Gate of the Temple" Editor of "The Canadian Freeman" \$1.25 Postpaid Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA FATHER CASEY writes with sincere and deep feeling. His uplifting heart-sonnets carry many cheery winged messages to the earth-worn weary children of men. Many chords are touched to which the heart strongly vibrates; tender chords of Erin's love and sorrow; chords of patriotism and chords of piety; chords of adoration and homage that lift the soul to the very Throne of the Most High. "More convincing than Synge and Lady Gregory, perhaps because the poet knows better and sympathizes more deeply with the people of whom he writes," was the comment of Joyce Kilmer in "The Literary Digest." In the pages of this book religion and art are mingled with happiest results.

Ready for Delivery OUR NEW SERIAL "Three Daughters of the United Kingdom" By Mrs. Innes-Browne

THE SCOTSMAN: Many people will welcome it, and rightly, as an excellent portrait of a life of which the greater part of the Protestant world knows little that is authentic. Its realism and earnestness are very striking. Its literary grace are many. THE IRISH MONTHLY: The history of three girls, English, Irish, and Scotch. Many young persons will study their careers, as here narrated, with much pleasure and profit. THE ROSARY MAGAZINE, New York: The volume is a welcome addition to Catholic fiction. Its tone is elevating and ennobling, and hence we wish that it be found in every Catholic household. THE TABLET: The story is well and pleasantly told, and the book should find a welcome in every convent library, and, indeed, in every Catholic home.

PRICE \$1.30 POSTAGE 10c. SALES TAX 2c. TOTAL \$1.42 The Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA

SOUVENIR Calendars OF THE LATE Lord Mayor MacSwiney Beautifully printed and bound on purple background. Price 50c. Post Paid Address: E. J. O'CALLAGHAN 120 Edward St. Halifax, N. S.