

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

"FOLLOW THE LEADER"

If you are employed by a man or a firm, be loyal to your employer. Don't give away his business secrets. Don't let his competitors find in you a fool. He is your bread and butter, he is the agent of Divine Providence to enable you to earn a living, he is your benefactor. Be loyal to him. Give him a full day's work. Push the business all you can. Put your best into everything you do. Carry out his instructions. Do your duty as he wants it done. Follow his plan until he accepts yours as a better one. Look up to him as one entitled to your gratitude, to your loyalty, to your best service.

You remember that old game, don't you, where the most venturesome lad in the crowd was chosen to lead and you all followed no matter into what hidden dangers he might draw you. There was a real thrill and excitement about the game just because of this quality of surprise.

That same lad is probably a leader somewhere in this game of life today for even children are quick to recognize this quality and ready to give way to the masterful spirit with its greater initiative.

It is the aim almost everywhere to find these natural leaders of men and to put them in charge and it is to the intrepid that the more timid look for encouragement and help.

It is when a business man is full of this quality that his business grows and grows. He inspires his men, he is quick to take advantage of every opening for business, he is ready and willing to do anything he would ask of his men and keeps his finger on the pulse of the whole organization—he knows just the sort of medicine each man needs and is ready to administer it.

But—do we follow so faithfully as we did in our boyhood days—fences and ravines, wading through the brook, decking and dodging and pushing everywhere the man ahead goes? If we do then our business organization becomes a No. 1 for, with the right sort of leader, with all parts of the organization harmoniously blended, success is the natural outcome.

THE PLEASANT ROAD

Of course we'd all rather take it, naturally we hate the rough way. We'd like to have the going smooth and easy for our feet—we don't want to toll up steep hills, we'd like to have the path clear before us, the way made plain, then make our leisurely progress toward the goal.

It is often that any soul has such a smooth way and does such an easy way make for strength, for character? Is not all of life a struggle, from the infant's first cry to the last death rattle of the aged? We fight for breath, we fight for development, we struggle against our own ignorance in an effort for education, and when we get into the world of business, the struggle simply continues in a larger way. There we fight competition, we fight our own laziness and bad habits so that we may be men of the first grade and able to keep our heads above water in the struggle, not get drawn under the whirlpool of failure.

Most of us find in our path every sort of obstacle—put there to test our strength, but we can overcome and there is always a way past.

A Pleasant Road? Who has time to think whether it's a pleasant road or not? We are so immersed in our duties, in our efforts to fight the good fight, that we take each day as it comes meet the difficulties as best we may, and if we have done well we realize it's been a pleasant road, for our own efforts have made it so.

The road that ends in success is a pleasant road after it is gone over, no matter how rough it was in traveling. Let us not be concerned about the way. Let us fix our eyes on the goal. Let us go forward and—get there!—Catholic Columbian.

SUCCESS

Bishop Spalding places a man's success where it rightly belongs, in his moral development. And it is reassuring to believe, in spite of the undue stress the world seems to place on wealth and place and material accumulations, that the ultimate judgment of the individual, even in this world, is based upon his character. The supremacy of goodness is still undisputed, and ever will be. The rich man, the man of power, the man of intellect, is not a success, measured simply by human standards, if he is also a moral failure. The world is blind and thoughtless and inconsistent enough, but it cannot get away from the primal love of virtue and the instinct to honor it above all external attainments.—Catholic Universe.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE CHAMPION OF SIR WALTER

Afar off in the days that have long been sleeping, awaiting the sound of Gabriel's trumpet to unfold their many stories of good and of evil, there dwell in Merrie England a knight who was called Sir Walter. Now, Sir Walter was a knight in truth, for he kept his vow to honor Our Lady and to help the poor and to succor the widow and the orphan in distress, and so he was noble in life and in deed as well as in blood and in name. But though he loved Our Lady, St. Mary, with a good and a fervent love, he was not satisfied with it.

"Mathinks," said he to himself, "that I do scarce little to honor Our Lady, and that I could do more for

her glory," and no sooner did he set out to plan how he could give more joy to her heart than an idea came to him; for ideas are not scarce, though the will to execute them often is.

"Saturday," he went on, "is the Blessed Virgin's Day, and on every Saturday from henceforth I will hear Mass in honor of Our Lady, St. Mary. To this do I pledge my word."

And he kept his promise like the true knight that he was. Every Saturday, rain or shine, sleet or snow, saw Sir Walter at Mass in the Abbey church; and, truth to tell, he did not seem to feel any the worse for it, but rather the better.

Nothing runs smoothly in this world save the road to perdition, and even that has its own sorrows, and one Saturday Sir Walter had made an appointment to prove his skill at a tournament. There were to be many knights, noble and brave, who could hurl their lances well, and do credit to any man, whether it be at the Royal Court of France or in the midst of the nobles at home, and Sir Walter was a match for any of them.

And so on that day Sir Walter had his squire arouse him even before the sun had ventured to come in from his travels in the East, and together they set out for the Abbey that they might hear a Mass right early and be off for the tournament. The monastery was a strange one, not the one wherein he generally heard Mass, but one on his way to the tourney.

He had but taken out his Book of hours, when a clerk came in from the cloisters and began to say Mass. Sir Walter heaved a sigh of relief, glad to think that he would not have to wait. He heard the Mass with attention and the clerk turned to say "The Mass is at," when another clerk came out and at another altar began to say another Mass. Sir Walter fidgeted.

"'T would be bad taste and worse manners to Our Lady, St. Mary, to leave the church while her Son is being offered in Sacrifice," said he to himself, and so he stayed and heard the other Mass with as much devotion as he could, though truth to tell he did spend some time wondering how soon he would be able to get away, but suddenly he thought.

"I owe this service to Our Lady, St. Mary," said he to himself, "and, although I may be late for the tournament, still I owe more to her than to man," and thus saying he resigned himself to hear another Mass. No more bad the words left his heart, than another clerk followed the one who had just finished Mass, and Sir Walter found himself listening to a third Mass.

And at the conclusion of the third, a fourth clerk took his place and at the conclusion of the fourth Mass, a fifth Mass began, and when the fifth was finished a sixth commenced, and at its conclusion Sir Walter made as if to go, when lo, the Abbot and his deacon and his sub-deacon came; a Solemn High Mass was to be sung, for full well did the monks of the Abbey love Our Lady, St. Mary, and on Saturday for years back had the Abbot been accustomed to sing a Solemn High Mass in her honor.

Sir Walter knelt down again with a jerk; and he stood and knelt and stood again as it was the epistle or gospel or consecration that was going on. At last the Mass was over, and in fact the Masses were all over for the day, for it was about noon by the clock. The Abbot had preached a sermon, which might have been holy but which surely was long, and Sir Walter thought to himself:

"Well, for Our Lady's sake, I have lost the tournament, for right well could I have fought with any knight present." And he and his squire went out of the Abbey.

They had no sooner mounted on their steeds when a party of knights came upon them.

"Art going to the tournament?" queried Sir Walter.

"No, Sir Knight," they answered, "we're coming from it."

"And who won the day?" asked Sir Walter, and he tried to ask it gaily, although his heart was as heavy as though it were stone instead of flesh and blood. And the leader spoke up: "A right valiant knight, who did throw weapons as though indeed he were aided by unseen hands. None could withstand him. Sir Walter Brentwood was his name." And on they rode.

"Sir Walter Brentwood!" echoed Sir Walter. That, in truth, was his own name. He understood it now. Our Lady, St. Mary, had repaid him, and had sent probably no less a personage than an angel from the Heaven only Court to take his place while he heard Masses in her honor. His honor was unscathed before men.

And then Sir Walter blushed, for he remembered full well that he had paid but grudging homage to Our Lady, and both he and his squire knelt in the dusty road and thanked her who would not be outdone in courtesy.—Extension Magazine.

WELL DONE

Our missionaries in pagan and infidel lands are maintaining 6,000 catechists and 18,000 schools. They are instructing 1,200,000 catechumens, and educating 800,000 pupils. All these works, and the missionaries themselves are supported and maintained by Catholics, who are grateful for the gift of faith and the fruits of Christian civilization, because little can be obtained from converts in pagan countries, who are almost as poor in earthly possessions as they formerly were in spiritual gifts.—The Missionary.

HOW CATHOLIC SOLDIERS DIE

From the Front narratives continue to come of incidents which illustrate the power of the Catholic Faith amidst the ghastly horrors of war, and show of what "splendid metal" the children of the Church are made. Father Collins writes from "somewhere" in Flanders: "I saw Mass in the village church every day when the weather permits; there is no roof to the church and no windows. The Irish Guards heard their last Mass here before going up to the recent fight. Their good chaplain said his last Mass within the walls of this church, and was killed that same night in the attack. After their departure I discovered a paper nailed to the door of the church, and on the paper was written the following: 'We protest against the wicked desecration of God's Holy House, and we go into this fight to avenge—with our lives, if God sees fit—the unholy outrage of His Tabernacle. It was signed by about thirty men of the Irish Guards. The Ages of Faith never saw worthier Crusaders than these.' From 'somewhere' in France Abbe Watrin writes: 'On Sunday I was able to say Mass in a little wood on a hill commanding our vast field of operations. The altar was a stretcher supported by four bundles of rifles, and there was fighting going on in front of us. The shells were dropping at our feet. Many of the men were in tears during the service and with plenty of reason. But, oh! how lovely was that chalice, that Host lifted up over those who were dying for their country!'

Discouraging the effect of the war on religion in France, the Rev. F. A. Cardew, an Anglican chaplain in Paris, expressed the opinion that a much larger proportion of men attend church and adhere to religion in France than in England. A law designed years ago to injure the Church in France has had the opposite effect; it has sent into the trenches and the barracks over 20,000 priest-soldiers whose influence is all for good, and provided them with opportunities of calling back to the fold many a wandering sheep, of strengthening the weaklings of the flock, and of giving the consolations of the Faith. Mass and the Sacraments, to those who might otherwise have been deprived of them. Father Yves Saccaud, O.M.I., writes: 'The stretcher-bearers had an awful work to do. Four were killed, two of whom were priests, and twenty wounded. . . . One of my strangest experiences during the attack was a night visit to the trenches for the purpose of identifying and burying the dead. I was accompanying an officer who desired a priest by his side. I intended to hold a burial service, but it was impossible. All I could do was to recite the De Profundis for every dead soldier. . . . Shells and bullets were whistling everywhere.' Fathers Anizan, Balmas and Gouranton, O. M. I., have been specially mentioned in Orders of the day for their courage and their great services to the wounded. Father Guesdon, O. M. I., having recovered from fever caught amongst his patients, is now working in an ambulance which accommodates 200 wounded men. In his spare time (if he helps parish priest, and preacher to Franciscan Tertiaries, Father Vasseur has been wounded whilst in the trenches; the General visited him in hospital, telling him his name would not be forgotten; young Father Croisier was chaplain to two regiments, and in the fulfillment of his duty to them he was killed. We agree with a writer in the interesting Missionary Record of the Oblate Fathers, that it is impossible to follow the soldier-priests of France in the great variety of works in which they are engaged. One is a chaplain, another a stretcher-bearer, another in a hospital, or an ambulance, or a hospital train, another is in the trenches, or in an attack, encouraging the soldiers, and if so be, helping them to die like Christians. Like Christ, like people. Strengthened by Christ's Sacred Body and Blood, I shall do my duty for God and France," writes one young soldier to his mother. And another: "If I am to die, I offer this sacrifice without murmuring to the good God for France." My child," said a military chaplain to a dying soldier, "offer your life to God for France that it may be truly Catholic." "Monsieur l'Abbe," replied the youth, "I have made that offering every day since the war began; God now takes me at my word." Another writes: "We are close to the line of fire. There are two large churches here. Yesterday, several non-commissioned officers, myself among them, went to Holy Communion. Now and then I am able to pay a visit to the Blessed Sacrament; never did this practice seem to me so delightful. Wherever the Catholic Church is planted, the humbles of her children can enjoy her churches and her hymns, which bring back the remembrances of home, of friends, of all the things we love. Providence spells us; in every village we find the same Lord, the same Holy Mother the same spiritual centre." In other words, for Catholics the world over there are "one Faith, one Lord, one Baptism," that marvellous unity, that oneness, which is a mark of her Divine origin. Another officer writes that he has organized the "Living Rosary" amongst his men, each of whom will recite a decade daily, and another announces his intention to bring "three new converts to Holy Communion next Sunday." Altogether "the decay of the Church of Rome,"

so long prophesied and so deeply decried by the infidel and the Protestant Alliance, seems again to be "indefinitely postponed."—M. C. L. in Edinburgh Herald.

GETTING THE PEOPLE

Says The Brookfield Argus: "The time is coming when nearly every church will have moving pictures as a feature of its service, and it wouldn't be a bad stunt at that. Illustrated sermons would look good, sound better, be best, and get the people.

There you have it: "Get the people." Yes, some people of a certain sort would go to church on Sundays to see moving pictures, even though they were advertised as "illustrated sermons," but people who were hungry for religious truth would not do so. And it is amazing how many there are among the so-called worshippers whose hearts long very often for a heart to heart talk with God, for a sermon that will arouse the conscience and bring the inquirer to his knees. The moving pictures will do well enough for a passing form of recreation, but the soul that is burdened with grief, bowed down in shame, convicted of sin, in fear of eternity, will turn towards that Church where Christian truth is certain to be proclaimed and Christian Sacraments administered. The day has dawned at last when the American public knows where to find comfort and spiritual joy, and as a result Catholic Churches are calling into their adfices larger audiences than ever filled them before.—The Missionary.

MINISTER INVITES

CATHOLIC LAYMAN TO FILL HIS PULPIT

Rev. George D. Egbert, Congregational Minister of Flushing, New York City, recently invited W. Bourke Cochran to address his congregation on the subject, "Why I Am A Catholic," and told him not to be sensitive of anybody's feelings, but to "cut loose." Mr. Cochran characterized the occasion as a sign of the approaching day when the Christian churches would unite in the defence of Christianity itself against the rising tide of agnosticism. The fervent orator began his discourse by clearing away popular misrepresentations of Catholic teaching. Then he said in part: (We quote from the Flushing (N. Y.) Daily Times, Jan. 29, 1916): This assemblage and my appearance here both show conclusively that in these days the different Christian sects prefer to examine in a spirit of candid and sincere inquiry the differences that exist between them, rather than to quarrel over them in a spirit of fierce and rancorous contention. May we not hope that it is another proof, among the many which have been given to us of recent years, that all Christians are beginning to realize the necessity of combining, of concentrating, of uniting in the defence of Christianity itself, against the rising tide of agnosticism that aims to engulf and extinguish the light of Christian revelation throughout the world? It is with this spirit and in this hope, at any rate, that I reply to the question 'Why Am I a Roman Catholic?' Catholics believe that the revelations of the Lord would be incomplete, insufficient and inadequate if accomplished by the mere utterance of the words in which they were first expressed; that the revelations to be revelations required the establishment of an authority, an infallible authority; clothed with all the power of Divine authority to interpret and explain. We believe that authority was instituted by Our Lord Himself not only to exist during the generation he addressed but for all time 'unto the consummation of the world.' This non-Catholic deny, claiming that the interpretation of God's word is a task each man must discharge for himself. "While I can understand the mental operations that lead a man to reject the Scriptures altogether, except as they are monuments of literature—the very noblest ever raised by human genius, embodying the purest law ever offered for human guidance; that lead such a man to accept so much of them as he considers consistent with reason, that is to say the current of human experience as he comprehends it, I cannot understand how anyone who accepts the Scriptures and the rules of law they prescribe for the government of man in this life with the promise of immortal life beyond the grave for obedience, can reject the interpretation placed upon the Scriptures by the oldest Church. Precisely because we Catholics believe in the Scriptures do we accept the interpretation placed upon them by the authority instituted by Our Lord to expound, explain and defend them.

"Can we dispense with authority and still have law? All the experience of man is to the contrary. There never was a law expressed in words that didn't become a source of confusion unless there were an authority to interpret it, and that authority was absolute and final. Our Constitution has been a source of dispute from the beginning. It has produced a library of judicial decisions. The last was recorded yesterday and I haven't any doubt it will give birth to a hundred more disputes which will require a thousand more decisions. Society could not exist unless there was a final authority to interpret the law."—Our Sunday Visitor.

THE ORIGIN OF THE SHAMROCK

A recent writer reminds us that few pause to reflect that "the chosen land of hard and chief" was probably venerated before the coming of St. Patrick. Yet it is certain, he continues, that such was the case; and, moreover, that it was for this very reason that the great apostle used the shamrock to illustrate his forever memorable sermon, his first appeal to the people of Ireland. If, as seems likely, the saint was influenced in his choice of the shamrock as an emblem of the Trinity by the fact that the trefoil was already held sacred by the Irish, it is but one more example of the tact and good sense for which he was so justly celebrated.

It was the emblem of the vernal equinox with the Druids, who were all powerful at the epoch of St. Patrick's arrival there. It is all the more easy to believe that the trefoil was venerated in pre-Christian Ireland, when we reflect upon the antiquity of the Irish race and its Oriental origin; for the shamrock, or its equivalent, was held sacred in the east from the earliest times. Nor is it surprising that this should be so, when we bear in mind that the significance given to the trefoil, even in pre-Christian times, was invariably that of three contained in one, and that the mystery of the Adorable Trinity was worshipped in the Garden of Eden.

It is certain that the trefoil was regarded as emblematic of the Holy Trinity long before the advent of paganism gave any other meaning to it. And it is possible that in the veneration of the pre-Christian Irish for the trefoil something was retained of that lost faith in the one true God inherited from their remote ancestors. Indeed, it seems scarcely too much to say that the unanimity with which the Christian significance of the trefoil was accepted by the pagan Irish points not so much to the birth of new belief as to the revival of an old one, that had not been dead, but was sleeping, till at the voice of St. Patrick it awoke, to sleep never more.

It was honored as the Irish national emblem for over a thousand years before the English adopted the rose or the Scotch the thistle.

It is an interesting fact that medieval artists frequently represented the angel Gabriel as presenting a trefoil to the Blessed Virgin. It is well known that Fra Angelico was fond of introducing the trefoil into his pictures of the crucifixion. The trefoil emblem on the heads of Isis and Oahis, worshipped by the Egyptians; the triple-leaved palmetto, held sacred in India, and the presence of the trefoil in the ancient crowns of both Persia and Ireland are so many connecting links, according to our writer between the followers of St. Patrick today and their Oriental ancestors in the past.

It is at least a fascinating study for the antiquarian.—Catholic Telegraph.

THE BIRD LET LOOSE

The bird let loose in eastern skies, When hastening fondly home, Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies

Where idle warblers roam; But high she shoots through air and light.

Above all low delay, Where nothing earthly bounds her flight, Nor shadows dim her way.

So grant me, God, from every care And stain of passion free, Aloft, through virtue's purer air, To hold my course to Thee!

No sloth to cloud, no lure to stay My soul, as home she springs; Thy sunshine on her joyful way, Thy freedom in her wings!

—THOMAS MOORE

The father who gives all must always love better than the child who takes everything. It is earth's little reflex of the eternal story of the love of God, and man's shabby requital.

Rich Yet Delicate—Clean and Full of Aroma.

"SALADA"

is blended from selected hill-grown teas, famed for their fine flavory qualities. Imitated yet never equalled.

Advertisement for Safford Boilers and Radiators. Includes an illustration of a boiler and text describing its benefits for home heating. Text: 'Ask to see the basement first. If you are about to look through a house that is "For Sale" or "To Let" ask to see the basement first. Be sure it contains an efficient heating system. What good is a house, no matter how artistically planned, if it cannot be kept comfortable during the long, cold winter?' Safford Boilers and Radiators. Insure warm homes. One reason why the Safford hot water system is superior is because of its rapid water circulation. The iron, you know, of which the fire-pot and water sections are made absorbs the heat almost as quickly as the coal gives it off. And one square inch of iron absorbs enough heat from the coal to heat thirteen square inches of water. If the water doesn't circulate fast enough to carry this heat in turn away from the iron, a lot of heat will go up the chimney and be wasted. Now, the Safford gets rapid circulation because the water, after being heated, has only one-third the distance to travel to get out of the Safford fire-pot that it has in ordinary boilers. This great circulation speed means getting full benefit from every ounce of coal consumed. It means, too, that less coal is required, because no heat is wasted, as with systems with slower water circulation. Other Safford features explained in our booklet, "Home Heating." It will only take you a minute to write for a copy. THE DOMINION RADIATOR COMPANY. Toronto, Canada.

Advertisement for hair treatment. Includes illustrations of a man's hair before and after treatment. Text: 'YOU CAN GROW YOUR HAIR. Before Treatment, Fourth Week, Sixth Week. Successful Scientific Treatment FREE OF CHARGE. For Old or Young, Both Sexes. Do you suffer from loss of hair?—Does your hair get prematurely gray?—Is your hair thin, sticky or matted?—Do you suffer from dandruff, itching or eczema of the scalp?—Are you bald-headed or about to become so? If you suffer from any of the above mentioned hair troubles do not neglect it, but try to relieve the trouble at once. Delays are dangerous. Write at once for our illustrated booklet. "The Triumph of Science Over Baldness" (By an Eminent European Specialist). FREE TREATMENT. We want to prove to you our own risk that the Calveca Hair Treatment stops the falling of the hair, destroys dandruff and eczema of the scalp and promotes the growth of new hair. We will send you a \$1.00 box of Calveca No. 1, together with the above mentioned booklet, "The Triumph of Science Over Baldness," if you send us your name and address, together with 10 cents in silver or postage stamps to help pay the distribution expenses. Cut out the coupon below and send to-day to Union Laboratory, Room 5, 142 Mutual Street, Toronto, Ont. STREET, TORONTO, ONT. Please find enclosed 2 cents to help pay the distribution expenses. Kindly send me at once your \$1.00 Calveca No. 1 and your booklet, "The Triumph of Science Over Baldness." (Enclose this coupon in your letter.)

The Capital Life Assurance Company OF CANADA. HEAD OFFICE, OTTAWA, CANADA. Balance Sheet, December 31st, 1915. Table with columns for LIABILITIES and ASSETS. LIABILITIES: Net Reserve under Policies, Om (5) 3 per cent. \$126,854 40; Death Claims awaiting proof 1,000 00; Due or accrued for office or other expenses 512 90; Accrued Taxes 1,311 95; Premiums paid in advance 137 05; Investment Reserve 8,206 54; Capital Stock paid up 129,080 00; Surplus over all Liabilities and Capital 17,954 38; Total \$285,057 22. ASSETS: First Mortgages on Real Estate \$75,600 00; Government and Municipal Bonds (book values) 163,692 52; Cash in Banks and at Head Office 16,085 46; Loans on Policies 4,263 59; Interest Accrued 5,310 29; Interest Due 1,319 20; Premiums Outstanding and Deferred (less cost of collection) 16,507 06; Office Furniture and Fixtures (less 10 per cent. written off) 2,279 19; Total \$285,057 22. Income for 1915: Net Premiums \$77,875 52; Interest 11,985 64; Other Income 12,830 00; Total Income \$102,691 16; Total Disbursements 62,068 82. Comparative Results 1915: Increase in Net Premium Income \$8,325 80; Increase in Policy Reserves 42,127 80; Increase in Assets 45,361 97; Increase in Insurance in Force 267,000 00; Insurance in Force \$2,779,898 00; Interest earned on investments, 6.2%.