

Home Column.

OLD-YEAR MEMORIES.

Let us forget the things that vexed
and tried us,
The worrying things that caused
our souls to fret;
The hopes that cherished long were
still denied us.
Let us forget.

Let us forget the little slights that
pained us.
The greater wrongs that rankle
sometimes yet;
The pride with which some lofty
one disdained us.
Let us forget.

Let us forget our brother's fault
and failing,
The yielding to temptation that
beset,
That he perchance, though grief be
unavailing,
Cannot forget.

But blessings manifold, past all
deserving,
Kind words and helpful deeds, a
countless throng,
The fault o'ercome, the rectitude
unswerving,
Let us remember long.

The sacrifice of love, the generous
giving,
When friends were few the hand-
clasp warm and strong,
The fragrance of each life of holy
living,
Let us remember long.

Whatever things were good and
true and gracious
Whate'er of right has triumphed
over wrong,
What love of God or man has
rendered precious,
Let us remember long.

So, pondering well the lessons it
has taught us
We tenderly may bid the year
"Good bye,"
Holding in memory the good it
brought us,
Letting the evil die.

—Susan E. Gammons

THE YEAR THAT IS GONE AND THE ONE WE HAVE ENTERED UPON.

In considering the contribution
to "Home Column" for this week,
thoughts remembered from a ser-
mon preached by Rev. Father Kas-
per, to St. Mary's congregation,
the first Sunday of the year, Jan-
uary 3, seem most applicable. I
feel satisfied the readers of Home
Column will profitably read the
part of that eloquent sermon as re-
membered by your contributor:—
"The year 1903 has passed, and
we stand on the threshold of 1904.
1903 has gone—gone with its pleas-
ures and its pains—its sorrows
and its joys—its laughter and its
tears—gone beyond recall. We are
today not the same beings we were
a year ago—we are nearer the
judgment seat; to all it has brought
some experience that forever will
stand monument-like in our lives
to mark the birth of new capaci-
ties within ourselves, for good or
evil, the awakening of some power-
ful influence for weal or woe.
Twelve short months, and how
much they mean. As we travel
through the enemies' countries, we
look back on all we have encoun-
tered, the failures we have met, the
snares we have fallen into, and the
victories we have scored. We have
failures over which we may weep,
and victories for which to thank
God. Life to us, however, is not
yet over, and we may gather up
the lessons the past year has
taught for application in the future.
Let us consider the past year; it
seems only yesterday we entered
on 1903—how quickly it has passed,
as last year has slipped by so every
year will slip till time empties
into the boundless bottomless sea
of eternity. We should contrast
time with eternity, eternity! eterni-
ty! Who can understand it? No
numeral can express it, no words
in our language can convey the
slightest idea of it. Add year to
year, multiply century by century,
you will find yourself no nearer;
ay, add thousands and billions of
years to your figures and multiply
then till head and brain reel, and
you will find yourself no nearer,
even then eternity would be but be-
ginning. Let us turn our thoughts

to time, "time" which the apostle
says is so short, we are here today
tomorrow we are gone. What after
all are a paltry fifty, eighty, say
even a hundred years. To look for-
ward to them, they seem a great
number, to look back they are very
short. To a child fifty years seems
an enormous period, when he
reaches mature years it has shrunk
to insignificance, and after he has
stepped across the confines, and has
been in eternity for a billion of cen-
turies, then let him turn his gaze
on these fifty or one hundred years.
What does he think of them? They
are but as a lightning flash. This
thought has driven hundreds to the
desert, hundreds and thousands of
monks and nuns to seclusion and
prayer. It is not a thought upon
which men in general care to
dwell, such thoughts lead to re-
grets, to good resolutions, and
most men are more anxious about
temporal than eternal affairs, and
would live forever in this transient
world. Let us weigh well and
seriously the true responsibility of
life. If all ended with this life—then
riches, pleasures, position, etc.,
would be of moment, but alas, they
are but playthings, they have no
intrinsic value; life would be but a
comedy considered in itself alone.
There is a grand fundamental fact
that remains a surety in this seem-
ingly vague life. Eternal issues are
being fought out. Heaven and hell
are in the balance. In the present
life will be decided my eternal
dwelling place, as long as God will
be God. The future depends on me,
and it grows nearer day by day;
it lies with me, whether I shall
spend an eternity of honor
or dishonor, whether I shall
spend an eternity of joy or pain.
My attention to the laws of God
shall decide. Most people drive
those thoughts from them. They
fail to understand, because they re-
fuse to reflect. At the opening of
the New Year let us enter into our-
selves, examine our past in the pre-
sence of God; in the light of the
judgment seat—to ourselves we
cannot be too severe, to the faults
of others, too lenient. By our own
mistakes let us measure the mis-
deed of others, let us profit
by the temptations we have met,
returning thanks to God for the
courage which has helped us to
withstand some, from our failures
gathering fresh courage for a new
attack. Each heart knows its own
bitterness. A deep stratum of sor-
row often lies close to the fairest
surface, of the knowledge born of
experience we must be generous
and deal gently with the failings
hardest to understand in others.
We must make better use of our
moments to gain victories over
self, and show earnestness in the
service of God, as if the present
year would be our last, then, in-
deed will it be the Happy New
Year to all."

SQUIRRELS CROSSING RIVER.

Have you ever seen a squirrel mi-
grating across the Mississippi river,
from the Wisconsin to the Minne-
sota shore? It is an interesting
sight. When Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel
find that the supply of acorns and
other nuts upon which they feed,
has become exhausted, they are
obliged to seek another abiding
place, and it is not an uncommon
occurrence to see them making
their way across the river to a
locality where the nuts may be
found in more abundance. The
squirrel can handle himself in the
water but is not an expert swim-
mer. The rodent manages to climb
up on a small board or piece of
driftwood floating in the water,
and, using his tail as a sail to
catch the passing breeze, soon
lands on the opposite side of the
river. Sometimes the little fellows
lose their wind and drown before
they can get across the water, but
they are usually successful in get-
ting hold of a piece of floating
wood, and with the aid of the
current and the breeze, they cross
in comparative safety. It is really
an amusing sight to see squirrels
migrating in this manner, with
their long furry tails stuck up in
the air, and presents a remarkable
and interesting exhibition of animal
instinct.—Ex.

A man who tries to reform his
life on the instalment plan general-
ly gets behind in his payments.

BLIND PERSECUTION.

(By Paul Villiers).

If you look for a specimen of
blind persuasion, read the follow-
ing:

Paris, December 12.—Though Pres-
ident Loubet personally is as be-
loved as ever by the French people,
there is every indication that in
the present ministry Combes will
not remain in power very long.

By his harsh measures against
the Catholic Church, and especially
against the Sisters of Mercy, whose
splendid services during the Franco-
Prussian war the French people can
never forget, the Prime Minister
has made himself extremely unpop-
ular with the majority of the
nation, which remains faithful to
the church.

General Andre, the Minister of
War, has never been popular in the
least, and by insulting Colonel
Marchand, the hero of Fashoda and
the military idol of France, he has
lost the last vestige of respect
with the nation.

In his petty jealousy of the popu-
lar hero, the Minister of War ex-
cluded Marchand's regiment from
all participation in the recent
French manoeuvres, and when March-
and wrote to General Andre and
asked for an explanation he was
sentenced to thirty days arrest.

Marchand immediately sent in
his resignation, thinking that the
services he had tendered his coun-
try deserved a better reward.

Too late the Minister of War re-
cognized his mistake in offending
the most popular soldier of France,
and though he succeeded in per-
suading Marchand to remain in the
army, the storm of public criticism
almost forced him to flee from
Paris.

Unable to forget that Marchand
had made him beg for mercy, he
revenged himself by sending him on
a most dangerous expedition into
Upper Congo, where there is every
prospect that he will succumb to
fever.

Should this happen General Andre
might as well make up his mind to
leave France before he is ostracized
by the nation.

BLESSING OF A NEW CHAPEL.

The 6th of January, 1904, will
long be remembered by the happy
inhabitants of Thibeaultville, near
St. Anne. Thanks to the persev-
ering efforts of the Rev. Father De-
foy, and the generous assistance
extended to him by parishioners
and friends in the east, a neat and
cosy little chapel was erected under
the titular of "Chapelle de L'En-
fant Jesus" and now stands open
to the pious worshippers of the
locality.

The blessing took place on the
feast of the Epiphany. The Rev.
Father Defoy himself presided at
the imposing ceremony and gave
an eloquent address to the mem-
bers of his flock. High Mass was
celebrated also, commencing at
10.30 a.m.

We do not exaggerate when we say
that the new chapel speaks highly
of the Rev. Father's artistic taste.
It is a credit to the place and the
generous donors of the province of
Quebec have reason to rejoice for
having helped in such a noble en-
terprise. The Child Jesus, who is
the Eucharistic God of our Altars,
will soon, we hope, take his per-
manent abode in his new sanctuary
to bless all who have contributed
to the erection of this neat house
of prayer and blessing.

Willie and Tommy are two Michi-
gan youngsters who are pugilisti-
cally inclined. The other day the
following conversation took place
between them.

"Aw," said Willie, tauntingly,
"you're afraid to fight—that's wot
it is."

"Naw, I ain't," protested Tom-
my, stoutly. "But if I fight, my
ma'll find it out and lick me."

"How'll she find it out, eh?"
"She'll see the doctor goin' to
your house."

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In his early days, Lord Russell,
Chief Justice of England, had a
good deal to put up with from old-
er men who thought to prune his
exuberance. One day, Sir Digby
Seymour, Q. C., kept up a flow of
small talk when Russell was speak-
ing. "I wish you would be quiet,
Seymour," said Russell, with his
Irish accent. "My name is Sey-
mour, if you please," replied the
learned gentleman, with mock
dignity. "Then I wish you would
see more and say less," was the
rejoinder.

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