CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

A THOUGHT FROM FATHER RUSSELL

The following beautiful advice has been given by that great father of souls, Father Russell, S. J.:

Let us strive to begin the New Year not only with a pure conscience and a fervent and humble determin ation to save our souls at any cost. but with an earnest wish and a firm purpose to spend each month and week and day, as it passes, in such a manner that we shall be able to look back upon them, not with remorse, but with joy and gratitude, from that future day (God knows how far in front of us it lies), that day of death which shall be for us the New Year's Day of eternity. Fancy that you have reached that day or the eve of that day—fancy that you are lying on your death-bed, and looking back your past life from your death bed, and try now to realize what shall be year feelings and desires then ; then when we shall know better how parfeetly and fervently He merits to be served, and how generously He will reward through the endless day of eternity each separate additional mement of this fleeting time that is spent in His service." - St. Paul

THE FAILURES OF YESTERDAY

If we have had a hard day, a day that was a distinct failure, what a disheartening impression it leaves! How difficult is is for us to shake off the memory of it and begin the new day with a brave face!

But these yesterdays! They are past and gone, for good or for evil. It is beyond our power to live them again and live them better. We must rest content with to day. We cannot afford to shackle fresh effort with these dismal failures. We must not cloud the new day with any of the stain and soil the discouragement pain that yesterday brought. We have before us something fresh. new and untried. We have still another wonderful opportunity to do all those splendid things which we failed to accomplish yesterday. Every day brings new opportunity, each rising sun beckons us on to fresh efforts, new triumphs. Shall we permit yesterday's disappointments to cast their shadows? Shall we dim the brightness of the morning sun with the black thoughts of the good things we missed the day before?

The strong man shakes these shadows from his mind. He reaches out for the good there is in store for him. He will think of nothing but success. He has room in his mind only that one thing and how he shall achieve it.

No man can take up the day's work with expectation of success who does not take it up free from the burden of failure which previous days have brought. Remember such days enough to profit by the mistakes and then-forget them. Think of the weight of wos we should be dragging about with us if we hampered our selves with the accumulation of fail-

res which the years bring. It is these yesterdays that make our lives more difficult than they need be. It is these failures of previous days that take the joy out of existence, that rob the sunshine of some of its golden glory, and that make life less sweet and beautiful than it was meant to be.

Many hard days come for which we meed all our strength, but we must learn to let the dead past bury its dead and not to trouble succeeding days with ghosts.

So long as the morning sun finds us eager to take up our task, think. ing of it as privilege, so long as we hold closely in our minds the one thought of doing our best work and

in the world and fight for worth while things, and capable of putting behind us yesterday's failures that they may not be permitted to dull the wonderful present—this present which we all have to make of it what we will.

HOW HE GOT UP

Have you ever stood aside and watched the growth of some business, or the building up of an agency, or the progress someone has made in any art or profession? Of course you have—and it wasn't a thing that was jumped at, was it? It came from doing, from trying, day in and day out. You have said a bundred Why I remember when Soand so wasn't worth a dollar. Look at him now."

· But, did you give him credit for effort? Did you look back to the months and years when "So and So" had toiled early and late "doing?" Do you remember how, when other men were having a good time and enjoying life, he was working? Other men in these days gave their families many little luxuries which So and So had to forego, but he kept on work ing-deing-till he too experienced the thrill which comes from work well done and now his family goes about in a high-priced motor car while yours walks.

His doing has brought him the happiness of achievement and all the days of toil have been forgotten. The years have sweetened the memory of the hours of hard work probably looks upon it all as the happiest time of his life - especially that day he realized that his doing had brought him to the desired haven and that he had really arrived. -Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

TRIXIE'S GUARDIAN ANGEL

"Ticket, please."

The conductor glanced sharply at the little girl, who sat quite still regarding him with wide, frightened eyes. "Tickst, ticket!" he urged im-

patiently. It was the day before New Year's; and the train was crowded. Give me your ticket."

'I - I haven't any!" the child taltered, looking more and more frightened. "Then you'll have to pay your fare. Where are you pay your fare.

-to Cleveland."

he could scarcely articulate; but she did not cry. "You will have to pay your fare,"

the conductor was beginning sternly, when the young man across the aisle touched his arm. 'I will pay the little girl's fare,"

he said quietly.

When the conductor had moved at her friend.

" I-I thank you!" she said with quaint old-fashioned courtesy. Then added, in a sudden busst of confidence, "You see, 1 purse. There was \$5 in it!"

The gentleman looked grave. travel alone, without either ticket or money.

The little girl's face clouded and asleep. the frightened look refurned to the brown eyes. "Cousin Resie didn't difficulty; then smiled whimsically answer my letter," she explained, at himself as he sattled the little "and I lost her address-it was in creature in a more comfortable posithe purse.'

John Barton regarded her silently over in his seat, he made room for her to sit beside him, smiling whim-sically at himself the while. He wondered what some of his fastidious

Mies Rosamond Gordon was nearly

Mies Rosamond Gordon was nearly that there is for us only successful wondered what some of his fastidious accomplishment of that work-then friends would say if they could see



was, making room for a little un known girl with pleading brown eyes to ait beside him, a little girl who would no doubt, some day grow heartless and cruel, like all her sex

His mouth set a little grimly. The old wound was not entirely healed Unconsciously his hand toward his breast-pocket wherein a small sasin lined box, reposed diamond ring -the ring she had re turned without a word of explanation, just five years ago to day. He sighed impatiently. He had

gone over it all so often, and-"Do you think it is a very big sin

to run away?" Trix was regarding him solemnly.
"Eh? Did you run away?" he questioned in startled surprise.

She nodded. "I had to run away," she explained 'Papa and mamma are in Boston and nurse was to take me to Cousin Rosie's for New Year's : but she got awful sick last night, and they took her to the hospital. I wrote to Cousin Rosie yesterday so she'il be 'specting us. Papa says a gentleman will go through fire and water to keep a 'pointment -and I 'spect it's

the same with a little girl." He shook his head gravely. they should fail to meet youbegan : but she broke in eagerly-'Cousin Rosie'll be there," she said confidently.

'Mamma wrote to her last week to meet ne at 2 80." "But we will not get in until 5.30,"

he exclaimed. 'Oh !" For a moment the little face looked troubled; then brightened with a

happy thought. "Prbaps she'll wait," she said hopefelly, "and—and you forgot'bout my Guardian Angel," she added "Mamma says our Guardian By this time Trix was so frightened | Angels take care of us every minute

of the day; and I 'spect he knows

Cleveland well's any place" John Barton coughed doubtfully, but remained silent. He could not bring himself to say anything that might in the slightest degree, dampen her childish confidence. he only smiled at her, and turned his glance toward the swittly dimming down the aisle, Trix looked timidly landscape, whose snr shrouded outlines, were, after | lapse of five veers, sufficiently familiar to awaken

the old gnawing pain. He was a fool to have returned ! "You see, I — I lost my he told himself savagely. Alicia had no doubt, married that fool of a Gregory! and—
He was considering the advisabil-

"Some one will meet you at the He was considering the advisabil-station?" he questioned, while ity of getting off at the next station, wondering at the carelessness of and taking the first train back, when her friends in allowing her to a sleepy head nestled a ainst his arm. Glancing down, he that the tired little Trix Lad fallen

He frowned slightly at this new

She smiled in her sleen! and. for a moment. Something in the little eager face, with its pathetic brown eyes, attracted him. Moving heart for the helpless little stranger,

frantic She had been to the station are we free men, fit to take our place him—cynical old bachelor that he that afternoon to meet her consin Robert's little girl, who, with her nurse, was to have arrived at 2.30. 'I am worried to death about the child," she confided to one of her guests. "Robers's wife is a dear—but she is only a child, herself!

is another train at 5.30." Telling the cabman to wait. Miss Gordon hurried into the station, just as the train pulled in. She started forward with a glad cry when she caught sight of Trix—who held fast to the hand of the tall young man, while pouring out an excited explan-ation of the delay, and the nonarrival of the nurse.

the cab door, Miss Gordon turned a scrutinizing glance upon the young man.

"You have been very kind," she said sweetly, "so kind, that I am going to ask a very great favor. If you have no other engagement, will His own Son." No suffering was you come with me now and help omitted till everything was fulfilled. you come with me now and help entertain the young people gathered at my home ?

John Barton tried not to show the surprise he felt at such a proposi-tion. He proffered his card by way of introduction, and then, with feeling of venturing into fairy land. took his seat baside the delighted Trix

The cabman drove like mad-he realized uncomfortably, that, in the catch the lady's name.

"Come right in !" she cried leading If they had been less excited they

guardian angel to little Trix-andand-it is New Year's Eve, you know," and without waiting to see the effect of her words. Miss Gordon hurried away to the expectant little

Trix had again slipped her hand into that of her new friend. What a bee utiful New Year's

Eve !" she cried rapturously. A half hour later a dozen little boys and girls were gathered in the big back drawing room, gazing with eager delight at the magnificent Christmas tree, still decked in glor-

ious array.
"I am glad I runned away," Trix confided to Cousin Rosie. "You see, my Guardian Angel did take care of me—and it is such a wonderful New Year's.—The Angelus.

HEART COURAGEOUS

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose That you resolved to effect."

Now, after the stress of the Christmas season is past, while our hearts are yet tender with many thoughts impressed upon us, our eyes lifted, looking toward the coming of the new year with all it may hold for us of joy or sorrow, good or evil, the old custom of the good resolution, resolved anew, suggesss itself.

And yet before we take upon our-selves the self righteous resolution, dictated by whomsoever or whatsoever, let us, closeted with conscience, take count of the strength that is with in us, for our last state is worse than our first, it resolving sincerely, we then abandon that resolve.

Under stimulus of generous impulse we assume a responsibility, without due count of our strength or right estimate of the demands of what we assume. But one in a thousand is capable of self-sacrifice. Let us ask, each one of himself, "Am I that one of the thousand?" Are we even strong enough for resignation? In the list of Christian graces I make no doubt, the greater number of us place resignation last. We do this because resignation is usually our last resort. We try to be re signed, or imagine we are resigned when we can do nothing more. But this is a mistake. To be truly resigned to a cross light or heavy, is to show forth, to be possessed of a great cowrage of no ordinary quality. Somebody defines resignation as the courage of Christian sorrow-the dictionary defines courage as "that quality of mind enabling one to meet danger and difficulties." So we have some idea of what it means to be resigned; how much more strength we need to be self-effacing !

I know not why it is that, so many of us carry the belief in our hearts that we may take upon curselves burdens, and in some mysterious way find shift for them, or speedy deliv erance.

Perhaps fiction after the order of the pretty sentiment in "Little and Good," may be at fault ; or it may be the impression gleaned from happy interventions of a kind Providence witnessed in light drama; or it may be a latent weakness in ourselves. But it is no less a mistaka. What we assume, that we must bear. In the quaint legend of "Little and Good." who is the sister of an erring brother, she rises up, and listens to the story the Polar Bear brings out of the frozen woods; and when the bear tells her that she must do to herself what her brother has done to others, if she would rescue him from his place of punishment, she cries, "Oh, give me the knife," and is ready to die for her brother. Then the bear accepts her willingness to suffer, her spirit disposition, for the deed. ing. — Brooklyn Tablet. of "Little and Good" is

not required to liberate her brother. Such stories are sweet enough to he secred : but after all they are but pictures drawn by secular Divine revelation teaches differently.

Let us look up and take for our example the Mother of Our Lord. lately saturated as our minds and souls have been with emotions awakened and enkindled by the Nativity anniversary, we should not find this so difficult. And while it is very true that we are more moved to think of the cave stable as the audience chamber of a king, and the Mother there enthroned, her kingly Babe in her arms, yet still, other thoughts surge up that will not be banished.

The blindest cannot but know this. that when Mary said, "Behold the hand maid of the Lord," she accepted her part in the work of Our Lord on earth. And it is written concerning the will of God, "He spared not The Mother of Our Lord assumed her part, and so suffered her part.

"Half of earth and half of heaven, as she was, her humanity could suffer, and the spirit also, when encountering disappointments and humiliations. In the lowly cave, where long before were stalled the berds of her royal ancestor, King David, did Mary behold the splendor was anxious for other fares-and, of the Star? Or heard she the singwhen he drew up before an elegant ing of the angels in the presence of home on Euclid avenue, John the shepherds? Had she but the memory of the angels' visit to her, to ramble and roar, he had failed to sustain her, as she pressed the Babe to her bosom? We know that there was no room for her in the inn; that her little one's cradle was a manger ; and that she had journeyed far from might have heard the murmur of home, and was in the midst of voices on the other side of the strangers. Had she not begun to taste of her part of a burden assumed "Alicia, dear," Miss Gorden was the bitterness of which was to prove saying a merry twinkle in her kind a fiery sword to pierce her heart? eyes, "I want you to meet our guest There was no assuagement, no de—Mr. John Barton. He proved a liverance, till the work Our Lord

came into the world to do, was Each time she went, accompanied by * * *

Asin this great and glorious illustration, so it is in our lesser ways and think notof shifting, or shirking, when once you determine to lend a helping hand, or the shouldering of a burden. Here is a beautiful thought that may help to make my meaning plainer: "If God send thee a cross, take it up willingly and follow Him. Use it wisely lest it be unprofitable. Bear it patiently, lest it be intolerable. If it be light, slight it not. If it be heavy, murmur not. After the cross, the crown.'

As to this matter of God's sending us our afflictions, or trials, we are often in doubt. I have spoken of this before, but it will bear repsti tion. I once asked one who was wise and thoughtful, who loved God and served Him, it God sent us troubles and trials? And the reply was: "God permits them to come upon us-and if He permits them. they cannot be against His will." am sure we could bear our crosses great or small, it perfect faith were ours that they came by Divine appointment. We should know that there is a law of retributive justice. and a law of recompense, and if we offend we must expiate; if we do good, the recompense will surely reward us.

Even they who profess no faith know this. I have before me the words of a man who professes no belief—a man of note, and writing, he says: "I try to do good; innate principles dictate it is the thing to do; in it I find about all coming my way in the way of happiness."

It is well to make good resolutions, but better to carry them out. If you failed last year, forget it, and try another way this year. It may seem trite enough to say "Try again." But we forget all about the sordidness and weakness if we but triumph in the end .- Catholic Universe.

A NICKEL FOR THE LORD

THE HEIGHT OF GENEROSITY

He wore a rose on his coat, but when the plate was passed he gave a bills in his pocket and sundry silver change, but hunted about and found this poor nickel and placed it on the plate to aid the Church Militant in its fight against the world, the flash and the devil. His silk hat was on the seat: his gloves and cane were beside it, and the nickel was on the plate, a whole nickel! On Saturday he met a friend; the

cash register recorded \$1.35, and he handed the boy a dime. A nickel to the Lord and a dime to the waiter! He had his shoes polished and handed the Greek a dime without a murmur. He had a shave and paid his check of 15 cents and "tipped" the barber a dime. He took a box of candies to his wife, paid 40 cents for it, and tied it with a dainty ribbon - and gave a nickel to the Lord.

This man worships Him as the Creator of the universe, the One who put the stars in order and by whose immutable decree, the heavens stand and he dropped a nickel on the plate to support His Church - the Church Militant - which represents on earth the Church Triumphant.

The Lord being gracious and slow to anger and remembering "frame" did not slav this man for his meanness, but gave him his daily bread. But the nickel was ashamed. if the man was not, for it slunk beneath the quarter which was given by a poor woman who washes for a liv-

A JEWISH CONVERT

CONVERTED BY WORK IN DEPARTMENT STORE

A unique story of a local conversion has just come to light. The girl in question, a Jewess, is an employee of one of the Fulton street department stores that makes a specialty of religious goods. That peculiar chance, that is a little beyond human understanding, brought her an assignment to the religious goods department. A commendable effort to gain a better knowledge of the stock which it is her duty to sell A DAMSEL WHO DARED. A Novel. by Gene led her to glance through some of the books, and to question some of the Catholic girls in the department as to the meaning of the resary and other articles of devotion. good fortune brought it about that girls whom she questioned were well able to explain the devotions to

As in most cases where the earnest seeker after truth meets the right kind of Catholic, she was fascinated by the new truths that began to dawn on her. She determined to inquire further-and did so. Soon she under instructions, and not long ago she was baptized. Since her admis sion to the Church she has been, by her example, an example to the girls in the department.

Girls who work in department stores, where they stand all day from in the morning until 6 in the evening taking orders and abuse from shoppers, are not usually given to poetic flights. The practical is upper most in their minds. Hence associates began to wonder why this Jewish girl had become a Catholic Finally the answer was agreed on that she had embraced Catholicity because she was "going with" a Catholic young man and he had refused to marry her unless she became a Catholic. They schemed to have her invited to several social affairs.

her brother. In this way they is arned that there was no man in the case The sole reasons of the Jewish girl's conversion are that she had been struck with the beauty of the symbolism of the Catholic religion; she had found the reading matter in the Catholic books of compelling truth and she had met good Catholic girls,

who knew their religion.

At home for a time the new convert's lot was not the happiest in the world. The Jews are tenacious of their religion and defection from it

her family sought to dissuade her. but to no avail. Finally they sorrow fully yielded to the inevitable. The girl's brother, nearest her own age, offered her the most encouragement. He, like so many others of the younger Jews, was practicing no religion, although he felt the need of some restraining and ennobling influence to better his life. During the talked the matter over with her. And, now that she has made the step and is a good Catholic, he himself is under instruction and will shortly pains them much. Her parents and enter the Church.-Brooklyn Tablet

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