CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

RESIST THE BEGINNINGS

Many a man who is now leading a most sinful life, was in the days of his childhood and youth living in spotless purity, says the Paulist Calendar. Many an intemperate man knew not the taste of strong drink until middle life, when he thought his character and habits were formed. There are men now serving a jail sentence for theft that were as honest as the rest of us only a few years ago.

To such persons who have fallen, the memory must, still recall the first approach of temptation that later conquered them, and the recoil of the mind from it with terror. They must still remember how the temptation came time and again, awaiting admission at the door of the soul, so that by degrees the mind became accustomed to its presence. At last it entered, when conscience was off guard; and in an instant it demoralized the whole household of the soul, loosened the passions, and though soon driven out, had in that moment made allies for itself, that at its next knocking it might not meet with such stubborn resistance as before. At last it gained full possession, cowed and silenced reason, and took the government into its own hands.

Thus has it happened to many a person who has fallen from the life of grace that he led in his youth. The mind gradually become habituated to, and finally controlled by, thoughts and temptations that once were foreign to its whole training and habit. So likewise it may be with us, if we resist not the beginnings if we resist not the minor temptations that precede the greater ones. We have the power to refuse admission to them. We are not responsible for a thought that we instantly repel; but we are responsible for our choice of good or evil.

No man sins by compulsion, or because of the gravity of the temptation; he can resist if he will. Man does not become corrupt in a day. He becomes so by not resisting the lesser faults that are followed by greater ones. If he resists not the former, how can he expect to resist the latter? "Watch ye and pray," said our Lord, "that you enter not into temptation, the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." "Be sober and watch; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, goeth about seeking whom he may devour."—B. C. Orphans' Friend.

UNSELFISHNESS IN BUSINESS

Real estate men forgot most of their troubles and put aside most of the business that had piled up and demanded their attention at the last meeting of the year, when Rev. Father William O'Ryan, pastor of St. Leo's Church, addressed them at the regular luncheon of the Real Estate Exchange recently His subject was "Some Christmas Reflections for the Business Man."

Most of the real estate men found plenty of food for reflection in Rev. Father O'Ryan's address, and expressed their appreciation of what he said with a rising vote of thanks.

"The narrow, selfish business man misses what is best in life. Happiness lies in our own communities, and it can be obtained only by an unselfish participation in the responsibility of making the community a good place in which to live. All the real happiness in the world is the pleasure found in doing some kind thing."

This was the keynote of Rev. Father O'Ryan's address. He departed somewhat from the subject assigned to him, and instead of speaking specifically of the Christmas holiday, made his talk a "Happy New Year" to the members of the exchange.

"The world was never so full of the spirit of kindness of man for his fellowmen as it is now," said he. "And it is through such kindness and sharing in the great and small responsibilities of life that men find all the happiness they enjoy."

Rev. Father O'Ryan called attention to the fact that just as the Real Estate exchange forms a closer feeling of friendship and fellowship among the men engaged in the real estate business, so should the relations of all men in a community be to one another. He charged his hearers with caring well for the moral welfare of the community, declaring that from both a humanitarian and practical point of view good morals are a requisite to the greatness of a city.

The speaker referred to New Year resolutions, not only in the usual humorous manner, but as one of the best means of stimulating men to better deeds, whether the resolutions are kept or broken.

"Resolutions are not to be laughed at," said Father O'Ryan. "They are usually far fitter for tears."—Denver Register.

COMPLETE HAPPINESS

Let us therefore be well agreed that so much of happiness falls to the lot of everyone as he possesses of virtue and wisdom, and in proportion as he acts according to their dictates; since for this we have the example of God Himself, Who is completely happy, not from any external good, but in Himself, and because He is such by nature. For the good fortune is something of necessity different from happiness, as every external good of the soul is produced by chance or by fortune; but it is not from fortune that anyone is just or wise. Hence it follows, as established by the same reasoning, that the state which is best, and acts best, will be happy; for no one can fare well who acts not well; nor can the actions either of man or city be praiseworthy without virtue and wisdom. For valor, justice and wisdom have in a state the same force and form as in individuals; and it is only as he shares in those virtues that each man is said to be just wise and prudent.

BEST LEFT ALONE

Andrew Carnegie, at a dinner that was recently given in his honor in New York told an amusing story at his own expense.

"I was traveling on an English railway Londonward last year," he said, "and had chosen a seat in a non-smoking carriage. At a wayside station a man boarded the train, sat down in my compartment and lighted a vile clay pipe.

"'This is not a smoking carriage,' I said.

"'All right, governor,' said the man, I'll just finish the pipe here.'

"'See here,' I said; 'I told you this wasn't a smoking carriage. If you persist with that pipe I shall report you at the next station to the guard.'

"I handed him my card. He looked at it, pocketed it, but lighted his pipe, nevertheless. At the next station, however, he changed to another compartment.

"Calling a guard I told him what had occurred, and demanded that the smoker's name and address be taken.

"Yes sir," said the guard, and hurried away. In a little while he returned. He seemed rather awed. He bent over me and said apologetically:

"'Do you know, sir, if I were you I would not prosecute that gent. He has just given me his card. Here it is. He is M.. Andrew Carnegie.'"

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

"LIKE A NELEPHANT"

"If that child isn't standing there yet!" Aunt Kittie exclaimed. "Look, Louise! That pretty little fellow in the blue sailor suit that we noticed by that window more than two hours ago—and there he is yet, with his wistful eyes watching, watching! And now it's almost dark, and altogether too cold for such a baby to be out."

"Should think he might have sense enough to go home," Louise shivered, drawing her furs closer.

"He can't be over five years old, in spite of that manly little face. Let's go over and speak to him," proposed Aunt Kittie, who never could see any one in trouble without wanting to help.

"Oh, auntie, don't be so countrified! Why he may be a beggar. And there comes our car now. If there was anything the matter with the child, the police would look after him."

"Very well, my dear, take your car," Aunt Kittie said quietly. "But I'm going to speak to that baby. He isn't standing there in the cold wind for fun. He is waiting for some one, and very anxiously, too, poor little man. Run along. You needn't wait for me." And before Louise could protest she was crossing the street.

The wee sailor man stood just outside the window of a book-store. When they passed him earlier in the day, he had been studying the gay pictures inside, but now his big, dark eyes were fixed on the passing throng. No, he could not be over five, in spite of that brave, manly little air, but he was not crying, only watching, oh, so anxiously.

"Is your papa a long time in coming, little man?" Aunt Kittie asked pleasantly, though wondering how any father could forget such a little son.

The baby eyes were lifted gladly to a friendly face, but he shook his small head. "My papa's 'way off—out West. I'm watching for my mamma."

For mamma! What mother would leave her baby boy out in the cold street so late? "Where has mamma gone?" Aunt Kittie asked.

"She went to see a man. She said she'd come back pretty soon, and told us to stay right here and look at the pictures, Willy Cook and me. But a band came, and Willy followed it off and left me, 'cause I wouldn't go too."

"But when was that? You have been here a long time, haven't you?"

"Oh, ever 'n' ever so long," bravely choking back a sob. "Hours and hours, I guess. I've waited and waited, just like the nelephant."

Aunt Kittie took the little cold fingers and looked helplessly up the street. They were lighting up the windows now—the street was growing dark. What could a mother be thinking of to leave him here? Or—could something have happened to her?

"You'd better come inside and get warm, dear, before these little fingers quite freeze."

"Mamma said to stay here. She told me to be good and stand here like a nelephant," the little fellow said simply.

"Like a nelephant?" Aunt Kittie questioned, dimly remembering the boy that "stood on the burning deck."

"Yes—the nelephant that stood so good, you know. Didn't your mamma ever tell you about him?"

"I don't believe she ever did. Suppose you tell me," Aunt Kittie suggested, more to gain time to think than because she wanted the story.

"Once there was a nelephant," the child began promptly, his fingers tightening on hers as if to keep her with him. "He was a great big nelephant, so the king bought him.

"And one time there was a war, and the king took his nelephant and put his big flag on his back, where everybody could see it. And they went out to fight, and the man that drove the nelephant sat on his back to tell him what to do. And he brought the nelephant just where they wanted him, and said, 'Stand still!' So the nelephant stood still.

"And just then came an arrow and hit the man, and he fell off and died, and the angels came and carried him away to heaven. But nelephant didn't know it, 'cause they was fighting and hollering all around. So he just stood still.

"And the king's men was all driven back, back. But the nelephant stood still. And they looked back, and there was the king's big flag flying on the nelephant's back. And they said, 'Oh, there's some of our men back there yet. We'll go back and get our flag.'

"So they ran back, and drove the other men 'way past the nelephant—but he stood still. Then the other men drove them back again, all back, only the nelephant stood still. But they looked back again and said, 'Oh, we musn't let them have our flag,' and went and drove them back again. And so they fought and fought all day—but the nelephant stood still.

"And when night came the king's men had driven off the other men, and then they wanted to take the big nelephant home with them, but he wouldn't come. And the nelephant was so big, they just couldn't make him go if he wouldn't. So all next day he stood there—and all next day.

"And they all tried and tried to make him go home, and he wouldn't 'cause he was waiting and listening for his own man. But by and by somebody thought—and they sent clear to his own man's home for his little boy that used to ride around on the nelephant sometimes with his father. And the little boy came, and the nelephant thought, 'It's his little boy; he's sent him 'cause he can't come himself, like he used to send him to take me down to the river for a drink.' So he let the little boy ride him away."

"Like a wise old elephant," said Aunt Kittie, gently. "And now will you be wise too, and come home with me for supper?"

"The nelephant stood all night," he protested faintly.

"Yes, but that was a hot country, not cold like this. Where is your home? Could you find your way back?"

"Oh, it's ever and ever so far. We came on the cars—and we only moved there last week. No, I couldn't 'member the way," clinging to her hand tightly.

"Then you must come with me. We'll tell the policeman here to tell your mamma where you are when she comes for you."

The little head was shaken bravely. "Mamma told me to stay here. I guess a little boy can be as good as a nelephant."

In sheer despair Aunt Kittie appealed to the officer on the beat, stating the whole case.

"Oh, I've had my eye on the boy for some time," ha answered gruffly. "Should have taken him to the station before this, but he wouldn't go without making no end of a fuss—and there was a chance that somebody might come asking for him. Just take him along home, if you'll be so kind, and if any one comes asking for him, I'll tell them where he is."

"If any one comes?" Aunt Kittie echoed under her breath. "Do you think it doubtful?"

"Well—a woman wouldn't leave her baby out so late in this cold unless there was some reason, and I've heard there was a bad accident on the 'L' road this afternoon — several women badly hurt and taken to the hospital. One was killed, they said. Of course, I don't know, but it's time the little chap had some supper and was put to bed?

But when Aunt Kittie returned to press her invitation, the little sailor man drew away in sudden alarm. "I can't. Mamma told me to be good and stay till she came. She'll come pretty soon now, sure."

"But see how dark it is growing, dear; and you are so cold."

"Y-yes—but if I go 'way now mamma won't know where to find me, and she'll be so scared. Don't you think she'll come pretty soon?"

Aunt Kittie had not the heart to tell him what she feared. The wide baby eyes were frightened enough already. And she coaxed in vain. Cold and hungry though he was, the little man could not be less faithful than the "nelephant," of his childish fancy. Stir he would not, unless carried off by main force.

Suddenly the child gave a cry of joy. He recognized a muffled figure that got off a street car and came limping hurriedly toward him.

"O, mamma mamma! She, she did come, O, mamma, you've been gone hours and hours, but I didn't go away. I stood still just like the nelephant; but it got cold and dark—and I 'most got scared. 'Cause you know the nelephant's man never did come."

"Mamma's brave little man!" was the response, half choked between tears and laughter as the newcomer clasped the little sailor man in her arms. "But mamma couldn't help it, Ernest. The car was smashed, and—no, your mamma wasn't hurt much dear. She'll be a bit lame for awhile and her little man will have to help her, that's all. I sent word to Uncle George to come and take my little boy home, but Uncle George was very busy and forgot. So when mamma got home there was no little man there. Then she knew just where he would be waiting for her, and came hurrying back after him. Uncle George said she'd better call up the police and tell them to hunt up a lost boy—but she knew a quicker way than that, didn't she?"

"Why, I wasn't lost at all," the little fellow protested. "I was just standing here—like a nelephant."—The Continent.

THE POET-PRIEST OF THE SOUTH

We reproduce as follows from the Dublin Leader some parts of an interesting notice of Father Abram J. Ryan, the Poet Priest of the South.

The exact place of Father Abram J. Ryan's birth is a matter of dispute. Some say he was born in Virginia, others in Maryland, while others again assert that he was born in Limerick. However, it is certain that Father Ryan went to St. Louis with his parents when a lad of seven or eight years. Having made his preparatory studies, he entered the ecclesiastical seminary at Niagara, New York State. He read a brilliant collegiate course, and in due time was ordained to the sacred ministry. From henceforward, and throughout his whole career, the priestly note was dominant. He remained ever a priest of the mission first and a poet afterwards, simply giving to the spirit of song the spare moments of an arduous and busy life. He himself has said that his poems were "written at random—off and on, here, there, anywhere—just when the mood came, with little of study and less of art, and always in a hurry." Like all great priests, he seemed to have an intense devotion to the Virgin Mother, a heritage perhaps from his Irish mother and her distant island home. He gives expression to this feeling in several of his most beautiful poems, notably "Last of May," dedicated to the Children of Mary of the Cathedral of Mobile:

Then back to the Queen-Virgin's altar
The white veils swept on, two by two;
And the holiest halo of heaven
Flashed out from the ribbons of blue;
And they laid down the wreaths of the roses
Whose hearts were as pure as their hue;
Ah! they to the Christ are the truest,
Whose loves to the Mother are true!

In another beautiful poem (To M——)—beautiful in its simplicity and tenderness and depth of feeling—he addresses a favorite member of the same Sodality:

When I am dead, and all will soon forget
My words, and face, and ways—
I, somehow, think I'll walk beside thee yet
Adown thy after days.
I die first, and you will see my grave;
But, child! you must not cry;
For my dead hand will brightest blessings wave
O'er you from yonder sky.

The outbreak of the Civil War in '61 brought a crisis in the life of Father Ryan as it did in that of the Great Republic. He joined the Confederate forces as chaplain, and served in that capacity all through the war. It is easy for us at this lapse of time to register our verdict in favor of the justice of the Northern cause; but we must remember that our own incorruptible John Mitchell espoused the cause of the South and gave an earnest of the faith that was in him in the lives of two of his gallant sons. Nor can we refuse our tribute of admiration to the chivalrous men who fought under Lee. Reared up in the tradition of slavery they could not well understand the loathing with which it filled the rest of the civilized world; and they fought with heroic bravery for their homes and their household goods. To this "Lost Cause" Father Ryan dedicated some of the noblest of his poems. His verses may breathe little of the stern defiance flung at the foe by Randall in his magnificent lyric, "My Maryland," but they have a quiet dignity an unshaken belief in the justice of his cause, and an abiding faith in its ultimate triumph, that have made him an idol in the South, and given him an audience wherever all over the world men speak the language. He says, in his magnificent "Sentinel Songs:"

Our ballads, born of tears,
Will trick you on your way,
And win the hearts of the future years
For the men who wore the gray.

And so—say what you will—
In the heart of God's own laws
I have a faith, and my heart believes still
In the triumph of our cause.

Such hopes may all be vain,
And futile be such trust;
But the weary eyes that weep the
And watch above such dust. [illegible]

They cannot help but lift
Their visions to the skies;
They watch the clouds, b[illegible]
rift [illegible] at wait the
Through which their ho[illegible] shall rise.

In the beginning of [illegible] the same beautiful poem he gives us [illegible] one of the noblest tributes ever penn[illegible] to the power of song. One cann[illegible] tors colored his thoughts as he wrote these lines:

When falls the soldier brave
Dead at the feet of wrong,
The poet sings and guards his grave
With sentiments of song.

Songs, march! he gives command,
Keep faithful watch and true;
The living and dead of the conquered land
Have now no guards save you.

Gray ballads! mark ye well!
Thrice holy is your trust!
Go! halt by the fields where warriors fell;
Rest arms! and guard their dust.

* * * * * *

And the songs, with brave, sad face,
Go proudly down their way,
Wailing the loss of a conquered race
And waiting an Easter-day.

Away! away! like the birds,
They soar in their flight sublime;
And the waving wings of the poet's words
Flash down to the end of time.

When the flag of justice fails,
Ere its folds have yet been furled,
The poet waves its folds in wails
That flutter o'er the world.

Songs, march! and in rank by rank
The low, wild verses go,
To watch the graves where the grass is dank,
And the martyrs sleep below.

Father Ryan gave a young and only brother to the Southern cause; and his death in battle made a lasting impression on his mind. He bewails his loss in two beautiful poem, "In Memory of My Brother" and in Memoriam," and no foeman's heart, however hard, could withhold its sympathy with the stricken poet. In the following lines he describes the lad's impassioned appeal to his mother for permission to join in the fray:

They are thronging, mother! thronging,
To a thousand fields of fame;
Let me go—'tis wrong, and wronging
God and thee to crush this longing;
On the muster-roll of glory,
In my country's future story,
On the field of battle gory
I must consecrate my name.

And, then, when he had rendered up the last great sacrifice of his life, and the cause he had fought for had gone down in hopeless defeat:

A grave in the woods with the grass o'ergrown,
His clay in the ones lies lifeless and alone;
There is not a name, there is not a stone,
And only the voice of the winds maketh moan
O'er the grave where never a flower is strewn,
But—his memory lives in the other.

The foregoing will serve to give some idea—a very imperfect one, necessarily—of what Father Ryan's work is like; and may help to bring to the notice of his countrymen a great priest and true poet, a man of high and stainless character, whose writings have given solace to many, and are destined to endure as long as the language in which they are written endures.

Kindness is a language that even the dumb can speak and the deaf can hear and understand.

The present generation is swathed in selfishness. It is so delicate that even the story of wretchedness gives exquisite pain, that is nine-tenths anger over disturbed contentment. Yet, taking the condition as it stands, the present generation is probably more miserable than any of the preceeding ones on which it looks back with horror. In one way or another it has to face death and all other evils and it is unprepared for them. The secret back of it all is the decay of religion among the millions. War and pestilence fire and swords, constant apprehension of enemies, are all bad enough, but the greatest misery in the world to-day is the lack of faith, and the people never suspect it.—Looker On, in the Pilot.

Reverence

It would be hard to portray the darkness of a world in which there was no reverence. Happiness would be impossible, for there could be no friendship upon which to build it and no values out of which it might spring. To view life thus, would be to put it on the basis of pessimism, and pessimism is in its last analysis misery.

PURE MADE IN CANADA WHOLESOME
MAGIC BAKING POWDER
CONTAINS NO ALUM
RELIABLE ECONOMICAL

Professional

JOHN FERGUSON & SONS
180 King Street
The Leading Undertakers and Embalmers.
Open Night and Day.
Telephone—House, 373. Factory 543.

W. J. SMITH & SON
UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS
113 Dundas Street
Open Day and Night Phone 586.

"De chiluns make fun of wuk with dese New Century Washers"
—Aunt Salina.

¶ There is no labor in the ordinary sense in washing with a New Century. It cuts out all the drudgery, the back-breaking, the bad tempers, of wash day. Can be operated as readily sitting as standing.

¶ A child can operate it without tiring exertion. Runs on steel ball bearings.

¶ It will not rub holes in the clothes or tear off the buttons; cuts the time required for washing in half, and washes the clothes sweet and clean. At all best dealers.

¶ "Aunt Salina's Wash Day Philosophy" is a book full of secrets and hints on washing woolens, laces, nets, muslins, linens, prints, ginghams, etc., without acids and without injuring the fabric. FREE for a postal.

CUMMER-DOWSWELL Limited
HAMILTON - ONT.

Stop, Madam! Do not throw out that old piece of furniture.

It's marred and the worse of wear, true, but some of your fondest recollections are associated with it. "Lacqueret," the specially prepared Lacquer, will restore its original beauty, concealing the mars and blemishes of wear and tear and making it as good as new. The next best thing to a new suite for any room in the house is a coat of "Lacqueret"—the wonderful furniture renewer.

Our free booklet, "Dainty Decorator," tells the story of "Lacqueret"—the home beautifier. A post-card brings it. Interesting and informing. Write for it to-day.

Leading Hardware and Paint Dealers sell "Lacqueret."

International Varnish Co.
Limited 2362
TORONTO—WINNIPEG

NOTE.—"LACQUERET" is sold in full Imperial measure packages only

2 IN 1 SHOE POLISH

Absolutely free from acid, turpentine or other injurious substances. It preserves the leather and keeps shoes like new, always soft, and gives a brilliant, smooth and lasting shine.

Made in Canada and sold in all parts of the world.

It is good for your shoes.

THE F. F. DALLEY CO., Limited, 16
HAMILTON, Ont., BUFFALO, N. Y. and LONDON, Eng.

A new idea for a fascinating dish! Ice Cream and Kellogg's TOASTED CORN FLAKES

10c. per pkg.

Place a cone of ice cream in the dish, and smother with CornFlakes at serving. You will find this delightfully refreshing.

Made in Canada, at London, Ontario 27