

## Young Woman's Corner

SONG.

Old man, old man, thy locks are gray,  
 And the winter winds blow cold;  
 Why wander abroad on thy weary way,  
 And leave thy home's warm fold?  
 The winter winds blow cold, 'tis true,  
 And I am old to roam;  
 But I may wander the wide world through,  
 Ere I shall find my home.  
 And where do thy children loiter so long?  
 Have they left thee, thus old and forlorn,  
 To wander wild heather and hills among,  
 While they quaff from the lusty horn?  
 My children have long since sunk to rest,  
 To that rest which I would were my own;  
 I have seen the green turf placed over each breast,  
 And read each loved name on the stone.  
 Then haste to the friends of thy youth, old man,  
 Who loved thee in days of yore;  
 They will warm thy old blood with the foaming can,  
 And sorrow shall chill it no more.  
 To the friends of my youth in far distant parts,  
 Over moor, over mount, I have sped;  
 But the kind I found in their graves and the hearts  
 Of the living were cold as the dead.  
 The old man's cheek as he spake grew pale;  
 On the grass-green sod he sank,  
 While the evening sun o'er the western vale  
 Set 'mid clouds and vapors dank.  
 On the morrow that sun in the eastern skies  
 Rose ruddy and warm and bright;  
 But never again did that old man rise  
 From the sod which he pressed that night.  
 —Henry Nule.

Below is an extract from a letter addressed to the Editor Woman's Physical Development and published in that magazine:—  
 "One of the greatest curses, especially to women, is the modern fashion.  
 "Some are so narrow-minded as to think they must be as near as possible like what they see on a fashion sheet! Such a class we can scarcely hope to reform; we can only appeal for a better condition of things.  
 "We can only hope for redemption through the sensible few and their posterity.  
 "Mothers wake up and help to bring about the great change which is so much needed.  
 "Our bodies, next to our souls, should be kept pure and beautiful. Let us do all in our power to aid in this good work."

A Happy New Year to the readers of the Young Women's Corner. It is easy to wish happiness for our friends, but not so easy to insure the fulfilment of our desire. The writer would have you understand that her greeting is not mere words. Her heart is in it. For happiness to come it is necessary that the individual co-operate with the circumstances and inspirations that tend to that result.

Many will make resolutions for reformation in the New Year and in so doing contract to make more pavement for the infernal regions, for you know it was a wise man who said that "Hell is paved with good intentions." Instead of making those torturing resolutions, let us just make up our minds to be happy. The good are the happy is not a truism, but a truth, and to invert the sentence: The happy are the good, so for once let us never mind the resolutions, but just be happy. To be naturally spontaneously happy is not opposed to goodness, so let us put off shams and superficialities and be happy.

AMICA.

## Chats with Young Men

Now that the tide of Christmas joys has reached its flood and has spent its overwhelming force in converting the hearts of men into vessels of peace and good will; now that the old year has rolled into the great Past like the sun sinking beneath its western glories, it behooves each of us to rise above his propensity to regret the departure of the recent joyous season that he may steel his soul with resolutions for another year. This is the time for resolutions. The end of a year perforce throws us in reflection back over the events that marked our progress for twelve months. Whether we are aimless or ambitious we are bound to see whether we have advanced or not and, as we count our lives by years, so each year should stand out as a landmark in the few score that tell our history from the cradle to the grave. For young men this is peculiarly the case. They may not yet be settled in their life work. It is more likely that they are mounting the stepping-stones to greater things. We cannot judge progress well in a week or a month, for in that period, time enough does not elapse to bring out what is new within us or test the worth we have already manifested. Nor have we had time to deserve promotion in the eyes of others. But a year is a well-rounded term in which we have reason to look for a substantial betterment of our positions in life. Hence now that a new year has dawned it is worthy of every young man's consideration, after a careful review of his successes and failures during the past year, to adopt resolutions which will insure a maximum of successes and a minimum of failures for the year to come.

The purpose of these chats has always been to suggest means within the reach of every reader, by which he may secure this end. That purpose will actuate them still. It is not our intention to change the even tenor of our thoughts by drafting a new code of rules to guide us. We have held and repeated many times, that progress is not made by taking resolutions, but rather by incorporating each day and each week some suggestion gleaned from reading or experience. That continues to be our aim. Accordingly, we shall set about our progress-making for this year, by determining to assimilate each day some thought that appeals to us as being for our advancement. We shall give it a place in our hearts, our words and our actions. We shall endeavor also, by the same slow means, to crowd out some little failing. We shall not be disappointed either, when some weeks of the new year have been spent, to find that our efforts to improve have not been attended with phenomenal results. We may count ourselves highly successful, if at the end of each succeeding month, we still hold to our resolutions to advance by degrees. In other words, we depend on perseverance to gain our ends.

There is little more that I would insert in my New Year's number. You see already that there is nothing new in it. It sets forth merely with especial emphasis a truth that underlies all the chats, that success is achieved by mastering the difficulties that stand in its way. But the time seems opportune for impressing this truth upon young men. A new year is beginning, which will be unlike, in many respects, any other year in their past lives. It remains for them to lay the impress of their will upon the vicissitudes on which they will reflect in another year. It is not for them to drift along, waiting hopefully for what time may have in store. They must be the authors of their own fates. Yet, as sympathy of friends supports well our efforts to succeed, it is quite in place that I wish each of my readers every success for the year to come. It is with more pleasure though, that for this particular week, I sink thoughts of the struggles for the coming twelve months in wishing you a very happy New Year.

FINEM RESPICE.

## CHRISTMAS IN IRELAND.

The spiritual side of Christmas has always applied more to the Irish imagination than the social side. If there is any half-heartedness in the nature of the latter celebrations there is not in the former. The intensely religious bent of the Irish character, is at no time more strikingly in evidence than at Christmas. In the cities the churches are thronged with crowds of devout worshippers from six o'clock in the morning, when first Mass is celebrated, and numbers make a point of attending 3 Masses and taking part in other devotional exercises. Of late years Midnight Mass has not been celebrated often in public churches, but only in convent chapels; however, whenever permission is accorded to the public to attend midnight Mass in any of the city churches the permission is availed of by as many as the sacred edifices can hold. When the Lord Mayor of Dublin is a Catholic, which is usually the case, he and the other Catholic members of the corporation attend, in their robes of state, the celebration of High Mass in the pro-Cathedral, Marlborough street; the archbishop is likewise present during these ceremonies.

Dublin has deservedly acquired the name of being the most charitable city in the world, and its claim to this title is never better exemplified than on Christmas day; when in every institution founded for the relief of the poor and suffering, especial efforts are made to alleviate the hard lot of the inmates. Hospitals and poorhouse wards, are made gay, for the time being with decorations and tempting fare is provided for the patients. The staff, aided by kindly visitors, provide entertainments in the form of concerts, dramatic performances etc., for the amusement of those who have been obliged by poverty or illness to throw themselves on the charity of the public. Everything is done which kindly thought and Christian charity can devise to make the most afflicted realize that the season is indeed one when "Peace on earth" and "Good Will to Men" prevail. Yet the staffs of these charitable institutions declare that every inmate who possesses the poorest of the poor homes and who has the strength to go there, makes an effort to leave the hospital ward before Christmas, in order to go home, for after all, "there is no place like home."

In remote country parts the same facilities for holding religious ceremonies are not, of course, available, but the laith of the people is not the less intense, though the incentives to devotion are scantier. For many a weary mile over rocky mountain and wet bogland, old and young will tramp to Mass and wait patiently often in damp and scanty clothes, the coming of the priest. Many of these country churches raised by the pence of the poor after the long night of the penal times are wretched buildings, a woeful contrast to the beautiful ruins of our old time churches, now crumbling fast. Unpicturesque, bare, draughty and comfortless, as too many of our modern Irish churches are, they hold unquestionably the most reverent and deeply devout congregations in the world, as foreign visitors, both clerical and lay, often remark. The Holy Child in the crib is never left alone, for many an Irish mother brings her child there to pray, and still through the ages, ascend to heaven from Ireland, the voices of little children, those same voices which St. Patrick heard crying to him in the long ages, calling him to return to Ireland to preach the coming of Christ.—Exchange.

Every manner of living, each of our actions, has a particular end in view, and all these ends have a general aim, happiness. It is not in the end, but in the choice of the means we deceive ourselves.—Aristotle.

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