

**THE STORY EVER NEW.**

Only an old, old story  
Of infinite love and grace;  
Only a beam of glory  
Lighting a baby face.  
But through the rolling ages,  
No story half so dear;  
Of all earth's sunshine glory,  
No beams so bright and clear.

Only a manger lowly,  
Wherein the sweet Child lay;  
Only a mother holy,  
Watching the hours away.  
Only a sweet song stealing  
Down through the quiet skies;  
Only a star's soft beaming,  
Points where the Baby lies.

Only some shepherds kneeling,  
Paying their homage sweet,  
Pouring their richest treasures  
Down at those Baby feet,  
Strains of that far-off anthem  
Float through the world since then,  
Breathing of "Joy in Heaven  
On earth good-will toward men."

Hark! to the joyous chorus—  
"To you a King is born";  
Star of the East now lead us,  
Lead us this Christmas morn.  
Till like the faithful shepherds,  
We kneel in homage sweet,  
And pour our hearts' best treasures  
Down at those sacred feet.

Thus reads the sweet old story,  
Old, but still ever new;  
Know we the wealth of glory  
It brings to me and you?  
Know we those tiny figures  
Opened Heaven's portals wide?  
But for that helpless Baby  
All the whole world had died?

**Christmas With the Holy Souls.**

By ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

HOW OFTEN, as the Christmas comes around, do we hear said, by one and another: "Oh, the Christmas is no longer Christmas for me; I am glad to escape from its festivities. To see over here is a relief. There is nothing, now, to interest me in the preparations. I have no one to whom I care to give presents. I live in the past, with memory and with my dream."

With the dead? What a strange living with the dead is this! Rather say, living with one's own selfish regrets; cherishing one's own unavailing repentings; lying in the face of traditions which are beyond and above all which can be called personal or domestic; having their root not in family reunions, but in a dogma by which time and eternity are working out an exceeding weight of glory for the entire human race, from Adam to the last child to be baptized upon this earth. Before such considerations, how the individual is lost, excepting so far as it unites itself to this universal family, to which belong all peoples and climes and epochs; but, thus united, how the grandeur of life, of destiny, is sustained; how world-wide become the sympathies of the individual heart; what fountains of supernatural joy open amid the wildernesses of mortal existence!

What broad horizons, too, spread forth from these Christmases of time; how the festivities of earth become a part of the festivals of heaven; are even shared by the holy souls in their prison houses, as we read of that hymn by Fortunatus, *Vesilla regis prodantur*, which, sung in procession by an army of conquering soldiers entering a city won from Muslim power, was answered from below the pavement; thus disclosing the dungeons in which the captive Christmases were immured; disclosing, too, the joy which suddenly changed darkness into light at the assurance of a speedy release; and attuning voices, hoarse with long disease, to the glorious psalmody of a Church triumphant.

It is with this thought at heart that we take up the indulgenced devotions of Advent, Christmas and Christmas-tide, in order to show how all times and seasons, when observed according to the mind of the Church, are not only in harmony with the most delicate instincts of tender and affectionate natures, jarring upon no chord, however sensitive, but actually abounding with those consolations found by generous souls in the relief of suffering; as the taking of portions to the hungry, clothing to the naked, fuel to the hearth-stones of the poor. These devotions are not matters of sentiment, are not enriched because appealing to a poetic instinct; but because, while possessing all these charms, while commending themselves to our aesthetic sense, they are living fountains of the dogma of the Incarnation; are instructors, surpassing any erudition of the learned, in that mystical theology which has spread through the world like some resistless aroma, sanctifying the imaginations of whole nations; or, like some winged seed, blown from continent to continent to disseminate a knowledge of God through an irresistible love of Him; taking up His sentiments, furthering His intentions and obtaining everything it asks for from the Heart of God because absolutely at one with It. This may be called the secret of "Indulgenced devotions"; and we are to regard them as the most powerful instruments for effecting our own sanctification in our struggles with the things of time, while they are like ransoms, paid in precious ivory and pearls of great price in the order of grace, for the captives in purgatory.

That this idea of companionship may be more real to us, let us recall some mourner left desolate in the midst of a society aflush with happiness, radiant

with the anticipations of a coming festival; everything bringing back to this bereaved friend those seasons of joy when a beloved one was ever at the side interested in the affectionate preparations, sharing the midnight vigil, the walk over the crisp snow for the first Mass, the Pupal Benediction after the glorious solemnity of a Pontifical Mass. How shall the regret be stilled which haunts this bereaved soul, tortures it with the recollections of a happiness never to return? Philosophy fails; and while the mind seeks to lose itself in practices of piety they recall the very images they were expected to banish. This is an every day experience which is concealed from all but the eye of God. There are no human considerations which can still this regret, although time may accustom the soul to bearing it.

Let us now take this mourning one by the hand, and lay this hand into that of the departed loved one. The first flake of snow has fallen from the sky of November, the first gleam of the Advent purple is in the sanctuary. But with this first Sunday of Advent, what comes to the Cathedral church in the midst of the purple, giving a wondrous uplift to the soul, attracting it like a living presence? It is the beginning of the ecclesiastical year, and with it begins that round of visits which Our Lord makes to the churches: under sacramental veils, indeed, but as if the glory of Godhead gleamed on the fringes of His garments as man; for it is the Forty Hours of Adoration, when the beauty of symbol and the perfumes of flowers are given like the precious spikenard of Magdalene to the feet of a hidden God on our altars. No matter how duly all this is expected, it comes at last like a surprise; a surprise even to our mourner, and one look at the Raccolta tells how rich in the gifts of ransom or in the joys of a participated paradise, is the hand laid into that of the departed. (The churches of Rome, numbering, as they do, almost as many as the year numbers days, give the devotion of the "Forty Hours Adoration" the year round. The Romans, too, understand what we heard there from a Monsignore, now a Bishop in the United States, with a certain delighted surprise, that next to the indulgences granted to assisting at Mass sacramentally, are those accorded to a visit to the Blessed Sacrament during the "Forty Hours Adoration"; and there are families among these old Romans whose carriages never fail to pause, on the afternoon drive, at the church where this devotion is named for the day. This is no fancied companionship, no idle dreaming; a reality which implies a direct participation in spiritual favors. An Advent Commemoration of the Saints comes to mind also: *Ecce Dominus venit*—"Behold the Lord will come and all His saints with Him, and there shall be a great light in that day. Behold the Lord will appear on a white cloud, and with Him thousands of saints." Will the beloved one be among them? Heaven is swift in its canonizations; but is there not something to be done, something to be won, for the beloved one? How can it be done most swiftly? and all the ardor of the old companionship comes over the soul in the midst of desolation.

Three days' processions, oblations, visits, satisfactions, filling these three days with an ungod sense of the nearness of Jesus to His faithful, of the nearness of those who have passed beyond our mortal senses, and the Communion of Saints becomes a living fact, not a mere article of the creed to be daily recited.

This is the first week of Advent for our desolate friend, but the indifference, we may say the actual dread of the approaching festival is over. There is an anticipation, such as was believed could never come again, of the first Christmas Mass, of the first note of the *Veni Advenire*. It may be heard with tears streaming down the cheeks, but it will be fraught with consolations; and as the "Aurora Mass" succeeds to the Midnight, as the organ and the voices of the choir are hushed, a peace such as one mortal never has given, never can give to another, will take possession of the desolate and bereaved soul. When the Pontifical Solemnity opens, a chastened exultation, a subdued assurance, will come with the burst of the *Gloria in excelsis Deo*; and when this dreaded Christmas is over, what will there not have been for angels to record, of the joy of a Christmas with the Holy Souls?

But there is something more definite to be placed before our readers, each one of whom has a spiritual preparation to make for Christmas; and each one of whom has not only one, but many beloved friends to remember, who have passed from this world; with all the sacraments, it may be, but still with many an imperfection to be atoned for, many a debt to be cancelled. In the Raccolta we find a devotion so attractive, so easy, in fact, to perform, that we do not believe anyone can resist it. A Novena for Christmas Day, with these Indulgences attached to its fervent recital:

"An Indulgence of three-hundred days, every day, to all those who, with at least contrite heart and devotion shall prepare themselves for this solemnity by a novena, with pious exercises, prayers, acts of virtue, etc."

"A Plenary Indulgence on Christmas Day, or on any day in its octave, to those who shall have made this novena, provided that, being truly penitent, after confession and communion, they shall pray devoutly for the welfare of Holy Mother Church, and for the intention of His Holiness."

And what is this novena, to which such indulgences are attached? Simply

five "Offerings" to the Eternal Father, of the mystery of the birth of our Saviour, and of the sufferings of the Divine Babe on His coming into our world; repeating five times the "Gloria be to the Father," etc.; the versicle and response: "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us;" followed by the prayer: "O God, whose only begotten Son was made manifest to us in the substance of our flesh; grant, we beseech Thee, that through Him, whom we acknowledge to be like unto ourselves, our souls may be inwardly renewed. Who liveth and reigneth forever and ever, Amen."

Another devotion is similarly indulgenced: "In order," as the rescript goes on to say, "that Christians may meditate more frequently on the Incarnation, birth, and all the other mysteries relating to the holy childhood of our Redeemer, Jesus Christ, and may render Him meet and worthy thanks, and imitate those virtues, which He, in His childhood, has taught us by His example: A Plenary Indulgence is granted to all those who, on the twenty-fifth day of any month, shall be present in any church or public oratory where this pious exercise is performed, and the prayers here prescribed are said; provided that being truly penitent, after confession and communion, they shall pray, for some time, for the intentions of His Holiness."

An Indulgence of three-hundred days, once a day, to any one who, with contrite heart and devotion, shall perform it on any other day of the year."

There is an Indulgence promised to those who visit the Crib of Our Lord Jesus Christ in the Basilica of S. Mary Major in Rome. But we, who, in this New World, love to have the crib make one of the incentives to our Christmas devotion, can easily see how the previous exercise can be performed in a public oratory or chapel, or the church itself, where a crib has been prepared, with the utmost satisfaction to the living and consolation for the souls in Purgatory. The devotion to which we refer, and which we have quoted as so richly indulgenced, is called: "The Mysteries of the Holy Childhood." This exercise consists of the "Twelve Mysteries of the Holy Childhood," by way of meditation, with prayers and ejaculations of such sweetness and of such poetic imagery, that no one can fail to regard it as a devotion which might nurse the poetic genius of a Prudentius or the artistic genius of a Raphael; while the indulgences attached to it are so rich, that piety alone, compassion alone for the departed, would urge one to its practice.

We have always remembered a sentence in a letter from the late Archbishop Kenrick of Baltimore: "All good works are indulgenced;" and we may well deem this true of the crib, the mother prepares for her home, around which will gather, evening after evening until the Eve of the Purification, her little ones, to recite their rosary and to make acts of love to the Infant Jesus; and certainly is the true of those Cribbs prepared in the loveliest churches in Christendom, in order to draw before them, as they do invariably, crowds of worshippers, thus sensibly reminded of the sensible sufferings of the Infant Redeemer. The Crib has always had a charm for artists. Again and again do we see the little one depicted on His bed of straw, encircled by the arms of His Virgin Mother. Tenderly, then, like the angels who gather around the Crib, let us prepare ourselves for the coming mystery of Bethlehem, that so the fervor of our adoration may bring an angel to some waiting soul, over whose silent dust we have shed many a tear, to bear it on gentle wings to heaven.

**A FRESH AIR BOY.**

AN old man, evidently from the country, walked into the room used as the headquarters of the Fresh Air Fund Association. His face was kind, though furrowed with care and time; his clothing of the strictly rural sort. In one hand he carried a small satchel and an umbrella, in the other a large paper bag neatly tied up with homemade twine twisted out of woollen yarn. He looked around for a moment, then addressed himself to a woman with a kind face, who was standing at a desk.

"Are you one of those who has charge of the Fresh Air children?" he asked; "that is, are you one of them folks what sends the little chaps to the country?"

"Yes, sir," she answered, courteously. "Do you wish some one sent to you? It is rather late in the season."

"No, ma'am; not exactly. You see, last summer we had a little chap with us for a week or so, mother and me and Susy. He wasn't very pretty, and he wasn't much bigger than a pint of cider; but he was awful good, and you just ought to have seen him eat! I believe he never had enough to eat before. His favorite was apples; but they was green then, and we didn't dare let him have all he wanted. His name was Willie Murphy. I've brought him some ripe apples now, in this paper bag. Can you tell me where I can find him?"

The kind woman said that she would find out where Willie lived, if possible. "And you see," went on the visitor, "there's another reason why we take an interest in him. Mother and me haven't never been very pious. We wasn't brought up to be, you understand; and we got to thinking that religion was a humbug, and that if we paid our debts

and behaved ourselves, the rest didn't matter. But the first time that little chap set down to our table and crossed himself solemnly, mother looked at me and I looked at her, then we both looked at Susy. We tried to reason the religion out of him, but it wasn't no use. He was a poor Fresh Air boy, with ragged clothes, and not as much learning as our Susy has in her little finger; but, somehow we've always thought different about religion since he was there. I don't enjoy Bob Ingersoll's talk any more. If I try to read what he says, I see the little Fresh Air chap's face between me and the print—oh, you've found the direction, have you? Thank you, ma'am!"

"I will go with you," said the gentle woman. "It will not be out of my way."

They walked through streets, reeking with all sorts of uncleanness and smelling of everything that was vile, and finally reached the house. Then up and up and up, to a room under the roof. Upon the door-knob a bit of tawdry black was hanging. A woman responded to their knock.

"Are you afraid to come in?" she asked.

"Why should we be afraid?" said the man, in surprise.

"Diphtheria," was all she said.

"Well, if you're the mother of Willie Murphy, ma'am, I hope you won't let him catch it."

She gave him a startled look. "He did catch it," she said, beginning to weep.

The old man looked at the bit of black, and understood it all.

"I'll sit down a minute," he said. "The city air always chokes me somehow."

Presently Mrs. Murphy led him to a poor little room across the hall, the use of which a neighbor had allowed for the occasion; and there was freckle-faced Willie Murphy, with two candles burning at his head.

The visitor stood for a minute thinking, then laid the bag of apples down.

"I'm Samuel Williams, ma'am," he said. "Willie spent a week on my farm last June."

"Yes," she sobbed; "Willie would talk for hours about you. You were very good to him, sir. I thank you for it."

"I hope he will know what he did for me—and the old lady." And he told her the simple story in his plain way.

He stayed to see the "little chap" laid away in the sweet earth, and then went home, first helping poor Mrs. Murphy out of her awful poverty. Next year, if all goes well, two Fresh Air boys, in memory of Willie, are to spend the whole summer on the Williams farm.

FRANCESCA.

**CHRISTMAS.**

Lo! the Day is waking  
In the East afar;  
Dawn is faintly breaking—  
Sunk is every star.

Christmas Eve has vanished,  
With its shadows gray;  
All its griefs are vanished,  
By bright Christmas Day.

Joyous chimes are ringing  
O'er the land and seas,  
And there comes glad singing,  
Borne on every breeze.

Little ones so merry,  
Bed-clothes cozy fit,  
And, in such a hurry,  
Prattle "Christmas zitt!"

Little heads so curly,  
Knowing Christmas laws,  
Peep out very early,  
For old "Santa Claus."

Little eyes are laughing  
O'er their Christmas toys;  
Older ones are qualling  
Cups of Christmas joys.

Hearts are joyous, cheerful,  
Faces all are gay;  
None are sad and tearful  
On bright Christmas Day.

Hearts are light and bounding,  
All from care are free;  
Homes are all resounding  
With the sound of glee.

Feet with feet are meeting,  
Bent on pleasure's way;  
Souls to souls give greeting  
Warm on Christmas Day.

Gifts are kept a-going  
Fast from hand to hand;  
Blessings are a-flowing  
Over every land.

One vast wave of gladness  
Sweeps its world-wide way,  
Drowning every sadness  
On this Christmas Day.

Merry, merry Christmas,  
Haste around the earth;  
Merry, merry Christmas,  
Scatter smiles and mirth.

Merry, merry Christmas,  
Be to one and all;  
Merry, merry Christmas,  
Enter hut and hall.

Merry, merry Christmas,  
Be to rich and poor;  
Merry, merry Christmas,  
Stop at every door.

Merry, merry Christmas,  
Fill each heart with joy;  
Merry, merry Christmas,  
To each girl and boy.

Merry, merry Christmas,  
Better gifts than gold;  
Merry, merry Christmas,  
To the young and old.

Merry, merry Christmas!  
May the coming year  
Bring as merry a Christmas  
And as bright a cheer.

FATHER RYAN.

**CURING THE DRINK HABIT.**

DRUNKENNESS is an inherited physical trait; so the physiologists tell us. Drunkenness is a disease; so the doctors tell us. Drunkenness is a sin; so the Church and common sense tell us. As a sin it must be atoned like other sins. It has its temptations and its proximate occasions. The former must be resisted; the latter avoided. Sin long indulged in becomes a vice, and a drunkard is simply a vicious man.

According to the different views taken of the cause, we observe a difference in the proposed methods of cure. The doctors prescribe gold and remedies that dull the drink appetite. The physiologists prescribe restraint and seclusion. The Church has no other remedy for drunkenness than she has for any other sin; her prescription is contrition, accompanied by a firm resolution of amendment. But it will be urged against this position of the Church that there is something exceptionally strong in the drink habit that seems to defy ordinary sacramental antidotes. That is not true. The fact is, there is something inherently weak in the drunkard's resolution of amendment. Many things conspire to weaken the drinker's resolution. Drunkenness does not entail social disgrace, like other vices. Society does not visit the drunkard with the same measure of vengeance it metes out to the thief and the adulterer. Men being more lenient, God's judgment is lost sight of. If we were to brand with social ostracism the man who habitually drinks to intoxication; if we denied him our society; if we debarrd him from our homes; if we shunned him in private life and refused to have business dealings with him, as we refuse to consort with other criminals and law breakers, we would find it as easy to reform drunkards as other sinners against the laws of God and man. With society ever ready to condone, it is difficult for the Church to enforce the rigor of her laws. Society is the *particeps criminis* in the case of every drunkard in the land. We blame the saloon keeper; he is not the real culprit. We preach prohibition; that is only turning every state into a home for inebriates. We blame the drunkard himself; he is not the only one guilty. We are ourselves to blame. We should cultivate a horror of drunkenness and of the drink habit; because between the two there is only a difference of temperament. We should begin the crusade against intemperance with the first lessons in the Catechism. We should continue it in our Sunday addresses to the people; because what we teach the children we should be able to demonstrate in the conduct of their fathers and mothers.

There is no doubt that drunkenness is frightfully on the increase, and we ascribe the spread of the evil to the growing habit of drinking beer. When whiskey was the tipple of the people, the young were slow to form a taste for it. In Kentucky, in the days of the black-bottle ornament on the mantelpiece, boys did not drink. Young men seldom drank. The liquor was too strong, and healthy stomachs rejected it. Now, the beer can come as regularly to the table as the milk picher, and all hands have a quaff. The baby at the breast can stand a sup or two. This educates a race of beer drinkers, and among such drunkards will always predominate. Beer is becoming cheaper and more injurious. There is no beverage so much adulterated, and none in which the drugs used are more poisonous. The lager beer of long ago has given place to the steam brew of the chemist. This is not only true of this country, but largely the case in the native land of Garibaldi. It was thought once that beer would eventually settle the temperance question. It has become the most potent agency in the spread of drunkenness.

How, we check this avalanche of death? We have only one remedy to suggest; it is the temperance pledge. Drunkenness is a sin. It must be avoided. It is, for him who often drinks to excess, a sin to drink at all; a sin to take on glass; it may be a sin to go where drinking is indulged in by others. The same safeguards that morality suggests to a lustful man must be adopted by the drinker. Avoid the occasion. Flee from the temptation. Young men must be kept from saloons, and these more seductive vestibules of insanity, the beer-canning social clubs. This city is full of such clubs. Fifty young men rent a room; put in a few chairs and a table; buy a bump and a beer can, and the club is equipped. In such places a full drunk will cost less than fifty cents, and an ordinary full much less. These young men are doing among themselves only what their fathers and mothers are doing at home. It is horrible.

We are sorry to find that some of our brethren of the clergy are opposed to temperance societies. They are thought to be purely Irish institutions and not suited to the habits of other and more steady people. And they have no sympathy with total abstinence, even as practised among the Irish. Our temperance advocates are derided as fanatics, and our organization as savoring of Puritanism, if not of Protestantism. Our observation leads us to believe that the Irish are not by any means the heaviest drinkers in the country, nor are they specially in need of the assistance of total abstinence. We predict that before many years this temperance movement will spread over the entire American Church, and will count among its champions as many priests of German extraction as of Irish. Our eyes will soon be opened to the growing evil, and, once apprised of the unmistakable spread of the disease, we will not be long in finding the only remedy that is efficacious, namely, total abstinence. We will become strong only in proportion as we become total abstainers. We shall conquer the forces of error among our separated brethren only when we shall have vanquished this monster immorality among ourselves.—*Western Watchman*, St. Louis.

**How to Cure a Scold.**

A simple woman once went to a wise man for advice. "Tell me," she asked, "what to do. My husband is such a scold that I am constantly unhappy." The wise man filled a bottle with a muddy-looking

liquid, and muttered some mystic words over it. "Take this," he said, "the next time your husband scolds, you fill your mouth with the liquid for five minutes." In due time she came back again. "I want some more of this medicine," she said; "it worked like a charm. My husband has stopped scolding entirely."—"Ah," exclaimed the wise man, "just as I expected!" (The liquid was molasses and water.) "Continue to keep silent when your husband begins his tirades, and you will need no more." The grateful woman went away, following the sage's advice and her husband scolding no one to answer him, found scolding uninteresting, and so scolded no more.

**YOUNG MEN.**

THIS is the day of the Catholic young man, and we have the country for the Catholic young man. By the Catholic young man we mean the young man attached to his Church, by his living up to itscepts. A straightforward, manly fellow on whose open, ingenuous countenance is written Catholic in great burning characters of honesty, purity, sobriety, he steps from the threshold of youth and breathes himself for the struggle of life; he is aware of the splendid opportunity that awaits him. Does he realize his fine position? Here is advancement, place and position are to be had, slowly it may be at the outset; but they will come. He must have a fair education and ambition; with his good habits, he is equipped. Our Catholic young man should banish the absurd notion that his religion is a bar. Never was there a more false impression. The Catholic young man who has the advantages and the habits mentioned will find his religion a help and a stepping-stone to success in life. Go to our successful Catholic business men and they will give testimony to the truth of this assertion. When a Catholic young man is known to be an attentive member of his Church, and especially a frequenter of the confessional, for on this point business men outside of the Church place great reliance in their Catholic employees, he is very sure of not only permanency, but advancement; even being placed ahead of his fellow employees not of his faith. Take the great iron industries, the manufacturing interest, the large wholesale and retail houses in our city. In them you will find many of our bright, successful Catholic men who commenced life poor boys, some of them partners, some whole owners, and very many at the heads of the various departments. Among our most successful mechanics, at the head of our civil and engineering corps, on the lines of our many railroads centering in our city, are hundreds of Catholics who have succeeded, an honor to the Church, and citizens whose word is their bond.

The successful business man can tell good material when he sees it. What he wants is young blood to train up to his business, and he is on the alert for the right kind of a young man. When he discovers him, as between a question of religion and no religion, it is religion has the preference.

A Catholic young man who finds his leisure hours a drag, and seeks relief from *ennui*, by haunting the saloon or the billiard hall, whose coat pocket is bulged out with the unwholesome literature of the day, and which furnishes him his *mensis polidum*, is not wanted. This fellow will never push himself forward. If, perchance, he finds employment, his situation will be a precarious one. This is the young man who has the glib excuse for his shiftlessness that there is nothing for him, because he is a Catholic; and there should be nothing for him. He is the one who, a disgrace to himself, reflects discredit on his Church. So, young man, if you would succeed, be true to yourself, to the teachings of your Catechism. Remember, those are the golden days. Every day lost is lost for good, and weighs heavily against you in the turning past to success. Discover what position fits you in life, back it up by morality, and go in and win.

Here you have a vast and diversified field in this great and growing country. Providence has not placed you here to be a drone. Society has need of you, the Church demands the fulfillment of your obligation to it, as a child of God, to become a good and useful citizen and a helpmate to her. Having found your true place, cling to it; surmount its difficulties; do not be tempted by shallow experiments nor vain promises. If, filled with enthusiasm, you promise a great future to yourself, do not realize your expectations, remain even in mediocrity you fill a worthless. All may not hope to have wealth of a Carnegie, but all may and all may have what, after all, is better, the reward of a good conscience duty nobly done, and which will come by laying now the foundation of the solid bed rock of principle and honesty. The every-day duty, conscientiously done as if it were to be the last, this avails. Disabuse yourself of the idea you are a Colossus. Over-confidence is oftentimes destruction and makes life a burden. Labor is the only genius, and greatness is as ingenuous and unpretending as a little child. Given a young man, sober, honest and industrious, courteous and polite to his employer and to the trades-people, united to labor and pluck, and you have the one who will win success. He will strike out new paths, create, contrive, think, plan, originate. Our successful Catholic men have been of this stamp.—*The Pittsburg Catholic*.

**Small Change.**

An emblem of pride: Smoke—when it is puffed up.  
Eaten out of house and home—The picnic lunch.  
Birds with bright plumage do not always make good potpie.  
The man who keeps his mouth shut never has to eat any crow.  
Occasionally the wisest owl hoots at the wrong time.  
An infallible recipe.—What to do to obtain white hands—nothing.  
It isn't so much what a man is that makes him happy. It's what he thinks he is.  
"I'm not in it," sorrowfully sang the mosquito, as he buzzed on the outside of the netting.