

Our Carbonate Observer On the New Year.

Last year I mentioned that, in a certain sense, I had a dread of such general occasions of festive enjoyment, as Christmas; I can almost repeat the same observation in regard to the New Year. As I sit here to-night, alone in my room, the silence broken only by the regular tick of the clock, that tells of the hours that are passing, of the agony of the old year, of the inevitable approach of the New Year, I am inclined to ask myself why I should rejoice and make merry. Is it because another year, with all its opportunities, is about to vanish? Is it because I am a twelve-month nearer the grave than I was at the close of 1899? Is it because the expiring year has carried off, forever, several of those who were friends of mine? Or, is it because I am glad to see the old year, with its burdens, its crosses, and its troubles, make way for a new year that may be happier, more prosperous, better, in every sense, than the year that goes? I cannot tell; all I know is that I assist with regret at the death-couch of 1900.

Yet this is no ordinary New Year's Day that we have at hand. A whole century dies with 1900, another century dawns with 1901. A century is a great section of time. Several generations come and go during its passage. Still, it is infinitesimally small compared to the vastness of Time itself. What are one hundred years compared to the six thousand that carry us back to the origin of the world, to the day of creative miracle? And what are all those hundreds of centuries when compared to the unmeasurable vastness of eternal duration? And what am I, amongst the billions of men who hold the nineteenth century abdicate in favor of the twentieth one? None of us like to contemplate our own insignificance, yet, this passing of a great century reminds us most forcibly of our nothingness. In the tick of the clock, that keeps pace with my pen, and that continues when the pen rests, I seem to hear the "quid prodest?" of St. Paul. The clock will go on ticking, just as it does now, when the pen shall forever be rusted, the ink dried, the hand that guides it but ashes, and the mind that controls that hand, a spiritual entity amongst the myriads of God's emancipated creatures.

Ah! That is the point! The soul; the knowledge of a something within in me that partakes of immortality; the feeling of likeness to the Great Creator in my humble being; the certainty of a vitality that defies the lapse of time! Let the clock tick away; it will have ceased its mechanical noise centuries upon centuries, while I shall live on in the immortal life of my soul. Let the old years die and the new years arise; let the century expire and its successor replace it; in no way can all these changes alter—add to or take from—the unending life that belongs to me. Let the generations of men march down to oblivion; let the sun grow old and become dim in the heavens; let the stars of the firmament pale under the influence of the rapidly flying years, the swiftly moving centuries, the majestic tread of the bewildering aeons; it all matters very little to me now, for I shall outlive them all in the imperishable nature that Divine Goodness has imparted to my being. In presence of this stupendous fact I cease to deplore, to speculate, to regret; I can only rejoice in the privilege I enjoy, and express my gratitude for the soul that God gave me.

Strange New Year's thoughts for a "Carbonate Observer;" yet they came to me as much from observation as from reflection. I passed down Bleury street the other day; I met an old acquaintance; we wished each other a "Happy New Year." I came down the same street this morning; I met a funeral cortege moving slowly in the direction of the mountain; a friend who had stepped to wish me a "Happy New Year," told me that the black plumes waved over the acquaintance of a few days ago. Never did I more sincerely wish him a "Happy New Year" than to-day; for if his New Year is Happy, he must be his unending existence beyond. I observed a gorgeous private sleigh, with spanking horses, silver-mounted harness, coachman and footman in huge beaver caps, dash along Sherbrooke street. I had known the owner of that equipage when he had not five cents, except what he took in for his daily labor; he threw me an off-hand New Year's greeting—I did not take the trouble to consider its degree of sincerity. Near the post office I met an old man, with the snows of seventy odd years upon him; sick unto death, shivering for lack of clothing and of food. I had known him when I was a boy, and he was a prosperous trader in the early settlements of South Renfrew. I went up to him, wished him a Happy New Year, while feeling that the happiest he could ever spend would be in the quiet of death's strange rest. Yet both of these have immortal souls; and I hope that both will enjoy a Happy New Year, if not that of 1901, at least some one in the future.

Since last year wonderful changes have marked the social, national, political spheres, as well as that of religion, general elections in nearly every country—in particular Great Britain, the United States and

Canada; thousands and tens of thousands of pilgrims fixing on the Heart of Christendom as a holy rendezvous of devotion; great congratulations, such as the one that swept Hull almost out of existence; terrible volcanic eruptions, such as Vesuvius and Kilimanjaro; cyclones such as swept over Texas and the Atlantic; wars, of a most unusual nature, like those of the Transvaal and of China; and amidst all these strange things, these wonderful events, Paris held the greatest universal exhibition ever known. While the natural and social orders were thus stirred to their innermost depths, men, as in the past, were dying away unnoticed and others were being born and sent forth unperceived upon the highway of life. A century is over; a year is done; and if the race and faith have not profited by the former and the individuals by the latter—which is not the case—then others as well as I can well ask "quid prodest?"

SOME SECRETS OF LONG LIFE.

In so far as there can be said to be any secrets of long life, they may be stated to be three in number. The first is the conservation of energy; the second is moderation, and the third is system. And the greatest of the three is conservatism of energy, with which the others are bound up. Practice these to the utmost, and you will live to the maximum. A man works forty-nine weeks of the year in the city, and works hard, and then he spends the three weeks' holiday roaming about from place to place, and keeping both mind and body continually at work. He practices about the benefits accruing from change of scene and so on. It is a terrible mistake. Holiday times in the case of such people should be made a special period for the conservation of energy. How, then, should such people make holiday? Lie in bed all the time? That is the best thing for them to do and will tend to the prolongation of their lives.

Too much is said in extolling the virtues of exercise. In moderation it is beneficial; but many of the public have strange ideas of moderation in such matters. A clerk will work all day with his head and work with his legs at night. He thinks the long walk is good for him. The fresh air is, but in the exercise he is not conserving his energy as he should do to make his life long. Mental and bodily energy come to the same thing at the finish. Having first drawn upon the stock of one you must not then tap the other with the idea that it is beneficial, for it is not. They have a common source. "Eat good food and plenty of it," is a maxim of the first part of which is right and the second wrong. Far too much food is eaten nowadays. A man with a healthy appetite goes in for a full satisfaction of it when he should stop very considerably short of that point. The stomach is given far too much work to do. Give it less, and now and again let it have an absolute rest and the system will be all the better for it and the likelihood of long life much increased. Don't trouble about special diets. Eat what you like and what you have been accustomed to, but do so more sparingly than in the past. Practice moderation in smoking and drinking. There is no need whatever for total abstinence, for there is nothing in the habits which is in the least inconsistent with nonagenarianism.

The man who drinks a quart of beer a day must not expect great length of days. He may never be in the least intoxicated, and may believe that he experiences no ill effects whatever from consuming so much alcoholic liquid, but it is too much. Give a stricter meaning to the word moderation, and drink accordingly. As far as is practicable live throughout your life on the same system. Let it be a good one to begin with, and then adhere to it unaltered. A great mistake is made in supposing that a man at forty requires this, and at fifty he requires that. Radism is bad. Regularity is a sound principle; but it should be regularity from year to year and not merely from day to day. Conserve your energy—wisely; be moderate—carefully; be systematic—thoroughly. And don't worry. These are the secrets of long life. There are no others.—R. B. Long, M.D.

PERSISTENT PURPOSE

We hear a great deal of talk about genius, talent, luck, chance, cleverness and fine manners playing a large part in one's success. Leaving out luck and chance, we grant that all these elements are important factors in the battle of life. Yet the possession of any or all of them, unaccompanied by a definite aim, a determined purpose, will not insure success. Whatever else may have been lacking in the giants of the race, the men who have been conspicuously successful, we shall find that they all had one characteristic in common—doggedness and persistence of purpose. It does not matter how clever a youth may be, whether he leads his class in college or outshines all the other boys in his community, he will never succeed if he lacks this essential of determined persistence. Many men who might have made brilliant musicians, artists, teachers, lawyers, able physicians or surgeons, in spite of predictions to the contrary, have fallen short of success because they were deficient in this quality. Persistence of purpose is a power; it creates confidence in others. Everybody believes in the determined man. When he undertakes anything his battle is half won, because not only he himself, but every one who knows him, believes that he will accomplish whatever he sets out to do.

People know that it is useless to oppose a man who uses his stumbling blocks as stepping stones; who is not afraid of defeat; who never, in spite of calumny or criticism, shrinks from his task; who never shrinks responsibility; who always keeps his compass pointed to the north star of his purpose, no matter what storms may rage about him. The persistent man never stops to consider whether he is succeeding or not. The only question with him is how to push ahead, to get a little further along, a little nearer his goal. Whether it lead over mountains, rivers or morasses, he must reach it. Every other consideration is sacrificed to this one dominant purpose.

The success of a dull or average youth and the failure of a brilliant one is a constant surprise in American history. But if the different cases are closely analyzed we shall find that the explanation lies in the staying power of the seemingly dull boy, the ability to stand firm as a rock under all circumstances, to allow nothing to divert him from his purpose, while the brilliant but erratic boy, lacking the rudder of a firm purpose, neutralizes his power and wastes his energy by dissipating them in several directions.

Comptroller Bird S. Coler, of New York, who long has been a collector of rare books and manuscripts, received in the foreign mails last week a letter, written in 1659. The letter purports to have been written by St. Vincent de Paul. Mr. Coler discovered the letter in the catalogue of a recent auction sale in London, and sent word by cable for the purchase of the manuscript. His wishes were complied with, and the letter, still clearly legible, except in two or three places where worms had done destructive work, is in good condition. The letter, it is understood, sold for about \$125.

The church of St. Jean Baptiste, New York, which was a parish church under the administration of the secular clergy until recently, has been turned over to the care of Fathers of the Order of the Blessed Sacrament. It will hereafter be a church of perpetual adoration, the first established in the United States.

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CATHOLIC BEQUESTS. By his will, which bears date July 9th, 1897, Sir Henry Page Turner Barron, of Glenanna, Waterford, says the London "Universe," left some £30,000 to be expended on charitable and religious objects. His estate has been valued at £306,472 5s the trustees, and he bequeathed other National Gallery his picture "The Magdalene," by Carlo Dolce, and other pictures at present on loan to the trustees, and he bequeathed other pictures to the Irish National Gallery. He left in trust for a Catholic church at Ferry Bank, respecting which he gave detailed instructions, £3,000, and for a family mausoleum £3,000. He left to the Charity Organization Society £5,000, to the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund in London £8,000, to the Archbishop of Westminster for Catholic charitable institutions in his diocese £2,000, to

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