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SON.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. A TALE OF CHRISTMAS.

David and Elizabeth Brower had lost David and Effizabeth Brower had lost both their sons. One had died in boy-hood, the other, Nehemiah, had been lost at sea a few years before. The good farmer and his wife were left alone with their little daughter, Hope, when one cold day a poor man carrying a weary child paused to rest and was hospitably received. After having fed hospitably received. After having fed the hungry wanderers, David heard their story. The boy was a neglected orghan; the man, a faithful old friend of the child's parents. David Brower consulted his wife; the worthy pair re-solved to adopt the bright and hand-some child so strangely sent in their way. The man, Eben Holden, was re-tained to help on the farm.

way. The man, Eben Holden, was retained to help on the farm.
Years passed: Eben had become a general favorite; the kindly old soul was everybody's "Uncle Eb." He was the friend and counselor of the family rather than the farm supervisor. Will Brower, the adopted son, was graduated for genleger. Hope had grown into a Brower, the adopted son, was graduated from college; Hope had grown into a tall and comely girl. Their home-coming is the Christmas story of "Eben Holden," the delightfully homely book written by Mr. Irving Bacheller. The whole narrative is related in the first

erson by the adopted son.

The north country lay buried in the snow that Christmas time. Here and there the steam plow had thrown its furrows on either side of the railroad, high above the window line. The fences were lluffled in long ridges of snow, their stakes showing like pins in a cushion of white velvet. Some of the small trees on the edge of the big timper stood overdrifted to their boughs ber stood overdrifted to their boughs. I have never seen such a glory of the morning as when the sun came up that day we were nearing home and lit the splendor of the hills there in the land I love. The frosty nap of the snow glowed far and near with pulsing glints of pale samphire.

of pale sapphire.
We came into Hillsborough at noon the day before Christmas. Father and Uncle Eb met us at the depot, and mother stood waving her handkerchief at the door as we drove up. And when we were done with our greetings and were standing, damp-eyed, to warm our-selves at the fire, Uncle Eb brought his palms together with a loud whack and

Then she lifted a fold of the cloth and felt it thoughtfuily. "How much was that a yard?" she asked, a dreamy look in her eyes. "W'y, w'y," she continued, as Hope told her the sum, "Terrible steep; but it does fit splendid. Oughter wear well too. Wish that on if ye go."

-ye would sartin."

There was a little quiver in David's under lip as he looked over at his wife.

"You ain't able t' do hard work any more, mother."

"She won't never hey, to, nuther."

"She won't never hey, to, nuther."

"There was a little quiver in David's time of the promise that there was great doubt whether they could meet their engagements.

Perhaps, indeed, they had ne deliberation of violating their promise.

nev more fun with yerself than any man

"Oh, it's a real splendid world," said Unele Eb. "God has fixed it up so everybody can hev a good time, if they'll only hev it so. Once I heard of a poor man 'at had a bushel of corn gives to him. "Busheld wolkind o' said." en to him. He looked up kind o' and asked if they wouldn't please shell it. Then they took it away from him."

Just then came a rap at the door. Uncle Eb went out and did not return. "It must be somebody about the mortgage," Elizabeth whispered, her eyes filling. "I know 'tis, or he would eyes filling. "I know 'tis, or he would have asked him in. We're going to ose our home." Her lips quivered and

shes were put away talking of all the Christmas days we could remember. Elizabeth, sitting in her easy chair, told of Christmas in the olden time, when her father had gone to the war

with the British. David sat near me, his face in the

Tindin' lots of it right there in the fire.
Trouble's goin' to get mighty scarce round here this very self same night; no use lookin' for it. David, ye've

That, indeed, is their ambition, and, added to it, is the purpose to practice virtue—to lay up treasures in heaven, to fill their crown of life with the imperishable jewels of good works.

But some young men seem to think

emotion. David looked up at him, as it he wondered what joke was coming, until he saw his excitement. "Here's twenty thousand dollars," said Uncle Eb; "a real genuine bank check—just as good as gold. Here 'tis.

A Christmas present for you and Eliza-both. And may God bless ye both!"

David looked up incredulously. Then he took the bit of paper. A big tear rolled down his cheek. "Why, Holden, what does that mean?" he asked.
"'At the Lord pays His debts," said

Uncle Eb. "Read it.

Hope had lighted the lamp.
David rose and put on his spectae He held the check to the lamp light. He held the check to the lamp light. Elizabeth stood at his elbow.
"Why, mother!" said he. "Is this from our boy? From Nehemiah? Why, Nehemiah is dead," he added, looking

over his spectacles at Uncle Eb.
"Nehemiah is not dead," said the latter. "Got another present, Dave; it's a good deal better'n gold or

A knock at the door interrupted him.

He swang it open quickly. A tall, bearded man came in.
"David an' Elizabeth Brower," said Uncle Eb, "the dead has come to life, I give ye back yer son—Nehemiah." Then he swung his cap high above his head, shouting in a loud voice: "Merry

Christmas! Merry Christmas!"
The scene that followed I shall not try to picture. It was so full of happiness that every day of our lives since then has been blessed by it and with a peace that has lightened every sorrow, can truly say of it, that it passeth'all understanding.

After Nehemian had told his strange

After Nehemian had told his strange story of wandering, of misfortune and great good fortune, of the enmity of other men and of the unfaltering friendship of faithful Eb. Holden, I rose.

"Three cheers for Uncle Eb!" I de-

manded.

And we gave them.

"I declare," said he. "In all my born days I never see much fun. It's tree-menjious, I tell ye. Them 'at takes care of others' Il be took care ef—'less they do it on purpose."

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

"Terrible steep; but it does fit splendid.
Oughter wear well too. Wish ye'd put that on if ye go t' church nex' Sunday?
"O mother," said Hope laughing,
"I'll wear my blue silk."
"Come, boys and girls," said Elizaboth, suddenly, "dinner's all ready in in the other room."
"Beats the world," said Uncle Eb, as we sat down at the table. "You do careless management of the as we sat down at the table. "You do look gran't' me—ree-markable gran', both uv ye. Tek a premium at any fair have undertaken more than they could professe management of their affairs, or to criminal speculations. That is, they have undertaken more than they could professe and this while knowing at the

more, mother."

"She won't never hev to, nuther," said Uncle Eb. "Don't never pay t' go lookin' fer trouble—its tew easy t' find. There ain' no sech thing's trouble 'n this world 'less ye look for it. Happiness won't hev nothin' to do with a man thet likes trouble. Minnit a man stops lookin' for trouble, happiness 'll look for him. Things come pretty nigh as ye like 'em here 'n this world—hot or cold or only middlin'. I'm on the lookout for happiness- valts me best, anyway, an' don't hurt my feelin's a bit."

"Every day's a kind of a circus day with you, Holden," said David Brower.
"Always havin' a good time. Ye can hev more fun with yerself than any man

ticular, depends much on the general character. A person who pays little regard to slight promises, usually is somewhat careless of greater ones also. Defects of this kind, like flaws in machinery, never lessen, but always growworse, until finally, under the strain of constant of the property to a prestion, they often break a powerful temptation, they often break a powerful temptation, they often break down a man's career forever. The most punctual men in keeping a trivial en-gagement, we have always found to be exactest in their business transactions.

In our experience also, the men who In our experience also, the men who never kept an engagement to the moment, the men who were proverbially always "behind time," have been, mostly, those who have failed subsequently in business. We have learned, too, to be cautious of those who are over-ready to promise. It is the individual who carefully considers before he makes a pledge, who can be most surely beth.

"Don't know," said David. "Goin' after Santa Claus, he told me."

"Never see the beat o' that man," was the remark of Elizabeth, as she poured the tea. "Just like a boy every Christmas time. Been so excited for a week, couldn't hardly contain himself."

Caught him out in the barn th' other laughin' like a fool," said David.

"Thought he was erzzy."

We sat by the fire after the supper lishes were put away to promise. It is the individual who carefully considers before he makes a pledge, who can be most surely depended upon to keep it. A multipli-city of promises necessarily prevents the promiser from observing all, for one conflicts with the other and disables even the best intentioned. A disregard of promises, finally, is like a fungus, which imperceptibly spreads over the whole character, until the moral perceptions are perverted and the man actually comes to believe he does no wrong, even a breaking faith with his warmest friends.

iurrows and framed in locks of iron gray. He was looking thoughtfully at the fire. After a while Uncle Eb came in, stamping and shaking the snow out of his great fur coat.

"Cold night," he said, warming his hands, "Wish ye merry Christmas, Dave Brower." "Aint as merry as I might be," said David.

"Know what's the matter with yo." said I. Wish was and the graces which Catholics have with the life of Christ as their model, with the examples of the saints before them, and with the marvelous sacrathem, and with th

waited a long time for yer pay—ain't much longer to wait now."

There was a little quaver in his voice. We all looked at him in silence. Uncle Eb drew out his wallet with trembling hands, his fine old face lit with a deep emotion. David looked up at him, as if he wandered what loke was coming to the web of their life—the underlying between the web of their life—the underlying the wandered what loke was coming to the web of their life—the underlying the wandered what loke was coming to the web of their life—the underlying the wandered what loke was coming to the web of their life—the underlying the wandered what loke was coming to the web of their life—the underlying the wandered what loke was coming to the web of their life—the underlying the wandered what loke was coming to the web of their life—the underlying the ways coming the web of their life—the underlying the ways coming the web of their life—the underlying the ways coming the web of their life—the underlying the web of the web of their life—the underlying the web of the web of their life—the underlying the web of the web of their life—the underlying the web of the web of their life—the underlying the web of the web of which gives substance and strength to the pattern that is visible to the eye.

Other young men imagine that religion is womanish, that it emasculates them, that it does not require manliness nor stamina, that it does not exalt character into nobility of soul.

They fix their minds only on the decoration of shrines, on the operatic music furnished by too many choirs, on payons.

way, answer these questions:
Is it effeminate to admire the Creator
of the universe; to be resolved to be

truly God-like : to be determined to get to Heaven; to get up every morning in time to assist at Mass; to go without dinner so as to give a quarter to the lestitute for the love of Christ, suffering; to fast and to chastise the body so to bring it into subjection; to study the heineousness of sin and to make a purpose to expiate it by penance; to visit the sick, and the imprisoned, and the poor in His name; to practice resigthe poor in first name; to breather resignation in affliction; to be grateful for poverty and misfortune if they be sent by Providence; to be hard on self and gentle on others; to be as anxious for an opportunity to do a good deed as some men are to make \$10 and to live

some men are to make \$10 and to five every day as if it were to be one's last?

Are these principles and practices womanish? Don't they require "sand?"

Are they not apt to make a youth manly —yes, noble, generous, high-minded, considerate, kindly, spiritual and chival-

rously pious?

Let a young man fix in his mind certain principles—that God made him, that he is here on trial to earn Heaven. or hell, that virtue usually spells suffering, that there is no peace in sin, that happiness does not consist in pleasure but in the possession of the state of grace, that God's way is the best way us whether it brings sickness or health, poverty or riches, obscurity or promises, that the Lord will render to every one according to his works, and that life is awfully short and certain to

end in death and judgment.

With these principles accepted by a young man, religion will become like breath—indispensably to his existence. He will be up and doing. Love is the essence of piety and love finds its outlet in action. Just as he seeks food and exercise for his body, he will crave food and exercise for his soul. These

Besides this the contest is that of his soul against his body, with its concupi-cences, and so again, it is ennobled by destruction of at least one of the

the destruction of at least one of the combatants.

Lastly it is a struggle for eternity.
O, awful thought—the final result of the man's picty or iniquity will last forever. Would not this suffice to make it manly to be good?

Well, suppose that a Tyoung man makes up his mind to-day that he will collect under the hattle-flag of Jesus

enlist under the battle-flag of Jesus Christ, what resolutions should he make

to persevere in piety?

1. Every morning offer up to God the thoughts, words and actions of that day. Promise to live it for God's sake—to do His will. The motive of pleasing God will supernaturalize his whole in Literature, by Maurice Francis Egan.

John Walsh, D.D.

2. Occasionally during the day lift up the heart to God by an ejaculation, such as "My God and my All!" "My Jesus, Mercy!" "Lord, let me love Thee."

3. Read a chapter, or at least one page, of some good book every day. For this purpose most excellent are the Bible. "The Introduction to a Devout Life," "The Science of the Saints," "Christian Perfection," "True Men as We Need Them," "All For Jesus," "At the Foot of the Cross." "The Faith of Our Fathers."

4. Make an examination of conscience every night, to be followed by an act of contrition.

5. Go to Communion on the first the sunday of the state of the Grand of the Cross." "The Faith of Our Fathers."

5. Go to Communion on the first the God of the Communion of the first the Grand of the Gran

self: "I will adopt those six resolutions," and keep his word to the end!

of fruitfully understanding what they read and as far away from conversion as if they had never perused a line. They even go to church with Catholics, hear they are a superior of the property of the superior of the superio mission sermons and are educated part ly in our convents, and yet their spiritual blindness is astounding and even their mentality appears darkened on this subject. Some are masters of profane logic and the philosophy of the schools, and yet they do not grasp the logical posi-tion of the Catholic Church. Some are great Bible readers, and yet they will not observe how the Bible contradicts their creed in numerous points. So, it requires the supernatural intervention of the Holy Ghost to open the eyes of their mind, heart and soul, and alas! many of them never pray, as Cardinal

many of them never pray, as Cardinal Newman did, when a Protestant for the "leading of that kindly light." In some instances, I presume, it is far easier to convert the heathen than the Newman did, when a Protestant for the leading of that kindly light." In some instances, I presume, it is far easier to convert the heathen than the mass of our separated brethren, and it requires a miracle of the first magnitude to accomplish it. Often, the simple, the unlearned and the humble, the little ones, as the Psalmist calls them, have more success than the enlightened, the erudite and the mighty. One of the bitterest crosses and trials of Catholics who have Protestant relations and families, is to see how little progress is made in converting them after years of prayer, self-denial and good example. The very acts thus performed are not infrequently, if not ridiculed, regarded as foolishness. There is nothing to do a foolishness is upplication and trust the foolish of the property of the supplication and trust the leading of the Stellement and other poems. The transform french by Mrs Auna (Andrew, Andrew, And

but persevere in supplication and trust

let in action. Just as he seeks food and exercise for his body, he will crave food and exercise for his body, he will crave food and exercise for his soul. These he will find in prayer, Holy Communion, and other good works.

He will see that the service of God is worthy of him at his best, that it lifts him up above his lower self: that in self-indulgence; and that there is far more manliness than in self-indulgence; and that there is even far more satisfaction in virtue than in vice.

Just as at the Olympian games, the dignitaries of grace assembled; so, in this struggle of the young man for continence, for truth, for honesty, for sobriety, and for all the other virtues, he has God, the angels and the saints to witness his bravery.

Moreover he has to contend against angelic intellects — against the wiles and temptations of evil spirits still far above him in sublety and grasp of mind.

Besides this the contest is that of his soul against his body, with its assistance of the point of the po

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depended upon to keep it. A mutiple city of promises necessarily prevents the promiser from observing all, for one conflicts with the other and disables even the best intentioned. A disable seven the disable seven the best intentioned. A disable seven the best intentioned in the best intentioned in the best intention. As he lay in his coffin, his gray-haired mother said:

"John was a good boy and a good young man. He never gave me a heart pang. So far as I know, he never lost his baptismal innocenue. Of few young men aged thirty could that be said. Yet, indeed, it ought to be said of all. For which the lights and the graces which Catholics have a discovery for the said. Yet, indeed, it ought to be said of all. For which the lights and the graces which Catholics have a discovery for them, and with the marvelous sacrament of the Eucharist to lift them up towards God, they ought to be able to resist all deadly sins.

That, indeed, is their model, with the examples of the saints before them, and with the marvelous sacrament of the Eucharist to lift them up towards God, they ought to be able to resist all deadly sins.

That, indeed, is their ambition, and added to it, is the purpose to practice of the saints before them, and with the marvelous sacrament of the Eucharist to lift them up towards God, they ought to be able to resist all deadly sins.

That, indeed, is their ambition, an

The Syaot of Jerusalem, translated from

THE OBSTACLES TO CONVERSION.

The conversion of a soul from sin to grace is said to be a greater miracle than raising a dead body to life. So, they who, by the power of God, perform this wonderful act may well be astounded at its magnitude. Some of our dissenting brethren have been, for

hecoration of sirmes, who can be confrainteen as that of the Holy Face, on easily-gained Indugences, on miraculous medals and on many of the devotions that are dear to the pious sex.

But these are like the fringes on a robe.

Let the young men, who think this way, answer these questions:

Let the finite the fringes on a robe.

Let the finite the fringes on a robe.

Let the young men, who think this way, answer these questions:

Let the finite fringes on a robe.

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Let the finite fringes on a robe.

Let the young men, who think this way answer these questions:

Let the young men, who think this way.

Yet they seem to be utterly incapable of fruitfully understanding what they read and as far away from conversion as read and as far away from conversion as paper.

The young fring fring

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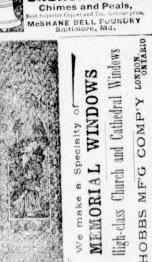
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