CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

NEW YEAR'S RESOLVE

In field or forest, at the desk or In roaring market place, or tranquil

Let me but find it in my heart to say, When vagrant wishes beckon me

astray, "This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the only one by This work can best be done, in the

right way.' Then shall I see it not too great, nor

To suit my spirit and to prove my Then shall I cheerful greet the labor-

ing hours, And cheerful turp, when the long

At eventide, to play and love and Because I know for me my work is

> -Dr. HENRY VAN DYKE RESOLUTIONS

Columbian.

I've had my New Year resolutions ere this, and have broken some of them. But I've always felt the better for having made them. 'Twas to my sorrow I didn't live up to my own lutions. I shouldn't have done so They were a sort of guidep to me during my year. The trouble with me was I often didn't watch my step, and took the wrong road.

It's the little things of life that count, and those are what our reso lutions should touch on. For a man addicted to drink to make a big sweeping New Year resolution that his hand shall know the glass no more-such a resolution might not accomplish much. But if the same individual resolved to stay away from the boon companions who led him to the bar, and practically made him drink, that resolution might land him safely on the road to suc-cess. He might then raise his eyes to see his good aagel, "thumbs down," smiling victory over his foe, alcohol.

I made the mistake in my early youth of forming too many resolves at the New Year—so many of them that it confused me to remember the As a result, I didn't keep any of them very long. Now I make a few, and make them strong, and make them to stay, and shey help help more than I can let you know.

But our resolves in the beginning, shortly after their birth, are necessarily weak, and unwise is he or she who putteth too much strain upon said resolves. 'Tis better to baptize them by sprinkling than by immer-sion. One had got to be watchful until the resolves change from strangers at the gate to friends at

Yes. New Year resolutions onght are stimulants to prod on our sluggish nature. They are balance bars which help us to Blondin it over the rushing daily duties of even the busiest life. In the morning we ought to take a few minutes to renew those resolutions. In the night we ought to examine them to find if possible, a flaw, and if so, to repent and resolve anew. But re-

" Every day is a fresh beginning, Every morn is the world made new; You who are weary of sorrow and

Here is a beaut ful hope for you-A hope for me and a hope for you."

Take heart with the New Year, and begin again. Resolve !- Will W.

TAKING STOCK

Now, in the last days of 1918, is a take stock of himself, his spiritual condition; his progress in business, his station in society. Let him take a quarter of an hour to examine his Let him ask himself

and answer these questions:

1. Am I a better man, pleasanter to deal with, less selfish, more considerate than I was this time last

less of a hog?
3. Have I made any growth in

holiness, in self-denial, in control of the flesh, in regulation of the imagin-

4 Do I go oftener to Holy Com-

Do I read any books regularly that tell me of God and Heaven and the life eternal?

Have I learned anything that makes me more useful in business? 7. Am I making more friends and

keeping them?
8. Do I cultivate my old acquaintances and pay all my social debts?
9. Am I in every way better off now than I was twelve months ago? If not, why not? What can I do to make more of myself? What resolu-

tions do I now make for the new ALPHABET OF SUCCESS

It is said that Baron Rothschild that will just suit." had the following alphabetical list of maxims framed on his bank walls: Attend carefully to details of your

Be prompt in all things.

Consider well, then decide positively. Dare to do right ; fear to do wrong. Endure trials patiently.

Fight life's battles bravely, man-

Hold integrity sacred. Injure not another's reputation nor business.

Join hands only with the virtuous Keep your mind from evil thoughts Lie not for any consideration. Make few acquaintances. Never try to appear what you

Observe good manners. Pay your debts promptly

estion not the veracity of a Respect the counsel of your Sacrifice money rather than prin-

ciple.

Touch not, taste not intoxicating drinks. Use your leisure time for self im-

provement. Venture not upon the threshold of wrong. Watch carefully over your pas-

'Xtend to overyone a kindly salu-Yield not to discouragement. Zealously labor for the right. And success is certain. - Catholic

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

HAPPY NEW YEAR Say it with a bounding heart, Happy New Year !

Bright-winged birds will skyward Happy New Year ! Daily mercies wait for you, Sweet flowers, fresh with morning

dew; Hopeful be, and prue, and true; Happy New Year!

Say it with a loving heart Happy New Year!
Joy to other lives impart, Happy New Year!

Keep a bright smile always near, Let the voice ring out good cheer: Let the helpful hand appear : Happy New Year !

Say it with a grateful heart, Happy New Year! Never will God's love depart, Happy New Year! Has "Our Father" been your Guide

Freely every need supplied ? Still will He be close beside, Happy New Year !

THE LEAST OF THESE Not long ago there lived in the loved and honored by all his neigh-bors, who called him "Father Mar-tin." One Christmas Eve, Father Martin, who had been reading the same way take your of the three Wiss Men who false gods brought their gifts to the Infant Jesus, said to himself:

Christmas Day and the Savior were days. No; I condemn your venera-

He arose and took from a shelf two little shoes. "Here is what I would give Him; my finest work! on the table and gazed hopeless!

How pleased His mother would be! out of the window. This Mr. Blab But what am I thinking of," he continued, smiling, "does the Savior

need my poor shop and my shoes? But that night Father Martin had a dream. He thought that the voice of Jesus Himself, said to him, "Martin, you have wished to see Me. Watch the street tomorrow from morning until evening, for I shall pass your window. But you must try your best to recognize Me, for I shall not make Myself known to

When he awoke the next morning, Father Martin, convinced that what he had dreamed would surely take place, hastened to put his shop in he had dreamed would surely take place, hastened to put his shop in order, lighted his fire, drank his scoffee, and then seated himself at the window to watch the passerby. He had often seen the picture of Jesus in the churches, so he felt pre he would know Him when He position—down the alley. That was good time for every young man to sure he would know Him when He position-down the alley. That was

The first person he saw was a poor street sweeper who was trying to warm himself—for it was bitter

cold. "Poor man !" said Martin to him-Am I more of a gentleman and to be urged to accept the steaming

ting him home for three months. I am sick and haven't a sou."

a cup of milk for the little one. Come, warm yourself, and let me take

And the old man brought the shoes which he had looked at the evening

mured. Well, I did hope. But He

After supper he fell asleep in his chair. Suddenly the room seemed full of the people whom he had aided during the day, and each one asked of him in turn, "Have you

not seen Me ?"
"But who are you?" cried the shoemaker to all these visions.
Then the little Child pointed to
the Bible on the table, and His rosy
finger showed the old, man this pass-

"I was hungry and ye gave Me to eat; I was thirety and ye gave Me drink; I was a stranger and ye took Me in. . . . Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it un to one of the least of these my breth-ren, ye have done it unto me."—From the French of Coppee,

FATHER TIM CASEY

REFLECTIONS OF PROTESTANT BEFORE THE CRIB

C. D. McEnniry C. S.S. R. 'This afternoon, Mr. Blaberfield,' began Father Cassy, "I shall briefly explain the Catuolic doctrine on the veneration of images. Crucifixes, pictures and statues of the Blessed Virgin Mary and-"

Why does your Church," broke in Mr. Blaberfield irascibly," in the clear noonday light of this cultured age, still cling to such mediaeval

'I fear you misunderstand us, Mr. Blaberfield; we Catholics venerate images, not on account of what they are in themselves, but on account of what they represent. An example will make my meaning clear. Patriotic Americans weave garlands about Washington's picture February 22, not because they have any regard for the particular square piece of canvas or for the dried paint that covers it, but because that picture represents a man whom they love and admire. Venerating thus the visible likeness of the now invisible Washington they feel that they grow to know him better and love him more. It is thus that Cath-olics venerate the images of Christ

and His Saints. "And furthermore," continued the priest, "we know that Christ and His Saints, though themselves invisible, can still see us, and that they are pleased to see us honor their images, just as your absent friend would be pleased to learn that you fondly cherish bis portrait. Your repugnance for his doctrine is likely children. traceable to the oftrepeated calumny that Catholics adore images in the

"Oh, Father Casey, no one, except sus, said to himself:

'If only tomorrow were the first lieves that moss-covered lie nowacoming to this world tonight! how I tion of images, not because I suswould serve and adore Him! I know very well what I would give him." tion of images, not because I suspect you of indiatry, but because I consider the practice useless and consider the practice useless and

silly.
Father Casey tapped impatiently field was to marry a love-sick girl of the parish, and he was coming, with a very bad grace, to take the six prescribed instructions in the Catholic religion so that he would know what he was doing when he signed the contract to allow his wife and children to practice that religion. Though intelligent and well informed on every other question, he was stubbornly unreasonable regarding every point of Catholic belief or That was why Father Casey, in sheer despair, tapped impatiently on the table and looked

hopelessly cut of the window.

was and I've been expecting state and any mother brought it in from the kitchen. I used to it in from the kitchen. I used to it in from the kitchen. I used to imagine that there were little Christing!' said the old man. "You must eat some bread while you are getting warm. No? Well take, that steam, and I always took good are getting warm. The little are care to blow it off my share lest I casey. "You heard all that in "And another thing you must adthe baby. Why! You haven't put his shoes on."

"He hasn't any," sighed the poor best of all I remember the big fire-place and Santa Claus who I thought "Fader, I was asleep while came in there. I used to spend a you were preaching," said honest man. great deal of time speculating about if wait a minute. I have a pair him and wondering whether he

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again. But the church seemed more empty and gloomy Christmas than at other times, possibly because our own home was unusually bright and pleasant, and I was anxious to have the service over so that I could

" And what are your early recollections of the Infant Saviour and of the Angels that announced His birth, and of the shepherds and kings that came to visit Him ?"

My recollections of all that are hazy enough. Of course the minister would preach about it, and, after we got home, father would read a chapter of the Bible about it, but I never seemed to grasp the meaning of the whole thing. It was many years later before I understood precisely what Christmas meant."

"What a pity," mused Father Casey, " that you were not taught in your tenderest years the sublime and beautiful truths commemorated by the feast of Christmas! You had a vivid imagination. It would have helped to impress those truths so deeply upon your childish mind that your whole after life would have been more spiritual-more super

natural. I dare say you are right," re turned the other, "and I believe that nearly all children have a very vivid imagination and do a great deal of day dreaming just as I did. But as for teaching them the Christmas story in their tenderest years-it can't be done. Such truths as the can't be done. Such truths as the human birth of the Son of God are too difficult; you can't teach them to

The priest did not answer, but he that Catholics adore images in the smiled and looked at Mr. Blaberfield, same way that pagans adore their as much as to say, "Can't

Then he threw up the sash, put his head out of the window, and shouted:

Gerard, come in here." Jerry " Flynn, for that was the e well molded snowball he was just aiming at the Milligan cat, tipped Father, ran up the steps, and burst

into the room Gerald, what's Christmas?" asked Father Casey bluntly without wasting any time over a preface. Our Lord's birthday," promptly

sponded the ready "Jerry Which birthday was yesterday?" His 1918th birthday. And didn't Our Lord exist before

His birthday 1918 years ago?" Oh, yes, Fader, but He was up in

"Jerry" was thawing out in more senses than one. He dispatched a turned and walked down the aisle. A scouting party through his pockets car had just stopped at the corner,

cause our first parents committed eral men about his own age, and he 'riginal sin. So our Lord came down found himself envying them at the heaven and took a body like thought that the have given him inspiration, for he any little baby, and He was born in their minds scenes from their own brightened like a flash, closed the a stable, and that made Christmas. early childhood like those he had just Cathechism and threw it on the table and turning to his companion, said: stable, and Our Lord's Mother put his foot outside the door, the priest and the feast?"

state of the manger full of straw, and the manger full of straw full of str "Mr. Blaberfield, yesterday was Him in the manger full of straw, and wheeled and faced him. Foor man! Said Markin to himself. "He must be very cold. Suppose I offer him a cup of coffee."

He tapped on the window and called to the man, who did not have Mr. Blaberfield would meet this un
Mr. Blaberfield would meet this un
It looked for a moment as though
Mr. Blaberfield would meet this un
It was at night, and lots of angels Martin saw a young woman, misera-ably clothed, carrying a baby. She ground, he softened.

And say their prayers, and the Wise Kings saw a big star over the stable

that steam, and I always book good will done, Gerard I cried ranger care to blow it off my share lest I Casey. "You heard all that in should swallow some of them. But my Christmas sermon yesterday, did

"Jerry," "I urged the priest, "And what," queried Father Casey, who noted that all the Christmas things you have been telling us?"

which he had looked at the evening before, and put them on the calld's feet. They fitted perfectly. The young woman went away full of gratitude, and Father Martin went back to his post.

Hour after hour passed by, and although many people passed the window, the Master did not come.

When it was waster did not come.

About the doors and windows and waster did not come.

When it was waster did not come.

About the doors and windows and waster did not come.

About the Christmas thengs you have been telling us?

"Fader, nobocy; I alus knowed them."

"There you are," said Father Casey, after "Jerry" had left, with his depleted treasury somewhat replenished; you say that the truths of faith cannot be taught to a child.

"Jerry" as they call him, is only nine their goodness is imperfect or of a spurious kind. In proportion as a many vasr old. and he is more at home When it grew dark, the old man sadly began to prepare his humble icious.

When it grew dark, the old man sadly began to prepare his humble wonder whether they would grow it supper. "It was a dream," he murthey were fastened to the trees forty-five."

When it grew dark, the old man sadly began to prepare his humble wonder whether they would grow it supper. "It was a dream," he murthey were fastened to the trees forty-five."

Father Maturin.

"Father Casey," said Mr. Blaberfield with genuine admiration, it's astounding! How do you Catholics do it ?"

"Come and I will show you," say ing which the priest linked arms with his companion and led him to the church. Though it was mid-afternoon and there was to be no service, the building was by no means empty. Several persons were there and all in more or less close proximity to a beautiful "Crib of Bethlehem" which told to the eye in the most vivid language every detail of the Christmas story. A group of the little parish school girls, so prim and dainty in their new holiday dresses, were praying devoutly and drinking in the beauty of the Divine Child and His gentle Mother. Then there were three boys about "Jerry's" age, perhaps the very ones with which he had been engaged in the recent artillery duel on the street, for a snowball, which had lodged between the shoulder blades of one of the three, was slowly melting and trinkling down the back of his coat. They knelt, crowding up as near the crib as possible and clasping their dirty hands on the very feet of good St. Joseph. After a prayer, which let us hope, was as fervent as it was brief, there followed some animated whispering with sundry pointings at the Infant, the Wise Kings (especially the black one), the donkey, the ox, and the sheep. One look at these earnest, boyish faces was sufficent to convince the Protestant that the Christmas story was as real and familiar to them as if they had taken part in it themselves. After their theological discussion had fluished to the apparent satisfaction of all concerned, and frequent cita-tions of what "Sister said," there was another short prayer, a nonde script sign of the Cross, a genufica-

and they were out on the street to join the belligerents. When the patter of their feet had died away, Father Casey, by a gesture, told his companion to listen to the low sweet voice of a young mother who knelta shortdistance in front of them explaining the meaning of the crib to her child. The child, a sturdy little fellow of three or four, was standing on the kneeling bench beside her with his plump chin in his hands. which he listened The interest with to his mother's simple explanation and the eagerness with which he ask ed question after question, without "Go ahead, Gerard; tell us the whole story. This gentleman wants to hear it."

Father Casey and his companion for a needed handkerchief; the search proving fruitless he requisitioned a ing from their day's work, had alight coat sleeve and began:

"We couldn't any of us get to heaven unless Our Lord died for us,
Blaberfield noticed among them sev-

It was at night, and lots of angels were singing around, and they woke your intellect, and spoke in dry lifeafter watching in vain for an hour

After watching in vain for an Martin saw a young would, ably clothed, carrying a baby. She was so pale and thin that the heart of the poor cobbler was touched, and he called to her. "You don't look very well," he said.

"I am going to the hospital," replied the woman. "I hope they will take me in with my child. My husband is at sea, and I've been expectaged by the college of white steam as my mother brought."

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"I am going to the hospital," replied the woman. "I hope they will take me in with my child. My husband is at sea, and I've been expectaged by the college of white steam as my mother brought of white steam as though the continued by leave to on the Blessad to the Catholic Church condemns, do not appear so useless

"And another thing you must admit, Mr. Blaberfield, if you accept the logic of facts, is this: Protest-antism is too young and inexperienced to teach that wise old mother, the Catholic Church, how to bring up children. It is like a woman who has just stupidly overlain and smothered her only child coming to lecture the mother of a dozen husky

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