

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

NEW YEAR'S RESOLVE

In field or forest, at the desk or loom, In roaring market place, or tranquil room; 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 whom This work can best be done, in the right way."

RESOLUTIONS

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 expectations. But without the resolutions, I shouldn't have done so well. They were a sort of guidepost 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 resolutions 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 success. He might then raise his eyes to see his good angel, "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 half. 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 they 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 immersion. One had got to be watchful until the resolves change from strangers at the gate to friends at the hearth.

Yes, New Year resolutions ought to have their place in our life. They 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 repeat and resolve anew. But resolve!

Every day is a fresh beginning. Every morning is the world made new; You who are weary of sorrow and sinning, Here is a beautiful hope for you—A hope for me and a hope for you.

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

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 are not. Observe good manners. Pay your debts promptly. Question not the veracity of a friend. Respect the counsel of your parents. Sacrifice money rather than principle. Touch not, taste not intoxicating drinks. Use your leisure time for self improvement. Venture not upon the threshold of wrong. Watch carefully over your passions. Xend to everyone a kindly salutation. Yield not to discouragement. Zealously labor for the right. And success is certain.—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

HAPPY NEW YEAR Say it with a bounding heart, Happy New Year! Bright-winged birds will skyward dart, Happy New Year! Daily mercies wait for you, Sweet flowers, fresh with morning dew; Hopeful and true, 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 helpful hand appear; 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 "O'er my 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 city of Marseilles an old shoemaker, loved and honored by all his neighbors, who called him "Father Martin." One Christmas Eve, Father Martin, who had been reading the story of the three Wise Men who brought their gifts to the Infant Jesus, said to himself:

"It is only tomorrow were the first Christmas Day and the Savior were coming to this world tonight! How I would serve and adore Him! I know very well what I would give him."

He arose and took from a shelf two little shoes. "Here is what I would give Him; my finest work! How pleased His mother would be! 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 you."

When he awoke the next morning, Father Martin, convinced that what he had dreamed would surely take place, hastened to put his shop in order, lighted his fire, drank his coffee, and then seated himself at the window to watch the passersby. He had often seen the picture of Jesus in the churches, so he felt sure he would know Him when He went by.

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 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 to be urged to accept the steaming coffee. After watching in vain for an hour Martin saw a young woman, miserably 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 expecting him home for three months. I am sick and haven't a sou."

mured. Well, I did hope. But He has not come." 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 all these?" 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 passage: "I was hungry and ye gave Me to eat; I was thirsty and ye gave Me drink; I was a stranger and ye took Me in, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."—From the French of Coppée.

FATHER TIM CASEY

REFLECTIONS OF PROTESTANT BEFORE THE CRIB

C. D. McEneaney C. S. S. R.

"This afternoon, Mr. Blaberfeld," began Father Casey, "I shall briefly explain the Catholic doctrine on the veneration of images, Crucifixes, pictures and statues of the Blessed Virgin Mary and—"

"Why does your Church," broke in Mr. Blaberfeld, "in the clear noonday light of this cultured age, still cling to such medieval mummeries?" "I fear you misunderstand us, Mr. Blaberfeld," the Catholic venerable 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 Catholics 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 his portrait. Your veneration for his doctrine is likely traceable to the oft-quoted calumny that Catholics adore images in the same way that pagans adore their false gods."

"Oh, Father Casey, no one, except the denizens of the tall timber, believes that moss-covered lie nowadays. No; I condemn your veneration of images, not because I suspect you of idolatry, but because I consider the practice useless and silly. Father Casey tapped impatiently on the table and gazed hopelessly out of the window. This Mr. Blaberfeld 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 practice. That was why Father Casey, in sheer despair, tapped impatiently on the table and looked hopelessly out of the window.

On the street below a snowball battle was raging. The enemy's well directed fire had proved too much for "Jerry" Flynn, and that pugonacious youth was running—rather, he was retreating to a strategic position—down the alley. That was all that Father Casey saw but it must have given him inspiration, for he brightened like a flash, closed the Catechism and threw it on the table and turning to his companion, said: "Mr. Blaberfeld, yesterday was Christmas; what are your recollections of the feast?"

"It looked for a moment as though Mr. Blaberfeld would meet this unexpected advance with his usual studied antagonism, but on second thought the subject appealed to him and, as it was furthermore neutral ground, he softened. "My earliest recollections,"—he was speaking slowly, leaning far back in his chair, and puffing great clouds of cigar smoke toward the ceiling—"are of the Christmas tree with its little colored candles—and of the plum pudding which always went up such mysterious clouds of white steam as my mother brought it in from the kitchen. I used to imagine that there were little Christmas elf and goblins dancing in that steam, and I always took good care to blow it off my share lest I should swallow some of them. But best of all I remember the big fireplace and Santa Claus who I thought came in there. I used to spend a great deal of time speculating about him and wondering whether he knew my name and liked me."

"And what," queried Father Casey, who noted that all the Christmas thoughts of this Protestant child had been of the earth, earthly, "are your recollections of the Church; I suppose your parents brought you there?" "Oh, yes, they brought church goers. Why I remember I used to look at all the evergreen boughs about the doors and windows and wonder whether they would grow if they were fastened to the trees

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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 get back there."

"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 supernatural."

"I dare say you are right," returned 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 human birth of the Son of God are too difficult; you can't teach them to children."

"The priest did not answer, but he smiled and looked at Mr. Blaberfeld, as much as to say, "Can't you?" Then he threw up the sash, but his head out of the window, and shouted: "Gerard, come in here."

"Jerry Flynn, for that was the person addressed, sheepishly dropped the well molded snowball he was just aiming at the Milligan cat, tipped his cap with a ready, "All right, Father, ran up the steps, and bars into the room. "Gerard, what's Christmas?" asked Father Casey bluntly without wasting any time over a preface. "Our Lord's birthday," promptly responded the ready "Jerry."

"Which birthday was yesterday?" "His birth birthday." "And didn't our Lord exist before His birthday 1918 years ago?" "Oh, yes, Fader, but He was up in heaven." "Go ahead, Gerard; tell us the whole story. This gentleman wants to hear it." "Jerry" was thawing out in more senses than one. He dispatched a scouting party through his pockets for a needed handkerchief; the search proving fruitless he requisitioned a coat sleeve and began: "We couldn't get us of us get to heaven unless our Lord died for us, 'cause our first parents committed 'original sin. So our Lord came down from heaven and took a body like any little baby, and He was born in a stable, and that made Christmas. There was an ox and a donkey in the stable, and our Lord's Mother put Him in the manger full of straw, and St. Joseph was along to take care of them and to lead the donkey when our Lord and His Mother rode on it. It was at night, and lots of angels were singing around, and the shepherds came down to the stable to see Jesus and say their prayers, and the Wise Kings saw a bigger star over the stable and they came too. The Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph," continued "Jerry," (he was locking off into space as though he were describing events that occurred to him in the distant past), "were awful sorry they couldn't make a fire. But they wouldn't be a beno no use, 'cause there wasn't no doors to the stable. Jesus shivered all the time—but I guess if it—if we weren't had so often, He would be a warmer."

"Father Casey," said Mr. Blaberfeld with genuine admiration, it's astounding! How do you Catholics do it?" "Come and I will show you," saying which the priest linked arms with his companion and led him to the church. Through 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 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 trickling 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 St. Joseph, as was fervent as it was brief, then 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 sufficient 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 been finished to the apparent satisfaction of all concerned, and frequent allusions of what "Sister" said, there was another short prayer, a nondescript sign of the Cross, a genuflection toward the Blessed Sacrament, 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 knelt a short distance 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. The interest with which he listened to his mother's simple explanation and the eagerness with which he asked question after question, without once taking his eyes off the statues, showed how deeply his childish imaginations had been impressed with the story of the first Christmas night.

Father Casey and his companion turned and walked down the aisle. A car had just stopped at the corner, and several of the passengers, returning from their daily work, had alighted and were hurrying into the church to make a little visit to the crib. Mr. Blaberfeld noticed among them several men about his own age, and he found himself envying them at the thought that the crib would recall to their minds scenes from their own early childhood like those he had just witnessed. The moment he had set his foot outside the door, the priest wheeled and faced him.

"There, sir, is food for thought for you. You as a child, knew little of the great truths of faith, because Protestantism spoke only to your intellect, and spoke in dry lifeless texts which your childish mind could not grasp. Jerry Flynn, at nine years, understands these truths better than many a man of forty, because the Catholic Church taught 'Jerry'—not intellect alone, but intellect, heart, and imagination—she speaks to all three and thus reaches the whole man. Perhaps now, sir, religious pomp and ceremony, statues, pictures and symbols, which the Catholic Church uses to speak to her children, and which Protestantism condemns, do not appear so useless and silly as they did."

"I must admit, Father Casey, that they do not."

"And another thing you must admit, Mr. Blaberfeld, if you accept the logic of facts, is this: Protestantism 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 overlaid and smothered her only child coming to lecture the mother of a dozen husky youngsters on how to take care of babies."

If there be a lack of strength or vitality in good people it is not because they are good but because their goodness is imperfect or of a spurious kind. In proportion as a man is really good he will be strong.—Father Maturin.

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