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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. If we only knew how much our actions in supreme moments of life—in times of crises—depend on the little thoughts wasn't it?"

erises—depend on the little thoughts and acts that preceded them, we should keep vigilant watch on the little foxes that make their way through the gaps in our hedges. It is the carelessness of venial sins that make mortal sins easy. We in this world are like the violin in a great orchestra. If we are not kept in tune we lose in fineness of capility, and when the great leades of quality, and when the great leader of this wondrous earthly orchestra waves his baton, we are found wanting; we make discord. To be at our best always, we must keep ourselves in tune

with the best of the instruments near us. And the best of these instruments are good books. Maurice Francis Egan, tures on English Literature. An Example of Fidelity to a Sense of Duty. The trolley car was crowded. I was one of the men jammed together and compelled to stand. Back of me were two young fellows who beguiled the

one topic suggesting another, grave or gay, business or personal, just as chat will go. Finally, the younger said: "Is it true that our friend Hamilton is about to resign his position and go back

tedium of the ride by means of conver-sation. They talked of this and that,

"Yes, it is true, and in one way it's a pity, for he has an excellent situation with a good firm, and would be sure to

"Why does he throw it up?" "Because he's endowed with an old fashioned conscience that gives him a sense of duty. It's a mighty unpleasant thing at times for a man to have who is set on getting ahead, but the man who has it and is faithful to it, makes a sterling character. It is one of the best things about Hamilton, and on account of it you can depend upon him every time to do the right thing, as soon as

he sees it, cost what it may.' "What's his conscience got to do with giving up a fine position?".

'It's almost as good as a story. Ham-Iton's home is in a country town a hundred miles or so from here. His father owns a dry goods store and does a nice little business. But, of course, it never will amount to more than a decent liv-ing for a family. The father wants Hamilton to stay there, help him run the shop while he lives, and carry it on after he's dead—a sort of Dombey & Son idea on a small scale.

"Well, why doesn't he do it?"
"That's just what he's made up his mind to do. But it was a hard pull, and if there hadn't been a well-trained and strictly-obeyed conscience to back the paternal wisher. Bamilton would have made a career for himself in

"It looks silly." "O, I don't know about that. But it does look dutiful and therefore most beautiful in these degenerate days of selfishness and greed. You see, Ham ilton is the eldest of the children, and Then come three girls, and finally a little chap of ten years. There were two that died. The old gentleman who has an incurable disease, and is beginning to fail, always put down in his plans that his big boy should carry on the business and keep up the home for the mother and the girls."

"And what about marriage?"

"Oh, Hamilton hasn't come to that bridge yet, and therefore will not worry about it now. When he has to cross it, he'll probably find that the way will be come clear. But I'm getting ahead of mystory. When Hamilton disappointed his father's expectations by seeking employment in the city, the old gentle-man was greatly shocked. His main prop had given way. His arrangements were all knocked into sixes and sevens. But the young fellow, by going to college and by traveling during vacations had gotten an outlook into a broader life and felt an ambition to achieve a fertune. So coaxing, pleading and seelding had no effect on him. He onldn't see that he was needed. One of his sisters was acting as both clerk and bookkeeper. His father's malady was unknown to him then and it had not, and has not yet, taken a serious turn. That concealment of a painful ailment by the father shows that our friend has his "grit" by inheritance. He could see that the business would mover produce a profit more than suffic-ient for a comfortable living for the

family. He had his own future to look after. Why should be stay."

"Exactly, why should he stay and why should he now return?"
"To that question he could see only one answer eight months ago when he obtained his present position. There was something of a 'flare-up' at home before he left. He has not been back there tince. He has had few letters from here probably because he did not answer promptly or cordially those that came. We all feel sore when we're came. We all feel sore when we're burt."
"What made him change his course?"

"A combination of three things—a letter from his mother, telling him that his father was beginning to fail visibly; the chance reading lately of the para-ble of the Prodigal Son, in which the words—"I will arise and go home to my father" seemed to burn themselves into his memory, and a personal invitation from his favorite sister for him to spend

Thristmas at home."
"Well, why should be stay?" "Because his parents wish him to do so. The old law of obedience. The fourth Commandment that most young men imagine doesn't concern them after they reach their majority, and, by Jove, a long time before that. It came to him like a flash, so he told me. His par-ents needed him. For their sakes, he would give up the career on which he had just entered. They had reared him had just entered. They had reared him through long years to be a comfort to them. They had made sacrifices to send him through college. They had built a hope that he would be their stay in old age. And he had dissappointed them and forsaken them with the purpose of amassing riches. Was money worth more to him than the happiness of his people? Was the love of his father not to be taken into account? Nor his friendship? Could his arter. to be taken into account? Nor his friendship? Could his extra pay and prospects compensate for the ill-feeling that had come up between his parents view.

and himself?"

That's rather sentimental, isn't it?' "Yes, very much so, and it was senti ment that brought Christ down from Heaven into the stable at Bethlehem,

"Well, that is-yes, I guess you're right.

"Besides Hamilton saw, even in the short eight months that he has been in the whirl of the rush and competition of life in a big city, that an established of life in a big city, that an established and fairly prosperous business, without worry if without excitement, has its compensations. He has seen some of the wrecks made by the strain in the in the struggle for existence here. He has already had dealings with two houses that have since become bankrupt. He perceives the tendency to monopoly, to trusts, to operations, by vast aggregations of capital to the oblic-rations of the many small dealers. And, besides the longing for green fields, and birds and the fresh air, and the sanshine in the open air, is still strong in his breast."

"But the country is so dull and those little towns give me the creeps, they

are so flat and monotonous."
"O, I don't know—home is where the heart is. And where there is a home. with friends, and peace, and love, and a fair plenty, what more can man desire, or at least obtain anywhere? Besides, modern improvements have revolution ized life. The railroads will carry you one hundred miles in about three hours. The telegraph and the telephone have helped steam to annihilate space. You ought to see the crowds that come to town by train every night to attend the theatres. Then, the cheapness of books and magazines, the rural routes and the low rates of postage, the prevalence of education and the wonderfully expert processes by which glorious pictures are photographed and lithographed and scattered among the millions, make it almost a matter of indifference where one lives, so far as real advantages are concerned, provided, of course, one does not go off into the wilds."

"So Hamilton has made up his mind?" "Yes, it was only yesterday that he saw his duty clearly. He will go home for a while. Tasa he will return for a while. Then he will return to work here for a month to give the firm due notice. After that, he'll shake the dust of the city from off his shoes and betake him to the paternal store. And who knows but he may turn out to be the John Wanamaker or the Marshall Field of his village. And who knows what this discipline may mean for him? And who can tell how Providence will And who can tell ho And who can tell how Providence will reward him for his fidelity to his sense of duty? He is young yet and life is all before him. Ten years, fifteen years, will not count against him yet, in the race for riches, so long as he is growing daily in experience. Perhaps the nardaily in experience. Perhaps the nar-row path that he has taken will open up into au unexpected avenue—a boulevard

-to wealth "Why, you're talking like a preacher

now. "No. I'm not in it there. All the preaching was done by the Prodigal Son or rather by his few words—"I will arise and go home to my father." And And can't we imagine the joy of that home
—the reconciliation of the son with the parents, the mother's radiant face. the father's quiet satisfaction, the sunshine of the girls and the wonder of the little chap at the to-do that is made over the home-coming of his big brother? Above transitory considerations will be the assurance that the reunion is to continue and the happikeep on to the end."

ness to keep on to the end."

Just at this point, my destination was reached and I had to get off the car. In my heart, too, I admired the nuknown Hamilton and approved his decision. In my heart, too, I liked the friend who could enter into his feelings appropriate his motives and vindicate. appreciate his motives and vindicate his course. For them both I uttered a heartfelt wish for a very happy New

Year. Some Helpful Thoughts.

To take life as God gives it, not as we want it, and then make the best of it, is the hard lesson that life puts be-

ore the human soul to learn. With the brave the sun sets at last apon all earthly expectations, but only to rise upon another sphere of hope. The star of hope may sink below the horizon, but it has never yet gone down into a grave.—Charles F. Goss, D. D. It is impossible to be just if one is

not generous .- Abbe Roux. However good you may be, you have faults; however dull you may be you can find out what some of them are: and however slight they may be, you had better make some—not too painful but patient-efforts to get rid of them. -John Ruskin.

It is not the circumstances of life that trouble or weigh upon us; it is the way we take them.—A. P. Call.

Joy carries a divining rod, and dis

overs hidden fountains .- Rev. Henry

Van Dyke.

It is God's law that nothing can be

added to our treasures that we wrong-fully take from others.

Cultivate the habit of praise. Look Cultivate the nabt of praise. Look for the good traits in your acquaint ances. Don't be afraid to pay merited compliments. The honey of speech is sweet and leaves a precious memory.—

Catholic Columbian. It is a good thing to get an education, or to gain a fortune, if honestly done, or to get honorable fame; but the triumph of nobility and the victory which inheres in a spotless character are greater than all else.

The Children of Mixed Marriages.

M. Jean Jaures, the leader of the Socialist Party in the French Chamber of Deputies, keeps both his elder daughters in one of those very convent schools that he and his followers are persecuting. The explanation given is that his wife is an earnest Catholic with a will of her own. A woman of that kind always minimizes the evils of marriage with a bad Catholic or a Protestant. But God help the children of a mixed marriage or of a vicious father if their mother has no Catholic convic-tions and no fear of God.—N. W. Re-

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. STORIES ON THE ROSARY

BY LOUISA EMILY DOBREE. The Crowning of our Blessed Lord With Thorns.

CYRIL'S WISH.

There was supper instead of a late dinner all through the holidays, and when the housemaid had opened his valles and taken out his possessions, Carillant the deep seed so the seed so its Cyril shut the door and got ready with very unaccustomed feelings of trepida-tion. He was extremely angry with himself for not being as self-possessed as usual, and started just as his aunt would have done when a thud came to the door.

"I thought you wouldn't know your own way down," said Bob, with a sus-picious twinkle in his eye. Cyril's heart rose at the unexpected kindness, and thanking his cousin with a heartiness that arose from a genuine sense of relief, he accompanied him

down the wide staircase. "There, in there," said Bob, indicating a large room where the door stood ajar; and as Cyrii opened it farther, down came a waste-paper basket filled with rubbish on his head, followed by shricks of laughter simultaneous with a duet of barking and excited leaps of

Cyrilitried to laugh but failed utterly, and Mrs. Dering entered at that moment not one whit disconcerted at the papers strewn over the drawing-

"Up to your tricks as usual," she remarked, calmly lifting up her dress as she made her way over the disorder. "Too bad of them the first night, Cyril, I will protect you; come and sit by me and tell me about Switzerland-fancy, I have never been abroad in my life; oh, you want a brushing, is that it?—in the hall you will find a brush, I believe. I can't say positively, for things have a way of rambling in this abode.'

The gorg sounded again just as Cyril had brushed off the remains of the rub bish, and then they all sat down in the long dining room, and he noticed Bob wink at Phil as he made the sign of the

what at Phil as he made the sign of the cross at his grace.

Cyril was very silent all through supper, and had very little appetite. His aunt tried to make him talk but he seemed shy, and so after a while she left him alone, and the conversation proceeded among the rest. Cricket and games generally seemed the ab-sorbing interest, and much that they said was perfectly unintelligible to him. The moment supper was over every one went out again. Cyril was taken up to the nursery to have a peep at baby asleep in her cot, and as he was tired from his long journey he thankfully acted on his aunt's sugges-

tion that he should go to bed early.

Locking his door, Cyril knelt as usual for his prayers, and, tired as he was, said his ten decades of the Rosary which he had done daily ever since he could remember. It was all so strange and new, the past few hours seeming more like years in duration, that there was a calming influence in doing what he was accustomed to doing, and when he had finished he noticed a small table near the fireplace where he decided he would place his crucifix and images the next day. He had forgotten to ask where the church was, but he would do

so on the morrow. Getting quickly into bed he drew up his feet as fast as they had suddenly gone down to find he had an apple-pie bed. Another trick! There was no help for it, up he must get, and re lighting his candle make the bed again, and as he did so he could hear the chuckles of his tormentors outside his

"Aunt Dora, where is the church ?" he inquired the next morning, as he found himself after breakfast alone

"Just outside the back lodge gate. We are never so good as when we ossess a joyful heart.—Golden Sands.

The boys will show you the way; it is only half a mile off."

"Is there daily Mass?"

"Yes, at eight—why, do you want to go ? "I always do go at home," said

Cyril. 'I am afraid we are none of us very

"I am arraid we are none of us very pie," said Mrs. Dering with a laugh, "but of course there is nothing to prevent your going if you wish it." "I should like it," said Cyril decidedly, and the next morning he went.

Plenty of chaff awaited him when he

eame into breakfast, and he bore it all with a kind of superior way which served to egg on the others. "You don't catch any of us in the week, you bet," said Ber.

"Perhaps he is going to be a monk," said Bob without waiting for an answer.

"Do you really want to go more than you must?" asked Jennie, who was as thoughtless as the rest.

"No accounting for tastes," said

Phil.

"Beastly bore having to go at all," said Bob. "I don't go more than days of obligation and—

"You may be pretty sure that you do that, my boy, while you are under this roof," remarked Dr. Dering looking up from his newspaper.

"Yes," said his wife; "why of

course you must all be good and never miss your Masses of obligation." Cyril had not been long at Holme-wood before he quite settled in his own mind that as far as religion was concerned the family, boys and all, did what they were obliged to do and not anything more. The sweet-toned bell of the pretty church sounded for daily Mass, none but Cyril ever going, and

as for Benediction on Sudday or week-day that was evidently unheard of. It was certainly a novel atmosphere for the boy, and at first he felt quite bewildered. In his Italian home he had been somebody, at least in the es timation of his aunt and friends, while

as for Benediction on Sunday or week-

disadvantage. His musical talents at home had been appreciated, while here no one cared a pin about music, and the only effort made in that direction was by Phil who twanged a banjo now and then as an accompaniment to what Cyril privately considered rather vulgar songs. He was very foreign in his ways and ideas, and thus in great con-trast to the boys who were John Bulls to the back-bone, with a fine contempt

or anything not essentially British.

Then too Cyril at first hardly understood their slang and way of speaking. Chaff was incomprehensible to him, and he was very slow at seeing a joke. knew his aunt would be horrified at the slang the boys and Jennie talked, and he determined not to copy it. So unaccustomed was he to being among young people, that their ways and general behavior astounded him. Jennie took her share of banter and chaff, giving back as good as she received; all four had a rough, bluff way of speak-ing among themselves, and apparently were continually sparring. They told each other the plainest truths in strong nervous English, which left no room for doubt as to what they meant. They played tricks, bullying and teasing one another, and yet under it all was the most perfect amity and general good understanding between them. They most perfect amby and general good understanding between them. They were all extremely attached to each other, but hid their feelings under this rough and ready demeanor that they all understood perfectly well but which shocked Cyril inexpressibly. He crim-soned with disgust when he heard Jennie call Phil a "beast," and grew cold with alarm when Bob and Ber had a good tussle to decide who should row

oar on the lake. cyril was perfectly irresistible to these boys and Jennie, who were much too thoughtless and tactless to see when a joke had gone too far and how much needless pain they were inflicting. They played all sorts of tricks on Cyril they chaffed and teased him-particularly about religion—they hid his things turned his room topsy-turvy, and played every conceivable prank they could every conceivable prank they could think of upon him. Mrs. Dering smiled sweetly at it all and did not interfere, while her husband privately thought that the experience would do Cyril no end of good and take a little of the priggishness out of him.

"Brought up at poor Helen's apron-string, he isn't half a boy," said Dr. Dering to his wife. "Ought to go to Upside and get knocked about about a bit, mix amongst boys, and then some thing might be done with him, poor little man.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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