

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Why She Is "So Nice."

Always shielding others at her own expense.

Making a sacrifice cheerfully whenever one is to be made.

Avoiding discussions in the presence of a third party.

Apologizing without reservation when an apology is needed.

Always representing criticism when there is anything to praise.

Inquiring after the friends and families of those whom she meets.

Expressing an interest in that which she sees is interesting to others.

Showing "small courtesies" to humble people without an air of patronage.

Honor Your Father and Mother.

George Washington when quite young was about to go to sea as a midshipman. Everything was in readiness; his trunk had been taken on board the boat, and he went to bid his mother farewell, when he saw tears filling her eyes. Seeing her distress, he turned to the servant and said:

"Go and tell them to fetch my trunk back. I will not go away to break my mother's heart."

His mother, struck with his decision said to him, "George, God has promised to bless the children that honor their parents, and I believe He will bless you." We are sure to be richly blessed of God when we obey His commands.

Don't.

Do not exhaust your superlative terms on common and insignificant things. When the bread is good. Don't say it is splendid. When a thing is merely pretty, say just that. Don't say you were never so cold or so hot before in your life. You have been so twenty times. The little girl who was badly frightened on one occasion expressed the superlative habit to the full when she exclaimed, "I never was so scared to death in my life."

Don't say it was the heaviest rain or the worst storm you ever witnessed. You have lived through a dozen such and will do so again. Tell a story exactly as it is, coloring it not an infinitesimal tinct to suit your wishes. One of the most difficult things in life is to tell the exact truth. It takes a high order of intellect to do it.

Don't plaster any common thing all over with adjectives or epithets. If you do, it shows that you are not a person of good judgment and that you cannot see things as they are. If you use all the fine words up over trifles, you will have none left to describe really great sensations. Remember this and use just plain, moderate words to describe merely ordinary objects and events. So shall your diction become elegant and expressive and not be wordy and sloppy.—Journal of Education.

A Divine Example.

We are told that after Christ, then in His twelfth year, left the Temple with His parents, "He went down with them and came to Nazareth and was subject to them." Here is a lesson, a divine example for youth to learn and follow. The Christ child, God though He was, subjects Himself to the will and commands of two of His creatures. He obeys them. He served them and shows Himself in all things a dutiful and respectful Son. How many children are there not to be found in the world to-day, children of Christian parents and calling themselves Christian boys and girls, too, who when they reach the age of twelve years—if, indeed, not before that—consider themselves entitled to emancipation from parental control and guidance! If they cannot—as they should not assuredly—secure their emancipation, they disobey their parents whenever they can safely do so; and the reverence and duty which they outwardly render to them are irksome and insincere. To all such children the Christ-child dwelling in Nazareth and showing Himself lovingly obedient and subject to Mary and Joseph, those sainted guardians of His youth speaks and exhorts them to imitate Him in His behavior toward His Blessed Mother and His foster father.—Sacred Heart Review.

Napoleon's Gratitude.

The world prates much of "ingratitude," but this, like other catchwords, repays individual investigation. In the social world who raises the cry? Is it the man who has poured out his millions to endow hospitals and libraries? Is it the woman who has given her life to the care of the sick and poor and needy? Indeed, no! these are the first to tell of the boundless gratitude heaped at their feet.

Let the person tempted to use the term ask himself three questions:

"Have I ever deliberately done an act deserving the gratitude of another?"

"Have I not received for that act thanks out of all proportion to my small effort?"

"Have I myself always expressed prompt and hearty gratitude for every favor done me by others?"

Such a catechism, honestly answered will inevitably lead to large and instructive results.

Much has been written of the so-called heartlessness of that greatest organizer the world has ever known, Napoleon Bonaparte. The truth is that he had few, indeed, to whom to return thanks. A notable exception was the Baroness de Courtois, who had been lady in waiting to the Princess Lamballe, the intimate friend of Marie Antoinette. The princess was killed

During the First Consulate the exiled Baroness returned to Paris to plead her cause before Napoleon.

"Monsieur," she begs, "will you permit me to tell you a story?"

He gave a rude consent and she began her story. She was at Brienne on the occasion of an annual examination of the military cadets. The guests carried wreaths with them. The young Baroness had one of laurels, which—

At this point of the story the first Consul could no longer contain himself. Says the Baroness:

"I was suddenly interrupted by a strange sound—half sigh, half exclamation of joy—and the next moment the Consul had sprung forward and clasped both my hands in his."

Overwhelming emotion shone in his dark eyes and trembled in his voice.

"So you were that sweet, kind girl, mademoiselle? Oh, ask what you will of me. I promise beforehand to grant it. Will you accept a pension—a post of any kind? You shall have your property back; you will prefer kind words to me. You gave me my first crown."

Could anything be more dramatic? The woman kneeling before the future Emperor had made the one bright spot in the forlorn boy's school days, and all the years between he had hugged her memory gratefully to his heart.—The Youths' Companion.

The Bare Legged Boy.

"What's the matter with him?" asked the bare legged boy.

I had climbed over a fence to see why a robin fluttered and screamed from the top of an apple tree, and the bare legged boy, "with his bright and morning face," had followed me.

"Looks to me as if he had gotten his leg tangled in a cotton string while he was trying to weave it into his nest," I answered.

We looked a little more closely and found that it was so. The poor little bird was frightened all but to death and had so nearly exhausted himself in his struggles to get loose that his cries were growing fainter and fainter.

"In about two minutes more he'll be hanging there as quiet as a partridge in the window of the fish and game market," observed my companion, coolly.

"Don't you think we had better rescue him?" I asked.

"How are we going to do it?" he inquired, with fine nonchalance.

"Climb up and untie him," I answered.

"I think I see you climbing a tree!" he replied, surveying my gray hair with the unobjectionable, because inevitable, contempt of youth for even middle age.

"Ah, but you are going to do the climbing."

"Not I! I must be off to school!"

"What! And leave that poor little bird to suffer and die?"

It was only half past eight, and what he was anxious about was evidently a ball game before the final bell.

He looked up at me with his big brown eyes as if something had suddenly touched his heart. Throwing his book upon the ground and placing his little bare feet in my hand for a "boost," he "shinned" up the trunk, crawled on the branch and reached for the robin.

Terror lent the captive strength, and with a wild and frantic effort he drove his little beak deep into the hand of his rescuer.

"Ouch! Is that the way you treat your friends? You can die for all I care!" cried the boy, wringing his hand and starting backward.

"No! No!" said I. "Don't leave him. He was frightened, not ungrateful."

Crawling back he took the string in his hand, broke it and descended with the crying bird.

We stood there together and slowly untangled the treacherous twine, the boy's interest deepening every moment.

"Now," said I, when he had unfasted the last knot, "smooth him down a little so that he will know that you are his friend (and be careful to rub his feathers the right way) and then let him go."

"I kind of hate to part with him, he said, stroking him softly, and laying the palpitating body against his round red cheek."

I smiled.

"I guess he is rested now, and you better let him go."

"I ain't in no hurry."

"Oh! I thought you were in danger of being late?"

He winked with his left eye.

I waited a little longer.

"Well, he said, reluctantly, "the best friends must part," and giving the bird a kiss, he opened his hands.

With a joyous leap and a wild song of gladness the liberated captive soared into the heavens and disappeared.

The boy stood watching the vanishing speck, his eyes suffused with a strange light, and softly said to himself:

"Gee! I guess he'll remember me!"

I took his face into both my hands and said:

"You have done a Christ like deed for our Saviour," preached the Gospel to the poor, healed the broken-hearted, recovered sight to the blind and set at liberty those who were bruised."

And then I kissed him as he kissed the robin and let him go.—Commercial Tribune.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

One of the qualities essential to a manly character and conducive to success in any walk of life is

Steadfastness.

The main incentive which inspires men to labor is the desire to succeed in life. Their ideas of what constitutes success vary greatly. Wealth is the goal of most men. Some desire power, political or social; a few want distinction in literature or art, and a very few will be satisfied if they can do some good in the world. All of these objects are more or less interwoven, so that the aspirations of men are multiplex, but they can all be summed up in the one word, Success. They want to accomplish some more or less definite object in life, and to do so they will have to be both diligent and persistent.

The quality that is most needed is steadfastness of purpose.

Every one is familiar with some man who has failed after years of effort because he has become discouraged just when he was at the point of achieving his purpose. His calling may have required him to make sacrifices respecting his personal habits. He has been required, it may be, to abstain from drinking and smoking because of his daily association with persons to whom such practices are distasteful. Slowly and surely he has established a reputation that is of the greatest value to him, and then, discouraged or tempted, he begins to relax a little his safe rules of conduct. In an incredibly short space of time his reputation, built up with so much care, vanishes. The assistance of years counts as nothing against a single offense. His reputation is destroyed and he falls for want of steadfastness.

As a matter of strict justice it might appear to be reasonable to weigh against a man's evil conduct his good deeds, but that is not the way of the world. One wrong outweighs a lifetime of good. So far as reputation is concerned good deeds count for nothing when offset in part by evil, or they count for less than nothing, being considered aggravations of the offense. In a doubtful case reputation is of some value, as throwing doubt upon unproved charges; but where the evidence of wrong is complete, good reputation makes the offense seem greater than it would be if committed by one known to be bad. Harsh though the judgment of the world may seem to be, it is nevertheless just. Those who start out with right principles should be steadfast. They must be honest and true in spite of all discouragements. A single lapse will destroy all the good reputation they may have established, but if they remain steadfast to right by their own efforts, they will succeed in principles they will either succeed in their purpose or they will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that they fought a good fight. But success is almost assured to the steadfast man. There will be years of discouragement during which he appears to be making no progress, but all the time he is laying the foundations of reputation and some day his opportunity will come and he will reap at once the fruits of his labor.

Providence plays its part in this matter. Some men deserve and get at once their reward. Opportunities open before them. Others deserve rewards, but get them not at all or only until after long years of waiting.

Not long ago the obituary of a bank president was published. It was highly flattering. He had entered his bank as a clerk; in a few years the death of the cashier made an opening to which he was promoted, and he had scarcely had time to settle in this position before other deaths opened to him the way to the presidency. Thereafter he lived a long, useful and honorable life, but for forty years he barred the way to succession by men who were just as deserving of promotion as he had been.

The individual has no control of these chances. The best that he can do is to remain steadfast and true to high principles, so that when the chance opens before him he may have such reputation as will help him to achieve his ambition, whatever it may be.

Money-Getting.

In the course of an elaborate defense of a certain fiscal magnate who is popularly believed to be the possessor of a great fortune dishonestly acquired, a member of the United States Congress declared on the floor of the House that "we all want to make money; that's what we are after." This sentiment describes the aim and end of all human endeavor, according to those who measure life by the yardstick of material philosophy. Unfortunately the drift of civilization has been such as to taint nearly all minds with the poisonous doctrine. What are we here for? To make money, to get rich, to outstrip our brethren in the scramble for worldly goods and the rewards of selfishness.

What Success means in the popular estimation, is the accumulation of wealth; failure, the absence of substantial trophies of the contest for selfishness. Parents, ambitious to start their children "right," strive to give them these "advantages" which spring from the cultivation of the instinct of "cuteness." They look more closely after the development of the faculty for sharp dealing than they do for the training of the nobler attributes of mind and character, because, as they explain, the conflict for success is a hard one, and the keenest and most selfish have the best chance. Little or no account is taken of the Christian aspect of the matter. That is left for the future consideration or, too often, forgotten altogether. And this explains why some foolish people cherish the hallucination that a better train-

God than in religious educational establishments, and why they will not, and do not seem to care to be disabused of this erroneous impression. The really important elements of education are supposed to be able to take care of themselves, so long as the mental angles are carefully and assiduously sharpened to perform their functions in competition with others in the supreme struggle for—What?

The poor, miserable stuff, which, when acquired by the concentration and persistent employment of all the energies of the intellect and body, to the exclusion of everything else, deprives both of the capacity for rational enjoyment.

We do not for one moment mean to disparage aspiration and effort for excellence among our Catholic young men. Not at all. On the other hand, we commend them to exert themselves strenuously to better their condition financially and socially, to leave no honorable means untried to accomplish this purpose. It is a duty which every young man owes to himself and to society to make the most intelligent use of his opportunities to improve his position and prepare for those responsibilities which in the course of nature he should and may be expected to assume. He should be ambitious to make his way and to enjoy the benefits of such ability as God has implanted in him. That is a proper and praiseworthy motive. Slothful neglect in the matter of making the most of the graces vouchsafed and failure to avail oneself of every rightful means of intellectual, social and material betterment, involves a distinct disregard of an obligation that will unquestionably figure in the final accounting of our stewardship before the Just Judge and the Master of our being. We do not, therefore, in the least, underrate either the necessity or the desirability of attaining to the highest possible degree of prosperity within reach, by honorable effort and the energetic employment of those gifts with which our Creator has endowed us. What we intend to point out, is the danger of following the materialistic spirit of the times, which goes to the other extreme, and sets up the golden calf as an object of adoration, the spirit which regards money-getting as the most laudable of human occupations, and exalts the acquisition of wealth to the first rank of human achievement. This spirit is lamentably prevalent among our Catholic people as a consequence of environment and the influence of daily association with the movement about them. It filters through all our social conversation and every thought and aspiration is impregnated with it. How to get rich? This is the universal question, and the one grand inspiration of all our ambitions and works as though we were assured of an indefinite lease of existence in which to solve the problem and enjoy the fruits of its accomplishment. From the religious point of view, which is the only available one for a Catholic of honest faith and sincerity of purpose, the folly and madness of seeking riches as an end and not a means to the sole end of importance worthy of consideration, are simply appalling. In looking at the matter in the light of our eternal destiny, which affords the only logical test of our acts and motives the game of the worldlings is most emphatically not worth the candle. Think a moment. Suppose you sacrifice every other impulse and all the higher and better inspirations of your life to this one object, as the fashion too commonly is, what may you look forward to in the event of being successful?

Even granting that fortune favors your quest, the best years and powers of your physical and intellectual being will be consumed in the struggle. You will not dare to relinquish your grasp upon the implements of prosperity until the rewards are reasonably secure—a security which at best is very precarious.

This in all human probability will carry you beyond the meridian of your earthly span and what is left? Possibly the doubtful gratification of having distanced the multitude in the race. Taste for the enjoyments to which you looked forward as the chief reward of your progress has already perished. You derive no pleasure from the things towards which you pressed forward with such joyous anticipations. You discover too late that you have been pursuing a phantom. In reaching for the shadow you have lost the substance. The single chance of happiness which this fleeting pilgrimage offers, has been eluded your grasp. Such has been the experience of every human creature who yielding to the sordid lust of money enthrall all the faculties and energies and resources of mind and body to consummate the design. The only rational employment of riches is in serving the better and nobler activities of spiritual and intellectual culture.

Therefore unless the passion for money-getting be tempered by pursuit of higher ambitions to which it is rendered subsidiary, "success" will be barren of good and a curse to its author, as it has proven in thousands upon thousands of instances with which the annals of civilization abound.

Eating and Sleeping.

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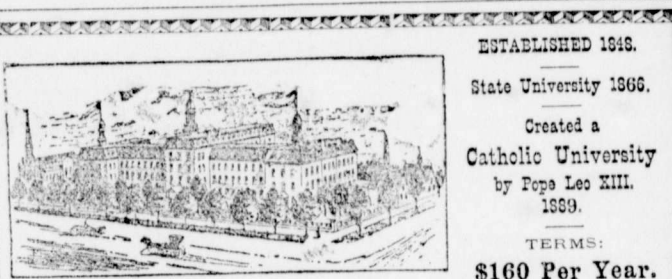
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