

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

DUTY OF CHILDREN TO PARENTS

Father Stapleton has well stated the duties of children towards their parents in the following words...

We cannot increase the strength of our muscles by sitting in a gymnasium and letting another exercise for us.

Nothing else so destroys the power to stand alone as the habit of leaning upon others.

There are few things more evident to natural reason than the obligation children are under to assist their parents when necessity knocks at their door...

"Charity is not alone to prescribe this office of piety. A stronger law than charity has a claim in the matter, and that is the law of justice.

"Those who do not live up to the terms of this natural contract stand amenable to the justice of heaven.

"So sacred and inviolable is this obligation that it passes before that of assisting wife and children, the necessity being equal for all obligations enjoy the distinction of priority.

"Of course, the gravity of this obligation is proportionate to the stress of necessity under which parents labor.

"It has become the fashion with certain of the rising generation, after draining the family exchequer for some sixteen or eighteen years, to emancipate themselves as soon as their wages cover the cost of living, with a little surplus.

"Frequently children leave home and leave all their obligations to their parents behind them at home.

"But pecuniary assistance is not all; it is occasionally care and attention an aged parent requires, the presence of a child who presters the gaiety of the city to the quiet of the old homestead that is imperiously demanded.

"I had said nothing of that unnatural specimen of humanity, sometimes called a 'loafer,' and by still more ignoble names, who, to use a vulgar term, 'grubs' on his parents, drinks what he earns and bestows the home he robs, with his loathsome presence and scandalous living.

"I had said of him the better. He exists: 'tis already too much said." Catholic Telegraph.

SPEAK NO ILL

It is good to be generous in small things. They make up the greater part of life and produce almost all of its sorrows and its joys.

The Apostle tells us to "speak evil of no man," but to be "gentle, showing all meekness unto all men."

have of him, the one in the pocket. You can guess what it meant to me when I came home and found it gone from my little chain where I always wear it."

"She went out of the room, her eyes still on the pictured face in the locket. When she returned her pocket-book was in her hand, such a lean, shabby, pathetic pocket-book. The sight of it made lone uncomfortable.

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed, jumping to her feet. "I don't want anything."

"But, my dear," the old lady remonstrated, "I promised a liberal reward and I am glad to pay it. I haven't a great deal of money left, but I would spend it all gladly to get my locket back."

Lone looked at the old face, transfixed by joy. There was a color in the withered cheeks which had not been there when she entered, a new light in the faded eyes.

"I've had my reward already," said the girl gently, "and it was a liberal one." True Voice.

AN INDIAN'S LOVE FOR THE BLESSED VIRGIN In the northern part of New York State is a reservation of Indians which for centuries has remained true to the faith.

The good Father Marceau lived with them for nearly half a century in a little cottage on the banks of the St. Lawrence in the Indian village of St. Regis.

There came a day when Father Marceau left his Indian children and went home to God. To them it was a day of mourning.

Many years afterwards there came a great message to the Indians of the little village of St. Regis; it was that a great meeting of their tribe was to be held in Montreal, and that all were invited to attend.

One old man of the tribe from Caughnawaga gave a wonderful proof of his devotion to the Blessed Sacrament.

It was after 7 when the Cardinal Legate of the field, but all this time the old Indian had kept his vow. He had no thought of being noticed, for what was he but a poor Indian from a tribe on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

Not many months after the great Eucharistic Congress in Montreal, a young man in New York City called on a priest and asked to be instructed in the Catholic faith.

He told him it was the devotion of a poor Indian at the Eucharistic Congress at Montreal. He had read the story in a Montreal paper, and had made some investigations which led to his beginning a study of the Catholic faith.—Sunday Companion.

Give me the friend who has the same love for me always, who is ready to "speak up" for me in the midst of enemies, and repeat what he or she considers my virtues as an offset to the failings that may be rehearsed.—one who will hold fast to faith in my truth and well-doing in spite of defamation. Such friends may be scarce, but when found, are priceless treasures.

"Did you lose a locket?" "Oh, the locket!" said the little old lady, she put her hand against her heart.

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WIT AND HUMOR

Aunt Samanthly.—"I feel hurt that I didn't get a piece of Sadie Boggs' wedding cake." Niece Sadie.—"Aunt Samanthly, you don't feel half as hurt as those who ate some of that cake."

Salesman.—"Now here, madam, is a piece of goods that speaks for itself!" Customer (interrupting).—"Then suppose you keep quiet a moment and give it a chance."

A woman left her baby in its carriage at the door of a department store. A policeman found it there, apparently abandoned, and wheeled it to the station.

A pretty little girl of three years went into a drug store with her mother. Being attracted by something in the showcase, she asked what it was.

The clerk replied: "That is a scent bag. How cheap!" "I'll take two!"

Teacher was telling her class little stories in natural history, and she asked if any one could tell her what a ground hog was.

"Well, Carl, you may tell us what a ground hog is?" "Please, ma'am, it's sausage!"

"You must take exercise," said the physician. "The motor-car in a case like yours gives the best exercise that..."

Little Florence climbed upon her father's lap on her birthday and put her arms around his neck.

An Irishman worked for a notoriously stingy boss and lost no chance to let the fact be known.

A school teacher gave her pupils a problem for home work: "How long would it take eight men, working ten hours a day, to build a house, fifty feet high, if they built an inch an hour?"

An old darkey wanted to join a fashionable church and the minister, knowing it was hardly the right thing to do, and not wanting to hurt his feelings, told him to go home and pray over it.

"Well, what do you think of it by this time?" asked the preacher. "Well, sah," replied the colored man, "Ah prayed an' prayed an' de good Lawd He says to me, 'Rastus, I wouldn't boddah my hair 'bout dat no mo'. Ah've been tryin' to get into dat church 'bout fifty years, but de last twenty years an' I hain't done had no luck yet."

ST. JANUARIUS AND THE FRENCH GENERAL The writer of reminiscences generally would like to take eight men, working ten hours a day, to build a house, fifty feet high, if they built an inch an hour?

"of 'out for' strict accuracy in this his maiden effort," but rather for material, more or less interesting, to fill his allotted number of pages; otherwise he might easily have ascertained that the charge of fraud against the Neapolitan clergy in this matter, which would involve the condemnation of many hundreds of holy and learned men, is now-days given up by all candid opponents.

Loyalty to One's Pastor Be loyal to your pastor. His work is to administer to your soul, not to please you. When his work is done God will remove him. Until then do all you can to uphold his hands.

Naples. In reference to this he relates the old legend of the French general, by whose command and under the menace of whose guns, the miracle was once performed by the reluctant clergy.

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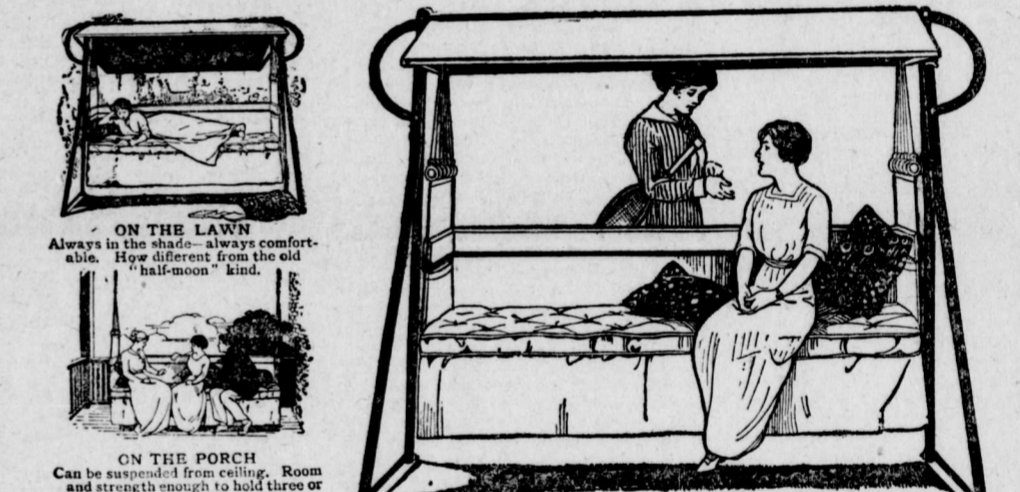
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