

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

YOU OWE IT TO YOUR MOTHER

To lift all the burdens you can from shoulders that have grown stooped in waiting upon and working for you.

To seek her comfort and pleasure in all things before your own.

Never to intimate by word or deed that your world and hers are different or that you feel in any way superior to her.

To manifest an interest in whatever interests or amuses her.

To make her a partaker, so far as your different ages will permit, in all your pleasures and recreations.

To remember that her life is monotonous compared with yours, and to take her to some suitable place of amusement, or for a trip to the country, or to the city if your home is in the country, as frequently as possible.

To introduce all your young friends to her and to enlist her sympathies in youthful projects, hopes and plans so that she may carry youth into old age.

To defer to her opinions and treat them with respect even if they seem antiquated to you in all the smart up-to-dateness of your college education.

To talk to her about your work, your studies, your friends, your amusements, the books you read, the places you visit, for everything that concerns you is of interest to her.

To treat her with the unvarying courtesy and deference you accord to those who are above you in rank or position.

To bear patiently with all her peculiarities or infirmities of temper or disposition, which may be the result of a life of care and toil.

To study her tastes and habits, her likes and dislikes, and cater to them as far as possible in an unobtrusive way.

To remember that she is still a girl at heart so far as delicate little attentions are concerned.

To give her flowers during her life-time and not to wait to heap them on her casket.

To make her frequent, simple presents, and to be sure that they are appropriate and tasteful.

To write to her and visit her.

To do your best to keep her youthful in appearance, as well as in spirit, by helping her to take pains with her dress and the little accessories and details of her toilet.

If she is no longer able to take her accustomed part in the household duties, not to let her feel that she is superannuated or has lost any of her importance as the central factor in the family.

Not to forget to show your appreciation of all her years of self-sacrifice.

To give her credit for a large part of your success.

To be generous in keeping her supplied with money, so that she will not have to ask for it, or feel like a mendicant seeking your bounty.

—Pictorial Review.

SAITH THE EMPLOYER

Don't lie. It wastes my time and yours. I'm sure to catch you in the end, and that's the wrong end.

Watch your work, not the clock. A long day's work makes a long day short, and a day's short work makes my face long.

Give me more than I expect, and I'll pay you more than you expect. I can afford to increase your pay if you only do it well enough.

Geneva's girlhood is now some years behind her, and in the community where she lives she is an important figure. It is very well known that whatever she undertakes will be done well enough to leave no ground of criticism, and she undertakes more than almost anybody in the town. She is undeniably reliable, systematic, skillful, competent, and is re-

Mind your own business and in time you will have a business of your own to mind.

Don't do anything here which hurts your self-respect. The employee who is willing to steal for me is capable of stealing from me.

It is none of my business what you do at night, but if dissipation affects what you do next day, and you do half as much as I demand, you'll last half as long as you hoped.

Don't tell me what I would like to hear, but what I ought to hear. I don't want a valet to my vanity, but I need one for my dollars.

Don't kick if I kick. If you are worth while correcting, you're worth while keeping. I don't waste time cutting specks out of rotten apples.—Sacred Heart Review.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE WAKING OF GENEVA

She was a girl that never did anything well, because she was never sufficiently interested to try. She was accustomed to be regarded as incompetent. She took it for granted that all her acquaintances could surpass her in the doing of almost anything. And then once, by accident, she learned to make sponge cake, of the sort that melts in your mouth.

Perhaps it was not so much an accident after all, though it came by seeming chance. The girl—her name was Geneva—remarked casually that she would like some sponge cake. The old aunt she was visiting replied, "We shall have some to-day; you shall make it."

Geneva was not allowed to go on in her usual hit-or-miss fashion. The aunt stood over her, and saw that the whites of the eggs were beaten five minutes, and that the flour was folded in without any beating, and that a number of things were done exactly as they should be. And the result was that the sponge cake came out of the oven a crusted, golden dream, and everyone who ate one piece asked for a second helping.

Geneva rather enjoyed the sensation. When she went home she made another sponge cake, as good as the first. When the family came to the table they stared incredulously at the work of Geneva's hands. They could not believe the sponge cake was as good as it looked. But perhaps it was a little better. Even the old gray-haired housekeeper asked her for her recipe and complimented her on her skill.

Geneva suddenly woke up to the fact that, if she had made a success of one thing, she might of another. She was spending the summer on the shore of a beautiful lake when the idea occurred to her, and she set herself to carry it out in learning to swim. She practised with diligence. She listened respectfully to the criticism of her brother, who pointed out her faults with fraternal frankness. And before the summer was over, she had saved somebody's life and crowned herself with glory.

By this time Geneva was fairly waked up. She had formed the taste for excellence. She had discovered that to do a thing well is about as easy and vastly more satisfactory than to do it poorly. She had always stood near the foot of her class in school. She now began to study with a zest that went as far toward making up for lost time as anything ever does. She was beginning to find life very interesting. Almost everything was a pleasure, she discovered, if you only do it well enough.

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spected, trusted, admired and depended upon. The change which transformed the heedless Geneva into a general dependence had its root in a loaf of sponge cake.

Learn to do something well. Form the taste for excellence.—True Voice.

IT IS MY WAY

"It is my way," said a boy who came in from school, and threw his cap and coat in a heap upon the floor. "Now, mother, please don't scold a fellow for being careless, but remember it is only my way."

"It is my way; you must excuse me," said a young girl to her classmate, after a hasty show of temper. "You must never mind what I say, but remember it is only my way."

"O, Miss Evans, I forgot to return the book I borrowed of you last week! Yes, I remember you asked me for it yesterday, and I intended to bear it in mind, but you must excuse me; it is only my way."

Harry came downstairs this morning in a very bad humor; nothing suited him; he snarled and snapped at every one who addressed a word to him; but after breakfast, his temper being restored to his normal condition, he said they must excuse him; it was only his way.

Dear children, never use the expression, when speaking of a fault, "It is only my way." Have no such ways; but if you find them growing on you, ask God for strength, and be come cured of them. "It is my way," will never excuse you of a wrong action in the sight of God or your fellow-men.—Sunday Companion.

THE EMERALD VASE

In the Cathedral of Genoa there is an emerald vase which is said to have been one of the gifts of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon. Its authentic history goes back eight hundred years. The tradition is that when King Solomon received it he filled it with an elixir which he alone knew how to distill, and of which a single drop would prolong human life to an indefinite extent. A miserable criminal, dying of slow disease in prison, besought the king to give him a drop of this magic potion. Solomon refused. "Why should I prolong so useless a life?" he said. "I will give it to those whose lives will bless their fellow-men."

But when good men begged for it, the king was in an ill humor or too indolent to open the vase, or he promised and forgot. So the years passed until he grew old, and many of the friends whom he loved were dead; and still the vase had never been opened. Then the king, to excuse himself, threw doubt upon the virtues of the elixir.

At last he himself felt ill. Then his servant brought the vase that he might save his own life. He opened it. But it was empty. The elixir had evaporated to the last drop.

Did not the inventor of this story intend to convey in it a great truth? Have we not all within us a vessel more precious than any emerald into which God has put a portion of the water of life? It is for our own healing, for the healing of others. And how many of us hide it, do not use it for false shame or idleness or forgetfulness?—Church Progress.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS

THE PRAYING MOTHER A BLESSING TO ALL

In the rush of modern life, family ties are being weakened. Holy customs and practices are dying out. There is no time for them. This is the popular excuse. The grown children are gathered in for the evening meal, only to scatter again—for club meetings, classes and entertainments of all sorts are rivals of the home. Even the school children have evening engagements and social functions to keep them out of their homes. There is no time for family gatherings when the day's activities are over. There is no time even for family prayer. And yet how beautiful the custom is and what blessings it brings on homes where it is practiced!

Mothers should make an heroic effort to revive the custom. Begin when the children are small. Do not wait until the High school and college age when boys and girls are passing out of the influence of home—unless that influence is so strong and so sacred that they can not grow away from it. The memory of a mother with rosary or prayer-book in her hands has been a bulwark against evil to many a son fighting life's battle far from home. It has helped many a youth to realize his vocation.

It is related of the mother of Father Tom Burke, the eloquent Dominican, that on winter evenings when the family had assembled, she would say suddenly, "Come, let us have a feast of prayer." And kneeling down she would say aloud the Jesus-Prayer and other long prayers that the older people loved to recite together. "If Mrs. Burke had not been a woman of prayer," remarked the priest, who recalled the story of her devotion, "her son might never have become the man of God that he was." From his childhood he was accustomed to the thought and act of prayer, and of talking in prayer intimately and lovingly with his Heavenly Father.

Another holy mother was called away when her son was making his studies for the priesthood. But she had laid the foundations of his character deep and strong, and in his grief he knew where to seek consolation. He had been trained to think of heaven as a lasting home, where separation could never come between them. That hope and the memory of his filial love and devotion in the years of his boyhood sustained him



MOST PERFECT MADE

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in his sorrow. He wrote thus of the place his mother held in his heart:

"Thank God, at all events, no matter how faintly in other ways, the one love of my life from childhood was my mother; and the one consolation in leaving her was the strong faith in the divine promise that as it was the only real sacrifice that I could make, I should be repaid a hundred fold, and ensure being with her forever in heaven."

Ten years after her death, some sentiments he expressed showed that his mother still held her place in his thoughts and prayers. The tender, beautiful words are so full of Christian hope and comfort that all who have lost a friend may find solace in reading them. He reminds us:

"Communion with our friends gone before us to heaven is not only wholesome but holy in its power to make real for us the existence of faith. It is delightful to make little excursions to our true home. To realize meeting my dear mother in heaven is one of my greatest joys. Her eyes and smiles are at present to me now as if it were only a moment since I saw her. A few moments before she died there was a ray of joy, and that old beautiful smile on her face, which I shall never forget. Holy parents are, after the gift of faith, the greatest blessing that God can bestow on a child. What can I render to Him for giving me that great blessing in such superabundance?"

The approach of Christmas-tide drew from this worthy son of a Christian mother the following message of consolation to all who have been bereft of a loved one: "So many of those whom we loved most and who are most vividly impressed on our hearts will unite with us in heaven that our Christmas thoughts will naturally be with them. There is a union of great hope and peace in the conviction that they are ever watching over us and longing for the moment when we shall be safe with them."

The praying mother is a benefaction to the family and the nation. Her highest ambition for her children is to fit them for heaven, and in so training them she prepares them also for the duties of noble citizenship.—Sacred Heart Review.

INCONCEIVABLE IGNORANCE

The most inconceivable thing in life around us is the incomprehensible ignorance men have of the teachings and purposes of the Catholic Church. This ignorance is not alone confined to the poor and illiterate, even the enlightened classes are apparently as little open to conviction on every subject of the truth as they are of the inner workings of Shintolism. On the face of it, it bears out the truth of the parable, "The more you look at anything the less you see of it."

Since the days of Christ the pages of history are saturated with Catholic history. The remains of the historical Catacombs and the early Christian temples are but links that bring the modern church back to the days of the Apostles. Her undivided and undisturbed sway over the lives of the world for centuries; the undying life of the Papacy bring her in unbroken continuity back to the days of Peter; the unmistakable marks of Catholicity, unity, holiness and apostolicity about her are in evidence and yet the world will not see. To-day witnesses Christianity separated into a thousand sects, all divided on the most essential teaching, yet all claiming to be the one true church. To the non-Catholic world, the Catholic Church is a stumbling block. The very feature of her composition which they criticize mostly and which repels them is the greatest mark of her Divine origin and that is, "She is too authoritative!" And yet this is the one great factor in her centuries of success.—Intermountain Catholic.

KEEPING THE FIRST DAY

How to spend the Sunday, would be a question answered in part by the careful perusal of Holy Scripture. If no time be found during the week by the busy head of the house for the imparting of religious knowledge, let a portion of the Sunday after Mass, be set aside for the pious reading of the Word of God.

Burn up the Sunday newspaper, for it brings no profit to the home. Let not the Christian mind be filled with its husks when delicious nutriment is offered in the Book of Books. What can be expected of a Christian who attends Mass with a twenty-four-page newspaper stuffed into his mind? Is not a man sufficiently secularized by six days' contact with the world without dipping his mind on Sunday morning once more into the muddy stream in which he has dipped himself on the preceding six days? He is cold as a clod to the touch of the priest when the latter seeks to open up to him the riches of the Bible and the treasures of Catholic Faith, and he must lower the spiritual temperature of the entire congregation. The ideal worshipper in God's house is he who knows his Prayer Book and is saturated with Scriptural knowledge. Such a man will concentrate all his powers upon the several steps of the service, listening to the sermon with devout reverence, and bowing to the Great Sacrifice with deepest adoration. Such a man is interested because he is informed; and he is informed because he makes diligent use of his Sundays. He keeps the first day of the week quite apart from his political and his work-a-day life. It is pure refreshment for him to turn to holier things on sacred days of obligation. It enables him to learn more of religion than he otherwise could learn. It will put under his feet a solidly like that of the Church itself built on Peter, "Christ Himself being the chief Corner Stone."—The Missionary.

NOTEWORTHY DEATHBED CONVERSION

From the Catholic Universe, London

An interesting deathbed conversion was brought to light recently by Father Bennett, C. S. S. R., who was at the time preaching a mission at the Tooting Church. He stated during one of his discourses that on the previous evening he had been called to the deathbed of a prominent resident in the locality, whom he received into the Church.

It was to the deathbed of Dr. David Roberts that Father Bennett was called.

Dr. Roberts was the nephew of Sir William Roberts, a medical authority of distinction. It was his family that established Calvinistic Methodism in Wales.

When he was told that the end was near, Dr. Roberts said that he would rather see a priest than any one else. Father Bennett was sent for, and at the request of the patient, received him into the Church.

It is stated that no outward circumstances conduced to the conversion of Dr. Roberts except the conduct of a fellow-student, who is a Catholic. The deceased was fifty-three years of age.

THE HUNGER OF THE SOUL

"No thoughtful Catholic will deny the need of Catholic participation in social activity," remarks the Catholic Universe, "but amid the invitations to new forms of thought and labor and to new substitutes for old charities which the changing conditions of modern life hold out to us on every side, it is well that we should not forget the old wisdom that has kept the Catholic Church the only great teacher and teacher of the multitudes for nineteen hundred years. The new theories dazzle us and some of them ought to draw us, but we can not be too often reminded that no panacea for social sickness that does not take into account the deeper springs of human vitality, and no reform of conditions that does not reform the man, can be of any profound or permanent value."

We shall lose more than we gain if we minimize the spiritual in emphasis on the material needs. The most insatiable hunger of humanity has always been for the bread of the spirit, and we can not produce happiness in the most ideal material conditions if the soul is left unsatisfied.

The soul obtains all that it earnestly desires.—Seneca.

Our Saviour is the true model of all Christians. In the New Testament we find Him presented to us in all His adorable perfection. Thomas a Kempis truly says that it should be our chief study to meditate on the life of Jesus Christ. "The teaching of Christ," says this great spiritual writer, "surpasses all the teachings of the saints; and he that hath His spirit will find therein a hidden manna."



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