CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

WHO CAN TELL ?

The memory of a kindly word Long, long gone by, The fragrance of a fading flower

Sent lovingly, The gleaming of a sudden smile Or sudden tear, The warmer pressure of the hand,

The tone of cheer, The hush that means But I have heard !" The note that only bears a verse

From God's own Word Such tiny things we hardly count As ministry.
The givers deeming they have shown

Scant sympathy; the heart is overwrought-

Ob, who can tell The power of such tiny things To make it well?

A YOUNG MAN

San Francisco is propably the most hilly city in this country or any other country. Those of our eastern people who came out to the Golden West during the Panama-Pacific In-ternational Exposition must have remarked the great number of hills Now in these days of dimness holy in the city of San Francisco. And And spirit-searching melancholy some of these hills are actually so steen that cable cars are necessary to bring the people to the top.

Now, in any city which has so many hills the people make a gener-ous use of the transportation system, and that system is usually very ample, being a good paying proposition for the investors. The point which I am approaching is that anything which happens on any of the car lines of San Francisco may well said to have happened in public, for the people are constantly traveling in street cars. And the singular, true and remarkable incident which I am going to relate happened on the Geary street line, one of the most crowded lines in the city.

It was in the month of October, the month of the Most Holy Rosary. when the weather in San Francisco what it must have been in Paradise, balmy air and golden sunshine. A well-dressed young man boarded the car, said a pleasant "good mornto the conductor and passed the car. There being only into the car. standing room he was obliged to con-tent himself with it, after he had proceeded to the forward end of the car. On entering, the young man drew his handkerchief from his pocket and, in doing so, dropped something on the floor of the car. Some of the people in the rear of the car saw it drop and looked upon it with a curious, but, apparently, unintelligent gaze. Probably few of them understood what it was, and those who may have understood were very likely astonished that a young man should have such a thing in his possession. The young man was entirely unaware that he had lost anything and continued to read his paper serenely.

In the vicinity in which the young man had dropped his property, there sat a lean, sallow-looking man, of middle age, one of those frigid persons that even the sunshine of wondered to whom the curious thing belonged.

some strange reason, was willing you owe her a kiss or two after all higher than that of all other saints to expose the owner of it to the ridicule of the crowd, and, in fact, ridicule of the crowd, and, in fact, did not see how he could escape it if he came to claim his property. Therefore, he shouted in a louder voice: "Did anyone lose these?" Our young man, who had been so absorbed in his paper as not to have been impressed by the first summons, now looked up. His eye quickly caught the object in the other man's caught the object in the other man swhen they were injured in a very manly but refined tone: "I beg your pardon, sir; I think they belong to me. May I examine they belong to me. May I examine

ticular views.
It was indeed a very extraordinary That day our young man taught a she leaned over your sick bed and tered in her maternal heart. lesson, the magnitude of whose good effects will be known only in eter-Dear girls, that good mother of prince and laborer, of prince and peasant, of the innocent funumerable scandals. Any weak Catholic who saw and heard him, on that day, must have been thoroughly ashamed of his own weakness, if he were not spurred on to a determination to be bravely true to the Grand

Old Church. If bigotry, if honest Don't grumble about the work you bigotry observed him on that day, have to do in the home. Don't his action must have penetrated its crust of prejudice and poured in the sunlight of truth. Any faithful son Remember all you do in the home or daughter of the Church who may have been there must have felt his have been there must have test his heart thrill with joy at the noble conduct of this genuine Catholic. As the angels saw and listened, they wrote his name in letters of gold. As the angels saw and listened, they wrote his name in letters of gold. The Glorious Mother of Ged felt the joy of the loyal devotion of an ardent and devout son. And Christ saw His passion and death justified and His sacraments working a marvel in

poor, frail human nature. The young man took the lost object in his hands, examined it for a was the real owner, and then said to the finder: "Yes; these are mine. I am very grateful to you for having picked them up. I would have been very sorry to have lost them. They are my Rosary beads."
Silence prevailed in the car.—Rev

Edward F. Brophy, Fort Winfield Scott, Cal.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

Strengthen my drooping heart; And let me stop each wayward sense In pure and secret abstinence.

And from the world depart. The Church, my Mother, calls me on To follow Jesus all alone, Across the desert lea;

And wrestle with the tempter there In vigils of incessant prayer, And with the wild beasts to be. But I will quell my doubts and fears.

And on where holy Sinai rears Its form before my eyes, For I can see above its head A rim of glowing glory spread The light of Easter skies.

-FATHER FABER

HONOR AND CHERISH YOUR MOTHER

There is nothing more beautiful in the character of the young than a tender regard for the old. They, whose steps are slowly descending Life's Sunless Slope, have only one consolation as the years speed by them—that is, they look for kindness and consideration from those upon whose lives the beauties of Life's Morning are just breaking.

Age is a season of physical infirm ity, mental retrospection, shattered dreams and earthly disappointment. No more, for the old, is there s glamor in the stars, a freshness in the Spring, or a triumph in the years. The thousand melodies that you and I hear, sound far, far off to them. The thousand beauties that you and I see, they see through eyes long since dimmed with tears shed over the graves of old loves. Treat them gently, young men and women, for by their sorrow and their sacrifice, you have not only existence the word of God was sent. you have not only existence, but much of the happiness you too often forget. Of all the love affairs in this world, none can surpass the love of a young man for his mother. Any young man may fall in love with greeted her with the assurance that some fresh faced girl, and the young that glorious morning could. not meit. Presently he arose, removed from the floor the object which had been attracting so much interest, and, daugling it aloft, as he smiled and, dangling it aloft, as he smiled scornfully, asked in a loud voice: "Has anyone in this car lost these?" At this, many of the passengers looked up from their papers or stopped their mother, and she looks to wond as looks to work to wo up from their papers or stopped their onversation and gazed upon the object, so scornfully held aloft.

it a highly prized jewel? Was it an emblem of fellowship in some organ. Every day should be a day of remem. Word was made flesh a ization which anyone might be proud to claim? Was it a souvenir of some notable public function, showclaim? Was it a souvenir of some notable public function, showing the owner's familiavity with the great of this world? Was it a medal, commemorative of great deeds, conferred by some important personage? Or was it some rare mark of distinction which had won for the proud possessor general applause and universal commendation?

The finder of this lost chiest, for dear face. Besides, don't you think in the life of the Church. The Church of God loves to honor the Mother of God. It is not a mere morning, get the fire started and the breakfast on the way, and when mother comes down and expresses her surprise, go right up to her, throw your arms around her neck and kiss her. You cannot imagine how that love kiss will brighten her Mother of God, make her worthy of an honor that is super-eminently The finder of this lost object for dear face. Besides, don't you think an honor that is super-eminently them?" The passengers eyed him away your wild dreams as she closely and marked the tenderness smoothed your pillow—all these have patroness and queen; the Servites, and the respect with which he received his lost property into his hands. Many of them must have been charmed by his sincerity and been charmed by his sincerity and share of the household work in the share of the household work

you are doing for mother. It's helping mother. It's giving her a

Don't wonder if her dress is old and threadbare and her hat made over from last year's style—remember mother is only a girl grown up; sh likes nice things as well as you do but she goes without them and makes over her dress and hat, so you can have the nicer and newer things to moment, to assure himself that he wear. Oh, some day, in the midst of your round of pleasure, stop and think of mother! Watch her face sometime. Some evening when you think she is not looking, and see how tired it looks. Then surely you will resolve to share her burden, lessen her steps and brighten her remaining Don't wait until it's too late. Think of her now, while you have her to love and cherish.

Home without mother is a lonely place. The world without mothe grows more dreary, day by day. All life and love, all service and duty, circles around the thought of mother. You cannot escape her influence. She is Life's first teacher; she is Life's last teacher; she is Life's truest friend. Whenever you see a man kneel down to pray, wherever you see a man do some kind deed or say some kind word, remember some good mother first taught him how.
The marks of her love are all over your home; the seal of her love is on your very heart. Yet who really loves her or cares for her or thinks of her-unless one wants some favor or needs some true friend; then we go to mother, who lives all alone in a Land of Lonely Hearts. Love your dear old mother. Time, perhaps, has scattered snowy flakes on her brow and plowed deep furrows in her cheeks, but in spite of all that, is she not beautiful? Her lips may be thin and shrunken, but those lips have kissed away many a hot tear from your childish cheeks. Her eyes are growing dim-you notice she cannot thread her needle as well as formerly -yet those same eyes glow with the seft radiance of holy leve whenever she thinks of you. Love her tenderly! Cheer, as far as in you lies her declining years, and, mark my word, God will bless you for it.—Rev

THE ANNUNCIATION

FEAST MARCH 25TH

The usual quiet of Oriental spring hung over the little village of Naza reth. An angel left the court of heaven, bearing a message from the Most High God. Straightway he

It is probable Mary was in prayer With frightened eyes and beating heart she gazed at the radiant vision God was pleased with her was she man who may be gallant to the girl able to grasp the significance of the Some of them smiled gently and steps, to be gentle, kind and patient human lips. The angelic hosts others looked interested, while all with them. Be kind to the old and God's blessing will follow you down through the years. You girls and young women, Word was made flesh and dwelt

been charmed by his sincerity and moral courage, no matter how they may have differed from him in particular views.

State of the Rousents—the contrast, the custodians of her rose garden; Marists, Sisters of Marie Reparatrics, who herself desired their institution yours, yet if you were sick that face as so many Maries of the tabernacle would again shine like an angel's as Franciscans, whom she keeps shel-

Mary is the model of saint and waited on you.

Dear girls, that good mother of sinner, of scholar and laborer, of

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—That a Cup of



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offering the homage that is due. She is the Mother of fair love, whose love of us is surpassed only by that of God Himself, who in her would give the visible proof of what His grace can make of the child of dust and ashes. Therefore do we Catho lics love her, our Mother, the Blessed Mother of God.—B. X. O'R.

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