

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

I will start anew this morning and be loyal to my creed; I will cease to sit repining, o'er my ruthless neighbor's greed; I will cease to sit repining while my duty's call is clear; I will waste no moment whining and my heart shall know no fear.

BE CONSIDERATE

"Honour thy father and thy mother." Sons, especially young men, must realize that upon their arrival in the world they became partakers of the great love which their parents had for each other; it became more intense as years passed on, and they found themselves equipped for the battle of life because of the paternal love which led a father to toil for them and a mother to spend herself on their behalf.

youth must guard against the sweeping away of necessary institutions. The home is one of these, and young men and women who live under its roof can do much to preserve it from danger. No manly boy thinks it a shame to his years and dignity to bring to his mother's sympathy his joys and sorrows.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

WHAT'S THE REAL GOOD?

"What is the real good?" I asked in musing mood. Knowledge, said the school; Truth, said the wise man; Pleasure, said the fool; Love, said the maiden; Beauty, said the page; Freedom, said the dreamer; Home, said the sage; Equity, the seer.

THE LITTLE SAINT OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

"May we come in?" Two roguish faces peeped from behind the half-open door as Margaret Manners raised her head from the depths of the trunk she was unpacking.

"Certainly dears! That is, if you can find a place to sit down!" with a glance of mock despair at the littered up room. "Unpacking is such a dreadful business, and I'm always so glad to get through with it."

"Mother said she was afraid we might be in the way, but we promised not to bother you the very least bit,—but just look. You know we love to see your trunk unpacked."

"There! So much of this rubbish belongs to you. But remember," as the children with many "Ohs," and "Ahs" explored the contents, coming finally to a fine big box of candy, "not more than a taste before luncheon!"

"Obediently taking but a single morsel, they perched themselves upon the foot of the bed and proceeded to entertain their favorite auntie with their cheerful chatter, while she went on with her work of gathering together the smaller articles and arranging them neatly in the top bureau drawer."

"What was that you dropped, auntie?" questioned Grace. "One of my most precious treasures, dear—a relic of Blessed Imelda which was given me on my first Communion day, carry it with me wherever I go."

"May I look at it?" asked Marie timidly. "I never saw a real relic—that is, close."

"Margaret took it from the case and placed it in her hand. The child looked at it wonderingly. Then, with a note of awe in her voice, she said: 'To think that this little speck was once a part of a real saint!'"

tiny windows. And it was really a fort, for in those days the Italian cities were always at war with one another, and of course the noble-men were at all times ready to defend their homes. Imelda's father, whose name was Egano, was one of the great lords of Italy and had been governor of some of its principal cities, so of course his castle was always filled with soldiers and officers.

"Perhaps it was because Egano and his wife were so pious that God rewarded them by sending them their sweet little daughter—Imelda. Even as a tiny baby she was so beautiful that every one who saw her said that she seemed more like an angel than a child of earth."

"Just as soon as she was able to walk her mother began to take her to the nearest church, and there more than ever she showed her love for God. She was never restless or troublesome, like most children of her age, but would sit perfectly quiet, her hands clasped, looking towards the tabernacle as if she realized who it was that lived behind the closed door."

"Why, that's just what St. Rose of Lima did!" interrupted Grace. "Sister was reading about it the other day in class."

"Yes, but that was two hundred years later. Perhaps St. Rose had heard of little Imelda. Who knows? Well, at any rate the good count was only too glad to let his little girl have her way, and so the tiny chapel was built for her, and there Imelda spent long hours alone with God."

"In the quiet and silence of her little oratory Imelda learned from God that it was his wish that she should become a nun in the Dominican convent of St. Mary Magdalene, not far from her home. As soon as her pious parents were sure that it was not a mere childish fancy, they took her—just imagine how they must have suffered in doing it!—to the good Sisters and asked them to admit her. As she was at that time barely eleven years old, they at first refused. But finally seeing the child's great distress they consented to let her merely live in the convent."

"Not allowed to receive Holy Communion!" broke in Grace, incredulously. "How could that be, auntie when she was so very holy?" "Because in those days children were not as favored as they are nowadays. They were not allowed to receive Communion until they were even older than Imelda. So, although the child with her superior begged the Mother Superior to permit her to receive Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, she was always put off. It was touching to see her grief and longing when the Sisters reverently approached the altar. Left behind, little Imelda would weep as if her heart would break. And after the Sisters had returned to their places she would often creep close to the nearest one as if to warm her heart at the Divine Fire which burned within her. Often she would ask the Sisters why their hearts did not break with joy when they received. I have often wondered whether she foresaw the manner of her own death?"

So little Imelda lived in the convent for two whole years, and as her love for God increased each

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day, so did her longing to receive Him. And still neither the Mother Superior nor her confessor dared give her permission. But God was preparing to make known His will in His own way. One morning at Mass, when the Sisters had approached the altar to receive, leaving poor Imelda weeping as usual in her stall, the priest saw one of the particles leave his hands and fly through the air toward her, remaining suspended above her head. Awe-stricken, the good Father lost no time in communicating the holy child. In an ecstasy of joy, Imelda received her Lord.

"Marvelling at the miracle by which God had rewarded her love and longing, the good nuns, after making their thanksgiving, stole out quietly, leaving her kneeling in her stall. Long they waited for her outside the chapel, for no one wished to intrude upon her in that sacred hour. Finally, however, the Mother Superior ventured to enter and to call her by name, even to pull her gently by the sleeve. And lo! she discovered to her amazement that in the hour of her greatest happiness Imelda's pure spirit had gone home to God! Her loving heart had, indeed, broken under the strain of too much joy!

"Gently they laid her away putting, on her bosom a white lily and around her head a wreath of roses. And soon strange things began to happen at her tomb. Hardened sinners were converted; the sick were healed; and by many other wonders God made known the holiness of the little Dominican novice. After a long time the Church pro-

nounced her Blessed. In the Church of St. Sigismondo, in Bologna, where her relics are preserved, Italian mothers are often seen telling their children the sweet story of her life. In the time of Pope Leo XIII., the Sodality of Blessed Imelda was approved, and she is now the patron saint of all First Communicants. Her feast day comes September 16. "So that's the story of Blessed Imelda. How do you like it?" "It is the loveliest one we ever heard auntie," cried Grace, "and we are going to say a little prayer to her every day of our lives so that she will help us to love the Blessed Sacrament as she did."—The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

KING JAMES BIBLE IS SECTARIAN BOOK

The King James version of the Bible cannot be used in the Public schools of California, according to a decision handed down by Judge Nourse of the district court of appeals, in which he gives the opinion that it is "the accepted Protestant version" and therefore sectarian. The decision reverses a ruling of the Supreme Court of Fresno County, which had decreed that the trustees of the Semia High School could purchase a dozen King James Bibles for use in the classes. Elbert E. Evans, a Selma resident, had sued to restrain the purchase. The Appellate Court holds that the acquisition of the Bibles by the schools would be in direct violation of the school law.

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