

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Actions that Speak.

A thinly clad young man was walking along the city street one winter morning, eating peanuts from a five cent sack in his coat pocket in lieu of a breakfast, when he saw a number of boys trying to attract the attention of a flock of hungry pigeons in the street by tossing cracker crumbs at them. He stopped and joined in the fun by shelling some of his peanuts, breaking the kernels into small pieces, and throwing them on the pavement near the birds.

Recognizing a new benefactor, they flocked around him, eagerly picking up his offerings, but keeping an eye on him meanwhile, prepared for instant flight in the event of his becoming too familiar. Long experience had taught them to be suspicious of strangers.

Stepping down and holding a tempting morsel between his fingers he called the birds gently.

At first they shrank back, but presently an old bird, having first inspected him critically with one eye and then with the other, stepped forward gingerly, plucked the titbit from his fingers, and darted away. Not finding the experience so very terrible, the old bird soon came back, and was rewarded with another choice bit of peanut. The other pigeons speedily followed the example.

"That's more than they'd do for any of us," said one of the boys.

The young man gave the pigeons about half his stock of peanuts, and then straightened up.

"That's all I can spare you this time," he said, starting away.

A middle-aged man who had been watching the performance with considerable interest tapped him on the shoulder.

"Young man," he said, "are you looking for work?"

"Am I?" was the response. "I've been tramping over this town for over a week, hunting a job."

"What can you do?"

"I'm a sort of jack of all trades. I can carpenter a little, run an engine repair bicycles and—"

"Can you take care of horses?"

"Can I?" said the young man, his face lighting up. "I was raised on a farm."

"Well, come along with me. I need a coachman, and I'm not afraid to trust my thoroughbreds with you. I'll take the recommendation the birds have just given you. Will you work for me for \$30 a month and board till you find something better?"

Would he? Well!

The young man is now his middle-aged employer's trusted man of all work, with a wage to correspond, and the pigeons have never had occasion to retract their recommendation.—Youth's Companion.

Hard Work as a Medicine.

Great responsibility seems to be a powerful health protector. People in very responsible positions are rarely sick. When a man feels that great results are depending on his personal effort, illness seems to keep away from him, as a rule, at least until he has accomplished his task.

It is well known that great singers, great actors, and lecturers are seldom sick during their busy season.

Hard work and great responsibility are the best kind of insurance against sickness. When the mind is fully employed, there does not seem to be much chance for disease to get in its work, for a busy, fully occupied mind is the best kind of safeguard against illness.

The fact is, the brain that is completely saturated with a great purpose, that is fully occupied, has little room for the great enemies of health and happiness—the doubt enemies, fear enemies, worry enemies.

Busy people do not have the time to think about themselves, to pity and coddle themselves every time they have a little ache or pain. There is a great imperious must which forces them to proceed, whether they feel like it or not.

The result is that they triumph over their little indispositions and crush out little ailments before they have chance to grow into bigger ones. Fear is the great enemy of the unoccupied mind.

The person who does not feel the pressure of his vocation has time to worry over the possibility of his getting the disease which may be prevalent at the time. But if every crevice of his mind is filled with his work, his resisting powers are not weakened by the fear of disease. In other words, the busy mind is in its normal condition.

The mind was constructed for work, and when it is idle all sorts of troubles begin. The fear enemies and worry enemies creep into the vacant mentality and work all sorts of havoc. Keep your mind busy. The occupied mind, the busy mind is the safe, the happy mind. It is a remarkable fact that when any one feels under great obligations to do a certain thing at a certain time, he generally manages to do it. Other things equal, the chances of such a person being physically disqualified at a certain date are infinitely less than in the case of a person who has plenty of leisure. Mental activity is a great health preserver, a great life saver.

Exercise of mind and body seems to be the normal medicinal corrective of disease. It seems to be absolutely necessary for the preservation of robust health.

No function can be perfectly healthy, in a normal condition unless it is exercised. Work seems to be the great regulator of the human machine. Idleness has always and everywhere bred mischief. Vice and crime are engendered during idleness.

When a man is busy in some useful employment he is safe. He is protected from all sorts of temptations which injure him in idleness.

Like an unoccupied building in the country, or unused machinery, the idle brain deteriorates rapidly.—Success.

A Reader's Credo.

1. I believe that reading is the moral nourishment of the soul, and that doctrines make men, in accordance with the axiom known to all centuries: "Tell me what you frequent, and I'll tell you what you are."

2. I believe that the temperament of the intellect, like that of the body, is formed by the food with which it is served.

3. I believe that the strongest character must be affected by continuous reading of the same kind; constant communication will influence the most resolute.

4. I believe that a bad book is a corrupt and corrupting friend.

5. I believe that vicious literature is as noxious to the soul as is poison to the body.

6. I believe that habitual novel-reading robs character of its dignity, life of its seriousness, the heart of its purity, and the will of its strength.

7. I believe that many persons delude themselves as to reading, both their own and that which they permit to their inferiors.

8. I believe that many who permit, favor, counsel or command light, dangerous, or bad reading, contract before God a terrible responsibility.

9. I believe that at the moment of death a number of horrible illusions will, to the detriment of very many souls, be exposed all too late.

10. I believe that if the souls lost through reading bad books were suddenly to appear to us, we should be astounded at their number.

11. I believe that if books could speak, they would divulge frightful secrets as to the influence they have exercised over souls.

12. I believe that a Christian should hold bad books in abhorrence; that, apart from peace of mind, he wastes his money in procuring them and his time and intelligence in reading them; furthermore, that, if he has any such books, his plain duty is to throw them into the fire.

And I believe all this in virtue of common-sense, experience and faith.—Translated from La Semaine Religieuse of Quebec for the Ave Maria.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Pope Pius X. and the Boys.

Uncle Jack, in Sacred Heart Review, has met with some pretty anecdotes, lately, about our Holy Father, Pope Pius X., in Rome. You must remember that he was formerly the Bishop of Venice, that beautiful city where the streets are canals, and gondolas go sailing through them, up and down, instead of cars and carriages. Pope Pius loved Venice, and now he's shut up in the Vatican and can no longer watch the Adriatic and float upon its waves.

The first little incident that I shall relate occurred on the occasion of the audience granted to Right Rev. Monsignor Freri and Father Dunn of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

It seems that last March, the children of the Indian school of Holy Cross Mission, Alaska, sent to His Holiness a beautifully embroidered pair of moccasins and a miniature birch-bark canoe with the request that they be presented to "Our Holy Father from his Indian children, who love him and pray that God may watch over him."

Monsignor Freri presented the simple gifts, and Pope Pius immediately stretched forth his hand for the canoe and exclaimed: "Oh! look at the gondola." A wistful expression gathered in his eyes, we are told, as if the whole beautiful picture of his glorious Venice lay before him, for Rome may be Rome but Venice will always be Venice to the prisoner of the Vatican, who must occasionally, at least, long for the quiet, restful beauty of his former diocese.

A Roman paper says: "It is a well-known fact here in Rome that at papal audiences the young people have always the best of it. The Pope will often stop before a little boy or girl and begin to converse with the most charming familiarity. One day last year, some of us saw a little fellow of about eight contentedly take hold of the Pope's left hand, and accompanying him all round the great hall, looking up affectionately into his face whenever the Pope addressed a few words to some of the kneeling pilgrims. When those memorable Sunday afternoons in the Cortile della Pigna where the Holy Father preached to thousands on the gospel for the day had to be abandoned, the Holy Father substituted for them receptions in the Vatican for the boys and girls of Rome who had made their first Communion that morning. On these occasions the Pope seems to grow young again, as he goes among the young people, giving them medals, asking them questions about their schools or their homes, and then talking to them collectively.

"One day last year, a little Dublin boy was brought to the Vatican by his mother and grandmother. He was very prettily dressed, and he had been elaborately trained in what he was to do when he entered the Holy Father's presence,—he was to make three genuflections, and then to kiss the Holy Father's ring if he was allowed; he must not be afraid, but he must be very good. It was all beautifully arranged. Before going to the Vatican they had a last rehearsal: the grandmother stood in a corner of the room in the hotel, the little fellow came in, made his three genuflections, kissed her hand, and then drew aside. At the Vatican, too, he got through the first part of his ceremony with propriety. But when he raised his head after bending his knee for the first time, and saw the white figure of the Pope standing a few yards away, with his arms stretched out, and a beautiful, fatherly smile on his face, he forgot the rest, and the ladies were taken aback to see him run towards the Holy Father with his hands lifted, as if he actually wanted to be taken and kissed. Which was exactly what happened,—and not only that, but the Pope brought him over to his desk and selected a beautiful gold medal for him, which will doubtless be handed down as an heirloom in that young man's family.

As to the older boys who read Uncle Jack's page, they may like to hear that there was a reception, last month, at the Vatican, of the Catholic young men of Italy, about 2,500 of them, with a hundred banners, and representing nearly 300 societies which had sent delegates to the Congress then being

held in Rome. Their leader made an address, and presented to the Holy Father a beautifully wrought chalice which Catholic young men of the whole world had offered for his jubilee; and the Pope said to them in reply:

"May God reward you for the consolation you have given me by this beautiful demonstration by which you honor Jesus Christ and the Church, His beloved Spouse. Youth is the springtime of beauty; and God Himself, ever young and ever beautiful, reveals to us in the young some traces of His own physiognomy.

"I feel it impossible to look on a youthful countenance without being moved to affection and respect—the refinement of a young soul which has preserved its innocence is revealed in its words and acts, and has its influence even on the impious. I salute you, O young men, with all affection, because you represent in a manner the beauty of God.

"Your banner bears the three words: Prayer, Action, Sacrifice. Prayer reminds us that of ourselves we can do nothing, that all our strength comes from God. If we wish to be faithful to our vocation as Christians, we must have recourse to prayer. Pray, remember, that it is sweet to have recourse to a loving Father ever ready to listen to you—not as in the world where our prayers are often left without an answer; pray, and virtue will be preserved in you, you will conquer adversities, you will triumph over all obstacles, you will be the joy of your families, and a sweet balsam to society.

"Your action must be supported and guided by prayer. If God is with us, who is against us? Temptations and tribulations, supported by prayer, will but serve to make your action more efficacious.

"Finally, too, have you taken as your motto the word, sacrifice, for the life of man on earth is a warfare and Jesus Christ has reminded us that we must take up our cross and follow Him. Often you will have to renounce your own will, also win the strength necessary for sacrifice.

"God will bless your Congress as He blessed the Eucharistic Congress of London where thousands of Catholics, in a Protestant country sang hymns to the Blessed Sacrament in the streets, and where twenty thousand young people, following the image of the Crucified, went through the streets, crying, 'God convert England!'"

ATTEMPTED MURDER OF A PRIEST.

CLERGYMAN AND BANDIT STRUGGLE—DEATH BALKED BY QUICK ACT.

With a score of little children as witnesses, and after a hand to hand struggle with his intended victim, an unidentified man recently attempted to assassinate the Rev. J. K. Fielding in the vestibule of Corpus Christi Church, Chicago, and after firing two shots at the priest, neither of which took effect, escaped.

It was one of the boldest and most daring attempts known in the police annals of Chicago, and the escape of Father Fielding was a miracle.

The vestibule of the church was filled with children awaiting the opening of Sunday school. The church vestibule is in two parts, the first on a level with the floor of the auditorium and separated by a swinging door from a similar one four steps below from which the outside doors open.

When the children were assembled they noticed a strange man in the vestibule. Just then Father Fielding came down stairs from the rector's quarters, and noticed the man.

"What can I do for you?" he asked, being attracted by the stranger's peculiar demeanor.

"I came to say my prayers," was the answer hurled back in a surly tone.

"Well, you don't look as if you knew them, and this vestibule is not the place for prayers," answered Father Fielding.

"You leave me alone," retorted the stranger in a threatening manner, drawing away from the priest.

"You leave me alone, I tell you, or it will go hard with you," he repeated.

By this time the priest had his hand on the stranger's shoulder and was forcing him towards the door leading into the second vestibule, where the children were.

MAN HAD TWO POCKETBOOKS.

"But what have you here?" said the priest, taking from the man's pocket a woman's pocketbook, and starting to reach for another which he noticed in the same pocket. By this time the pair had reached the door and the stranger made an effort to break away. Being an athlete, Father Fielding took him by the lapels of his coat and held the struggling intruder.

"You come back with me, I want you," he said, believing the man to be a thief. From the outside vestibule he children watched the struggle, and when

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the two men, both of good stature, reached the steps leading to the outer doors they became wildly frightened, some crying piteously and others making a desperate effort to get out. While on the steps below, the priest on the upper, and the assassin three steps below, the latter jerked one arm away, and, quick as a flash, drew his revolver.

"By God, I'll kill you," he shouted, and fired point blank at Father Fielding. The bullet grazed the latter's face and lodged in the top of the door frame above.

This completed the terror of the little ones, who surrounded the men. Several of them fainted, while others made frantic efforts to flee from the scene.

ESCAPES DEADLY BULLET.

Father Fielding dropped his hold of the fellow and stepped back behind the doors separating the vestibules, closing them as he passed. Looking back, he saw his assailant kneeling among the children on the floor below with leveled revolver. Quickly dropping to the floor he escaped the second shot, which lodged between the door frame and the ceiling.

The man then turned and ran, struggling through the crowd of children on his way.

A large number of people passing at the time saw him running and heard the shots, but the whole incident happened in such an incredible short period of time that the assassin was able to make good his escape.

A thorough search was made of the block, but no trace could be found.

Father Fielding is one of the best known Catholic priests in the city, and is a leader in athletics among his people, being president of the Illinois State Gaelic Athletic Association.

Father Fielding is also president of the Irish Literary Society of Chicago. Before going to Corpus Christi Church he was connected with St. Dominic Church.

Asked if he had ever made any statements from the pulpit in connection with the murder of Father Heinrich at Denver, Father Fielding said that he had not and that he knows of no reason why any one should attempt to take his life.

THE HELP THAT COMES TOO LATE.

Have we not all noticed time and again how quickly, when a horse falls down in crowded street, all kinds and conditions of men rush from the sidewalks and lend assistance to get the poor beast on his feet again? And has not the sight made us feel that after all there is a great deal of humane feeling in the hearts of the multitude? But there is another side to the matter. When the poor, overworked, over-burdened and underfed beast was plodding along, straining and tugging at his load, and staggering in his harness, but still keeping his feet, how many have offered to help him? So long as he kept at his work, no matter how much he needed help, nobody was forthcoming with a friendly helping shove over the rough pavements, but the minute he went down with a crash, a crowd of sympathizers and curiosity seekers went to the rescue.

There is a lesson in this for us Christians. The time to help a fellow-struggler is not when he is "down and out" but while he is still able to keep on. The help that comes when the horse has fallen down is often too late. "Nothing can be done. His struggles are over. So with the poor man or woman struggling along under heavy burdens. In cold selfishness and forgetfulness we often let our brothers and sisters in Christ stagger on unhelped by a word of sympathy or an act of charity. We are so wrapped up in ourselves and our own concerns that we pay no attention to those who are suffering bravely but silently around us, trying to work at best they may, though they feel themselves growing weaker and weaker every day.

A word of cheer, the offer of a little help while yet the struggler is able to help himself, would renew his courage and add new strength to his heart. Sympathy and support and help and pity—all these come too late when all hope of self-reliance, all faith, all strength have departed.

Let us not then be so blind, so cold, so forgetful, so selfish. Let us not shut our eyes and our ears to the struggles of those around us, waiting till the crash of their fall awakes us to their need. Let us help our fellow-strugglers while they are yet on their feet, able to respond to a word or an act of pity or Christian kindness. Let us try to avoid the censures of our own hearts for generosity offered when the day of generosity was over, and for help which we tendered

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