

Our Boys And Girls



MY BEADS.

On the evening's calm and quiet,
When no one sees or heeds,
I love a quiet corner
Wherein to tell my beads;
Not that I would conceal it
From any in the land,
Though faithless ones deride it
Who fail to understand.

That simple faith surpasses
All the honors which they prize,
All the riches of the wealthy,
All the wisdom of the wise;
But I like to tell its decades,
Recollected and alone,
And to ponder on the prayer
I recite at every stone.

My little beads remind me
Of my Saviour's love divine,
Who died for me on Calvary,
And made His Mother mine;
It reminds me of my boyhood,
Of the friends of whom I bereft;
For I, of all that circle,
Am the only one that's left!
And reminds me of the fervor
Of the young and guileless heart,
Ere sin had found an entrance,
Or the world had claimed a part.

It teaches me detachment
From a world that's full of care,
And bids me for a better one
With carefulness prepare,
May I meet my early partners
In that prayer that I love,
In the kingdom of God's glory,
In their happy homes above,
It reminds me of my childhood,
When around my mother's knee
Our little circle gathered
To say the rosary.
Rev. T. Casey, in the Sunday Com-
panion.

From a story entitled "How the
Angel Became Happy," by Rev. P.
A. Sheehan, D.D., of Ireland, we take
the following closing passage which
describes the death-bed of a good
and pious little girl:—

"The day wore on. Many prayers
were offered up for the dying child,
she herself slumbering peacefully.
Murmurs arose all day long around
the bedside; murmurs of supplication
to the throne of heaven for the sweet
child whom every one loved for her
meekness and sanctity. Her school-
mates came in during the afternoon
in their white dresses. They came
to say a last word to their dear
companion. But when they saw her
sleeping so calmly they would not
disturb her, but each of them in turn
put a little offering of flowers on the
bed and kissed the white lips and
said: 'Good-bye, Mary!'

Evening came. High up in the sky
the clouds were piled. You could see
them plainly from Mary's bed in the

attic and they were turned all red
and purple and gold by the rays of
the setting sun; six o'clock came,
and in a few seconds the Angelus
bell rang out its three clear notes.
Mary started up and looked round
frightened. In a moment her mo-
ther's arm was around her.

"Where am I, mamma?" said she.
"Here, my child, at home," said
the mother.

"And those flowers, what brought
them here?" said Mary, feeling the
leaves, to assure herself that they
were real.

"Your companions brought them,
my child," said the mother.

"Because—because," said the dying
girl, passing her hand slowly over
her forehead, "because I was dream-
ing and I thought that I saw the
Blessed Virgin in the heavens, seated
on a golden throne amongst the
clouds just like them," pointing to
the red clouds piled about her win-
dow, "and there was a multitude of
angels with her, and there was one I
knew—at least, I thought I knew—
and he looked at me so kindly, and
he flung these flowers at me, and then
—and then—her breathing came very
fast—'and then—Our Lady—beckoned
to me, and I was just—rising—up—
to go to her and then—'and then—
then—the rosy face, then came a
white shadow and the eyes closed
and the lips parted in a smile; and
the mother, sobbing, bent down and
kissed the poor white lips, and said,
as the last tones of the Angelus were
lingering in the air, 'And then, my
pet, Our Lady took you safe to her
home in heaven.'"

But that wasn't quite right, for I
saw Astrael, with a look of joy I
shall remember forever, put his sword
into its sheath, and clasping the
beautiful soul of the child in his
arms, he sped upwards through the
rosy clouds, cleaving the light air
with every pulsation of his wings,
and singing a carol of triumph, that
made the lark, who was enjoying his
evening song, quite ashamed, and fly
down to his little ones in the nest.

Wasn't there joy in heaven, as As-
trael, with his precious charge, stood
once more on the shining floors! How
the angels smiled and welcomed him;
and then made a long avenue for him
and Mary, as they sped up and up to
the great White Throne of the Judge.
And how did Astrael feel when, pass-
ing the throne of Our Lady, she smile
d on him and said: 'Well done, good
and faithful Astrael!' and when,
still farther up, he placed his pre-
cious charge before the Judgment
Seat and without a word of examina-
tion, the Eternal Word took the
child and presented her to the Fa-
ther and to the Holy Ghost.

The mother was weeping by the
little bed, on which lay the lifeless
body of her child. She had composed
the arms on the bosom and placed a
crucifix between them and ever and
anon she hid her face in the bed-
clothes and murmured, 'God help me
this holy night.' She didn't under-
stand that her child was standing,
bright and beautiful, amongst the
heavenly choirs, nor that there was
an angel named Astrael, who would
not be contented with stars and
flowers, but he had a child given him
and he had saved her, and that child
was Mary.

And this was how the angel became
happy.

A COMMON FAULT so often found
in boys is the habit of lying. Lying
is saying something untrue in order
to deceive another. What malice
there is in lying, my dear boys! What
an abominable habit it is! What aw-
ful consequences lying frequently has!
Did you ever stop to consider these
things?

There is always more or less hypo-
crisy in telling lies. A boy may be
afraid to tell the truth, because it
would show him up in his true color.
Hence, to appear better than he real-
ly is, he tells a lie. Behold the hypo-
crite! He wishes to please and to
appear agreeable, though he must do
so at the expense of truth; he tells a
lie. Behold the hypocrite! He speaks
of his neighbor otherwise than he
thinks in his heart. Behold the hypo-
crite! He exaggerates what he says,
because he seeks to appear as a
"bully" of the crowd. Behold the
hypocrite! He conceals his faults
and by lying escapes humiliation. Be-
hold the hypocrite! He misrepres-
ents facts and covers his evil doings
by telling lies. Behold the hypocrite!
By lying he casts away blame, which
would rightfully be thrown on him
because of his sinful ways. Behold the
hypocrite! He fears to acknowledge
the truth, because of others, and
tells a lie. Behold the hypocrite! He
lies to shield others whom he ought
to report. Behold the hypocrite! He
lies to keep evil acts from being dis-
covered. Behold the hypocrite!

You may consider the habit of ly-
ing from any side you will, there is
always hypocrisy at the bottom of
it. Now, my dear boys, is there any-
thing more despicable than a person
who plays the part of a hypocrite?
There was no class of people our
Lord denounced more sharply than

the Pharisees. And why? Because
they were hypocrites, in other words,
liars—liars by action. They led a
life very different from the life they
preached. A liar is despised by every
one and rightfully so. You can never
trust a liar. In common language
we call him two-faced, that means he
plays a double part; his words and
actions do not depend upon truth,
but upon circumstances. He will act
just that part which is most suited
to the position he may find himself
in. With him it is not a question of
what is the truth, but what is best
for me here and now.

A liar misses the priceless gift of
speech. Speech was not given him to
deceive others; it was given him as
a means whereby he might commu-
nicate his thoughts to others. Lying
corrupts the character of a boy and
is the cause of many disorders in his
moral life. You can never be good,
virtuous boys and be professional
liars at the same time. A boy who
is a liar from habit is also a bad,
corrupt boy in many other ways. Ly-
ing necessarily will bring him into
an abyss of sin and corruption. When
once he has discovered how easy it
is to cover up his evil deeds by tell-
ing lies, his march down the path of
sin will be very rapid.

Liars often do a great deal of harm
to others. How much misery in the
history of the world was caused a-
lone by lying? Indeed, the greatest
misfortune that has ever fallen upon
the human race was caused by a lie
—a lie out of the mouth of the one
that said: "You shall not die. . . .
You shall be as gods." And how
many wrong accusations have al-
ready been made, simply because of
the tongues of liars? How many sus-
picious were cast on the innocent,
because of a lie on the part of the
evil-doer? How much injury have
people had to suffer on account of the

lying statements of their accusers?
How many an innocent life has been
blotted out, because of some wicked
liars?

Dear boys, lying is displeasing to
God. God is truth itself, and there-
fore despises the liars. You cannot
be children of God and be liars at
the same time. The liar suffers the loss
of the trust and confidence of his fel-
low-men. Don't think you can be
habitual liars and escape being de-
tected. It will not take people long
to find that out. A few lies out of
your mouth, and you will be discov-
ered and branded as a liar. And when
the confidence of your fellowmen is
once gone it will be hard to regain
it. Trust and confidence are things
too precious to be trifled with. What
it will be, if people say of you:
"That boy is a liar; one cannot be-
lieve him; he lies!"

Dear boys, prize truth, prize it
highly, and try to acquire it in every
way. Accept only truth; judge only
after truth; act only after truth, and
speak never anything but the truth.
—Rev. M. Klasen, in The New World.

A SAD LOSS OF LIFE.

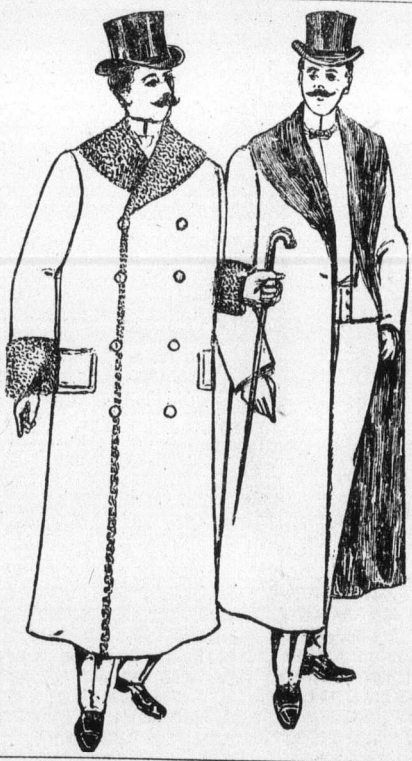
Fifty men were buried under dirt
and rocks and construction apparatus
by a cave-in on the new subway in
New York, Oct. 24.

Of this number, 12 were lifeless
when taken out, and 15 to 20 others
were severely injured.

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