

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

LIFT HIM UP

Lying so low in the gutter,
Degraded and black with sin,
With garments tattered and filthy—
More shattered and foul within.

His face has grown ugly and brutal,
And lost its each trace divine;
The reign of his passions has made
him
Companion alone for the swine.

"He is too far gone," they tell us,
All they who pass him by;
"Impossible now to reach him,"
So he's left to sink and die.

He once was "somebody's darling,"
That man so degraded and vile;
The heart of someone that loved him
Was once made glad by his smile.

Those lips that now breathe cursing,
A mother's lips once pressed;
And that hair once soft and golden,
A sister's hand caressed.

Those eyes now bleared and soulless,
Once lighted with love's bright glow;
And the fire of the soul within them
Burned with thoughts that angels
know.

Let your tear drops fall of pity
Upon these darkened leaves,
Resting here "Possible all things"
To him who does and believes.

Come friends, for it is our mission,
Strong in love's power to save,
With a sympathy earnest, untiring—
Go, bring him up from the grave.

—The Monitor

JEALOUSY

Jealousy spoils pleasures and
destroys friendships; therefore it is
most necessary to overcome a jealous
temperament. One frequently hears
how to overcome sensitiveness; but
how to fight against jealousy is seldom
told us. It can manifest itself
in numerous ways; and it is not an
easy thing to fight. Who has not
felt its prodding? But one must
remember that neither friendship
nor love can stand jealousy's eternal
friction; so the sooner one eliminates
it from one's character the more
certain is one of keeping both love
and friendship.

Take what is yours
and do not worry over what is given
to some one else. If there is to be any
comfort in social life or in the life
of those who labor, every twinge of
jealousy must be crushed out. The
personal element must be done away
with at all times and we must learn
to make ourselves as efficient as possible
in our various walks of life.
To live for and think of others is
always a help; and added to this we
must forget ourselves except in our
efforts to improve our minds and our
lives.—Catholic Columbian.

HE WAS A MAN

He thought, he planned—he
worked. He never believed that anything
was too unimportant not to do
right and well. He was always looking
ahead.

He was willing to go through
poverty and hardship. He didn't
mind the lack of applause. He understood
the meaning of obscurity.
He had figured out in terms of his
own ideal, the cost of winning. And
he was willing to go without the
friendship of those who saw not his
worth. He did not mind unjust
criticism.

He always came up smiling. He
never crossed a bridge until he got to
it—and then if the bridge had been
washed away—he swam across!

He was tolerant. He could see
other people's points of view. He re-
spected old age. He was kind to the
poor and to little children. There
was something about him that never
repelled, but that drew even the
dumb animals to him.

He was broad-minded. He could
see both sides. He had no time for
other people's business, but he always
had time for other people's needs.
You see, he had a love ranch of thou-
sands and thousands of acres in his
heart, and he was willing that any-
body should camp there.

He was religious. He often prayed,
because he believed in prayer. He
lived in a world of feeling. There-
fore he was very sensitive, and felt,
as the most sensitized instrument,
every touch or hurt or of kindness.

He was clean in mind. And he
had his own ideas about being a
"good fellow." Those who knew
him, always liked him.

He made mistakes for he was im-
mensely human. But he didn't
brood. He raised smiles on his love
ranch—in his heart.

Now, who was this "He"? Well,
I'll tell you who he was. He was a
—Man!—George Matthew Adams.

LINCOLN'S PHILOSOPHY

Lincoln was once speaking about
an attack made on him by the Com-
mittee on the Conduct of the War,
for a certain alleged blunder, or
something worse, in the Southwest—
the matter involved being one which
had fallen directly under the observa-
tion of the officer to whom he was
talking, who possessed official evi-
dence completely upsetting all the
conclusions of the committee.

"Might it not be well for me,"
queried the officer, "to set this
matter right in a letter to some
paper, stating the facts as they actu-
ally occurred?"

"Oh, no!" replied the President.
"At least not now. If I were to try
to read, much less answer, all the
attacks made on me, this shop might
as well be closed for any other busi-
ness. I do the very best I know how
—the very best I can; and, I mean to
keep doing so until all right, what is
said against me won't amount to

anything. If the end brings me out
wrong, ten angels swearing I was
right would make no difference."

Here are a few of Lincoln's sayings
that show the manner of man the
beloved martyr President was:

"Let none falter who thinks he is
right."

"It is no pleasure to me to triumph
over anyone."

"Come what will, I will keep my
faith with friend and foe."

"I have not willingly planted a
thorn in any man's bosom."

"All that I am, all that I hope to
be, I owe to my angel mother—bless-
ings on her memory."

"Suspicion and jealousy never
help any man in any situation."

"There is no grievance that is a fit
object of redress by mob law."

"This country, with its institutions,
belongs to the people who inhabit
it."

"God must have liked common
people, or He would not have made
so many of them."—Catholic Bulletin.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

"AT DEAD O' THE NIGHT,
ALANNA"

At dead o' the night, alanna, I wake
and see you there,
Your little head on the pillow, with
tossed and tangled hair,
I am your mother, acushla, and you
are my heart's own boy,
And wealth o' the world I'd barter to
shield you from annoy.

At dead o' the night, alanna, the
heart of the world is still,
But sobbing o' fairy music comes
down the haunted hill;
The march o' the fairy armies
troubles the peace of the air,
Blest angels, shelter my darling for
power of a mother's prayer.

At dead o' the night, alanna, the
sleepless Banshee moans,
Waiting for sin and sorrow, by the
Cairn's crumbling stone,
At dead o' the night, alanna, I ask of
our God above,
To shield you from sin and sorrow
and cherish you in his love.

At dead o' night, alanna, I wonder
o'er and o'er,
Shall you part from our holy Ire-
land to die on a stranger
shore?

You'll break my heart in the leaving
like many a mother I know;
Just God, look down upon Erin and
lift her at last from woe!

At dead o' night, alanna, I see you
in future years,
Grand in your strength and noble
facing the wide world fears;
Though down in the mossy church-
yard

My spirit shall watch you, darling
till you come to your rest in
God.

—REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD

INCOMPETENT

"Father," asked the small boy of
an editor, "is Jupiter inhabited?"

"I don't know, my son," was the
truthful answer. Presently he was
interrupted again. "Father, are
there any sea serpents?" "I don't
know, my son." The little fellow
was manifestly cast down, but pre-
sently rallied and again approached
the great source of information.

"Father, what does the North Pole
look like?" But alas! again the
answer, "I don't know, my son." At
last, in desperation, he inquired,
with withering emphasis: "Father,
how did you ever get to be an editor?"

THOSE PUNCTUATION MARKS

"Oh, dear!" sighed Warren, as he
came in from school one day. "I
wish we didn't have to learn so
much about periods and commas and
semi colons, and such things. I hate
them!"

Mamma laid down her sewing and
said: "Why do you hate them,
Warren?"

"Why it's so hard to remember
when to use them, and besides, I
don't think they are of much use.

I don't see why we couldn't
write sentences without putting in
any punctuation marks."

Mamma smiled, and then, rising
from her chair, she went over to
the desk and got out a piece of paper
and a pencil. Then she wrote:

"The little turkey strutted about the
yard and ate corn half an hour after
his head was cut off."

"Why, Mamma, how funny!" ex-
claimed Warren, when he read it.
How could a turkey walk around
eating corn without any head?

"He couldn't," replied mamma,
"and yet I have written just what I
intended to write. I have, how-
ever, left out all punctuation
marks."

Then she bent down and punctuated
the sentence. It then read: "The
little turkey strutted about the
yard, and ate corn; half an hour
later his head was cut off."

"Oh, I see!" cried Warren. And
then at once he resolved to learn all
that he could about punctuation
marks.

SOUND ADVICE TO GIRLS

No better advice was ever bestowed
upon a girl than that given by a
worldly wise matron to her daughter
on the subject of male acquaintances.

"My dear," she said, "you cannot be
too careful in your choice of com-
panions of the opposite sex. Men
are not always what they seem to be
and it is necessary for your hap-
piness that you should make a close
study of any man who seeks your
friendship and society. Of course all
men have their petty faults, which
are not so very important. What
you have to find are their great
failings, which have so much influ-

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once upon the happiness and suc-
cess of life. Recognize no man
to whom you have not been properly
introduced by a mutual friend who
will give some information about
him. A casual acquaintance may
prove a true gentleman, but the
chances are that he will not. You
will know nothing about him and
consequently the risk is very great.
Many a girl has had cause to rue the
day that she encouraged the ad-
vances of a man she met by chance at
the seaside, for instance, or at some
place of amusement. When you have
become acquainted with a man in
proper manner, which, although cor-
rect, is the only safe way in which
to form an acquaintance, then you
can set to work to study the prin-
ciples of his character and decide for
yourself whether he is worthy of
your friendship or not.—The Echo.

HOME

Home is where the heart finds its
greatest content.

Home is the result of learning how
to bear and forbear.

Home is the best school for making
true men and women.

Home is God's blessing to mankind,
the safeguard of the world.

Home is the dearest earthly shelter
from the cradle to the grave.

Home is an inn where love is land-
lord and contentment chief guest.

Home is a corporation whose pre-
ferred stock is contented children.

Home is where life happiness,
health, harmony, heart's ease, holi-
ness, heritage, children respectable.

Home is a comfortable and neces-
sary retreat and shelter for us in
advanced age, and if we do not plant
it while young it will give us no
shade when we grow old.—The Gate-
way.

BLASPHEMER'S TRAGIC DEATH

From Trinidad, Colorado, comes an
account—vouched for in its main
details by Father Principe, S. J.—of
the tragic end of an Italian miner
who, with a gang of scoffers at reli-
gion, undertook to parody the death
and resurrection of Christ during
Holy Week. In the midst of the
orgy the main actor, Angelo Rotondo,
was stricken unconscious, and died
within a short time, although the
physicians who attended him could
assign no cause for his death.

The following account of the affair
was prepared by an Italian priest of
Trinidad for the Catholic Register,
of Denver.

Angelo Rotondo was born in Rocca-
casale, Province of Aquila, Italy,
thirty-four years ago, and had been
in this country about six years, work-
ing in one of the mines at Delagua,
Las Animas county, near Trinidad.
He belonged to an Italian society the
members of which hate the Church
and priests and all teachings of Cath-
olicity.

During Holy Week Angelo did
several sacrilegious things, the worst
of which was to lie on a stretcher
dressed in sack-cloth and pretend
to be the dead Christ. He even pre-
tended that he was crucified Good
Friday. Then Easter Sunday he
dressed like a priest and went from
house to house mocking the priests.

He was encouraged by his gang,
who were having great fun of it. But
late Saturday afternoon S. Vecchio,
acting Judge of Delagua, went to
Angelo and told him to stop his in-
sulting the people and mocking our
Blessed Lord, saying "Angelo, Christ
died and rose again surely, but if
you die you won't rise again, but will
go to another world." But Angelo
went over to the Niccoli saloon, took
a drink and laughed at all of the
frightened onlookers, saying, "See,
I am not dead yet."

He then took half a whisky barrel,
placed it on the stretcher and,
waving an Italian flag, stepped into
the half barrel, and ordered his fol-
lowers to carry him around while he
sang. "See, see! I am the risen
Lord. Look at me! I am the Lord."

A man appeared with a trombone,
and Angelo yelled: "Music, music!
See, I am the Lord God." While
saying this he lost his balance and
fell, only a slight distance, but never
rose again.

He was carried to a nearby hut
and the doctor called, but no trace
of an injury could be found. That
night he lay in the hut, and toward
midnight rose suddenly and ex-
claimed: "O St. Michael, help! I
am dying!" The next morning he
was taken to the hospital at Trinidad,
from Ludlow, where he died. And
although an autopsy was held, posi-
tively no cause of death could be
ascertained. Of course, all of the
witnesses of his terrible acts were
bewildered at the sudden blow, so

before fled away from the scene in
horror.

Angelo leaves a wife and two chil-
dren in Italy, and it can be safely
stated that he was the first Italian
ever buried in this country without
a single countryman to attend his
funeral.—Exchange.

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