









Mr. & Mrs. F. J. & E. also
F. J. & E. and F. J. & E.
1900



Wishing Happiness
you every this Christmas.

Lizzie
1900



THE ROSARY

A physically-improvised, poverty poor newsboy,
With coral white lips
Lay on a cot in a city hospital,
In a large front room, facing the morning sun,
Rested the wife of a rich man.
A gentle nurse watched over them both
And carried everyday from the room of the rich woman,
Roses, to the poor boys cot.

The boy in his keen young life,
Felt the impulse of sympathy, felt the silken tie,
The silvery link of sympathy
Sympathy that binds heart to heart and mind to mind,
Soon the roses began to grow on the boys cheeks,
Strength returned and that happy day known to most of us
arrived, the day when they mark on the register
"Discharged Cured". On leaving the hospital the boy passed
The door of the wealthy unknown woman, he asked permission
to speak to her to thank her; the rules deprived him;
Reverently, sacredly, he drew from about his neck a
Talisman, and kissing the heads, he sent it to the woman
in the large front room, sent them as a prayer for her
speedy recovery and she did recover much sooner than the
physicians expected. Each had sent one of the links that
hold this earth to heaven, sympathy.
Religious blush, religious veil their sacred fires, priests
and preachers remain mute when sympathy is sending its
wonderful wireless from one human heart in distress to
another soul in sadness. It is the hour that builds monu-
ments for the one great belief a belief that is bigger
than forms of worship, bigger than the early training of
the Italian boy or that of the American woman.
Without words both had breathed a prayer; one had sent
roses the other had sent the Rosary.
Both had kissed the Cross.

