

June.

(Written for The Catholic Bulletin by TERESA M. BROWN.)

Roses, roses, everywhere— In the garden on the stair, Through the house in vases rare Perfumes sweet distilling. Red and yellow pink and white An elysian delight, Charming us from morn till night, All our senses thrilling. Earth is loveliest in June, Soft winds sing a witching tune When at night the summer moon Spills its silvery shower; Or when breaks the blushing morn Through the amethystine dawn As another day is born In June's rosy bower.

The Finest Age.

(EDGAR A. GUEST, in Detroit Free Press.

When he was only nine months old And plump and round and pink of cheek, A joy to tinkle and to hold, Before he'd even learned to speak His gentle mother used to say: "It is too bad that he must grow, If I could only have my way His baby ways we'd always know." And then the year was turned, and he Began to toddle round the floor And name the things that he could see And soil the dresses that he wore. Then many a night she whispered low: "Our baby now is such a joy I hate to think that he must grow To be a wild and heedless boy." But on he went and sweeter grew, And then his mother, I recall, Wished she could keep him always two, For that's the finest age of all. She thought the self-same thing at three, And now that he is four she sighs To think he cannot always be The youngster with the laughing eyes. O little boy, my wish is not Always to keep you four years old, Each night I stand beside your cot And think of what the years may hold. And looking down on you I pray That when we've lost our baby small, The mother of our man will say "This is the finest age of all."

Maryann's Vocation.

(Continued)

Maryann Donnelly was twenty-five years old when she first conceived the idea of her vocation, and to her own mind, at least fast becoming aged. She was attractive and popular, but she had failed, so far, to find the young man who measured up to her ideal among her many friends. Matrimony did not seem to her a possible solution to her problem, and with the sad realization that she had no "call" to the religious life, she found her purposeless existence hard to bear. Her friends noticed that she had grown strangely quiet and pre-occupied. Having caught a vision of her life as a useful, purposeful thing, it was unutterably hard to be satisfied with it, as she had previously lived. She recalled the missionary's words now and then, and tried to believe, as he had that the circumstances of her life would lead her, quietly and naturally, into that place in the world which God would have her fill. But only those who have experienced it can appreciate the agony of soul with which, day by day, she faced again and again the same problem, no nearer solution than it had been at first. Under the stress of her desire for a useful existence, Maryann made a visit to the motherhouse of an order of Sisters whose acquaintance she had made through a mutual friend. But though she enjoyed the visit and loved the Sisters, she returned more convinced than ever that the life of the cloister was not for her.

An Ancient Foe

To health and happiness is Scrofula—as ugly as ever since time immemorial. It causes blemishes in the neck, disfigures the skin, inflames the mucous membrane, wastes the muscles, weakens the bones, reduces the power of resistance to disease and the capacity for recovery, and develops into consumption.

"Two of my children had scrofula sores which kept growing deeper and kept them from going to school for three months. My wife and I tried every medicine and medicine did no good until we began giving them Hood's Sarsaparilla. His medicine caused the sores to heal, and the children have shown no signs of scrofula since."—W. W. McGee, Woodstock, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

will rid you of it, radically and permanently, as it has rid thousands.

She learned many things in those days of waiting. Maryann's family had never made great pretences to piety, any more than had Maryann herself in the days before the mission. It was a wonderful and new experience to know the joys of frequent Communion, of occasional visits to the Blessed Sacrament, of the things included in that idea of being a Christian. Maryann's family smiled at first and wondered how long the transformation would last, but as a year wore away and Maryann continued her practices of devotion, they grew to have some respect for her steadfastness and to be almost unconsciously influenced by her example. And it was at the end of the year, quietly and naturally, as the missionary had predicted that the call came.

Passing down the street one afternoon at some distance from her home, Maryann tripped and almost fell over two small urchins scuffling on the sidewalk in front of her. Recognizing the smaller of the two, she dexterously extracted him from the clutches of the antagonist and holding him by a torn collar at arm's length surveyed him with a critical and disapproving eye.

"Jack Westbrook," said Maryann, in her gravest accents, "is that you?" The culprit rubbed a rapidly swelling bump on his forehead. "Yessum, Miss Donnelly," he said ruefully.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" demanded Maryann struggling to keep down the rising tide of pity that threatened momentarily to overwhelm her.

The little boy studied the tips of his shoes in rebellious silence. "Aren't you asked Maryann again, punctuating her remarks by a vigorous shake. There was no response. The other boy, who had been watching the proceedings from a distance, turned and trotted away down the street to safer regions.

Maryann fell again upon her prisoner, and, because her inclination was to pity the child while she felt she should blame him, gave him another determined shaking.

"Answer me, you little sinner," said Maryann. "Don't you know that you are a disgrace to your family, fighting on the street like this?"

Thereupon the culprit—he was a particularly handsome lad—raised great, appealing brown eyes to her face. There was a world of unuttered scorn in their depths—the scorn that one sees occasionally, in the eyes of a child who dispare of all grown-ups' comprehension and justice.

"Hump! I should worry about the family," Maryann bit her lip. "Why?" she inquired. "Oh, nothing," responded the child, with the air of one who knows himself to have said too much already.

Something caused Maryann to loosen her grasp on the tattered collar and rest her hand lightly on the small shoulder beneath it. Something also caused her to ask:

"Where's Josephine?" "I dunno. Off somewhere," "And Mary?" "Gone to the Sunday school picnic."

"Gone—where?" asked Maryann, incredulously. "To the Methodist Sunday school picnic with Lillian Franklin."

"Oh, Well, isn't Tom home?" "Naw. He's gone to Charley's playing pool, I guess."

THIN MILK How can the baby grow strong if the nursing mother is pale and delicate? Scott's Emulsion makes the mother strong and well; increases and enriches the baby's food.

"Maggie is there, isn't she?"

"It's Maggie's day off. She won't be back till tonight sometime."

"Oh," said Maryann again. "Aunt Sarah's at our house," the little boy added, sending a mischievous flash of his dark eyes in Maryann's direction. "But she'll be upstairs sayin' her prayers till dinner time."

Maryann's eyes betrayed an answering twinkle. The Westbrooks had been close friends of the Donnelly's for too long a time for her to lack comprehension of the domestic affliction implied in the news of Aunt Sarah's visit.

Aunt Sarah, she knew, was a peculiar person, famous for making long visits to the various members of her family with the purpose of laboring for the welfare of their souls. She never, during the extent of these visits, made the least effort to assist her relatives in any material way, but she performed for their edification most alarming practices of asceticism, and had been known to insist upon sleeping on the floor and eating only crusts of bread throughout an entire visit. The knowledge that Aunt Sarah was a visitor to the Westbrook home helped to explain the absence of the entire household.

"Who gets dinner?" she inquired.

"Josie, if she gets back in time. If she don't I s'pose we'll have whatever we can find in the pantry, and Aunt Sarah 'ul eat all the crusts in the bread box cause we're all so bad."

Maryann laughed. "Why don't you ask me home to dinner with you, Jack? Maybe I could help find something to eat—I'm quite a cook, you know; and for some strange reason Aunt Sarah has always been quite fond of me."

"Jack so far forget his grievance as to dance delightedly up and down. "You bet I'll ask you!" he cried. "If you'll only come."

The Westbrook family, exclusive of the visitor, numbered five. Their parents were dead and the task of keeping the family together had fallen upon Henry, the oldest son, who had also taken charge of his father's business. Besides Henry, there were the girls, well-meaning but rattle-brained lassies of high-school age; Tom, a boy just old enough to be unmanageable, and brown-eyed Jack, the baby.

Maryann wondered, as she walked down the street by the side of the dishevelled wrestler, why she had neglected them for so long a time.

She wondered the more when she had reached the house. Signs of the careless household regime of the Westbrooks were everywhere. The front rooms were strewn with tennis rackets, golf sticks and articles of wearing apparel. The kitchen, dining-room and parlors bore evidence of the hurried hand of a maid who knew no supervision. She felt, suddenly sympathetic understanding of the causes that drove Tom to the pool hall and little Jack out on the streets to play with any companion that might come his way. She thought of Henry coming to that disordered house at the close of a hard day at the office, of the girls, whose untutored efforts to keep house were both laughable and pathetic, and whose need of a mother or an older sister had never been greater—and with mingled wrath and amusement, she thought of Miss Sarah Westbrook, whose presence, she knew, must be rather an added burden than a help. She had, she decided, done well to come. Here, indeed, was an afternoon's work even more effective than the making of jellies.

When, at six o'clock, Josephine burst breathlessly into the kitchen, she found a palatable dinner cooking on the range, and Maryann Donnelly, whom she secretly idolized, bending over the stove with her sleeves rolled up to her elbows and her cheeks pink with heat and excitement.

"Jack invited me home to dinner," said Maryann, "and I thought I'd see what I could find for the occasion. I've been having loads of fun." "You dear thing," gushed Josephine, "I had just been wondering what in the world I could find for them to eat."

Maryann, who had been secretly worried over the reception of her kindly offices, smiled in blessed relief.

Together the two girls finished the preparations for dinner, and, at Josephine's suggestion, wrought some semblance of order in the house. Then sat, with Jack, on

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the porch to await the arrival of the rest of the family.

One by one, the other members straggled in. Henry, a quiet, grave young man, some five or six years Maryann's senior, came first. Maryann noticed that his face lost something of its careworn look when he saw the changed appearance of the house and beheld his small brother, scrupulously washed and brushed, contentedly reading a book on his own front porch. He greeted the caller with pleased surprise.

(To be continued.)

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