

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Boys and Girls:

What a nice lot of letters! It is so encouraging to have you take an interest in the "Corner." Many of you having expressed your particular tastes, it will be my pleasure to try to meet you. I am sure you all are glad to welcome a little friend from Sudbury. Surely you had a jolly time on Hallowe'en. I hope a taffy pull was one of the items of the evening's fun, for there is something about that good old-time amusement that all the new-fangled ideas cannot replace. Write to the "Corner" all about the fun you had.

Your friend, AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:-

I am a little girl of seven years old. I live in Sudbury. I go to Saint Aloysius separate school. I study arithmetic, spelling, French and English reading. I am in the second reader in English, junior second class. I am so glad you have a corner in the paper for the children, and I am always anxious for the paper to come so I may read the letters. I hope to see my letter in the paper next week. I spent a very pleasant vacation at my grandparents in the country. We used to run wild all day, pick berries, and go bathing when the weather was warm. I have a little baby sister seven months old, and three brothers, I will tell you their names in my next letter.

Good-bye, dear Aunt Becky, From your little friend,

B. D.

P.S.—This is not very good, but I hope you will be able to read it all. I will do better next time. B.D. Sudbury, Ont.

Dear Aunt Becky:-

I am a little girl ten years old. I go to St. Patrick's school. Mother St. Aloysius is the Mother Superior. I learn a great many lessons. We have some cats and a parrot at home. I go to the Jesuit Library for books. I am very fond of reading. Will there be a long story in your paper for children? I like stories about schools. I hope you are well.

Your loving child,

MARY B.

Dear Aunt Becky:-

Pa says he will give me 50 cents if I get a letter in the True Witness. I think if he gives me 50 cents every time I write a letter I'll write soon. I asked him if he would give me \$1 if I wrote two letters, but he said no. I don't want him to see my letter till the paper comes, so perhaps there will be some mistakes in it. Pa gave me a dog last year because I got first prize in school. His name is "Blinks," because he has something the matter with one eye. Every Sunday Pa and Blinks and me go for a walk on the mountain, and Blinks fights all the time with all the other dogs. Pa wants me to read books, but it takes too long to spell the big words. Ma says if I want to be a lawyer I must read lots of books. Some other fellows on our street made a cart and painted it red and put bells on it and we play reels with it. Pa and ma and I go to every fire unless it is in the middle of the night, and then Pa goes alone with Blinks. Once last year when a boat got burned, ma let me get out of bed and we all went down to the wharf and saw the shed fall down. We don't go anywhere in the summer except to the island, because ma thinks you never get enough to eat in the boarding houses going nowadays. If Pa will give me another 50c, I will write again.

JOHNNIE B.

Dear Aunt Becky:-

My chum Billy said he was going to write to you and ask you to fetch up a puzzle for the Children's Corner, so I thought I'd write too and tell you I like to work out that kind of thing better than the old multiplication of fractions that our Brother gives us at school. Did you ever make "Gobolinks"? They're easy to make. Just pour some ink on a piece of paper and then fold the paper in two and wait till it dries. Sometimes it looks like things, men and horses and frogs, and then you write poetry about it. We make them in school and the Brother says it wastes ink too much. My grandmother says to tell you to print some Irish fairy tales for the little children. She knows lots of mighty creepy ones about the woman with the long hair that goes and rings at the door when anyone is going to die. I think that kind of thing would be too frightful for

children. Granny knows lots of nice stories, but she can't write them with her rheumatism.

I think only children have written to you, but I hope you will put my letter and Billy's in next week.

One of my uncles gave me a new toboggan for my birthday, and he says he is going to give me a ticket for the Park slide at Xmas. Billy likes the summer now, but he used to like the winter last year. We went up the mountain to-day to see if there were nuts, but there were none. Hoping you are well and enjoying the best of health.

I remain, yours truly,

HENRY S.

Dear Aunt Becky:-

We are all glad that the True Witness is going to have a boys' and girls' page. I have one brother and three sisters, and we like to read stories, and find puzzles. My brother goes to college and knows how to make puzzles. My little sister is too small to go to school, yet. Mother always reads to us when we go to bed. My little sister thinks 'Alice's Adventures in Wonderland' is the nicest book there is. She is only five years old. I like 'Sara Crewe.' I am eleven. My big sisters like 'The Crisis,' and 'When Knighthood was in Flower.' I never read them. Tom says to say he used to like Fenimore Cooper and Henty, but he would rather something not so exciting now.

I went to Father McCorry's lecture. I think it was lovely. We have some of the pictures in our house that he showed. Tom has a magic lantern, and sometimes he shows us the pictures at night. Last year we had a lot of pictures taken at the seaside, and Tom asked the photographer to fix them so he could use them in his magic lantern. It is so funny to sit on the parlor floor and look at ourselves going bathing, and having a hay-cart ride. We want to know if you are going to have any long stories for girls.

Your loving niece,

MINNIE T.

Dear Aunt Becky:-

Would you let a fellow into your corner that is fifteen years old? We get a lot of papers at home, and I always write to the Children's Corners when there is one. Last year I got a fine book for a prize in an Essay Competition in one magazine, and I got five dollars for a puzzle in another. Won't you have any puzzles in the True Witness? Lots of fellows hope you will have some, and give books to the ones that guess them first.

We went to a place called The Big Gap this summer. It is near Muskoka Island, and a fine situation for a boys' camp. We made a tent and slept in it for a week; but we had no camp beds, and the ground is pretty hard around there, so after that we just used to go there for the day and bring our dinner with us. One fellow had a canoe and another fellow had a raft. We tried to make a dugout like some one we read about in a book, but the first time we got in it just rolled over and we got upset. We made our tent across a little river, and we had to bring everything over on the raft. Sometimes the girls came too. I didn't have a sister, but another fellow had two, so when we went out with the ladies he used to let me have one. She came from Ogdensburg, and I don't think I ever saw a finer looking person. She wore a red and white sweater all the time, and it suited her splendid. I tell you. Next year she is going to go into society, that is this winter, and next summer she's going to have a girls' camp just near ours. It makes me wish it was summer again when I think of the lovely things we used to do in the Big Gap.

I got a finger broke last Saturday playing football on Fletcher's Field. It's a good job it was on my left hand. I tried lots of things to make it stop smarting, but it hurts some yet.

Say, Aunt Becky, did you ever

read any of Father Finn's stories? They are the best things I ever came across for boys. Why don't you ask him to write one for your corner? I love reading. I like Henty pretty much, and Oliver Twist and Robinson Crusoe and Treasure Island, and Ivanhoe, and Little Women and Jo's Boys. I know a fellow that can write real stories about fights with Indians. He wants to know if you pay for the stories you put in the paper. He is the smartest boy in our class, so you can guess he is pretty smart.

Please put in some puzzles and a boys' story, Aunt Becky.

Your admiring nephew,

BILLY THOMAS.

MOTHER'S LITTLE WORLD.

Eyes of blue and hair of gold, Cheeks all brown with summer tan, Lips that much of laughter hold, This is mother's little man.

Shining curls like chestnut brown, Long-lashed eyes, demure and staid, Sweetest face in all the town, This is mother's little maid.

Dainty room with snow-white beds, Where, like flowers with petals curled, Rest in peace two dreaming heads, —This is mother's little world!

—Robert F. Roden, in San Francisco Monitor.

STINGY JIM.

Jimmy was the stingiest boy you ever knew. He couldn't bear to give away a penny, nor a bite of an apple, nor a crumb of candy. He couldn't bear to lend his sled, or his hoop, or his skates. All his friends were very sorry he was so stingy, and talked to him about it; but he couldn't bear to lend his sled, or his should give away what he wanted himself.

"If I didn't want it," he said, "perhaps I would give it away; but why should I give it away when I want it myself?"

"Because it is nice to be generous," said his mother, "and think about the happiness of other people. It makes you feel happier and better yourself. If you give your hoop to little ragged Johnny, who never had one in his life, you will feel a thousand times better watching his enjoyment of it than if you had kept it yourself."

"Well," said Jimmy, "I'll try it." The hoop was sent off. "How soon shall I feel better?" he asked by and by. "I don't feel as well as I did when I had the hoop. Are you sure I shall feel better?"

"Certainly," answered his mother, "but if you should keep on giving something away you would feel better all the sooner."

Then he gave away his kite, and thought he did not feel as well as before. He gave away his sixpence that he had meant to spend for taffy. Then he said:

"I don't like this giving away things. It don't agree with me. I don't feel any better. I like being stingy better."

Just then ragged Johnny ran up the street bowling the hoop, looking proud as a prince, and asking all the boys to take a turn. Jimmy began to smile as he watched him, and said:

"You might give Johnny my old overcoat; he's littler than I am, and he doesn't seem to have one. I think—I guess—I know I'm beginning to feel so much better. I'm glad I gave Johnny my hoop. I'll give away something else." And Jimmy has been feeling better ever since.—Ex.

THE LITTLE LOVER.

She was only seven years old, but she was a lover of our dear Lord. Teresa's home was in Avila, in Spain.

She had heard about the Moors, and how they were killing the Christians, so one day she left home to go far away, where the Moors were fighting. Her uncle happened to meet the child, and asked her where she was going.

"I am going to the Moors," answered the little child.

"Oh, you love the Moors more than your friends. You are a strange child."

"I love God and I want to see Him. The Moors are killing the lovers of Jesus Christ, and I must let them know I am His lover."

The uncle took her back home; but her love for God was with her all her days. She became the Great St. Teresa, one of the most wonderful women the world has ever known.

She died in the year 1582, and she has been in heaven many years. She loves the little children who are "little lovers" of our dear Lord. —Sarah Stevens, in Sunday Companion.

ONE POOR BOY'S RISE.

He sometimes, but not often, spoke to me of his life as a boy. I remember in 1890, says a writer in Scribner's, when we were staying in Cincinnati together, his asking me one afternoon to go for a walk with him. He took me through obscure back streets and down dirty alleys until we reached a wharf on the banks of the Ohio river. He stopped at the bottom of the street, which ran steeply down to the river, and pointed out a lad who was rolling a large cask of tallow from a cellar down to the wharf. He said: "I have brought you here because I wanted to show you this place. It was in this street that I worked as a boy. I was doing exactly the same work as that lad, and, if I mistake not, that is the same cellar in which I worked." Who was "he," this man who had rolled tallow casks on a Cincinnati wharf? He was Sir Henry Stanley, the famous African explorer.

A GOAT STORY.

A well known suburbanite who had been greatly troubled by the depredations of a neighbor's goat was driven to desperation one day when he learned that the animal had consumed a favorite red flannel golf coat.

Determined on the goat's destruction, he employed an unscrupulous small boy who lived in the neighborhood to secure him to the railway track just before the daily express car was due.

Some days afterward a friend inquired with interest if the goat had been effectually disposed of.

"Not on your life," was the disgusted answer, "that goat has a charmed life. He coughed up that red golf coat of mine and flagged the train."

WANTED THE SADDLE.

A saint was on his way, astride a horse, one evening to a country church, where he was to give a mission. On the road he met a friend, to whom he remarked:

"I cannot say a prayer without being distracted."

His friend said: "I am never troubled that way."

"Do you mean to say that you are never distracted?" said the saint.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, if you kneel down there and say one Our Father without being distracted I will give you this horse," said the saint.

"All right," said the gentleman. He knelt down, and just as he was about half through he turned around and said:

"And the saddle, too?"

THE PAINTER'S SAINT.

The 18th of October is celebrated in the Church as St. Luke's day, and he is the saint to be invoked by artists. He was educated as a physician, but is said by the early Church writers to have been an artist as well as a doctor. Several paintings of the Blessed Virgin are still extant which are believed to be authentic portraits painted by him. This constitutes him patron of painters, and he is usually represented as painting or writing, behind him the head of an ox, sometimes winged.

This strange symbol is given him because he, of all the Gospel writers, wrote most fully of Our Lord's suffering and death, when He was offered as a sacrifice for our sins. The ox was the symbol of sacrifice, and an ancient writer says of St. Luke that he was represented with the ox "because that he devysed about the presthode of Jesus the Christ."—Ave Maria.

RESPECT FOR OLD AGE IN JAPAN.

(From Leslie's Weekly.)

In Japan there is no such thing as disrespect from youth to age. No Japanese boy or girl could ever think in a light or disrespectful manner of his or her superiors or teachers, and this may account for the earnestness so unusual among young children. When a student enters a master's presence in Japan he bows to the floor, and when the lesson is finished he bows again, with expressions of the deepest gratitude as he takes his departure. The teacher, sitting in most cases upon his feet on the floor, gravely returns each salutation, then lights his little pipe at the inevitable bit of a smoking-box and waits for his next class. There is no hurrying of masters from room to room, as in some of the schools in our enlightened land. Great imitators as they are, the Japanese are remarkable for knowing instinctively those "foreign" customs which would not coincide with their national characteristics.

MADE OVER.

"Some folks feel quite proud in their made-over clothes, don't they?" Mabel Dew nudged Lizzie Smiley as she spoke, and directed her attention to Retta Perkins, who stood near them.

"I thought that was a new dress," whispered Lizzie.

"It was new once, when Mrs. Fisher wore it."

"Oh!" exclaimed Lizzie, opening her eyes very wide.

"Yes," continued Mabel, "and that cloak was Miss Ledyard's. It's just made over."

Retta turned and looked towards the girls at the moment, but Mabel met her smiling glance with a toss of the head, as she drew Lizzie away toward the door.

"Isn't she proud as a peacock!" said Mabel. "I heard Mrs. Fisher telling mother all about it. She had the dress turned and made up wrong side out, and Miss Ledyard's cloak was cut over, and that velvet on Retta's hat was on Claude Fisher's last year. And Mrs. Fisher said: 'Now we're not going to mention it and nobody will know but the things are new.' Just as if we girls couldn't tell made-over things! Wouldn't you have known that was a turned dress?"

Lizzie was a timid child, and it was natural for her to agree with other people; but she was a truth-teller, so she answered:

"No, I really thought it was new, and Retta looked real pretty in it."

"Well," said Mabel sharply, "I would have known. And if I had to wear other people's things I'm sure I wouldn't expect to deceive them. I think it's wicked to deceive, don't you?"

Again Lizzie was tempted to say, "Yes indeed I do!" but after a moment's thought she said soberly:

"I don't think it was really deceiving. The things are just as good as new, and they are new to Retta."

"Dear me! You're as contrary as you can be," Lizzie Smiley, I didn't know you were so fond of odds and ends."

Then Mabel drew her arm away from Lizzie, and started across the street.

But Lizzie ran after her, and Mabel's selfish heart knew at once that she could still "lead" and Lizzie would follow.

The next Sunday Mabel drew away from Retta with a meaning smile and glance at Lizzie. It was so very foolish, but that little act seemed to affect the whole class, and made Retta silent and uncomfortable the entire hour.

The next Sunday and the next Retta was absent; and the teacher, Miss Ledyard, thought surely she must be ill.

So, as soon as possible she went to her home. Retta was at school, but Mrs. Perkins was there to answer the teacher's earnest inquiry. Her face flushed, and she looked away as she replied:

"I'm very sorry, but Retta heard something said about her made-over clothes, and she felt as if she couldn't come any more. 'Mother,' she said, 'the girls look me over from top to toe, and then they smile at each other.'"

"Oh, Mrs. Perkins! I am so sorry! I didn't suppose one of my girls would do such a thing," said Miss Ledyard.

"Retta cried over it more than once," continued the mother. "She was so pleased with her dress and cloak. 'Why,' said she, 'father need not worry about me this winter. You know he's been out of work, and we've had a hard time to get along. I sometimes think if the little girls that have all they want could know how poorer children feel, they wouldn't mind quite so much about clothes.'"

"Indeed they wouldn't!" exclaimed Miss Ledyard, "but I can't give up Retta."

It took a good deal of persuasion, however, to bring Retta back into the class. "This may be your cross, dear. Can you bear it bravely for Jesus' sake?" This was the argument which finally made the child yield. So she came again, but the bright, happy look was gone from her face.

She could not forget the glance and smile that had passed between Mabel and Lizzie, and every Sunday she sat a little apart from the others. Her pleasure in the pretty dress and cloak were gone, too, and she could only look forward to the time when she could have things that were not "made over."

Is Mabel in your class?

If God can bring the most exquisite flowers out of the black and uncompanionable earth, may He not also bring usefulness and beauty out of the most unpromising life?

LINES DURING ILLNESS.

And in Loving Remembrance of His Spiritual Adviser.

Worthy young soldier of Christ, Descendant of Peter, whose fame is famous since Jesus was martyred Oh, well art thou worthy thy name.

The Saint of our dear holy Isle, Has serving at one of his altars, A Peter who never fears toil. The priesthood is honored, and Patrick,

Ah, well for the parents who bore thee, Their haven is surely on high, And if favors on earth are accorded, Their death has no terrors but joy.

God keep thee, young soggarth, I pray it, To live and fulfil here below The mission of Peter the younger, My blessing I on thee bestow.

—F. D. D.

Death of Archbishop O'Callaghan.

After a long illness, Archbishop Henry O'Callaghan, formerly Rector of the English College, Rome, and for a short time Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle, died on Monday at the Home of the English Sisters of the Little Company of Mary at Fiesole, Italy. The deceased prelate was born in London in 1827, educated at St. Edmund's College, Ware, and ordained in the Metropolis. Becoming Rector of the English College, Rome, he held the position for just a quarter of a century.

Knights of Columbus Day At the World's Fair.

More than five thousand Knights celebrated Knights of Columbus Day, at the World's Fair with various exercises, including music and addresses in Festival Hall in the morning, athletic events in the Stadium and a drill by the knights in the Plaza of St. Louis in the afternoon and by a special water pageant on the lagoons in the early evening. The closing event, the banquet tendered to the Most Rev. John J. Glennon, Archbishop of St. Louis, by the Supreme officers and directors of the Knights of Columbus, at the Hotel Jefferson in the evening, was one of the most elaborate social affairs ever held in St. Louis.

Seated about the tables were an Archbishop, three Bishops, Supreme Knight Edward L. Hearn and the Supreme officers and Board of Directors, comprising the most prominent members of the organization in the United States.

The banquet table was the centre of a bower of grapevines, which stretched over the table and met above. In the branches of the vines were canary birds, warbling during the repast. In the centre of the table was a lake of fish. An incandescent bulb in the water gave varied colors to the goldfish swimming about. Behind the grapevines an orchestra played.

Archbishop Glennon paid a glowing tribute to the Knights and spoke of their history and the good which they were accomplishing for the Catholic Church.

GOOD USE OF THE EYES.

A very holy man, an Italian Bishop, had in his lifetime to struggle with the severest trials. Such a victory did he gain over himself as to betray not the slightest sign of impatience, of worry or of fear. "What, then, is your secret that, whatever happens, you are always so calm?" asked one day an intimate friend. "My secret is a very simple one," answered the old man, "I only make good use of my eyes, that is the whole story of it." "How so," said the other, "explain." "With the greatest pleasure," replied the Bishop. "First, I lift my eyes to heaven and remember that is the place I must strive for with all my might. Next I cast my eyes upon the ground and think what a small plot of it I shall one day occupy. Then I cast a glance out on the world and reflect what a countless number are worse off than I am. Forthwith it is evident that I must suffer in silence and peace and that I should be bitterly in the wrong if I murmured or complained." Try it yourself, dear reader, at least for once.—The Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

Until a vessel gets under way, it will not respond to the rudder. So it is with our lives. We must make a start in some way before we can hope to direct them into channels which we desire them to take.