

21, 1905.
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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

I expect all the chicks are settled down to hard work at school. They certainly did forget me during the summer, but Harold and Winnifred have set a good example and sent such nice letters. I met some of the small folks who take an interest in this page this summer, and if they others are anything like them I can congratulate myself that no other Auntie has quite such nice little nieces as

Your loving
AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I am very sorry to see our corner so deserted, and worst of all no letter from Aunt Becky this week. I have been away down at the Baie des Chaleurs, where I spent my holidays at grandpa's. I had a lovely time boating, etc. I often thought of writing to you and expected to see letters from the little cousins each week. I am sure that now school is opened they will all turn up again, and if they will agree with me we will adopt for motto "Do it now," for if I had written as many times as I thought of doing it, you'd have had lots of letters from me. I am back at school again, and like it more than ever. I have my same dear teacher of last year, Rev. Mother St. Ann. With love to you, dear Aunt Becky, and to all the little cousins,

I remain, your nephew,
HAROLD D.
West Frampton, Que.

Dear Aunt Becky:

This is my first letter, and as I am not able to write very well, Aunt Nellie is writing for me. I should have written this summer when Harold was away, as we were all so sorry to see so few little letters to the corner. You were so kind to continue writing, and if you know how bad we all felt at seeing no letter from you this week, you would surely write again. I am 7, and am going to the convent again. Harold told you all about me before. Mamma says that I must write again, so I say good-bye for this time. This evening we all went to the woods and had our tea there, my three aunts and three little cousins, and my own brother with my two little sisters, Stacey and Isa. I am, with love,

Your little niece,
WINNIFRED D.
West Frampton, Que.

"DAD."
Some boys they call their Dad—Papa. Oh, gee! That makes me mad, it sounds so stiff and like a book—you bet I call mine Dad.

And he's a ripper, too, you bet, The boys all wish they had A father that would laugh and joke And love them like my Dad.

Of course, sometimes, when all the bills Come in he's mighty mad, And then we sit as still as mice And hear him jaw, poor Dad.

It's always over soon, and then You bet we all feel glad, And then we all climb on his lap And hug and kiss our Dad.

"You can't have kids and money, too," He says, and so he's glad The good Lord made him poor, or else He mightn't been our Dad.

I don't want to be President, Like every little tad! When I'm grown up I'd rather be A nice man just like Dad.

—May Kelly, in New Orleans Picayune

Still a third day his mother sent him to the grocer's to order something for dinner. She went out, and did not return until it was time to cook the meal. Imagine her surprise and disappointment upon finding, when she went into the kitchen, that her order had not been filled. Teddy had met, on his way down street, one of the other boys, had stopped to play for a time, and then gone to school without once thinking of his mother's order.

So that day they ate a "picked-up" dinner, his mother was annoyed, and his father displeased.

After dinner Mr. and Mrs. Johnston sat long talking over what could be done to correct this bad habit in their son. Mr. Johnston said: "Really, that boy ought to be taught to remember and obey when he is told to do a thing."

"Yes," replied the wife, "but what can we do? He has been punished, but it seems to make no difference."

"I have a plan," said Mr. Johnston. And he proceeded to unfold his scheme. Mrs. Johnston agreed to try it.

The next day being a holiday Teddy was to go to E— to the show with his father.

His mother got his things in readiness the night before, and he went to bed a very happy boy, to dream of the next day's pleasure.

Teddy was an early riser, and in the morning was wide-awake, anxious for the 8 o'clock train, which was to take him to the city. While he was eating his breakfast his mother discovered that his shoes were not suitable, and, as she had forgotten to order any others, Teddy was sent to the shop for a new pair, with the injunction to come back at once.

He ran out of the house with good intentions, but down the street Paul came to show a new gun which had just arrived, and the two boys were so busy trying to hit a bull's-eye in the target that no note of passing time was made until the train whistled at the station.

Poor Teddy was nearly heartbroken when he found his father had gone without him.

"Why didn't papa come after me?" he asked.

"He must have forgotten you," replied his mother, who was just going out to his grandfather's.

That afternoon grandpa was going for a sail in his new boat, and sent word for Teddy to go with him. On Mrs. Johnston's return home she said nothing about the matter to Teddy.

As she was on her way back she met one of the little boys, who asked her to tell Teddy they were going down to the shore for a picnic, and he must come at once, for they could only wait 10 minutes.

When Mrs. Johnston arrived home she found Teddy still crying over his disappointment, but did not think it would be wise to offer any comfort or tell him of the picnic.

In the afternoon Teddy felt better, and indeed quite forgot the morning's episode in the anticipation of his father's return with the usual supply of fruit and candy.

When Mr. Johnston came home Teddy asked for the fruit.

"I didn't get any, my son; I really must have forgotten about you," was his father's indifferent reply.

Teddy's eyes filled with tears, but somehow he thought it best to say nothing.

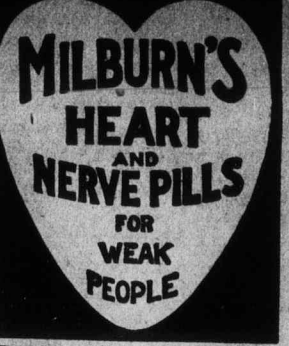
After supper grandpa drove over on business, and just as he was going away, said to Teddy: "Why didn't you come over and go with us this afternoon?"

"Go where?" was the anxious inquiry.

"Why, sailing. We all went, and caught a fine lot of fish."

"I didn't know you were going," said Teddy.

Grandpa replied: "I sent word by your mother for you to come over and go sailing with us. She said you could go as well as not."



These pills cure all diseases and disorders arising from weak heart, worn out nerves or watery blood, such as Palpitation, Skip Beats, Throbbing, Smothering, Dizziness, Weak or Faint Spells, Anæmia, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Brain Pain, General Debility and Lack of Vitality.

They are a true heart tonic, nerve food and blood enricher, building up and renewing all the worn out and wasted tissues of the body and restoring perfect health. Price 50c. a box, or 3 for \$1.25, at all druggists.

He lived in the trees behind the Brown house, waiting for the butternuts to get ripe. A big butternut tree grew close by the fence. Mr. Squirrel's bright eyes had spied the nuts early in the summer, and he made up his mind to have them, every one. So, as soon as the ripe nuts began to fall with a thump to the ground Chickaree was to be seen—as busy as a bee all day long, storing up food for next winter.

The two ladies who lived in the Brown house used to watch him from the windows, and were never tired of saying how cunning he was, and how glad they were to have him get the butternuts. He must have a snug little nest in some tree near by—he would carry off a nut and he back again so quickly. But, though they watched carefully, they never could discover where the nest was, and by and by they gave up watching and forgot all about him.

One morning, late in October, Miss Anne came to breakfast rather late and cross, saying to her sister: "Sally, I believe this house is full of rats! There was such a racket last night I hardly slept a wink!"

Miss Sally had slept soundly, and she laughed at the idea. Rats? There had never been rats in that house. It was just "Anne's nonsense."

Miss Anne still insisted, and was awakened almost every night by the noise. "The rats in the barn have moved into the house for the winter," she said. So the rat trap was brought from the barn, baited with cheese, and placed close to a hole in the under-pinning, which looked as if it might be a rat hole. There it stayed till the trap grew rusty, and the cheese moldy, but no rat was caught.

One day Miss Sally brought home a bag of peanut candy ("peanut brittle," she called it); and to keep it cool overnight she put it in the work shop, where were kept the hammers and nails, the woodbox and garden tools. This shop opened into Miss Anne's studio, and had an outside door near the butternut tree.

The candy was forgotten until the next afternoon, when Miss Anne went to get a piece. All that she found was a heap of torn and sticky paper. Every scrap of peanut brittle was gone!

"Those rats!" she declared. "But how did they get in here?"

The "how" was soon explained. Near the outside door they found a hole in the floor.

At Vincennes, in my childhood, he writes, my father had two spirited horses of fine blood. One day while one of them, Prunella, was passing between two walls with my little sister on her back, the child slipped and rolled between the horse's feet.

Prunella stopped instantly and held one hind foot in the air. She really seemed to fear to lower that foot lest she should step on the child. There was no room for the horse to turn nor for a man to pass in.

In that uncomfortable position, with lifted foot, however, the horse stood patiently, while an attendant crawled between her forefeet and rescued the child.

A LITTLE BOY'S POLITENESS.

It was raining. An aged lady, who had crossed by the ferry from Brooklyn to New York, looked wistfully across the street to the car she wanted to take. She had no umbrella; her arms were full of bundles. A shabby little fellow, carrying a cheap but good umbrella, stepped up. "May I see you across, ma'am?" "Thank you, dear." Across the street, she handed him five cents. He declined it, blushing, yet looking as if he wanted it. The lady was interested. She drew him under an awning, and questioned him, to find that his having this umbrella at the ferry was a bit of childish enterprise to help his mamma. He had paid the seventy-five cents in his savings bank for it, and had already taken in thirty cents by renting his umbrella at home.

"You're the first old lady," he said with childish candor, "that I've taken across—and I didn't think it was polite—I didn't think mamma would like me to charge you." "A child of the poor," thought his questioner, "but I know from his ways that his mother is a lady and a good woman."—Ex.

A NAME FOR THE BABY.

(From the Sacred Heart Review.)

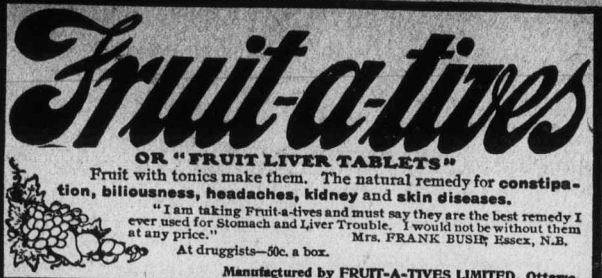
The extraordinary names which some people attach to their offspring will always be a source of wonderment "as long as the world is a world." Catholics ought to be satisfied to give their children names which are in fact Christian names, and not burden them for life with names savouring of anything but Christianity. The giving of a saint's name to a child at baptism signifies that the child is placed under the protection of that special saint, that the child may imitate the saint's virtues. But under whose protection are the children placed whose names are taken out of some yellow-covered novel or copied from some romantic story in a cheap magazine? Our colored friends are supposed to be particularly prone to this sort of extravagant and fancy nomenclature, but they have by no means a monopoly of it.

Horizor Walsh tells a story about a certain old Aunt Dooney whose stocks of Algernons and Ethelindas having after a time run out, she evoked the aid of a patent medicine advertisement to help her to evolve something new and high-sounding in the shape of a name for a new arrival in this vale of tears. This was the name chosen: Cerebro Spinal Meningitis! This name would surely have been tagged on to the little black baby, had not some one told Aunt Dooney that while Cerebro Spinal Meningitis sounded full enough, it was unlucky, and children who got it generally died, or had crooked necks. That crushed it, and the newcomer was called Zebeyda Agricollina instead. There are some of Aunt Dooney's white sisters, it may be said, whose taste for names is not much less fanciful not to say ridiculous than this.

To all Catholic parents we would say: Give your children good, strong, old-fashioned names that mean something worth while and stand for something worth while, and forget the namby-pamby, flagrant names that make life a burden to so many children nowadays.

IRISHMEN IN JAPAN.

It was an Irishman who introduced firearms to Japan, long before Perry's day. The invasion of Nippon by the King of Corea was successfully resisted by the aid from Ireland. Hence the paternal ancestors of General Oku, before that name became corrupt, were the O'Keoughs. Major General Oyama is descended from O'Hara. And those who have been puzzled to account for the strongly Celtic cast of Marshal Oyama's features may as well know that he comes in a direct line from one of the men who fought to resist the Korean invasion, and whose name might well have been O'Mara. There is a Colonel Hara in the Japanese artillery, and General Okihara, M. Sato reminds us, is chief of General Nogi's staff.



THE SCHOOL OF THE CROSS

Father Phelan Describes the Scenes in the Passion Play.

Father Phelan writes to the Western Watchman from Oberammergau: "I have just come out from the play. It is not the Passion Play, but one that takes its place in the quinquagesimum between the presentations of that drama. It is called the "School of the Cross," and is the life of King David dramatized. Paralleled with the play runs the story of Our Lord, beginning with the Annunciation and ending with the Crucifixion. This part of the performance is given in tableaux, with the same actors in the living groups that took part in the last production of the Passion Play. The leader of an immense choir, at each stage in the life of the Royal Psalmist, comes forward and explains the parallel between King David and his Son, Christ. For we are never permitted to forget that Our Lord was a Son of David. The motive of the play is the symbolism of David's life fully realized in the life, death and suffering of Our Lord.

The plan is carried on with consummate skill. You seem to be in Jerusalem and what passes before your eyes is not fiction, not even history; it is living reality, and you feel that you are actually transported twenty-five hundred years back, and are living under the rule of the "Man after God's own heart." The recitation of the leader of the choir is a splendid piece of dignified dramatic elocution, and he speaks as a prophet of old, pointing to the great events that would take place in the fullness of time, when the Son of David would appear, and all things would be fulfilled of which passing events in the sacred city were but dim foreshadowings. As you feel that you were really in Jerusalem, living under King David's rule, you also feel that the Christian era was a far distant promise whose fulfillment was reserved to Israel's undying faith.

There are scenes in the School of the Cross which are of surpassing grandeur, and so realistic that one feels himself melted into the world of the past. I never saw anything comparable to the scene where David tries the armor of Saul. There was nothing very touching in the scene beyond its realism, but the latter was so bewitchingly perfect that you melted into tears of joy. I was ashamed of my softness, and did not look around. When my tears ran down my coat front and it seemed as if I would have to prepare for a ducking of my own lachrymal glands, I looked around and found everybody as much in the sympathetic vein as myself. I can't tell you just why, but it was so.

When David slew Goliath it was done so artistically that you felt sure the giant had received his coup de grace, and you felt like running up and grasping the hand of the valiant and intrepid young shepherd. The scene when David took final leave of Absalom was very powerfully drawn. I shall not describe it as acting; it was more. Lastly, the cursing and stoning of David when he prepared to evacuate the city, and the news of the triumph of his army and the defeat and death of Absalom supplied the climax of a drama the like of which will never be seen outside of Oberammergau.

The parallel of the slaying of Saul was the death of sin wrought by the Passion of Our Lord. The treason of Absalom was a figure of the treason of Judas. The cursing and stoning of David was a figure of the Passion. As the sword with which David cut off the head of the Philistine was ever after preserved in the Holy of Holies, so the instrument of life, the Holy Eucharist, is perennially preserved in our tabernacle, "that whoso shall eat of it shall not taste death forever."

The last tableaux is the Crucifixion, which is an exact reproduction, without words, of the closing scene of the Passion Play, with the same actors. I stopped at the house of Anton Lang, the Christus in the Passion Play of 1900. He strongly recalls the conventional pictures of Our Lord. His hair is worn long. His eyes are soft and sympathetic. His

figure is slim, lithe, and of the size one would be disposed to give the Savior. He is declared the greatest Christ of them all. He was taken to Rome after 1900 and was presented to the Pope, who offered to bestow on him some important honors, but in his humility, and to all the more resemble Him whose part he hoped to take again in 1910, he declined all worldly honors. The priest who prepared the actors for their roles was made a Monsignor of the first class. I had a long conversation with him, and from him learned that Oberammergau lay upon an old Roman road; that the legions of the Empire had often made the surrounding hills resound to their conquering tread; that Charles V. stopped here when fleeing from Maurice of Saxony; that Philip II. of Spain was here on the occasion of a Corpus Christi celebration, and that he joined in the procession and carried a candle, singing the litanies with the peasants of the place. In those days kings did not feel themselves exempted from the ordinary duties of everyday Christians.

Now as to the merits of the performance of the School of the Cross, I came prepared to be disappointed. I had heard so much of the Passion Play and its actors that I could not but believe that much was exaggeration. I could not bring myself to believe that common mountaineers could be developed into consummate artists, no matter who was their teacher, or how much time was given to their training. I was not looking at the play ten minutes when I wished that all the great actors I had ever seen where here to learn how to act. Criticism was disarmed instantly, and I was at the mercy of every word and look and gesture those marvelous people rendered. Take, for instance, the attack of Saul on David. The oration over the dead body of Caesar was never rendered with such dramatic force. The curse scene of Richelieu is tame in comparison. And the man who acted the part was the sacristan of the church, who had served my Mass in the morning. In the first place, these people have all splendid speaking voices. It may be in the mountain air they breathe, or the pure water they drink. At all events, they have very forceful and challenging voices. Then they live in an atmosphere of Christian dignity. The religious monuments of the place, the great piety of the inhabitants, but, above all, the traditions of the Passion Play, have sobered them; so that in part and speech and look they breathe dignity. To see those peasant girls walk across the stage would be a study for any manager. They were all queens, from their plain, unmade-up heads to their sandaled feet. That I am not adding my quota to the exaggeration of other lookers-on at Oberammergau, I would state that the art and music-lead King Louis of Bavaria came here once to witness the Passion Play and had one performance for himself alone. He was so much carried away that he ordered a magnificent Crucifixion group for one of the hills surrounding the town, and it stands there to-day, one of the grandest works of his wondrous reign. It is a place of pilgrimage and priedvax are prepared for pious visitors. After the performance to-day I sat and listened to thousands of Protestants that were reaching right and left for adjectives to express their admiration of the play and its performers. They all seemed to expect that they could not produce anything like that. They said their religion was too abstract; that it did not take hold of the flesh and blood verities of the Gospel. The preachers seemed the most enthusiastic of all.

POPE THANKS MIKADO.

Right Rev. William H. O'Connell, Bishop of the Diocese of Maine, has received from Pope Pius X. a special mission relating to the peace negotiations. He has been commissioned to visit Japan and deliver to the Emperor the Pope's congratulations on the termination of the war, to thank the Mikado for his kindly interest in Catholic subjects in Japan, and for the humane treatment of Russian prisoners.