

BOYS and GIRLS

A LULLABY UP TO DATE.

Bye, baby, bye,
There's a darling, shut your eye,
Birds are twittering, lambs are
bleating.
You must go to sleep, my sweeting,
Mother has to lead a meeting.
Bye, baby, bye!

Bye, baby, bye,
Stars are twinkling in the sky,
Do be good, my sweetest kitten,
For my speech is not half written
And the thing begins at eight;
You'd not make poor mother late
That would never do, Oh, fie!
Bye, baby, bye.

Bye, baby, bye,
I'm afraid you do not try
Half an hour already spent;
Mother is the president.
So to happy dreamland roam,
Let me see, "The Ideal Home:
What it is," Oh, where was I?
Bye, baby, bye!

Bye, baby, bye,
Kicking legs and face awry,
It is seven now. I'll never
Get that seven-ten car! Endeavor,
Baby mine, to sleep. Oh, try!
Bye, baby, bye!

Bye, baby, bye,
Stop, is that papa I spy?
John, you'll have to take him, truly
I must go, he's so unruly,
You can get your dinner later.
There, my baby, go to pater.
It's my speech, John; I must fly!
Bye, baby, bye!

—Julia Boynton Green, in the Century Magazine.

PAPA'S PLAN FAILED.

"George, George, mind! Your
hat will be blown off if you lean so
far out of the windows," exclaimed a
father to his little son, who was
travelling with him in a railway
car. Quickly snatching the hat from
the head of the naughty youngster,
papa hid it behind his back.
"There, now, the hat has gone!"
he cried, pretending to be angry.
And George immediately set up a
howl. After a time the father re-
marked:

"Come, be quiet; if I whistle your
hat will come back again."
Then he whistled and replaced the
hat on the boy's head. "There, it's
back, you see." Afterwards, while
papa was talking to mamma, a
small, shrill voice was heard saying:
"Papa, papa, I've thrown my hat
out of the window! Whistle again,
will you?"

RAGGEDY DICK.

All tattered and torn and very for-
lorn,
And tired and lame and sick,
He came at our call one day in the
fall,
And we named him "Raggedy
Dick."

When we spoke a word he scarcely
heard,
His end seemed very near.
But we fed him up—poor little pup.
And for him shed a tear.

Do you ask if we cried on the day
he died?
We should—but the pup's alive—
He's the jolliest cur that wears his
fur,
You should see him swim and dive!

ON A VISIT.

When I go to my Gram'ma's an'
She gets done, kissin' me,
I wonder what's to happen nex';
(Don't have to 'cite no "Golden
Text")
At Gram'ma's—no, sir-ee!)

My Gram'ma, she puts on her specs
(That's so's 'at she can see).
"More like his father every day;
Don't favor his ma's folks," she'll
say.
"A mite, it 'pears to me."

My Gram'pa, when we go outdoors
To give th' horse his feed,
Stands me up 'gainst th' big barn
door.
An' marks it where I've grow'd
some more.
I'm 'growing like a weed!"

My Gram'ma knows its drefle hard
For busy folks like me,
To have to stop an' take a nap.
An' so I sleep right on her lap;
An' after,—we go see

If Mr. Gingersnap is home,—
He has a roun', tin house,—
An' I can "help myself to some."
An' mustn't drop a single crum'.
So's not to call th' mouse.

My Gram'pa says I'll help him lots
If I'll hunt round an' see—
Wich pocket's got his wintergreens
An' peppermints—I know he means
His candy! Some's for me!

Wen I'm all grow'd up tall an' big,
I don't know w'ich I'll be—
A Gram'ma or a Gram'pa, 'cause
They're bof so good to me!
—Marie Louise Tompkins, in Har-
per's Weekly.

A French boy, returning from
school, joyfully told his parents that
he had received the second premium
in catechism. "I am very much
pleased," said the father; "but I
would be still more so if you had as
good a premium in mathematics or
history. Your catechism will not
help you to pass your examinations
to get your degrees of Bachelor of
Arts. It will not open for you any
doors for your future life."
"Excuse me, papa," said the child,

"you are mistaken. It will
for me the gates of heaven!" open

STINGY DAVY.

Davy was a very pretty little boy.
He had light curly hair, dark blue
eyes, and rosy cheeks. But he was
very stingy. He did not like to
share anything with his little bro-
thers and sisters. One day he
went into the kitchen, where his
mother was at work, and saw on
the table a saucer of jelly.

"Can I have that jelly?" asked
Davy.
"Mrs. White sent it to me," said
Davy's mother. "She has company
to dinner, and made this jelly very
nice. But I don't care for it, so you
may have it if you won't be stingy
with it."

Davy took the saucer of jelly and
went into the yard; but he did not
call his brothers and sisters to help
him eat it.

"If I divide it with them, there
won't be a spoonful apiece," he
thought. "It is better for one to
have enough than for each to have
just a little."

So he ran to the barn and climbed
up to the loft, where he was sure
no one would think of looking for
him.

Just as he began to eat the jelly
he heard his sister Fannie calling
him. But he did not answer her; he
kept very still.

"They always want some of every-
thing I have," he said to himself.
"If I have just a ginger-snap they
think I ought to give them each a
piece."

When the jelly was all eaten, and
he had scraped the saucer clean,
Davy went down into the barnyard
and played with the little white calf
and hunted for eggs in the shed
where the cows were. He was
ashamed to go into the house, for
he knew he had been very stingy
about the jelly.

"O, Davy," said Fannie, running
into the barnyard, "where have you
been this long time? We looked for
you everywhere."

"What do you want?" asked Davy,
thinking that of course his sister
would say that she wanted him to
share the jelly with her.

"Mother gave us a party," said
Fannie. "We had all the dolls'
dishes set out on a little table under
the big tree by the porch; and we
had strawberries, cakes and raisins.
Just as we sat down to eat, Mrs.
White saw us from her window, and
she sent over a big bowl of ice
cream and some jelly, left from her
dinner. We had a splendid time.
You ought to have been with us."

Poor Davy! How mean he felt!
And he was well punished for eating
his jelly all alone.—Selected.

THE SQUIRREL'S LESSON.

Two little squirrels, out in the sun,
One gathered nuts, and the other
had none.
"Time enough yet," his constant re-
frain:

"Summer is still only on the wane."
Listen, my child, while I tell you his
fate;
He roused him at last, but he roused
him too late;

Down fell the snow from a pitiless
cloud,
And gave little squirrel a spotless
white shroud.

Two little boys in a school-room
were placed;
One always perfect, the other dis-
graced;

"Time enough yet for my learning,"
he said.
"I will climb, by and by, from the
foot to the head."

Listen, my darling. Their locks are
turned gray;
One as a statesman liveth to-day;
The other, a pauper, looks out at
the door

Of the almshouse, and idles his days
as of yore.
Two kinds of people we meet every
day—

One is at work, the other at play.
Living uncared for, dying unknown—
The busiest hive hath ever a drone.

Tell me, my child, if the squirrels
have taught
The lesson I longed to implant in
your thought?

Answer me this, and my story is
done:
Which of the two would you be, lit-
tle one?

—Children's Advocate.

Shut your mouth and open your
eyes.
And you'll need nothing to make
you wise.
—Cynic's Calendar.

The best time to handle a man is
when he is a boy.—Judge Lindsey.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

Here is a little tale with a moral.
Read it and ponder.
Tom was a sturdy little athlete
and won most of the races and con-
tests of strength. Through various
winsome traits he had found his way
to the heart of his teacher, and she
was always interested in his suc-
cesses.

One day arrangements had been
made for a foot race. Several boys
were to run, although everybody
was sure Tom would win.

The preliminaries were settled, the
race started, and the boys were off
over the course. Tom led free and
clear for about half the distance;
then, to the surprise of every one,
Johnny began to gain upon him.
Jim was just behind Johnny and
running vigorously. Tom's feet

seemed to grow heavy, and Johnny
steadily decreased the distance be-
tween them until finally he shot
past Tom, and, with a sudden spurt,
gained the goal fully five yards in
advance. Jim was close behind, and
he, too, sped over the line a little
ahead of Tom, but enough to give
him second place and to leave Tom
out of the race.

"Why, Tom, what was the mat-
ter?" asked the teacher, as the de-
feated boy came toward her with
tears streaming down his face.
His only answer was a sob.

"Tell me what happened, Tom."
Tom dug his knuckles into his eyes
to dry his tears and tried to tell
his story.

"I started all right, you know—"
"Yes, you led them all."
"But when I got half way there
the boys began to call: 'Go it,
Johnny, you're second!' 'Hustle,
Jim, you're gaining!' 'Run, Johnny,
run! you're lost up to him!' But
nobody said 'Go, it, Tom' and
somehow it got into my legs and
they wouldn't go," and Tom, drop-
ping to the ground in a heap, cried
as though his heart would break.

Moral: Many have failed in life be-
cause there was no one to say:
"Go it, Tom!"

Abbot Gasquet

Speaks Interestingly of the Revision of
the Vulgate.

In London the other day, at a
meeting of the Bibliographical Soci-
ety, a paper on "The Revision of the
Vulgate Latin Text of the Bible" was
read by Right Rev. Abbot Gasquet,
president of the Commission of
Revision.

Abbot Gasquet said that the work
of preparing a critical revision of
the Latin Vulgate, which a little
more than a year Pope Pius X. de-
termined upon, was offered to the
Benedictine order, and was accepted
at an international meeting of the
superiors, held in Rome in May of
last year. A few months later he
was chosen as the first president of
the Commission of Revision, and in
the autumn of last year had to go
to Rome to organize the work. From
the outset he received from the Pope
personally the strictest charge that
the revision should be conducted up-
on the most approved scientific meth-
ods of modern times, and that no
expense should be spared which was
necessary to secure thoroughness.

The origin of the ancient Latin
text of the Bible was obscure. Be-
fore the time of St. Jerome the text
known as the "Italia" was the most
important of the Latin translations
of the Sacred Scriptures. When Pope
St. Damasus gave St. Jerome the
task of revising the Latin New Tes-
tament, there was a terrible con-
fusion of rival Latin versions. The
task undertaken by St. Jerome in
the last quarter of the fourth cen-
tury was the production of as perfect
a text in Latin as was possible by
all the care and learning he could
give to the matter. The result of
his labors was the production of the
Vulgate or received text of the Latin
version. In the course of time re-
visions or partial revisions of the Vul-
gate were attempted by individuals
or corporate bodies. The results,
however, were not happy, and in the
thirteenth century the state of the
text of the Latin Vulgate could only
be described as chaotic. Errors or
words and readings had flowed into
the sacred volume in an almost con-
tinuous stream.

It was not necessary to speak of
the various attempts at correction
of the Latin text before the time of
the Council of Trent. The Vulgate
had been approved by long use in the
Church, but the action of the council
declared that ancient version authen-
tic, and the Pope undertook to ex-
amine and remove errors which in
process of time had found their
way into the text. All that was in-
cluded in the word "authentic" was
the declaration that the text was
substantially identical with the or-
iginal. The work of revision lasted
for over forty years, from 1546 to
1593, and the members consulted for
the purpose of the best known man-
uscripts and had collections of others
made in all parts of Europe. In spite
of the care which had been bestowed
upon the preparation of this edition,
it had from the first been recognized
that some day or other a revision of
the Clementine text would have to
be undertaken.

Generations and centuries had pass-
ed by without the realization of this
expectation. Although the thanks
of the authorities and marks of their
approval had been given to Padre
Verellone and others for their work
in preparing for a future full
revision of the Clementine text, no of-
ficial action had been taken by the
Pope or by his authority in regard
to revision until little more than a
year ago. At present they were
in the stage of preparation only.
Still, something had to be done, and
much depended, as in most other
things on the money question.

What they had been charged as a
commission to do was to recover as
far as possible the actual text of St.
Jerome's translation of the Latin
Bible. They had nothing to do
with the question as to how far
that represented the Hebrew or the
Greek. That was a second step in
the matter of revision, but it must
obviously be a long time before such
a step could be taken.—Pittsburg
Observer.

He Doesn't Scoff.

(Catholic Standard and Times.)
It is a pleasure to record the im-
pressions of a minister who lately
visited the famous shrine of Ste.
Anne de Beaupre, in Canada. He did
not come away a scoffer. On the
contrary, he speaks reverently of
what he witnessed there. This clergy-
man is Rev. John E. Heindel, pas-
tor of the English Lutheran Church

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MADE IN CANADA.

of the Redeemer, in Jersey City. De-
scribing to his congregation a trip
he made to Canada, he said:

"I also visited the shrine at Ste.
Anne de Beaupre. From childhood
I heard of this miracle working place
in modern times, and it had always
been my hope some day to enter
its sacred doors. I cannot describe
my feelings as I stepped from the
train and entered the courtyard of
the church, where so many had entered,
having spent all for the physician,
and were made whole."
"The pyramid of crutches in the
church's entrance is verily an ob-

ject of wonderment. The heart fills
with awe and the eye with tears as
one stands and looks upon them and
reads their silent story. I wonder
not that persons are skeptical when
they hear only the story of these
pyramids, but one's skepticism is
soon dispelled as he examines crutch
after crutch and sees the marks of
pain and sorrow they bear."

"One pilgrimage arrived while we
were there. It was from Ottawa. It
was estimated to include five thou-
sand people. The arrival was an-
nounced by the ringing of the bells
and playing of chimes. In befitting
reverence the pilgrims left their

trains and walked to the shrine. The
sight was a pleasing one, and yet
sad, for among them were many on
crutches, children carried by fathers
and mothers, fathers and mothers
carried by children, some with their
heads bandaged, others revealing dif-
ferent forms of ailment and still
many more who came to worship in
the world-famed church. To the ob-
server it seemed as though we had
returned to the beginning of reli-
gious faith when God selected some
churches among others for His won-
drous works. To me the shrine of
St. Anne de Beaupre was the most
interesting and edifying of the places
we were privileged to visit."