

The Children's Page

THE GRACE OF CHEERFULNESS
I said: I will be glad to-day!
The rain clouds drift along the hills,

I will be glad to-day,
Though many tiresome tasks are set
My patient hands. I will forget
The frets that trouble and depress,

I will be glad to-day,
For summer suns again will shine,
The air will thrill like tonic wine,

WANTED-A BOY.

A Western paper publishes the following advertisement:

"Wanted-A boy. A brave, courageous, manly, hopeful boy; one who is not afraid of the truth; one who scorns a lie; one who hates deceit; one who loves his mother; one who does not know more than his parents; one who has the courage to say 'no,' and stick to it; one who is willing to begin at the bottom of the ladder and work upwards; one who thinks it unmanly to smoke; one who thinks an education worth striving for; one who is willing to obey his superiors; one who knows his home better than the street; one who doesn't believe the marvelous tales told in the story papers, and will not read the vile stuff; one who won't cheat in a fair game; one who won't be a sneak, and do a mean act when unseen; one who won't spend every nickel he earns or get; one who won't annoy an old man or one of weak mind because he is feeble and defenseless; one who won't steal; one who won't listen to or repeat nasty stories; one who won't do a dirty act for another boy who is too cowardly to do his own meanness; one who loves to do right because it is right. Wanted-a boy; a whole-souled, earnest, honorable, square boy. Where can he be found? Does he live in your neighborhood? Is he a member of your family? Do you know him?"

WHAT THEY SENT TO CHINA.

Buzz and Bess lived at the seashore all the year round. All day long they played on the sand, and even when the sun went down they were sorry to leave it for their little beds. Bess was a dear little girl, and Buzz, her brother, was very fond of playing with her and her friend Flossie.

"Say!" exclaimed Buzz one day, when they found a boat on the beach, "let's send some presents to--oh, Sis, where is that place teacher told us about, way over the sea?"

"You mean China," answered Flossie. "I think it would be fun to send the poor children in China pretty things."

"But what shall we put in the boat?" asked Bess. "We'll go to our house and make our selections," answered Buzz, proud of his fine words.

To the house they trotted, and from there Flossie brought a doll and some peaches. Bess had her little arms full of blocks and books, and Buzz brought two tops, a Chinese puzzle and some doughnuts.

"These things are very pretty and useful, specially the doughnuts and peaches," said Bess; "but unless we write them a letter and sign our names the Chinese children won't know who sent them or from where they came."

Flossie ran for some paper and a pencil, and she was coaxed to be the penman of the crowd, as she was the most advanced in school, being in the kindergarten. This was the letter:

Dear China children--We are sorry for you and send a sum of our things. We live in Atlantik.

Flossie May, Bessie Parker, Buzz Parker. The three put the letter in the folds of dolly's dress, where it would keep dry, tucked the other valuables in the boat and pushed it out to sea. When the boat disappeared, Bess said, "It's most to China now, so let's play."

The next morning, while the little playmates slept, an old fisherman found the boat. He laughed when he saw the toys, and exclaimed, "These will be fine for my tots at home!" His little girl found the letter and gave it to her mother to read. When the fisherman's wife read it she said: "Bless their dear little hearts! They have made my children just as happy as any China children could be."

OVERHEARD BY JOHNNY IN THE PARLOR. "This is a hard family to live with!" pouted the Piano. "Miss Susie pounds me every day for an hour or two!"

"Well, at least you don't have to work!" exclaimed the Clock. "My hands are never idle; they keep them moving every minute and second."

"Talk about work!" cried the Table; "why, almost everything is put on me."

"I wouldn't mind work," observed the Lamp, "but I'm sensitive, and it isn't pleasant when you're quite bright to be turned down once or twice every evening."

"Sensitive!" sneered the Mirror. "Think of the ugly faces often turned on me!"

"And think also," said the Carpet, "how the children jump on me; still I'm not worn out yet."

"You may all talk till you're tired, yet you must admit that not one of you is so sat on as I am," finished the Chair, decisively.

AN ARMFUL OF GRANDMOTHER. "Now, ma'am, come if you're coming. Car's late. Here, I'll 'hist' ye," said the conductor to a hesitating little old woman, whom he promptly proceeded to "hist." But she gave a little cry of pain, and he let go his hold.

breathless and belated family, laden with babies and bundles, a strapping young fellow in a gay initialed sweater swung down to her side. "Let me pick you right up, and I can put you aboard easy," he declared; and a moment later she was safely established in her seat, smiling and straightening her bonnet.

"That was real good of you, and now I'm all right. My son's to meet me today, end of the line," she announced, gratefully. "Well, boys are mighty nice sometimes, and I guess your ma thinks so."

But she was not all right yet; for there had been a washout on the main line, and it was presently learned that a roundabout route was to be followed, involving several changes of cars.

"My chum'll see to you," the boy reassured her as he got off; and at the first change the chum did so.

Before the next change he, too, and all her fellow passengers but a few girls had left; and the conductor was small, sickly and cross. She hesitated painfully on the high step, thrusting out a tentative foot, but unable either to jump or scramble so far.

Suddenly one of the dispersing girls, a fine, tanned young creature with a golf-stick, turned back and held out her arms.

"But you couldn't--I can't--you'll drop me," gasped the little old lady, in transit; then admiringly and amazingly. "Well, who'd ha thought it! Me carried by a gal!"

"You won't be next time, and you wouldn't this if we'd known," struck in a workman in the new car, leaning forward. "Don't you worry, ma'am. We'll see to her, miss; and if we get off first, why, we'll pass the word along. Any fellow's willing to tote an armful o' grandmother, that's of course!"

The girl smiled; the old lady waved; the car went on. When, at the end of the long trip, the interested passengers beheld a six-foot son, with a prancing small boy at his coat-tails, lift a tired old woman once more and set her carefully on the ground, they also heard him growl something about a stingy old company, and old-pattern cars, and steps a mile high; but they caught the answer, too.

"Oh, well, Joe, it didn't matter!" piped the sweet, old, high voice. "The steps bein' extry tryin' just made folks extry kind."

CLIFFORD'S NEW GIRL.

"I wish there were no old dishes to wipe," whined Clifford. "I never saw one little supper make so many. Rob White never wipes dishes, and I think it's hateful that I have to do it."

Mrs. Fagan looked at him in dismay. "Why, Clifford, I thought you enjoyed helping mother," she said. Clifford felt sorry about the pained look on his mother's face. "I do like to help you, mother, and all that, but dishes are girls' work. I wish I didn't have to wipe any more for a month, anyway."

"Well, you need not," said Mr. Fagan, who just came into the room. "Why needn't I?" questioned Clifford.

"I had a letter from Cousin Helen Webb to-day, and she wants you to visit her for a month. She says she wants some life in the old home," explained Mr. Fagan.

Clifford danced with glee. "May I go?" he questioned. "I never saw Cousin Helen, but I know she would be fine. It will be great fun to visit in a little town."

So it was arranged that the visit should be made, and Clifford spent the week intervening in making plans. He arrived at his cousin's in a state of great excitement. He could hardly go to sleep that night for thinking of what he would do next day.

His cousin rapped on the door at half-past five the next morning. "Yes," called Clifford, drowsily, and he immediately went to sleep again.

At six Miss Webb opened Clifford's door. "Breakfast is ready," she said quietly. "I am surprised that you are so lazy. A big boy should be up early. I am ashamed of you."

"Mamma lets me sleep until nine o'clock," he answered, in surprise. "She says a growing boy needs lots of sleep to make him strong."

At breakfast Clifford's table manners were criticized. His cousin was shocked, later, when he slid down the banister. She was greatly amazed when he went up town without asking.

"Why, Cousin Helen, a fellow must do something for amusement," he explained.

"Well, walk in the garden, or read. I don't like anyone to tear about the house. How do I know who you would talk to up town? I want you to have proper company while you are here. And I may as well say I don't want boys coming here to play, either; they make too much noise."

At the end of three days Clifford longed for home. There he had some Women's Ailments

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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST Homestead Regulations

Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at any Agency, on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the homestead duties under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of a homesteader has permanent residence on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of the homestead, or upon a homestead entered for by him in the vicinity, such homesteader may perform his own residence duties by living with the father (or mother).

(4) The term "vicinity" in the two preceding paragraphs is defined as meaning not more than nine miles in a direct line, exclusive of the width of road allowances crossed in the measurement.

(5) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.

Six months' notice in writing must be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa, of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior. N.B.--Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

liberties; here it was always "don't." He had never realized how nice home was before. That evening out of sheer loneliness he offered to wipe the supper dishes.

"No thank you," said his cousin. "You would break one the first thing."

"I wipe mother's dishes and they are just as nice as yours," Clifford knew the remark was impolite, but he didn't care. "I am going home to-day," Clifford the next morning announced at breakfast.

"Going home!" his cousin exclaimed. "Why, you came to stay a month and a week is not gone yet."

"I don't care. It seems that I would just die if I didn't see my father and mother to-day. I'm going home at one o'clock. And go he did. Mr. and Mrs. Fagan were surprised just as they sat down to supper by a "Hello!" followed by Clifford.

"Why, Clifford, what's the matter?" his mother exclaimed. "Nothing. I just got homesick. I thought I would just die. I guess Cousin Helen don't understand boys; she never wanted me to do a thing. I am so glad to be home. I won't even complain if I have to wipe the dishes."

"So there are worse things than wiping dishes, are there, son?" his mother asked, smiling. "Yes, and I'll tell you what it is. It's to live with someone who don't understand a fellow like his mother does. Mothers don't mind a boy's noise and fun, and Clifford gave her a resounding kiss.

A Suggestive Incident

(From the Monitor, Newark, N.J.) Apropos of these baseball days, a friend of ours, a priest, was telling us an amusing--or shall we say, suggestive--incident the other day. He met a group of young men of his parish, and stopping to join them, found them engaged in a conversation on the national game. They knew the name of almost every player in the prominent leagues; they were conversant with the percentage of the clubs and the records of the different players. The good father listened awhile almost astonished at the catalogue of names they so glibly ran through, and then with a twinkle in his eye, he said to the group: "Boys, I'll give a dollar to any one of you who can name off the twelve apostles."

There was an awkward silence, a more awkward attempt at explanation or rather confession, and the roguish priest chuckled as he went on his way. The boys have resolved to greet the father with the names of the twelve apostles the next time they meet, and some have threatened to surprise him by reciting the line of the Popes, from St. Peter down.

Running to Early Mass.

(Newark Monitor.) There are some Catholics who pride themselves on the fact that they never miss Mass on Sunday, and yet their attendance at that sacred function can scarcely be characterized as anything else than automatic.

They rush from their homes on Sunday morning, hurrying along as they catch the peal of the Mass bell from the distance, only to arrive at the church door as the congregation is rising for the reading of the Gospel. They consume a few minutes in personal comfort and by about the time they have fixed themselves comfortably the Sanctus bell has rung. They have hardly caught sight of the altar

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yet; they turn distractedly from side to side, taking mental note of the millinery if they are women, and of what's under it if they are men; then comes the solemn hush of the Consecration. With head bowed they ejaculate a short prayer, and mechanically strike their breast, and the Consecration is over; the canon of the Mass, with its intonations and secrecy and solemnity, is lost upon them. They can hardly hold the steeds of distraction plunging through their brains. Only one whose soul is anchored at the chalice appreciates the ebb and flow of that sacrificial sea. There is so little to feed the senses, or to satisfy even the eye and to dull the ear in the mystic progress of the great sacrifice. It is so easy to yield to distractions so difficult to fix the soul on the wonderful mystery enacting.

The little bell tinkles again--"Domine non sum dignus." A moment of suggested reverence, a reverence almost forced from indifference by the piety and attention of the congregation. The people in the rear of the church take their cue from those before them, bow their heads and bless themselves. The last Gospel is spent in brushing the dust of kneeling from the clothing and the first rush toward the doors bears with it generally those who were the last to enter.

Is this picture overdrawn? Are there not Catholics in every parish who assist at Mass every Sunday in the year in this automatic, machine-like way? No preparation for the sacrifice--no composing of the mind, no lowering of the soul in anticipation of the ineffable of mystery, no fervent sign of the heart for the graces that flow from the Mass, no thought of adoration for the King who descends. None of this--just a mechanical presence; scarcely a consciousness of the Real Presence. And alas! with many this careless method has become a habit, an uncon-

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God's sight an infinitely more sublime spectacle. "We feel constrained thus to put on record our disappointment that as far as the members of the congress addressed themselves to the all important matter of Divine Worship they should have chosen to approach the throne of the Most High after the manner of Protestant Episcopalians rather than as inheritors of the ancient Catholic traditions of the Church of England.

"The Catholic remnant in the Anglican Church for seventy-five years has battled hard for the restoration of the Mass to its rightful place in public worship, and withal wonderful has been our success, but can we reasonably entertain the hope that with one voice the Anglican Episcopate will again proclaim the true doctrine of the Mass, or with unity of faith celebrate the Eucharistic mysteries in a truly Catholic manner until we recover that union with Rome, the loss of which was the initial step to the throwing down of our altars and the casting as into a corner the Sacrifice of the Mass?"

The first notable act of her reformers after the Church of England ceased to be Roman Catholic, was to de-throne the Mass from its position as the supreme Sacrifice of the Christian altar, the all-prevailing Act of Divine Worship; and Cranmer's substitute for it was principally an expurgated Litany, the psalmody of David and the Te Deum. Never perhaps since the Reformation were these sung more charmingly and "tear compellingly" than at the opening and close of the Pan-American congress, but a Misereere, however wistfully sung, or St. Ambrose's great hymn or the grandest alleluia chorus ever composed, is but a mess of pottage when offered in exchange for our Catholic bright, the Eucharistic Sacrifice. It was no doubt a majestic sight to see 200 Anglican prelates, preceded by mace bearers, bringing their gold like the Magi from afar and solemnly depositing it upon the high altar of St. Paul's until the accumulating flood swelled into a grand total of nearly seventeen hundred thousand dollars, but the truth remains that one consecrated host uplifted in the hands of the poorest and humblest priest in the Catholic Church is in