

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

By Aunt Becky

Dear Boys and Girls :

I am very much pleased to see so many little ones take advantage of the children's column. Surely some of you have been out nutting. If all the little folks could not enjoy the same fun, let them partially share it by telling them all the fun you had. Or, maybe, some of the boys and girls have kodaks and have taken some amusing snap shots. Tell us all about it.

Your friend,

AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky :-

I am a little boy nine years old. I go to the Belmont School, Guy street. Last year my teacher was Mr. Cuddy. He is preparing me this year for my first Communion, and I hope to be able to pass. Every Friday we have an examination in my Catechism. I like school very much. My teachers are kind to me, and I like them. Mamma will be glad to see my letter this week.

FREDDIE.

Dear Aunt Becky :-

I am a girl of eleven years of age. I attend Mont Ste. Marie Convent on Guy street, and like the place well. My teacher is Mother St. Ovide. I am studying grammar, geography, Church History, arithmetic, music, spelling, reading and French. I am fifth in my class, and at the last examination received 100 points. I spent a very pleasant vacation at Magog, and am studying hard now to receive a crown for my work. Our class is the third, and there are 23 pupils in it. Good-bye.

LORETTA.

Dear Aunt Becky :-

I was very glad to see my little letter in last week's paper. My mamma and papa were also glad. I am in the second first class in Belmont school, and study reading, spelling, English grammar, French grammar, geography, drawing, penmanship and Sacred history. I am also in the first Communion class, and hope to be able to make my first Communion next year. Mr. Cuddy is my teacher, and he says that I am doing well. We had an examination in Catechism on last Friday, and I did fairly well. Next week I'll do better.

HENRY.

Dear Aunt Becky :-

I am a little girl of ten years of age. I go to the Marie Rose Convent. I am in the second English class, and last month I came out second in the examination. I received a special crown for my prize. I am studying reading, spelling, Bible history, geography, writing, drawing and French. Last Sunday I was made vice-president of the Holy Angels' Sodality. Rev. Father Casey is our parish priest, and often comes to our school. I like school very well, and am working hard to get promoted.

EVA.

Dear Aunt Becky :-

Many, many thanks for the kindness in publishing my little letter. Mamma and papa were very glad to see it. I am studying music and sing and play a little. I have to devote two hours to my lessons every night. I am very fond of school and like my teacher.

MARY GERALDINE.

Dear Aunt Becky :-

I am a boy of nine years of age. I was promoted two classes this year. I like school very much. I am in the first Communion class, and study my Catechism every night. Last Friday I obtained 100 marks. I am now first. I have to study hard at night, and write two exercises, one in French and the other in English. My mamma and papa both will be glad when they'll see my little letter.

JOHN.

Dear Aunt Becky :-

I am in the second first class in the Belmont School, and am studying very hard. I am also preparing for my first Communion and hope to be able to make it next year. I did not do very well last Friday at the examination, as it was the first, but will do better this week.

JOSEPH.

OPINION OF AN EIGHT YEAR OLD PHILOSOPHER

As to "Why a Boy does not get Fat." Because he does not eat enough, and sometimes when he does eat a lot he eats up so quickly that he does not digest it. And because

The other presented himself and papers.

"What can you do?" was asked. "I can do anything that a green hand can do, sir" was the reply.

The magnate touched a bell, which called a superintendent. "Have you anything to put a man at work at?"

"We want a man to sort scrap iron," replied the superintendent. And the college graduate went to sorting scrap iron.

One week had passed, and the president, meeting the superintendent, asked:

"How is the new man getting on?" "Oh," said the boss, "he did his work so well, and never 'watched the clock," that I put him over a gang."

In one year this man had reached the head of a department and an advisory position with the management at a salary represented by four figures, while his whilom companion was maintaining his dignity as "clerk" in a livery stable, washing harness and carriages.—Selected.

FRANCIS

CHILDREN'S WITTICISMS.

A little English child, who was spending her first night on American soil, was nervous at being left alone. Her mother calmed her by saying that the little angels flying around would look after her. Some time after she heard suppressed crying and hurried to the child's room. "Oh, mother," sobbed the poor little victim, "the little angels do bite so!" They were mosquitoes, but remembering her mother's words she had tried to bear their attentions.

Nervous mother, to little boy, who is quite undisturbed by a terrific thunderstorm—"Oh, Tommy, aren't you afraid?" "No, mummie, it's only gentle Jesus playing with his toys."

Young Mother—"Now, Harold, whom do you love most, papa or me?" Little Harold—"Papa." Young Mother—"But yesterday you said you loved me most." Little Harold—"Yes, but I've thought it over since and decided that we men must stick together."

"How do you like school?" asked a father of his little daughter, after her first day. "I like it awfully!" was the reply. "And what did you learn to-day?" inquired the interested parent. "Oh, a lot!" said the child. "I've learned the names of all the boys."

Bertie—Pa, a little stream is a streamlet, isn't it? Pa—Yes, Bertie.

Bertie—Well, pa, is a cutlet a little cut, and a hamlet a little ham, and a gimlet a little gim, and a pamphlet a little pamph? Pa—Oh, go way, Bertie; I want a little quiet.

Bertie—Well, why didn't you say you wanted a quietlet?

A photographer, taking the picture of a four-year-old girl, tried sweet names, and gentle persuasion to make her sit still. Finally he turned to the despairing mother and said, "Madam, if you will leave your darling with me, I think I can interest her better and take her lovely face." The mother withdrew, and was soon called to see a highly satisfactory negative. After they left the mother asked, "Nellie, what did that nice gentleman say to you when I left you alone with him?" "Well, he said," lisped Nellie, "if you don't thit still, you ugly, squint-eyed monkey, I'll shake the life out of your trembling carcatch." Then I that very sthill, mamma!"

START AT THE BOTTOM.

Two boys left home with just about money enough to take them through college, after which they must depend entirely upon their own efforts. They attacked the collegiate problem successfully, passed to graduation, received their diplomas from the faculty, also commendatory letters to a large shipbuilding firm with which they desired employment. Ushered into the waiting-room of the head of the firm, the first was given an audience. He presented his letters.

"What can you do?" said the man of millions. "I would like some position, sir, that would comport with my dignity and acquirements," was the reply.

"Well, sir, I will take your name and address, and should we have anything of the kind open, will correspond with you. Good morning, sir."

As he passed out he remarked to his waiting companion, "You can go in and leave your address."

BERTHA'S GIFT.

"I must give myself. I must give myself. So says father, so says mother. So say the priest and Sister Anastasia. Just what they mean, I don't understand. And I am always hearing about charity. But giving money or old clothes is not the kind of charity they mean."

So soliloquized Bertha Allyn, as she sat over one of the little devotional books that had been given to her at Christmas time. She had just read to the sentence: "Though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing."

It was hard for the young girl to see how that could be.

As she laid down the book, her thoughts took a sudden turn in quite an opposite direction. There was to be a party the next evening at the home of one of her young friends. She was keenly anticipating the social pleasure that she expected to enjoy. She was fond of society, and the more so that she was an especial favorite.

Bertha had yet some arrangements to make. Certain little additions to the pretty costume required some yards of ribbon and some flowers. So she put on her warm wraps and hastened off down the street to make the purchases.

She was conscious of a very positive sense of pleasure in her little expedition. Perhaps it was because the air was so pure and the sunshine so bright. Perhaps it was because the young blood coursed so quickly through her veins, and her thoughts were so joyously occupied with pleasures to come. At any rate it was a very bright face that she carried into the village milliner's store, where she went in quest of white satin ribbon to wear with her organdie gown. The little milliner—where was she? Bertha knocked on the wall, stamped about as loudly as she could, but for five minutes she could get no response. At last the door opened, and there stood Miss Riley, looking so wan, so worn, so anxious, that Bertha scarcely recognized her.

She came forward to attend to her customer, apologizing for the delay. Her mother had been taken suddenly very ill, and the poor little saleswoman had not been able to get any sleep for the last two nights. The milliner and her old mother lived all alone in the dear home to which the mother had come at her marriage, forty years before. All their living was earned by the daughter's deft fingers, or came from the profits of her little stock. A small enough living it was, but sweetened by affection and ennobled by a strong sense of duty, it was more sufficient than many an ample one.

But now it was plain that the milliner was suffering from a great fear and a great anguish.

"You will be worn out," said Bertha. "You must have somebody to take care of your mother."

"It is impossible," replied the daughter. "I can't afford to hire a nurse. I can't afford to hire any kind of help."

Then, seeing the look of sympathy in Bertha's eyes, she suddenly put her poor, worn hands to her face and burst into tears.

"Let me come," said Bertha. She spoke so suddenly that the next moment she was frightened at what she had done.

But the little milliner looked up not have excelled.

THE KING AND THE KILTIES.

The famous "Kilties" Band of Belleville, Canada, which is now giving a series of great concerts in London at the Royal Albert Hall, had no sooner opened their tour of Great Britain when they attracted the attention of the King, and the result was a royal command for the picturesque Scotch-Canadians to journey up into the Highlands of Scotland, and give one of their admirable entertainments before His Majesty at Balmoral Castle, where the King is now living during his hunting season. The London papers had been full of the unique concerts rendered by the "Kilties" and so warm in their praise of the superb musical organization from the other side of the Atlantic, that King Edward became desirous of hearing the new band that was "the talk of the town."

The railway journey made by the Canadian band from London to Balmoral and return was a record-breaker. Only one concert at the Royal Albert Hall was cancelled, and when it is taken into consideration that the "Kilties" were absent from London but a fraction over thirty-eight hours, during twelve of which they were the guests of the King, it will be seen that the whole affair was managed in a way that could

with a quick sense of relief. Bertha could not take back her words. "Will your mother be willing?" asked Miss Riley.

"I think so—I know she will," said Bertha. "She likes to have me help. She has always done a great deal herself for sick people, but she isn't strong enough now."

As the girl spoke, she was conscious of a great repulsion. She didn't like to be in a sick room. She didn't like the presence of sick, old women, in particular. But her promise had been given, and she must abide by it.

She did not yet understand what it meant to give herself. She was going to give her service, her time, her strength. But it was not with a willing offer. Her mother read her dissatisfaction in her face when she asked permission to go to Miss Riley's and do whatever came to hand in the emergency.

"I'm glad to have you go," said Mrs. Allyn. "But you will not be of much help unless you give yourself."

There was the same old phrase! She must give herself!

Miss Riley's mother was not a prepossessing invalid. She was nervous and irritable, and Bertha was dismayed at the very beginning of her task. As night came on and she thought of the pleasure she was missing, she felt that she deserved a little concession, a little appreciation. When the invalid broke out with the harsh words: "How awkward you are!" the young nurse came very near "talking back."

But she restrained herself, and had a good cry afterwards to make up. She had been trained to do thoroughly the task in hand, whatever it might be, and she strove to make her touch as light and tender as possible when she bathed the forbidding old face, and combed out the tangled locks. By and by, when the sick woman fell asleep and Bertha sat by the window looking out into the dusk, a sudden light flashed upon her "inward eye." It is promised to him who does the will of God that he shall "know the doctrine."

"To give my time, my hands, my eyes, is not giving myself," thought the young girl. "To give myself is to give my will, my wish, my heart. If I am willing to give up the party for the sake of helping Mrs. Riley, if I am willing to forget what I dislike, and let an unselfish liking come into my heart so that I can be happy in taking care of the old mother, that will be giving myself. I have often helped at home, unwillingly, grudgingly, and I see now that my so-called help was a hindrance, for it grieved and wounded my mother."

It was a blessed enlightenment. And the light grew with the free giving. And the gift was of true use because of the heart behind it. Divine help flows through the loving heart. Even the heart of the youngest, the simplest, the most ignorant, may be a medium of God's help, and love, and goodness.

During the few days of service in the milliner's house, Bertha grew in grace and knowledge through her genuine self-surrender. It was a happy moment when, with a glad light in her eyes, Miss Riley said: "You have helped me save my mother. I think I should have lost her if I had been left alone."—Ex.

Teach me, Father, how to be Kind and patient as a tree; Joyfully the crickets croon Under shady nook at noon; Beetle on his mission bent; Tarry in that cooling tent; Let me, also, cheer a spot, Hidden field or garden grot—Place where passing souls can rest On the way and be their best.

—(Edwin Markham, in Philadelphia Bulletin.)

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THE STORY OF A DIAMOND.

The French royal jewels had had varied careers, and many of the best were lost before Eugenie, the diamond lover, came to power, but France has what is, perhaps, the most perfect diamond in the world—the Pitt or Regent diamond.

This diamond was a feature in one of England's great scandals. It was found by a slave in the Portel mines in Kistna. The slave cut his leg, banded it, hid the jewel in the bandages and escaped to the coast.

There he confided in an English skipper, who agreed to take him on board ship and go halves in the sale of the diamond. The skipper

threw the slave into the sea and sold the stone to a merchant, then drank himself into delirium tremens and remorse and committed suicide. The merchant sold the jewel to Thomas Pitt, Governor of Fort St. George, for £20,000, and Sir Thomas brought it home to England. Scandalous stories as to the way in which Pitt had obtained the stone were told and literally ruined his reputation and happiness.

He sold the diamond to the Duke of Orleans, Regent of France, in 1717, for £135,000, but he could not down the scandal, and at his death, left a sworn statement denying the stories and defending his reputation.

When the French regalia were stolen during the Commune an anonymous letter was received by the authorities saying that some of the booty would be found in a ditch at the Champs Elysees. The Regent diamond was found there. Presumably it was too valuable to be easily disposed of. It weighs 186 carats.

How Like a God.

The commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Nathaniel Hawthorne last July was perhaps a little noisier business than would have pleased that sensitive, solitary, and fame-clinging genius. That shy, proud spirit could not rejoice greatly in the "tributes" of the present race of literary men, as remote as possible from him in originality of imagination and fastidious perfection of style. But there is something attractive in the proposition to erect a statue of the Salem romancer, if a man like St. Gaudens could be induced to undertake the work. In form and features how like a god! In dignity, in splendor of eye, in majestic intellectual beauty that had about it something remote, as of another sphere, Nathaniel Hawthorne was unapproached by any author since Goethe. That glorious head should be repeated in a thousand busts and casts. Especially in New England, where, perhaps, more attention has been given to the cultivation of mind than of "personal pulchritude." By his looks as much as his books, Hawthorne stood apart, a sort of sublime solitary.—Everybody's Magazine.

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Father, I do not ask That Thou wouldst choose some other task, And make it mine, I pray But this; let every day Be moulded still By Thine own hand; my will Be only Thine, however deep I have to bend, my hand to keep. Let me not simply do, but be content, Sure that the little crosses each are sent And no mistake can ever be With Thine own hand to choose for me.

—F. J. Noel.