

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY.

## Dear Girls and Boys:

Before another issue you will have all returned to school and vacation time will be only a happy dream. I am sure great accounts will be coming to the corner. I hope you all have had glorious times and are perfectly content to begin another year of study. I am so happy to welcome another little friend, Gertrude M. You see all the little folks have forgotten their venerable aunt, but you have made a good commencement, dear, so surely others will follow soon. I am so glad you had such a lovely time in the country.

Your loving friend,

AUNT BECKY.

## Dear Aunt Becky:

I was very sorry to see that there was not any letters from some of your little girls or boys in the last True Witness, as I like very much to have my mamma read them for me. I hope you will have lots more after the holidays. I am nearly six years old now, and have a little brother two years old. We live in the country for the summer and have lots of fun. I love to go boating with my daddy, and I help him to fish, too. I have a dear little paddle and I help daddy to paddle. We have a lot of dear little pigs, and a calf, and, oh, there are lots of cows and chickens and I love them all. But we will soon have to go back to the city.

Don't forget to have lots of nice little stories on our page, because mamma always reads them for me. My mamma wrote this for me, but I told her what to say.

GERTRUDE M.

## WHY HARRY LOST THE CAKE.

It was the fairest of Saturdays, but as Harry Edwards stood at his gate with a big lunch-basket in one hand and a very small note in the other, it was plain that he was "out of sorts." It was his birthday, and his mother had agreed to his suggestion that he invite six of his best friends to a picnic over in the woods on the shore of Ross Pond. She had prepared an ample lunch, and Harry set out in fine spirits, but at the last minute she had called him, and with a most provoking smile, said: "Oh, Harry, you must go around to Mrs. Black's and give her this note. She will understand what to do, and I think you will not mind the short delay."

His sister Ella and his mother exchanged smiling glances as the boy's face darkened. "Oh, mother, it's late now, and the boys will be waiting. Can't I do it to-morrow?"

But Mrs. Edwards, usually so sympathetic, persisted. "Obey orders, Harry. I wish you to give the message to Mrs. Black before you go to the pond."

He stopped at the gate, glanced in the direction of Ross Pond, then rubbed the note viciously against the gatepost.

"I don't see why mother's so particular about Mrs. Black's getting this to-day! It's a whole mile, at least, and I told the fellows to be on hand early. Fish bite better when it's cool. If Ella had any sympathy for a fellow, she'd do this for me! I'll take 'most an hour."

So he opened the gate slowly and then closed it with a bang. "Mother never acted so queer before; why, she's sealed the note, too, and she always leaves them unsealed, because it's more polite. There's something funny about this, I'd like to know what's so important at the Black's all of a sudden! Wish I didn't have to go!"

Harry was growing angrier every minute as he walked down the sunny lane towards the home of the Black family. He could see their low brown farmhouse lying in the shelter of the grove of flaming maples. Smoke was puffing from the kitchen chimney—for the mistress of the little house was a famous cook. Some distance ahead was Pete Tucker. His ragged trousers were rolled up to his knees, and his lean tanned legs were bearing him upon some mission at their topmost speed. An idea popped into Harry's head; he whistled, but the boy ahead made no sign. He shouted and Pete turned about.

"Say, Pete, don't you want to earn some money?" Harry thrust the note forward. "I'll give you

five cents to take this over to Mrs. Black. I'm in an awful hurry or I'd do it myself. This is my birthday, and I'm on my way to the woods."

Five-cent pieces were rare and interesting objects to Pete Tucker, who seldom knew at breakfast whether there would be any supper, and who had never in all his life had as much as he wanted of any desirable thing. So, although he was evidently in a hurry, he said, eagerly: "Yes, I'll take it. Give me the five cents."

As Harry slowly produced the coin a sudden pang of doubt assailed him. "Maybe," he told himself, "I'd better take it. Mother seemed so particular about it."

"Here it is, then," said the birthday boy. "You'll be sure to take it—won't you, Pete? I know it's something particular, and mother told me to be sure to go, but I guess she won't mind if you take it instead of me."

Pete tucked the coin into his only whole pocket and sped down the lane to join a boy waiting behind a haystack. Harry turned across the fields, feeling very uncomfortable and a little uneasy, but presently from the top of a hill he caught the sparkle of the distant pond and quickly forgot both the message and the messenger.

Mrs. Black, in her big, comfortable kitchen, looked up in surprise when Pete Tucker's much soiled fingers extended the note. She had expected a different carrier. Opening it, she read aloud: "Give the package to the bearer of this; it is his to do as he pleases with."

She caught her breath in surprise. Mrs. Edwards was certainly becoming philanthropic. A prize like that for a ragamuffin such as the bearer! Well, they could do as they liked at the Edwards', and they had paid her for her trouble. The boy's keen senses had divined the situation at once, and he knew that the boy hastening to the birthday picnic had lost, in his eyes at least, a rare fortune. Lost it, truly, for Pete had not the remotest intention of righting matters.

Presently, holding the huge package fast to his breast, he dashed out of the kitchen as though fearing that Mrs. Black and all her pots and pans and famous recipes were giving chase. When Harry Edwards appeared, late for supper, with an empty lunch-basket upon his arm, his mother met him with a smile.

"And did you find the errand such a hardship?"

Harry gave a start of surprise. How long it seemed since he had met the boy in the lane! And what was the note about, anyway? He stammered hurriedly: "Why, mother, I thought maybe you wouldn't mind, and I was so late—I didn't go."

His mother stared: "Didn't go! Why, Harry! Who did then?"

With an effort the boy said, slowly, "Pete Tucker."

His mother gazed at him reproachfully.

"Oh, Harry, why didn't you obey orders? Mrs. Black had made your birthday cake, and the note told her to give it to the bearer to do as he liked with. It was to be such a surprise, and my present to you, too!"

"If I should die before I wake."

"If I should die 'fore I wake," said Donny, kneeling at his grandmother's knee, "if I should die 'fore I wake—"

"I pray," prompted the gentle voice: "go on, Donny."

"Wait a minute," interposed the small boy, scrambling to his feet and hurrying away downstairs. In a brief space he was back again, and, dropping down in his place, took up his petition where he had left it. But when the little white gown'd form was safely tucked in bed the grandmother questioned with loving rebuke concerning the interruption.

"But I did think what I was saying, grandmother; that's why I had to stop. You see, I'd upset Ted's menagerie, and stood all his wooden soldiers on their heads, just to see how he'd tear around in the morning. But 'if I should die 'fore I wake'—why, I didn't want him to find 'em that way, so I had to go down and fix 'em right. There's lots of things that seem funny if you're going to keep on livin', but you don't want 'em that way if you should die 'fore you wake."

"That was right, dear; it was right," commenced the voice, with its tender quaver. "A good many of our prayers wouldn't be hurt by stop-

ping in the middle of them to undo a wrong."

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## AN INCIDENT AND A LESSON.

Napoleon relates that at the close of some great encounter he went over the battlefield where the dead were still lying. "It was bright moonlight," said the Emperor, "and the silence was profound. Suddenly a dog glided out from beneath the garments of a dead soldier, darted towards us uttering cries of deepest distress—as if beseeching us for aid as he returned to his dead master, licking his face."

"Whether it was my feelings at the moment," continued the Emperor, "or whether it was the place, the hour, or the act itself, nothing in my entire experience on any of my fields of battle ever made upon me so profound an impression. I stopped to contemplate this spectacle."

"This man has friends, doubtless, perhaps in camp, in his company—but he lies here abandoned by all save his dog! What a lesson may we learn from the devotion of a dumb animal."

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## THE CAT.

A little English girl wrote the following essay on a cat: "The cat is a square quadruped, and, as is customary with square quadrupeds, has its legs at the four corners. If you want to please this animal, you must stroke it on the back. If it is very much pleased it sets up its tail quite stiff, like a ruler, so that your hand cannot get any farther. The cat is said to have nine lives, but in this country it seldom needs them all because of Christianity."

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## TOUR IN IRELAND.

What ten places are referred to below:

1. A ruler and a city.
2. A stopper.
3. Adam's ale and a crossing over a stream.
4. To put to death and to defy.
5. Ireland's capital city.
6. A popular girl and to refrain from eating.
7. Part of a lamp, and not high.
8. To be cunning and to depart.
9. A winter wrap.
10. A raised patch over wet ground for the use of an extraordinarily large man.

How many can supply answers to the above?

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## BETTY'S LESSON.

Betty was very cross and miserable because he had to do his lessons. He had thrown his books pettishly on the table and had ruffled his hair in a fit of temper, and had stamped upon the floor and had done other foolish things, and now he was standing at the window looking out moodily upon the lawn. How slowly the time went by! Tick, tick, tick! What a slow, stupid old clock it was! Why did it not go faster? It seemed ages since ten o'clock, and yet it was only eleven now! Another hour and a half before lunch.

His father entered the room and looked at him sadly. "Tired of doing nothing, Betty?" said he. "Come out on the lawn with me, and I will show you something."

They walked out together, and Betty's father showed him the birds darting hither and thither, the sparrows and starlings in the eaves, and the rooks high up in the great trees, and the robins among the hedges. Then he asked Betty to listen to Tom, the stable boy, whistling and singing merrily as he went about his work.

"Do you know why they are so happy, Betty?" he asked. Betty shook his head. "It is because they are busy doing something. The birds are building their nests, Tom is doing his duty in the stable. It is God's law that we cannot be happy unless we are 'at honest work. Now try it for one hour, and see how the time slips by."

Betty's face brightened. He felt interested to see how the experiment would succeed. He went in and set himself to learn the second and third declensions in Latin, walking to and fro as he did so. By the time he had accomplished his task he looked up, expecting to see that half the time had gone. He could hardly believe his own eyes. The hand of the clock pointed to half-past twelve! He had been so busy that he had not even heard it strike the hour.

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## MAKING MARBLES.

Many of the agate marbles that wear holes in the pockets of school boys are made in the State of Thüringia, Germany. On winter days the poor people who live in the villages gather together small square stones, place them in moulds something like big coffee mills, and grind them until they are round. The marbles made in this way are the com-

mon, painted and glazed china, and imitation agates. Imitation agates are made from white stone and are painted to represent the pride of the marble-player's heart—the real agate. Glass alleys are blown by glass blowers in the town of Lamsbach. The expert workmen take a piece of plain glass and another bit of red glass, heat them red hot, blow them together, give them a twist, and there is a pretty alley with the red and white threads of glass twisted inside in the form of the letter S. Large twisted glass alleys with the figure of a dog or a sheep inside are made for very small boys and girls to play with. But the marbles that are most prized are the real agates.—Selected.

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## GOOD MORNING.

Good morning! It is a very simple matter, yet acquaintances would wonder or possibly be offended if any one forgot this simple act of politeness and token of friendship. Now, there is one who is always more near and dear to us than any of our friends, one who loves us more dearly than the fondest mother; one who just years for that mark of affection the "good morning." It is God Almighty Himself. How often people pass Him by without as much as noticing Him! Yet they demand as a matter of course that He should provide for their utmost wants during that very day. They demand the enjoyment of His company in heaven, though they slight Him days without number on earth. What if they slight their friends and neighbors in like manner? Would they be welcome at the banquet table or at some game after such rudeness, not to say unfriendliness?

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## MADONNA IN NEEDLEWORK.

Hanging in an obscure little room in the northwest corner of the European building is one of the marvels of the Lewis and Clarke exposition—an exact copy, in needlework, of Raphael's peerless Sistine Madonna. It startles beholders. Viewing it at a distance no one is prepared to say that the work is not painting; in fact, the statement that it is needlework is often disputed until the texture has been approached and felt the texture for himself.

The work is by Fraulein Clara Ripberger, of Dresden, Germany, and occupied seven years. Marvelous above all else, she executed it from memory, having studied the painting before she began, and yet she preserved all of its wonderful qualities, even to the shadow of the finger nails.

People scoffed when it was announced that a German girl had done the Sistine Madonna in needlework, but when artists came to look they were amazed. The spell of the original was there—the magnificent coloring, the expression of the face, the plasticity of the draperies and the cherubic glory. Not a brushful of paint had touched the picture. Fikelle silk of various colors, laid on in stitches of various lengths, had wrought the marvel.

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## THE CHURCH THAT FORCES RECOGNITION.

Charles Kingsley's youngest daughter, whose pen name is Lucas Malet, writing in the May Fortnightly Review, says: "The unostentatious yet steady advance of the great Mother Church of Christendom, despoiled, penalized, scoffed at in England as obscurantist during close on four centuries, forces recognition that not only the logic of history is with her, but even more convincing logic of the needs and aspirations of the human heart." And the Catholic News adds: "The hater of Catholicity, with whom Cardinal Newman had a famous controversy, never dreamt that his brilliant daughter could thus repudiate his judgment of the old Church. It is a fact worthy of note that the descendants of men who were the Church's bitterest enemies are as a rule remarkably friendly to Catholicity. Not long ago a young man whose ancestor was John Knox was ordained a priest."—Catholic Transcript.

An act of kindness when the day is young and fair; A cheering word to charm away Some wan one's care, And, though all else be done in vain, That day has still brought precious gain.

A high resolve, a kindly thought, When morning's glow Is on the earth and night is not— Good will—and, though The tasks may press, the fetters gall, That day brings triumphs, after all.

## Fruit-a-tives

OR "FRUIT LIVER TABLETS" made from ripe fruit with the finest tonics added. Recommended by physicians all over the world for constipation, biliousness, headaches, &c. "Fruit-a-tives have done me more good than any other Liver and Kidney Medicine I ever used." Mrs. W. E. CARSON, Port William, Ont. At druggists—50c. a box. Manufactured by FRUIT-A-TIVES Limited, Ottawa.

## Death of Mother Mary Magdalen

Founder of the Order of Poor Clares in the United States

(Boston Pilot.)

The soul of the Rt. Rev. Mother Mary Magdalen of the Sacred Heart, formerly Countess Annetta Bentivoglio, founder of the order of Poor Clares in the United States, departed this life on August 18.

She was born in the Castle of St. Angelo, Rome, on July 29, 1834, being the twelfth of sixteen children. Her father, Count Domenico Bentivoglio, held the rank of general in the Papal army and did worthy service, both under Gregory XVI. and Pius IX.

She entered religion on the feast of St. Francis, 1864. Thirty years ago, in 1875, the mother abbess, accompanied by her sister, Mary Constance of Jesus, left the monastery of San Lorenzo-in-Pansperna, Rome, to come to this country in compliance with the command of Pope Pius IX. and the general of the order, the Most Rev. Fr. Bernardine, made at the request of the Rt. Rev. F. S. Chatard, D.D., Bishop of Indianapolis (then president of the American College in Rome) who has always been a father to the Mother Abbess and her community.

Prior to this time several attempts had been made to introduce the order of Poor Clares according to the primitive observance of the first rule of St. Clare into America, but they had proved unsuccessful. The work of firmly establishing the order was reserved, in the decrees of Divine Providence, to two members of one of the oldest and noblest families of Italy.

The two sisters, in virtue of holy obedience, set out from their beloved monastery on Aug. 12, 1875. Sister Mary Magdalen being appointed mother abbess of the new foundation, or of any other foundation to be made, by His Holiness, granting her all the rights and privileges commonly enjoyed by the superiors of the order, expressly ordaining that in these new foundations the first rule of St. Clare should be strictly adhered to, especially in the things relating to the observance of holy poverty.

They arrived in New York on Oct. 12. Here they encountered many trials, which, though severe, did not discourage them in their noble undertaking, but rather afforded a means of manifesting the true worth of their characters. After a series of bitter disappointments they received an offer from the Archbishop of New Orleans to establish themselves in that city. They gratefully accepted, and through the kindness of Mrs. F. A. Drézel and Mother Bouvier, a religious of the Sacred Heart, were enabled to reach their new home on March 13, 1877.

Their stay in New Orleans was short, for on June 17 they were surprised by a visit of the Very Rev. Gregory Yanknecht, minister provincial of the German province of the Sacred Heart of St. Louis, Mo., who told them to get ready to leave New Orleans and go to Cleveland, O. They left on August 6.

At Cleveland new trials awaited them; three months had barely elapsed when Fr. Gregory, accompanied by Fr. Kilian, came to tell them that a number of German Poor Clare Collectives were on their way to Cleveland and would arrive the next day; that a fusion of the two communities was to be made and that they were to conform in every detail to the usages of the German sisters; they had received no previous intimation of this matter. Without knowing the reason, they had been conducted to Cleveland for the purpose of introducing the German Collectives.

When, however, Fr. Gregory informed Bishop Gilmore that there were two sisters belonging to the family of Bentivoglio, who wished to settle there, the latter having heard of them from Bishop Chatard, at once said: "I will certainly receive them."

Upon arrival of the German community it was found to be impossible to conform to their usages and customs, the rules of the Collectives differing in many essential points from

the first rule of St. Clare, which latter the sisters had been sent specially to found. Besides this, there were several rights which had been directly conferred on them by the Apostolic See at Rome which they could not renounce until they were taken from them by those who had granted them.

They wrote to the father general in Rome fully explaining matters, and received his sanction to leave Cleveland, which they did on Feb. 26, 1878, being thus a second time deprived of their home, but they went with brave hearts trusting to the guidance of God.

They decided this time to make an attempt to collect funds to purchase a proper site and build a regular monastery, although they had been invited by the Archbishop to return to New Orleans. Accordingly they started for New York, where they were known, and hoped to find friends willing to aid them. They did not remain long, however, but went west on a begging tour. Passing through Omaha, they made the acquaintance of a wealthy gentleman, Count J. A. Creighton, well known for his great liberality. He promised to assist them, and right nobly and faithfully has he kept his word, as the present beautiful monastery there erected at his sole expense bears testimony.

The most important foundation of the Mother Abbess is, however, in Evansville, Ind., under the special jurisdiction of Bishop Chatard, and where her last years have been peacefully spent. The monastery was opened in 1897, a wing only then being built, but which is now to be completed through the liberality of a generous benefactor, Mrs. Mary E. Fendrich.

The life of a most truly saintly religious—one who followed closely in the footsteps of the humble-minded founder of the order, the glorious St. Clare, is ended. The fragrance of her virtues will linger long in the memories and hearts of those she has left behind.

"As fades the golden sunset from our sight, Her noble spirit passed to realms of light."

Requiescant in pace.

## WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN AND HIS DAUGHTER.

It is curious that there is yet no Life of William Smith O'Brien, the famous '48 leader, who died in 1864, says the Freeman's Journal of Dublin. Years ago it was said that his daughter, Miss Charlotte Grace O'Brien, intended writing it. More recently the work is said to have been undertaken by his grandson, Mr. Stephen Gwynn, whose mother is another of Smith O'Brien's daughters.

Miss O'Brien, who was born fifty-nine years ago, is a convert, and is now living a retired life at Ardara, Co. Limerick. She has published two volumes of poems, entitled "Lyrics," and "Cahirmoyle, or the Old Home," besides a novel, "Irish Life and Shade," a work which contains a passage of exquisite beauty and pathos, and which was received with warm praise by critics of every political shade. In connection with her efforts to improve the lot of the emigrants to America, which are well known, she founded some years ago the Mission for the Protection of Irish Immigrant Girls, in State street, New York.

The materials with reference to the suggested biography of Mr. William Smith O'Brien are ready to hand. His correspondence has been carefully preserved at Cahirmoyle. The late Sir Charles Gavan Duffy had access to it while engaged in his "Young Ireland," and the letters and papers of O'Brien, to which Sir Charles Duffy refers as the Cahirmoyle correspondence, in almost every page of his works have been arranged and synchronized.

O'Brien's keenest personal sorrow in relation to his public career was the intense dislike of members of his own family—notably his eldest brother, Lord Inchiquin—then Sir Lucius O'Brien—to his politics and their effusive loyalty and apologetic attitude in respect of his high-minded and patriotic career.