

CHILDREN'S CORNER

SOMEbody's BIRTHDAY. Just as sure as fate; Some little boy is six years old, Some little girl is eight, Some little boy is nine today, Some little girl is thirteen, Some little twins are exactly two— Two apples, I mean.

HIS FIRST AND LAST BATTLE. An Incident of the Franco-Prussian War.

The heat and passion and strife of the day had passed, and now the cool grey twilight was creeping down the hills and across the meadows, stained and scarred with battle.

Yet sadder to hear than wind or bird were the moans of the wounded whom that last wild charge had left behind; sadder even to see with the white faces of the dead, where their pain-darkened eyes lifted in vain appeal to the sky while they wailed with keen anguish of mind and body for the dawn of the next.

The young spring moon hung low in the west, where the last faint glow was pulsing, and one who watched her might wistfully that even so she must hang above the meadows of his beloved Aubergne.

Under the great apple-tree by the old well he was being swung by Edith. How delicious is the perfume of the apple blossoms, the weightless white petals drifting down upon his head; the free, swift motion of the swing, and his tall, strong sister with her laughing brown eyes, and bright, rebellious hair.

Some a distinct shape. And presently one could discern the rude outlines of a human figure bowed beneath a heavy burden. Nearer and nearer it came, and now there could be no mistake. It was an old man with a back-load of canteens.

The boy waved his hand and tried to shout. It seemed an eternity before the old man saw him and hurried forward.

Then he fumbled among the canteens and finally lowered one. This boy drank eagerly, and while he was not drinking the man moved on.

And now the star-shine was the only light on the battlefield. The sweet spring night had settled noiselessly down, and the wind blowing lightly across the water brought the faint, cool and delicious odors from the fresh meadows beyond.

The boy lay with face upturned to the sky across which the Milky Way trailed its filmy length. He had been trying to count the stars one by one; but the effort had made him drowsy and he now lay with a gentle languor that was neither sleeping nor waking.

The day, with its exciting scenes, had faded from his mind. He saw only the woods of Aubergne, and the pretty village nestling in the valley through which the wild little river hurried on its way to the sea—always sparkling, foaming, bubbling, and yet the boys knew of many a good swimming-hole along its banks in the shadow of the overhanging willows.

And the long quiet street where the old men and children gathered in the cool of the day, and the brown school-house with its rosy-checked mistress and flock of unruly lads and lassies. The long wooden desks were covered with names rudely carved by penknives in restless hands.

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A CURE FOR IDLENESS. The following anecdote is related of the boyhood of Berryer, one of the most distinguished French advocates of the last century, whose school years were spent at the College of the Oratorian Fathers, at Jullily.

In those days Berryer was terribly lazy. His teachers had the greatest difficulty in getting any work out of him, and he utterly refused to exercise his memory, which in later days was to prove so unerring.

The boy was enchanted; he immediately unconsciously in a corner of the room, while the Oratorian Father paid no more attention to him than if he had been a piece of furniture. The first hour passed pleasantly enough. The schoolboy reveled luxuriously in his childish day-dreams, and from time to time remembered his classmates, and congratulated himself inwardly that he had no words to look up in the dictionary, or no lesson to learn by heart.

At the end of three hours the Oratorian left his desk and went out into the garden to say his office under the shade of the trees. "That's all right," said Berryer to himself.

"Now I shall be able to amuse myself." As soon as he was outside, he prepared to run off and join his companions at their games. But the Father Superior laid a restraining hand upon his shoulder. "My child," he said, "you are again forgetting our bargain. Playing is doing something; remain beside me, and we will go up and down the avenue; but, if you prefer it, you may go and sit down on that bench."

GRAMMAR BY RULE. The master who gives his pupils simple rules for determining questions which confront them, and particularly grammatical questions, is apt to find that such rules frequently disconcertingly fail to fit all cases.

They parsed the "the" without any trouble. "What part of speech is 'the'?" "An article," shouted all the class in unison. "What! Fly an adverb?" "Yes, sir," shouted the boys with great positiveness.

A LITTLE SOUL. One day there came to heaven a little unknown soul which entered immediately without having done anything extraordinary. The good Lord assigned it a very glorious place, and there was a murmur of astonishment in the assembly of the saints.

We never know how rotten the tree is until it falls, nor how unstable the wall until it crumbles. And so in the mortal nature of men, subtle forces act their very silently and imperceptibly to the very center.

When sorrow, humiliation, and sadness weigh upon you, do not ask God to deliver you from them; it is a service that He cannot perform for you, despite the pleading of His Heart. Lovingly ask Him to come and share your suffering; that is the service of a friend which He will never refuse you; and your suffering, shared with Jesus, will indeed be light.

Was there ever an offense so great that God could not forgive it? Was there ever a crime so heinous that He would not grant the Holy Church would not seek him out to forgive him? Into the dungeon, into the mansion of sorrow, into the hovels of the despised and neglected, the Church's forgiveness enters and acts. It raises up the fallen and the dead souls of wandering men to light and forgiveness and joy.

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ALL SWEET IS TIPPERARY. Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring-time of the year, When the Hawthorn's whiter than the snow, When the feathered folk assemble and the air is all a-tremble With their gliding and their winging When quickly Silevenamon puts her verdant venture on, And smiles to hear the news the breezes bring.

Toronto Catholic Schools. ST. PATRICK'S SCHOOL. Boys' Honor Roll for May Form IV.—Sen. Div.—Excellent—J. Mohan, J. O'Hearn, W. Hanna, H. O'Donoghue, C. Smith, E. Malone.

Form II.—Sen. Div.—Excellent—J. Murray, J. Devine, C. Ceek, J. Marzani, J. Mohan, J. Burns, S. Selz, G. O'Connell, F. Fox, E. Roach, F. Guay, J. Mulrooney, Jun. D.V.—Good—J. Newton, J. Neville, F. Kenny, J. Fletcher, V. Boomer.

ST. BASIL'S SCHOOL. Report for May. Excellent, 75 per cent. Good 50 per cent. Sen IV.—Excellent—H. O'Leary, M. Smith, G. G. Ryan, C. Costell, T. Cunerty, M. McGee, F. Keating, G. Martin.

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ST. MARY'S SCHOOL HONOR ROLL. Seniors—Fourth—Excellent—Ed. McGee, Martin O'Reilly, Philip Dee, Richard Kinella, John Hagerty, Bernard Sennett, Junior Fourth—Excellent—William McDoWell, Lawrence Danco, Edward Cahoy, Francis Flanagan, Good—James Tenute, Francis Walsh, William Hanlon, E. Buckert, Joseph Lynch, St. Philip Smith, Seniors Third—Excellent—A. Dee, J. Carroll, B. Buckert, P. O'Sullivan, W. Orr, A. Shea, J. Wilson, J. Cozens, J. Haffy, Good—A. Sampson, T. McConvey, J. Stirling, Junior Third—Excellent—J. Clarke, J. Witmer, C. McMurphy, O. Lynch, E. Landreville, W. Massey, Jas. Campbell, Good—J. McAlmon, L. Doyle, P. Albert, J. Cook, J. Berne, B. Donnelly.

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