******* CHILDREN'S

CORNER ***********

SOMEBODY'S BIRTHDAY.
This is somebody's birthday.
Just as sure as fate;
Some little bay is six years old,
Some little girl is eight.
Some little by is three to-day,
Some little girl is thirteen,
XSome little girl is thirteen,
Two apiece, I mean.

Some one is eating his birthday cake And laughing over the plums; Some one is counting her birthday dolls On all her fingers and thumbs Some one is houseing his birthday ball Or winding her birthday watch; Some one is not too wise or tall For birthday butter-scotch.

Think of the beautiful birthday books,
Think of the birthday ch' 1,
Think of the birthday h' plucas
Every day in the yea, i
Every day in the yea, in year,
Every day in the year, my dear,
Every day we're alive,
Some happy child is one or two
Or three or four or five.

HIS FIRST AND LAST BATTLE. An Incident of the Franco-Prussia. 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. Along the river the night-birds were already beginning to call in soft, plaintive notes to one another, the wind sighed wearily among the tall sedge grasses.

naking, overwhelming darkness with a bullet in his breast.

A single star came out beside the moon—a tiny point of light that trembled visibly in the opalescent west. So still it was that one could hear the water of the river lapping incily against the stones.

The boy moistened his parched lips with his feverish tongue. Then he felt about for his canteen, found it and lifted it feebly. If was empty, and yet it had never before been so heavy to his hand. Ho let it fall desparingly, and closed his eyes to keep the quick, hot tears from escaping down his cheek.

"Water, m'sleur."

He looked up. Standing beside him was the wretchedly clad figure of an old camp-follower, bending under the weight of a back-load of canteens His laws were toothiess, his grey hair protruded in tufts through he ragged crown of his hat. Ho mumbled whon he spoke, his eyes rolled frightfully; but to the wounded boy he looked a very angel of mercy.

"Yes," he said, faintly.

The old man stooped with difficulty, lifted the canteen and swung it upon his shoulders.

"Watt," the boy whispered, "I will pay you."

He drow forth a little worn morecco purse and tried to open it, but it slipped from his fingers. The old man unfastened the simple clasp; Withia were a folded paper or two —seraps of home letters maybe—a look of silken br wn hair, lightly sprinkled with grey, and a single gold coin. The boy put the money into the old man's reluctant hand.

"Take it," he said, "and bring the water soon—oh, very soon."

The old man shambled awkwardly away, and the boy dropped his head on one side and closed his eyes.

Deep purple shadows began to drift across the battlefield. The line of

come a distinct shape. And presently one could discorn the rude outlines of a human figure bowed because in an analysis of a human figure bowed to sheath a heavy burden. Nearor 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. The boy drank eagerly, and while he was yet drinking the man moved on.

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

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

The day, with its exciting scenes, had faded from his mind. He saw only the wood's of Aubergne, and the pretty village neating in the valley through which the wild little river hurried on its way to the sea—always splashing, fonming, bubbing, 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

ways splashing, 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 lasses. The long wooden desks were covered with names radely carved by penknives in restless hands. His name was there. And the church with its dim, cool interior, and the leafy shadows which the maples cast through the blinds upon the floor; and his mother's house, with the orchard, and his mother's house, with the orchard, and his mother leasef, with her pure, pale face and sliken brown hair lightly sprinkled with grey. Poor mother, how lonely she must be to-night without her boy. He could see her as of old, sitting in her little low chair with the shaded lamp upon the table beside her and the Bible open on her lap. And Edith, his bright, tall slster whom he had always thought more beautiful than anyone else he had ever seen—she would be kneeling at the window with her folded arms upon the low, broad stil, and her head upon her arms, gazing out into the night and thinking of him. Now the years swing suddenly backward, and he was a little child again at home. The late spring-time filled all the river valloy, and orchards were laden with fragrant bloom.

Under the great apple-tree by the old well he was being swung by Edith. How delicious it all was—the sweet, liquid sunshine, the perfume of the apple blossoms, the weightless white petals drifting down upon his head; the free, swilt motion of the swing, and his tall, strong sister with her laughing brown eyes, and bright, rebellious hair. How green the grass was—and the skies how blue. Just look, Edith—there is nover the flimsiest rag of a cloud to mar their perfectness. Now higher—higher— higher still, straigh up among the boughs where the brown bees are humming. Ah, he can go on kigher— higher silled the star-shine falls tenderly upon his youn

his young dead face.

A CURE FOR IDLENESS.

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 Jully.

In those days Berryer was terribly lazy. His teachers had the present out of him, and he utterly refused to exercise his memory, which in latter days way to prove so ungering. He rebeated against essays, flung off the thraidom of grammar, and declined to bow his head before the yoke of verification. His classmates at length gave him up in despair; they went to the Father Superior of the College of Julily and told him that the boy would do no spair; they went to the remain our perior of the College of Jully and told him that the boy would do nothing, and that nothing could be done with the boy. The Superior, who was a man of sense, thought otherwise. He sent for Berryor into his study, and said to him;—"My dear boy, work seems to bore you, and you appear to think that happiness consists in doing nothing. That being so, you may come and sit in my study and watch me have nothing to do, only understand work; it will not bore you, and you shall think that it must be literally nothing."

thing to do, only understand work; it will not bore you, and you shall think that it must be literally nothing."

The boy was enchanted; he invendantly encoured himself in a corner of the room, while the Oratorian Father paid no more attention to him than it he had been a piece of furniture. The first hour passed picasantly enough. The schoolboy reveled luxuriously in childish daydreams, 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. Another half-hour passed by and then the picasures of idioness began to pail. He stretched out his arm to pick up a book; the Oratorian looked up at once. "My child," he said, "you are to do nothing whatever; reading is doing omething; so take advantage of the permission I have given you, and do nothing at all."

The boy was beginning to discover that complete idieness is distinctly monotonous. So he ventured on a few remarks, but the Father did not reached the bottom of the page on which he was writing, he said;—"My dear boy, everyone has his own tastes. You are fond of being idle, I am fond of work. I do not trouble you not to disturb me in my occupations."

At the end of three hours the Oratorials and the lift lightest and want out instant out

"now I shall be able to amuse mysoil." As soon as he was outside,
he prepared to run off and join his
companions at their games. But
the Father Superior haid a restraining hand upon 1-is 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 this
avenue; but, if you prefer it, you
may go and sit down on that bench."
The boy had never imagined he
could be so delighted to get back to
his work, as he was when he ind at
longth persuaded his Superior to let
him return to his place in class. Nor
was the lesson soon forgotten.

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 disastrously fall to fit all cases. Once an examiner was questioning the pupils of a country school. He wrote on the blackboard the sentence; "The fiy has wings," and asked a class what part of speech each word was.

on a class what part of speed even word was.

They parsed the "the" without any trouble
"What part of speech is 'fly?'"
"Adverb," shouted all the class in

"What! Fly an adverb?"
"Yes, sir," shouted the boys with great positiveness.
"What wakes you think! is an ad-

"Cause the master told us last week that all words that end in 'ly' are adverbs."

A LITTLE SOUL.

One day there came to heaven a little unknown soul which entered immediately without having done anything extrarodinary. The good Lord assigned at a very glorious place, and there was a murmur of aston'shment in the assembly of the saints. All looked towards the Guardian Angel who had brought the little soul. The angels bowed before God and obtained permission to speak before the heavenly court, and from his lips with a sound lighter than the wings of a butterfly, there fell these words which all heaven heard;—

"This has always graciously taken its share of sunshino, of shadow, and of toll, and has never questioned anything in which there was no offence against God."—Golden Sands.

We never know how rotten the tree is until it f. is, nor how un-stable the wall until it crumbles. And

stable the wall until it crumbles. And so in the moral nature of men, subtle forces eat their way silently and imperceptibly to the very centre.

Virtue and truth, the desire of heaven, and loving labor for others' souls for Christ's sake, are the only clear-cut and vivid things in this world; all class is cold and grey, vague, shadowy and insecure.

When conveys handlesteen, and sad-

world; all clae is cold and grey; vague, shadowy and insecure.

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

Was there ever an effence so great that God could not forgive lt? Was there ever an erring child that sinned so greatly that the Holy Church would not seek him out to forgive him? Into the dangeon, into the mansion of sorrow, into 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.

Cunnerly, M. Metee, F. Keating, G. Martin.

Jun. 11.—Excellent—A. Todd, E. Brown, H. McKenna, Good—M. Collins, that he deem and shale, and the good—L. Brady, S. Carney, J. McKenna, C. Charlebols, N. O'Intre, A. McLaren.

Jun. 11.—Excellent—J. Kennedy, S. Baller, F. Smilah. Good—M. Qvlun, S. Baller, F. Smilah. Good—M. Qvlun, Form I.—Sen. Div., Part II.—Excellent—in a the catchism, arithmetic and spelling,—Mary McCarthy, Joseph (Introduced in the dead spelling,—Mary McCarthy, Joseph (Introduced in the dead souls of wandering men to light and forgiveness and joy.

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polloy on.
You may make a test for yourself. You may make a test for yourself. Is the urine scanty, smoky and colored? Have you dull, heavy-pains in the back, over the kidneys? Is the skin hard and dry? Are the eyelids and face pairs and swellen? Is there frequent desire to urinate? Is there pain and scalding at urination? Are you daily growing paler and weaker? Is there shortness of breath, general debility and alternating constipation and looseness of the bowels? These are the symptoms of kidney disease and what is known an Bright's disease, allments which are too common these days, and always exceedingly painful and fatal in results.

gan to pall. He stretched out his recoperating and tried to open it, but it slipped from his flingers. The old man unfastened the simple class; Within were a folded paper or two—scraps of nome letters maybe—a look of sliken br wn hair, lightly sprinkled with grey, and a single gold coln. The boy put the money into the old man's reluctant hand. "Take it," he said, "and bring the water scon—ch, very scon."

The old man shambled awkwardly away, and the boy dropped his head on one side and closed his eye.

Deep purple shadews began to drift exceed the better the more than a dark blur upon the landscape. Another star came out landscape. Another star came ou

AII, SWEET IS TIPPERARY.

th, sweet is Tipperary in the spring-time of the year, When the hawthern's whiter than the When the hawthorn's whiter than the show,
When the feathered folk assemble and the all is all attemble
With their singing and their winging to and fro;
When querily Silevenamon puts her verdant vesture on,
And smiles to hear the news the breezes bring;
When the sun begins to glance on the rivulets that dance.
Al, sweet is Tipperary in the spring;

Al, sweet is Tippotary in the spring time of the year,
When the mists are rising from the loa,
When the Golden Vale is smiling with a beauty all beguilding,
And the Suir goes crooning to the sea;
When the shadows and the showers only multiply the flowers
That the lavish hend of May will fling:

That the lavish

fling;
When in unfrequented ways, fairy music woftly plays Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring!

—Denis McCarthy

Toronto Catholic Schools.

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Boys' Honor Roll for May
Form IV -Sen. Div. - Excellent—
J. Mohan, J. O'Hearn, W. Hanna, H.
O'Donoghue, C. Smith, E. Malone
Good -J. Regan, A. Schreiner, Jun
Div.-Excellent.—J. O'Tuole, James
Walker, G. Aitkins, J. Heck. Good:—
B. Heck, F. Boehler, F. Roonoy.
Form III.—Sen. Div.-Excellent:—
E. Boehler, J. Toblin, E. Marrin,
Good:—G. Roche, Jun. Div.—Excellent.—W. Chase, T. Heanessy, M.
Mechan, F. Shearns, T. O'Hearn,
Good:—C. Higgins, J. Neville, J. Regan.

gan.
Form H.—Sen. Dlv.—Excellent:—J.
Marray, J. Dovine, C. iteck, J. Maron. J. Mohan, J. Buras, E. Seltz,
Goo'.—G. McGowan, T. Fox, E.
Roach, F. Guav., J. Mulrooney, Jun.
D'v.—Good.—I. Newton, J. Neville,
F. Kenns, J. Itotcher, V. Boomer
The following are the names of the
boys who obtained the highest marks
in the monthly competition:—
Form IV—Sen. Div—I, John Mohan; 2, James O'Hearn, and 3, Wiltlam Hanna Jan. Div—I, Joseph
O'Toole, Joseph Walker, and 3,
James V. aker.
Form III—Sen. Div—I, Gordon
Roche, 2, Joseph Tobin; and 3, Ewart Marrin Jan. Div.—! Matthew
Mechan, 2, Wilfrid Chase, and 3,
Thomas O'Hearn.
Form III—Sen. Div.—I, John
Murray; 2, John Maroni; and 3,
James Lebraico. Jun. Div.—I, Willian Menton; 2, Victor Boomer; and
3, Robert Newton.
By mistake Thos. O'Hearn's name
was omitted last month. He came
3rd in the monthly competition.

ST. BASIL'S SCHOOL. gan. Form H.-Sen. Dlv.-Excellent:-J

ST. BASIL'S SCHOOL.

Report for May. Excellent, 75 per cent. Good 50 per

cent
Sen IV-Excellent-H. O'Lears, M
Smith Good-G. Ryce, C. Costell, T
Cunerty, M. Metsee, F. Keating, G.
Martin.

S. Ballo, F. Smith. Good—N. Quinn, E. Charlebois, B. Crocker, H. Crocker, V. Culliton.
Form I.—Sen. Div., Part II.—Excellent in catechism, arithmetic and spelling,—Mary McCarthy, Joseph O'Hara, Nellie Teevin, Hida Elhard, Irene O'Connor, Norine and Katalien Fiynn, Annie Holland.
Jun. Part II.—Arithmetic— Irene Hinchey, M. Cronin. Jun. Part. II.—Phonics, Ellen Hinchey, Mary Nokes, Mary Henrick, Florene Wainwright, M. Cronin. Susan Todd, Gertrude Ryan, Albert Brown.
Primary—Margaret McCabe, Viola Cosgrove, Annie Malcolm.
ST. FRANCIS SCHOOL.
Fourth Form— Excellent— F. O'Hearne, A. Ramsperger, Good— H. Byron, F. Glynn. Highest marks for examination.—I, F. O'Hearne, Z. H. Byron; 3, A. Ramsperger, E. Brennan.
Third Form—Excellent—F. Martin, R. Byron, F. Carroll, G. Ryan, Good—J. Glynn, C. Glynn, L. Glynn, E. Carroll, B. Power.

ST. EDANCIS SCHOOL, JUNIOR.

ST. FRANCIS SCHOOL JUNIOR.

Good conduct and application—Ex-cellent— Francis Murphy, Charles Gartian, Vincent Lynch, Edward Corley, Good—Fred Duffy, Chas. Barrett, Francis Ryan, Rodolph Tou-

Corley. Good—Fred Durly, Class. Barrett, Francis Ryan, Rodolph Toutant.

Sculor Second.—Excellent — Roy Ryrnc, Wilfrid Rutledge, John Carey Good—John Barrett, Arthur Carty. Isaell Barrett, Ambroso Shaw ST. MARY'S SCHOOL HONOR ROLL. Senior Fourth—Excellent — Edward McCaffrey, Martin O'rellly, Philip Dee, Richard Kinsolia, John Hagerty, Bernard Sennett, Junior Fourth.—Excellent— William McDowell, Lawrence Danco, Edward Cahloy, Francis Flanagan. Good—Jams Tennte, Francis Waish, William Hanion, E. Bucket, Joseph Lynch, Stephon Smith. Senior Thurl.—Excellent—A. Dee, J. Carolan, B. Bucket, P. O'Sullivan, W. Orr, A. Shea, J. Wilson, J. Corens, J. Haffy. Good.—A. Sampson, T. McConvoy, J. Stirling. Junior Third—Excellent—J. Clarke, J. Witmer, C. McCurdy, C. Lynch, E. Landroville, W. Massey, Jas. Campbell. Good—J. McMalton, L. Doyle, F. Albert, J. Cook, J. Berne, B. Donnelly.

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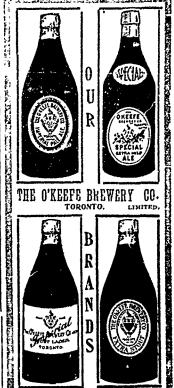
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