

For Boys and Girls.

CONDUCTED BY T. W.

AGNES WESTMAN'S PRAYER.

On a warm summer afternoon there sat in the simple apartments of a city tenement a girl of twenty and a man of forty-five.

There was a deep contrast in both the health and the fortune of the two. She was the mistress of the humble home, and her modest dress was in keeping with her surroundings. Her cheek displayed the hectic flush of a consumptive, which was borne out by eyes deep set in dark rings, emaciated features and long bloodless fingers.

He, on the other hand, was the picture of health and prosperity. Sleek and well fed he sat clad in stylishly cut clothes, and adorned with a profusion of jewelry that repeated the vulgarity expressed in his face. And it was a vulgar face: low browed, darkened with a scowl and irregular in every feature.

The conversation of the moment lent no happiness to this expression, for he had met with a disappointment. Slowly arising he cast a look of scorn on the girl, and with an oath resolved never to offer her or her brother aid again, and then left the room.

As he departed a sigh of relief broke from the young woman's lips. If he would only keep this promise and leave her and hers to themselves she would ask no more.

Agnes Westman was dying just as her mother had died; and from the self-same cause: an overtaxing of her strength to earn an honest living for her young brother and herself. Her father's death came when she was a mere child and her brother an infant. The toil and trouble which in time told fatally on her mother was now showing its effect on the weakly constitution of the growing girl.

But death was not what she feared most. Her life was not near so dear to her as the soul of this brother. For his sake alone she had struggled along in poverty and sorrow. The uncle who had just left her—her only living relative—had repeated an offer often before made of a rich and, as the world sees it, happy home. But the dreadful example of his life and surroundings warned her against risking the soul of a boy, and again she refused.

Nor did the world think this uncle was a wicked man. True he was a saloon keeper, managing, by the aid of cash registers, his six corner grog shops. They were not stylish but there was plenty of money in them, and from his standard of morals it was not for him to meditate on the pangs that his bank account must have cost the wives and children of hundreds of his customers.

Different indeed was Agnes' mind on the subject. She would not accept his aid, for every copper seemed to her coined from the heart's blood of women like herself; of children like her brother. She saw the curse that went with such money when she remembered her good mother's stories of this uncle's early piety; how he was the favorite altar-boy, the obedient child, the devoted brother. She contrasted these qualities with his present godless life, devoid of religion and charity. For years he had not entered a Church, and had naturally brought up his boys in the same careless life that he himself led. This last offer of his service had a special depressing effect upon her, for she realized how sick she was, and could not but see in this visit a sad foreboding of her brother's fate once her protecting hand was still in death.

As she sat wrapped in painful thought there was a creaking of the rickety stairs outside, and a movement of stealthy steps.

Immediately a smile lit up her wasted lips and she turned her eyes to the window as if innocent of her brother's coming. Presently the door was gently opened, the vivacious boy of twelve contemplated her for a moment, laughed with delight at the picture and then rushed over to kiss her.

"Good! Sis, you are feeling well to-night; you are happy," he said with the joy a brother only could know who finds a sick sister hopeful. "And look at this," he continued, displaying three half-dollars. "A whole dollar profit to-day. Fifty cents on my papers and fifty more for carrying satchels to the depot. Think of it! But I have something else to tell you. Father Ferris will call to-morrow.

When I went to make a visit to the Blessed Sacrament in your name this afternoon I met him, and when I told him how you could not go to church any more and sent me in your stead he promised to step in to-morrow morning, sure. Now, wasn't this

a good day for us? Tell me that you are feeling better and I'll ask nothing more."

Poor Agnes! To see so much brotherly love and devotion did make her feel better, and though she coughed much that day and was weakened by the excitement of the interview with her uncle, she could with all truth say that she felt better. But it was the last time she saw this glimmer of hope. That night she went to bed never to rise again.

Father Ferris, the zealous young curate, came in the morning and gave her the consolation of the sacraments. His genial, fatherly way soon made clear to her that she had still one friend in the world. Accordingly she made known to him the danger in which her brother stood, and he disclosed to her the wise means the Church had for protecting such boys. From that time she was happy even in the severest pains. Soon she told her brother of his uncle's visit, warned him of the danger of taking a home from him and pointed out the importance of guarding his faith. Though it was hard for the child to think of going among strangers, and he could understand the danger she spoke of in but a vague way, still he loved her too dearly not to promise a faithful obedience to her wish.

For a month she lingered in suffering when one morning early the kind neighbor who had watched her through the night awoke the boy from his slumbers and brought him to the sick room. Father Ferris was again there, the blessed candle was lighted and the neighbors knelt in prayers about her bedside. Still conscious the dying girl called him to her. "Brother," she whispered, "I am leaving you. Promise me once more that you will hold your faith dearer to you than all else in the world—dearer than life."

"Sister," he answered between his sobbing, "I promise, and you pray, when you are with God, that He and His Blessed Mother aid me as They have aided you."

Then stooping down he kissed her warmly and quite undone by his grief he left the room, never to see her again in life.

After the funeral Father Ferris expected trouble from the Uncle, but there was none. He kept his resolve well, though for all he knew the orphan boy was without a friend in the world. In a few days Joseph was one of the Catholic Industrial School boys, laboring and studying alternatively. There was no change in his kindly character. The prayers of his sister were certainly answered, for through homesickness and the many discomforts that go with making a good man of a boy, he was at no time tempted to break his sacred promise. He knew where his uncle was, knew that he would be welcomed at his rich home, but he never forgot the words of his sister.

II.

The records of the Institution in which he spent the following six years, tell of his sterling qualities yet we will not touch on them, but rather go on to a portion of his after life.

On a bitter cold night twenty years after Joseph left St. Francis' parish for the Industrial School, he sat at home in the richest quarter of the same parish. He was the father of a family now—a happy household, rich in worldly goods, but more than all, rich in God's grace. Above the merry laughter of his three children and the roaring of the winds the door bell sounded two quick, strong strokes that announced their visitor even before he had entered. A look of joy passed from face to face. The children stopped short in their play and ran towards the door. Joseph looked across the table at his wife and said "Father Ferris," while she welcomed his words with a happy smile. A servant opened the door, a hearty laugh rang through the house, then, "God bless you all, little ones!" and the old pastor entered the room with the children clustered about him.

There was a pleasant greeting followed by a gentle admonition from the head of the house to the good priest for being out in such weather.

"Well," answered the priest, "things aren't the same as when we first knew each other, Joe. I'm the pastor now and know the wants of my people better than when I was curate. Then I fell on an occasional case of chance, but now they come to me. I've been in sad homes to-night, and I couldn't rest till I came to the president of St. Vincent de Paul. So-

ciety and got some of these relief cases under way. You meet to-morrow and I might not see you in time. Now, here is a goodly list. Do not ask if they are worthy, they are all human, God help them."

Joseph took the paper in his hand. Father Ferris sat down beside him and there was an earnest conference on the condition and needs of each subject.

"This one," said the priest when they reached the last name, "is the worst case of all. He is sick as well as poor and friendless. He was well off once, too, but made over his property to his two sons to escape a just debt, and was disappointed in them. They have driven him from home, and I think the trouble has affected his mind. He'll tell you about his wicked past, but there is no sign of repentance, nothing but black despair. And he is a born Catholic too?"

Joseph repeated the name to himself and drummed meditatively on the table for a moment. "I'll go to see him to-night," he said, with such an air of determination that neither his wife nor the priest interposed an objection. There was little strange in this conduct either, for Joseph Westman was active in charity's cause, and many a night before he had wandered out on his mission work when the rest of the world slept. In half an hour he had seen Father Ferris home and was standing in the attic of a wretched tenement over the wasted form of the sick man. He had guessed rightly; it was a face he already knew—the face of his uncle. Without disclosing his identity he called a cab and bore the old man to his home. His death was a matter of days, and since his body was already beyond human aid Joseph turned with untiring energy, to the salvation of his soul.

The process of conversion was slow and discouraging but he never relented in his efforts. In time his kindness began to work good, and finally the old man asked him, how he could be so charitable to a perfect stranger? It was the question Joseph had been looking for.

"Why," he answered, "because I am a Christian—a Catholic. I understand that what I do for a creature I do for Christ, according to His own words."

"Yes," said the old man, but I do not deserve anything through Him; I have been too bad for that. I believe in Him; indeed I believe in Him so much that I despair of mercy from Him after the life I have led. You do not know my sins. Added to all my wickedness I have destroyed by my bad example the two souls entrusted to my care. They will bring up families just as they were brought up, and so the sin will go on for ages. Each succeeding generation must sink me deeper into hell."

"But," answered Joseph, "there is still mercy for you and for them if you will but repent and ask it. You know of Magdalen and of the penitent thief. Had even Judas gone to Christ for consolation rather than to the Jews, his sin would have been forgiven him. You, I fear, are acting his part, while a better lies open to you. Die well yourself and then you can pray for your boys. I had a sister who followed this course in my favor, and I feel the effects of her intercession even to this day."

The old man looked earnestly at him for an instant and taking his hand said:—

"You are an Apostle; God bless you. I have never asked your name, now tell it to me. Is it not Joseph Westman?"

"Yes, and you are my uncle. I knew you from the first."

There was a moment of silence and then the old man burst into tears. "My God! he said, 'do you know how I would have left, how I abandoned you after Agnes' death because I thought you were more likely to suffer shipwreck of soul and body when friendless in the world? I hated you because I hated her, and I hated her because she was good. Tell me, do you know all this and yet forgive me? Then if I find mercy in you I may hope for it from God."

The conquest was won. The despairing wretch became from that hour a dying saint. The next day Father Ferris came and administered the last Sacrament. For a few days the patient lingered, and then, with the petition "Jesus Mercy," on his lips, passed gently from life.

This is the story of Agnes Westman's prayer; how it followed her brother through life and reached in its effect even her unworthy uncle. Her cousins too found a change of heart shortly after the old man's death, and are now numbered among the best Catholic families of their native city.—Sacred Heart Union.

The Rosary at the Theatre.

Napoleon I., in the height of his prosperity, was one night at a theatre in Paris attended by a page, the Prince of Leon.

The eyes of the Emperor roamed absent-mindedly around the theatre and

over the assemblage. Several times they were turned on the young prince who was in a meditative mood and was giving but little attention to the passing scene. The emperor noticed that the young man persistently kept his hands under the fur cloak lying on his knees. Suddenly, he plunged his hand under the cloak and seized the hand of the page, in which was a Rosary. At that time the Rosary was not in very high honor, and the prince accepted an abrupt rebuke.

"Ah, Augustus, I have caught you," said the emperor to the young man, who was all confusion. "That gives me pleasure. You are above all these frivolities around us. You have a heart; some day you will be a man."

Returning him his Rosary, he said: "Continue, I will not disturb you." The witnesses of this little adventure did not dare laugh at the words of the emperor. The page who prayed so, did become a man! He died Cardinal Archbishop of Besancon, and left in his diocese imperishable souvenirs of his piety and benevolence.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Two boys were born some years ago as like as like can be; One youngster was the other boy— The other boy was me.

He was a mischief-making lad, Much prone to fights and quarrels; While I was quite a different youth, Of very lofty morals.

They sent him to the self-same school O day of woe and sadness! And now I find I have to pay The price of all his badness.

When he plays truant far away, And acts the naughty urchin, Folks come and vow that it was me, And so I get the birchin.'

In vain I plead an alibi; They say, 'It is a lie, sir; Do you think that we will not believe The witness of our eye, sir?'

One day the toothache did attack This aggravating youth; They took me to the dentist and He drew my finest tooth.

I feel a bit perplexed myself About this mystery, Whether I am the other boy, Or whether he is me.—Sel.

The wrong Side of the Head.

A temperance missionary left a few tracts with a young lady one morning. Calling at the same house a few days afterwards, he was rather disconcerted at observing the tracts doing duty as curl-papers on the head of the damsel to whom he had given them. "Well, my girl," he remarked, "I see you have used the tracts I left with you; but he added in time to turn confusion into merriment, "you have put them on the wrong side of your head."

He Knew a Thing or Two.

"My dear boy," said a father to his only son, you are in bad company. The lads with whom you associate, indulge in bad habits. They drink, smoke, swear, play cards and visit theatres. They are not safe company for you and I beg you to quit their society. "You need not be afraid of me, father," repeated the boy, laughing. "I know a thing or two. I know how far to go and when to stop." The boy left his father's house, twirling his cane in his fingers, and laughing at "the old man's notions" about him.

A few years later and that lad, grown to manhood, stood at the bar of a court, before a jury which had just brought in a verdict of guilty before him, for a crime in which he had been concerned. Before he was sentenced, he addressed the court, and said among other things: "My downward course began in disobedience to my parents. I thought I knew as much of the world as my father did, and I spurned his advice; but, as soon as I turned my back on home temptations came upon me and hurried me to ruin."

Mark that confession, ye boys who are beginning to be wiser than your parents. Mark it, learn that disobedience is the first step on the road to ruin. Do not forget it but ponder over it well.

Live For Something.

In too many comfortable homes the young ladies have nothing to do after leaving school except to kill time pleasantly and to hunt for a husband. The idea that their life should be useful, that their circumstances impose any duty upon them, that they should be in some way worth their salt, never seems to trouble them. They exist to enjoy themselves—to eat the bread of idleness, to dress their bodies in finery, to sing, to dance, to play the piano, to go down to the theatre, to spend the summer out of town and to flirt. They have no useful employment, no ambition to make

the best of themselves, no adequate conception of the reason for their existence, no will to cultivate their high faculties, no thought of making the world better and happier for their existence in it—no desire except to drift along in luxury until they become the heroine of Prince Fortunatus's search for a wife. Life with them is a pastime.

They breathe, move and live; pass off the stage, and are heard of no more. Why? They did not a particle of good in the world. Not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, nor an act they did could be recalled; and so their memory perished, they were not remembered any more than the insects of yesterday.

My dear young readers do not live thus. Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love and mercy upon the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with, year by year, and you will never be forgotten. "Good deeds shine as bright on the earth as the stars in the heavens."

A CATHOLIC SCULPTOR.

At the spring exhibition of the Art Museum in Cincinnati, one of the most noted pieces of sculpture is by Sarah Cecilia Cotter, sister of Father Cotter, of Ironton. It is a "Head of Christ," beautifully modeled and which received unstinted praise from art critics. The Commercial Tribune in speaking of the exhibition said:— "There is a 'Head of Christ' in marble, the work of Miss Sarah Cecilia Cotter, which contains the elements of strength and beauty to a remarkable degree. The work was executed by Miss Cotter immediately after her five months' hard study from life. The judges of the piece it is learned accepted it without one word of adverse criticism, which doubtless was very encouraging indeed to the young lady."

Miss Cotter is undoubtedly a young woman who takes her art seriously, and the success she achieved is one not alone to her admitted talent, but to her earnest devotion to her work and her attention to detail. She has had a piece accepted for the Paris exhibit in 1900, by Ramanelli, the great Florentine sculptor, who is now making a monument for the most famous of all sculptors, Donatello, for Pistoia, Italy. M. Ramanelli pronounced Miss Cotter's work marvelous, a fact of which she is justly proud.

Miss Cotter is at present engaged in making a portrait of the late Bishop Watterson, to be presented by Mr. A. V. D. Watterson, to Mr. Mary's next month at the meeting of the alumni.

Miss Cotter's work as a sculptor, painter, and poet, has already been commented upon in these columns and knowledge and appreciation of her work is not confined to this diocese alone. Miss Eliza Allen Starr, who is a most true and conservative art critic said of Miss Cotter's "Sacred Heart Statue," that "she had produced an ideal representation of our Lord under that most touching aspect of His benignity." Miss Cotter certainly merits further artistic recognition, and her talent and ability insure the success that is sure to come to her.—Catholic Columbian.

Character in the Tongue.

Glossomancy is a new "science" introduced by a Miss Erber, No. of Paris consisting of reading the character by the form and size of the tongue. The guiding principles are as follows:—If the tongue is long it is an indication of frankness; if it is short, of dissimulation; if it is broad, of expansiveness; if narrow, of concentration. When the tongue is both long and large it implies that the possessor is a great gossip, frank to disapprobation and thoughtless. If the tongue be long and narrow, its owner is only half frank, thinking as much as is uttered but not always uttering all that is thought. If the tongue is short and broad, there is promise of plenty of gossip—and falsehoods; it talks a great deal, but says little of what is really thought. If short and narrow it indicates deep prudence. This tongue belongs to persons always ready to make mistakes but eager to inspire confidence. So, then, not the physician alone is to be guided by the tongue, but before becoming intimate with any one ask him or her to put out his or her tongue, that you may be certain whether they are to be trusted or not.

The Congregation of Notre Dame made the purchase this week of three Karn Pianos for use in their Convent, at Richmond, Que.

More Karn Pianos have been sold to the convents this year than pianos of any other make. Beautiful stock of these celebrated instruments always to be seen at the warehouses of The D. W. Karn Co., Ltd., Karn Hall, Building, St. Catherine Street.

COSTLY HATS FOR MEN.

The most expensive hat on record cost \$1,500 in gold, and was presented to General Grant, while in Mexico, in 1882. It is now on exhibition in the National Museum at Washington—perhaps the finest Mexican sombrero that was ever made.

While William H. Seward was Secretary of State in Lincoln's Cabinet some of his admirers in South America sent him a Panama hat, which cost \$1,000. It was on exhibition in a show window in New York for a year or more. Panama hats used to be sold as high as \$500 each. A New York hatter says that in 1867 he sold three hats at that price in a single day, but they are no longer in the market. The most expensive hat he has sold for several years was bought by a New York banker last summer for \$110. It was the last fine Panama hat in stock. Such hats are still worn by the hidalgos in South America. They are not made in Panama, but got the name because that city was formerly the greatest market for them. The finest hats come from Guayaquil and Payta, Peru. They are made of the fiber of the pita or pineapple plant, which is as soft and as pliable as silk, and some of them are so fine that they can be folded up and carried in the vest pocket—Chicago Record.

A HOME MADE HAPPY

MRS. TUCKER, OF NIAGARA FALLS, TELLS WHAT DID IT.

Her Daughter Was Afflicted With St. Vitus' Dance and Helpless as an Infant—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured Her After Specialists Had Failed.

From the Review, Niagara Falls.

It is a horrible feeling to know that you have lost all command or control of your limbs, and must depend upon your friends to wait upon and serve you the same as an infant. This was the condition of Miss Myrtle Tucker for nearly a year, and the Review, learning that she had been wonderfully benefited by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, sent a reporter to hear her story. We called at the residence of Mr. Edwin Tucker, of the village of Niagara Falls. Mrs. Tucker received us very cordially on ascertaining the object of our visit. As nearly as possible these are her exact words in speaking of her daughter's case:—"My daughter Myrtle is in her fifteenth year. About a year ago alarming symptoms of St. Vitus' dance made their appearance, but for some time we did not know what was really the matter. She lost the use of her arms, her right arm was completely paralyzed. She had to be dressed and undressed, being totally unable to help herself. The best local physicians were called in and prescribed for her, but they appeared to be unable to afford relief. We made a trip to Buffalo last January and a specialist was consulted, who recommended that Myrtle be shut up in a dark room for three months, allowing no one to speak to her but the nurse. In fact, the doctor insisted upon her being sent to one of the city hospitals; used it helped to quiet for a time, but no permanent relief was obtained. After our return from Buffalo, my son urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Myrtle. He said he was sure it would do her good as it had cured his boy of a similar complaint. I then determined to try them as I was conscious the treatment she was getting was doing her no good. I purchased a box, and the effect of the pills was almost marvellous from the very beginning; before the first box was used an improvement was plainly discernible. Five boxes in all have been used and Myrtle is now able to run and enjoy herself in a manner she could not do for months and months back. Two weeks ago she commenced to attend school after an absence of nine months. "I want it distinctly understood," said Mrs. Tucker, that the physicians all agreed that my daughter was afflicted with St. Vitus' Dance; that the treatment of the medical attendants did not benefit her and that no other medicine was taken after commencing Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, so there is no doubt her recovery must be attributed to the use of these pills. Her state of health is now most excellent, her appetite is good and I am only too pleased to be able to certify to the above facts in order that others similarly afflicted may be encouraged to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

An impoverished condition of the blood, or a disordered state of the nerves is the fruitful source of most ills that afflict mankind, and to any thus afflicted Dr. Williams' Pink Pills offer a speedy and certain cure. No other remedy has ever met with such great and continued success, which is one of the strongest proofs that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills accomplish all that is claimed for them. They cure locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' Dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, diseases depending upon vitiated blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, curing all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.