

OUR SEPARATE SCHOOLS.

(WESTERN DIVISION.)

THE PUPILS' GAZETTE.

No. V. Being a Series of Literary Specimens Written by Fourth Form Children.

NOTE.—The following pieces are the result of a circular issued by the Inspector at the beginning of the present session. The contents are given by both teachers and pupils in the hope that the experienced reader will allow these juvenile authors the indulgence due their yet immature minds. The pieces are named in alphabetical order.

The Holy Rosary.

Our Holy Father the Pope sent a letter concerning the Rosary, which was read on Sunday, September 28th, in our church and all the other Catholic churches throughout the world. In this letter he pointed out the three great evils that existed in society. First was the dislike to work; second was the love of ease; third was the love for pleasure. If these people said the Rosary every day these evils would not exist, and they would not be continually murmuring about their hard lot, but on the contrary would be happy. In the far east it was customary for Christians to crown our Blessed Mother with roses. St. Gregory was inspired to put in place of a crown of roses a crown of prayers. St. Bridget of Ireland brought it to a greater perfection; she threaded beads of wood or stone in the form of a crown. Rosary means crown of roses, and the prayers which we say form a wreath of spiritual roses with which we crown our Mother. The Rosary of the Blessed Virgin is composed of five decades, each decade ten Hail Marys and Our Father. By saying the Hail Mary more than the Our Father is because the Rosary was instituted to honor the Blessed Virgin. When we say the Rosary we should meditate on the life of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother. A priest once called to hear a young man's confession. When he got to the point where the young man was unconscious. The priest offered up a Mass for the young man when Mass was over a servant told the priest the man was better; the priest went and found the young man praying to the Blessed Virgin.—Charles Gillis, Toronto.

A Base Ball Game.

As an out-door game and a healthy exercise, I think base ball is the best that could be had for the summer months. To play the game properly it is necessary to have nine men on each side, namely: the catcher, the pitcher, the short-stop, the first, second, and third basemen, and the right and centre fielders. The way the men stand on the field is like this: The catcher stands a few feet behind the man that is striking, with a mask on his face to prevent the ball from hitting him. In the face, a pair of gloves on his hands to prevent the ball from hurting his hands, and a chest protector to prevent the ball from hitting him in the chest. The pitcher stands in the pitcher's box to throw the ball. The short-stop stands between the third base man and the pitcher to prevent the ball from passing him. The first, second, and third base men stand with one foot on the base in readiness, and the other three fielders stand outside of the diamond. If the striker strikes at the ball three times and it is not caught he has a chance to run to his base, but if it is caught he is counted out. Three men have to get out before the other side gets in. Four balls takes a base, that is to say, if the pitcher throws four balls that are not fit to strike at, the batter takes a base, but if he runs over the base and is touched with the ball he is counted out. The game is composed of nine innings for each side. Great liveliness is required if you wish to be a good player.—Chas. Fraser, Toronto.

Value of Time.

Time is invaluable; yet how few of us bear this in mind, and as a consequence how imperfectly is our work done. We school girls are very much inclined to be idle or waste our time in trifles, for so many things appear to draw the attention from what we are engaged in, that it requires a great deal of interest and application to prevent us from wasting it. Time is important, and is needed for everything, great or small. It is necessary for the actor to become an oak, for the seed to become a flower, for the nation to make full use of his reasoning powers, and, since God has ordained it, time is necessary to obtain Heaven's reward. It is necessary either by education or by nature, to fill a high position in the world, make no use of their talents. Perhaps, when young, they wasted time while at school, where they had an infinite value, and which would have helped to form either habits of diligence or idleness, which habit once acquired would never forsake them, even when they have grown to manhood or womanhood. If it were the good point, they would have had the benefit of it, and have been able to prepare themselves for it; but if they were the other, the effects of unhappiness would be felt in this world, and greater still in the next. After having acquired the latter habit, they have paid no attention to the flight of time, wasting hour after hour in idle dreams of the future, and wondering what Providence would send them, or caring little for advancement in virtue or knowledge. Daily and hourly we are drawing nearer to the end of our time on earth, and we are making good or bad use of it, since God forces no one. God placed us here to make good use of our time, and for a definite purpose, which is to see and be happy with Him forever in Heaven. We know that it is of so much importance we should try to waste no opportunity of doing what which will help us on our journey to eternity, where time will be no more.—Ellen Christie, Toronto.

Self-Help.

"Heaven helps those who help themselves" is a well-tried maxim, embodying in a small compass the results of vast human experience. The spirit of self-help is the root of all perfection. Whatever is done for men takes away, to a certain extent, the necessity of doing for themselves. Even the best institutions can give a man no active help; the most they can do is perhaps to leave him free to develop and improve his condition. Institutions have been made what they are by the thinking and working of many generations of men, patient and persevering laborers in all conditions of life, cultivators of the soil and explorers of the mine, inventors and discoverers, manufacturers and mechanics, artists and poets, philosophers and politicians—all have contributed towards the grand result: one generation building upon another's labors and carrying them forward to still higher stages. This constant succession of noble workers has served to create order out of chaos in industry, art and science; and the living race has thus become the inheritrix of the rich estate which has been placed in our hands to cultivate and hand down, not only unimpaired but improved, to our successors. Like a man in the ranks having in all times been amongst the greatest of warriors; though only the generals' names may appear in the history of his great campaign, it has been a great measure through the valor and heroism of the privates that victory has been won. Many are the lives of men unwritten, which have nevertheless as powerfully influenced civilization and progress as the more fortunate great whose names are recorded in biography. Even the most insignificant, which sets before his fellow-men an example of industry and upright honesty of purpose in life has a present, as well as a future, influence upon their lives being for his life's character pass unconsciously into the lives of others and propagate good example for all time to come.—M. Larkins, Toronto.

The Dying Year.

As the year passes on each season performs its duty and brings with it many changes which should be valuable lessons for all of us. The first season of the year awakens in

our minds many happy memories of childhood while the bright summer months remind us of our youthful hours, when all was sunshine. But let us stop at autumn! Does not this season procure for us an excellent subject for reflection? Certain you will say that it does. In the first place let us dwell upon the surrounding scene. How gorgeous the earth appears, wreathed with nature's garlands of crimson and gold, mingled with many other shades which display themselves as the leaves are rustled to and fro by the passing breeze; and to crown all, let us gaze intently on our glorious sunsets, which seem to smile upon earth's radiant beauty. What a fund of knowledge we can reap from the thoughtful scenes of knowledge that will aid us in securing a happy home for all eternity. Alas! how few of us consider that, when our spring-time and summer of life are over, autumn will wind its way slowly but surely, and like the leaves that waved in the summer air, winter and decay; so too will we fade away gradually and return to mother earth. But while all these things are going on around us, we must not be dreaming, for beyond the grave there is a tribunal of Divine Justice to which we must render a strict account, and it is only then that we shall fully believe that the Creator has been profoundly enough on God's wonderful works.—Ellen Brown, Toronto.

Mr. Noble and his Sons.

Did you ever hear of old Mr. Noble? Well, if you did or not I will tell you about him. He was a very fine old gentleman. Even his liked him; they remarked how agreeable and nice he was; he would do anything you would ask of him, if it were in his power. When he had reached his sixty-sixth year, he was beginning to enjoy the little fortune he had accumulated by laying away every year a small deposit, his kind wife was called to her reward beyond this world. Mr. Noble then had a very large family, all of whom were boys, and everybody knows how difficult a task it is to manage a household when you have a large family of children. He was a very kind and sympathetic man. Of all his sons there were two of the same disposition, these two were the ones who were contenting and quarrelling with one another. The father tried every means to reconcile them and to establish peace in the home, but all to no use. The year 1875 he visited Canada and called on poor Mr. Noble before leaving. Indeed he was so very ill that he could not get away, and he himself seemed to think the same. Feeling he would soon have to leave his sons he called them into his room and told them to bring with them a bundle of sticks. Then he commanded them to try if with all their strength any of them could break it. They all tried very hard, but to no purpose, for the sticks were so closely and compactly bound together that it was impossible for them to break the bundle. The father then, in result, told them to untie it and to take a single stick and to try to break it, which they did with the greatest ease possible. This little incident gave the father an opportunity to address his sons on their duty to each other. He said that the bundle showed them the power of unity, and begged them to be likewise united in the bonds of friendship and brotherly affection.—Adelaide Barry, Sunningdale.

A Canadian Autumn.

Of the four seasons perhaps Autumn may be considered as the most beautiful. A most beautiful sight is the appearance of the sky in the autumn evening. The rich purple clouds, through which breaks the golden reflection of the setting sun; the grandeur of the autumn woods and the rich waving fields of grain, all these things are so inspiring to the admirer of nature's beauties. The temperature is cool and refreshing, and the laborer would seem that God, in His mercy, had provided this autumn season in order to strengthen his drooping creatures after the hot summer months, and to prepare them for the cold season of winter so close at hand. Many people are now obliged to change their light summer clothing for heavier ones, such as coats and trousers. This is the best time to put on new clothes, for the weather is just what is needed to keep them from becoming too warm, and to keep them from becoming too cold. The autumn season is a most beautiful one, and it is well worth our while to spend some time in enjoying it.—Alice Kinsella, Toronto.

A Rambles Through the Woods.

A ramble through the woods is more than two hours' enjoyment. In May we go and pick May flowers, white lilies, and many other beautiful flowers. I love to sit on the bank of a brook, and listen to the little brooks and streams running by, and listen to the different birds twittering and singing their sweetest songs on the highest branches of the trees. I love to sit on the green ferns and blue and purple violets, yellow buttercups, white and golden colored sunflowers, and many other flowers. I love to sit on the bank of a brook, and listen to the little brooks and streams running by, and listen to the different birds twittering and singing their sweetest songs on the highest branches of the trees. I love to sit on the green ferns and blue and purple violets, yellow buttercups, white and golden colored sunflowers, and many other flowers. 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