

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Boys and Girls:

How about those gardens I thought you were all preparing. Surely it is time to write us about them. I am sure you must have lilac blooms around your houses. They are the sweetest things we can get now. I am patiently waiting for letters.

Your loving  
AUNT BECKY.

LULLABY.

Come, come my sweet!  
Those little feet  
Danced through the happy day;  
But now to rest,  
Like sun in west,  
Must hie themselves away!  
Shut tired eyes—  
The butterflies  
Have left the daisies too—  
And birds to nest,  
On mother's breast,  
Are just as glad as you!  
Good-night! Good-night!  
My heart's delight,  
Hush—sleep—and never fear!  
Soon in their best  
Will flowers be drest,  
To-morrow's dawn so near.  
Hush, hush, dear heart!  
Stir not nor start!  
God's stars shine in the sky.  
And now to rest—  
Like sun in west,  
Earth sings your lullaby.

TEDDY'S FIRST POCKET.

"I want pockets in my new pants," said Teddy.  
"You are too little," said mamma.  
"Please, mamma!" Teddy pleaded.  
"Pockets go with pants. All the big boys have them."  
"Well," mamma replied, "I suppose you must have them. Yes, I will put some in."  
"Nonsense!" exclaimed Aunt Emily. "Clara, you don't mean to let that baby have pockets? He will have them full of rubbish and in a dreadful condition all the time. He's too little for trousers, to say nothing of pockets."  
But mamma put the pockets in, and Ted was happy. He went round with his hands in those little snuggeries, feeling very proud and grown-up, and trying to whistle; and by and by he began to put things into them.  
"If I had the darnest-cotton, I would mend the stockings," said grandma, "but it isn't in the basket."  
"Here it is," said Teddy, taking a little black ball out of his right pocket. "I found it behind the door, grandma. I didn't know it was darn-cotton; I thought it was just string."  
"You didn't happen to find my pencil, did you?" asked Sister Sue. "I lost it yesterday and I can't find it anywhere."  
"Yes," said Teddy, "it was in the waste-basket. I picked it out and put it in my pocket. I didn't know it was yours, Susie," he said, as he passed it to her.  
Pretty soon mamma could not find her thimble. "I had it this morning," she said, "and all at once I missed it. I am sorry, for it was the one you gave me, Emily."  
"Here it is," said Teddy. "I found it down in the pansy bed. I meant to give it to you, but I forgot."  
"It must have fallen off the window-sill," said mamma. "I remember now; I was sitting by the garden window."  
That afternoon Sister Mary asked if anybody had seen a button, for she had lost one off her blue dress; Tom inquired if anybody had run across his jack-knife, which he was using at noon and mislaid; Johnny needed a piece of string in a hurry; and grandma could not find a little nail. All these things Teddy produced as they were wanted.  
"I take it all back, Ted," said Aunt Emily, laughing. "Your pockets certainly are the most useful ones in the family. You don't happen to have a box of chocolates, do you?"  
"No," Teddy replied soberly, "but I have some candy that isn't chocolate. Mr. Smith gave it to me. It's taffy."  
Aunt Emily laughed again. "There, Clara," she said, "I told you so!"

JACK AND THE HONEY.

"What a fearful annoyance are those flies!" exclaimed Jack, the dog, one warm spring day as half a dozen of the little winged insects buzzed about his head.  
Then he snapped at one of them—

to-date methods, who is the real productive force in a community. He is wanted everywhere. But there is very little demand for human machines.—O. M. S., in Success.

THE OBEDIENT BOY.

A little boy was sailing a boat with a playmate a good deal larger than he was.  
The boat had sailed a good way out in the pond, and the big boy said: "Go in, Jim, and get her. It isn't over your ankles, and I've been in every time."  
"I daren't," said Jim; "I'll carry her all the way home for you, but I can't go in there; she told me I mustn't dare to."  
"Who's she?"  
"My mother," replied Jim, rather softly.  
"Your mother! why, I thought she was dead," said the big boy.  
"That was before she died. Eddie and I used to come here and sail our boats, and she never let us come unless we had strings enough to haul in with. I ain't afraid; you know I'm not; only she did not want me to and I can't do it."  
Wasn't that a beautiful spirit that made little Jim obedient to his mother even after she was dead?

THE DOLL THAT STAYED OUT.

(Carolyn S. Bailey, in New England Homestead.)  
Poor Mehitabel Susan Jane, All one night she lay out in the lane, And only the stars looked down to see  
How lonesome a lonely rag doll can be.  
A little black bat who was pert and bold Laughed at Mehitabel there in the cold.  
The old grey owl in the hemlock tree Peered with his queer round eyes to see  
Whatever that was sitting up by the gate,  
A little rag doll left out so late!  
And when it came morning I found her there,  
And I hugged her tight, and I combed her hair,  
And she seemed all right, but never again Will I leave Mehitabel out in the lane!

CHARITABLE SPARROWS.

The sparrow has never been noted for its good works and kind deeds, but the following little story throws a new light on these despised little scrappers.  
Last spring a young robin was found floundering about a gentleman's lawn. It was unable to fly, and had evidently fallen from the nest. Fearing that the cats might devour it in the night, this gentleman took the bird to the rear of his yard and placed it in an enclosure covered with a wire screen. While dressing the next morning he looked out of his window and was amazed at the actions of a couple of sparrows who were carrying worms to the young robin in the enclosure. They would fly away only to return a few moments later with worms, which they dropped through the screen into the upturned mouth of the captive. They kept up this charitable feeding until the robin was liberated, and even then they hovered around like self-appointed guardians.—Washington Star.

PERUGINO.

(B. E. B., in Sunday Companion.)  
There is an artist known to the world as "Perugino," or "Il Perugino," after Perugia, in Italy, where he lived many years. His birthplace is Città della Pieve, Umbria, Italy, and he was born in the year 1446 and died in 1524.  
In his day he was regarded as one of the great artists of Italy, and his fame still continues. He was the teacher of the great Raphael, and his renowned pupil never ceased to respect and honor his master.  
Perugino's greatest work in existence is the decorations in the Sala del Cambio at Perugia. Some of his frescoes are in the Sistine Chapel, in Rome. In the Uffizi and Pitti galleries, in Florence, there are several of his famous easel pictures. His pictures of St. Benedict and St. Michael are details from the "Assumption of the Blessed Virgin," which is in the Academy at Florence.  
The picture of "Tobias and the St. Raphael" is a detail from an altar piece which is now in the National Gallery, in London. One of our favorite St. Michaels is from the same altar piece.

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

Youth is the time to do good reading. If the years of youth are frittered away over trashy novels, cultivated minds will not be the result.

It is while the mind is still fresh and the memory quick, that the best things in literature should be read, always, of course, choosing those books which are not beyond the comprehension of the child or youth who is to read them.

THE ODOR OF SPRING.

John Burroughs writes in The Country Calendar for May as follows:  
"The first perfume of vernal bloom drifting upon the breeze, thrilling your sense as you walk the highway, or cross the little hill by the foot-path, usually appears in early May. It is faint and delicate, but unmistakable—it is a token of bloom somewhere. One throws up his head and sniffs it and searches for it, as he would bend his ear for some faint, far-off strain of music. It is a breath of the myriad opening buds in field and wood, or has the south wind brought it from warmer climes? For years I was much puzzled as to the origin of this rare, elusive odor of early May mornings. Now I am convinced it comes from the blossoming elms; I have traced it home. There seems to be only a brief period, probably only one or two mornings, when the elms emit this delicious odor. It is the same with the sugar maple bloom. It is not every spring that I catch its perfume. It seems heavier than that of the elm and does not drift so far upon the breeze, but it is equally brief and uncertain. In both cases the atmospheric conditions must be favorable—a warm, moist, gentle south-west wind and a day that wets and caresses all things."

## PALE, FEBBLE GIRLS.

A Great Responsibility Rests on Mothers of Growing Girls.

A great and serious responsibility rests upon every mother whose daughter is passing the threshold of girlhood into womanhood. She is at a crisis, and if she is to be a healthy, happy woman, she must develop rightly now. She must not be pale, sunken-eyed, sallow, languid and bloodless at this time. She must have additional strength and rich, pure blood to help her to strong, healthy womanhood. There is only one absolutely certain way to get new, rich, health-giving blood, and that is through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every pill helps to make rich, life-giving blood, that brings strength to every organ in the body and the glow of health to pale, sallow cheeks. Thousands of pale, anaemic girls in all parts of Canada have been made well and strong through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Rachel Johnson, Hemford, N.S., says:—"As a result of overstudy in school, the health of my daughter, Ellen, became greatly impaired. She grew extremely nervous, was pale and thin, and suffered from most severe headaches. She had no appetite, and notwithstanding all we did for her in the way of medical treatment, her suffering continued, and I began to feel that her condition was hopeless. Indeed I began to fear her mental powers were failing. One of my friends strongly urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as I was willing to do anything that might help her I sent for a supply. After using the pills for less than a month, we saw that her vigor was returning, and in less than three months her health was fully restored. Considering the fact that she had been ill for two years, and that doctor's treatment did her not one particle of good, I think her cure speaks volumes for the wonderful merit of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."  
The new blood which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make, is the whole secret of their great power to cure diseases. That is the reason these pills cure anaemia, heart palpitation, headaches and backaches, rheumatism, neuralgia, kidney troubles, and a host of other ailments due to bad blood and weak nerves. But be sure you have the genuine with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box. If in doubt, write direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

A country newspaper speaks of a man who always paid for his paper a year in advance. As a reward, he was never sick in his life; never had a corn on his toes, or a toothache; his potatoes never rot; the frost never kills his pears; his babies never cry at night; his wife never scolds; and he has succeeded in serving three terms on the school board without being criticised. We do not know whether such happy results would follow paid-up subscriptions to religious papers or not, but it wouldn't do any harm to try it.

## A TRIBUTE OF LOVE TO MARY.

When God, in His all-merciful goodness, created time, He allotted to every moment thereof its own respective function, and from that special avocation it has never deviated during the six thousand years of its existence. What greater events than those hallowed by the remembrance of Mary Immaculate, could Time, the oldest of God's creatures, mark out?

There is in each day, an hour when the busy hum of labor ceases in its course, and the noontide is lulled to sleep by its own fragrances; the heart, then momentarily released from the cares and troubles of the world, soars to Mary's throne, there to offer its humble salutation. Yes, as the sweet Angelus Bells peal out their tones, the toilers pause and with uncovered heads and hearts uplifted, pour forth their orisons to Mary our Mother, in words of love and praise.

And when the deep gold of eventide burns in the western sky; when twilight sinks to rest 'neath the broad shadows of twilight, how soothing it is to the tired spirit to wait to heaven on the wings of the soft and gentle breezes, our hymn of deep thanksgiving; the beautiful Magnificat.

Each month throughout the year contains also a special feast day of our Mother Mary. At one time we are lost in admiration of the child who, at the tender age of three years, leaves the happy abode of her saintly parents, to seek the solitude of the Temple, in order to hold sweet and intimate communion with the God of her heart. At the presentation in the Temple they saw a child of marvellous beauty and precocious piety; but the angels of heaven strewed her path with odoriferous flowers and chanted her entry with melodious concerts, for they beheld in that fair and fragile creature their own glorious Mistress, the Virgin Mother of God. At another time we behold her whom the angels call their Queen, wending her quiet way to the Temple more humble than the most humble woman; and she who might offer for the most costly gift, had she so wished it, presents only the simple offering of the poor, as a ransom for her Divine Son, the King of Heaven.

Again we honor her whose humble fiat drew earthwards the Son of God from the bosom of His Eternal Father, to her own pure and loving heart. Now we kneel at the feet of our Mother of Good Counsel, to implore from her maternal lips those words of advice whose fulfillment will one day conduct us safely to our true home above. And is it necessary to wait for the feast of our sweet Lady of Good Counsel in order to ask what we must do? Is she not always ready to listen to our supplications and to soothe our aching hearts? Let us, then, go often to our Mother and speak to her in the simple words of our little hymn: "Life, alas! is often dark and dreary. Lacking shadows hide the truth from view."

When my soul is most perplexed and weary,  
Mother, tell me, what am I to do?

And when we shall have poured the pent-up feelings of over-burdened hearts into her ever-attentive ear, even though tears flow freely and mingle with our prayer, yet we shall rise comforted, for we feel that our Mother has heard our sighs and listened to our entreaties, and with heart consoled we continue our hymn of confidence:

"In thy guidance tranquilly reposing,  
Now I face my toils and cares anew,  
All through life and at its awful closing,  
Mother I tell me, what am I to do?"

On the feast of Our Lady, Help of Christians, ascends to Mary's throne a special petition for supernatural strength, with which to combat our many foes during this weary warfare against dangers and temptations. And most fervent are our supplications to our Mother of Perpetual Help; for is not this title the dearest of all to the frail, human heart; that sweet assurance that we have in heaven a mother whose joy it is to shower upon us her children, the endless riches of her Divine Son?

Mary, Refuge of Sinners! What sweet consolation to the poor sinner, who, from the depths of a repentant heart, cries to thee for grace and perseverance? And thou dost never fail to bring back that wayward but forgiven heart, to repose it nigh unto thine own.  
Great is the joy which inundates our souls when we contemplate the superhuman prerogatives of that celestial Eve, who has restored to a fallen race the hope of a glorious im-

mortality: Mary, who alone has escaped the fiery weapons of evil; Mary, whose Immaculate Conception has elevated her to the most sublime of all vocations: Virgin, Mother of God Himself. Oh! Mary, thy very name brings unspeakable happiness to our hearts. That holy name in which is hidden a spell so potent, that merely to pronounce it softens the heart, to write it beautifies the style.

And now, we might ask, why is the month of May especially consecrated to Mary?

When the Church in her unerring wisdom set apart a feast, she followed therein the impress stamped upon the human heart by nature. In the bleak days of autumn, when the trees are stripped of their bright leaves, and nature, as it were, seems to die, then it is that the Church celebrates the feast of her departed faithful, whereby we are impressed with that inexpressible loneliness which better disposes us to raise our hearts above the transient joys of this sad earth. Or, again, wishing to recall to our hearts the intense suffering of our Divine Lord, the feast of Christmas is celebrated in the depth of winter, amid snow, ice and darkness, when everything human is safely protected from the rigors of that severe season. In like manner it is that in the life-giving month of May, when the heart is gay amid the countless beauties which surround it, the Church perpetuates the feast of Mary.

Behold, then, the cherished month of our Mother! The month of exultation, the forerunner of the most beautiful season, when earth smiles amid the adornments of nature, bestowed upon it by the loving hand of Almighty God; yes, that same sweet month has returned again. May comes forth in all her beauty and sunshine, like a message of liberty to winter's prisoners; like a gleam of hope piercing the dark clouds of despair and dejection, with a promise of renewed life to the weary heart. All creatures strive with rivalled zeal to offer their homage to the Queen of May.

The lengthening days, the roseate dawns, painting in varied tints the serene blue heavens, golden sunsets, opening flowers, budding trees, and sweeping rivers and limpid streams, just freed from the strong clasp of their icy charms; rippling brooks, winding along on their refreshing course through verdant woods, the little birds saluting with twittering acclaim the rising King of Day, the lark mounting to heaven on sunlit wing and warbling with unwearied voice its ceaseless hymn of praise, the morning zephyrs, gently arousing the peaceful slumbers of the streams, the enamel of the various fields and freshness of the green forests.

When Nature vies in such a manner to honor Mary, shall we, her children, stand by and refuse to mingle our praise with the gentle beauties of spring? Shall we not hearken to the lesson of the little flowers that adorn our Mother's altar? The chill winter of ingratitude is over, and May has heralded in the lengthening days of warmest love. Let us go then to Mary, and during her glorious month let us hasten to make reparation for all the insults offered to the most tender of mothers; and there on her shrine amidst smiling flowers and brilliant lights let us place our hearts as the deepest token of our affection. Yes, and let us go and fall on our knees before that vision of loveliness in the time-honored sanctuary of dear old St. Ann's, which is like some beautiful dream in whose presence we can but lift our hearts in silent homage to Mary, for the grandeur of the scene is too deep for words. In our inmost souls we then beseech Mary to guard those poor hearts which love her so much until that eternal May-day, when gathered around her own heavenly throne, rich with the odors of celestial beauty and love, we shall chant the endless glories of our Queen of May.

MARGARET MAHONEY.

MAY 15, 1905.

## CONFIDENCE IN THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Let us have confidence in Mary and go to her in all our troubles. With her aid, and under her protection, we shall vanquish the internal foes that battle against us; we shall conquer those enemies that oppress us so hard; we shall come forth victorious from the fierce combat of life. Mary, with the kind hand of a mother, will lead us on to glory and happiness, for her maternal heart sympathizes with us, her afflicted, suffering, exiled children. From her place beside the throne she intercedes for us, and we well know that with the acceptor of intercessory power, she rules that sacred realm of all mercy and love—the sacred heart of Jesus—Home Journal and News.