

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A Little Tribute to St. Joseph.

With hearts thrilling loud with emotion,
We gather, dear saint, at thy shrine
Our souls rapt in sweetest devotion.
At thoughts of the glories all thine,
St. Joseph, strong shield of our Mother.

Dear guardian of Jesus, our God,
Our Savior, Exemplar and Brother,
Lead us in the paths he has trod.

Chorus.

St. Joseph, kind father, oh hear
Thy children now calling on thee;
In life, as in death, be thou near,
And give to our arms victory.

St. Joseph example of prayer,
With Heaven's best gifts ever fraught;
Thou hidden thy virtues so rare,
All saints in thee model have sought.

The Church's great patron we hail thee,
The twentieth century's star;
The treasures of Heaven ne'er fail thee;
Dispense them, dear saint, near and far.

Send down on our homes the rich blessings
That shone in dear Nazareth of old,
Love's seal on each portal impressing
Our schools and our labors uphold.

All glory to God who has graced thee
With merits befitting His love!
A light in His Church he has placed thee,
Safe guide to our true home above.

St. Joseph, strong hope of the dying
Thro' thy death so peaceful and blest,
With Mary to soothe thy last sighing,
The heart of thy Savior thy rest.

For us conquer death's cruel power,
Let the arms that thy Jesus once bore
Support us in that final hour
And bear us to Heaven's bright shore.

—Ursuline Convent, Tiffin, Ohio.

AN UNLUCKY PRESENT — Little eight year old Minnie Brenner was standing by the window in her home watching the neighboring house, in which Bertha Berger, her friend and playmate, lived. The two houses were situated in the country, and there were no other dwelling-places very near them.

"What are you standing by the window all day for, Minnie?" asked Will, her brother, who had just come into the room. Will was three years older than Minnie, and much taller.

"I am waiting for something," said Minnie.

"Ah, I know what you are waiting for," said Will. "You want to watch Bertha's company going away. What do you want to see these folks for? They are no better than we are."

"Oh, yes, Will, they are rich, and they are so nice looking, and wear such pretty clothes that it does me good to look at them," replied Minnie.

"I think it's a shame Bertha didn't invite you to come over to-day," remarked Will. "She is always with you at other times. She ought to ask you also to come over when she has company. If I were you I should let her feel it when she comes here again next time."

Minnie did not answer. It was true. At other times Minnie and Bertha were together mostly all day, for they had been friends ever since they were babies. But to-day Bertha's aunt from Chicago was there, paying a visit to the family, and Minnie was too shy to go over by herself.

An aunt from Chicago was a very extraordinary person in Minnie's respect. Bertha's little cousin was there also. She was a lovely little girl, with long black curls, and was beautifully dressed. A little while ago she was out in the yard with Bertha, and they were making a snow man. Minnie would have liked so much to join them. If Bertha would have only called her. But she didn't. She pretended not to see her. Minnie's little heart was sore, and her eyes stood full of tears as she thought of it, but she very resolutely brushed her tears away.

"I'll not let anybody see that I feel bad about it, not even mamma,"

no, not even grandma," she whispered.

Minnie's grandma was for the children the most beloved person in the house. She was so good, and she could tell such nice stories. Minnie and Will often sat by her for hours now, while it was winter, and Bertha too. She came every evening to sit with them and listen to grandma's stories.

"Never mind," thought Minnie. "If Bertha has a rich aunt in Chicago, and a pretty cousin, she hasn't got a grandma like I have."

Half an hour later, when it was getting dark, the two next-door visitors mounted a sleigh which was to bring them to the railroad station. Five minutes later somebody knocked at the back door of Minnie's house. "It's Bertha," said Will. "Let her knock a while."

But Minnie went and opened for her.

"O Minnie, my auntie brought me a beautiful present. See here!" cried Bertha joyously, stepping in the room and holding up a very pretty small muff. It was made of black fur, and a red cord and two red tassels were attached to it.

Neither Minnie nor Bertha ever had had a muff. To keep their hands warm on their way to church and school, each of them had a pair of coarse but warm black mittens. No wonder that Bertha felt delighted, and what little girl would blame Minnie for feeling a little jealous?

Minnie was just going to say that she thought the muff pretty when Will broke in. "Ha! ha! ha!" he said, "what kind of a thing is that? Do you intend to wear that to church and school? He-he-heh! The children will make fun of you."

Bertha felt confounded. She had thought that everybody would admire that lovely muff, and that all the girls would be jealous. She had pictured in her mind that they would stand around her and ask her to let them have it just for a while; and now Willie said they would make fun of her. Helplessly she looked at Will and then at Minnie. "You like it, though, Minnie, don't you?" she asked.

Minnie really was a good girl, but to-day she felt angry at Bertha and jealous, and that made her act mean. "The red tassels are so funny," she said. "I'm sure they'll all laugh at you. I wouldn't wear it for anything."

Bertha was very near crying. "You say that because you can't have it," she said. "You are jealous."

"Jealous of that thing?" answered Minnie. "You needn't think that. But you are 'stuck up,' and you wouldn't ask me to come over when your cousin was there."

"She wouldn't have played with you anyhow," was Bertha's answer. Now Will commenced to interfere.

"Why wouldn't she have played with Minnie?" he said. "She's no better than we are. She is nothing but a dressed-up little doll."

This was too much for Bertha. "You are mean," she said. "Both of you are, and I'm going home, and I won't ever come here any more."

"You needn't come here any more," Minnie answered. "We don't want you to come at all, and you will not hear grandma tell stories, either."

Bertha took her muff and ran home crying. Neither did Minnie feel very happy after she was gone, for her conscience told her that she had acted wrong.

Three days went by. As it was Christmas vacation there was no school, and time passed slowly for the two girls. Neither of them went to see the other, but each of them felt lonely and secretly longed for the other's company.

The fourth day was Sunday. In the morning Bertha went to church with her mother, proudly carrying her new muff. Her little hands felt so snug and warm in it she hardly felt the cold at all, and the black fur looked so shining and bright. Once in a while Bertha rubbed it against her cheek to feel how soft it was. The red tassels swung on both sides of the muff as Bertha walked along and when she passed Minnie and Will on their way to church she acted as though she did not see them.

In the afternoon Bertha went to Sunday school. It was the first time since she attended it that she had to go there alone. Formerly she had always been with Will and Minnie. As she walked over the prairie which she had to cross on her way, she felt very desolate, yet she tried not to lose her courage.

"I ain't going to give in to Minnie, 'cause she was mean to me, and 'cause she is jealous. I'd rather go

all alone all the time," she said to herself.

During instructions the girls all looked at Bertha's muff. Minnie did too, and then she whispered something to her neighbors, and they giggled.

"That's 'cause they don't have one," thought Bertha, and she tried not to mind them.

When Sunday school was over Bertha started on her way home all by herself. She was ahead of the others and walked very fast to avoid being overtaken by them. When she entered the prairie Minnie and Will, Tom Sable and his sister, and several boys caught up to her.

Bertha was just wondering whether she better speak to Lillie Sable when Tom called out:

"Hello, what have you got there around your neck?" At the same time he took hold of the red cord. The other children laughed. Bertha said nothing, and pulled the cord out of Tom's hand.

"She's stuck up," said Minnie, "cause she's got a muff, and 'cause she's got a rich aunt in Chicago who gave it to her."

"Poo!" put in Lillie, "there are others having rich aunts."

"What is it?" cried Tom, pretending not to know. "A muff? Maybe it's a muffin. Come, let's look at it. He again took hold of the cord, pulled it over Bertha's head and held it in his hand, swinging the muff in the air.

"Give me my muff! Give it to me!" cried Bertha; but Tom would not heed. He teasingly swung the muff around and around, and all at once threw it high in the air waiting for it to come down so as to catch it. Now something unexpected happened to the muff. The children had just been passing a high tree growing in the prairie, and as the muff went up in the air, the wind blew it against the tree. It was caught in its branches, and there it remained.

When Tom saw what he had done, he laughed and ran away, and he was followed by the others. They left Bertha crying bitterly and standing all alone under the tree with her pretty muff hanging high up in its branches. She looked up and down the road to see if some person would come to help her, but nobody appeared, and finally, as it began to grow dark, she went home feeling very unhappy.

When Bertha arrived at home, she did not receive much consolation. Her papa had gone out, and nobody was there who could have gone to get the muff. Her mamma tried to console her, saying that she would try to get it in the morning, but this failed to comfort Bertha. She lay upon the lounge in the sitting room and cried as though her heart would break.

Finally she felt tired and became a little quieter. She now realized that it was not so much the loss of the muff, which she hoped to get back in the morning, that made her feel bad. It was most of all the fact that the other children had been so mean to her. Above all, Minnie and Will. How could Minnie speak to her the way she did, and how could they both run away and leave her all alone on the prairie!

She wondered what they were doing now. They were certainly sitting together with grandma. She would take a dish of nice brown baked apples out of the oven, and then they would sit together and eat them, and grandma would tell stories. She herself could be there, too, if she had not quarrelled with Minnie. The little girl's conscience told her that she had not acted right towards Minnie the day when the visitors from Chicago were there. She detested herself wishing that they would have never come, and that she would have never received the muff.

Bertha was laying with her face toward the wall while she thought all this, and she did not see that somebody entered the room very softly. All at once she felt something soft touch her cheek. She grabbed it. It was her muff.

Like lightning Bertha turned round to see who put it there, and she saw Minnie standing by the lounge.

"There is your muff, Bertha," she said. "Will went back, climbed the tree, and got it for you, and now please forgive me and let us be friends again."

Bertha felt so astonished she did not know what to say at first. "What made Will go back and get it?" she asked.

"When we came home, Will and I, we felt sorry for you, 'cause we left you all alone under the tree crying, and we told grandma all about the quarrel. We also told her what Tom did. She said that we acted very mean, and she thought we ought to make up. So we made up our minds that Will should get the muff for you and that I should bring it over. Here it is; now let's be friends again, and come along with me to our house, will you? Grandma wants you to come, and Will and I too. We don't enjoy grandma's stories half as much

when we listen to them alone."

While Bertha listened to Minnie saying this, a wonderful brightness and happiness came into her heart. She put her arms around Minnie and kissed her, and said: "It was all my fault, 'cause I really felt 'stuck up.' I'll never be so any more, and don't want to be dressed any better than you are."

"Then we both did wrong," said Minnie. "I felt very jealous. Let's forget it and never quarrel any more."

Now they went together to Minnie's home and there spent a happy evening.

The next day Bertha put the muff in the box in which she received it, and placed it on the shelf in the wardrobe. She took out her coarse woollen mittens and wore them again to church and to school. Nobody could induce her to wear the muff again. It remained hidden on the shelf, and I guess if we would look we could still find it there.—M. R. Thiele in the Young Catholic Messenger.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Oh, where is the man so devoid of all feeling

Of love for the land where his ancestors lay,

That no warm impulse comes o'er his heart stealing

On the bright rosy morn of her Patron Saint's day?

What though among nations her place may be lowly—

What though with dark pages her annals abound—

Shall the ties of affection grow weaker—less holy—

When darkness o'er shadows—when dangers surround?

Unprized were that patriot's soulless emotion,

Whose heart throbb'd more faintly because it felt pain—

More undying his name who, with constant devotion,

Of baffled in right, doth as oft try again.

A dark, dreary night oft precedes a bright morn'g,

And winter but brings a more glorious spring;

So the star of a nation, still through mists of sorrow,

May on her dimm'd horizon its brightest rays fling.

That thus it will be with long, long suffering Ireland,

Her sons will strive ever, where'er they may be,

'Till the clouds that yet hang like a pall o'er their sireland

Shall melt in the sun of Home Rule liberty.

Then shall paeans of joy echo through the green island,

And bright smiles efface every vestige of tears,

And from shore unto shore, through-out valley and highland,

Dormant powers awake that lay fetter'd for years.

'Twas not optimism's dream—'twas no bardic illusion,

That pictur'd an Ireland, "great, glorious, and free,"

'Twas a statesman who styled her, in happy allusion,

"First flower of the earth; brightest gem of the sea."

Then uplift her green banner—ye breezes salute it—

Let its folds fly unfurl'd, blending a-rays with the sun,

On each St. Patrick's Day—few but slaves now dispute it—

'Tis Erin's bright pledge that Home Rule shall be won.

—M. C. O'DONNELL,

Toronto, March 12th, 1904.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

In his Lenten Pastoral, the Bishop of Menavia, Wales, says:

Amid the storm of controversy on educational matters, it seems at times as though the principal object of true education is often forgotten or overlooked. Party feeling and religious bias seems often to be the guiding star of those who dispute as to how the education problem should be solved. The real end and object of educating children should surely be to teach and train them in such a way that they may become good and useful citizens in this world, and that they may so live here on earth as to deserve to be one day citizens of the eternal Kingdom of Heaven.

The end of education, therefore, must be the good, temporal and eternal of the child; and as this life is but a preparation for the life to come, it follows that the child's eternal wel-

fare should be the first consideration in the matter of education. It is for this reason that we Catholics can never consent to any so-called education from which religion is divorced, or which teaches anything contrary to our holy Faith.

It is for this reason that we claim the right of having Catholic schools where, in addition to the secular instruction as given in all other schools, our children can be taught their religion and how to live so as to save their immortal souls. It is not our intention to speak to you on the general subject of education on this occasion. The Government of this country has lately passed an Education Act, which is certainly a great step in the direction of being fair to all parties, without interfering with the religious feelings of any; and we trust that before long we may see this act administered in the spirit in which it was intended, and that all may receive justice at the hands of those who are empowered to deal with this act.

We wish, however, on this occasion to dwell upon the most important branch of education, one which must be attended to, not merely during school hours, but at other times, namely, instruction in Christian Doctrine.

There are three principal places where the knowledge of Christian Doctrine should be imparted to the young; the home, the day-school and the Sunday-school. Of all places and times for instructing youth in Christian Doctrine, the most important, and most lasting in its effect, is the home. Dr. Mostyn proceeds to detail what a true Christian home ought to be, what a Catholic school ought to be, and concludes by urging on parents the necessity of sending their children regularly to Sunday-school in those places where there is no Catholic day school.

Bequests to Catholic Charities.

A Grand Rapids correspondent of the Michigan Catholic says:

"The last will and testament of the late Mrs. Mary McNamara, whose funeral was held from the Cathedral on Feb. 22, was filed in the probate court March 2, and bequeaths a very large proportion of her estate to various Catholic institutions. Rt. Rev. Bishop Richter, by the terms of the will is made executor, the witnesses to the will being Dr. G. K. Johnson and Edwin F. Uhl. It bears the date of 1892.

Five thousand dollars is bequeathed to Bishop Richter to defray funeral and burial expenses; \$5000 to Mary McNamara, her companion and assistant for the past twenty years; \$10,000 in trust to the Bishop, to be devoted to the erection of a Catholic College in or near Grand Rapids; \$10,000 for a House of the Good Shepherd, also to be established in or near the city of Grand Rapids; \$5000 in trust to Bishop Richter for the establishment of a hospital to be under the management of the Bishop and his successors; \$5000 in trust to the Bishop to assist in the support of St. Andrew's Cathedral; \$5000 to St. John's Orphan Asylum; \$1000 to the Little Sisters of the Poor; \$3000 to Rev. Jos. Benning, O.M., Cap., formerly one of the pastors of St. Andrew's; \$500 to Michael McNamara and wife Mary. The residue of the estate, after the above bequests are paid is devised to Bishop Richter in trust for the college and hospital mentioned above.

The announcement of the terms of her will creates little surprise, or comment in this city among people who knew her best, as her numerous munificent acts of charity during her lifetime prepared her friends to expect that the Church and the great Catholic institutions she loved so well would be remembered at her death. All her bequests to the charitable institutions mentioned will be available at a most opportune time, the Sisters of the Good Shepherd having been hard at work for the past six weeks endeavoring to raise sufficient funds to establish the order in this city. The generous bequest of Mrs. McNamara will make it possible for them to build a house suitable for their present needs, and enable them to come here at once and begin the grand and noble work to which these saintly women devote their energies and their lives."

DETROIT AND CARNEGIE.

The City Council of Detroit has rejected the offer of Mr. Carnegie, the American multi-millionaire, to donate \$750,000 to erect a public library.

THE NEW BISHOP OF NEW YORK

Upon the recommendation of Archbishop Farley, Pope Pius X. has appointed Rev. Thomas F. Cusack, Superior of the Apostolic Mission Band, now stationed at St. Teresa's Church on Henry street, to be Auxiliary Bishop of New York; Mgr. Joseph F. Mooney, Vicar General of the Archdiocese, and Pastor of the Church of the Sacred Heart, to be member of the College of Prothonotaries Apostolic, and Rev. Dr. Michael J. Lavelle, Rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral, to be a Domestic Prelate.

Father Cusack is forty-two years old, was born in this city, and was educated at St. Francis Xavier's College, whence he graduated in 1880. He was ordained a priest in 1885 at the Troy Seminary, and was sent as Assistant Pastor to St. Theresa's, which position he held for ten years. He was then assigned to the rectory of a Church in Rosendale, N. Y. He gave up this parish to enter missionary work. His office will be to relieve the Archbishop of a good deal of routine labor.

Vicar General Mooney was born in Pennsylvania in 1848, and was reared in Kingston, N.Y. He was graduated from St. John's College, Fordham; was ordained in Troy Seminary, and for eight years was Professor of Moral Philosophy there, being at one time assistant to the late Dr. McGlynn. He left the Seminary to become pastor of St. Patrick's Church, in Newburg, and there he remained until 1890, when he came to the Church of the Sacred Heart, in this city.

He was appointed Chancellor in 1892, to succeed Bishop McDonnell, and four months later he was made Vicar General on the death of Mgr. Preston. In June, 1896, he celebrated the completion of his twenty-fifth year as a priest, and then was elevated to the dignity of Monsignor.

With his promotion to the post of domestic prelate, Father Lavelle will have the rank of Monsignor. He was born in New York city in 1856, and when very young was an altar boy for Cardinal McCloskey. He was graduated from Manhattan College in 1873, and from there went to the Troy Seminary. He was ordained in 1879. All his sacerdotal career has been spent at St. Patrick's Cathedral. When it was opened in 1879 he was assigned there as assistant priest and in 1887 was made Rector. He was made Vicar-General in September of last year.

Mgr. Thomas F. Kennedy, Rector of the American College in Rome, is also made a member of the College of Prothonotaries Apostolic in recognition of the work he has done at the College in the last two years and a half.

The College of Prothonotaries Apostolic, of which he has now become a member, consists of twelve members who are charged with the registry of acts, proceedings relating to canonization, etc., in the Catholic Church.

Archbishop Farley is to sail from Naples for New York on March 18th on the North German Lloyd steamship Prinzess Irene. He has received a long autograph letter from Pope Pius, in which the Pontiff speaks in highly complimentary terms of his work since he became Archbishop of New York. The letter will be published when Archbishop Farley returns to America.

The official announcement of the appointments has been received at the Cathedral. The new Bishop will be stationed at St. Stephen's Church, in East Twenty-eighth street, to succeed the Right Rev. Charles H. Colton, who was made Bishop of Buffalo. He will be consecrated in St. Patrick's Cathedral during Easter week.

The happy day arrived at to her it seemed as if the passed very slowly until it v to go to Church. Virginia pained her and her heart with pride when she saw the admiring looks cast upon her girl. Many pretty white dro to be seen as the procession down the long aisle, but not to be compared with Agnes' w trimmed with flounces of d a delicate silk veil covering l ing golden hair, and on her wreath of natural white ro was what attracted the ad of Mrs. Hurley and a few friends, but on her return altar the angelic loveliness of pale face outshone the beaut

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