THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1905.

Dear Boys and Girls :

a vely prizes.

Dear Aunt Becky :

in leaf.

there must be time for play. How-

ever, I hope you are all well, study-

ing hard, and will receive lotos of

AUNT BECKY.

the

Your loving,

+ + +

I saw no letters in the corner so

of March, Everything looks so love-

w now, the frees are all coming out

title birds singing in the morning;

I remain, yours truly,

+ + +

prelaring for my first Communion.

Your little niece,

BEATRICE D.

is all for this time. I remain.

Sudbury, Ont., May, 1905.

Dear Aunt Becky:

+ + +

g'asses and I can see well now.

no more news to tell you.

the boy,

bade

From your little nephew,

Sudbury, Ont., May, 1905.

* * *

THE BAD BOY.

Sturgeon, P.E.I.

Dear Aunt Becky:

JOHANNAH M.

It is lowely to hear

3, 1905.

RISE

OAP

RISE

e of the finest best available most approved is sold at the map.

d to think he

ong to me:

m at 7 years

for a couple of

good Catholics

e done, and I

to myself that

his abilities in

mined to ques-

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that I had oc-

ks of Father

rmined to see

him the same

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I did so. Bi

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ng that at 6

e children and

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wondered the

vailed upon me

igious training

it has begun

n never forget

E seems to me,

agree with me

every day.'

PRAISE.

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Own Tablets

as. H. Konkle

who says: "I a Tablets for

I would not y have done

han any medi-

My little girl,

ion and con-

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THE TRUE WIINESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

How like the Christ that nightly over

Some of the little folks have waked me Beads, trusting that my love for up. The corner was very lonely the Him may be last two weeks, but I am hoping for Such that upon the morrow I may go petter things. I know it is hard to

More meekly on His errands here besettle down to write in this delightlow Some day that boy must feel love's ful weather, for when school is out thralling thrill-I yet may learn to do my Master's

will. -Baltimore American.

+++

LIKE OTHER BOYS.

"H'lo, Rusty ! Say, can you come fihin' ?'

The speaker, a small boy of about fourteen years, dropped down from I thought I would write one. Well the top of the fence which the other Aunt Becky, we are busy sowing and boy was busily engaged in painting planting, and I suppose every little boy and girl is busy too. I am 12 and deposited himself with great care upon the grass. years old. My birthday was the 24th

"No, I can't go fishin'; got to work," answered the other boy, as an expression of pain or wistfulness rassed over his plain, sunburned facc.

there is not one of them sings alike. "Got to paint this ole fence; al-ways hev ter work." He rubbed his we live in a nice place in the country, about 300 yards from the dingy coatsleeve across his eyes as church. It is a lovely stone buildhe spoke, while he unconsciously ing, and our parish priest is Rev. turned toward an old, yellow farm-Father Phelan. My brother Leo and ouse not far distant.

I al attending catechism every Sun-'Oh ! I hate that old fence ! Did day. We expect to be confirmed this your Aunt Jane say you'd got to? summer. I think my lefter is long Well, I'm glad I haven't an Aunt enough for this time. I will write Jane." again, so good bye, dear Aunt Becky.

"'Sh ! She'll hear you." Both boys lowered their voices and turned their backs toward the old house as a tall, angular form appeared in the doorway.

"Rastus ! Rastus ! if I see you a' idling agin to-day, into the house As I have not written you a letter you'll march and you'll not get out for such a long time, I thought I agin soon, sir !" would write you one. My brother Aunt Jane, having eased her mafell from the top of a barn and bruisternal mind, disappeared indoors. ed up all his face. I will be eight ' Didn't I tell you ?'' said Rastus vears old next month. I am not as his aunt called him, and he applied himself diligently to the work of Our priest says I am 'too young, but

Isinting the fence. I know my catechism. My two bro-"She's as cross as she can be. Say, thers are preparing for theirs. This I'm going over to the house to ask her if you can go fishin', and if she makes for me with the broomstick, I'll run home through the woods. li she says you may go, I'll come back and tell you."

"Rusty," or to call him by his p: oper name, Erastus Wheeler, was as I have not written a letter for an orphan boy, his parents having a long time I thought I would write died when he was a mere child. Since you one. I have been down to Tohis great loss he had been living with a maiden aunt, a most industriconto at Easter. I am preparing for my first communion and I hope I ous woman, but who knew about as will make it. I got my eyes tested much concerning the tastes and needs and I have been away from school of a growing boy as a child knows for four months. I got a pair of of the nature of an old man. She was a firm and ardent believer in the brought home lots of things for the wisdom of Solomon, and her conchildren from Toronto. The priest stant complaint was the shiftless examined us Friday. I never got way in which the boys of the place sent back. I know my catechism all were being brought up. She deterthe time. I liked Toronto very lained that at any cost Erastus much. I would like to go down to should be a model to all future gene Montreal in the summer. If I can rations. So it was that he was kept I will go and see you. I will be ten at work almost every minute from years old on the thirteenth of June. morning until night. When out of This is all for this time, as I have school there was an abundance of work awaiting him, so he had really ro recreation. ERNEST D

the company of other boys; even on Sundays he had to walk to church with Aunt Jane. True he was She knelt beside the bed where lay there Who all the weary day had been so

which he was reproved when they were as odd as one might expect un-Tears wet her cheeks, and prayer was der the circumstances. His Sunday lut he threw his thin a

do Saturday mornings, that's no put a wire all through, clean out to heard her name, but I knew her at sign that other folks haven't; so run, its tail." right home now like a good boy." Bob, seeing that pleading would cagerly. not avail here, and remembering a certain former occasion when he had

brown fist at the house, when its the greenie gets jes' opposite, out'll mistress was out of sight, and he dart the snake, right up ag'inst his was once more safe. legs." "No, you can't go," he announced

sadly, to the eager boy at the fence. Good-bye. I'm sorry, but I'm goin' even if I do have to go alone"; and Bob disappeared. When at last the fence was finish-

ed, Rusty took his pail and went up mat before you come in, and then, when you've pared the potatoes, you can go to the pantry and get someto eat for yourself."

Rusty's task over, he proceeded to the pantry, and was about to help kimself to some bread and butter, when he unluckily stubbed his foot against a basket on the floor, and and using his balance, fell forward. Now, "pon the window-sill there stood a huge pan of cream, and into this

head foremost went the unfortunate hoy. Aunt Jane, hearing the noise, rushed upon the scene, and beheld her milk all gone, and Rusty in a most ludicrous position. "Go right upstairs, you miserable

boy, and you needn't show your face again down here to-day." Accordingly the boy, miserable indeed, went sauly upstairs.

All the day he stayed in his little attic room, and toward evening fell asleep. He did not usually sleep in the daytime, but it was very warm up there, and except when he saw the boys at play upon a nearby hill, there had been nothing to break the merotony of the scene from the litte window. It was no wonder that h: soon tired of looking out and fell

asleep. "Erastus ! Erastus ! Come down!" It was the fourth time that Aunt

Jane had called, and the usually obedient boy had not appeared. 'What can ail the boy ?'' the wo-

man thought, as she mounted the stairs and pushed open Rusty's door. She started back in surprise as she perceived the form of the boy stretched out upon the floor. He was mut te ing incoherently, as she stooped over him, and she could hear words distintly: "Fishing; and I don't ever have time to play."

Hurriedly she sent for the coctor who arrived in less than ten minsites. "A case of typhoid,"

promounced it, brought on by lack of proper food and sufficient rest. It chaps two weeks might elapse before he would recover, perhaps longer.

Through all that long siege, which preved not to be two weeks, but more than two months, Aunt Jane nursed Rusty with the tenderest care. Everything was made to stand still, as it were, on the farm, in order that she might devote all her time to him. He improved at the end of that time so much that one day when the doctor came, he announced the glad tidings that Rusty might sit up the next day. At the end of that day, as the boy lay so quiet and happy in Aunt Jane's own white bed, he said :

'Aunt Jane, you have been good to me. How can I ever The was rarely allowed to be in crough for you when I get well ?" do She was silent for a momenty then she said : "Rusty, you can play all you want to now, and when you get na del boy at Mass; his only fault well you shall have a dog, and Bob there was an occasional sigh for shall come over to see you whenever you want him to. I did not mean were on their way home. His clothes to be too strict with you, Rusty." The boy did not answer in words,

"I hid it under the osage hedge "I hid it under the osage hedge "So delighted to meet you at close to Joe Bell's gate. It's the last !" she said, seating herself become to grief at the hands of this very place. We can stoop down side him. "I have always admired some lady, departed shaking his close to the hedge, and when the lit-

> Oh, my, won't he holler !" cried Henry, slapping his own legs so viclously that his "Mitchell's geograrby" slipped from under his arm and fell face down in the road.

All the rest of the way the two little chaps were in high glee over to the house. Aunt Jane met him their plans. They did not mean to at the door. "Wipe your feet on this be cruel, they were not thinking whe ther it was cruel or not, but becaus Joe Bell was a new boy, and smaller than themselves, and very timid besides, these two had been tormenting him every day for a week, and calling it "fun "

But that very morning, directly after school prayers, a sharp-faced little girl held up her hand for permission to speak. "Well, Mary," said the teacher.

"what is it ?" "Miss Lou," said the high, shrill vo.ce, "I saw Joe Bell talking to himself in prayer-time."

"What were you doing with you eyes open in prayer-time, Mary ? The child's look fell, and the scho lars giggled. The giggle was quickly checked, however.

"You can stay in at recess, Mary, and say the eighth column of your multiplication table for looking ground in prayer-time, and the minth column lor tale-bearing." Mary burst into tears, but let un

hope she learned a more important lesson even than the two columns of the multiplication table. And you must not think Joe Bell

was to escane 'Why were you talking in prayertime, Joseph ?" asked the teacher.

'I wasn't talkin', I was-I was-' "Well, Joseph, what were you do ing ?" 'I was asking God not to let them

two boys tease me so bad," blurted out the new scholar, and instantly there were two boys with red, telltale faces in that school.

"He didn't say our names," whispercd Henry, as the tide of children poured out of the little schoolhouse "Come 'long; let's run and hide under the hedge." But John hung back. His zest for

the sport was gone. ' Come 'long, I say," urged Henry; nebody'll know where we are guin'.

"Maybe not," agreed John, reluctantly; "but you see he's done called God's attention to us !" John is an old man now, but he

has never forgotten how the feeling that God's attention had been called to him held him back many times from wrong-doing -- Elizabeth Pres-

ton Allan, in S. S. Times.

BASHFUL HAWTHORNE.

The habit of seclusion was a dis tinct trait in the family of Nathaniel Hawthorne. One person, however, writes Mrs. Davis in Bits of Gossip, had no mind to encourage this habit of the great novelist. This was Miss Elizabeth Peabody, Mrs Hawthorne's sister. It was her m ssion, she felt, to bring the great rovelist out from solitudes where he wasked apart to the broad ways of common sense. Mrs. Davis happened to be present at her grand and last

coup to this end and describes it as follows : One evening I was with Mrs. Haw-Onc evening I was with Mrs. Haw-thorne in the little parlor in Con-cit when the children between the had needed so often! He

sight as the intelligent questioner "Where is it ?" asked Henry Blair, who cows you into idiocy by her fuent cleverness.

> vour books, Mr. Hawthorne. And

> now I want you to tell me all about your methods of work. I want to hear all about it." But at that moment his wife cam-

up and said that he was wanted outside, and he escaped. A few mos ments later I heard his steps on the floor overhead and knew that he was safe in the tower for the night

Sorrow That Came Too Late,

The old farmer died suddenly; s when Judge Gilroy, his only son, received the telegram, he could do nothing but go to the farm for the fune It was difficult to do even that, ral. for the judge was the leading lawyer in X----, and every hour was worth

many dollars to him. As he sat with bent head in the grimy little train which lumbered brough the farms, he could not keep the details of his case out of

his mind. He had never given his father heartache, and the old man full of years and virtues, "a shock of corn fully ripe." The phrase pleased him.

"I wish to tell you," said the docter, gravely, "that your father's thoughts were all of you. He was Il but an hour, but his cry was for John ! John !" unceasingly." 'lf I could have been with him !" said the Judge.

'He was greatly disappointed that you missed your half yearly visit last spring. Your visits were the event of his life," said the doctor. 'Last spring ? Oh, yes; I took my

family then to California." "I urged him to run down and seyou on your return, but he would

not go. No, he never felt at home in the

city." The Judge remembered that he had net asked his father to come down Ted was ashamed of his grandfath er's wide collars, and Jessie, who was a fine musician, scowled when she was asked to sing the "Portu

uese Hymn" every night. The Judge humored his children and had ceased to ask his father into his truse

The farmhouse was in order and scrupulously clean, but its barrenness gave a chill to the Judge, whose own home was luxurious. The deaf old woman who had been his father's servant sat grin and tearless by the sioe of the coffin.

"Martha was faithful," whispered the doctor, "but she's deaf. His life was very solitary. The neighbors are young. He belonged to another generation."

He reverently uncovered the coffin and then with Martha went out and losed the door.

The Judge was alone with his dead. Strangely enough, his thought was till of the cold barrenness of the room. Those hacked wooden chairs were there when he was a boy. It yould have been so easy for him to have made the house comfortable-to have hung some pictures on the wall! How his father had delighted in his engravings and pored over them ! Looking now into the kind old face, with the white hair lying motionless on it, he found something in it which he had never taken time to notice-a sagacity, a nature fine and sensitive. He was the friend, the

"I would like to be rich enough to buy the sun." "To buy the sun !" ejacu

BREAD.

3

A Simple Study Which Does Not Perplex Us.

"May I have another slice of bread, papa ?" asked the boy, as he bent over the kitchen table, on which empty dishes formed 'the principal icatures.

It was early morning, and the rich, golden sun lighted up the room as it fell through the open door and danced upon the flaxen curls which surrounded the boy's head. There was a humming of insects and a chirping of birds outside, and every now and then a breath of fragrance from the garden flowers was wafted into the kitchen, strangely contrasting the richness of nature without, and the poverty of man's abode within.

'May I have another slice of bread ?"

The father started. He had been absorbed in thoughts while watching the child devouring his scanty breakast, he had even anticipated that the very question would come yet, when it did come, it pained him like the sting of some venemous in sect.

"There is no more bread !"

"Who is that piece for ?" asked the hou

'For mamma "And that ?'

"For your sister !"

"And where is yours, papa ?"

The man did not answer.

"Papa," said the boy after a cause, "why are we so poor ?"

"I don't know, my son. Times are hard-there is no work." "But many men are rich who never

work, papa!" "They become rich by chance." "Will you have a chance some day,

apa ?' "I don't know," said the father:

Tvery man does not have a chance." 'It is a shame," said the boy and fell to musing. After a while he looked up and

aid : "Papa, does not God love 118 9"

The father was surprised, and he aid: "I do not know, my son. Why o you ask ?"

Because I thought he took care of verybody and all things, and only when he was angry."

"Perhaps he is angry," said the father, evasively. "I ask him every morning, as mam-

ma has taught me, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' and yet we scarcey get any.

' Maybe he thinks it is enough, and a ought to be thankful. "But it is not enough," said the

boy, with emphasis, and went once more into a brown study. "Why don't you ask some rich

man for money, papa ?" said he, after a while.

" Rich men do not part with their money in that way." "They do, though ! Mamma read from a paper of one of our rich men

who gave a hundred dollars to the

"Papa, what do rich men do with

"They buy nice things-houses, car-

riages, toys for their children,

Will I be rich when I grow a big

"It is hard to say," answered the

father. "I hope you will never be

"I hate to be poor," said the boy

clethes, shoes !" and he looked down

sadly upon the boy before him.

as poor as I am to-day !

man, or will I be poor like you ?'

their money, when they have more

'our Was not he good ?"

"Very !"

than they need ?"

| | on net tips | snit wow at at | , at he threw his thin arms around | cerd when the children to the | man left min with deal old Martha | To buy the sun !" ejaculated the |
|---|---|--|--|---|---------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| d young child- | The while she drank grief's gall in | suit, worn at Mass and Benediction, | her neck and kissed her as he had | the state of the children brought in | for his sole companion. | father. "What would you do with |
| no poisoning | bitter sips. | was of a faded blue cloth, made so | never dared to do before II. | cord when the children brought in their father. Suddenly Miss Pea- body appeared in the doorway. She lighted the lamp, went out and | There hung upon the wall the pha | it ?" |
| e is no danger | "If you but knew my how "There' | as to hang loosely on him, and cause | full of joy and happings I | body appeared in the doorway. She | tograph of a young man with | "I would let it this 1 |
| as there is | "If you but knew, my boy," I heard her say, | him to feel most uncomfortable. | ful was his clean it is how peace- | body appeared in the doorway. She lighted the lamp, went out and brought in more lamps and then so | cager, strong face looking man | "I would let it shine day and |
| Sold by all | "How you have had | On weekdays when not at school | tappy nor been that night; he was | brought in more lamps and then sat | at a chubby how on his h | right—shine in the shade as well as |
| mail at 25 | livelong dea | I he wole a suit of clothes which could | Cilica home !! | and warted, with an air of | It day from the store it the | In the light. |
| The Dr. Wil- | If you could be | has dly be described since it consist- | Conter Doys. | stern resolution. | "My fath a strength in the face. | He paused a moment, then asked: |
| rockville, Ont. | bears | ed of all the cast-off clothing | Aunt Jane had learned her lesson | Presently Mr. Emerson and his caughter appeared, then Louisa Al- cout and her father then to be | "My father should have played a | "Do you know what mamma says?" |
| A OCH THE OF | Or that | Aunt Jane was capable of that | well, and there came to her mind | daughter appeared, then Louisa Al- | lingh part in life," he thought. | "Well-?" |
| RSES. | by that your name's the burden of | over. But on the whole the | that night, too, a little verse which | caughter appeared, then Louisa Al- cott and her father, then two gray | There is more promise in his face | "She says that away in the large |
| AND MANAGED TO A TAXABLE AND A DESCRIPTION OF | | | she had learned when she was a girl. | old clergymen who were formally | than in mine." | cities there are many children who |
| ld Hall, Kala- | And then she prayed till hope came | Dearance and an unravorable ap- | Whosoever shall not receive the King- | caughter appeared, then Louisa Al- cott and her father, then two gray old clergymen, who were formally presented to Mr. Hawthorne, who | In the desk was a bundle of old ac- | rever see the sun." |
| t. Camillus' | back to her, | this particularly one who saw him | dom of God as a little child shall | presented to Mr. Hawthorne, who | count books with records of years of | 'And so they grow up crooked- |
| ses, under the | And happy tears replaced the grief | on this particular morning, work- ing busily at the fence, his honest | onditi- | | | don't they, papa ?" |
| lospital, gra- | | | | nusselite i in | working hard winter and summer and | "Crooked-?" |
| nurses. An | | | | | | "Yes, wicked like ! It is better |
| vas presented, | She prayed for patience, prayed for light; but more, | everything near him, would carry | 777 | Man Trank | tills and to send him to college. One | to have sunshine than to have bread |
| y several pby- | Praved for in | away a most pleasant impression of | "CALLING GOD'S ATTENTION." | in an aside. | patch of ground after another was | -is it not pape ?' |
| This is the | The how for the | the lad. | Une height is a | I uld It. I went around and | sold while he matted to | |
| from Borgess | she she bore. | When Rusty's companion arrived | inore than fifty wears and the | our people in to meet our | give him clothes and luxuries which | shook his head. "I must go !" ho |
| hard of this | She prayed that he might choose the | at the farmhouse door, he knocked timidly. In response to a sharp | sturdy little hove were trattle | asked a few people in to meet our friend here. I ordered some cake and lemonade too." | other young men in town had until | said |
| nd to none in | And i part, | response to a chome | a mudder history | | DUI & megore portion of the | |
| der the direc- | And lose the growing hardness in his hearts | "Come in," he opened the door and | few well-worm he had | sice over guittered with tri- | left. | "Where are you going ?" asked the |
| t. Joseph. The | She | cuutiously peered into the kitchen | erne and mall at | umon as Mrs. Hawthorne turned | John Gilroy enddomly aland | chlia. |
| nd the gradu- | She prayed until joy into her soul | from where the voice seemed to some | and and small dinner pails in their | umoh as Mrs. Hawthorne turned away. "They've been here two Mars" she which and the two | book "And this is the addit | "I don't know-out somewhere to |
| | returned, | "Well ?" said Aunt Jane og sha | manus. Their sunburnt yellow heads | away. "They've been here two ycars," she whispered, "and nobody has met Mr. Hawthorne. People tulk. It's ridiculous ! There's no | said "The how for where he l' | look for work !" And he patted the |
| ent in their | And mother-love through all her be- | wiped her hands on hor armon | were close together, and you could | has met Mr. Hawthorne, People | and worked men factors in he lived | boy's cheek and went. His head was |
| her class is in | ing burned. | and and and | have told by the glint of their blue | talk Tt's tar a series | and won for tune and position | LIGOV, his heart was full of any it. |
| r which appli- | Dow like he | "Please, Miss Wheeler, may Rusty go fishin" ?" Poor Bob was trembl- ing as he waited for him | eyes that they were up to some mis- | reason why Sophia should not go | The man have ne repay mis i | and he had a gnawing, biting pain |
| The young | kneeling God she seemed while | Po fishin' 2" Down Dat | chief. | into society, so I just made an ex- | The man knelt on the bare floor | within. The sun shone upon the |
| s Sisters have | Her line | - oow boo was trembr | IT JOOKS IES' for all the month lites | | and shed bitter tears on the quiet | eatth The flowers traced we |
| ud of their ef- | | answer. | a ilve snake." John Hoover mor our | The little room was quite full -b- | old face. "O father ! father !" he | dew that lay like glittering diamonds |
| se for the bet- | prayer, | | Ing. Jacob, our man gave it tol | | and was no smile on i | "non the leaflets vanished dron by |
| 101 Lao | and the second se | can't, and if you have no more to | me; he stuffed the skin himself, and | there rustled in a woman who came straight to Mr. Hawthorne. I never | the quiet old face. He was too | drop, and the child played in the |
| | | | and the second | never! | lete. | beautiful hour of the young day. |
| | | | | | | mous of the Joung day. |