

Children's Corner

Address all letters for this department to M. C.,
1588 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.

Our Lady's Letter Box.

DEAR CHILDREN,—

A BRIGHT, happy Easter to you all, with the sunniest of skies, and not a cloud up stairs, down stairs nor anywhere to be seen. Are the little ones tired of work after those six long weeks, when the old woman of the sky seemed to do nothing but fill up her pillow slips with snow flakes, and then empty them over hill and dale? Well, never mind. The snow taught us one pretty lesson. It came down so noiselessly. We saw it, we felt it, but we did not hear it:—so it is with true charity. Now, what shall we talk about this month? You all like beautiful pictures; and sometimes those we frame in our own minds are the most pleasing to us. So let us get our brushes ready; we who have been stitching so long. Now that the dark days of Calvary are over, and the glad Easter sunshine and sweet spring air are filling the earth with beauty and fragrance, 'twill be easy for us to see a gentle form in white garments walking among us. His face shining like the sun,—“the most beautiful of the children of men.” There are so many beautiful parts of our Lord's life that we are lost in trying to say which is most so; but oh! dear children, think of him on the morning of the Resurrection. Think of Him as He appeared before the longing eyes of His dear Mother. Try to picture to yourselves that meeting, when He folded her in His arms, and made up to her in His own royal way for all she had suffered because of Him. I think that heaven could not give her a greater joy. Then came the days of peace. What sweetness there is in the word, 'tis like honey on the lips, and it always comes with the Risen Life of our Lord. The days when He walked slowly and familiarly with His disciples, stealing their hearts away by His beauty and tenderness, and the thought that He would soon leave them alone. Oh! the memory of those happy days! how it must have lingered with them

when He was gone, and been like oil and wine to them when their hour of trial came. So, with all those beautiful pictures in our minds, what shall we do during April? “He loved not Himself” was said of our Blessed Lord—so let it be said of us. *Unselfishness* is the most beautiful thing in the world. It makes us beloved of all, while making us the happiest of all. So we'll set to work, and see how many times this month we can forget that capital letter “I” which is such a giant in our way, and make our prettiest bows to all the big and little “U's” that come along. They'll bow back,—never fear. 'Twill be a regular dance of graceful little courtesies, getting ready for the May pole. But don't forget the Queen, even before the maying. Our dear Lady of Peace—may she send it to us as bountifully as the warm April showers.

CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

April, 1893.

PUZZLES.

XIV

How many neckties had Job, and what became of them?

XV

Who went to sea for fear of drowning?

XVI

From six take nine, from nine take ten, and from forty take fifty. How much remains?

XVII

Who was the first white man to discover Niagara Falls?

XVIII

Take away my first letter, take away my second, take away ALL my letters, and I remain the same. Who am I?

XIX

I am composed of four words and twelve letters.

8, 5, 9.—A garden tool.

6, 3, 1, 7.—An adjective describing speed.

1, 3, 7.—Means rest.

My whole is a title of Our Blessed Lady.

Answers to Puzzles.

IX—A cow.

X—Scrape.

XI—A shadow.

XII—An icicle.

XIII—Your name, your umbrella.

FOOT NOTE.

A little letter from a “little friend Dame Durden,” of Pittsburg, answers puzzle No. 10 correctly. The little lady is a wise lassie. She is very sparing of her words.

“SEC.”