

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

By AUNT BECKY.

Dear Boys and Girls:

We are quite a little way advanced in the new year, holidays are over and school work in full swing. How does all the snow suit the little folks? I am sure there has been sliding, tobogganing, snowshoeing to no end. This is glorious weather for it. I know the class room seems very stuffy after the crisp outdoor air, and the lessons very tedious after the jollification, but, dear little ones, there will come a day when you will look back on the school-room and classmates as the happiest associations of your lives. I will expect some very interesting letters as there must be a lot to tell.

Your loving friend,

AUNT BECKY.

Dear Old Aunt Becky:

I have read so many letters in the True Witness that were written to you, that I am going to try one also. I live in a quiet little village, where you can hear nothing but pigs grunting, and cattle bawling. I have great fun skating now. I skate nearly every day. We have an old horse that I can drive, and I just love to go driving with him, when mamma lets me. I have two brothers and three sisters. Four of us are going to school. I am only eleven years old. My birthday is the 2nd of January. We have two horses and a lot of cows. I hope my letter will be in the True Witness next week, so I can write again. A very happy and prosperous New Year are the wishes of

WASHINGTON R.

Kouchibeguac.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I am a girl seven years old and think it would be very nice to write you a letter for the boys' and girls' corner. I go to school every day and like it very well. We are to have vacations to-morrow. I got a nice doll and lots of sweets from Santa Claus. I will send this letter with my cousin, for I would like mamma to see it only in print. All for this time. Wishing you a happy New Year,

NELLIE McG.

Sherrington, Que.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As long threatening comes at last, I have made up my mind to write you a letter for the boys and girls corner in the True Witness. I have enjoyed the Christmas holidays so much that I cannot tell you all the fun we have had, and the gifts we received. Father gave me a grand piano and my sister got a gold watch and Willie a watch and chain also. I am taking music lessons, and can play very well. My favorite pieces are Irish Washerwoman, Rustic Dance, Feuilles de printemps, and a duet which I play with my sister Katie. I will bring my letter to a close, hoping to see this in print, and wishing you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

MAY O'M.

Sherrington, Que.

AN HOUR WITH A BABY.

Uncle Will, the good-natured bachelor of the family, was left in charge of the baby one day while everyone else was out, and out of curiosity he made a list of what the baby did in one hour. Here it is:

1. Yelled fifteen minutes without taking breath. (Uncle Will declares solemnly that this is a true statement.)
2. Pulled out enough hair from his uncle's head and whiskers to stuff a sofa pillow.
3. Blacked the wall paper as high as he could reach with the poker.
4. Broke a stereoscope by sitting down on it.
5. Swallowed six buttons and a good part of a spool of thread.
6. Emptied the contents of his mother's work basket.
7. Tried to squeeze the head of the cat into a tin cup, and was scratched badly in the attempt.
8. Knocked the head off a fine wax doll belonging to his elder sister by trying to drive a tack into a toy wagon with it.
9. Fell off the edge of the whatnot and brought down with him two costly vases, which were ruined.
10. Broke two panes of window glass with a cane which his uncle let him have.
11. Fell into a coal scuttle and spoiled his new white dress.
12. Set fire to the carpet while his uncle was out of the room hunting up something to amuse him.
13. Crawled under the bed and refused to come out unless uncle would give him the tangle jar.
14. Got twisted into the rungs of a chair, which had to be broken to get him out.
15. Poured a pitcher of water in his mother's best shoes.
16. Finally, when he saw his mother

ther coming, he ran out to the porch and tumbled off the steps, making his nose bleed and tearing a hole a foot square in his coat.

And yet Uncle Will thinks that boy will make something yet!

SHELVED.

A very youthful but very animated little lady was enjoying her first visit to church. It was in an Episcopal church, and the choir boys and the form of service interested her greatly. But after the sermon began her attention was diverted from the pulpit to other parts of the house, and in the course of her inspection of things she suddenly discovered the gallery filled with people in the rear of the church.

"Mother," she whispered, excitedly, "are those the wicked back there on the shelf?"—Harper's Weekly.

THE CHILD'S REPLY.

"Does any one know whence the dimples come?" I asked a beautiful child one day, a child in whose wide-open, earnest blue eyes Lay the tranquil calm of the sunny skies, The sweetness brought from a heavenly home.

You shuddered to think that the world would bring Trouble and sorrow to dim those eyes;

That care would furrow that peaceful brow Marked alone by purity now, As if sealed against sin by the heavenly ring.

A puzzled look was my only reply For a moment while she was thinking hard, And the golden head on my shoulder pressed, With eyelids closed as if sunk to rest,

Scarcely moved while she questioned "Why?" Suddenly over her serious face Broke the light of a captive thought, And she cried, "Oh, yes, I think I know,

Two angels kissed me a long time ago, And this is the way you can tell the place."

Oh, pretty conceit of the baby brain! Oh, beautiful faith of the childish heart! Not dimples alone those angels gave, But the gentle firmness that mortals crave, And the peace that the worldly seek in vain.

SENATOR HOAR'S ADVICE.

The late Senator George F. Hoar gave to young men this advice:

"First—do not hurry. For those that wait to work well there is time. The wise disregard hustle and bustle and place thoroughness above speed.

"Second—Remember that there is something more to live for than money. Turn from the race after the world's goods, the mad fight for greed, to the love of the higher things. You may devote yourself to the practical arts, but remember that there is something nobler in human life.

"Third—I advise you to read some author every day. Read him so well, soak yourself so thoroughly with him, bathe in his wisdom so often that you will emerge from him as from a sparkling fountain of purity."

Someone asked Senator Hoar what he would advise men to read. "Read the lives of Thomas Jefferson, Washington, Lincoln, Wendell Phillips, John Bright, Henry George and other men that have stood for something and meant something," he said.

A DOG DECIDED HIS OWN CASE.

A dog's testimony restored him to his master, a circus owner, Charles Woodford, in Jersey City, New Jersey, the other day, and caused the arrest of Edward Bannion, who

claimed the animal. The dog, Spot, a little Scotch terrier, was stolen from the circus car on the Pennsylvania railroad tracks a few days ago. His owner saw Bannion running with the dog and pursued him to a ferry-boat, where he caused Bannion's arrest. When brought before Judge Higgins the prisoner said the dog was his own.

"He does tricks, doesn't he?" asked the Court. "Well, the man he obeys is the winner.

The circus man was overjoyed. "Say your prayers, Spot," he cried. The dog scrambled out of the policeman's arms and performed a long devotion in the corner of the room.

"Amen," said the ring master. The dog jumped away like a flash and looked around for the next command.

Directed by the Judge, Bannion made a circle of his arms and asked Spot to jump through. The dog showed his teeth and growled.

"That's enough," said the Judge. "Take your dog, Mr. Woodford. I will hold the prisoner for sixty days in the county jail."

BUY FLOWERS FOR MOTHER.

Some young men were selling flowers in one of Pittsburgh's streets the other day. They called in a forward and impudent way to the men who passed: "Buy a bouquet of flowers for your sweetheart."

A little ragged and dirty urchin at some distance from the older boys, and half in imitation of them, called to the prosperous looking men who passed: "Buy the pretty flowers for your mother."

A man fully 65 years of age passed, and the ragged urchin ran before him and held up a bunch of tumbled flowers and said: "Buy the pretty flowers for your mother."

The man brushed the boy aside and hurried on, but the urchin ran before him again, saying eagerly, "Buy the pretty flowers for your mother." The man said, "Get out of the way, boy; I haven't any mother."

The boy regarded him for an instant with evident sympathy, and then said, "Hain't you got no mother, boss? Well, nuther hev I—I'll give you the pretty flowers."

A suspicious moisture gathered in the man's eyes, which he quickly brushed away, and dropping a dollar into the boy's hand, hurried on.

Did you ever try mothering your mother? If not, do it at once. There is magic in it. "Buy the pretty flowers for your mother."

BIRTH DOES NOT COUNT.

Do not despise your lowly origin or treat lightly the day of small things. Out of such things as these dynasties and destinies have been builded. Jesus of Nazareth began life in a manger. The foxes had holes and the birds of the air had nests, but He had not where to lay His head. From the Bethlehem manger to the throne of God was a tremendous leap. Who knows where or what our place shall be when the hidden things are revealed. The most lowly here may share the greatest glory there. "I said ye are sons,"

"Beloved, now are we the children of God." Birth does not count; station does not enter in; relationship to God is everything. If children, we are heirs of God, and what child could hope or dream of more than will come to us with our Father's legacy.

GENEROUS BEN.

Five bright silver dollars! How they glittered in the sun! Bennis counted them over and over, and then put two into one pocket and three into the other.

He felt very proud and happy as he walked along the shady avenue. It was a beautiful summer morning, and the first day of his vacation. Those five silver dollars in his pocket had just been obtained at the corner grocery, where he had given in exchange a purse filled with nickels, dimes and quarters. He had been saving his money ever since Christmas. Part of it had been given to him, part of it he had earned, and now he was going to spend it just as he pleased.

Bennis was on his way to visit some of his playmates, and in imagination he saw their envious looks as he displayed his wealth. He was walking along, with his hands thrust into his pockets, and whistling a merry tune, when suddenly a faint sound, as of subdued sobs, reached his ear. Bennis turned around and looked up and down the street, but saw nothing. However, when he reached the corner a forlorn sight met his astonished gaze. There on the pavement, with the hot sun streaming down upon her, lay a little girl in a brown dress and blue gingham apron, sobbing as if her heart would break, and beside her was a large broken pitcher, from which a

quantity of milk was leaking, whitening the pavement around her.

Bennis gazed at this little heap of misery for a moment and then walked over to the little girl. He was only eight years old, but he was a gentleman, even though he was little, and the moment he saw her he felt sorry for the unfortunate little maid. Besides, he called himself a man, and wanted to show how strong he was and what he could do.

"What is the matter?" he asked, looking pityingly at the little girl. She tossed aside her tangled golden curls in order to see who was speaking to her.

"I—I've broken my pitcher, and—I don't know what to do," she sobbed. "I stumbled and fell, and I'm afraid to go home," she added, when Bennis asked her how she had broken it.

"Haven't you any more pitchers at home?" questioned Bennis. "None as big as that," she answered.

Bennis thought for a moment of all his mother's pretty pitchers at home and wondered if she would be willing to give one.

"What's your name?" he asked. "Nellie," she said, sitting up and looking at him.

"Do you know how much it cost?" asked Bennis. "I'm not sure, but I think it cost a dollar," answered Nellie, trying to dry her tears with her apron.

"Did that cost a whole dollar?" exclaimed Bennis. Then he became thoughtful. He thrust his hands into his pocket, softly whistled a tune and gazed at the pavement, while Nellie wondered why he did not say something.

Bennis was fighting a little battle all by himself, but Nellie did not know it. Something, he knew not what, said to him, "Yes, do it," and something else said, "No, don't do it." He thought of the five dollars which he had so carefully saved. Should he give one of them to this little girl and let her buy another pitcher? If he did he would only have four left, and he wanted to show his playmates that he had five to spend just as he pleased. "I didn't break the pitcher, and I'm not the one to get her a new one," he thought. But then something seemed to say to him: "Of course, you haven't done it, but she's a poor little girl and has no money, and you have, and you ought to help her."

Suddenly Bennis raised his eyes and saw that Nellie was watching him closely.

"I like your face," she said. "It is nice, even if it is freckled."

"All right, Nellie," said Bennis. "Don't cry any more. You must come with me. I know where there's a store they sell pitchers and I'll give you a dollar to get one."

Nellie's face beamed. "Do you really mean it?" she asked in surprise. "Yes; come on," said Bennis, as he led the way.

Hope shone again in Nellie's blue eyes, and she regarded her little benefactor as a kind angel who had come to her in her distress.

When they reached the store Bennis told her to select the prettiest pitcher she saw, and when it was handed to her, Nellie held it close.

Bennis was about to leave her then, but he happened to think of something else.

"How much milk did you have in your pitcher?" he asked. "A quart," said Nellie.

"All right. We'll go and buy another quart."

When they were leaving the store, Bennis asked how far it was to her home.

"Five blocks," said Nellie. "That's too far for you to carry this milk by yourself," said Bennis. "I'll take it for you."

Nellie showed him the way, and at the gate he gave her the pitcher.

"Oh, I do think you are the very most kindest boy that ever lived," she said, with a look of pleasure and gratitude. "Won't you come in and let me tell mamma what you've done for me?"

"No," said Bennis. "I have to go. Now don't you go in until I'm out of sight."

"They'd make a baby of me if I were to go in," he said to himself as he started on a run down the street.

About half an hour later, when Bennis was displaying his four remaining dollars to the admiring gaze of his playmates, the grateful look that Nellie had given him seemed to make up for the missing dollar he had so nobly sacrificed.

The greatest test of character is to be found in the way we meet the common duties of life. He who is faithful to the harder tasks will not be unfaithful in the easier great things.

Newfoundland Correspondence.

The people of Fermeuse had the great happiness of having Mass for the first time in their new church on Christmas morning. Their priest, who works so hard for the spiritual, educational and temporal interests of all confided to his care, did not let them lag until the neat church which adorns Riverhead was an accomplished fact, and although silver and gold are scarce articles in this locality, yet with Father Walshe leading what man could refuse to be at his post and so to-day, by a united effort, they have a church free of debt. The severity of the weather and roughness of the path did not deter their priest from keeping his promise to be with them on Christmas morning. After first Mass in Renewes, Father Walshe drove to Fermeuse, a distance of four miles, for second Mass, then going three miles more to Admiral's Cove for the third. As it was the first time that Mass was celebrated at Riverhead, Father Walshe, notwithstanding the severe duties of the morning, spoke some words of encouragement and consolation as became the eventful and solemn occasion. Christmas day, 1904 will never be forgotten at Riverhead.

As an example of charity, good will and a good spirit between Catholics and Protestants, the following may be taken:

"The sincerest thanks of the Rev. Mother Superior of the Belvedere Orphanage are tendered to the Rev. Mr. Robertson and through him to the children of St. Andrew's Presbyterian church for their acceptable gifts to the children of the Belvedere Orphanage. Yesterday the Rev. Mr. Robertson and A. Robertson, Esq., drove to the orphanage and brought quite a number of Xmas gifts, sweets, cakes, toys, dolls, etc., and a pretty Chinese curio; all acceptable to dear children's hearts. Such kindly philanthropic acts are fully appreciated by the Belvedere committee, who wish their many friends the choicest gifts of this festive season."

A few days ago there passed away at the ripe age of 89 years, an old and highly respected resident of St. John's, in the person of Capt. John Ryan. Capt. Ryan had been ill for several months past, and his death, which had been expected, did not come as a surprise to his friends.

He for years prosecuted the seal fishery as a most successful master in the old time sailing vessels, and also engaged and with success in the codfishery. His son, Patrick, predeceased him by several months, and Mr. Jas. Ryan is the sole surviving son.

The quarterly magazine, the Adelpian, of St. Bonaventure's College, came out a few days ago, and contains many interesting articles written by past and present pupils of old St. Bonaventure's.

The New Year's day parade of the St. John's Total Abstinence and Benefactor Society was an immense one. The Cadets and juveniles also marched, bringing the number up to one thousand members. The body called on His Excellency the Governor, and were heartily received. A call was also made at the Palace, where Archbishop O'Neill and several of the clergy received the society. After leaving the palace, a parade through the principal streets was held.

The Star of the Sea Association added fourteen new members to their roll lately, and the society now is in a flourishing condition.

THE BABY'S OWN TABLETS.

This medicine comes as a message of hope to all worried mothers. It is the best thing in the world for stomach, bowel and teething troubles which make little ones weak, sickly and peevish. It will make your baby well, and keep it well, and you have a positive guarantee that it contains no opiate or harmful drug. Mrs. James Hopkins, Tobermory, Ont., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets and would not be without them. Mothers who have sickly, cross and fretful children will find these Tablets a blessing." These are strong, hopeful words from a mother who has proved the value of Baby's Own Tablets. This medicine is sold by all druggists or sent by mail at 25 cents a box, by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND TELLS A JOKE ON HIMSELF.

Archbishop Ireland doesn't mind telling a joke on himself. The Archbishop always dresses so unostentatiously that no one would guess his episcopal rank from his street garb. Travelling one day in a rural district

FATHER KENNEDY'S FREE NERVE TONIC
A VALUABLE BOOK ON NERVOUS DISEASES AND A SAMPLE BOTTLE TO ANY ADDRESS. Poor get this medicine FREE! KENNEDY MED. CO. 100 Lake St., CHICAGO. Sold by Druggists at 25c per bottle; six for \$1.

he met a good-natured woman in the car who, after some general conversation, asked him: "You're a priest, Father, aren't you?" In a bantering mood, the Archbishop thought he'd try a quibble to put her at her ease, so he answered: "No, my good woman, I'm no longer a priest." The woman gave him a pitying glance. Then she said, soothingly: "Oh, the Lord help us, Father! It wasn't the drink, I hope?"

THAT REMINDS ME.

A travelling man who drove across the country to a little town in western Kansas the other day met a farmer hauling a wagonload of water.

"Where do you get the water?" he asked. "Up the road about seven miles," the farmer replied.

"And you haul water seven miles for your family and stock?" "Yep."

"Why in the name of sense don't you dig a well?" asked the traveler. "Because it is just as far one way as the other, stranger."

The man up for larceny admitted his guilt when apprehended, but at the trial, the Green Bag says, his youthful counsel defended him with great obstinacy and unnecessary brilliancy.

"Gentlemen," said the judge, regarding the jury with a benevolent smile, "the prisoner says he is guilty. His counsel says he is not. You must decide between them."

Then, after an effective pause, the judge added, "There is one thing to remember, gentlemen. The prisoner was there and his counsel wasn't."

It was toward nightfall on the third day after Mr. Hogan's departure for Boston that he returned to his family in Chetwick, with a bandage round his head which covered his eye, and with his arm in a sling.

Mrs. Hogan looked at him in silence for some moments. "Well," she said at last, in a tone of great chilliness, "you're a fine looking man to be coming home from a visit to your uncle that's a priest!"

"It was the great crowd did it," said Mr. Hogan, meekly. "We were all striving to get into the building at the same time, and there was one man fell against me when I was holding my arm out to make room for uncle, he being undersized, and that broke a bone, or at any rate sprang it out of place."

"And two minutes after, when uncle was trying to get me out of it, there was a man pushed us both flat, and then he and another one walked on me head."

"And what was all this great crowd?" asked Mrs. Hogan, suspiciously. "It was the P'ace Congress," said Mr. Hogan, calmly.

NOT QUICK TO JUDGE.

Cholly—it was the first time I'd met Crabbe, mind you, and he actually called me a fool. Hadn't been talking to him ten minutes, don't you know. What sort of a fellow is he, anyway?"

Miss Peppery—"Well, he's awfully slow, for one thing."

STILL BITTER.

"She says she was dying to speak to you yesterday when she saw you," remarked the peacemaker.

"Well," replied the belligerent girl, "why doesn't she, then?" "You mean you'd be glad to have her speak to you?"

"No; die."

WHEN GIVING ADVICE.

Giving advice is praiseworthy, but the adviser should always practice that which he advises. A rich man extolling the virtue of poverty will be considered a humbug, the bibulous man will never convert by his tongue his friend to abstinence. Advice should be given in the gentlest manner. If there are few who have the humility to receive advice as they ought, it is because there are few who have the discretion to convey it in a proper manner, and to qualify the harshness and bitterness of reproval against which nature is apt to revolt, by an artful mixture of sweetening and softest reasons of address. The kinder the advice, the deeper it sinks into the mind.—Pittsburg Catholic.