Dear Boys and Girls:

# hadn't said

le altar lad rpet 'slippers

unexampled eat of memill shaver a o, you'll renever any ut me. I'm n in looks priest with charted besay a word I have nemy face is

bound ten-day steaover the pasday out llow-voyagers cathedral in n, whom I on the altar

ook at him found him tall, strap ne Bavarian, old cross at nain that I ed with the s he used to with his snuff

portunity to Bishop as I had inoducing myner I got into ship amuse on the slow with a num or'ard deck, of it. I seem t whatever of ay at the bot soon after the

s of the exer joined ing the pitchdone so than n my ear. eye than that, id, 'a quarter

e lot near the

gaze at my n the stairs. he bottom of at me with ten seconds

1904.

Dear Aunt Becky:

r that I was

disgust and

here was the days smiling

ed into taking

Some little folks down by the sea are taking an interest in the children's page. It is gratifying to know that it is so much appreciated. Lizzie C. must be quite a useful little girl, for she tells us she is making a quilt. James, a small boy of seven, from Prince Edward Island, writes a remarkably good letter. I wish, James, I was as lucky as you are in owning a nice black pony. So Rose was glad to see the snow. I guess she is not alone. Yes, dear, Aunt Becky does enjoy a sleigh ride from she is not alone. Yes, dear, Aunt Becky does enjoy a sleigh ride from time to time, but much prefer tobogganing and snowshoeing. Does this sound frivolous from your venerable aunt? Many thanks, Rose, for kind wishes. Eugena says there are ten in her family, and that her grandma has brought up the wee one of all since he was five weeks old, as her mamma was taken from them. What a loss for such a crowd of her mamma was tased to must be grandma, who has had the task of saring for baby, Eugena and her sister. Katherine F. writes a very interesting letter. Your brother is indeed a good boy, and with such good influences he surely will not go astray. Now, dear boys and girls, sill you all be so good as to have your letters in by Saturday morning and oblige

placing me.

companiment for my sister, Cecelia, at an entertainment. I have taken painting lessons this summer, and like it very well. Last summer I was in St. Anne's and Quebec for a while, and this summer I was at Toronto. I am waiting anxiously for Xmas, as I know I will get lovely presents. I gave a birthday party and invited thirty-two girls. We had a lovely time. We have a progressive euchre social every year by the neighboring towns around to it. might go to Montreal next summer. and if so I will ge and see you. Well Aunt Becky, I will close now, hoping

> I remain. Your affectionate niece,

MARGUERITE. Douglas, Ont. (Aunt Becky will be very much pleased to meet her little niece Mar-

to see my letter in the paper this

hear from one of your friends so far

away as Douglas, Ont., but as I was

would write to tell you about myself.

have taken music lessons for three

years. I am going to play the ac-

guerite.)

Dear Aunt Becky: Perhaps you would like to hear from a little girl in Douglas. I have read all the letters since they started and I find them very interesting. I am ten years old and I am in th third book. I take music lessons and can now play duets with my teacher I have two brothers and two sisters together with myself. We are anxiously waiting for Christmas be we all get lovely presents then. Our teacher before leaving at Christmas is having a Christmas tree. We all practice every day for it. I am going to sing "What will you take for me, papa." My sister Marguerite is going to play for me. Papa took my two brothers, Ronald and Tommy, to St. Anne's, Quebec, and Cacouna last summer and he took Marguerite and myself to Toronto, where we visited Loretto Abbey, which interested us very much, as papa said this is where we are to complete our education. Toronto is a nice city, but I would rather have Quebec, where I spent some time two years ago. My little sister Mary was too small to go any place, but papa says we will all go to St. Anne's next summer. Good-bye, from

> CELIA. \* \* \*

Dear Aunt Becky:

I am longing for Santa Claus to for a few pennies!" come. I hope he will bring me a coasting sleigh and a book. It is pretty cold here now and we skating every day. My cousins have a sleigh and the dog draws them. Your little friend,

JACK.

Smith's Falls. + + + Dear Aunt Becky:

I am a little girl eight years old, and I like to read the letters on the children's page in your paper. We are having lots of fun since the snow has come. Papa has promised to make us a rink, but it is - not cold enough yet. We are going to spend Christmas in Montreal grandma's. I go to school every day, and we are preparing a concert for Christmas. There Christmas tree too, but I won't be

Your friend,

HATTIE

Aylmer East. Dear Aunt Becky:
We are hoping we will have a big

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Your sincere friend.

I snowstorm so that we can go to

little friends would come over and

thers a bob-sleigh and we used to

me a ticket for the rink. I have

skates, but never went to a real

near home. I like to read the boys

Your little friend.

KISS ME GOOD NIGHT.

Pease, mamma, pease tiss me dood

My blue-eyed babe with sunny curls

Stood pleading 'tween her sobs and

I said, "Ican't kiss naughty girls."

"Pease, mamma, pease," she sob-

"I won't be naughty any more."

I left her, all her pleading vain.

I had been reared in Spartan school

That love with love should sway

'Twas midnight when I felt a touch-

A fevered hand lay on my brow,

My white-robed baby pleaded still-

All through the agonizing night

Delirious she moaned in pain.

The little broken heart still plead

For kisses that I gave in vain.

At dawn the angels hovered near;

'I won't be naughty any more."

And I am old—the passing years,

And in my arms my babe lav-dead

Have brought no comfort in their

My heart still hears that sobbing

+ + +

DON'T MIND THE THORNS.

of a dozen berry pickers, "if Maude

hasn't filled another basket! Her

"Oh, no, it isn't," replied anothe

girl; "for it was all picked over day before yesterday. It's just because

Of course Maude paid her way to

chance came to Maude that summer

saw it, and, though it was a way

of thornsand pain and inconvenience,

she was strong enough and brave

opportunities come to all of us. and

we must see to it that we are brave

enough to disregard the thorns for

that of the one who "never had a

chance!" The expression tells its

own story. It is the berry patch

again, with its way of thorns. It tells of many opportunities, many chances, but none wholly free from

chances, but none wholly free from the thorns and the thistles that were

How shall it he with you? You

ave in you the making of a great

the prize. What a sad picture

in fruit and in berrypicking.

enough to go ahead and win.

have any chance"!

row must be a good one !"

"Well, I declare !" exclaimed one

mamma, pease, tiss me

She nestled close and smiled and

"Pease, mamma, pease, I tan't sleep now."

And deemed it duty to control

With rigid rule, nor never knew

I led her to her snowy cot,

bed again.

the soul.

said:

flight:

cry;

dood ,night !"

"Pease,

is all."

+ + +

rink. We used to skate in a

and girls page ever so much.

night."

AUNT BECKY.

BY AUNT BECKY,

lear Aunt Becky:

No doubt you will be surprised to

bogganing. We had a slide built

near our house last year, and all our

reading all the letters, I thought I play with us. Papa gave my bro-

I am thirteen years old, and have get on too and have just a lovely

passed the entrance examination. I time. I hope Santa Claus will bring

You cannot succeed unless you are willing at every step to pay the price of success, and the price of success is dare. + +

HE FIGURED IT OUT.

"I've got an eight year old boy at home that will make either metaphysician or a detective, I'm not sure which," remarked a lawyer as he entered his office the morning. "The kid's just getting over an attack of measles and has hard work amusing himself. Yester-day his mother and the nurse were in the room, and he spoke up all of a sudden, much to the embarrassment of his mother:

"'Say, ma. I know how old nurse is."

"His mother thought the nurse might be confused, but she wasn't. " 'How do you know so much, Willie ?' she asked.

"'Well, I asked you once many years you've been nursing, and you said five. Then, when you forgot that, I asked you how old you was when you went to the training school, and you said eighteen. Then by and by I asked you how long you was in school, and you said four years. Now, eighteen and four and five are twenty-seven. See?' "

OUR DOG SPOT.

There are few happier little dogs than Spot. He lives out in the country, where he can scamper to his heart's content along the shady lanes and over the green meadows, and there is nothing that he likes better than a ramble with his mis tress, of whom he is very fond. If he can only find a stick in the hedge to carry in his mouth, great Spot's delight. One day he came across a heavy, thick hop-pole, and proudly pranced along with it be-tween his teeth; looking at every passerby with an expression said as plain as words' "See how strong I am !"

But although Spot looks such peaceful little bow-wow, he is, I am sorry to say, a great fighter, and gives his mistress a lot of trouble to keep him in order. For this bad habit he often has to be sent into a corner when he comes home from .a. fight, and there he has to stay until he is forgiven.

One day, when he was out. Spot thought he would try and frighten six big cart horses which were grazing in a field; so slipping through the fence, he trotted fearlessly up to them. Instead of turning tail. as Spot thought they would when they saw his sharp face, they at gave chase to him, and Spot had to scamper for his life, with all the six horses galloping hard after him. For once he was a little coward. and Spot's mistress, who was watching him, laughed heartily as he rushed back to her.

#### NORA.

I saw her first in New York as she tripped from the Atlantic liner, which had borne her from her Irish home in the shadow of Slieve-namon, the land of her dreams. As she tripped down the platform that stretched from the tender to landing place her face wore a look of amazement as she glanced with eyes that were more wondrous than all the wonders of Manhattan

And what a sweet face she had-so fresh, so tender, and so pure! What music could compare with the voice when the red lips opened, and the words issued forth in the soft brogue she doesn't stop for the thorns, that of Munster, from between two rows of pearly, glistening teeth? How "Well," said the other, impatiently. "I'm glad I can wear gloves holding up a skirt that smelled of and don't have to tear my hands out the steerage? What beautiful black hair, crowned by a little sailor hat, battered by three thousand college that fall. The other girls miles of ocean travelling. And with didn't. Why? Because they "didn't what a proud, coquettish little air what a proud, coquettish little air she shook her head and glanced Such is human nature. A great through the corners of her eyes the newspaper man who had asked her in a joke the moment after she landed for her opinion of America

She looked around on coming out at the Battery and seemed to be expecting some one to meet her, bu in the vast throng of those who awaited the arrival she did not recognize a familiar face So she sat down on her little tin

She had expected her brother to meet her; but he had advised her to immediately the steamer landed. This bit of information she had given to a lady who had come over to her and handed her some grapes, which she accepted thankfully, as she look-

The lady who addressed her 'was stop."
rich and fashlonably dressed, and her 'I've tried that a
complexion was such that it was of They never do stop."

your dreams of greatness.

You cannot succeed unless you are in order to preserve it. Little Nora willing at every step to pay the Murphy from Tipperary, as she looked up at it from her seat on her little trunk, thought to herself it was beautiful. The newspaper reporter, who watched them both from a little distance, murmured something about a, painted land-shark.

"I do not think, my dear, that your brother can come for you," said the lady; "so what you should do is to come along with me. My carriage is here waiting"-pointing you have your brother's address, I will get my coachman to drive you

young girl; "but I could not dream longed to a convent of Dominican of trespassing on you."

lady; be of service to you, and I could brother, alone and unprotected as palms and ferns were massed. The you are."

A little further persuasion and the lady beckoned to the cabman, who came towards them and lifted Nora Murphy's little trunk to the top of his cab. The lady was just kelping her to a seat inside, when hand was peremptorily laid on her own shoulder.

to face with a pale-faced and over- tle side was the nuns' private chaworked priest, whose face wore a stern and angry look as he withdrew polluted. His look froze the words of angry bluster that were rising to

"Come, child," said the priest, taking Nora Murphy by the hand. "I know your brother, and will keep you safe until he arrives." Then, one word-"Go !"

She jumped into the cab and banged the door after her, and as it rattled off, the newspaper man, who had saw the look of impotent rage she cast at the long, black-robed figure, tenderly leading by the hand the little Irish emigrant girl to a haven of had lain close to her heart the Body safety.-Slieve Mish, in the New World.

THE MINIATURE.

How the Term Came to Mean a Very Small Portrait.

Miniature painting originated in the practice of illuminating manuscript books, when small pictures were introduced with the initial letters or upon the borders. These initial letters were usually printed in red, Latin minium; hence these small life. Black brows marked a face of

pictures were termed miniatura. After the invention of printing and engraving this art entered upon a He sat very erect, as was his wont, new phase. Copies in small of celebrated pictures were made, and the demand was particularly great for thought that no son of his would portraits, and so the term miniature came to mean a very small portrait. One of the most famous miniature tholic, it has been the one great painters was Holbein, and Samuel Cooper, a Londoner, was also an ex- son a priest. God had blessed him said that Louis XIV. offered £150 for his picture of Oliver Cromwell.

### SAYINGS OF THE CHILDREN.

painting for a time, but of late there grew up to manhood, chose has been a notable revival of the art. In olden time miniatures were often painted on vellum or on copper or man. He stole a glance at silver plates. Now ivory is the medium commonly employed

Mamma-I wonder if the carriage will ever be at the door ? Alfred-Yes; it will be here pretty

putting the suspenders on the horse

A parent was examining his young first grade hopeful in geography. "What is land with water all round it called ?"

"An island." "Then what is water with land all around it?"

After a pause-"A puddle." Baby Harold came into the house holding a dripping snowball. "You ought not to eat that, Harold," said his elder brother.

might make you sick." dignantly. "I's just suckin' the juice out of it."

One morning four-year old Margie had pancakes and syrup for break fast. After she had eaten the cakes there was some syrup left, on her plate, and she said: "Mamma, please give me a spoon, my fork leaks."

"Jessie, I have told you again and again not to speak when older per-sons are talking, but wait until they

"I've tried that already, mamma

#### - THE FIRST BLESSING.

that his hands might be kissed by the congregation, who sat mean-while in a hush of expectancy, touched into unwonted stillness by the solemnity of the occasion. The clear, to a cab in the distance—"and as pure sunlight of a spring morning sanctuary with amber light. Al-"You are too kind," exclaimed the though it was a parish chapel it be-"Oh, nonsense," exclaimed the day; "it would only delight me to air of exquisite purity seen only where nuns have charge of the altar. hardly sleep to-night if I thought of On either side hung curtains of leaving you to go and look for your white and silver, against which carven brass of the candlesticks and of the burnished doors of the tabernacle shone like gold in the clear light. The snowy white of the marble altar breathed spotless chastity, the air was fragrant with the perfume of spring flowers, and with the faint odor of incense that still showed filmily in the shadow. Shut off She turned and found herself face by wrought iron railings on the epispel, and the foremost of the waiting congregation could see their kneeling his hands from her garments, as if forms, outlined in white serge robes against the dark carven oak of their stalls.

In the front seat in the nave sat the young priest's mother, clasping and unclasping her nervous fingers, dazed with unearthly happiness in this the supreme moment of her life. eyes had seen the glorious consummation of a quarter of a century's hopes, labors, yearnings and desires. Her boy, her darling, the only child been watching it all, laughed as he of her brief married life, had stood before her on God's altar, clothed in the priestly vestments, lifting the chalice, touching with hands that of the Saviour of men! O wonderful Mass! Nothing that Heaven such ineffable happiness as this past hour had brought her. Long labors. grim struggles, heavy hardships were forgotten, or if they were remembered it was only to be glorified, for were not they the steps by which she had ascended to this?

In the opposite bench sat a tall, proud-looking man in late middle clear pallor; hair and beard, once jet-black, too, were almost white. and stared hard at the sunlit altar, and his heart was heavy with the ever stand there robed for the Holy Sacrifice. An intensely devoted Ca wish of Dr. Nugent's life to have a Milton sat to him, and it is with three fine lads, shapely, clever, and good living, but to none them came the call their father had so ardently desired. He prayed for it, he worked for it by seeking to hend their inclinations whither Photography checked miniature wished, but to no purpose. They professions and were prospering in them, but their father was a disappointed homely face of Mary Gorman and his own grew hard at the sight the ecstasy in hers. Here was one who had been a servant girl in the town he came from, and who now soon now, for I just saw Michael sat exalted as he might never hope to be. In that hushed interval he wen-

back in fancy to the little town of his birth. He saw himself the prosperous doctor's son home on holiday from college, and Maura Ruadh, as they called the red-haired Connaught servant-girl at Murray's, the butcher's, beetling clothes by the canal bank, or carrying water barefooted to her master's shop. A poor drudge she was, but happy and light-hearted withal. He remembered her well, because of her habit in answering in "It Trich the tounts about her flaming hair. There came a year when he missed her, and was told she had observer can distinguish perous practice in a London suburb, years of married happiness and fatherhood marred only by that one curate writers. baulked desire. But how deep was But the second "I his disappointment only God and tail after all.—Ex. himself knew. When he saw again the Maura

Rundh of his boyhood she was Mrs. Gorman, the hard-working owner of a little shop. She wrought from quick? It wuz just like lightnin', sunrise to sunset, and long after it, indeed, to keep her fatherless boy plied the victir at college, and to make a small in one place."

provision for her old age. Mrs. Gorman wondered why a shadow fell on his face when she told him her son was in a seminary. Dr. Nugent The young priest had celebrated had been genuinely glad to see her, his first Mass. The long procession and she felt a glow of Irish pride in of choristers and servers had wound | Deing able to say her boy was desinto the sacristy. Presently the tined for the altar. She saw his face harden at the news, and wondered if he were upstart enough to think that a laborer's son was not fit for the service of God. In that she did him wrong unwittingly. Dr. Nugent was jealous-yes, there is no other word for the feeling that ranpoured through the rose window kled in his heart—but not because above the altar, filling the little God had called a laborer's son to His service. His old regret stirred in him whenever he heard of any vocation, be it given to laborer's or landowner's son. There was bitterness in the thought that others were called, while his were not.

As he sat watching the sunlit sanctuary with dark unseeing eyes, the sacristy door was thrown open and the young priest came forward to take his seat in the gateway of the altar rails. The snowy alb gave dignity to his slight figure, and his boyish face was gentle and spiritual enough to fit the fine purity and exaltation of the place and occasion. He walked slowly, and his features showed evidence of deep feeling. Beside him was the old parish priest, whose Mass he had so often served, and who came now napkin in hand to stand beside him in the ensuing ceremony. Without lifting his eyes to the watching congregation he sat on the seat prepared for him, his hands extended palm downwards on the alb. The sunlight fell on his bowed head crowned with wavy redgold hair, and in his mother's eyes he was enhaloed and transfigured with unearthly radiance. The parish turning to the other woman, he pointed with his finger, and uttered fully "Nunc Dimittis," now that her first. She strove to rise, but could not, and her son looked up. smiled at her with eyes of loving encouragement, and his lips quivered as he saw the tears streaming down her cheeks. Instead of rising she impulsively, crying "Oh, Michael, Michael!" as if he were a little child again. Dr. Nugent's hard eyes. grew soft and moist as he looked. His bitterness fell away from him, might offer Mary Gorman hereafter and in a moment he had stepped across the nave and was leading her towards the sanctuary. Together they knelt at the feet of the young Levite, and the mother pressed her trembling lips to his beloved hands. He bent down and raised her in his arms, and held her while he kissed her tear-stained face. Then Dr. Nugent laid reverent lips to the hands of God's anointed.-B., in Dublin Leader.

THE TWO-HEADED SNAKE.

A Boa Constrictor That Has a Very Deceptive Tail.

Every now and then some traveller tells of a two-headed snake which exists in Egypt, and whenever narrator hasn't seen the snake himself, he is more or less disposed to assert there really is a snake with two heads in Egypt, because he has been told about it by many reliable persons.

Indeed, sometimes a traveller who has actually caught a glimpse of the snake is likely to declare that it truly is two headed, for the serpent certainly appears to be so when seen only by chance.

It is only when the snake is actually taken up and examined closely that the trath is revealed.

The two-headed snake is not a poisonous serpent. It is only a boa constrictor, and it is fairly com-But it is so secretive that it hides away in its sandy burrows almost constantly. It is strangely formed in so far that its tail stead of tapering on to a point the tails of other snakes do, widens out into a bludgeon shape, thus making it look so utterly unlike a tail that it is almost impossible to think it is anything but a head when the snake is seen only for a moment

To add to the deception, jugglers catch these boas and paint jaws and eves on the tail. The work to carefully done that only a trained gone to London. For himself there head from the false. Thus the story of the two-headed snake has obtained wide circulation, and has crept into books of otherwise

But the second "head" is only

"My!" said the first boy, "don't "No, it wuzn't like lightnin';" plied the victim. "He hit too often