

BOYS AND GIRLS

a Pause in the Day's Occupation.

NOBODY KNOWS BUT MOTHER.

How many buttons are missing to-day? Nobody knows but mother. How many playthings are strewn in her way? Nobody knows but mother. How many thumbs and spoons has she missed? Nobody knows but mother. How many bumps on each fat little fist? Nobody knows but mother. How many bumps to be cuddled and kissed? Nobody knows but mother. How many hats has she hunted to-day? Nobody knows but mother. Carelessly hiding themselves in the hay? Nobody knows but mother. How many handkerchiefs wilfully strayed? Nobody knows but mother. How many ribbons for each little maid? Nobody knows but mother. How, for her care, can a mother be so kind? Nobody knows but mother. How many muddy shoes all in a row? Nobody knows but mother. How many stockings to darn, do you know? Nobody knows but mother. How many little torn aprons to mend? Nobody knows but mother. What is the time when her day's work will end? Nobody knows but mother. How many lunches for Tommy and Sam? Nobody knows but mother. Cookies and apples and blackberry jam? Nobody knows but mother. Nourishing dainties for every "sweet tooth." Toddling Dottie or dignified Ruth, how much love sweetened the labor, forsooth? Nobody knows but mother. How many cares does a mother's heart know? Nobody knows but mother. How many joys from her mother-love flow? Nobody knows but mother. How many prayers by each little white bed. How many tears for her babes has she shed. How many kisses for each curly head? Nobody knows but mother.

Letters to Aunt Becky

Dear Aunt Becky: I have often read the interesting letters in the True Witness, so I have decided to write to you also. I live in Frampton village. I am thirteen years old. I am going to the convent school. My teacher's name is Mother Saint Leontine. I have two sisters and three brothers. My oldest brother is living in the Province of Saskatchewan. My second brother is working in the woods of the State of Maine. My youngest brother is nine years old and is going to school. My cousin Adela Lessard, from Cranbourne, is here to spend a week with us. Dear Aunt Becky, I think this is all I will write. My letter is very short, but next time I will write longer. I remain, Your loving niece, MARY ANN F. West Frampton, P.Q.

Dear Aunt Becky: It has been a long time since I wrote to you. I am now 12 years old, and I am still going to school. I like my teacher very well. Her name is Miss Nellie Fitzgerald. My little cousin, Mary Haney, from Georgetown, spent the summer at our place. Her papa came last week and she went home with him. We are all very homesick for her. I think my grandma will go back to Boston to spend the winter. We still receive the True Witness and we all enjoy it, reading the lovely stories there are in it. I am afraid some of your nephews and nieces have forgotten you because you do not see very many of their letters in the paper now. We live about four miles from the village. Our parish priest's name is Rev. John O'Farrell. He often comes to our school and always gives us prizes or pictures. We have also five aunts and a beautiful convent. The weather is very cold; it has snowed some. I guess Jack Frost is already here to pinch our ears and

poses. Well, dear Aunt Becky, I will close, saying good-bye. From your loving niece, MARY E. West Frampton, Que.

Dear Aunt Becky: This is the first time that I am writing to you and I hope I will see my letter in print. I am 10 years old. I am going to school. I made my first Communion this year. It has snowed a good deal this week. I am glad to see the snow because we will have fun sliding. Good-bye, dear Aunt, the next time I will write longer. Your nephew, WILLIE E. West Frampton, Que.

Dear Aunt Becky: It is so long since I have written to you that I am afraid you will think I have forgotten you. I am still going to school and I like my teacher very well. I am learning English and French Grammar, Sacred History, History of Canada, and geography. My little sister Frances is going to school also. She is only six years old so she cannot write well enough yet to write to you. I made my first Communion and was received Child of Mary this year. My mamma has gone back to live in Montreal this winter. My grandma, who is living in Cranbourne, was very sick but is better now. Well, dear Aunt, I think I will close hoping to see my letter in print. Your loving niece, LIZZIE C. West Frampton, Que.

Dear Aunt Becky: You may think I have forgotten you, but I have not. I go to school and am in the Fourth Reader. There are seven in my class. I see there have been no letters for a long time. My brother Washington, who used to correspond with Aunt Becky, is in college this year. He likes it very well. Our priest is here quite often of late. It is near Halloween and I am going to make taffy and have some fun diving for apples. Then we will soon have Xmas. I hope all the other little cousins are well. I will write more next time. Good-bye. From your loving niece, CHRISTINA C. J. R. Kouchibouguac, Kent Co., N.B.

MASTER OF HIMSELF.

A merchant, needing a boy, put the following sign in his window: "Boy wanted. Wages, \$4.00 a week; \$6.00 to the right one. The boy must be master of himself." Many parents who had sons were interested, but the latter part of the notice puzzled them. They had never thought of teaching their boys to be masters of themselves. However, many sent their sons to the merchant to apply for the situation. As each boy applied, the merchant asked him, "Can you read?" "Yes, sir," was the frank reply. "Can you read this?" asked the merchant, pointing out a certain passage in a paper. "Yes, sir." "Will you read it to me steadily and without a break?" "Yes, sir." The merchant then took the boy into a back room where all was quiet, and shut the door. Giving the boy the paper he reminded him of his promise to read the passage through steadily and without a break, and commanded him to read. The boy took the paper and bravely started. While he was reading the merchant opened a basket, in which were a number of lively little puppies, and tumbled them around the boy's feet. The temptation to turn and see the puppies and note what they were doing was too strong; the boy looked away from his reading, blundered, and was at once dismissed.

Boy after boy underwent the same treatment, till seventy-six were tried and proved failures to master themselves. At last one was found who, in spite of the puppies playing around his feet, read the passage through as he had promised. When he had finished, the merchant was delighted, and asked him: "Did you see the puppies that were playing around your feet when you were reading?" "No, sir." "Did you know that they were there?" "Yes, sir." "Why did you not look to see what they were doing?" "I couldn't, sir, while I was reading what I said I would." "Do you always do what you say you will?" "Yes, sir, I try to." "You are the boy I want," said the merchant, gladly. "Come tomorrow. Your wages will start at six dollars, with good prospects of increase." How this incident points home to a great neglect in the training of our boys and girls! Only one boy in seventy-seven trained to be master of himself. While everything else is looked after do not neglect to teach each boy to be master of himself.

MYRA'S PROMISE. "I can say one thing for myself anyway," Myra spoke with decision, and perhaps with a touch of complacency. "I am careful about keeping my promises. I never did believe in signing pledges that one isn't going to keep. That's what I told the

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girls when they were trying to coax me into that new society. I don't think it's very nice to call names, so I won't do it; but I must say some of the members that I know are breaking the pledge all the time. "Do you make a distinction between written pledges and merely verbal ones?" It was plain-spoken Aunt Martha who put the question, and some-Myra vaguely uncomfortable. Aunt Martha's spectacles magnified her eyes, and somehow one had the feeling of being under the microscope when those clear, gray-blue orbs looked at one so searchingly. "Why, of course, there's no real difference, I suppose," answered Myra, slowly. "But it seems to me worse, somehow, when you've deliberately studied a printed pledge and put your name to it." "I wonder why?" said Aunt Martha, and now her eyes were turned on the knitted afghan she was making for the baby. "Why, because—Myra broke off for a moment, then began again. "But of course any conscientious person would be just as careful about keeping a verbal promise. Why, of course, with conviction. Do you suppose, if I had promised verbally to give a dollar to the St. Vincent de Paul Society, I would fail to do it—any more than if I'd signed a pledge that I was going to give it?" "I suppose not," said her aunt, "provided they came and reminded you of it. It's easy to forget sometimes. But I wasn't thinking about money pledges." The old rocker creaked as Aunt Martha swayed back and forth, her eyes on her knitting. "Myra's low chair began to rock, too, but rather nervously, and perhaps there was a touch of resentment in the girl's mind. Still, Aunt Martha's keen eyes were just, and perhaps— "What do you mean, auntie?" Myra asked, rather abruptly. "You don't think I'm careless about keeping my promises, do you?" Aunt Martha's needle flashed in the sunlight; she did not speak for a moment. Then she looked over at her niece. "How did old Mrs. Bennet enjoy your visit last week? Dear old soul. It was really touching the way she brightened up when you said you were coming over." "When I said—Myra's face flushed, even though she looked a trifle puzzled for a moment. "Why, Aunt Martha, did I? I didn't tell her positively I was coming last week, did I?" "It sounded positive to me," replied her aunt. "Don't you remember she was telling you what a time she was having with her eyes, and how her feet were troubling her and she could not go out, and— "Oh, dear, yes!" Myra interrupted. "I remember. I did tell her I would be over this week, and I suppose it

slipped my mind. It was such a busy week, you know, auntie, and I—I forgot about it. I hope she didn't watch for me. I hate to disappoint people." But no comforting reassurance from Aunt Martha was forthcoming. "I suspect she sat at that window a good bit," she said, quietly, "watching and watching for you to come, and real disappointed that you didn't. It wasn't as if you'd said you thought you'd be over. You spoke positively, I remember. In coming this week, Mrs. Bennet, said you, and I noticed how pleased she looked, poor old soul." Aunt Martha was noted for the accuracy of her memory; there was no combating it, and Myra's own remembrance confirmed her aunt's. "I'll go this week, anyway!" she said, hastily. "It's too bad I forgot. But I don't believe I very often do break such promises." There was no response but the clicking of the needles. "Do I, Aunt Martha," she added, rather timidly. "I don't know that you're much more careless than other people," said that lady, frankly. "But seems to me your good nature's rather apt to lead you to make promises. There was John going around with that rip in his sleeve this morning. You told him yesterday you'd fix it if he'd wear his old coat to school in the afternoon. But I noticed, when he came down to breakfast this morning, it was split worse than ever." "Oh, auntie!" Myra started up. "Where is he?" "I sewed it up—it didn't take five minutes," said Aunt Martha, quietly. "I just mentioned it as an illustration." "Oh, said Myra feebly, for really there didn't seem to be much else to say. Aunt Martha looked keenly at the slightly downcast head, and with real kindness, too. But when she did a thing she liked to do it thoroughly, even at the risk of "rubbing it in." "I wonder if you remembered to take that pattern over to Mrs. Jameson's?" she said. Myra started. "No! If I didn't forget that too!" she said, humbly. "How could I? I meant to take it to her so promptly." "She told you not to bother with it, I know," said Aunt Martha. "But you thought you could lay your hand right on it, and I suppose every quarter counts with her. I hope she hasn't bought it for herself, but she's so afraid of being troublesome, I suspect she has." "Oh, I hope not!" Myra rose hastily with an alacrity born partly of real solicitude for Mrs. Jameson, partly of a longing to forestall other recollections of Aunt Martha's. But she turned back for a moment at the door. It was one of her good traits that she was quick to address herself at fault. "I'll stop planning myself on keeping my promises after this, auntie," she said, "till I'm reformed. Really, I had not any idea that I was so careless about promising." "Of course you hadn't," said Aunt Martha, beaming at her approvingly now.

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her, 'Fro down Jezebel!' but she wouldn't fro her down; and again dey say unto her, 'Fro down Jezebel!' but she wouldn't fro her down; and again dey say unto her for de first and last time, for I ain't gwine to ax yo' no mo', 'Fro down Jezebel!' and dey fro'd her down for seventy times and seven, till de remains were 'leven baskets; and I say unto yo' whose wife was she at de resurrection?"

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UP FROM THE DEPTHS. "Now, Johnny," asked the gentleman who had kindly consented to teach the class, "what does this fascinating story of Jonah and the whale teach us?" "It teaches us," said Johnny, whose father reads practical articles on practical people, "that you can't

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TS... same away... to-day!... candle's fire, thought can tire, one Desire, NOVEMBER... slow... in the snow... hearts with... and pansies football and call... and magical nem up again, the rain, h quiet eyes, bids them rise. his part, with full heart, them that sleep, ist's folded sheep, y shall break. g and the grasses d rose Death was and the rain, eak to greenness, ad shall rise and an, in the Tri... me as a gar- r impudence to as Heav'n and to be cast away. Then I will run ps and speed thee Then, of a cer- an, or sustain thy re feast, upon one and on the other sickness close I up, or make it ry son thou hast ive thee certain os-frighted or sign, that presence le Anderson, in

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