OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Boys and Girls:

Many nice letters are being received from the little folks. I am so glad you really enjoy the page. Has it ever occurred to you little people, now that the cold weather is upon us, that the little birds have to suffer considerably. They are so dependent on us for a little kindness, and it is so easy to scatter a few crumbs at the door or on the window sill. They soon become accustomed to a place, and I have known them to come tapping at the window with their bills if they did not find the crumbs on the ledge as they were wont to do. Perhaps some of you have had experiences in this way. If so, tell it to the corner.

Your friend,

AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I am a little boy of seven. I am going to school every day. But the roads are very bad now, and we live a long way from the school. I have a little black pony, and my papa and mamma and myself go driving every Sunday. My papa is a blacksmith, and he shoes little horses. I like to watch him, but some of them are very hard to shoe. This is my first letter, and my papa and mamma will like to see it in next week's paper. So good-bye.

Your little friend.

JAMES.

Prince Edward Island.

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Dear Aunt Becky:

I hope you are enjoying good health such very cold weather. It rained last night and the roads are very muddy. Forty Hours' devotion commences to-morrow in our parish. I help mamma quite a lot. I am making a quilt. I wish winter would soon come for it is lots of fun sliding on the ice. I will write longer next week. Good-bye.

LIZZIE C.

Granby, Que.

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Dear Aunt Becky:

Having a few minutes to spare, I thought I would write you. My oldest brother has been very sick; he is a little better to-day. My cousin Joe, who is going to school in Montreal, came out on Saturday night and went back on Monday morning. We were so pleased to see him. I was so glad this morning when I saw it snowing, thinking we would have sleighing. Aunt Becky, do you ever go sleigh riding? isn't it fun? The weather has been very fine here all fall. Wishing you the best of health,

I remain, yours truly,

ROSE.

Granby, Que.

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Dear Aunt Becky:

My grandma takes the True Witness and I enjoy reading the letters. I am eleven years old. My dear mother died when I was eight years old and she left a little baby five weeks old, and Katie and I live with grandma. There are ten in our family, two boys and eight girls. The baby's name is Eugene. Grandma took him and brought him up, and he is a fine boy now. He was three years old in October. He had lovely long curls, but we had to cut them off in the summer—the weather was so warm. I live in the country and it is a very pretty place in summer. Well, I guess I will close for this time, hoping to see my letter in print. I remain

Your loving friend,

EUGENA F.

Pugwash, N.S.

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Dear Aunt Becky:

As I have not written to you yet, I thought I would write and tell you how interested I am in the boys and girls' page. I am twelve years old, I go to school every day I can. But I have one mile to walk, and in winter it is quite cold and I can't go steadily. We study reading, spelling, arithmetic, nature, geography and music. I have a lovely teacher, her name is Miss Henniby. She is not one bit cross. I study my catechism at home, and I made my first Communion in the summer. My brother is an altar boy and a good boy he is. He does not know what the taste of liquor is. He took the pledge when he was twelve till he is twenty-one, and I expect then he will take it for life. My sister Nellie works in a tailor's shop, and my second sister in age keeps house with the four little ones, and I live with grandma. My papa is a carpenter. Well, Aunt Becky, I guess I will close, as my sister Eugena is going to write. Good-bye,

From your little friend,

KATHERINE F.

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THE ENGINEER CRIED.

"Yes, indeed, we have some queer little incidents happen to us," said the fat engineer. "A queer thing happened to me about a year ago. You'd think it queer for a rough man like me to cry for ten minutes, and nobody hurt, either, wouldn't you? Well, I did, and I almost cry every time I think of it.

"I was running along one afternoon pretty lively, when I approached a little village where the track cuts through the streets. I slacked up a little, but was still making good speed, when suddenly about twenty rods ahead of me a little girl not more than three years old toddled onto the track. You can't even imagine my feelings. It was impossible to stop, or even slack much, at that distance, as the train was heavy and the grade descending. In ten seconds it would have been over, and after reversing and applying the brakes, I shut my eyes. I didn't want to see any more.

"As we slowed down my fireman stuck his head out of the cab window to see what I stopped for, when he laughed and shouted to me: 'Jim, look here!' I looked, and there was a big Newfoundland dog holding the little girl in his mouth, leisurely walking towards the house where she evidently belonged. She was kicking and crying, so that I knew she wasn't hurt, and the dog had saved her. My fireman thought it funny and kept laughing, but I cried like a woman. I just couldn't help it. I had a little girl of my own at home."—Exchange.

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WHEN DADDY WAS A BOY.

I'm very, very naughty, and I play
most awful tricks!
My daddy says he wasn't half as
bad when he was six;
He never ran away from school, nor
broke his pretty toy—
They simply couldn't do such things
when daddy was a boy.

It's "Baby don't do such naughty
things as that!
Baby, let doggie be! Don't tease the
pussy-cat!"
It's "Baby" this, and "Baby" that,
and "Baby, don't annoy;
Your daddy never did such things
when daddy was a boy!"

They never put a scuttle full of coals
on kitty's tail,
Or tackled dogs to empty cans to
hear them yelp and wail,
Or stood the cat in walnut shells to
see her jump for joy,
Or crippled frogs, or anything, when
daddy was a boy!

Then what's the use of pussy-cats, or
coals or cans, or dogs,
Or kittens, or of walnut shells, or
croaking, thrilling frogs?
And why should not my Sunday
clothes be freshened up with
paint?
But daddy never did such things, for
daddy was a saint.

But if they never lost themselves,
nor greased their hair with glue,
Nor speckled sister's frock with ink,
nor chopped themselves in two,
Nor stirred the bee-hives up with
sticks, nor howled for very joy,
I wonder what on earth they did
when daddy was a boy?

I s'pose I'm very wicked, not fit on
earth to stay—
In fact, if I must be so good I'd rather fly away.
If all that daddy tells me is the truth
without alloy,
I guess they didn't have much fun
when daddy was a boy.

—Hubert Arthur Hensley.

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THE INVINCIBLE COUNTRY BOY.

A glance at a list of the great men of the big cities of the United States will prove beyond doubt that the country-bred boy is far superior to his city-born cousin in point of business and professional ability and general capacity.

Many reasons are advanced for the success of the country boy in the large cities, but the one that seems to hit the nail on the head is that the youngster of the provinces is taught to work, and by this is meant a good, honest day's work, one of twelve hours.

He is a sticker, too, who is willing to start at the bottom; and when you find a country boy who is a worker and a sticker, he is invincible. You can't keep him down.—Ex.

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MODERN EDUCATION.

A writer in Lippincott's tells of a young teacher who had taken special pains to implant a knowledge of United States history, who could not but feel that much good seed sown had fallen on stony ground when at the final examination the question, "What character do you like best, and why?" brought forth the following astonishing replies:

"Andrew Jackson, because he whipped the British with an old hickory."

"Grant, who was elected president twice and around the world once."

"I like Munroe for doctrin' the people and Jackson standing on a stone wall, and fell dead."

"Columbus, because if it hadn't been for him there wouldn't have been any others to like."

"Lincoln, who was shot and killed standing in a booth, and died saying, 'Jefferson survives. I am contented.'"

"De Soto, who waded in the Mississippi up to his elbows and there found his grave."

"Old General Putnam, who left his ox and his ass in the field and went and beat the British."

"The redoubtful John Paul Jones, because he said, 'We'll beat them British or bust,' and then did it."

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LESSONS FROM CHEMISTRY.

"How beautiful!" I exclaimed, entering the laboratory, as a brilliant green light shone out and snowy flakes of something fluttered from the vivid blaze. "And what is it?"

"A bit of zinc-leaf burning," the chemist answered; "seizing oxygen from the air, it makes with it these white snow flakes of zinc oxide. Here the same zinc is cultivating the lead-tree."

In a jar of clear liquid hung a strip of zinc on which was clustered a brilliant, moss-like mass of crystalline spangles.

"Zinc in a solution of acetate of lead," the chemist continued, "dissolves, and the lead gathers up its silver crystals; then I weigh the liquids and solids. I shall find that for every atom of lead crystallized an atom of zinc has been dissolved.

"Here is the same truth proving itself in another way. In this beaker are sulphuric acid and zinc; when they have obeyed their law of union, instead of the liquid and the shining solid I shall have their precise equivalent, but in the very different form of hydrogen gas and the white mass of zinc sulphate.

"Nothing is lost; chemistry can change but can not create nor destroy what the one Creator of all things in heaven and earth has made. But chemistry can, in some cases, change substances into a form from which it can never change them back to the old form.

"That is a solemn thought when we come to soul chemistry, that our work will, or our influence over our own souls or those of others may, distort them from the symmetry which God gave them, and that no after-efforts of ours can restore the former beauty; that thought must make us watchful and prayerful in all our ways.

"But there is great comfort in knowing that God, who can create and destroy, can also restore the distorted life which is fully given into his hands of grace and power, and can make it again beautiful and fit for His high service, purifying it in the precious blood of the Lamb."—Pittsburg Observer.

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JOHNNY AND WILLIE BROWN.

(By Caroline Vinton Henry.)

It took the Brown boys nearly a week to recover from their warm reception by the honey-bees. Neither of them will be anxious to see the bee-hives again. And certainly neither of them will ever again rap on the hive to see if the bees are at home. Their mother shouted after them to keep away from the bees, the pastures and the stream, and not to climb trees.

Johnny was leading Willie by the hand as they wandered down the lane. At the end of the lane was the pasture and beyond this was a little strip of woods through which flowed the stream.

The boys passed through the pasture in safety, as the cattle were grazing in one corner. Their mother would have been greatly worried had she known her warnings went in one ear and out the other.

The Brown boys headed for the woods. They didn't know that the forbidden stream was there, though it would have been just the same if they had known. They were delighted with the tall trees, the wild flowers, the moss, the ferns, and many other things that are strange to city boys.

They played along, going deeper and deeper into the woods, never thinking that they might not find their way home again.

After awhile they stumbled upon the stream. They soon had their shoes and stockings wet, wading along the shore. Yes, they were nearly to their waists, for who ever told them about wading barefooted and with trousers rolled up? Then they threw twigs and pieces of bark out into the current to see them float rapidly away. They threw stones into the stream to see them splash.

They came to where a tree had been blown down so that its top reached far out over the water.

"Oh, Will!" cried Johnny, "let's play shipwreck. The limbs will be the ship and we will make believe we have struck a rock."

"Goody! Goody!" replied Will. "Are you the Captain, Johnny?"

Johnny answered that he was Captain Brown, and told his brother to be passengers. They climbed far out over the stream to where the branches were so small that the boys could make them dip clean down into the water. That was the best fun yet, and it was really exciting.

Suddenly Johnny remembered a story that his mother told him, about the life-savers.

"Let us play life-savers, Will. I'll be the life-saver, and you be the drowning sailor. Now, you stay here," said Johnny, "while I go to that big stump, which is the life-saving station. When I get there you must cry 'Help! help! I'm drowning!' then you must fall into the water."

"Will I be drowned, Johnny?" asked Will.

"Maybe," said Johnny, "but maybe I'll come and save you."

Will fell into the water; the water was nearly to his neck, and the current so swift he could hardly stand. "Johnny!" he shouted, in dead earnest. Johnny had rushed into the stream as far as he dared, but the swift current frightened him too.

"Will!" he cried, as the poor fellow struggled to his feet again. And Will answered with all his might, shouting. "Johnny! Johnny!"

And so Cousin Joe found them. For luckily he had been fishing not far up the stream, little thinking that the two Brown boys were playing life-savers near by.

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AN INVISIBLE ACHE.

A Pittsburg teacher has a seven-year-old pupil whose mind is very fertile in invention. Seeing an expression of pain on his face as he raised his hand, he asked: "What is it, Jamie?"

"I have such a bad headache, I think I must go home," was the reply.

Putting her hand on his head and finding it quite cool, she said: "I think it can't ache much, Jamie. You would better not go now."

Jamie went back to his work, but soon his hand was raised again, and inquiry developed the fact that his tooth ached so severely that he felt he could not remain a moment longer.

The teacher looked at his teeth, and, finding them in remarkably fine condition, once more assured him that the pain was only imaginary, and returned to her class.

She had just become absorbed in the lesson when a wail from Jamie's seat caused her to go to him again, and, with some patience, she said: "Well, Jamie, what can it be this time?"

With tears in his eyes and raining down his cheeks, Jamie answered: "It's stomach ache, and that's so far down you can't see it."

ENORMOUS STRENGTH OF MUSHROOMS.

A curious instance of the wonderful force exerted by growing vegetation is related. This force seems all the more remarkable when exerted by light and unsubstantial mushrooms, but does not appear so extraordinary when caused by the expansion of a hardwood tree. Some half hardy annuals were sown in a frame just cleared of a winter crop in the gardens of an English park and the lights closed to hasten germination. Some days afterwards signs of cracking were observed in the brickwork, and gradually a block weighing in the aggregate one and one-half hundred weight was pushed out of position. After cutting out several bricks a mass of mushrooms was found three pounds, three ounces in weight, growing in the centre of the wall. The mycelium had run freely in the mortar and on the inner surface of the bricks.

A RAMBLE IN CULLYHANNA

On Sunday last I had a ramble in Cullyhanna, Co. Armagh, says a writer in the Dundalk Democrat. I passed through Tullydonnell, leaving Dunreavy Lake to my left. Across this country once stretched the great wood of Dunreavy, which extended from Newry to Federnagh, and was in some places two miles deep. It was one of the last great natural woods of Ireland. West of Dunreavy Lake is Glassdrummond lake, on the margin of which once stood a castle of the O'Neills', the destruction of which has been so pathetically lamented by the Dall Mac Cuarta in one of the finest of his poems.

Before reaching Cullyhanna you pass by or rather through Dorsey Dun, once the largest earthen fortifications in Ireland, but the "improving" farmer has cleared the most of it away, leaving still enough behind for us to marvel at its great strength in ancient days. Inside the enclosure is the Cailleach Birra's pillar stone. Cullyhanna has a neat new church, and nestling close to it is a fine parochial house. Stretching north of Cullyhanna is the townland of Tullyvallen. Tullyvallen is no ordinary townland—it is five miles long, stretching away to Newtownhamilton, and beyond it, and contains about 7000 acres, hence it is one of the largest in Ireland.

Naturally in such a large area there are scores of smaller places distinguished by local names that have no official recognition. But in Tullyvallen there is a very intelligent young man of a type unfortunately too rare in rural Ireland. His name is Hugh Kelly. He has recorded all the smaller place names in his native district. He knows all the traditions—and they are many—of the country around. He has read deeply of Irish history, and is laboring almost alone to acquire a knowledge of his country's language. He has become a regular magazine of the history and nomenclature and traditions of his country.

He brought us to the house of a Mr. Francis Kearney, where we saw a very ancient weapon of oak. It is eleven feet long, the prongs being two feet. It is all of one piece and seems to have been cut or shaped by a blunt instrument, probably a stone hatchet. What its use was we could only conjecture; it may have been used for digging loose clay, or forking hay or straw, or other such agricultural operations. It was got at the bottom of a bog, that must have once been forty or fifty feet deep. Near it was found a stone "celt" seven inches long.

In another house we were shown a peculiar glass vessel eight inches high, resembling a modern decanter in shape. The glass is strong and dark, and from the rude construction of the vessel it would appear to be very ancient. It, too, was got down deep in a bog, and near it were found a spear head and some mortised oaken beams, which seems to indicate that the place was once the site of a lake dwelling.

Next we were conducted to Mr. Peter Donnolly's land to see a stone there with a remarkable cross on it. The stone is a natural undressed flag, and the cross, which is twenty inches long and twelve inches wide, is formed all round by double parallel incised lines with a raised ridge between. The carving appears very ancient, probably as old as that on Kilnassaggart Stone; and this stone, which once may have marked the grave of a saint, is now used to close a gap.

In Edward Savage's land adjoining is another stone marked with a similar cross twelve inches long by twelve inches wide, and also a plain modern cross. There was a third in Henry Garvey's land, but it was broken, it is said, by an Orangeman who happened to be passing one day carrying a sledge. These three evidently point to the existence of an ancient Christian cemetery in this locality.

On the summit of a hill not far off is a place called the "Moat." It is a simple ring fort, but tradition says it was used as a burial place till about a hundred years ago. It is remarkable that in this district there are almost none of the ordinary ring forts. And the "rollgs" which are so common farther north in Armagh are unknown.

In this district lived, in the eighteenth century, the notorious Tory hunter, "Johnston of the Fews." He was a landlord, but is only remembered and execrated as a Tory hunter.

The word "Tory" is an Irish word, and means one hunted or pursued. The Tories were the remnants of the Irish that were dispossessed of their lands after the wars of Elizabeth, Cromwell and William, and who hung around their native district in the fond hope that an opportunity might yet arise of "Spoiling the spoiler and from the robber rending his prey." They had to live in the woods and bogs and the other wild places of the land, and were looked upon as lawful if somewhat dangerous game by the planters settled down on their and their father's lands. There was no law, no protection for the poor Tory; he was run to earth like a fox or a wolf, and shot, speared, or dispatched in any other fashion, his head being secured by his slayer, for which he got so much coin of the realm.

Johnston had an aide-de-camp known as "Cormac na geinn," i. e., "Cormac of the heads." His correct name was Cormac Keenan, but Johnston used him for chopping off the heads of the luckless Tories caught alive or killed in the chase, and Cormac decapitated so many heads that he became known as "Cormac of the heads." He was even more hated than his master.

He lived in Tullyvallen, and it is said that when he came to die a drop of blood began to drip from the roof of the house on his bed. The bed was moved here and there, through the house, but all in vain, the drop still continued to fall till he died. This gave rise to the saying, "Deor Cormac," i.e., Cormac's drop. I met this saying in a collection of Irish proverbs published fifty years ago, and the collector did not know what it meant.

Distinguished Paulist Gives Suggestions for Reaching Submerged Tenths.

At a meeting recently at Yonkers, N.Y., of the branch of the Queen's Daughters, Father McMillan, C.S.P., said that he had heard of their fame and was glad to meet the members, especially if he was able to offer them some practical suggestions for carrying on their humanitarian work.

"You who wish to obtain an idea of the surroundings of those who form a part of the Submerged Tenth," said he, "must not be unwilling to come into contact with a certain kind of mud or allow your noses to dominate the situation. As I understand sociology, it is a study of society, not that which lends itself to the giving of dinner parties or receptions, but society in its broadest sense. It is not confined to one city or locality. Charitable workers should bear in mind the principle that all should be self-supporting. We must distinguish between the defective and the criminal. Sociologically, a defective man is not always a criminal, and there is a good scope for humanitarian work to be done for those who are defective through no fault of their own. Here comes the problem. It is always better to make a mistake on the side of optimism when seeking to relieve others."

The speaker referred to the establishment of a Department of Sociology in the University of Columbia, and to an investigation made by a corps of students. The result disclosed that 3,000 people lived in one block in his district. It is the biggest thing on earth for population. You can imagine children trying to sing "Home, Sweet Home," in such a place. And yet the children are happy. It is the only home they know. All types are to be found there.

There are certain ways of approaching those people. You must not put on airs of condescension when you visit them, but you must meet them on a plane of equality. They are not to be commiserated with. They will accept friendship and food, but not pity. Little hints how to improve their rooms will be received gratefully after they have come to know you. The girls also will accept advice as to the trimming of their hats.

Father McMillan urged the value of the Sunday-school as a social factor in the lives of the boys and girls in the big cities. The wildness of the boy on the streets is due to the fact that he has no idea of society in the sense that one is dependent on the other. We must not think, because a factory girl is rough and uncouth, that she is not a moral girl. As to street beggars, a good rule to be followed is never to give them anything unless an investigation can be made. He told of several encounters with these vagrants, most of whom earn more than they can spend.

Cold and reserved natures should remember that though not infrequently flowers may be found beneath the snow, it is chilly work to dig for them, and few care to take the trouble.