

BOYS AND GIRLS

a Pause in the Day's Occupation.

THE LAND OF "I FORGOT." Little Trit Trot was a poor little slave...

THIS signal of respect and gratitude without being reminded by its parents.

MAKING OTHERS HAPPY.

Agnes was a little girl with such a bright, happy face that it was a pleasure to look at her.

One day, in answer to her mother's call, she came running home from a neighbor's, two or three doors away.

Her eyes were bright, her lips so smiling, that her mother smiled, too.

"Do you want me, mother?" asked Agnes.

"No, dear," said the mother. "Not for anything important. I missed you, that is all. Where were you, daughter?"

"At the Browns. And oh, mother, Walter was cross, but I helped him up so that he got all over it; and then the baby cried, and I had to happy her up; and then someone stepped on the kitten's tail and I was just going to happy her up when you called me."

The mother laughed. "Why, what a happying time you had! It must make you happy yourself to happy up little boys and babies, and kittens, for you look as happy as possible."

And this is true. The more we try to make others happy, the happier we shall be ourselves.

Then put away frowns and pouting lips. Try to "happy up" those who are troubled, cross or sick, and soon you will find yourself so happy that your face will shine with smiles.

THE REASON WHY.

"When I was at the party," said Betty (aged just four), "A little girl fell off her chair. Right down upon the floor; and all the other little girls began to laugh, but me—I didn't laugh a single bit."

Said Betty, seriously. "Why not?" her mother asked her. Full of delight to find that Betty—bless her little heart!—had been so sweetly kind.

"Why didn't you laugh, darling? Or didn't you care to tell?" "I didn't laugh a single bit, 'Cause it was me that fell."

POLITE JAPANESE CHILDREN.

Japan is the country in which habits of politeness begin to be formed with the first training of the child. Should the children when emerging from school see a stranger on the opposite side of the street, they courtesy, and, having made an exceedingly respectful bow, pass on.

HEART.

and keep the road turn for youth gone cheek that glow- der-widened eye; h, all youth beh- of Youth despond. and keep the road. rn the loves that years' roses, strow- narrows where they all loves beyond—s—nor knows—the and keep the road, when life goes by, l, let fall the load; far, sweet, clarion —up, and respon— life beyond! s, in New York

HELP!

of the Sacred Heart of St. Anthony DO PLEASE send collection of a more the Blessed Sacra-out-post at Faken-ARRET But it is the SOLE SIGN of the Catholic Church of the County of Donations are not objects are not object-sought is the ATION of all de-ne Sacred Heart in England, Ire-Wales, and the Client is asked to —to put a few Church. May I little measure of ion?

THE NEWSBOY MARTYR

A TRUE INCIDENT.

By Rev. Richard W. Alexander, in the Missionary.

The world is full of unwritten heroism, and once in a while we find ourselves face to face with a life that makes our own seem small and unworthy. Such is the one I am going to tell you about, and remember I only tell tales that are true.

The classes of First Communion for working boys were being formed one evening in the school-house of my parish. I was watching the lads as they were placed in divisions according to their intelligence, when suddenly a scuffle was heard at the door.

Every head was turned as a boy was pushed forward. He fell, but quickly regained his feet and tried to make his exit, but two other boys were behind him, barring the way. He stood at bay like a small wild animal, his terrified eyes taking in the windows, vainly trying to see if escape were possible.

"What does this mean?" I said sternly. "Father, this feller has been hanging 'round the buildin' for an hour. He wants in, but he's 'fraid.' " "What are you afraid of, my son?" No answer came from the boy, who certainly looked frightened to death. He was ill-clad, small and pale.

wanted by nobody, cared for by nobody, and yet a soul for whom Christ died.

"Will, are you a Catholic?" "Yes, father."

"Do you want to make your first Communion?" He looked up eagerly. "Yes, father."

"Well, come here and sit down, and I'll teach you all you have to know."

Will looked furtively around, and seeing I smiled, and yet was in earnest, took the seat I gave him, and his presence was soon forgotten. He looked and listened in silence all evening.

I thought it better to say nothing to him that evening. If he came again it would be time enough. When the other boys left I found out from one who lingered that Will was a newsboy, lived under steps in summer and in ash pits in winter; always said he was a Catholic, but until now never came near a Catholic school, and he was twelve years old.

He had heard other boys talk about night institutions and came with the crowd, but lacked courage to enter until forcibly landed in the room by his chums, who would have "no foolin' where the priest was."

Next evening Will was on hand. Face clean, better clothes, though sadly threadbare, but respectful and attentive. He could not read, so instructions proceeded laboriously. However, he grew more and more earnest, mastered the chapters of catechism, and ere long was the most devoted chap in the room. His big brown eyes never left my face when I spoke to the class. He helped to put the room in order after dismissal and always lingered until I said "Good-night, God bless you, Willie."

He learned his prayers and I gave him a Rosary; and as the time drew near for First Communion and Confirmation he became, if possible, more attentive and earnest. Often I spoke to the boys about the saints of God, little anecdotes of charity, devotion and prayer. Once when I had told the story of the early martyrs Will's eyes (ever fixed on me) glistened, and that night he said to me, "Father, I'd like to die a martyr."

"Well, my boy, you might, although not by fire and sword."

"How, then, father?" "By loving others better than yourself. By giving your life to help others. There are many martyrs in this world, Will."

He said nothing, and I forgot the circumstance.

First Communion time came. Will passed the examination and made his general confession. I had grown greatly interested in him, and had spoken to some charitable ladies, who provided him with suitable clothing and had given him work. He was now a respectable-looking lad, a messenger boy. But although I had provided him with a



JEWELRY CATALOG

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home, he left it to live with an old apple woman, who took him to her warm heart and gave him a corner in her humble lodgings, and grew fonder of him every day. And he responded to Granny's love by giving her all his earnings.

After Will had been confirmed and made his first Communion he still came to see me, and I noticed with some anxiety he had a hard, hacking cough. I mentioned it, but he only laughed; said it was nothing, "he didn't mind it." But Granny came to see me, greatly worried over her boy.

"Father," said she, "I wish you would bid him not to pray so long in the cold. I do be listening for him to go to bed, but he is on his knees till all hours with his beads in his hands, and the room do be cold, for we can't have fires at night."

Will's purity and piety had begun to make a deep impression on my mind. "He is a chosen soul," I thought, and often he looked to me like a young saint, with his steady brown eyes fixed rapturously on me when I talked of the martyrs and holy ones of God.

One bitter cold February night Will came to see me. I noticed his cough was worse, and spoke to him about taking more care of himself. When he was leaving a blast of icy wind swept through the doorway, nearly taking me off my feet.

"Will," I said, "you must take the care home. Have you the change?" I added.

"Well, I declare," said Will, feeling in his pockets, "I guess I left my money in my other suit. But I'll run, father."

"No; you'd freeze a night like this. Here is car fare," and I handed him a new quarter.

"Thank you, father; I'll borrow it and pay you back," said he, with a smile.

"Be off, then," I said. "Good-night."

"But the blessing?" "God bless you! God bless you!" and I hastily closed the door.

I thought no more of Will for a day or two. The weather grew a bit colder. No one left the house unless he had to do so. But one afternoon the telephone rang and a strange voice asked me could I go to such a house to see a poor person who was calling for me, and was surely dying. I took the address and started. It was Granny's humble home, and I met her at the door, her apron up to her eyes, and the tears streaming down. "Oh, father!" she wept, "he's never stopped calling for you!"

"Who?" I exclaimed. "My poor Willie. He's borrowed something from you, and it's worritin' him."

She led me to the little room, where on a cot was Willie, delirious, calling out he wanted to return the quarter.

"Have you had a doctor?" I asked. "No, father, sure it's the priest he is calling for; he only got bad today."

I went at once to a telephone near by and called up a physician I knew, who was soon at the house. He looked at Will, shook his head and began to work with him. I went into the next room, and by degrees got the story out of the bewildered Granny.

The night Will left me he was later than usual coming home, and Granny was distressed, she said, it was so bitter cold. At last, about midnight, two men came to the door with Willie between them. They found him lying in the snow, not far from his home, with blood coming from his mouth. He was almost frozen, but gave his address faintly. She had put him to bed, and he didn't seem better in the morning, and suddenly he grew delirious and raved about walking home and borrowing money from me. Strange, I thought. Why didn't he ride in the cars? He was overcome by that bitter night, but why did he walk? What did he do with the money?

"Granny, had he any money when he came in?" I said. "Not a cent, your reverence. When I asked him why he didn't ride, he said his money was in his other suit; and when he took bed he was raving that I was to pay you back a quarter. Sure, if he had a quarter, why didn't he take the cars?"

"Sure enough," I thought. "I told him to ride." I felt uneasy. Where was that quarter. But then the thought occurred to me that he might have dropped it or lost it.

"The men told me," said Granny, "that they found him senseless, with the blood coming out of his mouth, just under almost in sight of the door. It was a bitter cold wind he faced comin' over the bridge."

Just then the doctor called me and said quietly, "This is a case of pneumonia and exhaustion. The

hemorrhages must have been severe. I don't think he will pull through, father, but he will be conscious in an hour. I will send some medicine and a nurse."

I was more affected than I could have imagined. Yes the priest said so. That's the way to be a martyr. I wonder were any martyrs ever frozen to death? Then he would start up: "Granny, Granny, give back Father's—'s quarter. Mind, I only borrowed it. Give it back to him."

"Yes, darlin'," said Granny, coming in. "I'll give it back to him. He's here himself. Lie still, honey. Sh! me poor boy."

"Willie," I said, "do you know me?"

The big brown eyes opened, but there was no sign of recognition. A nurse came in just then, and I requested her to begin at once to comply with the doctor's directions. I sat in the next room, and opened my breviary. I could not leave Willie. I felt sure I would be needed. An hour passed. Granny was with the nurse and I sat by the window thinking and trying to read my office and trying to read my office.

There was snow on the smoke-tainted roof, and the muddy river, visible beyond the bridge, was filled with ice cakes. The foundries and glass-houses belched forth flame and smoke, but the red sunset transformed it all into a glow of crimson glory. The hue of blood was on everything. "Type of martyrdom," I thought, and then came the inspiration, "Is that boy a martyr? How? I must know, for I believe he is."

The nurse called softly: "Father."

I went into the inner room. Willie was conscious, weak, but smiling.

"I'm so glad, father," he faltered. "I think I am pretty sick, but I'm so glad you came."

I motioned them to leave, and I heard Willie's confession. He wanted to receive Holy Communion, so I left and returned soon with the Blessed Sacrament and the holy oils. He received the Holy Viaticum, and I anointed him. Then he lay peaceful and quiet, with his eyes closed. The door of the next room was open, and long, crimson gleams of light came through and lay on the white counterpane and on the pillow where the little head had rested. There was utter silence except his difficult breathing. The nurse moved about noiselessly. Her look at me was of one who felt that her ministrations were useless, although she smiled at Willie.

"Father," he whispered, "did Granny return your quarter?"

"That's all right, Willie. If she hasn't she will. You are going to heaven soon. Don't bother about anything but the thought of our Lord whom you will soon see." Then a thought struck me. "Willie, what did you do with the quarter I gave you?"

He looked squarely into my face. "Father," he said with difficulty, "I gave it to somebody who needed to ride in the cars more than I did. You know you told me 'by loving others better than yourself, by giving your life to help others.' I could be a martyr. Father, that night I nearly froze, I was so cold walking home; and when the icy air stopped my breath, and the blood came, I prayed God would make me a martyr, but I only fainted."

Something rose up in my throat and choked me. Here, then, was the secret of the money. The boy had given his car-fare to somebody, had tried to walk home over the frozen river, and his weak lungs had given out. He was dying now from the effects of his charity. Yes, the blood-red sunset foretold the death of a martyr.

He died that night in his innocence and self-consolation. The last look of the big brown eyes was on the crucifix I held in my hand.

I had High Mass over the remains, and at his funeral I spoke of the noble act that caused his death. There were many in the church, for his peculiar history was known by a number who had noticed him. Before I had time to remove the vestments, an old, white-haired man tottered into the sacrarium.

"God forgive me, father," he wept.

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