

particular patronage, enrolling themselves in it and giving it many testimonies of their goodwill.

CONCLUDING EXHORTATION.

We also, Venerable Brethren, moved by the example of Our predecessors, earnestly exhort and conjure you, as We have so often done, to devote special care to this sacred warfare, so that by your efforts fresh forces may be daily enrolled on every side. Through you and those of your clergy who have care of souls, let the people know and duly appreciate the efficacy of this Sodality and its usefulness for man's salvation. This We beg all the more earnestly as of late that beautiful devotion to our Blessed Mother, called "the Living Rosary," has once more become popular. We have gladly blessed this devotion, and We earnestly desire that you would sedulously and strenuously encourage its growth. We cherish the strongest hope that these prayers and praises, rising incessantly from the lips and hearts of so great a multitude, will be most efficacious. Alternately rising by night and by day, throughout the different countries of the earth, they combine a harmony of vocal prayer with meditation upon the divine mysteries. In ages long past this perennial stream of praise and prayer was foretold in those inspired words with which Ozias in his song addressed Judith: "Blessed art thou, O daughter, by the Lord, the Most High God, above all women upon the earth . . . because He hath so magnified thy name this day that thy praise shall not depart out of the mouth of man." And all the people of Israel acclaimed him in these words: "So be it, so be it!" (Judith xiii., 23, 24, 26).

Meanwhile, as a pledge of heavenly blessings, and a testimony of Our paternal affection, We lovingly impart to You, in the name of the Lord, Venerable Brethren, and to all the clergy and people committed to your faithful care, the Apostolic Benediction.

Given at St. Peter's, in Rome, on the 12th day of September, 1897, in the 20th year of Our Pontificate.

LEO XIII. POPE.

For Our Young Readers.

TIMMY TOP NOTCH

YOUNG Tim was as clever as clever could be;
No boy, to his mind, was as skilful as he.
He claimed the first place 'mid the girls and the boys;
He bragged of his work and his play and his toys,
Till his playmates grew weary of hearing him cry
That they were so low and that he was so high,
That *his* work was perfect, and *theirs* was a botch—
So they gave him the nickname of "Timmy Top-notch."
For whatever *he did*,
And whatever *he said*,
And whatever *he had*—was best.

His fish were the biggest a boy ever caught;
His fights were the bravest a boy ever fought;
His batting was surest to score a home run;
His catches no other but he could have done;
His jokes were the funniest cracked in the town;
His pony the safest for uphill and down;
His rifle was better; his aim was more true;
He could shoot on the wing as no other could do;
His skates were the brightest and smoothest to glide;
His sled was the swiftest that skimmed the hillside;
His bicycle-wheels were more round than the rest;
His clothes were cut better and fitted the best,
For whatever *he did*,
And whatever *he said*,
And whatever *he had*—was best.

But Tim made a visit outside his own town,
Where the girls and the boys made his swagger come down;
For Bessie Brown beat him with cycle and bow,
And Gertie Green gave him some points how to row;
Maud Milner outshot him at birds on the wing—
'Twas a shame to be beaten by that little thing!
He dared Rosie Russell to skate him on ice;
Before he was half across, Rosie crossed twice!
Lilly Loon "spelled him down" at the school-spelling bee;
And Billy Boone taught him to shin up a tree.
He wrestled Sam Summers, and went down ker flop!—
Brave Timmy was under and Sam was on top.
Peter Powers had a rifle that charmed Timmy's eyes;
Timmy shot against Peter and Pete won the prize!
Barney Burns caught a pickerel as big as Tim's nine—
Tim said that they "coaxed it away" from *his* line.
He went to the bat and he always struck out,
And he wondered what all the boys giggled about.
When John Jones swam farther and stayed longer down.
Then Timmy got lonesome and cried to go home,
Where whatever *he did*,
And whatever *he said*,
And whatever *he had*—was best.

—REV. F. J. O'NEILL, in *St. Nicholas*

LET THE GIRLS ROMP.

Most mothers have a dread of romps, so they lecture the girls daily on the proprieties, and exhort them to be little ladies. They like to see them very quiet and gentle, and as prim as possible. The lot of such children is rather pitiable, for they are deprived of the fun and frolic which they are entitled to. Children—boys and girls—must have exercise to keep them healthy. Deprive them of it, and they will fade away like flowers without sunshine. Running, racing, skipping, climbing—these are the things that strengthen the

muscles, expand the chest, and build up the nerves. The mild dose of exercise taken in the nursery, with calisthenics or gymnastics, will not invigorate the system like a good romp in the open air. Mothers, therefore, who counsel their little girls to play very quietly make a mistake. Better the laughing, rosy-cheeked, romping girl, than the pale, lily-faced one who is called every inch a lady. The latter rarely breaks anything or tears her dresses, or tires her mother's patience as the former does; but, after all, what do the tearing and breaking amount to? It is not a wise policy to put an old head on young shoulders. Childhood is the time for childish pranks and plays. The girls will grow into womanhood soon enough. Let them be children as long as possible, and also give them plenty of fresh air and sunlight.

A SMART YOUTH.

A contemporary tells a good story of a celebrated actor, who, when he was a young man, called on a well-known manager to seek an engagement, and he was received with scant courtesy by that official, who was very busy, and paid no attention to the young actor's plea that he did not know what he should do to earn his bread were employment refused him.

Sadly and silently the youth turned away, and paused at the door in deep dejection, as if he hoped the manager might reconsider his decision; but the manager made no sign, and, with a melancholy sigh, the youth who was a very clever acrobat, and inimitable in such parts as required agility and suppleness, languidly scratched his ear with his foot, as if in perplexity what to do next.

The manager burst into uncontrollable laughter at this unexpected action, and our friend was engaged at once.

YE WORKERS WITH MUSCLE AND BRAIN.

Ye workers with muscle and brain,
Ye builders of nations—yea, ye
Who glean and who garner the grain
For others, oh, when will you see
The might that is yours to command?
The strength that is yours to despoil
The robber whose ravishing hand
Has stolen the fruit of your toil?

Ye workers with muscle and brain,
The millions your labours create,
Aye leave you in want and in pain
And fly to the greedy and great.
What matters the wolf at your door,
The absence of corn and of wine,
My lord needs a bountiful store,
And Mammon must sumptuously dine.

Ye workers with muscle and brain,
Ye masses so sorely in need,
Who weep for your millions of slain
By poverty, hunger and greed;
Why stand ye submissive and tame
The prey of the tyrant and knave,
Whose honour is won by your shame,
Whose glory, alas, is your grave?

Ye workers with muscle and brain,
Your burden of sighs and of tears,
Your masters imploreth in vain
To brighten your lot through the years.
In vain your incessant appeal,
Your prayer and petition for bread;
No touch of compassion they feel,
No care for you living or dead.

Ye workers with muscle and brain,
God's justice did never decree
The scourge and the lash and the chain
For ever your portion should be.
He gave you the thought to aspire,
He gave you the might to ascend.
He gave you the noble desire,
To stimulate, prompt and befriend.

Ye workers with muscle and brain,
Of nations the sinew and bone,
If yours be the blight and the bane
The fault is entirely your own.
You're blind to the power you command,
The strength that is yours to despoil
The robber whose ravishing hand
Still gathers the fruit of your toil.

South Dunedin.

P. E. NOLAN.

Big Sister: "Dick, I think it is time little folks were in bed."
Little Dick (on Mr. Nicefellow's knee): "Oh, it's all right. Mamma said I was to stay here until she came downstairs."

MYERS AND CO., Dentists, Octagon, corner of George street
They guarantee highest class work at moderate fees. Their artificial teeth give general satisfaction, and the fact of them supplying a temporary denture while the gums are healing does away with the inconvenience of being months without teeth. They manufacture a single artificial tooth for Ten Shillings, and sets equally moderate. The administration of nitrous-oxide gas is also a great boon to those needing the extraction of a tooth. Read [ADVT.]