

For the Little Tots



Echoes of a Dialogue

between two little girls at X . . . , P.I.

MARY.—The other evening Father told me that the grand Cathedral of St. Patrick in New York City, was built by the pennies of the poor, especially the Irish Catholics.

JOSEFINA.—I never heard of a Church built with pennies.

MARY.—How silly you are! I do not mean the Church is made of pennies, but that every little penny put together made a mountain of pennies, then doliars, which bought the materials for building the Church.

JOSEFINA.—I beg your pardon for being so stupid at my age.

MARY.—Let us run a race.

JOSEFINA.—Whcreto?

MARY.—To the mite-box of course . . . One, two, three and away!

JOSEFINA.—How much are you dropping into the box?

MARY.—Every coin big and small that I have, but I want only the Infant Jesus to know how much.

JOSEFINA.—Suppose we do some-

thing else for the missions!

MARY.—I must examine my conscience to see what faults I could avoid for the missions.

JOSEFINA.—I have nothing to examine; I know too well already.

MARY.—No. 1. I must never put out my tongue at any body, only at the "blacks" in hell and to (not at) the doctor and nurse, to see if it is in good condition.

JOSEFINA.—No. 2. I must never grin at anybody, for it hurts my nose and makes it ugly and shapeless.

MARY.—No. 3. I must never make a face at anybody, but keep a bright and cheerful face to please Baby Jesus.

JOSEFINA.—No. 4. I must never push in the ranks, nor pinch my companions, for only savages, not little ladies, do such vile things.

MARY.—No. 5. Suppose we take a triple resolution to PRAY WELL, STUDY WELL and PLAY WELL during the year.

JOSEFINA.—"This is the best

thing" Mother and Teacher say, "for keeping away from sin." The devil seeing us always occupied, will not dare to approach. Should he come, say "Jesus and Mary", take Holy Water and make the sign of the Cross, for he is more afraid of these things than you would be of a gun pointed at your head.

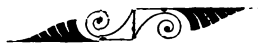
MARY.--You will see that I shall have good marks for everything in the future.

JOSEFINA.—So shall I, to please

Baby Jesus and all at home.

MARY.—The hard-working Missionaries in the mountains, how tired they must feel every evening, after their great work for little boys and girls who know not Baby Jesus like we do.

JOSEFINA.—Let every thought, word and action be for Baby Jesus to draw down endless blessings on God's Church and His Missionaries. Let us help them like the "Blessed Little Flower" who is styled the "Sister of the Missionaries."



Prayer to Baby Jesus

Little Jesus, Infant mild,
Listen to Thy little child.
I my prayer would make to Thee
With Thine own simplicity.

Little feet of Jesus dear,
I would follow You so near;
Your petter-patter in the street
Is to me such music sweet.

Little hands of Jesus, pray
Hold me fast, nor let me stray.
Little arms my neck entwine,
Tell me Jesus I am Thine.

Little eyes of Jesus meek,
Oh, what love to me they speak.

Little mouth of Jesus mild,
Sweetly kiss Thy little child.

Little Jesus, ne'er will I
Sin again and make Thee cry;
Little Jesus, smile on me
For I will be true to Thee.

Little Son of Mary fair,
Take me to her tender care;
Little Brother, treasure mine,
I am ever wholly Thine.

Little King of Heaven above,
Bring me to Thy home of love.
With Thy Saints to sing Thy praise,
Through eternity's bright days.

