

The Family Circle

FATHER O'SHEA AND FATHER MCCREA

Ye might search the world's ends,
But ye'd find no such friends.
As Father O'Shea an' Father McCrea.
Very caustic in wit
Was Father O'Shea,
But as droll every bit
Was Father McCrea;
An' O! such a volley o' fun they were pokin',
The wan at the other, as good as a play,
Wid their ready replies an' their innocent jokin'
When Father O'Shea met Father McCrea.
Now, upon a March Sunday it came for to pass,
Good Father McCrea
Preached a very fine sermon an' then, afther Mass,
Met Father O'Shea.
'Twas a very appropriate sermon for Lent
Ye delivered this minute.
For the season o' fastin' 'twas very well meant—
I could find no meat in it!
Said Father O'Shea.
Then, quick as the laughter that gleamed in his eye,
Good Father McCrea
Raised a finger o' protest an' made his reply
To Father O'Shea.
'Faith, I'll have to be workin' a miracle next,
To comply with your wishes.
Dare you ask me for meat, my dear sir, when the text
Was "the loaves an' the fishes"?'
Said Father McCrea.
Very caustic in wit
Was Father O'Shea,
But as droll every bit
Was Father McCrea;
Though ye'd search the world's ends
Ye would find no such friends
As Father O'Shea an' Father McCrea.
— Catholic Standard.

WHO CAN BOAST

It had been a very rainy day and the children had been kept in the house all day. There had been wars. Joe would not play street car with Ned, because Ned would not let him be conductor all the time.
'I go with papa more than you do, so I know better what to do,' said Joe, but Ned would not yield.
'I know well enough,' he said.
Then all tried to play school, but it was soon dismissed because Mabel persisted in being teacher.
'I'm the oldest, and I know the most,' she declared. 'I'm not going to school to any of you children.'
So it had gone most of the day, and mamma was thankful that it was nearly supper time. There was a fire in the grate in the library, and they were all gathered there waiting for papa.
'Do tell us a story, mamma,' they said; 'a fairy story; one you've never told us before.'
Mamma put on her thinking cap for a few minutes then, with a funny little twinkle in her eyes she told the following story:—
'Once upon a time a sleek, fat rat in a farmer's barn woke up feeling very hungry. "I must bestir myself and see what I can find to eat," he said to himself. So he started out, and scurried here and there, through cracks and crevices and all sorts of holes, until at last he found himself in the farmer's granary. The first thing he saw was a bag of peas, all tied up as nice as you please. "Humph," said the rat, "I can easily get at those," and in a twinkling he was gnawing a big hole in the bag. The peas were nice, fat ones, and the rat enjoyed them very much.
'How foolish it is for people to think that they can keep things from me," he said complacently to himself. "They may lock their doors and the peas and corn up in bags as much as they please. When I want them I can get them easily enough." Here the rat gave his long tail a flirt and tossed his head.
'I— he began again, but before he could say another word, the farmer's cat, who had been crouching down in the corner watching him, suddenly sprang out and seized him fast by the throat. "Ah, you miserable creature!" she cried, as she tossed

him about, "you made a mistake. I reign supreme here, you know!" Then she devoured the poor rat, and walked off, holding her head very high. But just as she turned the corner her master's greyhound bounded and pussy flew up a tree as lively as she knew how.

"There!" said the dog, "I guess you won't be so lofty when you come down. I'm the master's favorite and much stronger than you are. You know that you are afraid to come down and meet me fair and square."

Then the dog, after he had frightened the poor cat nearly to death, ran out in the field, where his master's horse was pastured.

"Grass-eater!" he cried contemptuously, as he ran in front of the horse and barked furiously, "I am fed with the daintiest morsels from my master's table, while you are set out here in the field to eat grass." Then the dog sprang up, meaning to bite the horse, but he was too quick for him, and kicked him with his iron-shod hoof, so he fell dead on the ground.

"Ha, ha!" neighed the horse, tossing his head scornfully, "I go with my master to battle. I have saved his life more than once by my fleetness. I have much more cause to boast than you, poor cur."

The horse galloped away at full speed across the field into the forest beyond. Now, there was a lion in waiting there. He had been watching the horse for days, and he could hardly repress a roar of satisfaction as he saw him come nearer and nearer. At last he gave one mighty spring and crushed him to death.

"Fool!" he roared, "you thought yourself a wonderful creature, but I am the king of beasts. By my great strength I reign supreme; there is none like unto me in the forest." But even as he spoke a bullet pierced his heart, and in his death struggle he fell beside the body of his victim. The owner of the horse, who was riding through the forest, had seen him fall upon his favorite steed and had slain him with his well-aimed shot.

"King of beasts and monarch of the forest, are you indeed?" he said. "Know you I am monarch, not you." And the man took the lion's skin, threw it over his shoulder, and rode proudly home.

But, alas! before he reached there a thunderstorm came up, and a flash of lightning smote the man, and he fell dead upon the skin of the lion.

"What cause hast thou now to boast of thyself more than these?" rolled out the thunder mightily.

"I know why you told us that," said Joe. "You think we've all been boasting too much what we could do, didn't you?"

Perhaps, replied mamma. "It is nicer to let some one else praise us, and not our own lips, isn't it? And it is also well for us all to remember that while we may be clever in some one way, there are many others much cleverer. So we will just do the very best we can— You in your small corner and I in mine."

BETTER THAN STYLE

There is one charm every woman may possess, and it is a very attractive one—neatness. The plainest woman is a delight to look upon if her toilet is one of exquisite neatness in every respect. Her hair must be done up securely and not look as if it were ready to tumble around her shoulders at any moment. Her gloves must be always mended, her boots in perfect condition, and never any tag ends at the bottoms of her skirts. Most men know nothing about fashion, but will notice whether a woman is neat or not, and it is the quality they most admire in woman.

MERELY A HABIT

Occasionally the brightest lawyer encounters a witness whose answers are a disappointment to him, says a writer in the Boston Herald. It is said that the late Governor Robinson was one day examining a man from whom he was trying to get a definition of a miracle.

"If a man should fall from a third-storey window," he said, "and should strike on his head on a stone walk and get up and go away unhurt, what would that be?"

"That would be an accident," said the witness.

Well, if the same man next day fell from the same window, struck on the same spot on his head again, and again walked away unhurt, what would that be?

"That would be a coincidence."

"Very well," said the lawyer patiently, and certain that he had his man at last, "now if on a third day the same man fell again from the same win-