

find it to help you to love God and hope in Him. This is the prayer:—

'My God, I am sure that Thou dost watch over all those who hope in Thee, and that we can want for nothing whilst we expect all from Thee; therefore I am resolved from henceforth to live without anxiety, and to cast all my care upon Thee.

'Men may turn against me; sickness may take away my strength, and the means of serving Thee; I may even lose Thy grace by sin; but I will try never to lose my hope. I will keep it even to the last moment of my life; and with Thy grace to help me the demons shall never tear it from me.

'Others may look for happiness from their riches or their talents; they may rely upon the innocence of their lives, the rigor of their penance, the number of their good works, or the fervor of their prayers: but for me, O Lord, my confidence shall be my confidence itself.

'This confidence has never deceived anyone. No one hath hoped in the Lord, and hath been put to shame. I shall be eternally happy, because I hope firmly to be so, and it is from Thee, O Lord, that I hope it.

'I know that I am frail and changeable; I know the power of temptation against virtues the most firmly based; but as long as I hope, I am safe from every evil, and I firmly trust always to hope, because I hope for this unchanging hope.

'In fine, I am sure that I cannot hope too much in Thee; and that I cannot obtain less than I hope for from Thee. Thus, I hope that Thou wilt uphold me in the greatest dangers, protect me in the most violent assaults, and make my weakness triumph over my most formidable enemies. I hope that Thou wilt love me always, and that I also shall love Thee with unflinching love; and to carry my hope at once as far as it can go, I hope for Thee from Thyself, my Creator, both in time and eternity. Amen.

'In Thee, O Lord, have I hoped; I shall not be confounded for ever.'

Prayer to be Said Often.

O Sacrament most holy, O Sacrament Divine,
All praise and all thanksgiving be every moment Thine.

Hymn.

O Saving Victim, opening wide
The gate of Heaven to man below!
Our foes press on from every side,
Thine aid supply, Thy strength bestow.

To Thy great Name be endless praise,
Immortal Godhead, One in Three!
Oh, grant us endless length of days
In our true native land with Thee!

Amen.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

THE COMING MAN.

A pair of very chubby legs
Encased in scarlet hose;
A pair of little chubby boots
With rather doubtful toes;
A little kilt, a little coat,
Cut as a mother can -
And lo, before us stands in state
The future's coming man!

His eyes, perchance, will read, the stars,
And search their unknown ways;
Perchance the human heart and soul
Will open up their gaze;
Perchance their keen and flashing glance
Will be a nation's light—
Those eyes that now are wistful bent
On some big fellow's kite.

Those hands—those little busy hands—
So sticky, small and brown;
Those hands whose only mission seems
To pull all order down—
Who knows what hidden strength may be
Lurking within their clasp,
Though now 'tis but a taffy stick
In sturdy hold they grasp.

Ah, blessings on those little hands,
Whose work is yet undone!
Ah, blessings on those little feet
Whose race is yet unrun!
And blessings on the little brain
That has not learned to plan—
Whate'er the future holds in store,
God bless the coming man!

A CIRCUMSPECT INFORMANT.

A gentleman, presumably a German professor, who was travelling on foot from Brussels to Ostend, by way of Ghent, had just left the last-mentioned town when he came upon an old road-mender, seated, head bent, by the wayside and engaged in breaking stones.

'How long will it take me to get to Bruges, my good fellow?' asked the pedestrian, stopping beside the old man.

There was no reply, nor was a second inquiry any more successful: the roadmender answered never a word.

'He's deaf,' said the professor to himself. 'The administration ought to have more sense than to hire such employees. They can't give one any information, or help one in any way.' And, continuing to grumble, he proceeded on his journey.

Scarcely had he walked fifty yards, however, when the old fellow called out to him:

'Sir! I say, sir!'

The surprised traveller turned around, exclaiming, as he walked back: 'Oh, ho! So you are no longer deaf! You've recovered your voice perfectly, I see. Well, what is it? What do you want of me?'

'Sir, it will take you at least two hours to get to Bruges.'

'Indeed! Well, you took your time before answering my question. Couldn't you have given me this information in the first place?'

'No, sir: how could I? I hadn't seen how fast you were walking. Now that I know your pace—'

'True enough,' said the other,—'true enough. You are the most circumspect informant I ever met in all my life. Here's a coin for a smoke and a glass of wine, when you're through with your day's work.'

And as the learned professor continued his journey he kept repeating to himself: 'A most uncommon stamp of mind. I maintain that.'

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

Readers of Kate Douglas Wiggin, who, under the nom de plume 'Penelope,' wrote such charming books about her visit to England, Ireland, and Scotland, will be interested to learn that that lady possesses a letter which she received from the superintendent of a home for the feeble-minded. He spoke in glowing terms of the pleasure with which the 'inmates' had read her little book, *Marm Lisa*, and ended thus superbly:

'In fact, madame, I think I may safely say that you are the favorite author of the feeble-minded!'

THE POINT WAS LOST.

The Teacher: 'Now, children, listen to this. Thomas Campbell, the famous poet, once walked six miles to a printing office to have a comma in one of his poems changed to a semicolon. Why did he take all that trouble?'

Bright Boy: ''Cause he didn't have no tellyphone.'