

The Family Circle

THE FELLOW WHO THINKS HE CAN.

If you think you're beaten, you are;
If you think you dare not, you don't;
If you'd like to win, but you think you can't
It's almost a cinch you won't.
If you think you'll lose, you've lost;
For out in the world we find
Success begins with a fellow's will;
It's all in the state of mind.

Full many a race is lost
Ere ever a step is run,
And many a coward fails
Ere even his work's begun.
Think BIG and your deeds will grow,
Think SMALL and you'll fall behind,
Think you can, and you will;
It's all in the state of mind.

If you think you're outclassed, you are;
You've got to think high to rise;
You've got to be sure of yourself before
You ever can win the prize.
Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man,
But soon or late the man who wins
Is the fellow who THINKS HE CAN.

THE HISTORY OF A SHRINE IN JERUSALEM.

A quaint, covered archway, that has withstood the wear of more than nineteen centuries, spans the Sorrowful Way, near its entrance, in Jerusalem. One end forms a part of the wall of a Moslem temple—all that remains of the ancient Pretorium,—and from its grated windows the muezzin used to give thrice daily the Mohammedan call to prayer. Just beyond where he stood, nearly one-half the structure is lost to view behind the wall of a convent chapel; and here our Saviour stood on that first Good Friday morning when Pilate cried to the cruel and murderous multitude below, "*Ecce Homo!*"

Upon this spot has been erected a statue of our Lord clothed in purple robe and crowned with thorns—a statue so lifelike in its agony that none of the thronging pilgrims can look upon it without weeping. About it Christian faith has reared a beautiful chapel, where the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is daily offered; and above all a great cross crowns the edifice, it being until recently the only one exposed to public view in all Jerusalem.

When, more than half a century ago, negotiations were made, through a third person, for the purchase of this hallowed spot, the Moslem owners demanded a sum far in advance of its real value. But what of that! That it could be bought at all by Christians was almost a miracle; and a holy priest stood ready to preach a crusade throughout Europe,—not this time for the gathering of a mighty army, but for the collection of Christian gold. Perhaps no man was ever better fitted for such a task than Father Marie Alphonse Ratisbonne, himself of Jewish birth, and over whose miraculous conversion all Catholic Europe was then rejoicing.

The needed sum was collected even sooner than the most sanguine had hoped, and the joyful news sent to Jerusalem; but, alas! Moslem suspicions, and with them Moslem greed of gain, had been aroused; and the reply came back that the coveted archway could be procured only for *double* the original sum. Useless to reason, plead, or threaten.

"Then I will preach another crusade," said Father Ratisbonne.

"You will be treated as an impostor," responded the pessimists.

"People have already given what they can. It will be impossible to raise the whole sum," declared the most hopeful.

"I shall succeed, I am confident," said Father Ratisbonne. "God and His Holy Mother will not abandon their work nor permit it to fail."

And he *did* succeed. This time the Mohammedans, dazzled by the prospect of so large a sum of money for so small a piece of property, raised no further obstacle, and the work was brought to completion. The convent, where Jewish orphan girls are reared in the Christian faith, was placed in the hands of zealous missionary Sisters; but one great Catholic need was still lacking. Since the fall of Jerusalem into infidel hands never had the Christian Cross been allowed to rear its form publicly in the city.

Night and day the Mother Superior pondered this question—how could a cross be placed upon the convent? Long experience with the Moslem character had taught her that while the infidel will battle fiercely to *prevent* a deed, yet, once accomplished, he will take no measures for its undoing; and upon this knowledge she based her plans.

At length arrived the eve of a great Mohammedan feast. All the day before workmen were busy upon the flat-roofed buildings, setting up frames for fireworks, arranging banners, hanging lanterns, and carefully putting in place the usual festive decorations.

"Now or never!" exclaimed the good Superior; and she sent some Christian workmen to the roof of the convent, where, among so many others, they attracted no attention.

But the next morning!—ah, that was different! Many a devout follower of Mohammed cursed himself for having allowed the despised Christian emblem to be set up before his very eyes. Still, true to his Moslem temperament and training, each and every one said: "It is there. Let it remain." And so it does even to this distant day.—*Ave Maria.*

THE ANGELUS.

A Protestant traveller thus beautifully describes the devotion of the Angelus in Spain. "At sunrise a large, soft-toned bell is thrice tolled from the tower of the cathedral, summoning all the inhabitants, wherever they are, or how occupied, to devote a few moments to the performance of a short prayer in honor of the Blessed Virgin, called the 'Angelus Domini.' At mid-day, and again at the close of the evening, the bell thrice tolls again. To a foreigner it is curious and not uninteresting to observe the sudden and fervent attention which is paid in the street, within and without doors, in the Alameda, on the river, by everybody, high and low, the idler and the laborer, infancy and old age, to this solemn sound. The loiterers in the promenade are suddenly stopped, and each group repeats within its own circle the consoling prayer. The politician breaks off his argument, the young men are abashed in their gay discourse, and take off their hats, the carriages are all drawn up, all the worldly business and amusements are forgotten for three minutes, till the cheerful tinkling of lighter bells announces that the prayer is over."

ONE THING WRONG.

The groom was giving his master's young son some riding lessons and teaching him how to handle a hunter when taking a fence.

The boy did so well that the old groom became quite lavish in his praise, so that at length, fired with ambition, the youth essayed a regular "snorter," with the result that horse and rider parted company, the latter being shot out of the saddle over the fence.

Wishing to soothe the boy's wounded pride, the groom remarked in tones of admiration, "That was a very fine jump, sir, and just the way I do it myself, sir," adding, after a pause, "only I always manage to take the horse with me."

WANTED STOPPING UP.

The congregation had suffered much discomfort from a draught in church. When the matter came up for discussion various remedies were suggested.

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