

The Family Circle

THE BABY'S ROSARY.

Before our Lady's shrine she knelt,
Our little blue-eyed girl.
Enwreath'd about her rosebud face
Was many a golden curl,
And in her dimpled hand she held
A rosary of pearl.

A baby quite—of summers three—
She bowed her shining head;
And as she told the beads she lisped,
With lips of cherry-red,
Her only prayer (two words!) she smiled,
And "Haily Mary!" said.

Again, again, and yet again,
The baby breathed her prayer,
Her face outshining, like a star,
From clouds of golden hair,
The while she press'd the polish'd beads
With meek and rev'rent air.

Her azure eyes on Mary's face,
A look of rapture wore,
Such as the eyes of Gabriel,
The great Archangel, bore
When first he hailed the Virgin Queen
In Nazareth of yore.

'Twas "Haily Mary!" on the cross
(God bless the little fairy!),
And on the Pater-Noster grains
A chant that could not vary;
On Aves and on Glorias
'Twas always "Haily Mary!"

"Come hither, May!" her mamma cried,
And learn to say it rightily.
No one could understand such prayers;
You blunder, darling—slightly."
"Ah, B'essed Muzzer 'stands it all!"
The baby answered brightly.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

DON'T BE A FAULT-FINDER.

Because you are able to point out real faults and shortcomings in the life and actions of your friend or neighbor is no sure proof that you are profitably or helpfully engaged when you are doing so. It may be, for instance, that he knows as much about them as you do, and is even more concerned for their elimination or improvement than you can possibly be. You are not, therefore, helping yourself greatly. For instance, we have found that the man who spends a great deal of his time criticising the morals or manners of others is almost sure to neglect his own to some extent. At best, that is the only explanation we have been able to find for the well-known fact that most strenuous and persistent fault-finders usually have as many and as serious faults as ordinary people, with a few added. We have about concluded that to find fault with other people helpfully and without neglecting ourselves or getting into the habit of a fault-finder is one of the hardest things for any man to do.

—Catholic Bulletin.

THE STORY OF LITTLE MARY.

It's scarcely eight years since a little French girl was carried from Lorraine to the hospital of the poor in Lourdes. Many doctors had been tried and much money spent, but the verdict of all always read the same: "incurable." One doctor alone remained who could promise success, the great "Lady Doctor of Lourdes," and accordingly she also now was to have her trial. A helpless little cripple, little Mary lay in her cot at Lourdes. Morning after morning she

was carried to the sacred well and to her devotions at the grotto. The rest of the day was spent in prayer and patient suffering. A week passed and still no relief. One morning she kindly asked the nurse who had carried her back from the well to her bed to wait a little. "My little miss, not now; I am too busy." "But you will return when your work is done?" "Certainly, if you can wait so long." Another hour or two and our nurse was again at the bedside of the little sufferer. "Well, now?" "I want to ask you a favor. I have begged Our Lady for a big boon. She has granted it, and now I want to keep my promise." "Well, what is it?" "I want to buy a big candle to burn at her altar." "I understand. You want me to buy it for you, as you have no money?" "No, not at all; that would be too easy. Here, take all I possess. Sell them well, and then buy the biggest candle you can find." So saying, she thrust a pair of little earrings into the hands of the astonished woman. But, alas! they were worth very little. Made of brass, a little piece of glass was their only jewel. But what was she to do? To return them would have meant a bitter disappointment to little Mary. Whilst she was still hesitating, she met Countess B—. To her she told her story. "Give them to me. It is the sacrifice of a little sufferer and perhaps the wearing of them will bring better health to my own little Rose." In exchange she gave a gold piece of 20 francs. The happy nurse bought the candle. It cost her five francs. She brought it to the little sufferer and at the same time brought her the change. The very sight of it brought tears of joy to the eyes of little Mary. "I see you are satisfied. Now I will take it to the grotto for you." "No, no, I must take it myself. Come, please help me." Off the two hastened to the hallowed spot. There little Mary placed it on the altar, but before leaving she dropped the remaining 15 francs into the collection-box. When the little patient was once more in her bed, the nurse could not suppress her curiosity any longer. She was determined to find out the nature of the favor that made the little one so generous. "Now, Mary, I have done all your errands. You in return be kind enough to tell me what prayer of yours the good Mary has answered." "Well, you see, a few days ago they brought another little sufferer into this very ward and placed her in a bed near my own. She was so poor, and suffered so much, that I asked our Good Mother to heal her. In return I asked to remain the little cripple I am, and promised her besides a big candle for her altar. My prayer was answered. Yesterday morning my little companion was completely cured at the well. Now I am so happy." Little Mary remained a cripple. A few weeks after she returned to her home, and there, after two more months of patient suffering, the good God at last called her to her reward. This is a true story of a little French child at Lourdes, and certainly there could be no brighter example of unselfish generosity. The heart of the Good Lady of Lourdes could not but be moved by such gratitude and devotion.

MISTAKEN.

"What do you mean, sir?" said the angry man in the crowd, "by sticking your umbrella in my eye?" "Oh, no," replied the cheerful offender; "you're mistaken, I assure you."

"Mistaken!" roared the aggrieved one. "Do you mean to say that I don't know when my eye is hurt? Why, hang it, sir, I saw you do it! How can I be mistaken?"

"I assure you that you are, nevertheless," was the easy rejoinder. "You may know when your eye is hurt, but you don't know my umbrella. This isn't mine—I borrowed it!"

NO TIME WASTED.

The match between Weltering Wanderers and Ruffley Rovers was in progress. Excitement ran high. The sides had the memory of some old scores to wipe off, and were paying rather more attention to each other than they were to the ball.

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