

## The Family Circle

### HAPPINESS.

Where have you searched for happiness, son,  
Where have you searched for joy?  
Where have you looked and longed to find  
The lasting things, my boy?  
Have you followed the gilded pathways  
That flourish the whole world through,  
To find but a bit of sadness  
At the end of the journey for you?  
Have you heeded the voices that mention  
Just vanities and ease,  
And speak of only great selfishness  
Living their own days to please,  
Or have you listened to conscience,  
And listening learned the part  
That the world is waiting truly  
For the best in each man's heart?  
Have you kept clean and honest,  
Have all your steps gone straight?  
Unhampered by acts that hinder  
And drag you down with their weight?  
Have you, my boy, say, have you,  
Looked high enough to see  
That the great beyond will better be  
If you have filled life's decree?

—JOHN G. WINTER.

### THE CROSS.

The message and the meaning of the Cross can not be too often told. We live and mingle with men who, even though they are affiliated with Christian sects, have no conception of sacrifice for the good of the soul. The "reformers" in whose footsteps they follow, who gave birth to the religion of protest and negation, began their work by removing the symbols of sacrifice from their temples of worship. When they took away the Cross, they took away the Christ. The two had never been separated before: they would not be separated then or now.

It is so even in life: the Christ and the Cross must go together; if we would have the one, we must accept the other. It may be hard to carry the Cross through life, but it is the price of victory. The fact that we find it difficult, however, should not discourage us, since the ideals of Christ and His Church, while high, are not unattainable. God does not ask the impossible, although He often demands the heroic, and is ever willing to give us strength for heroic acts. No man who keeps God for his daily companion can fail. The soul, like the child learning to walk, fails when it attempts to stand alone. The soul and the child alike need a Father's hand, and that hand is ever held down from Heaven to those who would reach for it, through fast and sacrifice, through prayer and sacraments.

All we need is the will. The Church, under God, points the way.

### SOLDIERS' FAITH IN THE ROSARY.

"It has taken a war to bring out the faith in the Rosary among non-Catholics," said a Knights of Columbus secretary in discussing the spiritual side of life in the battles on the French front. "It has been a revelation, not only to me, but to others who have been close to the men during the trying hours.

"One morning in the Verdun sector, when the troops were preparing to go 'over the top,' six young men came to me and asked for the blessed beads. I talked with the boys; asked them their names, and gave them a cheering message. Two of the young men had Hebrew names, and I was astonished when they asked for the Rosary.

"The two young men of the Jewish faith stood apart from the others, and reluctantly asked me for the blessed beads. 'Our buddies here have been through many a battle with us, and if you don't mind we'd like to go into the battle on the same plane with our

Catholic friends, who have been real buddies to us,' said one of the Hebrew soldiers.

"I gave them the beads, and wished them all the best of luck in the battle to come. Two days later the Jewish boys returned with the beads, and I shall not soon forget the manner in which they thanked me. They had carried the Rosary through two hard days of fighting, and to them it meant a token of safety."

### PIANIST AND PRESIDENT.

In spite of the fact that his earnings were something like £500 an hour, Paderewski gave up all for the sake of helping his country. He was the greatest "draw" at a concert that has ever been, this shock-headed wonder. His fee in America was £1000 for a couple of hours. His piano-playing raised the audience to frenzy; the famous Pole was hurried from the back door after the show, lest the ladies tear the clothes off his back for souvenirs!

But Paderewski left all for Poland's sake. He went to America, and raised an army out of the 4,000,000 Poles that are there. He secured loans from President Wilson. He wasted his strength—a frail and delicate artist—at stormy public meetings. He wrote fiery propaganda, showing the glorious history of Poland for 1000 years. And how the Poland of peace would be a land nearly as big as Germany, with 30,000,000 people redeemed from Austria, Russia, and Prussia. Paderewski has since become the first President of this new Poland—just as another "big-brow," Thomas Masaryk, has been elected for Czecho Slovakia, or Bohemia. Paderewski's is the only case where a public performer has left the stage to rule a great romantic land.

### LIMITATIONS.

She sighed. "I saw the loveliest lace curtains to-day!" she murmured. "I did want them so badly!" She sighed again. "But I knew you wished to economise, dear," she concluded, "so I didn't get them."

Then he spoke. "That's too bad, my dear!" he said, generously. "Anything which adds to your happiness, and brings gladness to your eyes; anything which brightens your domestic cares and gilds the lowering clouds; anything which borders with sweet flowers the thorny paths of duty, and appeals to your æsthetic nature, you are welcome to, my angel—if it doesn't cost more than a shilling."

### HIS ONLY BLACK SUIT.

He was not a good card-player, and it was only on pressure being brought to bear that he took a "hand." But that was no reason why his partner should be so disagreeable whenever he made mistakes.

After a particularly glaring error, his partner turned upon the novice in real anger.

"Why didn't you follow my lead?" he asked.

"If I followed anybody's lead, sir," exclaimed the novice, hotly, "it certainly wouldn't be yours."

His partner snorted and subsided. But in the next "hand" he threw down his cards in desperation.

"Look here," he cried. "Didn't you see me call for a spade or club? Have you no black suit?"

"Yes, I have," retorted the novice with warmth; "but I'm keeping it for your funeral."

### HER FIND.

Breathless with excitement, the old lady appeared at the window of the Lost Property Office. "I've found something in the train," she said. "It's a box with handles at each end. It may be a bomb, an infernal machine. Fetch a policeman!"

"Let me see it, ma'am."

"Certainly not. It may be a jewel-case. It's made of metal, and it's very heavy. Send for the stationmaster."

"Won't you let me see it?"

"No, I will not. Trying to cheat a poor woman out of her reward. Send for the stationmaster and a policeman!"