

# The Family Circle

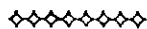
## THE ROSARY BY THE SEA.

"Ave Maria!" Above the roar  
Of the booming surf on the sandy shore,  
Touching the beads of my Rosary chain,—  
"Ave Maria!" again and again.  
The waves hear the "Mystery" old, yet new,  
And the high spray dashes it up to the blue.

"Ave Maria!" The sun goes down,  
The ocean is wearing a jewelled crown—  
Opal and sapphire, ruby and gold;  
The billows are crested with splendour untold.  
The Rosary, gliding my fingers through,  
Is telling Our Lady I love her true,  
"Ave Maria!" 'Tis twilight now,  
With faint stars seeming a crown for her brow;  
The white moon floats to its place at her feet,  
With silvery loveliness, pale and sweet,  
I catch my breath in the velvet space,  
And watch for the sky to reveal her face.

But darkened waters grow black in the gloom,  
And breakers echo their solemn boom;  
And the deep-toned sea moans its evening prayer,  
And the lonely vastness seems terrible there.  
But up in the sky She is smiling on me,—  
Queen of the Rosary, Star of the Sea!

—MERCEDES.



## SOLID FOUNDATIONS.

"See, father," said a boy who was walking with his father, "they are knocking away the props from under the bridge! What are they doing that for? Won't the bridge fall!"  
"They are knocking them away," said the father, "that the timbers may rest more firmly upon the stone piers which are now finished."

God often takes away our earthly props that we may rest more firmly upon Him. He sometimes takes away a man's health that he may rest upon Him for his daily bread. Before his health failed, though he, perhaps, repeated daily the words, "Give us this day our daily bread," he looked to his own industry for that which he asked of God. That prop being taken away, he rested wholly upon God's bounty. When he receives his bread, he receives it as the gift of God.

God takes away our friends that we may look to Him for sympathy. When our affections were exercised upon objects around us, when we rejoiced in their abundant sympathy we did not feel the need of divine sympathy. But when they were taken away we felt our need of God's sympathy and support. We were brought to realise that He alone can give support, and form an adequate portion for the soul. Thus are our earthly props removed, that we may rest firmly and wholly upon God.



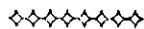
## ACTION OF HOLY SEE IN REGARD TO MODEST DRESS.

The *Osservatore Romano* recently published the directions given by the Cardinal-Archbishop of Bologna and other Italian prelates in pursuance of the recent action of the Holy See with reference to the dress of

women in the churches of Italy. These episcopal declarations direct that women wearing low-cut dress with bare arms in church are not to be admitted to confession or to the altar rails or allowed to act as godmothers at baptisms; that women and girls presenting themselves for confirmation must be "seriously and modestly dressed"; and that those who disregard these regulations are to be prudently admonished, and, if necessary, requested to leave any church where they appear unsuitably dressed.

The *Osservatore* replies to the criticisms of the press and to the writers who have been indulging in very poor attempts at jests on the subject of the Pope and the Bishops posing as authorities on fashion, and points out that this action is directed against a growing abuse in Italy, and is an application of the rule laid down in Canon 1262 of the new Code, which sets forth that in the churches men are to be bareheaded and women are to have their heads covered and to be modestly dressed. It argues that the matter is, after all, one of common sense, even apart from the reverence due to the sanctity of the temples of God and the solemn rites of religion. It is recognised even by the arbiters of fashion themselves that some costumes are correct and others out of place at various social functions in the home, in the street, in the morning or in the evening.

Apart from other considerations, it is a piece of senseless bad taste to wear exaggerated or insufficient dress in approaching the Sacraments, hearing Mass and assisting at the other offices of the Church. A widespread neglect of this simple rule necessitates plain-speaking and clear direction on the subject, in order to react against a manifest abuse. There are already very precise rules as to the dress to be worn at audiences at the Vatican. No lady could object to its being pointed out that she had failed to observe these rules, and so could not be admitted to an audience. To prevent such mistakes the rules are made known to all who seek admission. In the same way, no one need complain of a reminder that some of the current exaggerations of dress do not meet the rule that a serious and modest costume should be worn at the altar-rails and in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament. Reverence and good taste dictate this, even apart from any legislation on the subject.



## CHRIST, THE KING.

"I have been established King over Sion," said the Son of God of Himself by the mouth of His prophet, and furthermore: "Ask of Me, and I will give you the nations as inheritance, and I will enable you to possess them even to the ends of the earth."

Where is, therefore, the royalty of Christ over the nations, and what are the people who, unanimously, proclaim His heritage?

It is difficult to say where the world is tending; whether at this moment it leans toward God or towards deliberate aversion

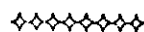
to Christ. But what we are able to say with certainty is that Christ is not yet fully satisfied with man's love for Him. The King is unknown by many; His inheritance is rejected.

Without doubt there are diverse and odious forms of this lack of recognition and this expulsion. And so Christ has not yet come into His rightful place. He Who is by right of birth and of conquest indisputable King of nations, ought also to be incontestable King of intelligences and of wills, the Sovereign Light of thoughts, the Sovereign King of laws and manners. And yet He is audaciously driven out and expelled.

With acts of violence or hypocritical intrigues the Heir is thrown from his heritage. There is—you know it—an entire portion of humanity furiously intent upon deposing Christ and taking from Him His crown. It is a sinister army, which recruits its troops by most effective means, from every country, from every social rank, ranks who cry in the words of Scripture: "Let us break the bonds of Jehovah and of His Christ, and throw off the chains with which they load us."

And so, violently, bitterly, obstinately, these antichrists make assault upon the sovereign throne where Christ sits as Master, Whose dominion is a domination of love. They would transform His sceptre into a sceptre of iron. Without regard for His benefits, the antichrists follow out the execution of their evil designs . . . *meditation inania*. They call themselves by diverse names according to their times and nations; they bear aloft many colors and banners, and claim contradictory systems in the name of liberty, in the name of intangible laws or of sovereign opinions, in the name of national superhumans, or in the name of international levellers. But at root they all resemble one another and bear toward the same end . . . absolute independence of their Creator, Legislator and Saviour.

All this is but the secular echo of that revolt which took place in Paradise, the original revolt . . . "you will be as gods, like to the Most High."



## WHO SHALL ASCEND?

Who shall ascend to the Mount of the Lord.  
Or stand within His holy place?  
The few whose hands are innocent,  
Whose hearts are clean.

And he with eyes astrain to catch a sight  
Of better things, the while his heart disdains  
To join in low pursuits, whate'er the gains,  
Who feeling foes press hard will fight for right.

Not winged feet alone will reach the height;  
The road for most climbs up the sides where yawn  
Depths whose shadows dark engulf the dawn,  
Changing the day into a second night.

The splendor of His holy place will light  
Eyes that have shed cleansing tears of pain,  
And shine upon the hearts, who not in vain,  
Midst evil days have kept their jewel bright.

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