

# The Family Circle

## A SUPPLICATION.

Sad and forlorn before thy shrine  
I pause on my weary way,  
Lifting my pleading eyes to thine,  
Mother, I kneel to pray;  
Wretch'd and despised before thy shrine  
Mother, I dare to kneel,  
Raising my anguished heart to thine,  
Knowing that thou canst heal.

Lashed by the withering storm of life,  
Whose blast thy hand can stay,  
Defeated, my soul in its battling strife,  
Is borne on the tide away:  
On, with the whirling, surging flood,  
Fighting with dark despair;  
O Mother of all that's pure and good,  
Hear thee a sinner's prayer!

Ne'er did a heart bowed down with care,  
Ne'er did a soul in pain,  
Ne'er did a wandering child returned  
Fall at thy feet in vain.  
Hear me, O brightest Star of morn,  
As to thy feet I come,  
Knowing my prayer thou wilt not scorn—  
Guide me, a wanderer, home.

Back from the dark abyss of sin,  
Home to thy loving breast,  
Safe in thy tender arms of love,  
There may I calmly rest.  
Thou, on whose heart, so sorely torn,  
Sorrow of sorrows didst fall,  
Smile on the suffering souls that mourn,  
And hear thou my piteous call!

—P. J. DALY.

## AIM OF EDUCATION.

The aim of education, looked at from the point of view of a community, is to impart mental cultivation with the purpose of bringing into being citizens who will rightly and worthily serve the community.

He will render efficient service to his fellows who avoids evil and does good. But what is evil? And what is good? The thought of to-day which aims at apotheosising the human spirit cannot answer those question with any authority.

Any appreciation of good and evil depends ultimately upon a knowledge of the difference between right and wrong. And only religion—the means by which we may know, love, and serve God—can properly impart this knowledge. Right and wrong are not as thinking makes them, and in the license of the present day we see how easily the much-vaunted human spirit can go astray when accepting no law other than its own vagaries.

## BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU READ.

Everything we read makes us better or worse and, by a necessary consequence increases or lessens our happiness. Often ask yourself what influence your reading exercises upon your conduct. If, after having read a work that pleases you, you find yourself more slothful about discharging your duties, more dry and cross towards your equals, harder towards your inferiors, with more

disrelish for your state of life, and more greedy for pleasures, enjoyments, riches, do not hesitate about giving up such reading. To indulge in it would poison your life and endanger your eternal happiness.

The practice of keeping, especially before the young growing mind, beautiful and uplifting images, and bright, cheerful, healthy thoughts from books, is of inestimable value. Good books are not only our friends; they are our best teachers. Bad books are a curse, and do a world of harm. Nothing spreads falsehood and evil more surely than a bad book.

Great precautions are taken against poisons which can take away the life of the body. What a holy, happy world this would be if the same care was taken against that which can kill the life of the soul! St. Augustine says that "when we pray we speak to God, when we read a good book God speaks to us." Can it be denied that the devil is speaking to millions of souls in the world to-day through had newspapers and magazines, bad pictures and cinemas, bad and suggestive songs and plays? Let all in their own way do what they can to counteract these terrible evils which were never worse than at the present time.

St. Alphonsus Liguori says: "If we pray we will certainly be saved, if we do not pray we will certainly be lost." But do we pray as we should? There is one means which will make us more regular in our daily prayers and deepen our earnestness in that sacred duty. This is *spiritual reading*. It is not how much but how well we read. —St. Theresa.

A good book is a perpetual sermon. A true home should contain food and fuel for the mind as well as for the body. As a rule, people are no better than what they read. A vacant mind is a playground for the devil. Father Faber tells us, that if we find we are going to have some idle moments, to make it a practice to have a good book to take in our hands. The same great writer declares that a taste for reading is a gift of the Holy Ghost. "What effect this will have on eternity?" a great saint used to say. "Will this contribute to my eternal happiness or will it endanger it?" This is a rule of conduct that is very safe and very decisive and that can be applied to every circumstance of life. Let us apply it most earnestly to what we put into our minds through reading.

"Life is real! Life is earnest!

And the grave is not its goal:

Dust thou art, to dust returnest,

Was not spoken of the soul."

Seat of Wisdom, pray for us.

—BROTHER ANTHONY.

## SHIP'S ANCHOR AS CHURCH RELIC.

A great sea anchor of the lustrous days when America's clipper ship merchant marine went to every corner of the globe has just been raised from its half embedded position in the graveyard of St. Ann's Catholic Church, Baltimore, U.S.A., and placed against the church walls.

The action is in tribute to the clipper ship skipper who founded the church in gratitude for the apparently miraculous survival of his vessel in a gale in the gallant early sea days. In the midst of the storm the captain, a devout Catholic, made a vow that should he and his crew survive he would build a church in gratitude. It was almost forty years later before he was able financially to fulfil the vow, but he remembered, and largely to his pious action St. Ann's owes its existence.

Captain William Kennedy, for many years a prominent business man of Baltimore, was the skipper. He commanded a ship cruising to the far corners of the world, when he was nineteen, in 1820. It was some years later that he made his vow to build the church. Then, his picturesque seafaring days over, he settled down in Baltimore. He brought ashore the anchor of the ship he loved, and set it up in the yard of his home. But Captain Kennedy had not become rich from his toil at sea, and he fared little better on land. It was not until the Civil War, when he was advanced in years, that some of his interests began to thrive, but when he acquired the money he remembered the vow to God in his days of peril. On April 15, 1873, the cornerstone of the new church was laid. Six months later, Captain Kennedy died. He was mourned by many, for he had gained a prominent place in the city's life.

## ST. PATRICK.

St. Patrick died in the year 493. He has been dead fourteen hundred years, and year by year his feast has been kept sacred by the scattered people of his heart's love. The day was honored from the very beginning with national honors, in the church of Armagh, to which he had given the primacy over all the churches of Ireland, and such was the concourse of mourners and the number of Masses offering, for his eternal repose that from the day of his death till the close of the year night was said to have been banished, so brilliant and so continual was the glare of tapers and torches."

## HUMILITY.

Make me humble, Lord so dear,  
Make me as a little child;  
Make me live while I am here  
Free from sin and undefiled.

Let me put my trust in Thee,  
Give me grace myself to know;  
Give me light that I may see  
Through this darkness here below.

Give me grace to know Thee, Lord,  
Give me grace to love Thee, too.  
Thou hast promised me reward  
If I only live for You.

Lord, I live for Thee alone,  
My soul to Thee is given.  
When from prison it has flown  
Reward it then in Heaven.

—Philip McMahon.

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