

The Family Circle

SEND THEM TO BED WITH A KISS.

O mothers, so weary, discouraged,
Worn out with the cares of the day,
You often grow cross and impatient,
Complain of the noise and the play.
For the day brings so many vexations,
So many things going amiss,
But, mothers, whatever may vex you,
Send the children to bed with a kiss.

Though the dear little feet wander often,
Perhaps from the pathway of right—
And dear little hands find new mischief
To vex you from morning to night—
Yet think of the desolate mothers
Who would give all the world for your
bliss;
And as thanks for your infinite blessings,
Send the children to bed with a kiss.

Ah, some day the noise will not fret you,
The silence will hurt you far more;
You will long for the sweet, childish voices,
For a dear little face at the door.
And to press a child's face to your bosom—
You would give all the world just for this—
For the comfort 'twill bring in your sorrow,
Send the children to bed with a kiss.



WORDS OF WISDOM.

Two leading secular journals in the United States have recently delivered themselves of the following wise sentences, which show how the demand for religious education is growing in that country. All serious thinkers are coming to see the ruin that comes from teaching which ignores the moral law, and that to imagine that that law can by any possibility maintain its authority without the sanction of Religion is the maddest moonshine. One of these journals asks: "Can essential virtues now be separated from Christianity?" and implies the answer that reasonable men will give. The other bluntly asserts that "Godless schools are a calamity of the first order. A sound nation cannot be built up if we are publicly to proclaim the idea that the State is indifferent whether the children of the people have or have not any religious teaching." The corollary, that parents, and not the Government of the day, have the right to demand teaching for their children according to their own convictions, is inevitably implied. Otherwise, the principle would be a mere academic theory.



PARENTS, REMEMBER.

Parents should not make, to children, promises that are not sure of being able to keep. A promise to a child should be a sacred thing, because the breaking of it is liable to make him lose faith in the word of his father or mother, and so lessen forever afterward the effectiveness of any truth which the parent may present to him. When a child is assured that certain things will happen, he is confident in that assurance, and builds air castles with his mother's word as a foundation. So much of a child's life is

made of dreams that his dreams are to him what reality is to grown people. A broken dream, a broken faith, and his mother to blame—it is a tragedy for his young soul. So let us, even in the smallest ways, keep faith with our children, that they may look to us always for truth and integrity. Let us respect their ambitions and dreams, because as one of our poets has said, "Heaven lies nearest in our infancy."



A BOAT AND A SOUL.

A lowering sky, a wind-swept sea and low rumbles of thunder; against the dark horizon is silhouetted a slim-lined sailboat, its outline seeming toy-like in the grey and white mists. The port lies beyond in snug safety and twilight calm but to make its harbor means a fierce struggle for the trim little craft, which is being tossed and slapped by the white walls of water.

There is much that is inspiring in the valiant effort of the little boat, and we watch it breathlessly and with whispered prayer. At last, with one super-effort, the boat sails proudly into harbor, a conqueror of the elements. Into port she moves calmly, quietly, and is finally at rest in safe mooring.

So it is with the soul which is life-tossed and fighting for peace. Hither and thither it is thrown, buffeted by fate and almost swept away by life's turbulence. There is a fierce struggle, a valiant fight, a super-effort, and at the last a quiet, calm drifting into safety. And there, in the dreamy twilight of God's harbor, it rests happily—a conqueror, a soul secure.



THE PERFUME OF THE MASS.

It is always necessary to repeat the same suggestion many times in order to change any old and established custom. And so it would be well to recall, over and over, the remark that our Catholic people will greatly oblige the Holy Souls in Purgatory by getting into the way of sending promises of Masses for the departed.

A blossom or two is well enough to console the living and to typify the loveliness of the resurrection, when we shall all, please God, blossom forth with Our Saviour from the tomb and amaze our own souls with our risen glory.

But consider—what consolation do these heaps of flowers bring to the departed souls who are now fasting in fires until their eager longing is filled with the vision of God?

The flowers lie there and wither. They have no efficacy to ease the pain and hasten the glory of the suffering soul. But one holy Mass offered for that soul brings it, in God's mercy, a hastening of its release and the comfort of drawing nearer to the smile of its Heavenly Father in its eternal home!

The Mass is Precious.

The perfume of the Mass is everlasting. One Mass is more precious and availing than all the blossoms that ever withered on a tomb. To give the alms that will ensure one Mass for the departed soul is a better

and more sensible act of aid and solace, both to the dead, and, therefore, the living, than to heap a costly pyramid of blooms over the grave every day for a thousand years.

Let us act on our knowledge of the teachings of our holy faith and get into the habit of sending to the homes that death has saddened the assurance that we have asked a priest to say Mass for the departed—giving, in alms for these, what we should otherwise have spent uselessly on flowers.



MAN'S WARFARE.

God created the heart of man to no other end than to love Him and be beloved by Him again. The excellent work of His Almighty Hand.

In the government of this alone depends our spiritual life and death.

The art of governing it must needs be very easy, since its true character is to act through love, and to do nothing by force.

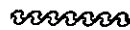
All we have to do is watch with great calmness the true spirit of our actions—to observe whence they spring and whither they tend; whether they are achieved by the heart, the source of divine love, or by the understanding, whence arises human vain-glory.

You will discover that it is the heart which influences you in your good works, through a motive of love, when all you do for God seems little, and after doing your best you are ashamed of having done so little.

But you may conclude that your actions proceed from the understanding, moved by worldly motives, when your good works, instead of producing meek and humble sentiments, leave nothing behind them but the empty illusions of vainglory, puffing you up with a false notion of having performed wonders, when, in fact, you have done nothing that is praiseworthy.

Man's warfare, mentioned by Job, consists in thus watching continually over ourselves.

This is to be performed without the least peevishness or anxiety, for what is aimed at is to give peace to the soul, to calm and appease its emotions when troubled or disturbed in its operations or prayers. For we may be assured in such a condition, prayers will be very indifferently said till the soul be freed from all uneasiness, knowing that this may be affected by a single emotion of mildness, which is the only means of remedying this disorder and restoring her former tranquillity.



STILL TO LEARN.

No gift of teaching, Lord, I ask of Thee—
Nor yet to suffer for Thee; but to be
Only Thy humble servant, weak and small,
And know myself among the least of all.

Once, in my pride, I'd show men how to live;
Once I had thought of message I might give;
But, see, dear Lord! How little do I know,
Ah, let me learn, and learning, serve Thee
so!

Not trying in the eyes of men to shine,
Content to know that I am ever Thine;
Content to look upon Thy holy face
As humblest pupil in the lowest place.

—A.M., in *Catholic Pictorial*.

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