

The Family Circle

HOURS OF LIFE.

Just a few hours of sunshine,
Then torrents of dreary rain.
Hours, we possess of happiness,
Are followed by keenest pain.

Just a few hours of friendship,
With its tender, radiant glow.
It is not the many, only the few,
These precious hours, may know.

Short hours in love's possession,
Steeped in wonderful joy,
Believing we, with faith supreme,
Love's gold holds no alloy.

Then hours of whirling passion,
When we seem the sport of Fate—
Love's flame dies down to ashes,
And we know the truth—too late.

Just a few hours of waiting
In the twilight of life—for our wage—
And we smile, as we think of the turmoil,
Written large on Memory's page.
—KATHERINE CAHOON, in the *Catholic Bulletin*.

EXTREME UNCTION.

I have been surprised to find some of your correspondents wishing to alter the time-honored name for the last anointing (writes Bishop Vaughan to the *London Universe*). I have been administering that Sacrament for more than 40 years, and I cannot call to mind a single instance in which the patient was unduly alarmed. I have often found relatives of the sick making objections, because they feared lest he might be frightened, but this has never actually been the case, so far as my experience extends.

Consider, in the first place, that, as soon as a man is known to be in danger of death, it is the duty of those who are responsible, to make the fact known to him. There is no greater want of true charity than to conceal from a dying man his real condition. Now, once he is aware of the serious state in which he finds himself, he will (if he is properly instructed) ardently desire to receive the Sacrament. He already knows that he is in some danger of death. But he also knows that this Sacrament has been especially instituted to free the soul from the languor and infirmity produced by sin and to comfort and strengthen it, amid its sufferings, and also to restore even bodily health, if God see that this be for the good of the sick person. If he be a man of any faith, these motives will inspire him with hope, and will fill him with a strong desire to receive Extreme Unction. That, at all events, has been my experience.

So far from driving the sick man to despair, it should have the very opposite effect. For the Sacrament should be conferred while there is still hope of recovery. Indeed, they sin grievously who, before consenting to anoint the sick, are accustomed to wait till all hope of recovery is at an end, and the dying have become unconscious.

Nothing is to be gained by changing the name of the Sacrament; but much is to be gained by carefully instructing the faithful in all that the Church teaches in regard to it. Anyone who has been taught to appreciate its immense benefits and its quite admirable effects, will feel consolation and confidence rather than fear, at the prospect of receiving it.

During my long experience I have seen, not one, but quite a number of cases in which men and women, who have been actually given up by the doctors, have been restored to health and strength after being anointed. And I feel sure that my experience is by no means exceptional. Nearly all priests who have been long on the mission will bear the same testimony.

Personally, I should have the gravest possible objection to any change in the name of this singularly comforting and beautiful ordinance.

WINTER LANDSCAPE.

By miles of flat and toneless fields
No color comes in view,—
Only along the sky, far woods
Gather a scarf of blue.

Bare trees against grey cloud, and yet—
The bleak moon's journeying—
There memory nurses hope that dreams
Of the blue-veined feet of Spring.

—F. M.

PLAIN JUSTICE.

A story illustrating the Scottish love of justice, which, if old, has had a sufficiently long rest to make it seem quite new, is related by one whose stock of anecdotes is said to be as inexhaustible as it is varied (says *Ave Maria*):

An old couple, who had never been in a railway train in all their lives before, took seats in one leaving Perth for Glasgow, for the purpose of visiting their son in the latter city. They became highly excited and interested at their rapid flight, and nothing would satisfy the old man but that at every station he must needs get out to gaze around in admiration and wonder, to the evident alarm and uneasiness of his guidwife Janet, who would not move from her seat. The train at length moved off, leaving the old man on the station platform, gazing helplessly at the receding face of his wife. When she saw her guidman thus left behind, she reached her head out of the window, and, to the amusement of her fellow-travellers, exclaimed: "There, noo, Saunders! Ye've dune for yersel' at last,—wi' yer thrawness! Weel, weel!" she continued, settling down in her seat. "I'm kinna glad o't, tae; for he's aye been craikin' a' alang, 'Jenny, haste ye here, an' haste ye there: ye'll be late for the kirk'; or, 'Ye'll no hae the work dune.' An' noo he's gane an' got left himself'. Od! I'm glad o't. It's a lesson he'll no forget in a hurry. It's plain joostice."

APPLE PIE.

When our cook she makes a pie
You oughter see her fingers fly!
She sits an' holds a yellor bowl
An' stirs so fast she keeps a hole
Down through the middle of the stuff;
There's milk an' egg, an' flour enough,
And maybe other things, but I
Forget just all that makes a pie!

When our cook she makes a pie
She rolls the dough, that by an' by,
Is two round blankets; then you'll see
Her slice some apples evenly.
Plump into bed she makes 'em hop,
An' cuts some peep-holes through the top
So they won't smother when they lie
All warmed an' sugared in the pie.

When our cook she makes a pie
She balances the plate up high,
And with a pleasant snippy sound
She trims it nicely all around.
And when she's thumb'd the edges tight,
The apples can't get up at night.
And when she's baked it, then, oh my!
You never et such apple-pie!

—BURGES JOHNSON.

JUST IN CASE.

Eugene and Edward, two little brothers, had an argument shortly before bed-time over their playing. Edward struck Eugene, who howled lustily, and their mother rushed in with the news that it was time for them to retire.

"Now, Eugene, dear," said mother, as she prepared her youngest son for bed, "you must forgive your brother before you go to bed. You might die in the night, you know."

Eugene was silent for a few moments, and then said: "Well, mother, I'll forgive him to-night, but if I don't die he'd better look out in the morning."

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