

The Family Circle

DON'T BE MAD AT MOTHER.

Don't be mad at mother
When her patience seems to break—
'Neath the thousand little duties
That she does for childhood's sake;
If she scolds a bit when worried,
If her temper seems to slip;
Her brow may wear a wrinkle,
But a smile is on her lip.

Don't be mad at mother
If she seems a little cross;
It's a privilege she possesses
As the manager and boss;
And perhaps beneath her worry—
And her temper stern and ill—
She's the same old lovely mother
With a heart that loves you still.

Don't get mad at mother
When her cares and worries seem
To fret and arouse her—
Maybe mother has her dream.
And it fades as does yours often,
And her many plans go wrong—
And she can't be always smiling,
Nor forever hum a song.

THAT SWEET WORD "MOTHER."

Lord Macaulay pays the following beautiful tribute to his mother: "Children, look in those eyes; listen to that dear voice; notice the feeling of even a single touch bestowed upon you by that hand; make much of it while yet you have that most precious of all good gifts, a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love in those eyes, the kind anxiety of that touch and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have friends, but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh, in the struggles with the hard, uncaring world, for the sweet, deep security I felt, when of an evening, nestling in her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale suitable to my age read in her untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glance cast upon me when I appeared asleep."

LAND OF EVANGELINE.

Down in the land of Evangeline, of which Longfellow wrote that "they who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana," is situated one of the most romantic and preponderantly Catholic dioceses of the United States.

Although established only three years ago, when the present Bishop of Lafayette, the Right Rev. Jules B. Jeanmard, was consecrated, the traditions of its parishes date back to a time more remote than that of the unfortunate Acadians, who driven from their lands in Nova Scotia, in 1787, took refuge on its fertile plains. Forty thousand of their descendants dwell within the confines of the diocese, and many of its quaint customs and most edifying stories have come down from the days of the eviction.

Lafayette diocese is 60 per cent. Catholic in population. Of 300,000 souls within its confines 180,000 hold to the ancient Faith. Of these, some are descendants of the hardy adventurers who came with, or in the wake of, Bienville, and almost all are sprung from the stock of France, although here and there are names and records that speak of the days of Spanish domination,

In some of the parishes, the number of non-Catholic families can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Last year's census reports showed that among one Catholic community of 3500 there were only 15 non-Catholics, and in another parish with a similar population, there were only three or four non-Catholic families.

100 Per Cent. Catholic.

In St. Martinville, the oldest parish in the diocese, situated on the Bayour Teche, where the historic "Evan-

geline oak" is located, the population is almost 100 per cent. Catholic. It is around St. Martinville, which is mentioned in Longfellow's poem as St. Martin, the place where Basil Lajeunesse, the stalwart blacksmith of Grand Pre, settled after being driven from his home, that many of the most romantic traditions of the diocese cling. Here it was that Evangeline finally found the father of her fiance after many months of weary wandering, only to learn that Gabriel, her beloved, had passed on his way up the stream while she slept beneath the shadow of the oak.—Exchange.

MADE THEM ALL ASHAMED.

One day a merchant said to a little boy who was doing work about the store: "You will never amount to much; you are too small."

The little fellow looked up from the work he was doing and said: "Small as I am, I can do something no one else about this place can do!"

"Oh, what is that?" asked his employer.

"I don't know as I ought to tell you," he replied. But the employer being anxious to know urged him to tell what he could do that no one else about the place was able to do.

"I can keep from swearing," said the little fellow. There was a blush on more than one face present and no anxiety for further information from the small boy.

THE TEST.

Oh, tired toiler up life's steeps,
Keep to your purpose high!
Let not your heart grow faint to see
How others pass you by!
And though the goal be won or no,
Yet prove yourself a man!
You cannot be a failure if
You do the best you can.
Not always to the swift the race;
Keep plodding the straight track!
No one can say you've failed, unless
You falter and turn back!
Press on, and bear this truth in mind
That since the world began,
The master test of greatness is—
To do the best you can!

LOVE.

To love is to wish well to. It implies a sincere interior act of will; external manifestation of it as occasion offers; and an actual bestowal of benefits, when opportunity and need arise. Such is the love we owe to parents; the love of which St. John writes in his first Epistle, when he says: "My children, let us not love in word; neither with the tongue, but in truth and in deed." It is not a mere sentiment or feeling with which love is so often confounded, independent of our choice, for which we can frequently assign no satisfactory motive or explanation. It is an exercise of our free-will, for reasons which are apprehended as sufficient; and which, in the case of parents, are sufficient, even though the feeling or attraction, at times called love, be difficult to arouse, perhaps impossible. Parents are not always such as to excite and secure a sentiment of affection; the influence they exercise may tend to kill or deaden it; but we can still love such parents, in the sense of the Commandment; we can wish them well, however unattractive they may be.

We are to love our parents, then, firstly, because God loves them—wishes them all manner of good things, natural and supernatural, and calls on us to love them. We are to love them for God's sake; the highest and purest love. We are to love them also for their own; in part requital for the many and great blessings we have received from them. Repay in full we never can; even though we should lay down life itself for them. And this love we may never renounce. Whatever a parent's faults may be, however little entitled he may become to reverence or obedience or respect, he can never destroy the foundation on which the child's duty of love is based—the gift of being, which he has bestowed. Hence, too, when children go out from the parents' home, and pass from under their authority, the claim to love, the duty of loving, persist