

The Family Circle

TREASURES.

The common things in life are all so dear;
The moon's soft rays that through the leaves doth shine,
The morning's sun on glistening waves so clear,
The clouds of gorgeous hue, are mine and thine.

The memories dear that come to us at quiet hour,
The dreams we have that do not all come true,
The songs we love, a book in shaded bower,
These priceless gifts are all for me, for you.

The friends we've loved and love may have departed,
Some gone for aye, still memory holds them dear;
The partings left us sad and broken-hearted,
The twilight shades of evening bring them near.

When all is hushed and peace to us is given,
We dream our dreams and build our castles fair,
While through the turmoil of the day we've striven,
The evening brings us surcease from all care.



THE SANCTITY OF THE PRIEST OF GOD.

Of all things existing in the world to-day outside of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament—the most real thing in an unreal world—the most wonderful to me is the Catholic priesthood. Like an oasis in the desert, like a lighthouse on the ocean, there shines before our eyes the beauty, the sanctity, the purity, the nobility of the priests of God, writes a Catholic mother.

To them do we bring our innocent babes to be washed in the cleansing waters of Baptism. To them do we bring our little ones at the age of reason to be purified from their sins in the Sacrament of Penance, confident from the knowledge of past experience ourselves, that they will guide their footsteps in the paths of virtue from childhood even to old age.

From them do we derive strength in the storm of temptations which beset the human race, consolation in the heavy sorrows which must come to all. At the hour of death our agony is lessened and hope of Heaven brought near by the presence of the holy priest of God, who blesses our last sigh.

And through the Mass of our priests do we receive that Bread of Christ without which our souls would die. Daily if we so desire, and strange to say, many do not desire, we may receive from the consecrated hands of the priest Our Lord Jesus Christ Himself, who longingly yearns to give Himself to our souls to be our strength.

Do we sustain them by our prayers? In gratitude to God and to them do we and our children pray every day that they may receive more grace, more strength, in their heavy responsibilities? They are not immune from temptations, and we owe them supplications to God. For us they have given up all human ties of affection to consecrate themselves to God and the salvation of souls.

Let us encourage them by our love of God and holiness of life, by our help in their good works, by the frequent reception of those saving Sacraments without which our souls become starved and withered, destitute of all good fruits.

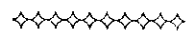
What a high honor God bestows upon the parents of a priest! What greater blessing could Our Lord give to the beautiful Sacrament of Matrimony, which, through His Church, He has endowed with so much holiness for those who enter upon it rightly in the love and fear of the Lord.

Shall we mothers and fathers not long and desire for that grace to come to our families? Why should we not, like the parents of many great saints, offer up our children to Him; especially our first-born sons? He will not accept the offering, unless He so desires, but the offering will bring graces to us. We understand that a priest is called and chosen by God, and influence should never be brought to bear. But we should train our children in reverence for the priesthood.

We should encourage virtue at every step of life, make the love of God and Church attractive to our little ones.

Above all, we should remember our boys' virtue is as carefully to be watched and tended as our girls'. If we expect virtuous young men, we mothers must make our little boys watchful over their own souls. Here lies the mother's responsibility, her greatest care.

Let us remember that a holy priest is the greatest work of God.—*Catholic Bulletin*.



AN IMPRESSION OF MASS TIME: A CONVERT'S PICTURE OF THE HOLY SACRIFICE.

When I (Charles Warren Stoddard) recall my first impressions of the Mass—if in my bewilderment I can be said to have received any impressions whatever—I assure myself that the majority of Protestants and unbelievers, who look coldly or curiously upon the altar, are as little mindful of the sacred significance and as unworthy as I was. Oh, the loss of these! Do we not see in the chalice on the altar, Our Lord entering the garden of Gethsemane? It is the first scene in the mystical drama, and every breath is hushed. The Divine One is burdened with a fore-knowledge of his doom. He kneels in the garden; we kneel with him, and are to follow Him step by step, to the end. At the Confiteor He has fallen bathed in the sweat of His blood; He is betrayed with a kiss, led away captive, grievously smitten and denied. The celebrant turns to us at the *Dominus Vobiscum* and in his glance we see the conversion of Peter. Our Lord is led before Pontius Pilate. He is spoiled of His garments—at the unveiling of the chalice—scourged and crowned with thorns. Pilate washes his hands of the crime, and at the moment the celebrant moistens his fingers. "Behold the man!" cries Pilate; and the voice from the altar pleads, "Orate fratres." At the Preface we hear the warning bell. The awful progress of the tragedy is watched in breathless silence; only from the organ loft comes the wail of the singers. The bell rings; He is condemned to death and made to bear the cross, while His brow is wiped with the handkerchief of Veronica, and the effigy of the sorrowful face is retained forever. He is nailed to the Cross.



THE GIRL WHO LAUGHS.

The girl who laughs—God bless her!—
Thrice blesses herself the while;
No music of earth
Has nobler worth
Than that which voices a smile.

The girl who laughs—men love her;
She lifts from the heart of despair
Its burden of woe
And coaxes the glow
Of joy to the brow of care.

The girl who laughs—wan sorrow
Comes by, and a glistening tear
Has stolen the glints
Of rainbow tints
And pictured a world of cheer.

The girl who laughs—life needs her;
There is never an hour so sad
But wakes and thrills
To the rippling trills
Of the laugh of a lass who's glad.

—JOHN HOWARD TODD.



SAYINGS OF NAPOLEON.

In connection with the celebrations in Paris on May 5 when France observed the centenary of the death of Napoleon I., it is instructive as well as interesting to recall some of the sayings of the Emperor concerning religion and the Catholic Church. Below are given a few of many utterances by him on these subjects:—

"The greatest service which I have rendered France is to have re-established the Catholic religion."

"The honest man always fights to remain master of himself."