

The Family Circle

A SEA TOWN.

There storms can never enter
The harbor's sheltered peace;
And homing sails, once folded,
Need never seek release.

About the streets winds wander
With perfumes of the rose
From little gardens of the town,
And vine-clad porticos.

Far off, the breakers murmur
Their hints that life must be
Reminded in all moments
Of God's eternity.

But far beyond the headland
The lighthouse stands serene,
And answers to our yearning
That we on God may lean.

O little town of quiet
Beside the ocean gray,
You are the symbol ever
Of what we seek and pray!

Beside life's ocean, chartless,
We quest a little town
Of love and trust and beauty
Ere we to seas go down.

—ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH, in the *Ave Maria*.

PLAIN DEALING.

In an essay on Art, Emerson remarks: "Nothing astonishes men so much as common sense and plain dealing." This apparent paradox finds verification in every walk of life. Men are so often led by their own ambitions, their likes and dislikes, their fear of power in others, or their desire for the acquisition of coveted place, that the exercise of common sense and plain dealing seems to mark them as politicians or as simpletons. As a wise old priest observed to Cardinal Manning at his consecration: "Your Grace, you will never hear the truth again."

Occasionally one meets a person who is utterly straightforward and sincere in all his various contacts with his fellows. The unusualness of the phenomenon astonishes and then arouses doubt. The quaint feature of all human conduct is that when it seeks to deceive it is most palpably undeceiving. Man was made to follow the guidance of reason; it is only the perversity of a crude will that endeavors to cover the truth and reveal the mask. If certain persons in life could view their actions and aims as they appear to others, they would hie them to concealment for shame.

One of the characteristics of the early Christian was his simple and unpretentious tenor of life. He spoke and acted the truth and he expected and found like conduct in his fellow Christian. Deception was unheard of in daily intercourse: it would be intolerant were it to show its head. The modern Christian, however, like the ancient Jew, has learned much from associating with pagan neighbors. He veneers his true nature; he assumes a worldly polish; he affects an air and seeks to impress his fellow-men with an importance and a value which he is far from possessing. Think of any walk in life you choose, and there will you easily pick out those who have bidden farewell to common sense and plain dealing and who are acting a part, not living the life of a Christian.—*Catholic Bulletin*.

THE GLORY OF THY PEOPLE.

It is false to say that all religions are good. There is only one that can be true and it is the Catholic, for:
It ALONE possesses a dogma which has never changed;
It ALONE obeys one Head, the Pope;

It ALONE goes back to the Apostles since it was founded by Jesus Christ;

It ALONE is preached to the entire world;

It ALONE has ever been solicitous for you, O Worker, and rescued you from slavery;

It ALONE has said: Love one another;

It ALONE gives a satisfying answer to all philosophical and moral problems;

It ALONE uses persuasion and not force;

It ALONE is attacked by unbelievers.

A LEGEND OF THE CROSS.

Lot had escaped from Sodom when there appeared to him an angel holding three cypress cuttings in his hand. "Plant these," said the angel, "and if they live and grow, your great sin shall be pardoned. If they die, you shall be punished as you deserve. The water with which you refresh them must be brought from the river Jordan, and must be brought fresh each day.

Here was a hard task, but Lot did not question its justice. Every morning he made a journey to the sacred river, bringing back the water for his precious trees, which grew and flourished amazingly.

One morning, as he was returning to Hebron, a beggar met him by the roadside and asked for a drink of water.

"I can give him a little," mused Lot, "and then have enough for my trees."

But when the beggar's thirst was quenched, there appeared another, and yet another, until the water was gone. Then Lot threw himself down, buried his face in the sand, and wept. When at length he raised his head an angel stood by.

"Why do you weep?" he asked, and Lot told him.

"Be not alarmed," answered the heavenly visitant. "Obedience is acceptable in the sight of God, but charity is even more so. You served Him in succoring His poor. Henceforth, as your reward, the tree shall thrive without water. Your long penance is over."

Thus it came about that the cypress trees grew without the aid of Lot. And when one of them was old and mighty, the Cross of Christ was made from it, and He, the legend runs, "Who died for His love of mankind, might suffer on the tree which was blessed by the grace of charity."

THE DOLLY I LOVE BEST.

Last night when daddy came from town,
He brought a doll for me,
One with a pink and shining gown,
As pretty as can be.
Her golden hair is curly, too,
Her cheeks are rosy red,
And dolly's eyes so big and blue,
Close when she's put to bed.

I've only got one dolly more,
An' she gets worse each day,
For sawdust falls around the floor,
When with her I would play.
The puppy's torn most of her clothes,
An' jerked her all about;
She has some putty for a nose,
And both her eyes are out.

But Mary Jane (that's her, you know)
Is just as sweet and true
As she was three long years ago
When Santa brought her, new.
I love the doll I got last night,
But—tho' in silk she's dressed,
I still hug Mary Jane real tight,
Because—I love her best.

—FRANCES KANE.

THE REGIMENTAL LYRE.

A number of stars on the cuff of a soldier aroused the fair visitor's curiosity.

"He's the battalion astronomer," explained her escort, gravely. "Most useful man. Guides us home by the stars when we've lost our way on night manoeuvres."

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