

The Family Circle

A-TELLING HER BEADS FOR ME.

To-night fond memory brings me
My old home across the sea,
My old mother in the doorway,
A-telling her beads for me.

'Tis years since I departed
From the Isle beyond the sea,
Still in fancy I can see her
A-telling her beads for me.

Many years now the sod's above her
In the church-yard 'cross the lea;
Yet in fancy she's still in the doorway
A-telling her beads for me.

Oh the memory of a sweet, dear mother,
It's the sweetest can ever be;
Oh how dear when I recall her
A-telling her beads for me.

And how could I do ever
Any wrong, or guilty be,
To sorrow that good old mother
A-telling her beads for me.

—The Columbian.

TOWER OF DAVID.

Let us have recourse to this strong defender; nor need we be ashamed to do so, for we shall find that many mighty warriors have been there before us, themselves very towers of strength; who glory in proclaiming that they owe their victories to the help of Mary. We shall find in her sanctuary a thousand bucklers, the armor of valiant men, who wish thus to show their gratitude and fealty to their Queen. Very literally, too, has this passage often been fulfilled, especially in the ages of faith, when the crusaders would fill Mary's shrines with trophies of their valor, and kings and princes lay at her feet sceptre and shield before quitting the world, as not a few did, to give themselves in the silence of the cloister to another and more spiritual warfare; whose example St. Ignatius followed when he hung up his sword by Our Lady's image before enlisting in her Son's army.

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THE STRENGTH OF THE SAINT.

The saint is not immune from peril and hardship. He knows the lonely, uphill climb, his nerves are strained like those of other people, many a time the sweat of fear is on his forehead, again and again does it seem as though his case was desperate. . . He has seen his foes coming at him open-mouthed as a wounded hart sees the pack of hounds tearing towards it. Saintliness lies not in a life spent within a ringed fence. It has its adventures, its perils, its excessive demands on strength and courage, just as any other life. Only, the saint has an Ally whom he knows, and on whom he can count. The Lord is my light, my salvation, my stronghold, my host! This is the secret of assurance and tranquility. A warrior lifts his head in a battle when he knows that victory is assured. The man who has learned that God is to be counted on as an active participant in his warfare is possessed of quiet assurance. He who can reckon on God knows his resources to be adequate to every strain.—Irish Catholic.

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THE IRISH RACE AND THE ROSARY.

There is interest, edification, and inspiration in the following extract from the Introduction, contributed by the Very Rev. Father Proctor, O.P., to *The Rosary Guide*:
"To speak of the Rosary in Ireland, or in the Greater Ireland beyond the seas—in America, Australia, New Zealand, or wherever the exiles of Erin are found (and where are they not found?)—is to reveal one of the secrets of Ireland's undying faith in Jesus Christ, and her un-

faltering love for, and loyalty to, the Church which he founded. As soon as the sons of St. Dominic—"the Friars of Mary," as the people loved to call them in the sweet Irish tongue—set foot upon the soil consecrated by the life-service of St. Patrick, they began by preaching that devotion of the Rosary, which has ever since formed part of the Catholic life of the great Irish people, whether at home or in other lands. In prosperity and in adversity, in the evening of sadness and in the morning of gladness, in their joys and their sorrows, the Beads were ever their talisman, the Rosary their anchor of hope which kept them united to Jesus the Incarnate Son, and to Mary, the spotless Mother. In the ages of persecution the Rosary was their shibboleth, the password by which they were known to be "of Christ and of God." During the dark days, the Rosary kept the lamp of Faith ever burning in the Irish heart and in the Irish home. When the Mass was proscribed, and the sacred rites were put under a ban, and a price was set upon the head of the priest—the *sagart arun* so dear to Erin's children—the Rosary, under the sweet providence of God and the influence of the Virgin Mother and Queen, preserved that Faith in the Incarnation and the mysteries of redemption which is the very life of the Irish race.

"Through the silent teaching of the Rosary, the Faith became as deeply rooted in the mind and heart of Ireland as are the rocks embedded in her western shores. When their lands were confiscated because they would not forfeit their creed, the sons and daughters of St. Patrick clung to their beads with a tenacity which never could be shaken by bribe or by threat, by hope or by fear. The enemies of God, like ravenous wolves, might suck their life-blood till, as Catholics, they became "quite pale"; still they held fast to the Rosary, to the doctrines which it taught, and to the virtues which it preached, and no one could say them nay. And when they were driven by famine, by foe, and by persecution, into other lands across the sea, they went as apostles by word and example on other shores. And hence to-day, as the Beads are told from end to end of Ireland, so is the Rosary said in every town and village and hamlet in the Greater Ireland, where more of Ireland's children dwell than in their 'own,' their 'native land.'"

Of the Protestant nations which three centuries ago threw off all devotion to the Blessed Virgin, fancying that the honors paid to her interfered with the supreme worship due to Christ our Redeemer, and that to put the Mother from their thoughts would be exalting the praises of her Son, Newman says: "Has that consequence really followed from their profane conduct toward her? Just the reverse: the countries—Germany, Switzerland, England—which so acted have in great measure ceased to worship Him, and have given up their belief in His divinity; while the Catholic Church, wherever she is to be found, adores Christ as true God and true Man, as firmly as ever she did; and strange indeed would it be if it ever happened otherwise."

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MY ROSARY.

O, I would make my life a rosary
Of virtue's jewels wrought—sweet charity,
Meekness and purity and selflessness,
Courage to clasp the cross with fond caress;
A chaplet worthy at God's feet to cast,—
A strong, unbroken prayer unto the last.
The telling ended at Death's stern command,
Let me begin in my true fatherland;
The joyful decades of eternity,
And count them o'er, my Queen, with God and thee.
—CATHERINE M. HAYES.

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THE REASON WHY.

At an examination at a public school, the examiner was questioning a class of boys. He wandered through different subjects, and at last came to speak about measles, when a small boy jumped up and exclaimed: "Please, sir, will you whip me if I ask you a question?"

"No," said the inspector.

"Will you let the master whip me?" asked the boy.

"No," said the inspector.