

The Family Circle

THE LITTLE BOY'S LAMENT.

Oh, why must I always be washed so clean
And scrubbed and drenched for Sunday,
When you know very well, for you've always seen,
That I'm dirty again on Monday?

My eyes are filled with the lathery soap,
Which adown my ears is dripping,
And my smarting eyes I can scarcely ope,
And on my lips the suds are slipping.

It's down my neck and up my nose,
And to choke me you seem to be trying;
That I'll shut my mouth you need not suppose,
For how can I keep from crying?

You rub as hard as ever you can,
And your hands are hard, to my sorrow;
No woman shall wash me when I'm a man,
And I wish I was one to-morrow.

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

GRACE BEFORE AND AFTER MEALS.

A good old Catholic custom, which nowadays appears to be more "honored in the breach than the observance," was that of saying grace before and after meals. It is still followed, of course, in genuinely Catholic families, as in religious communities: but all too often it is abridged to a perfunctory Sign of the Cross, if it is not entirely forgotten or suppressed. Very many twentieth-century Catholics would be benefited by some such lesson as King Alfonso of Aragon once gave his courtiers.

Observing that they did not ask a blessing before their meals, or return thanks after them, he invited a beggar to the royal table, forbidding him most strictly either to make a bow on entering the dining hall or to express his gratitude on departing. The beggar obeyed orders, and went away without a word or sign of thanks. The courtiers were highly incensed at this lack of good breeding, but the king checked their complaints, saying: "Is not this exactly how you yourselves act towards your Heavenly King? You neither ask a blessing nor return thanks, and accordingly He has much more reason to be indignant with you than you have to abuse that poor mendicant."

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FLOWER.

I read a story the other day of an angel that came from Heaven down to this world. He roamed through the fields and cities, and when his roaming was over, he said: "Now that I am through this visit on the earth, I must gather some mementoes of my trip."

And he looked at the beautiful flowers in the garden and said: "How lovely and fragrant!"

So he plucked some roses and he looked further and said: "Ah, a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked child! That baby is prettier than the flowers, and I will have to take that."

And then he looked and saw a mother sitting beside the cradle.

"Ah, that mother's love is the prettiest thing I have seen on earth. I will take that, too."

And with these three treasures he went back, and he said as he stopped in front of the gate. "Before I go in I must examine my mementoes."

He looked at the flower, and it had withered. At the baby's smile and it had faded. He looked at the mother's love and it glistened in all its beauty. He threw away the withered flowers and cast away the faded smile and with the mother's love pressed to his heart, he passed through the gates into the heavenly city, crying to the angels in glory: "The only thing I could find that would keep fragrant, from earth to Heaven, is a mother's love."

—The Liguorian.

LITANY OF THE PATRON SAINTS OF THE DIOCESES OF IRELAND.

Lord have mercy on the children of Ireland.

Christ have mercy on the children of Ireland.

Lord have mercy on the children of Ireland.

Christ have mercy on the children of Ireland.

God, the Father of Heaven, *Have mercy on the children of Ireland.*

God the Son, Redeemer of the world, *Have mercy on the children of Ireland.*

God the Holy Ghost, Protector of the Elect, *Have mercy on the children of Ireland.*

Holy Mary, conceived without original sin,

All ye holy Angels and Archangels,

All ye holy Orders of Blessed Spirits,

St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland,

St. Brigid, Patroness of Ireland,

St. Malachy, Patron of the Archdiocese of Armagh,

SS. Lawrence and Kevin, Patrons of the Archdiocese of Dublin,

St. Albert, Patron of the Archdiocese of Cashel,

St. Jarlath, Patron of the Archdiocese of Tuam,

SS. Columille and Eugenius, Patrons of the Diocese of Derry,

SS. Conleth and Brigid, Patrons of the Diocese of Kildare,

St. Callan, Patron of the Diocese of Down,

St. Macanisius, Patron of the Diocese of Connor,

St. Macartan, Patron of the Diocese of Clogher,

St. Felim, Patron of the Diocese of Kilmore,

St. Mel, Patron of the Diocese of Ardagh,

St. Colman, Patron of the Diocese of Dromore,

St. Eunan, Patron of the Diocese of Raphoe,

SS. Laserian and Ciaran, Patrons of the Dioceses of Leighlin and Ossory,

St. Aidan, Patron of Ferns,

St. Alibe, Patron of the Diocese of Emly,

St. Colman, Patron of the Diocese of Cloyne,

St. Fachanan, Patron of the Diocese of Ross,

St. Flannan, Patron of the Diocese of Killaloe,

St. Finbarr, Patron of the Diocese of Cork,

St. Munchin, Patron of the Diocese of Limerick,

St. Brendan, Patron of the Diocese of Ardferit,

SS. Otteran and Carthage, Patrons of the Dioceses of Waterford and Lismore,

St. Asicus, Patron of the Diocese of Elphin,

St. Nathy, Patron of the Diocese of Achonry,

St. Colman, Patron of the Diocese of Kilmacduagh,

St. Nicholas, Patron of the Diocese of Galway,

St. Fachanan, Patron of the Diocese of Kilfenora,

St. Muredach, Patron of the Diocese of Kilalla,

Pray for us, O holy Patron Saints of the Dioceses of Ireland,

That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

LET US PRAY.

O holy Saints of Ireland, whose names are still in benediction in the dioceses where in past ages you exercised spiritual rule, intercede for the children of Ireland, that they may retain and glory in the faith which St. Patrick preached to their forefathers.

O holy Missionary Saints of Ireland, whose names are renowned in lands to which you bore the torch of faith, intercede for the children of Ireland, that they may be enabled to conduce to the spreading of that ever glorious light, and so, like you, arrive at a happy eternity.

O all ye holy Irish Anchorites, who, fearing the seductions of the world, secluded yourselves therefrom, obtain for the children of Ireland the grace to suffer cheerfully the loss of earthly goods rather than yield to the temptations unceasingly placed in their path to allure them from their allegiance to the faith of their forefathers. Through Christ Our Lord. Amen.

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

THE REAL SUCCESS.

It isn't power or wealth or fame;

It's holding fast to an honored name;

It's doing right in the face of sneers;

It's putting might in the place of fears;

It's helping others to happiness—

That means success!

S. F. Aburn

PAINTER, PAPERHANGER, GLAZIER, Etc., 215 PRINCES ST., DUNEDIN.
Importer of Paints, Oils, Colors, Varnishes, Brushware, Paperhangings, Picture
and Room Mouldings, Sheet (Plate) and Colored Glass, etc.—TELEPHONE 1200

Pray for the children of Ireland

Pray for the children of Ireland