

## The Family Circle

### WHEN MOTHER WENT AWAY.

Once mother had to go away  
(We thought we'd have a lovely day  
'Cause daddy planned to stay at home);  
So mother packed her brush and comb,  
Her nightie and a few things more,  
And when the cab was at the door  
We all ran out to hug and kiss her,  
And never thought how much we'd miss her.

First some one down town telephoned,  
And daddy turned around  
And said, "Too bad! I'll have to be  
At the office, kids, till half-past three."  
Then Phil fell down and cut his knee,  
And cried as hard as hard could be;  
I tied it up as best I could,  
But not as well as mother would.

On Friday mother went away,  
And that's a most unlucky day!  
We broke the darling Chinese jar,  
In the cupboard where the queer things are,  
And I got caught on a nail and tore  
All my new dress on the big barn door.  
If mother'd been at home, I know  
That thing would not have happened so.

And when at last we went to bed,  
And daddy came, he only said:  
"All right? Good-night, then, kiddies dear,  
I wish that your mamma was here!"  
He never tucked us in at all,  
But turned the light off in the hall!  
(Our mother always leaves it lit,  
So that we're not afraid a bit.)

Then in the night I had a dream  
That almost made me cry and scream,  
But mother wasn't there that night  
To comfort me and hold me tight,  
And talk and laugh away the fright.  
Our mother came back home to-day  
And me and Phil and daddy say  
That she must never go away  
Anymore!

—EDITH B. PICE.

### THE CATHOLIC SON.

The Catholic son knows that in obeying and reverencing his parents he is doing an act of religion as well as of filial duty. He knows that every word or deed of his which tends to make his parents happy also rejoices the heart of God. That is why people are so frequently edified by the good Catholic son. That is why, in these days of irreligion, when so many young men slight their parents or treat them disdainfully, the Catholic young man, true to his faith, reverences his father and mother.

Show me the Catholic man who does not honor his parents and I will show you a man whose faith is dead or dying. A Catholic cannot go to the Sacraments and continue to despise God's ordinances in regard to parents. We are not speaking of the occasional lapses which the best of us may fall into, but of that state of habitual contempt and defiance which characterises some sons in their intercourse with father or mother.—*The Register and Extension.*

### EASY RELIGION.

The world likes an easy sort of religion, the kind that Father Hugh Benson describes as morality touched with emotion. People accept Calvary for admiration but not for imitation. Penance is associated with the monastic life, and the Ten Commandments are liberally interpreted to permit a good deal of personal laxity. With a little giving to the poor at Christmas, a passing sentiment as to

Christian brotherhood, January rushes on with about the same moral gear as December. But there are always the few chosen souls who accept their religion in all its beauty and beckoning heights of worship and service.

"For all our life is made of little things,  
Our chain of life is forged of little rings,  
And little words and acts uplift the soul.  
'Tis good to look aloft with ardent eyes,  
And work as well. He, doing these is wise,  
But one without the other gains no goal."

—*The Advance.*

### RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION: THE HOME.

Very young children, as we know, want to be told about the things that appeal to their senses. Their questions are wonderful. Now the good Christian mother will instinctively direct this early curiosity towards God. How? Obviously through Him who is the Way and the Truth and the Life: through Our Blessed Saviour. It is in Him that God has revealed Himself to mankind. And how beautifully attractive the method of that revelation! Not in words, not in signs, however mighty, but in our own human form!

Here we catch the truly maternal instinct of God's Church as a Teacher. From the earliest days of Christianity we see how the Church employed pictures of Christ, of His Virgin Mother, of His actions, of His life on earth and amongst the Saints in Paradise. Those wonderful frescoes in the Roman Catacombs, dating from the very early times when the followers of Christ were tortured even to death for their faith in Him, tell us yet how those first Christians felt the teaching power of sacred imagery. Let the Christian home still follow that blessed and fruitful example.

The mother will have a picture of the Divine Child with His Blessed Mother. It may be a picture, or it may be a statue. But in either case it will be well to have the colors bright. We do not want artistic representations yet; we want the kind of image that appeals to the sense of childhood. We know that children are attracted by what is bright in color. These objects should have some simple but distinctive setting. They should not appear as part of the furnishings of the room.

The mother will know better than any of us can suggest how to direct the child's attention to this image of the Divine Child. Who can equal a mother in awakening curiosity and cultivating it in the budding intelligence? The little prattler will ask question after question about "Little Jesus" and about "Our Blessed Lady," His dear Mother. She will tell him how Jesus became a little Child because He is so fond of all children. He came down from His great Home in Heaven, and He lived for a while amongst people, and He used to take up the little children in His arms and bless them; and He used to say that it was people who are like dear, good children that He would bring with Him to be happy with Him for ever in His Father's Home in Heaven. And then this good mother will know how to kneel down and take the little hands in hers and in her own matchless way get the little Child to tell Jesus that she and he ask Him to bless them and to bless father and the others—by name—and help them to be like Him, kind and good to one another. It is too early as yet to widen out the idea of benevolence to all men. The child's world is yet restricted to the members of the family.

I need not add more. We all cherish the memory of the Christian Mothers to whose inspired originality in sacred lore we owe the rudiments so simple, so elementary, but so indestructible of our faith in God, in His Divine Son, and in the beautiful cycle of Christian truths. Scholarship came later, but no scholarship uprooted those foundations; rather we exulted and praised God for having given us that central station from which the widening outlook grew indeed in splendor but never belied the central fact.—Archbishop Delany, in the *Catholic Standard*, Hobart.

### LITTLE COURTESIES.

Do not forget to teach the children to say good-night to one another, as well as to older members of the family when they go to bed. It is seldom they will do it of their

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