

The Family Circle

THE FORTY HOURS.

The altars are agleam with candles, linen fine, and lace;
The lilies white are bending o'er God's hallowed, holy place;
The music of the organ's notes still floats upon the air,
And grateful hearts are lifted up to Thee, O God, in prayer.

The little children softly tread the aisles that lead to Thee,
And down in adoration kneel, and gaze adoringly
Upon the gleaming Case of Gold that holds the Host of
white,
The form Thy love has chosen, Lord, to veil Thee from our
sight.

There all is peace, and stillness reigns about Thy hallowed
place,
And love for Thee is stamped upon each little upturned
face;

And love for Thee is stamped upon the faces lined with
care

Of older children coming here to ease their hearts in prayer.

Ah, forty hours only will God be there to view!

Then come, Oh! come and honor Him, and all your love
renew;

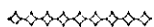
Yea, come in simple childlike faith, ye children of His love,
And make His stay amongst us here reflect His home above.

Come, kneel and give Him all your hearts; come, thank Him
for His grace.

This happiness He gives to us, to gaze upon His face;

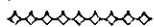
Renew the promises you've made; review the past years,
too,

And ask Him to infuse His love into your hearts anew.



A JUNE SAINT.

St. Paulinus, Bishop of Nola (June 22), was born at Bordeaux, in France, where his parents, Romans of high nobility, had established their home. He had already attained a distinguished position in the Imperial service, when the grace of God inspired him to leave all things and to follow Christ. He gathered disciples about him and founded a monastery at Nola, in the South of Italy, near the shrine of St. Felix the Martyr, to whom he had a special devotion. The fame of his sanctity led to his being constrained by the people to accept the Bishopric of Nola, and henceforward he lived for his flock alone, hesitating at no sacrifice to benefit them. The Vandals from Africa landing on the Italian coast, having pillaged Nola, had carried off the majority of the inhabitants as slaves. Paulinus, moved in particular by the lamentations of a poor widow who had lost her only son, and anxious above all to be with his people in their misery, actually sold himself as a slave in place of the young man, who was thus restored to his mother. He himself escaped with others at a later date and returned to Nola, where he died at the age of 78 (A.D. 632). Considering the decadent literary age in which they were written, both his prose writings and his graceful poems bear witness to rare talents, while the universal veneration paid to him, both in life and after death, testifies abundantly to his sanctity.



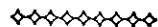
HEART-WORDS OF LIFE.

For the great majority of mankind it can be held that life resolves itself quite simply and obviously around three cardinal phases: love, home, and children—the heart-words of life. This is why Christ when on earth gave so many touching Gospel stories of home and love and children.

Do you remember Galilee's hills where Our Lord gave back the life of a boy to his mother? Can you not see again the little home at Bethany where Mary and Martha welcomed back the dead Lazarus? Will you recall the dutiful Son at the marriage at Cana who could not refuse a gentle mother's pleading?

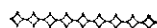
At Capernaum He healed the lowly servant of the centurion, and it is always a joy to think of the groups of Jewish mothers bringing their little children to be blessed at His sacred knee. All through Our Lord's public life are these instances of interest in the heart-words of life, and it is only by imitating His example that we may hope to enter eHaven.

Though we cannot perform miracles, we can give of our best; charity towards our neighbor. Interest in homes less fortunate than our own gives us a right to God's interest in us.



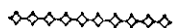
THE GREEDY RICH.

We see the men whom God has allowed to gather wealth refusing to submit to God's law for riches. Instead of remaining "poor in spirit," they swell up with the pride of possession; they grow increasingly greedy for gain and more gain. At whatever cost they build up their tower of money, set a calf of gold atop of it, and worship there the rest of their lives, with their backs to the Ten Commandments, and, by consequence, to the rights of their fellow-men. They defraud the laborer of his wage, corrupt legislatures, buy illegal privileges, bribe the press, strangle all honorable competition, remorseless as any beast of prey. Pursued, they cover up and throw out misleading trails. Questioned they assume the air in injured innocence, and lie with an art which conceals art. Their trail through this world, as the late war amply testifies, is marked with the bones and the blood of the innocent poor. The sins of the rich cry to heaven for vengeance. They have evaded justice here; they shall receive it hereafter. "Amen, I say to you," are words of Christ, "they have received their reward."



THE FLOWER OF WINTER.

Chrysanthemums stand forth in commercial importance among owners. Only the rose, the violet, and the carnation surpass them—and that chiefly because the chrysanthemum season is so short, while the others can be had from the florist nearly the whole year round. Greece gave us the name. Chrysanthemum means "golden flower." But the name was invented long before the big butter-yellow globes were known in the Occident. It referred to the prevailing gold in the small varieties that were known. Strangely enough, the first chrysanthemum brought into Europe was not gold at all, but purple. It was a small flower, about two inches across, shaped like an aster. Somebody took it to Europe from China in 1790—and, presto! the modern history of the chrysanthemum was begun. British exhibitors have very particular notions of what constitutes the perfect chrysanthemum. Their ideal is the so-called "in-curved" type, which carries great strong petals, pointing upward and overlapping each other in perfect precision. Americans think the "reflexed" types, with their showers of gold, white, and other colors, are equally beautiful, and more interesting. The newest American bloom is 17 inches in diameter, the smallest about the size of a collar button.



TREASURE-TROVE.

A mighty good thing to seek after,
Is laughter;
The blood when we chuckle and snicker,
Runs quicker.
The doctors will tell you a snigger
Gives vigor,
And jokes, if they're not too sardonic,
Are tonic.

It's really much wiser to frivol
Than snivel;
And folks shouldn't ever be frowning
Or clowning.
The fellow whose jests set us shaking
And quaking
Is making life fuller of savor,
And braver!

While out of our throats we can jiggle
A giggle,
We'll face any fate with no flurry
Of worry.
So here's to the bird at whose chaffing
We're laughing.
Who turns all our woes and our troubles
To bubbles;
He's worth more than solemn-faced screechers
Or teachers,
And so on his brow we are pressing
Our blessing!

—BERTON BRALEY.

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