

The Family Circle

MOTHER OF MOTHERS.

Golden word from golden pen,
In golden years we lisped it when
Our golden tresses oft you curled
Thou Dearest One of all the world.

Mother!

When overwhelmed with childish fright
At gruesome phantoms of the night,
Your soothing voice was ever nigh
In loving answer to our cry.

Mother!

In boyhood prattle oft perchance
As through the house we'd romp and prance,
You'd gladly beam, tho' sometimes sigh
You visioned then times by-and-by.

Mother!

And now to man's estate we're grown
Yet oft in mem'ry turn we home
From life's grim battle back to where
We knelt with thee in evening prayer.

Mother!

You taught us then Ave to say,
And how to consecrate each day
To her whom you so sweetly styled,
Mother of Mothers, meek and mild.

Mother!

Our childish voice with thee we'd raise
In her Magnificat of praise,
And turn at times from boyish glee
To tell with thee her Rosary.

Mother!

Oh, Dearest Mother in the world
God's banner which you then unfurled,
We bravely strive to keep on high
And there we'll guard it till we die.

Mother!

Mother of Mothers! as thine own,
Guide Mother mine to heavenly throne.
When life's vain thread is quickly spun,
Lead her to Thy Precious Son.

Mother!

—M. J. FINNEGAN.



REMINISCENCE OF PIUS IX.

A young freethinker—he called himself a freethinker—once accompanied some Catholic friends and relatives to an audience with the well-beloved patron and venerated namesake of our present Holy Father. Every other member of the party solicited some spiritual favor, but this youth preserved a sullen silence. Finally, Pius IX. turned to him with a kind smile, saying in his gentlest tone:

"And you, my son—have you nothing to ask of me?"

"Nothing, your Holiness." (The young fellow was at least polite and had learned from the others how to address the head of the World Church.)

"Are you quite sure? Nothing whatever to ask of me?"

"Nothing, your Holiness."

"Is your father alive?"

"Yes, your Holiness."

"And your mother?"

"My mother is dead, your Holiness. This answer was given in a voice that had suddenly become unsteady.

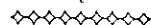
"Well, then, my child, if you have nothing to ask of me, I have something to ask of you."

The young disciple of Voltaire, as he prided himself on being called, looked at the Sovereign Pontiff in open-eyed astonishment.

"My son," continued the Holy Father, "I beg you to do me the favor of reciting with me an 'Our Father' and a 'Hail Mary' for the repose of your good mother's soul."

His Holiness knelt down; so did the young man, and when he arose tears stood in his eyes. The gentleness of

the kindly old Pope and the remembrance of his mother had quite overcome the freethinker's indifference; and as he left the audience chamber he was sobbing like a child. There were tears also in the eyes of his friends.—*Arc Maria*.



THE ANGEL OF CARMEL.

THE LITTLE FLOWER AND HER SHOWER OF ROSES.

The following article has appeared in *La Croix*:—

"I feel that my mission is about to commence. My mission is to make God loved as I love Him and to give souls a little way of confidence and abandonment. I desire to spend my heaven in doing good on earth. I shall not take any rest until the end of the world. But when the angel will have said 'Time is at end' then I shall rest, because the number of the elect will be complete."

The above words are what Blessed Sister Teresa said in obedience to the wishes of her Superior.

What marvellous words to be penned by this little, timid nun, by this frail creature, who was, it is true, embalmed in Divine grace, but yet was so insignificant in her own eyes. Let your thoughts dwell for a moment or so on her short life of 26 years.

The explanation is that Our Divine Lord continues to choose what is weak in this world to confound what appears to be strong. So it is that the saints, conscious of their personal impotency, but feeling in their hearts the power and force of Divine love, do not fear to say: "I can do all in Him Who strengthens me. When I am weak, then am I strong." They realise that the Divine Lord intends to make use of them as intermediaries in His work on earth. Now this fact makes the saints devote themselves entirely and without any reserve to the service of their neighbor. Has not Our Divine Lord said: "By this will all men know that you are My disciples—if you have charity one for the other."

The Desire of the Saints.

St. Paul desired to be anathema for his brethren. St. Martin, ravished with happiness at the thought of his earthly exile being near its end, still exclaimed: "I do not refuse to labor. I am willing to remain here below for the sake of my brethren." The Venerable Cure d'Ars said: "If I had already one foot in heaven and that I was asked to return to earth to work for the conversion of sinners I would gladly do so."

Little Sister Teresa did not think of remaining here below. She conceived another plan: she would make her heaven an apostolic one: she would draw letters of credit on the Kingdom and send forth treasures from the Divine mercy. "When I shall be in heaven I shall let a shower of roses fall on earth." This sweet promise of Blessed Teresa came from the same motive which animated all the saints—namely, the love of God and of souls. She had the same trustful confidence in the Divine promises. In these words is put in relief all the beauty, the Divine and human splendor, the permanent miracle, of the Communion of Saints.

The writer from whom we quote continues:—

Now, the roses that the Angel of Carmel lets fall on earth are resignation, generous submission to the heavy weight of the cross, the spirit of self-denial, kindness and forgiveness, and sorrow for sin. Doubtless Sister Teresa will continue to obtain the cure of the sick and temporal favors, but always secondarily to and in keeping with her great design of turning men's thoughts to God.



MAN'S INGRATITUDE.

How careful are we when the great unbend,
Just to the time to keep the hour they set,
And other claims upon our day forget,
Past reason proud at thought whom we attend;
But when the King of Kings for us doth send,
We make excuse the way is long or wet,
Or go, like debtors, loath to pay a debt,
Counting as lost the time with Him we spend.

How true it is that when the kindly sun
Scatters in golden largesse all his store,
And, beggared sinks, we cease to think of him;
So, too, God's love, whose waves are never done
Bearing to us His blessings to the shore,
Creeps in unnoticed to the flooded brim.

—J. R. CLEMENS, in *America*.