

The Family Circle

HYMN OF FREEDOM.

God of Peace! before Thee,
Peaceful, here we kneel,
Humbly to implore Thee
For a nation's weal;
Calm her sons' dissensions,
Bid their discord cease,
End their mad contentions—
Hear us, God of Peace!

God of Love! low bending
To Thy throne we turn—
Let Thy rays descending
Through our island burn;
Let no strife divide us,
But, from Heaven above,
Look on us and guide us—
Hear us, God of Love!

God of Battles! aid us,
Let no despot's might
Trample or degrade us,
Seeking this our right!
Arm us for the danger;
Keep all craven fear
To our breasts a stranger—
God of Battles! hear.

God of Right! preserve us
Just—as we are strong;
Let no passion swerve us
To one act of wrong—
Let no thought, unholy,
Come our cause to blight—
Thus, we pray Thee, lowly—
Hear us, God of Right!

God of Vengeance! smite us
With Thy shaft sublime,
If one bond unite us
Forged in fraud or crime!
But, if humbly kneeling,
We implore Thine ear,
For our rights appealing—
God of Nations, hear.

—M. J. Barry.

THE ROSARY HOUR IN IRELAND.

It is well to pause on one picture out of the many which the Donegal writer, Seumas McManus, sets forth with unalloyed charm in his book, *Yourselves and the Neighbors*. It is a scene familiar perhaps to all dwellers in Catholic lands—the hour of the Rosary. Mr. McManus thus describes it:

"In your house, as in all the houses, the Rosary was recited nightly by the whole household, kneeling in a circle. Molly made you lead it, while she and the children devoutly chorused response.

"The Rosary hour was a peaceful hour, and it brought you all very near indeed to God. The hum of the Rosary was sweet and beautiful to those who, passing the way, uncovered their heads in reverence, and felt they were treading sacred ground while still that music was in their ears.

"Although you led the Rosary, Molly could never trust you with the trimmings. These herself always did take charge of. For 'twas she, and she alone, who knew how to pour out the heartfelt poetic petition which prefaced each Pater and Ave, asking for benefits, spiritual and temporal, for yourselves and your friends and neighbors, and for all the world—and an especial petition for all poor sinners who had no one to pray for them. Lucky, indeed, was the mortal who was particularised in Molly's prayers. Blessed were all who shared with your household the fruits of the nightly Rosary.

A BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE.

Catholics to whom the practice of "saying grace" before and after meals is unknown, or who through indifference or negligence have abandoned it, would read, with no little surprise and perhaps some shame also, the following incident from an unidentified secular journal sent to us by a non-Catholic friend (says the *Ave Maria*):—

"The other day a little group of people went into a restaurant here in the city,—one of these modern "self-serve" affairs. There was a mother and father, and a soldier son, and two smaller children,—a rugged family that was evidently here to meet the soldier son who was returning from the service. They took their place in the long line in front of the counters where the food is served, and moved along gradually making their selection. When the members reached the cashier's desk, and each had upon his plate the food he or she had selected, the father paused and the family bowed their heads. And then, there in that public place, with busy people all around, the father returned thanks to the Creator for the food of which, they were about to partake,—audibly, with a firm voice, with great faith, with humility and thankfulness in his tone.

"But the little family were not the only ones who bowed their heads. The long line of busy people paused in their snatching; each bowed his or her head, and waited the end of the blessing. There was never a smile of derision, never a murmur of disgust. Instead, there were smiles of appreciation, and everybody in the long line felt better,—that there was something in the thanks offered up that helped wonderfully in this prosy old world."

The editor's comment on this little incident is also well worth quoting:

"Returning thanks before partaking of the daily food is going out of style, it seems; but it ought not to go out of style. It ought to be practised in every home. We are getting away from too many of the sacred things of the earlier days. We are too prone to give up the little sentiments that mean so much in this materialistic age."

A USEFUL MAN.

A farmer whose orchard is near a school for boys was annoyed by the depredations of the youngsters. Finding two boys helping themselves to his apples, he escorted them off the premises, giving each a parting kick at the gateway. Next days the boys were loitering near his orchard again.

"What are you scamps hanging round here for?" he cried. "I told you yesterday what you would get if I caught you here again."

"Yes, sir, we remember," said the spokesman. "We haven't come for apples this time. We came to ask you to join our football team!"

NO HUNTING.

A young man was walking through a wood with a gun over his shoulder and his bag full of game which he had shot. He was not satisfied with what he had, and was looking for more, when an excited man with a large tin badge on which was inscribed the one word "Sheriff," came running up to him and demanded:

"Haven't you seen the signs which I put up on the trees in this wood?"

"Oh, yes, I saw them," answered the young man; "they said 'No hunting,' but I found some."

THE PROPER WAY.

A swagger young soldier was watching the efforts of his comrades to ride a refractory mule. Not one of them could stay on its back for two seconds.

At last the amused looker-on approached, and drawled: "I say, let me show you how it's done."

"Come on, then!" said the soldiers. "Let's see you!"

The youth sidled up to the mule, swung himself upon the animal's back, wrapped his legs beneath its

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