

The Family Circle

THE TWO LITTLE BOYS.

The good little boy and the bad little boy
Both live in the house with me.
But it is quite strange—I can look and look,
Yet only one boy I see—
Just one little boy with sparkling eyes
And the funniest pudgy nose,
All brimful of life from the top of his head
To the tips of his ten stubby toes.

And yet there are two of them, I am sure,
For one is a bad little boy,
And I am sorry he lives here
To bother the good little boy;
Yes; pester and bother the good little boy
Till he sometimes drives him away;
And the bad little boy is alone with me
For the rest of the long, long day.

And I ask him to go for the good little boy,
And bring him again to me;
But I take him up and hold him close
While I talk to him lovingly;
And while I am talking he sometimes laughs,
But oftener far he cries—
And I see that the good little boy is back
As I look into the bad boy's eyes.
—Grace C. Crowell.

THE LITTLE FLOWER.

The Most Rev. Father Godefroy Madeleine, Abbot of the Premonstratensians of Frigolet, exiled to Belgium, has given remarkable testimony of a case of the visible protection by the Little Flower, Soeur Therese, during the war. Throughout the war there have been few episodes more moving than the conflict on the Meuse and the sack of the charming little town of Dinant, which is to-day a heap of ruins. The Abbey of Leffe had a large share in the general disaster which overtook Dinant, being in the centre of the line of fire. At 6 a.m. one morning in 1914 the Saxon Army invaded the Abbey and interned there 2000 of the population, men and women. At 9 a.m. an officer ordered all the men out, and from 50 to 60 victims were shot in the courtyard. At 10 a.m. the same officer demanded 15,000 francs from us, promising that if that sum was not forthcoming by midday the Abbey would be burned to the ground. The community descended to the cellars and there prayed to the Sacred Heart, the Immaculate Virgin, and the Little Flower. In the afternoon, the soldiers threatened to execute all without pity, and the following morning, after a rough search throughout the monastery, the religious, with their Abbot, were led away into captivity. It was here that the intervention of the Little Flower comes in. The Fathers had placed the sacred vestments, linen, ornaments, and their few valuables in a box which they had hidden in the cellars of the Abbey, placing within it a relic of the Soeur Therese. In the course of their search the Germans struck this box, which was not locked, with their guns, and it also remained for several days abandoned to the discretion of the crowd who filled the Monastery. Yet, on the return of some of the Fathers, six weeks later, it was found with all its contents intact. Again and again during these days the Fathers were in danger of death, but their peril always ended in an inexplicable way, and they ascribe their final liberation to her intercession. They were 34 prisoners shut up in a Carmelite Convent. The Director of the Christian Brothers' School, who was a companion in misfortune with six of his confreres, had the idea of making a novena to Soeur Therese for their deliverance. On the last day of the novena, a German general arrived, not only to announce the deliverance of all, but to apologise to the Fathers for their treatment and to declare

their innocence of the charges made against them. Their first act was to go to the chapel and sing the "Te Deum" and "Magnificat," while they made a solemn promise that directly circumstances permitted they would publish what they owed to the servant of God, of Lisieux.

THE MOTHER.

The eventime of life has come, and resting in its shade,
She sits with sunshine on her face—the sunshine peace
has made.

The kindly deed for others done shall be the oil and
wine

To soothe and cheer each weary hour, if she in sickness
pine.

Burden and heat of life's long day she bore with bravest
will;

Now sunset glories round her shine, their halo crowns
her still.

Long may it rest on her we love, that halo bright and
pure,

The radiance of a life well spent, the trust in promise
sure.

"Brittas," in the *Glasgow Observer*.

THE RETORT.

He was regaling a breathless crowd with a veracious story of a shipwreck, and how he and his mates had escaped on a raft, and after many exciting adventures had landed on a desert island.

"And the beach of that island," he said impressively, "was red with lobsters."

"But," interposed the objectionable person who glories in spoiling a good story, "that won't do, Jack. Lobsters ain't red before they are boiled."

Jack was silent for a moment; it seemed that he had at last met his Waterloo. But soon a smile lit up his face.

"But who didn't know that?" he asked, scathingly of his persecutor. "This ere was a volcanic island, and o' course, the waters was all biling 'ot!"

GOT NOTICE THEN.

Green had been in new lodgings just one week, and had arrived at the conclusion that his tenancy would not be of long duration unless there was a material difference in the quality of the breakfast egg. He did not like to tell the landlady point-blank, so he adopted a round-about method of communicating his opinion on the subject.

"Didn't you tell me you were fond of reading Macaulay, Mrs. Bluff?" he asked her, as he broke the shell of the egg.

"It was my lamented's favorite reading, Mr. Green," returned the widowed lady.

"Ah! Now I understand why you have your eggs from Italy."

"What ever makes you think that, sir? They came from a farm near here."

"Really!" exclaimed Green, with a pronounced sniff. "These eggs remind me most forcibly of the 'Lays of Ancient Rome.' Funny, isn't it?"

He had notice on the spot.

PUTTING IT POLITELY.

"Eliza," said the mistress, "please go next door and ask them if they will kindly stop playing for a while. Mr. Humphrey has a bad headache. But be sure to be polite."

A minute later Eliza was admitted next door.

"Missis' compliments," she said, "and she'd be obliged if the person tryin' to play on an out-of-tune pianna would darn stockings or something."

"But this is our house," returned the mistress of it, "and we are not debarred from choosing our own amusements."

"It's a pity you ain't," came from the top step. "When any one ain't satisfied with two hours' pickin'—"

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