

The Family Circle

IF YOU ARE WISE.

Don't look for the flaws as you go through life:
And even when you find them
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind
And look for the virtue behind them.
For the cloudiest night has a hint of light
Somewhere in its shadows hiding;
It is better by far to hunt for a star
Than the spots on the sun abiding.

The current of life runs ever away
To the bosom of God's great ocean.
Don't set your force 'gainst the river's course
And think to alter its motion.
Don't waste a curse on the universe—
Remember, it lived before you.
Don't butt at the storm with your puny form—
But bend and let it go o'er you.

The world will never adjust itself
To suit your whims to the letter.
Some things must go wrong your whole life long,
And the sooner you know it the better.
It is folly to fight with the Infinite,
And go under at last in the wrestle.
The wiser man shapes into God's plan
As the water shapes into a vessel.
—ELLA WHEELER WILSON.

A MIDDY'S EXAMPLE.

Have you ever heard tell of Captain Byng's midshipman? asks a writer in the *Cornhill*. I forget his name, but he started his first night aboard ship by kneeling down and saying his prayers, as his mother had taught him; the crowd of his fellow-midshipmen found it against the custom of the service, and gave him the strap for it. This, however, raised him up a champion in one of the taller lads, who protested that their conduct was tyrannous; "and," said he, very generously, "to-morrow night I too propose to say my prayers. If anyone objects, he may fight me." Thus, being a handy lad with his fists, he established the right of religious liberty on board. By-and-by one or two of the better-disposed midshipmen followed his example; by degrees the custom spread along the lower deck, where the dispute had happened in full view of the whole ship's company, seamen and marines; and by the time she reached her port of Halifax she hadn't a man on board—outside the wardroom—who did not say his prayers regularly. At Halifax Captain Byng took aboard out of hospital another small midshipman, who on his first night no sooner climbed into his hammock than the entire mess bundled him out of it. "We would have you to know, young man," said they, "that private devotion is the rule on board our ship. Down on your knees this minute, or you'll get the strap."

SONG IN IRISH: MAIRIN DE BARRA.

I.

A Vairin de Barra, do vairv tu m' iuntinn!
D'fhag tu duwach dealy me i gan fhios dom vuintir!
Air mo luíve ghom air mo leabaig is ort a vim a' euiwneav
A's air m' c'roíve ghom air maidin: mar do chealg tu an
croíve ionam.

Roughly:—Mairin de Barra! you have wrecked my mind: you have left me sad and destitute though none of my own folk guess it: as I lie on my bed, you alone fill my thought, and so when I rise in the morning—for you have put your spell on the heart within me.

II.

Hugas agus hugas a's hugas om chroíve greann duit
Air maidin lae le Muire na geoinneal san teampall;
Do huilín ba ghlaise na uisce na ngeawarha,
Is do veilín ba vinnu na an druid nuair a lawraun.

Roughly:—I gave you, from my heart I gave you, my love, on that Candlemas morning in the chapel: I fell in love with your dear eye brighter than the dew on the wheat of the spring, and your dear mouth sweeter sounding than the thrush in his talk. (Usually the stalling. Here as in Scots Gaelic.)

III.

Do hil me tu vealla' le briarha a's le poga;
Do hil me tu vealla' le leawarha a's le moide:
Do hil me tu vealla' air vreaca' na h-cornan—
Ach d'fhag tu duwach dealy me air beacht don mbliayain
nuá' me.

Roughly:—I thought to beguile you with my talk and kisses: I thought to win you with oaths on the Book: when the barley was yellowing (speckling) I thought to wile you, but the New Year has come and still you have left me gloomy and broken.

IV.

Do hiuwloyainn a's do hiuwloyainn a's do hiuwloyainn an
saoyal leat

Do rayainn har saile gan gha fi(n)ginn spre leat:
Do hug mo chroíve-gra' ghuit go brah, brah, na treigfhiy,
Is do leíveasfa on mbas me ach a rha' gur leat fein me.

Roughly:—I would walk the world with you: without a penny of a fortune from you I would cross the seas with you: my heart has given you a love that to the day of doom will not fail, and you'd snatch me (heal me) from death if only you'd call me your own.

—STEPHEN MACKENNA, in *New Ireland*.

LONG MASSES AND SHORT.

There is a rather good story told of an 18th-century Bishop. A lady having complained to him one day about the excessive length of the Sunday Mass, he replied: "Madam, 'tis not the Mass that is too long, but your devotion that is too short."

Still better is the narrative of the saintly Princess Wolkowska's explanation of very lengthy and very brief offerings of the Holy Sacrifice. It was a rule of the Princess's life never to say a word contrary to charity about any person or thing whatever. A witty young duchess of her acquaintance set out one day to make her violate this rule, and this is the way she went about her task:

"My dear Princess," said she, "I know that you habitually hear daily Mass at the Church of St. Andrew delle Fratte. Well, now, does not one of the priests there try your patience almost beyond endurance? He drones along so slowly that his Mass takes up regularly well-nigh an hour of one's time."

"Why, my dear," replied the Princess, "do you find that disagreeable? I am sorry to differ from you, but I must, decidedly. What happiness it is to be able to recollect one's self at each phase of the Holy Sacrifice, to meditate at one's leisure upon the great mystery, to commend without precipitation one's parents and friends! I confess, that for my part, I attend through preference the Mass of that very priest."

"Very well," said the duchess; "but in that case, you can't like the Mass of Father X., who acquits himself of the sacred function so expeditiously that he hardly keeps the congregation longer than 25 minutes."

"But, my dear friend," gently rejoined her companion, "you are reasoning somewhat lightly. Just think of the busy people—the clerks, the poor servants whose time is so limited! It is all well enough for us great ladies to take our time and accomplish at our leisure even our exercises of piety; but, then, everyone has not the same latitude. If these persons remained too long in church, they would be reprimanded by their clients or their employers. Would you, therefore, deprive them of the benefit of being present at the Holy Sacrifice? Father X's is just the Mass that suits them. Providence, my dear duchess, arranges everything well: the first priest for us, the second for them."—*Are Maria*.

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS.

Have you sorrows? You must bear them
Without murmur, without moan;
Think not you may shirk or share them;
Keep them for yourself alone.
But if you have joys—oh, show them,
Broadcast to the winds go throw them,
Seed-like through the world go sow them,
And be glad when they are sown!

Have you trials? You must face them
Without grumble, without groan;
Burdens? Then be sure to place them
On no shoulders but your own.
But if you have aught that's cheerful,
Give it forth to calm the fearful,
Give it forth to soothe the tearful,
Sing it, ring it, make it known!

Thus it is the noble-hearted
Live until their day is flown;
Thus they lift and thus they lighten,
As a bugle-blast is blown;
Thus it is they help and heighten,
Thus they lift and they lighten
Souls less steadfast than their own!

DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

SIMPLE HONESTY.

In a beautiful valley of the "Haut Valais" tourists often love to stroll from the great hotel to the quaint little villages around. One day an English lady lost a valuable gold brooch, and after searching for it in vain