

## The Family Circle

### CHILD AND MOTHER.

O Mother-my-love, if you'll give me your hand  
And go where I ask you to wander,  
I will lead you away to a beautiful land—  
The Dreamland that's waiting out yonder.  
We'll walk in a sweet-posie garden out there,  
Where moonlight and starlight are streaming,  
And the flowers and birds are filling the air  
With fragrance and music of dreaming.  
There'll be no little tired-out boy to undress,  
No questions or cares to perplex you;  
There'll be no little bruises or bumps to caress,  
Nor patching of stockings to vex you.  
For I'll rock you away on a silver-dew stream,  
And sing you asleep when you're weary,  
And no one shall know of our beautiful dream  
But you and your own little dearie.  
And when I am tired I'll nestle my head  
In the bosom that's soothed me so often,  
And the wide-awake stars shall sing in my stead  
A song which our dreaming shall soften.  
So, Mother-my-love, let me take your dear hand,  
And away through the starlight we'll wander—  
Away through the mist to the beautiful land—  
The Dreamland that's waiting out yonder!

—EUGENE FIELD.

### ALABASTER BOXES.

Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words, while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier by them; the kind things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffin, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary and troubled hours, and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. I would rather have a plain coffin without a flower, a funeral without a eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends beforehand for their burial. Post-mortem kindness does not cheer the burdened spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary way.

### THE FIRST NOVENA.

The first Novena of which we have any knowledge is recorded in the Acts of the Apostles. It was made by the Blessed Virgin, the Apostles and the Disciples of Our Lord, the holy women and faithful followers of Christ who saw Him ascend into Heaven. This Novena was made during those days between the Ascension and the Descent of the Holy Ghost.

The Novena in preparation for the Feast of Pentecost, which has the solemn approbation of Holy Mother Church, begins on the day following the Feast of the Ascension. By rescript given at Gaeta on January 5, 1849, the Sovereign Pontiff Pius IX. granted to all the faithful who devoutly and with contrite heart shall make this Novena in honor of the Holy Ghost, an Indulgence of three hundred days on each day of the Novena and a Plenary Indulgence either during the course of the Novena or upon one of the eight days immediately following it. The condition of Confession and Communion, with prayers for the Church and for the Sovereign Pontiff, are attached to this Novena. The days of Novena are days of prayer, during which we should strive to come into closer union with God through His Holy Spirit. We may call to mind the words of St. Bernard, who enjoins us to pray "that the days of Pentecost may be accomplished in us, the days of pardon, of joy, and true jubilee; and may the Divine Spirit find us established by our corporal presence, also by the union of our hearts, all together in steady perseverance."

Surrounded by dangers to our Faith, the allurements of a world that is sinking into paganism, we need the light of the Holy Spirit.

### THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

It is the desire of the Master that those who follow Him should "rejoice with those who do rejoice and weep with those who weep." We should live in sympathy with those whose lives touch ours. The well-balanced life is responsive to human joys. Jesus would have His followers happy, for only thus can they realise the highest possi-

bilities of their physical and intellectual powers, only thus can they radiate happiness. However, it is essential that the happiness of the Christian should be sought and enjoyed in wholesome ways that leave no one harmed thereby. Especially should our sympathies in practical ways go forth to the weak and erring, to the unfortunate, to the sick and sorrowing.

### MOTHER.

She was a pure, true woman, all unversed  
In arts save those that gave her grace and skill  
Her duties to perform. From day to day  
Her tasks seemed fitted to her willing hands.  
To little cares that vex the common mind  
She gave less thought than to the greater ills  
That all must bear; yea, even lent her aid  
To lessen and uplift another's load.  
She gave few precepts for the childish mind  
To fret against. Example won its way  
Where these had failed. And if perchance there came  
Days when the burden seemed too hard to bear,  
Her children never thought the placid smile  
Covered a wound that time alone could heal.  
The influence she left unmeasured lies  
Within the hearts and lives that bless her name.  
Can such a mother live and leave no mark  
Upon generations yet to be?  
Aye, is not hers a legacy more rich  
Than vast estates, learning, and matchless skill?  
Could aught of these her place of influence fill?

—HELEN M. RICHARDSON, in *The American Messenger*.

### AN OUTDOOR OR INDOOR GAME.

Grown-ups as well as children enjoy this game. The questions are all to be answered by one, two, or three letters. Of course, the leader will keep the key herself, just writing the questions for her friends.

Name a creeping plant?—I V.

What is jealousy?—N V.

Name a beverage?—T.

Name a common bird?—J.

Name a composition?—S A.

Name a mournful poem?—L E G.

Name a kind of pepper?—K N.

Name a common summer dress?—P K.

Name a county in England?—S X.

Name one of the human organs?—I.

What is it to surpass others?—X L.

Name the condition of winter pavements?—I C.

Name too much of something?—X S.

The award goes to the player who hands in the largest number of correct answers first. When the questions are set, a time limit should be given for replies to be written.

### THE HAT TRICK.

Flushed and breathless, the bloom of sport upon his cheek, the panting, bald-pated, twenty-stoner picked up the bowler he had been chasing down the street, and then leant up again a lamp-post to gain breath.

It had been a desperate chase, but, thank goodness, he had his hat at last! Phew!

Another, also breathing heavily, came pounding up, and snatched the headgear out of his hand.

"Much obliged!" gasped the new-comer.

"For what?"

"This is my hat."

"Your hat?" gasped the twenty-stoner. "Then where is mine?"

"Behind you," replied the other, "at the end of a string."

And then, for the first time, the twenty-stoner remembered the hat-guard his winsome wife had made him wear.

### A QUESTION OF TIME.

Mr. Brownson, the grocer, had a passion for learning, and had earned a great reputation throughout the village for encyclopaedic knowledge.

When, therefore, Mrs. Jenkins's cook floundered into his shop one morning, athirst for information, the worthy grocer was only too ready to oblige.

"Me and my missus," panted the cook, "'ave been 'aving an argument what I thought you might settle. 'Ow long's the dodo been extinct?"

Mr. Brownson retreated to his back parlor, consulted his monumental reference books, and presently returned with the information that, so far as he could tell, the bird had been extinct about 200 years.

"Ah!" said the cook, suddenly producing some eggs from her basket, "I thought by the scent of 'em it was about that time, but my missus put it down at three