

The Family Circle

MOTHER'S CORNER.

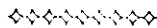
In the ruddiest glow of the western light,
She sits in her favorite nook;
The dear hands busy, the dear face clothed
With its tender mother-look.
The smile that softens the quiet mouth
No evil pang embitters,
And the sunlight touches the fingers deft,
Till the thimble gleams and glitters.

Oh the tranquil moon of the mother-life
That sways our human tide;
How the household good and the household ill
In her slender hands abide!
'Tis a little ripple of broken toys,
Or the wreck of a strong existence;
'Tis a timid yearning of childish mouths,
Or a deep cry in the distance.

'Tis the clinging clasp of a baby's hand,
Or the kiss of a new-made bride;
Or the groping wail of the last white one
Who turned to the wall and died.
Little or great, she meets them all,
With the seal of her trust upon her;
And the sobs are stilled, and the tears are dried,
In the light of the mother's corner.

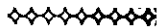
Alas! for the homes where the bride must wait,
And the strong man cry in vain;
Where the sick one turns to the vacant chair,
And dies in his unsoothed pain.
No tender touch from the quiet lips,
No balm for the heart-pierced mourner;
O Christ! by the cottage of Nazareth!
Despoil not our mother's corner!

— ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.



PART OF OUR DAY FOR GOD.

How little we sometimes have to show for eternity in the course of a busy day! We have been extremely industrious and seem to have accomplished very little. But if we have an effective resolve to spend each day a half-hour in spiritual reading, there will be at least one bright landmark, among the hours, when we look back over them after the day is done. We shall have given half an hour entirely to God and to holy thoughts, and our minds refreshed and nourished by what we have heard or read during this precious half-hour, will have been strengthened, and our will inflamed with a love of God and of spiritual things which will last during all the other actions of the entire day.



THE MONTH'S MIND.

By the "month's mind" is understood a monthly remembrance of the departed. The same Mass is said as at the funeral, except the prayers are different. The Christian name of the deceased is inserted in these prayers.

The Church recommends the solemn services of religion on the thirtieth day, as also on their anniversary. A High Mass should be offered up if it is in any way possible. The more is God thereby honored. Moreover, the time is favorable for ardent prayer. It is not too close to death to cause distraction, nor yet so far away as to bring forgetfulness. We are possibly better prepared to pray at the end of the month than at any other time.

We should be careful, therefore, to remember the anniversaries of those who are near and dear to us. It is a Christian duty. We can help the departed in no better

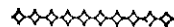
way than by praying for them, and the most efficacious means of rendering them assistance is the Holy Mass.



USES OF HOLY WATER AND THE THOUGHT IT BRINGS.

Holy water is ordinary water appropriately blessed for various purposes, and its use by the Church goes back to the earliest days of the Christian era, and is most likely derived from the Old Testament.

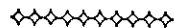
With the development of its use came the holy water fonts, found at the entrance to every Catholic church and chapel. It is proper for the entering worshipper to sprinkle himself with the holy water therein as a reminder of the blessed water of baptism by which he first entered the church and became an heir to the kingdom of heaven. It is a symbol of the cleanliness of mind and heart that we should bring with us to participate in the worship of God. And it is also right that holy water should be kept in every Catholic household—that the members of the family may form the habit of dipping their fingers in the holy water and making the sign of the cross frequently during the day. The custom is sure to help the Catholic be true to God and man—by causing him to think of God and confess his faith many a time every twenty-four hours. Indeed, Holy Church has attached an indulgence to the act of making the sign of the cross with the aid of holy water.



A HERO PRIEST.

From the far northern fastnesses of Alaska comes a story of a Soldier of the Cross faithful unto death. Father Ruppert, S.J., was taking oranges, apples and Christmas cards through freezing weather by dog-team over the snows of Nome to a distant orphanage. He had on the sled the entire hope and joy of the festival, not only for the little ones, but for the good fathers and nuns who took care of them. The dog-team, probably seeing deer, broke and ran, and left Father Ruppert alone, snowbound, in a temperature 30 below zero. One faithful dog stood by, through days and nights, till the searchers came and found the body of the priest. Then the dog tried to drive them off, thinking them enemies.

In our homes of Christmas cheer and comfort, warmed and fed, little have we thought of the people of the North, giving their lives to bring faith and hope and love, like starry lamps in a window, to lives that are lonely, unenlightened, even desperate and bitter. This priest had already won the trusting affection of his far-flung parish by his devotion to the people in the time of the recent influenza epidemic. A poor man, when he had nothing left to give to those who were poorer than himself, he laid down his life for them. Behind that rusty cassock a great, true heart was beating, and no creed or denomination confines the service of such servants of God and friends to man as he.—*The Public Ledger*, Philadelphia, December 6, 1923.



ALUMNI SONG.

(Air: "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms.")
Revere those fond memories that long by us stand,
Through the mist of the dull darksome days;
Although worries and cares our lives will command,
From the past a light brightens our ways,
Sing not in faint sound; to joy set no bound,
When with tender rejoicings we bring
All the work of our strivings, which will ever redound
To the school where we lived our fair Spring.

With a hand that is power and words that are weak,
Once old class-mates we gather again,
In the halls where the rafters hold tongues that could speak,
And our records would stay without stain.
Yes, oft-times we played and times too we prayed,
As the golden hours hastened their speed,
Nor could happy youths ever in tender arms laid
Remain close to their mother in need.

—RICHARD T. O'BRIEN, S.J.

H. GRAHAM



MAKER OF SMART SUITS



**Main St.
CORNER**