

The Family Circle

ANGELS AND CHILDREN AT MASS.

Low bowed the heads of the children,
The little ones kneeling in prayer;
And low bowed the heads of the angels,
For hundreds of bright ones were there.

Each little child with his angel:
Dear Lord, what a wonderful sight,
To see the fair faces from Homeland
Lit up with a heavenly light!

Children assisting, adoring;
The church filled with angels most fair
Listening to catch faintest murmur
Which tells that our Saviour is there.

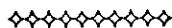
The flowers on the altar bloom brighter
When Jesus approaches them near;
The air seems to bring sweetest message,
And tells that our Jesus is here!

The heads of the children bow lower,
The hearts of the children grow glad.
Our Jesus is there on the altar,
No heart can be gloomy or sad!

A church full of angels so holy
Guarding the children He loves,
Touching the heads bowed so lowly
As mother-bird nestles her doves.

The angels on journeys from Heaven
Smile softly as onward they pass,
When they see the bright angels in churches
Guarding the children at Mass.

—*The Sunday Companion.*



CHILDLIKE FAITH.

Only a childlike, simple faith can unlock to us Heavenly mysteries. If we are proud and self-sufficient God will hide from us those wonderful truths which He so freely reveals to the little ones, and to those who through humility of heart resemble them.

If we would look beyond the veil, and penetrate the secrecy which enshrouds the life of our Divine Lord in the Holy Eucharist, we must put away any lurking, hidden pride, and bow down our whole soul, bringing our understanding into captivity unto the obedience of Christ. Then will His Holy Spirit be pleased to make known to us the secrets of that Divine activity which engages at every moment of the night and day the adorable Guest of the Tabernacle.

He will show Him to us as a model of constant prayer—fulfilling in Himself the injunction which He has laid upon us, that we ought always to pray, and never grow faint. For at every moment He renders to the Father in our name the homage of perfect praise. It is the Man-God who in the Eucharist abases Himself in the presence of the Infinite Majesty of God.—*Messenger.*



AS YOUR CHILD GROWS.

When you cut into the tender bark of a young tree, you can scarcely detect the cut with your eyes. But when the sapling grows larger, the bark spreads and with the tree grows the size of the cut. The knife is long since broken and the hand which wielded it is in the grave, but the fissure is visible at a distance, as long as the tree stands.

The tender sapling resembles the children whom Our Saviour has entrusted to your care. All the children hear from you and observe in you affects their souls at that age like the cut into the bark of the young tree. You may not notice it, but as the child grows, the good or bad which you sowed grows, and when you are resting in your

graves that child will bear upon its forehead that mark, be it a curse or a blessing, which you put there.—Bishop Von Ketteler.



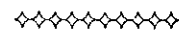
THE VALUE OF PRAYER.

We shall have learned something of great consequence to our eternal salvation if we can only be convinced of the importance and the necessity of prayer, and of the great value of ejaculatory prayers to sanctify each good work.

Prayer is of more value at certain times and in certain conditions. Our prayers during suffering are of much more value than those offered while we are in good health. This accounts for the wonderful powers of the prayers of the saints and martyrs and of the value of the prayer of the good thief on the cross.

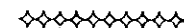
The more holy a person is, or the more sanctifying grace he possesses, the more efficacious are his prayers. It is such a pity that so many will not make good use of all their little crosses to sanctify themselves by offering them for some good intention, and at the same time keep praying for the salvation of souls, or for some other supernatural intention.

These little virtues, such as patience in little trials, or meekness when we feel inclined to anger, or sweetness of disposition when we feel moody or despondent, will soon raise us to great heights of sanctity. If we will also pray during these little trials for the conversion of sinners our prayers will be very powerful. In all kinds of temptations and trials, no matter what their source may be, we can use them to gain grace and to save souls if we will offer them for some supernatural end; and if we pray during these times our prayers will obtain great graces for others.



CATHOLIC LOYALTY.

If there is one thing which excites the admiration of non-Catholics it is the magnificent way in which Catholics rally round their bishops and priests. Preaching to a United Free Church congregation in Aberdeen recently, on the occasion of the installation of a new minister, the Rev. W. H. Leatham, a Presbyterian minister, of Helensburgh, held up the loyalty of Catholics to their Church as an example which other religious bodies would do well to imitate. "Catholics are taught from their earliest days by wise teachers," said Mr. Leatham, "and are inclined, by a persuasive sense of gratitude, to magnify the Church and its life of prayer, to glory in the privilege of common worship, to rest with hope and faith in the doctrine that is delivered to them, to love and defend their priesthood, and to repudiate that detached and critical attitude in which so many Protestants stand to their church. And in truth they claim their reward in churches crowded with eager and devout worshippers, and in a conception of public worship that is not at the mercy of caprice and self-indulgence. It is time that the Scottish Churches took to heart a lesson so essential to our very existence."—*The Universe*, London.



THE SISTER.

She labors from the roseate dawn
Till flowers droop and light is gone.
Her hands have clasped the golden tool
Of knowledge taught in heaven's school,
Her lips have framed life's pictured tasks
In words that scorn of gilded masks.

Her mind long steeped in silvered truth,
Refines anon the gross, uncouth!
Within her virgin heart is stored
A dowry from her kindly Lord,
So priceless none but she who leaves
The world and all its pomp receives.
When toll is taken of the dead,
When mankind stands in leaden dread
Of God's majestic judgment throne,
The Sister's deed will be made known,
'Tis then rewarded, sainted she,
In Christ's divine infinity.

S. Lovell

Central Hairdresser & Tobacconist
Proprietor :: New Plymouth

Our Motto: Cleanliness,
Civility, and Attention.