

# The Family Circle



SISTER THERESE OF THE CHILD JESUS, PRAYING FOR SOLDIERS.

## LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS.

Little Flower of Jesus,

Thou art pledged to shower

Roses of rare beauty

From thy heavenly bower.

Roses white and fragrant,

Roses red—aglow—

From the Heart of Jesus.

Whence all blessings flow.

Little Flower of Jesus,

Blooming at His Throne,

For our imperfections

May thy love atone,

While thy soul, all perfect,

Dwells in ecstasy

Through the endless ages

Of eternity.

Little Flower of Jesus,

Blossom set apart,

Whisper our petition

To His Sacred Heart;

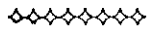
From thy shining petals,

Wrought of heaven's gold,

Gifts divine, eternal,

May the years unfold!

—MARY B. MARR.



## CONSTANT MEDITATION FOR MEN.

Why is it that men rush the front seats at the cricket match or the pictures, but hang around the door during Mass? Are they ashamed to be seen in church?

Why is it that many single men pay big prices for seats at the theatre and other entertainments but pay nothing towards church collections, whether for the upkeep of the church, for the priest, for the schools, or for the orphanage? Must everything be given to self, and nothing to God?

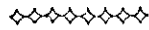
Why is it that weekly or monthly Communion is considered an excellent thing for women and children, but not for men? Are they better than the women? Do they need the grace of God less?

Why is it that men consider it proper to be consistent Laborites, Nationalists, and so on, and to defend their position in these matters, but at the same time consider it a bit too much to be consistent Catholics and to be defenders of their Faith against abuse and misrepresentation? Have politics a greater claim on them than religion? Is it the right thing to be true to their fellow-men, but to be false to God?



## CHUMS.

In response to an appeal from a boy whose pet dog had been run over and killed by a careless automobile, the *News*, Falls River, Massachusetts, comments editorially: "A boy and his dog! A combination unequalled anywhere on the face of the green earth. A happy, care-free boy and a happy, alert, tail-wagging dog, expectant of a good romp to come! There is a kinship between the two too deep for mere grown-ups to get or to explain. A boy and his dog understand each other. They run and laugh and yell and bark, each feeling the urge to express his exuberance, his joy in life, in his own way. A boy who never owned a dog has an incomplete boyhood. A dog who doesn't know some boy intimately misses half his life. No wonder the dogs owned exclusively by grown-ups so soon get a grown-up grouch."



## THERE IS NO SUCCESS FOR THE MAN

Who vacillates.

Who is faint-hearted.

Who shirks responsibility.

Who never dares to take risks.

Who thinks fate is against him.

Who is discouraged by reverses.

Who does not believe in himself.

Who expects nothing but failure.

Who is always belittling himself.

Who is always anticipating trouble.

Who waits for something to turn up.

Who complains that he never had a chance.

Who is constantly grumbling about his work.

Who never puts his heart into anything he does.

Who blames circumstances or other people for his failures.

Who can do a poor day's work without a protest from his conscience.

Who assumes the attitudes of a victim whom everybody is bent on "doing."

Who expects to eliminate from his work everything that is disagreeable or distasteful.

Who is forever wishing that he were doing something else instead of the thing he is doing.

Who clings tenaciously to old ideas and old ways of doing and is a slave of precedent.

Who shuts himself within his own little life so completely that he cannot take interest in anything outside of it.

Who thinks the times are always out of joint, and that he was not born at the right moment, or in the right place.—*Success*.

## PRESERVE A CALM SPIRIT.

Never worry; no good can come of it. Your troubles will be aggravated and intensified the more you worry about them.

Under all circumstances, however unpropitious, try to preserve that peace of mind which is the chief source of the little chastened happiness this changeful life affords. Convert all trials and crosses into means of spiritual progress and supernatural merit, by accepting them cheerfully as occasions for practising mortification, resignation, and humility, and for enlarging your capacity for entering sympathetically into the sorrows of your neighbor.

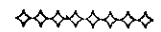
If you ponder upon the sufferings which your sins have caused Our Divine Lord, your troubles, however great, will pale away into contemptible insignificance.

Provided you were sincerely sorry for them, do not be uneasy about sins mentioned in your past Confessions. Confide in the prophet Jonas, "I know that Thou art a gracious and merciful God, patient and of much compassion, and easy to forgive evil.

Think of the past history of your soul only as a remedy for conquering pride. Unhealthy brooding over what is irreparable and irrecoverable is utter waste of time. Let the past be a spur and an incentive not to useless mental worry, but to greater humility and fidelity in the future.

A contrite heart should ever remain tranquil and at rest, like the depths of the sea, which are always calm, no matter how fierce the storms and gales which agitate and disturb its surface. At the same time, a noble Christian soul is not like a stone, bereft of feeling, cold and hard; on the contrary, often enough such a soul, so far from being stubbornly stoical, is more likely to be super-sensitive and unable, perhaps, entirely to suppress some stifled and subdued outward expression of pain.

But such a soul will suffer quietly, patiently, and heroically. Others when they see in that soul the victory of grace over the natural impulse to give unrestrained vent to intense grief, will be edified, and pray that they, too, in their hour of anguish may be able to repeat in themselves the same triumph of supernatural virtue over natural inclination.



## THE POTTER.

Watch the potter at his wheel,

Busy working day by day,

In your heart do you not feel

'Tis his mind that moulds the clay?

Watch yourself the whole day through,

Working where your work is wrought,

Is this idea to you new,

That you're moulded by your thought?

Thought, the worker; self, the clay!

God the Potter is always.

He a perfect Thought outlined,

Hold this model in your mind.

—Harriet H. D'Autremont.

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