

The Family Circle

LORD, I ASK A GARDEN.

Lord, I ask a garden in a quiet spot,
Where a sparkling brooklet flows beneath the shade,
Morning-glories climbing o'er my humble cot,
With a loving wife and son in Thine image made.

Free from hates and rancor, to live for many a year,
Making these my verses fresh and pure and sweet,
Like earth's moistening rivers, running full and clear—
Lord, 'mid trees and birds give me a pathway for
my feet.

Lord, leave me my mother. Like a little child,
With kisses and caresses I would her enfold,
Filling her life's autumn with brightness soft and
mild;

She will need the sunshine—she is growing old.

From the Spanish of R. Arevalo Martinez, by Mary
E. Mannix in *Ave Maria*.

MOTHER OF THE SORROWFUL.

What would the sea of human sorrows be without
Mary's moonlight on it? The ocean with the dark,
heavy, overspread clouds lowering upon it, does not
differ more widely from the silvery plain of green and
whitely-flashing waters exulting in the sunlight, than
the weary expanse of life's successive cares without the
softening and almost alluring light which falls upon it
from Mary's love, differs from the life as it now lies
before her maternal throne. How many a tear has
she not already wiped away from our eyes! How many
bitter tears has she not made sweet in the shedding!
And there is age and the early narrowing circle of
those we love, and sickness, and death, all yet to come,
and to what amount may we not have to draw upon
the treasure of consolation in her sinless heart.

Mother of God! He broke thy heart
That it might wider be,
That in the vastness of its love
There might be room for me.

There can hardly be a shade of human sorrow
which is not familiar to Mary's heart. The manifold
inventions of grief are known to her. The secrets of
its alliance with grace, as well as its tendencies to
conspire with the unworthy weaknesses of our nature,
are no secrets to her. She, who is to be the prophetess
of a sorrowing race, is, by her own experience, the
grand doctress in the science of sorrow.

Mary is not at once created Mother of the afflicted,
as by a sudden patent of nobility. She does not
become the consolation of mourners by a mere appoint-
ment emanating from the will of the Divine Majesty.
It might have been so, but it is not so. Her office
of our Mother is a long and painful conclusion, worked
out from her Divine Maternity. She has toiled for it,
suffered for it, borne herculean burdens of sorrow in
order to merit it, and has mastered it at last on Cal-
vary.—*Catholic Bulletin*.

CARDINAL NEWMAN ON SIN.

Sin is one of those things which refuses to be fully
identified or revealed. It is a grievous offence against
the laws of God. It is an affront to the Creator. It
closes the gates of heaven and opens wide the doors of
hell. Sin, in the light of such startling and shocking
facts, does not unveil its essence. "We do not know
what sin is," says Newman, "because we do not know
what God is; we have no standard with which to com-
pare it, till we know what God is. Only God's glories,
His perfections, His holiness, His mastery, His beauty,
can teach us by the contrast how to think of sin, and
since we do not see God here, till we see Him we can-
not form a just judgment of what sin is; till we enter
heaven, we must take what God tells us of sin, mainly
on faith."

THE TEACHER.

Dear Teacher, patient with our childish ways,
Teach us the common things of common days;
While careless hands the dog-eared pages turn,
Teach us the easy things, so hard to learn.
The Truth—that needs no learning to declare,
Pure, white-souled Truth, than noonday sun more fair;
And Faith—that midst all doubts and fears and woes,
Sings on the children's lips—"well—Teacher knows!"
And love—that hath ten million times been told;
Love—that is older than the world is old;
Love—that will live when all the worlds are dead.
When these great little lessons have been said,
Then heaven and earth in one great school will meet—
Learning old lessons at the Teacher's feet.

—Robert J. Burdette.

McMIV, OF LONDON.

Two Highlanders stood looking at the imposing
facade of a building in Westminster. The corner-
stone bore the date in Roman characters, "MCMIV."
"Take a' thot, Angus," said one. "Ah've never
heard th' name McMiv before, but there's a Scots-
man who's got his name on one of th' finest buildings
in London. Ye can't keep 'em down, can ye?"

CONSERVATION MEASURE.

"Rastus, how is it you have given up going to
church?" asked Pastor Brown.

"Well, sah," replied Rastus, "it's dis way. I
likes to take an active part, an' I used to pass de
collection-basket, but dey's give de job to Brothah
Green, who jest returned from ovah thai-ab."

"In recognition of his heroic services, I suppose?"

"No, sah. I reckon he got dat job in reco'nition
o' his having lost one o' his hands."

DEAD FROM THE NECK UP.

The total lack of comprehension between the Am-
erican negro and his Algerian brother will go down
in history as one of the outstanding features of the
war.

There was, for instance, the case of the dusky
stevedore at Brest and one of the colored French troops
on duty there. Long and laboriously the Yank tried
to establish some means of linguistic communication,
but there was no response.

Then a brilliant thought struck the boy from
Georgia. He produced a pair of ivory cubes and
rolled them enticingly under the Algerian's nose. In-
telligence still registered zero.

"Man," said Sam in disgust. "You ain't no
cullud pusson. You ain't even no human. You is
just a corpse."

GUESSES.

Why is a false friend like the letter P?—Because,
though always first in pity, he is ever last in help.

Why is I the luckiest of all the vowels?—Because
it is the centre of bliss, whilst E is in hell, and all
the others are in purgatory.

What word is there of five letters that, by taking
two away, leaves but one?—Stone.

Why are the fourteenth and fifteenth letters of the
alphabet of more importance than the others?—Be-
cause we cannot get ON without them.

What prescription is the best for a poet?—A com-
posing draught.

What is the difference between a woman's hat and
a man's?—About five pounds.

Why is gas not sold by the pound? It would al-
ways be light weight.

If a dog lost his tail where would he go for a new
one?—To a retail store, of course.

WELL FIELDED.

There are still a few farms left in the Black
Country, and recently one was taken over by an old
farmer, much against the advice of his friends.

S. F. ABURN

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