

The Family Circle

THE IRISH FAIRIES.

Dancing in the meadow,
 Skipping o'er the lea,
 Plucking at the bluebell,
 Fairy forms are we.
 Over in the woodlands,
 Thro' the moonlit night,
 We hold Midsummer's revels
 Away from human sight.

There, good folk and bad folk,
 Water Sheerie, Fay,
 And wee men in red caps
 Dance till break o' day.
 The croak of the bull-frog,
 The bluebell's tinkle sweet,
 And the voice of the nighingale,
 Make music for our feet.

The Leprachaun will hammer
 Away at his shoe.
 The Far Darrig will play pranks
 And laugh, laugh at you.
 And our fair Leanhaun Shee,
 With love in her eyes,
 Will try to enchant you
 With sweet words and sighs.
 Dancing in the meadow,
 Skipping o'er the lea,
 Plucking at the bluebell,
 Fairy forms are we.

—MAURICE P. HANLEY, in the *Ulster Independent*.



TYPES OF CATHOLICS.

In a Church of over 300,000,000 members (says the *Catholic Mirror*) it is not surprising that there are so many types. The great rank and file, who see in the way of the Sacraments the Catholic route to heaven, their duties in a way that must please the Sacred Heart. They even discharge their financial obligations in the spirit of our fathers and mothers: "What I give to the Church I will never miss." They are the builders of the line of graceful towers and steeples which, from Rome around the world announce the presence of God's altar and the offering of God's sacrifice "from the rising of the sun until the going down thereof." They are Church builders, school builders, apostles everywhere and always.

We have, however, a few types of Catholics, interesting to study, who attract more attention but deserve much less than this great army of the faithful. For example, we have the Catholic who can always run the parish so much better than the pastor, preach better sermons than the priests, teach better than the Sisters, and, although he doesn't say so much about the Pope, he probably thinks he could even improve things in Rome. Of such Catholics it is generally true that if the pastor could buy them for what they are worth and sell them for what they think they are worth, he could pay the mortgage on church and school in a day.

Then there is the — er — prudent Catholic, who may have been born in Londonderry, but in Church finances he is from Missouri. He knows that the price of everything has gone up for himself, but he cannot understand how the expenses have gone up for the Church. He gets ten dollars a day and contributes one dollar to the Charity Drive. The curate gets 10 dollars a week, but he cannot understand why he cannot give at least 50 dollars to the same drive. Although it costs 80 dollars a year for each child in the public schools, our prudent Catholic cannot see how it costs ten dollars a year for each child in the parish school, there must be some waste somewhere. With the air of a Rockefeller he drops the donation of a chimney sweep into the offertory basket and bemoans his lot at being obliged to support the rectory. Everybody wonders why he is not a millionaire, but he isn't. Perhaps God takes care of that.

We have, too, the indifferent Catholic, to whom Christ's warning, "He who is not with Me is against Me," is of no importance. Of course he believes, but —. Of course he ought to make his Easter duty, but —. There is always a "but" in his act of faith, and the "but" is stronger than the faith. He finds the Church too narrow and too slow and too unchanging, never advertent to the fact that Truth generally is fairly narrow and rather slow and somewhat unchanging. Some day a rather out-of-date old gentleman known as St. Peter will probably say to him: "You got a good start at the baptismal font. You might have saved your soul, but —!"

The ill-informed Catholic is another "enemy within the gates" who helps to strew the Church's path with thorns and brambles. Asking questions about the faith is almost a hobby with many outside the fold. The ill-informed Catholic returns strange and wonderful answers: "The marks of the Church mean that she is very easy," an "easy mark," so to speak, is the startling piece of information for which an ill-informed Catholic recently vouched! These Catholics, in religion, play the role of stumbling blocks to those seeking the light.

Closely akin to the ill-informed Catholic is the apologetic Catholic. He has the feeling that the Old Church is pretty slow, that Catholics are lacking in culture, that so-called scientists "have something on" the Church of Christ, etc. He has forgotten a certain warning of the Master against him "who denies Me before men." Christ made provision for many offices in His Church—He made no provision for apologising because we believe in the Word of God. He did say that in His Father's home there are many mansions, but He never hinted that any one could apologise himself into one. Apologising for being a follower of Christ went out of date about the time of Judas Iscariot.

The true pillar of the Church is the old-fashioned Catholic who knew Butler's Catechism from cover to cover, who was proud of the finger of God visible in the glorious history of His Church; who felt a thrill of divine pride in the faith that baffled the Roman Empire, conquered and civilised barbarian hordes, preserved the Sacred Scriptures and the treasures of the classics, produced the glories of Christian art and literature, passed unscathed and strengthened through the fires of persecution in every land under the sun. These other types are by-products of the modern world, and are so imbued by its spirit that each group has the habit of blushing for the Church of Christ. The books balance at that; the Church blushes for them.

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆ HER ROSARY.

Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory Be,
 She told them one by one,
 Over and over every night,
 After the work was done;
 And the peace that came from her praying
 Was the peace that the angels share,
 That peace that comes to faithful hearts
 That is the gift of prayer.

She told her simple rosary
 On many, many nights
 When half the world around her sought
 A thousand false delights;
 And when the end drew nigh, she went
 As only those may go
 Who have that child-like faith serene
 Which saints and angels know.

—FRED RICEY.



IN AND OUT AGAIN.

He had been out of a job for a considerable time. One day he noticed in the local newspaper an advertisement for an engine-driver. He had, in the course of his career, assisted a friend for a fortnight in the conduct of a donkey-engine on a coasting-steamer, and was convinced that his experience would prove equal to the occasion. So he applied for the vacant situation.

"Do you understand engines?" asked the railway foreman when he presented himself.

"Oh, yes," he replied, confidently.

"Well," said the foreman, pointing to an engine in a siding, "take her into yon shed."