

The Family Circle

IN COUNTRY LANES.

O, country lanes, white-starred with bloom,
Where wild things nestle, shy and sweet,
Where all your waving grasses laugh
And part before my eager feet—
Could I forever dwell with you,
Letting the old, mad world rush by,
And just be glad of wind and sun,
Of rocking nest and brooding sky!

How often in the crowded street,
I dream of you, sweet country lane,
And feel once more your soft breeze soothe
My weary heart and tired brain.
Always above the city's din,
Above the clink of yellow gold,
I hear a wild bird's ringing note,
I catch the scent of a leaf-stirred mould.

Your grasses kiss my fevered cheek,
Your hawthorne drops her fragrant rain;
I am a child once more, and dream
That Heaven here bides, O flower-starred lane!

—FLORENCE JONES HADLEY.

A GENTLEMAN.

Let no boy think he can be a gentleman by the clothes he wears, by the horse he rides, the stick he carries, the dog that trots after him, the house he lives in, or the money he spends. Not one of these do it—and yet every boy may be a gentleman. He may wear an old hat, cheap clothes, live in a poor house, and spend but little money. But how? By being true, manly, and honorable. By being civil and courteous, and finally, above all, by fearing God and keeping His commandments.

AT MASS AND HOLY COMMUNION.

Two very common erroneous customs at Mass and Holy Communion were recently pointed out by Father William Thompson in a sermon preached at the Church of the Holy Ghost, Balham, England. They are (1) The practice of bowing down and covering the eyes at the Consecration and Elevation, and (2) Closing the eyes at the very moment the priest turns round with the ciborium and says: "Ecce Agnus Dei," and keeping them closed immediately before receiving the Sacred Host. According to Father Thompson, both those customs had grown up out of a false kind of reverence, and were plainly contrary to the mind of the Church. The object of the Elevation was, as the rubric in the Missal directs the priests, that the Blessed Sacrament should be shown to the people.

To correct the error referred to, Pius X. had granted an indulgence for looking up at each Elevation and saying, "My Lord and my God." A beautiful custom prevailed in the West of Ireland, where the whole congregation said as they looked up at the Sacred Species:

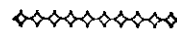
"A thousand welcomes, Lord."

The time to bow down was when the priest genuflected.

As regards the second point, it was plainly contrary, not only to the Church's intention, but also to ordinary commonsense, to look down and close the eyes when the priest said, "Behold the Lamb of God." The Church had granted an indulgence for looking at the Sacred Host immediately before reception. If the eyes were closed at all before reception, it should be at the "Domine non sum dignus."

It was, of course, important to observe the "custody of the eyes" very strictly at the time of Holy Communion, but to close them when about to receive, instead of gazing

at the Host, was incompatible with an attitude of adoration. To go to Holy Communion with the eyes shut might be advocated by some pious writers, but not by the Church. —Exchange.



EXAGGERATING TRIFLES.

You can always take a man's measure by the way in which little annoyances and petty exactions affect him. If he exaggerates them, talks a great deal about them, spends valuable time fussing over them, you know that he is not a big-souled man.

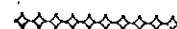
The habit of making a fuss over a little thing, of exaggerating the importance of what, to great characters, would be but a trifling annoyance, is not only indicative of smallness and narrowness of nature, but is also demoralising and weakening.

The really large man will not allow himself to be troubled by trifles. If he wants to go anywhere, he does not make a great ado because it rains, is hot, is muddy, or because he "does not feel like it." This would be too small, too picayune for the broad, large-minded character.

Some people are upset by the least obstructions thrown in their path. They "go all to pieces" over somebody's blunder—over a stenographer's mistake or a clerk's error. Large natures rise above such trifles.

Some men do splendidly when they have the encouragement of good business, the tonic of good times; but when business is dull and goods remain on the shelves unsold, or they have any little discord in their home, they are all upset. They are like children, they need to be encouraged all the time, for they cannot work under discouragement.

I have seen men lose their temper and waste energy swearing at a knot in a shoe-string, or something else just as insignificant. The foolish or ill-tempered have no range in their scale. Small, irritating things come to and "tag" us all; but the only way to conquer them is simply to smile and "pass them up." —Exchange.



CAN YOU TELL?

What is that which travels all the time and is all the time in the same place? The clock's pendulum.

What is it that stands on one leg and has its heart in its head? A cabbage.

Which can travel faster—a man with only one sack of flour on his back, or a man with two sacks on his back? The man with two sacks, because they are empty.

What is the most wonderful acrobatic feat? For a man to revolve in his mind.

What invitation would be dangerous and disloyal to a soldier? One asking him to dinner and dessert.

What four letters would frighten a thief? O I C U (Oh I see you).

Why is an egg overdone like an egg underdone? Because it is hardly done.

What is that which works when it plays and plays when it works? A fountain.



THANKSGIVING.

I wish that I could capture all the charm
Of bounteous blossoms rare,
And gather all the loveliness of dells
With dazzling splendor fair.
I would that I might snatch the birdlings' songs
Which flood the morning air,
Or wrest the majesty of thundering oak
And grace of birches, where
A silver brook laps softly at their feet
In humble service there.
I'd like to catch the moonlight's golden glow
Aquivering, unaware
Of all its haunting softness through the night.
And then I'd boldly dare
To place them at Your Feet in gratitude—
A glad thanksgiving prayer.

—MARGARET L. CUNNINGHAM.