

The Family Circle

THE BROOM FLOWER.

O, the Broom, the yellow Broom,
The ancient poet sung it;
And sweet it is on summer days
To lie at rest among it.

I know the realms where people say
The flowers have not their fellow;
I know where they shine out like suns,
The crimson and the yellow.

But ne'er was flower so fair as this
In modern days or olden;
It groweth on its nodding stem
Like to a garland golden.

And all about my mother's door
Shine out its glittering bushes;
And down the glen where, clear as light,
The mountain-water gushes.

Take all the rest, but give me this,
And the bird that nestles in it;
I love it, for it loves the Broom,
The green and yellow linnet.

I do not care what flowers may be
Beloved of man and woman;
The Broom it is the flower for me,
That groweth on the common.

O, the Broom, the yellow Broom,
The ancient poet sung it;
And sweet it is on summer days
To lie at rest among it.

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ALL SAINTS.

God is wonderful in His saints. The thought is not a rare one in any truly Catholic mind. On next Thursday millions will specially cherish it throughout the world. Assembled as in an unbroken chain of spiritual citadels and fortresses, the faithful will everywhere in their churches marvel at the great army, whom none can number, of those who heard the great Captain's word and heroically kept it.

Individual feasts throughout the year are monuments of Christ, of His Blessed Mother, and of chosen souls, now endlessly happy in the joys of heaven. But All Saints is a vast triumphal arch, which it is our privilege to view in all its glory and splendor each year. To the known and unknown victors over the powers of darkness it is erected.

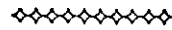
The names it records are the terror of the demons. The deeds it commemorates are the encouragement and the strengthening of us in our weakness of heart. The writings it may stand for are flaming torches in wildernesses of darkness and in perilous labyrinths of error. The wonders of the saints are sign posts pointing to the omnipotence of God, which no machinations of evil can make us forget in the dazzling light of God's graces in His elect. The relics, which find their way through the world like precious memorials and are especially treasured this day, may well stimulate our courage, strengthen us against the fear of death, and recall to our minds the unflinching promises of future glory to all who keep faith with Christ, the Son of the Living God.

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ALL SOULS.

The present yearly commemoration of all the blessed dead who died in the Lord is due to the efforts of St. Odilo, fifth abbot of Cluny, early in the eleventh century. It was his idea intimately to associate the Church suffering with the Church triumphant in the minds and hearts of

the Church militant. We are united with the suffering souls by the bonds of faith, hope, and charity. In their helpless state they look to us for the relieving effect of our charity in thought, word, and action. How dreadful to be forgotten by their own! But God in His providence has made it known to us through the living Church that those precious souls ought to be the object of our unending solicitude and love.

What a thought to keep our affections warm and alive for those near and dear to us gone into the vast beyond. Strong in that belief and active under its urging, we shall be doubly blessed in our daily life as long as our heart's endeavors go out in charity for the departed. May the abiding comfort and consolation of Christ descend upon all the dead this day of All Souls.



WHAT EVERY CHILD SHOULD KNOW.

An Act of Faith.

O my God! I firmly believe that Thou art one God in three Divine persons, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; I believe that Thy Divine Son became man, and died for our sins, and that He will come to judge the living and the dead. I believe these and all the truths which the Holy Catholic Church teaches because Thou hast revealed them, who canst neither deceive nor be deceived.

An Act of Hope.

O my God! Relying on Thy infinite goodness and promises, I hope to obtain pardon of my sins, the help of Thy grace, and life everlasting, through the merits of Jesus Christ, my Lord and Redeemer.

An Act of Love.

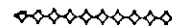
O my God! I love Thee above all things, with my whole heart and soul, because Thou art all-good and worthy of all love. I love my neighbor as myself for the love of Thee. I forgive all who have injured me, and ask pardon of all whom I have injured.

The Blessing Before Meals.

Bless us, O Lord! and these Thy gifts, which we are about to receive from Thy bounty, through Christ our Lord. Amen.

Grace After Meals.

We give Thee thanks for all Thy benefits, O Almighty God, who livest and reignest for ever; and may the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.



HOW TO BEAR LITTLE WORRIES.

In the first place, expect them. Make them the subject of our morning prayers, and say to ourselves: "Here is my daily cross; do I accept it willingly? Surely! For it is God Who sends it. After all—these little troubles, looked at calmly, what are they? Ah, if there were never any worse!" Secondly, we must be prepared for them. You know, if you wish to break the force of a blow falling on you, you naturally bend the body; so let us act with regard to our souls.

Accustom yourself, wrote a pious author, to stoop with sweet condescension, not only to exigencies (that is your duty), but to the simple wishes of those who surround you—the accidents which may intervene; you will find yourself seldom, if ever, crushed.



PURGATORY.

Oh, it is sweet to think
Of those that are departed,
While murmured *Aves* sink
To silence tender-hearted,
While tears that have no pain
Are tranquilly distilling,
And the dead live again
In hearts that love is filling.

Yet not as in the days
Of earthly ties we love them,
For they are touched with rays.
From light that is above them.
Another sweetness shines
Around their well-known features
God with His glory signs
His dearly ransomed creatures.

—FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.