

**Motherhood.**

"And Thou? What hast thou wrought?" She stood apart With drooping head and shaded, wistful eyes;

Safe shielded seemed the story of her heart, Its sacred mysteries.

Full lightly past her tripped the thronging feet Of women beautiful and bright and strong.

So brave they seemed the Master's gaze to meet, So clear and glad their song.

But still His eyes in question sought her face, His hand outstretched bade her unfearing, come And with the others take her right ful place

Nor stand abashed and dumb. "Hast thou no fruitage from Life's toil to yield?"

No record at the Master's feet to lay? Hast thou but idled in the harvest field, And hast thou nought to say?"

Slowly she nearer drew and softly took Fromneath her garment's modest fold, a scroll; Unrolled it tenderly that he might look,

And read her inmost Soul. It was the story of a Mother's heart, And sacred were the secrets written there;

The story of a cloister part, Hallowed by tears and prayer.

But warmed by patient love and lit by smiles Whose cost to her the Master only knew,

And as she stood trembling and shy the while, His look more tender grew.

She could not see, as He, how true the light Shone from her cloister windows, like a star;

Nor how faint souls, lost in some long, dark night, Had blessed her from afar.

He saw alone what she had prayed for, how Through years of silent ministry, her hands Had moulded lines whose influence, even now Rippled to distant strands.

"A mother thou? The Court of Heaven can give No higher place to woman than thou has won;

No nobler life is granted them to live, And I was Mary's Son?"

Bending he placed upon her drooping head, The symbol of her queenly womanhood,

"In the best land where crowns are given," He said, "Mothers are understood."

—Mary A. Bishop.

**God Understands.**

It is so sweet to know, When we are tired, and when thy hand of pain Lies in our hearts, and when we look in vain For human comfort, that the Heart Divine Still understands these cares of yours and mine.

Nor understands, but day by day Lives with us while we tread the earthly way;

Bears with us all our weariness, and feels The shadow of the faintest cloud that steals Across our sunshine, even hears again The depth and bitterness of human pain.

There is no sorrow that he will not share, No cross, no burden for our hearts to bear Without his help, no care of ours too small To cast on Jesus; let us tell him all— Lay at His feet the story of our woes, And in his sympathy find sweet repose.

Sacred Heart Review.

**The Right Road.**

Let the feeble-hearted pine, Let the sickly spirit whine, But work and win be thine, While you've life, God smiles upon the bold— So, when your flag's unrolled,

**Pains in the Back**

Are symptoms of a weak, torpid or stagnant condition of the kidneys or liver, and are a warning it is extremely hazardous to neglect, so important is a healthy action of these organs.

They are commonly attended by loss of energy, lack of courage, and sometimes by gloomy foreboding and despondency.

"I was taken ill with kidney trouble, and became so weak I could scarcely get around. I took medicine without benefit, and finally decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. After the first bottle I felt so much better that I continued its use, and six bottles made me a new woman. When my little girl was a baby, she could not keep anything on her stomach, and we gave her Hood's Sarsaparilla which cured her." Mrs. Wallace, Wallaceburg, Ont.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla** Cures kidney and liver troubles, relieves the back, and builds up the whole system.

Bear it bravely till you're cold In the strife. If to fame or rank you soar Out your spirit frankly pour— Men will serve you and adore.

Like a king, Woo your girl with honest pride, Till you've won her for your bride.

Then, to her, through time and tide, Ever cling. Never under wrongs despair; Labor long, and everywhere, Link your countrymen, prepare, And strike home.

Thus have great men ever wrought, Thus must greatness still be sought, Thus labored, loved and fought Greece and Rome.

**The Poet's Roses.**

By R. V. Risley, in Ave Maria.

The fame of Hafiz, the great Persian poet, had spread, about the end of the fourteenth century, over almost all Asia, so that practically everyone—young or old, rich or poor—knew by heart some of his inspired songs. More than that, Tamerlane, the great Tartar conqueror, who excited in those times the dread of half the world, shared in the common admiration of those poems of genius. He liked to have them read to him, and it was said that he once remarked: "I'd like to know him, this Hafiz."

No slight eulogy, that, from such a source. For Tamerlane was a pitiless tyrant, a famous conqueror, who overrode country after country, leaving behind him nothing save ruin and desolation.

Hafiz, despite all his glory and renown did not grow proud. He led a very simple life, and scarcely ever left the little house, a mere cottage, that he had bought in one of the suburbs of Shiraz, at that time a large city, usually called "the Rose of Persia." In truth, just as the rose is queen of the flowers, so Shiraz excelled all other Persian towns.

The poet's cottage was small, as we have said, very small. A hedge of jujube trees separated it from the road. It was box like in shape, had a low door and only two windows. There was little furniture and no attempt at the ornate. Hafiz cared little for the luxurious dwellings which man built at so enormous a cost.

"Nature works better," he used to say, and would instance the roses which completely covered the whole western side of the house. Incomparable roses they were, too; blooming all the year round; red roses and white, pink roses and cream-colored. He himself cared for them, loved them, and called them his riches and joy.

One morning in the year 1386 the poet arose early, so as to write out some verses which had suggested themselves to him during the night. When he was preparing a piece of parchment, however, he heard some light footfalls outside. Astonished, he went to his window, looked out cautiously, and saw a little girl filling a basket with his roses.

The little purloiner was graceful and pretty, although clad in little better than rags. She might have been ten years old, and seemed resolute, alert, and intelligent. She did not take long to make a splendid bouquet, which she placed in her basket, and then sped away like a fawn, scarcely crushing the grass with her bare feet.

So surprised and indignant was Hafiz that for the moment he did

not think of calling out to her; and when he did think of it, 'twas too late. So rather disgruntled, he went back to his parchment; but the verses he had meant to set down had fled, and he could not recall them.

"Well," he grumbled, "let's try something else."

He mused for a little while, his hands grasping his white beard; then wrote swiftly these lines:

Leave the rose on the rosebush. If you pluck it, 'twill surely fade, Its beauty and odor decayed— Leave the rose on the rosebush.

Can you not, without culling, Drink deep of its perfume sweet, Its color with magic replete? Leave the rose on the rosebush.

They'll say of you if you leave it, O, wise one! O merciful spirit! So leave the rose on the rosebush.

Just at dawn the next morn, Hafiz was on the watch, feeling pretty sure that the little thief would again put in an appearance. As a matter of fact, she did come, filled her basket hastily and, just as on the previous morning, went off quickly.

"I must see," said the poet to himself, "why she is robbing me."

Taking a staff in his hand, he followed the girl, unseen by her. She went directly into Shiraz, and, passing through a very labyrinth of narrow streets, in which more than once Hafiz lost sight of her, she finally arrived at the market-place.

There was a great crowd gathered there, and a corresponding great noise. Notable citizens wearing very queer headgear—very high and very black bonnets—rubbed elbows with bare-throated artisans; and peasant women carrying baskets full of fruit were mixed with noble ladies with veiled faces, and gold bracelets both on their wrists and their ankles.

The girl with the roses approached the most splendidly gowned of these ladies and said: "Buy my beautiful roses, you yourself who are so beautiful!"

The lady took the bouquet and paid for it—or the accompanying compliment—about five times its real price.

"Let's see," thought the poet, "what the hussy will do with the money."

'Twas soon seen: Already she was at the counter of a dealer in second-hand clothes, and was bargaining for a dress of grey and blue striped cotton.

"She's a little coquette!" commented old Hafiz.

Next she hurried to a cook-shop and bought half a roasted pigeon and two fritters fried in oil.

"A little glutton!" said Hafiz. Her purchase over, the child left the market-place; and Hafiz following her, made her way through several streets, and finally stopped before an old barrack of a one-story building, so dilapidated that one could see through the cracks of its walls what was taking place inside.

The poet profited by one of these cracks to take an observation. He saw a squalid straw mattress in a corner, and stretched upon it a woman as thin as a lath. She wore what looked like a salt-sack or meal bag, tied about her shoulders. The whole scene spoke of misery and famine.

By this unfortunate woman the little flower thief took her seat.

"Come, now," she said in a gentle coaxing tone, "you must get your strength back. Look at these fritters that I've bought! They smell fine, I tell you. And see this roasted pigeon. That's a tidbit, I assure you. You must eat it all up, and then you'll exchange that old bag you have on for this pretty dress. Hurry up now, and begin your meal."

When the child came out of the poverty-stricken dwelling, Hafiz was waiting her, and, patting her cheek with his wrinkled hand, asked:

"Little one, what's your name?" "Dotia."

"Is that woman your mother?" "No, sir."

"Some relative, then?" "No, sir. I've known her only since the day before yesterday; and I don't know anything more about her than that she is sick, was very near starving to death, and that for the past few days I've been helping her."

"And yet you yourself are poor?" "Poor amongst the poorest, and alone in the world, too. What

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earn by my work, turning a rope-maker a wheel, just keeps me in bread."

"Well, if that's the case, tell me where you got the money to help this sick woman."

(Concluded next week.)

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—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

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—Tennyson.

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