

Home Column.

TIRED MOTHERS.

Mary Louise Riley Smith.

A little elbow leans upon your knee,  
Your tired knee that has so much to bear;  
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly  
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair,  
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch  
Of warm, moist fingers holding you so tight;  
You do not prize this blessing overmuch—  
You almost are too tired to pray tonight.

But it is blessedness! A year ago I did not see it as I do today;  
We are so dull and thankless, and too slow  
To catch the sunshine until it slips away.  
And now it seems surpassing strange to me  
That, while I wore the badge of motherhood,  
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly  
The little child that brought me only good.

And if some night, when you sit down to rest,  
You miss this elbow from your tired knee—  
This restless curling head from off your breast,  
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;  
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,  
And ne'er would nestle in your palms again;  
If the white feet into their grave had tripped,  
I could not blame you for your headache then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret  
At little children clinging to their gown,  
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,  
Are ever black enough to make them frown.  
If I could find a little muddy boot,  
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor,  
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot  
And hear it patter in my house once more:

If I could mend a broken cart today,  
Tomorrow make a kite to reach the sky,  
There is no woman in God's world could say  
She was more blissfully content than I.  
But, ah! the dainty pillow next my own,  
Is never ruffled by a shining head;  
My singing birdling from its nest has flown—  
The little boy I used to kiss is dead.

LOOKING ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.

A sanguine temperament which forecasts the best, and fears not the worst, is a great blessing to its possessor, and so is a cheery sunny disposition which sees the humorous side of things and can even enjoy fun at its own expense. Gloomy forebodings and a chronic habit of worry makes life a weariness, and the melancholy victim of this physical and mental make-up spreads a pall over the brightness of others. If only the tired one would remember the words of the poet:  
"A merry heart goes all the day;  
Your sad tires in a mile-a."  
How may one procure the blessed gift of the merry heart? It is not for sale in any market, nor can it be paid for with gems and gold, for its price is far above rubies, and earthly goods are as dross when compared with it. Our Heavenly Father sometimes bestows it on us at the start, and thrice envied among men may be he who inherits the capacity for seeing the bright side, for laughing when things go wrong, and for springing up with new courage after every disaster. It is magnificent not to feel one's self beaten,

and never to acknowledge defeat in any enterprise. This temperament is too mercurial to be often tired, and too buoyant to be ever crushed. And sometimes the merry heart, though not inherited, is won by him or her who overcomes obstacles and gains the victory over material odds through steadfast faith in God.

INFLUENCING OTHERS.

There is one dower that God bestowed that must surely carry with it the heaviest responsibility that it is possible for a human being to possess, and it is this—the subtle power of influencing others. Consciously at times, unconsciously at others, this strange electric force exerts an irresistible force upon those with whom such a nature comes in contact. As the character deepens from the experience of suffering, and the discipline of life, this power, intensified by the greater capacity for sympathy with others, gathers force and strength.

STEALING OUR THUNDER.

If religious instruction and influence in the school room is a good thing for the children of Cuba, it is not easy to see how it can be bad for the youth of the United States.

That it is considered desirable in this dependency of ours, is stated without disguise in a letter from a Congregational missionary in that island to the home organ of that branch of their work, "The Home Missions." He says: "After an experience of three years under varied circumstances and with facilities for studying the question from all sides, the writer is convinced that the school is a necessary adjunct to the church in order to do lasting work in Cuba." Franciscans, Dominicans, and Jesuits are establishing new schools everywhere. They realize the power of the school. The public school is not adequate and will not be for years to come, and besides, what influence they do exert being on the side of Catholicism largely, we find ourselves building on another's foundation.

Give us a church home, give us Sunday school facilities, and as a grand auxiliary to all, give us good schools where the children may be taught during the week the principles of divine truth."

Very good indeed! But why limit the scope of such excellent ideas to the narrow confines of Cuba? It is true of all countries and of none more so than our own that unless the children are "taught the principles of divine truth during the week," religion, which is the only firm basis of morality, will form but an insignificant element in the formation of their characters. This has been the contention of the Catholic church all along and we welcome converts to our idea from the ranks of our opponents.—The Catholic Northwest.

GREAT EVIL OF THE DAY.

The one killing, blasting superstition of the age, the blight which has fallen upon human thought, the mildew which works the decay of social morality, is the assumption that nothing is of consequence in this world that cannot be discerned by the senses; that no knowledge is certain or precious but the knowledge which is derived from the experimental reasoning; that no possessions are of much account which cannot be turned into things measurable and ponderable. It underlies all secular education, which sets before itself no other aim than that of qualifying the person receiving it to accumulate material wealth.—Pittsburg Catholic.

Hurried and Worried All Day

And the worst of it is that you are a little run down and have mighty little chance to catch up. Everything seems like a grindstone wearing down your nerves. You are irritable and get less sleep than is absolutely necessary. Better stop before things get worse. Your best plan is to use Ferrozone for a while and give your nerves and brain a chance to pick up. Ferrozone is the finest tonic a busy man can take. It makes new blood, nourishes the body, strengthens the nerves, improves the appetite and rehabilitates the whole system. Try Ferrozone. Price 50c.

HIS RECOMMENDATIONS.

A gentleman once advertized for a boy to assist him in his office. Nearly 50 applied for the place. Out of the whole number he in short time chose one and sent the rest away.

"I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you chose that boy. He had not a single recommendation with him."

"You are mistaken," said the gentleman, "he had a great many."  
"He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him, showing that he was orderly and tidy."

"He gave up his seat instantly to the lame man who entered, showing that he was kind and thoughtful."

"He took off his hat when he came in, and answered my questions promptly and respectfully, showing that he was polite."

"He picked up the book which I had purposely laid on the floor, and placed it on the table, while all showed it aside, thus showing that he was careful."

"And he waited patiently for his turn, instead of pushing the others aside, showing that he was modest."

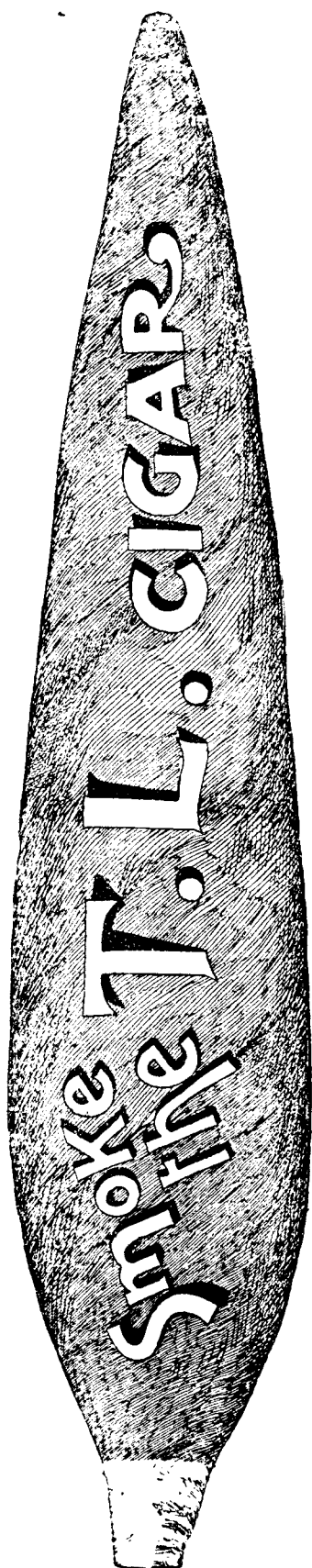
"When I talked with him I noticed that his finger nails were clean, instead of being tipped with jet, like the handsome little fellow in the blue jacket."

"Don't you call these things letters of recommendation? I do, and what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes ten minutes is worth more than all the fine letters he can bring me."

WANTED: SEALING-WAX.

"I suppose," said the rural post-mistress' friend, "you get lots of enjoyment out of reading the postal cards."

"O!" replied the post-mistress, "not near so much as I get out of the letters I steam."—Catholic Standard and Times.



The Northwest Review

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Office of Publication:

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