

The HOME CIRCLE

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK. Twenty-second Sunday after Pentecost Gospel, St. Matt. xxii. 15-21:

- S. 27 St. Frumentius, B. C. M. 28 St. Simon and Jude, A. T. 29 St. Bede, C. W. 30 St. Alphonsus Rodrigue. Th. 31 St. Wolfgang, B. F. 1 All Saints' Day. S. 2 All Souls' Day.

A BUSY MAID.

This poem was sent me by a niece nearly thirty years old, with the request to print it instead of her letter, but to please not give her name:

I know a little maid, She's scarcely ten years old— A busier little maid This whole world does not hold.

She's up at early dawn, And when her prayers are said, She tidies up her room And makes her little bed.

Although she goes to school, And does her tasks right well, She's time to do more things Than I have time to tell.

The dishes she will wash, And sometimes sweep a floor, And water all the plants About the kitchen door.

And when her work is done, She dearly loves to sit Right at the open door And sometimes pretty knit.

Yet she is full of fun, My busy little maid. You ask her name? Well, that Is what I have not said.

OUR HUSBANDS — WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THEM?

James was just perfect as a lover. When he came to call before we were married he was always in a good humor. He was neat in his dress, considerate for us and all of our relatives, even to Cousin Mary's baby. But now that we are married, James demands all our time and attention. Now, James is just a little dearer than anybody else on earth, but we are still daughters, sisters, and friends, although we have become wives, and we do not love our parents and friends less because we love James more. The habits, loves, and duties of a lifetime are not to be set aside in a day. We want to do our duty in every relation of life, and James, being a good fellow at heart, will see that this is best for all concerned. Then James must not be allowed to neglect his own people. Do not let the old saying, "Your son is your son till he gets him a wife," be true in our case. Never forget that his parents loved him before he ever heard of you, and that he owes to them the very qualities which inspire your love.

The great poet tells us that "men are but children of a larger growth," and in the case of husbands this is certainly true. If you want to be happy yourself, you must make your husband happy. The average man needs mothering, so you must be a sort of mother to him as well as a wife. Take care of him, pet him, nurse him, let him see that you expect him to be neat in his habits. He may be a little careless at first, but exquisite neatness on your part will do much toward making him see the error of his ways. As the institution never for one moment let James see that you think he could do anything discourteous or mean. Think him above all petty meanness; show him that you believe him to be honorable in all things, and he will try to live up to your ideal of him. If he has a quick temper, try to avoid rousing it, and never reprove him while he is angry. If you must reprove—which is doubtful—do it lovingly and in secret.

If your husband is not considerate for others, you can suggest gently that he do this or that for his or your friends. At your suggestion he does a gracious act, which pleases the person for whom it is done, and makes the door taste the pleasure of doing a generous act. Then he loves you the better for this new emotion so pleasant to him.

Always put your husband in the very best possible light before others. If he has any particular charms or talents, give him an opportunity to let others see them. If he talks particularly well upon some subject, see that the subject comes up. In fact, make him pleased with himself, and you will do him and yourself a lasting good.

If he does anything that is not quite right, let him see that you think it was not intentional, and help him to rectify it. Let your husband see that you value his reputation for honesty and business integrity above all things.

Be as courteous to your husband as you would be to a guest in your house, and exact like courtesy.

By the use of persistent gentleness and courtesy some very unpromising husbands have become models, and a woman with a loving heart, intelligence, and perseverance can transform a thoughtless husband into a tender lover, if she cares enough about it to make the effort.—H. P. C. in The Household.

ILL HEALTH IN ROYAL HOUSES.

One of the most curious phenomena of our time is the ill-health of Royal Houses. The Emperor of Russia is delicate and undersized; his father, a giant in size and strength, was cut off in his prime. The King of Spain lost his father at thirty, and is himself a puny and rickety boy. The Emperor of Germany has a withered arm and a painful aural affection; both his parents died of the same terrible

disease. Of the Royal House of France, four numerous and flourishing branches existed a hundred years ago—the Elder Branch, the House of Condé, the House of Conti, and the Orleans Branch. The last now only survives; the rest are extinct in the male line. In Holland the young Queen is the last of her race; her two brothers perished miserably—one a sot, the other an imbecile. The last heir of Austria was a suicide; the present is said to be consumptive. The minor Royal Houses offer no more cheering picture. The King of Bavaria is a madman under strict restraint; his predecessor died by his own hand. It has just been announced that the heir to the throne of Baden is suffering from consumption. It would be easy to name other cases, but a painful subject has been pursued far enough. The reason of all this is only too plain. The Sovereigns of Europe have disregarded that great law of Nature which discounts the marriages of near blood relations. The Emperors, Kings and Princes of Europe form a single family, a Royal caste. One extraordinary fact clearly illustrates this state of things. There are in Europe over a score of Emperors, Kings, and minor reigning Sovereigns. All but two are the descendants of James I. of England, the only child of the marriage of Darnley and Mary Queen of Scots. The two exceptions are those parvenu Princes, the King of Sweden, whose grandfather, old Bernardotte, began life as a hostler at an inn, and the Prince of Montenegro, a glorified brigand chief, who owes his recognition as a Sovereign to the brilliant matches made by his beautiful daughters. It is almost impossible for a European Prince to find for a wife a Princess who is not his near blood relation. This is illustrated by the fact that in the British Royal Family the late Queen was married to her second cousin, the present King and Queen are blood relations, the Duke of York is married to his second cousin, and so on. It is almost impossible to find a Royal personage who is not in some way closely kin to the two great marrying houses—the House of Coburg in the last generation and the House of Denmark in this.—Dublin Freeman's Journal.

AN OLD IRISHWOMAN'S DEATHBED.

The following is taken from a volume of The Irish Monthly: I have this story, says the writer, who signs himself A. C., from the lips of the late Father Martin Everard, S. J. About the year 1872 he was engaged in missionary work at Galashiels. Part of his duty was to go every Sunday to celebrate Mass at Selkirk, which was hardly more than three-quarters of an hour by train from Galashiels. He made it a rule to visit a few old people and any sick person on every Monday morning before returning.

Among the aged and infirm was a dear old Irishwoman who lived in a cottage by the roadside with her married daughter. Father Everard took pleasure in calling on Granny who was so cheerful in her disposition and with such strong faith—her whole occupation seemed to be saying her Rosary over

and over to obtain the grace of a happy death.

Calling as usual on a certain Monday morning, he found poor old Granny not at all well. She told him that most probably before the next Sunday came round, she would have to send for his Reverence. The good priest did his best to cheer her up, and told her he would come to her at once any time she might send for him.

The next morning's post brought a letter from the daughter begging Father Everard to come at once, as her mother was growing hourly worse. He determined to go by the afternoon train, thinking there was no need of greater hurry, but soon after came a telegram. "Come immediately, my mother is dying." He caught a tram almost at once and in less than half an hour he was at Granny's bedside—to find to his great sorrow that Granny was already dead.

But God was too good to deny her the grace that she had prayed for so fervently many a long year; she died, fortified by the last sacraments and all the holy rites of our Mother the Church. It happened thus. One of her grandchildren, a little boy four years old, was standing on a table near a window that looked out on the road; he saw a carriage drive past, and he shouted to his mother in childish glee, "O ma, ma, two priests, two priests!" The young woman at once ran after the carriage and said to its occupants, "Oh, please, gentlemen, are ye priests?" To which one of them replied kindly, "Yes, child, what is your trouble? What can we do for you?" She told them her old mother was dying, and she was sure their own priest would not catch her alive. Would they be so good as to step in and look at her?

Both priests entered the cottage, and found the old saint conscious still but evidently very near death. One of the priests immediately heard Granny's last confession, while the other hastened to the chancel to inquire from the caretaker where the priest kept the key of the safe where the Holy Oils were reserved. Hurrying back with them, he found everything in readiness neat and tidy; a clean cloth laid on the little table, two candles lighted, a crucifix in the center, and a small glass vessel of Holy Water. The other priest had meanwhile prepared his aged penitent for the last sacred rites; she was now anointed, and, with the holy name of Jesus on her lips, she gave back her soul to her Maker before the priests had left the house.

Who were these two priests who perhaps had never passed by that way before, and who would have passed unnoticed now but for the vigilance of the little sentinel on the table? To the dying Christian it mattered not who they were. Strangers as they were, they were her priests at that supreme moment, God's messengers to her. But their names have some interest for us; they were no other than Father Butt, who was Bishop of Southwark, and the Superior of the Birmingham Oratory whose memory we venerate as Cardinal Newman. They were on a visit with Mr. Hope Scott of Abbot'sford when God asked them to help this poor old Irishwoman to die.

IN NATURE'S STOREHOUSE THERE ARE CURES.

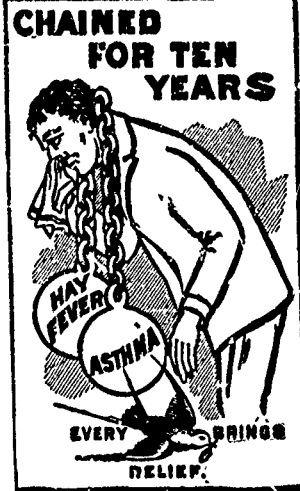
Medical experiments have shown conclusively that there are medicinal virtues in even ordinary plants growing up around us which give them a value that cannot be estimated. It is held by some that Nature provides a cure for every disease which neglect and ignorance have visited upon man. However this may be, it is well known that Paracelsus's Vegetable Pills, distilled from roots and herbs, are a sovereign remedy in curing all disorders of the digestion.

BLESSED VIRGIN'S AGE AT DEATH.

It has often been asked, What was the Blessed Virgin's age at the time of her death? The matter is uncertain, says Suarez. The Blessed Virgin was in her forty-ninth year at the time of the crucifixion of our blessed Lord; "because when she brought him forth she had already completed her fiftieth year; and Christ had begun His thirtieth year when he died." The Blessed Virgin, then, at the time of His death had completed her forty-eight; and was in her forty-ninth year, and Suarez computes that she died in the seventy-second year of her age. This is the computation of Epiphanius, priest; Adrenus in his history, Andrew of Crete in his sermons; and this is recently confirmed by Baronius in his Annals, following Dionysius in his work "On the Divine Names."

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Rev. Dr. Morris Wechsler, Rabbi of the Cong Bnai Isra'

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Dr. Taft Bros. Medicine Co., Avon Springs, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1901. Gentlemen: I write this testimonial from a sense of duty, having tested the wonderful effect of your Asthmalene, for the cure of Asthma. My wife has been afflicted with spasmodic asthma for the past 12 years. Having exhausted my own skill as well as many others, I chanced to see your sign upon your windows on 130th Street, New York, I at once obtained a bottle of Asthmalene. My wife commenced taking it about the first of November. I very soon noticed a radical improvement. After using one bottle Asthma has disappeared and she is entirely free from all symptoms. I feel that I can consistently recommend the medicine to all who are afflicted with this distressing disease. Yours respectfully, O. D. PHELPS, M.D.

Dr. Taft Bros. Medicine Co., Feb. 5, 1901. Gentlemen: I was troubled with Asthma for 22 years. I have tried numerous remedies, but they have all failed. I ran across your advertisement and started with a trial bottle. I found relief at once. I have since purchased your full-size bottle, and I am ever grateful. I have a family of four children, and for six years was unable to work. I am now in the best of health and am doing business every day. This testimony you can make use of as you see fit. Home address, 235 Livingston Street. S. PAPAHEI, 67 East 129th St., New York City.

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