

THE HOME CIRCLE

THE GOODLY COMPANY.

A loyal heart for a loyal friend,
And love for those that love you,
A fearless soul to the journey's end,
Whatever thy's above you,
A laugh for luck in the dawn's glad
light;
And a song where the night shall
find you,
And the road you travel is brave and
bright,
Though Fate ride fast behind you.
For loyal friends make a bold array,
And love is a charm to shield you,
And a fearless soul drives thoughts
away,
That no defeat would yield you;
And a laugh is a spell for gladness
and ease,
And a song so strong shall find you,
That the coward Fate, from first to
last,
Rides shivering far behind you.

DANGERS THAT BESET THE YOUNG.

Everything would seem then to conspire against many, if not all, of our young people, a foolish indulgence and sometimes scandal in the home, evil companions, outdoors, unprincipled profligacy, a system of public education which ignores, and even in many places positively injures faith, trashy and filthy books, shameless theatres, vile newspapers and scenes of depravity in broad daylight. The growing boy and girl like novelty, gaudy, excitement and all that appears to expand their liberties; they dislike what they consider stale, monotonous, sober and spiritless and all that restrains their freedom; they naturally seize any pretext which may seem to justify their likes and dislikes, and resent the caution of grave and experienced elders whom no pretext can blind to the dangers surrounding youth. Too often, as they grow in years they grow in self-conceit but not in wisdom, and for lack of this they forfeit the grace which alone can preserve them from sinful curiosity, from the surprise of awakening passions, the allurements of vice confronting them on all sides in an attractive but deceitful guise. —American Messenger.

CONTENTS FROM BROOK FARM MOVEMENT.

It is a curious bit of religious history that out of the young men who gathered around George Ripley at Brook Farm a very large percentage became Catholics. Father Hecker led the way. He was followed by Orestes Brownson, Mrs. Ripley, Buckley Hastings, who was the purchasing agent for the Farm, George Newcombe, the High-Churchman of the colony, and others. Hawthorne's daughter became a Catholic, as did Mrs. Ripley's niece. George Ripley himself one day said to Father Hecker: "Can you do all that any Catholic priest can do?" On receiving an affirmative answer, he said: "Then I will send for you when I am drawing toward my end." He kept his promise and did send for him during his last illness, but the message was not delivered till it was too late. When Father Hecker got to his bedside he was dead.—Catholic World.

ADVANTAGES OF READING ALOUD.

To read to one's self is often to be satisfied with a knowledge of words as they appear to the eye. To read aloud is to acquire also a knowledge of words as they sound. There is nothing which will so surely correct mispronunciation. Nearly every reader will recall words which he has long known by sight, but with which he has never taken the trouble to acquire a speaking acquaintance. While he reads only to himself he can shut them over or give them some makeshift pronunciation, which serves to identify them and saves the trouble of consulting the dictionary. But let him adopt the practice of reading aloud, and sooner or later some of these old verbal acquaintances will meet him face to face, to reproach him with his neglect and shame him with his ignorance of their name.

In the cultivation of the voice lies a further recommendation. The practice of reading aloud brings increased vocal power and tends to establish the habit of an agreeable inflection and a distinct enunciation. Lastly, it makes the other members of the family partners in the pleasure and mental stimulus. It is not alone the reader who is enriched. The tired mother, busy with her mending, is borne into far, strange lands. The stirring scenes of history or fiction march before her, and while she works she is also uplifted and refreshed.

MAKE THE HEART BEAUTIFUL.

The girl who is educated above her parents' social position has a lot of unpleasantness before her unless she makes her character strong enough to rise above her circumstances. There is a lot that is petty and snobbish in society, and she must learn to ignore the little stings and heartaches which her sensitive nature will feel when she meets with high-born aristocratic folk. Of course she loves her good, old-fashioned mother and father in their plain, comfortable home; but their manners are so different and their appearance so ordinary in comparison to the easy elegance of the parents of her college companions. Accustomed to the refined surroundings of college life she finds it difficult not to notice how different the table at home looks, and the little ungrammatical phrases she is forced to hear grate on her feelings and wound her pride. Neither will she make her loving parents feel uncomfortable by inflating on them the air of her superiority;

She will, instead, endeavor to make her life useful and happy by applying the benefits of her education in a way

THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

Quoting Pope Leo's wise words, "A good Catholic journal is a perpetual mission in every parish." Charles J. O'Malley, writing in Donahoe's, considers who are responsible for the "inadequacy of the Catholic press." One thing to which he brings the responsibility home is the attitude perpetually assumed by that large body of worldly Catholics who seem prone to believe that whatever is Catholic is "isn't much." These are the people—usually of the nouveau riche order, desirous of shining in fashionable society—who pretend to believe that "we have no Catholic literature worth mentioning," who live in palatial homes and take no Catholic publications of any sort, yet wonder why the few that now read them come in their way always seem "manow, cross and bogged." These are the people who blight endeavor; yet how they may be reached is a problem still unsolved.

AN IRISH HEDGEROW.

The white thorn is very late this year, and we found ourselves in the full glory of it. It is beautiful in all its stages, from the time when it first opens its buds, to the season when "every spray is white with May, and blooms the eglantine." Do not imagine, however, that we are all in white, like a bride; there is the pink Hawthorn, and there are pink and white horsechestnuts laden with flowers, yellow laburnums hanging over whitewashed farm buildings, lilies, and, most wonderful of all, the blaze of the yellow gorse. There will be a thorn hedge struggling with and conquering a gray stone wall; then a golden gorse bush struggling with and conquering the thorn, seeking the sun, it knows no restraints, and creeping through the barriers of green and white and gray, it fairly hurls its yellow splendors in great blazing patches along the wayside. In dazzling glory, in richness of color, there is nothing in nature that we can compare with this loveliest and commonest of all wayside weeds. The gleaming wealth of the Klondike would make but a poor showing beside a single Irish hedgerow; one would think that Mother Earth had stored in her bosom of all the sunniest gleams of bygone summers, and was now giving them back to the sun king from whom she borrowed them.

MODESTY AND BEAUTY.

A famous writer said, "Modesty is the sweet song-bird which no open cage-door can tempt to flight." It is in the heart enriched with noble virtues, that modesty dwells, for it cannot reside where there is not true worth. The characters of the greatest masters of the world were modest and unpretentious, for nothing so rare as genius could tolerate anything so inferior as arrogance. There is something about a modest girl which commands respect and affords dignity. The sweetness of womanliness is its modesty which, like the violet that grows in an obscure place, is all the fairer and more beautiful when found. The modest girl does not expose herself to temptations, for the lily-whiteness of her soul is too sacred a thing to risk. She does not seek to attract notice, but, nevertheless, she possesses the attraction of goodness which wins others more forcibly than all the artful ways and means which the society belles employ in order to invite attention. The beautiful is always hidden and modesty gives it expression. That will broaden her sphere; she will be grateful to the humble parents who generously afforded her the means that not only brightened her intellect but sweetened her heart as well. You know, when education does not go down into the heart as well as the mind its highest work has not been completed. When the heart is beautified with gentle virtues the intellect is of a rarer and a happier order.

FIVE SWEET WORDS

Five of the sweetest words in the English language begin with the letter H., which is only a breath. The words are—Heart, hope, home, happiness, and heaven. Heart is a home-place, and home is a heart-place. Hope is that virtue which makes us look forward to our only real home—which is beyond the grave. Happiness is found in doing one's duty each day, and by safely guarding our senses against evil and having the best thing on earth, a clear conscience. Heaven is the goal to which we are tending and only by a good heart, the blessing of a good home, lit up by the hope of the future reward, and doing all in our power to live up to the teachings of our Holy Faith, shall we reach that only real and true happiness in heaven. Young readers, link these five words together, always strive to practise what they teach, and life will be full of flowers and blossoms, instead of weeds and thorns.

CATHOLIC SERVICES FOR THE PROFLIGATE DEAD.

Under the title, "La Colessa le Esquie degli Accatolici," the Rev. S. M. Bramill, S.J., publishes in the "Civiltà Cattolica" for March 2, a well-reasoned argument showing that the Church has at no time authoritatively sanctioned the celebration of divine service for anyone who professedly lived and died outside the pale of her spiritual communion. The article is apparently provoked by the erroneous statements in the secular press, notably of England, that obsequies in honor of the late Queen Victoria had been held in the cathedral churches of Santiago, Cuba, Montreal, Ottawa, Capetown, Boston, etc., by special dispensation of the Pope. Father Bramill cites the various legislative enact-

ments of the Church as expressed in general and local decrees, to prove that there never has been any deviation of the application of the fundamental principle forbidding all communication in sacrileg. It is a simple matter of consistency, according to which the Catholic public service is the exclusive privilege of the faithful or those whom the Church recognizes as belonging to her fold—at least externally. To extend this benefit to Protestants would be just as criminal as its denial to the Catholic who refused civil allegiance or profess that they cannot accept the principles of the Constitution.—American Ecclesiastical Review.

EDUCATION IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

Dr. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., addressing the Emmanuel Club, Boston, recently pointed out some of the educational needs of the 20th century. It was asserted years ago, Dr. Conaty said, that general education would remedy all existing evils and lessen if not abolish crime. The promise remains unfulfilled. Men ask what the outcome be? Rather let us seriously consider, what is the condition of society, and what are its causes? Intellectual crime is appalling. Bank defalcations, Senate briberies, postal frauds, stock gambling, stage indecencies, literary degeneracy, divorce, immorality—these are not the results of illiteracy—they are the crimes of educated people. Religion seems to have lost its hold upon large masses of the people, and if we examine the cause we will surely find that it is due to the fact that religion has not been made the warp and woof of the instruction necessary to develop mind and heart. Immorality, judgment, soul, the future life, God even have lost their meaning. We have allowed the non-Christian and the anti-Christian and even the atheist to emasculate our education. We have yielded our conscience in our liberality towards the conscience of those who do not share Christian faith with us. This explains to you why the Catholic is not satisfied with an education which has not his religion in it. He makes sacrifices that his school, college and university are built in order that Christ may be in the education of His children. Men call this class separation, bigotry, lack of patriotism. Rather call it conscience which is the source of the character that makes the good man and the idea citizen. Monsignor Conaty urged that men look at these conditions in all seriousness and strive to reconstitute the Christian ideal as the means of preserving Christianity and saving society. The new century needs Christ and His Church to shape and mould the character of our citizenry by which may be guarded sacredly the deposit of political liberty which has been placed in our keeping.

A CAREFULLY PREPARED PILL.

Much time and attention were expended in the experimenting with the ingredients that enter into the composition of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills before they were first offered to the public. Whatever other pills may be, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are the result of much expert study, and all persons suffering from dyspepsia or disordered liver and kidneys may confidently accept them as being what they are represented to be.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

Oh, the days, the arbutus days!
They come from heaven on high;
They wrap the world in brooding haze,
They marry earth and sky.

What lure me onward o'er the hills,
Or down the beaten trail;
Vague murmuring all the valley fills,
And yonder shouts the quail.

Like mother bird upon her nest
The day broods o'er the earth;
Fresh hope and life fill every breast;
I share the spring's new birth.

Awake, arise! and April wise
Seek out a forest side
Where under wreaths of withered
leaves,
The shy, sweet flowers hide.

I hear the hum of red-ruff's drum,
And hark! the thrasher sings,
On elm tree high against the sky,
Lest to his mimicking.

Upon my soul, he calls the roll
Of all the birds of the year;
"Veery!" "Chewank!" "Orolo!" "Bobo-
link!"
"Haete!" "Maake haete!" "Spring is
here!"

Now pause and mark the meadow lark
Send forth his call to spring;
"Why don't you heart 'tis spring o'
the year!"

A piercing note from golden throat
Like dart from sounding string—
Ah! the golden shaft, 'twas he that
laughed,
And lifted up his bill;
"Wick, wick!" "Wick, Wick!" "Wake
up! be quick!"
The ant is on her hill.

The bloodroot's face, with saintly
grace,
Stars all the unkempt way,
Upon the rocks, in dancing flocks,
; Corydalis is gay.

The hemlock trees hum in the breeze,
The swallow's on the wing,
In forest aisles are genial smiles
That greet thy blossoming.

Again the sun is overing call
Again the robby's evening call
Or early morning lay;
I hear the star about the farms,
I see the earth with open arms,
I feel the breath of May.

—John Burroughs in "Atlantic."

KING LYNCH'S EARS

Is there a secret that you think can be kept? Then you never heard the story of King Lynch's ears.

No one had ever seen King Lynch with his head bared, not even the queen. Nor was any one ever permitted to come before him without first giving three raps on the shield which hung outside his door.

But once it happened that when the king and all his men were going out to fight an ancient enemy, Mullane, one of the King's best-loved men, had a message for him. It was early in the morning, and the camp was full of noises of waking. Mullane beat heavily on the shield, but there was no answer. He did so again, and then, in his eagerness, he forgot, and lifting the tent-flap, looked within, and was more filled with fear than he had ever been when face to face with the wild foe.

The king grasped his sword and rushed at him in a fury, and Mullane did not try to defend himself, but only fell on his knees and begged, for the sake of his young wife, that his life be spared. Thereupon the king who himself loved Mullane, made him swear that he would never tell what he had seen to any human being, on pain of death.

After this Mullane became thin and wasted away, and at last his wife besought him to seek a wise man who understood the ills both of the body and of the mind. Him Mullane told that he suffered no ill but that there was a secret of which he must not speak to any one, on pain of death. The wise man shook his head.

"It is a hard illness, for the heart was not made to bear the burden of a secret alone. Go, then, into the forest and find a tree to which thou canst tell it when it grows too heavy and thy life shall be spared."

Mullane did so. But one day he found that his tree had been cut down, and the woodman told him the king's harper wanted a new harp. He held the fast evening concert struck the strings the king and his men and ladies were assembled at a banquet. Through the notes of the minstrel's song there quivered and trembled a strange sound like the rustling of the leaves in a mighty tree, and at last it showed itself into words, over and over again: "King Lynch has donkey's ears—King Lynch has donkey's ears." All the warriors and ladies rose in horror, and the minstrel let the harp fall with a crash, and it moaned once more—"donkey's ears."

The king made a sign to take away the unhappy minstrel to his death; but now Mullane fell on his knees, and said:

"Mine should be the death." And he told how the wise man had sent him to the forest to save his life from the burden of the secret.

Then the king sent for the wise man, who said: "It is true, O King, that through Mullane thy secret has become known to the world; but let it not be said of thee that in anger for that which thou canst not help thou hast put to death Mullane for that which he canst not help, for even the trees of the forest must tell their tale."

THE CHILDHOOD OF OUR LORD

After the return of the Holy Family from Egypt, they went to live in Nazareth, and there it was that Our Lord stayed until He grew to be a man. In that little city of Syria, where the boys played in the streets, as the boys of the present day do, Jesus joined in the games and frolics. A favorite spot of the children was a well, there they played in the summer under the shade of the palm-trees, there on the winter days they chased one another from tree to tree.

Once, near this well, the children started in to mold birds and animals of clay. Then a dispute arose as to which were the best; but Jesus, who had made some sparrows, bade them fly away. At once they rose into the air, and, after circling over the children's heads for some time, flew off into the distance so far that they could be seen no more.

Then the little red-haired Judas cried, "Sorcerer! Wizard!" And the children fell on Jesus, and beat Him, knocked Him down in the mud, kicked Him, and forced clay into His mouth. And when His Mother, alarmed at the noise, hastened toward the well, she saw her Son covered with bruises, and mud, cursed and reviled by the little children. He had come down from heaven to save.

After this His Mother begged Him to stay at home, and He, obedient to her least wish, remained by her side. One bright May morning, however, St. Joseph sent the Holy Child to buy some nails. On his way back, He saw a group of children gathered around the well, and when He reached home, He begged that He might go play with them. The Blessed Virgin gave her permission, but some of the boys objected to the company of Jesus, as He was a poor child, the son of a carpenter, and was about to drive Him away, when one of them, Tola by name, begged that He might remain. It was no use, however, and Jesus started back home. He had gone but a little way, when He heard footsteps, and soon two arms were thrown round His neck. It was Tola, who tried to comfort Him, and walked with Him as far as His home. After that they were great friends and played together.

Twenty-five years later Tola was in Jerusalem. It was the day before the Sabbath; the streets were in a tumult, and angry cries were heard. Going out of the house, he saw a great crowd and on inquiry was told that the people were hurrying three felons to Calvary, there to be crucified.

"One is a Nazarene," said the man to whom Tola had spoken. "He has declared himself to be the King of the Jews, and is also a blasphemer, for which cause, chiefly, we have obtained permission from the Roman governor to crucify Him."

"A Nazarene," said Tola to himself, "Who can He be? I must, go, too, and see whether I know Him." It was about the fifth hour when Tola reached Calvary, and there, between two thieves, hanging on a cross, covered with wounds and bruises,

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crowned with thorns. His hands and feet pierced with nails, was the Nazarene.
"It is none I know, thank God," said Tola, shuddering. And then the crucified Nazarene looked down on him. On the face of one only had Tola seen that expression. His heart beat fast, he fell on his knees, and cried, "Jesus!" Then a thick darkness came over the land, the foundations of the earth shook, and Tola lost consciousness.

Not long after Tola and his family were baptized, and thus received the gift of faith in the Lord, whom he had loved when He was yet unknown to him.—Benziger's Magazine.

MR COCKRAN AND THE SABLE TAILS.

Mr W Bourke Cockran is so successful to-day that he can afford to talk delightfully of the days when he had not a penny. Mr. Cockran, who was born in Ireland in 1851, is widely famous as an orator, has been prominent in two National Conventions, and was for two terms a member of Congress, and is now a lawyer in New York city.

He told a good story of himself recently to a society of young men who were starting out on a business career as buyer for a department store. "Do you know what sable tails are?" he asked. "Be sure that you do," he added, "or you may lose your position. My ignorance on that subject lost me my first position."

"Sable tails," echoed the young woman, "What have they got to do with business?"
"Well, if I had known what they were I might to-day be a prosperous merchant. I landed in America resolved to be a great man. I went from shop to shop, like many other Irish lads, seeking for an errand or a salary that would buy food so that I might have strength to start in on my great career. Finally, I stood before Mr. A. T. Stewart, his office being the Mecca to which all lads journeyed in those days.

"He was kind enough to say I looked intelligent, and that he hoped I should not prove a fool. In what line of dry goods are you proficient?" he said. I had sense enough to know that if I told him the truth I should not get a position. My mind flashed over the things women wore. Then an inspiration came. I said 'Furs,' for I remembered that the old man who lived next door to my mother in Ireland had made a business of drying pelts; I had spent my boyhood playing with those pelts.

"Good," said Mr. Stewart. "I have a position in the fur department that I should like a reliable young man to take."

"I thanked him, and went upstairs to take the position with a feeling of hopelessness that I had never suspected would attend my first victory. "I attacked the position with the conceit, however, that men or kind enough to say has never left me. A few days after my installation a sweet-voiced woman came in, and asked me to show her some muffs made of sable tails. I ransacked the place, but couldn't find one that answered the description, so I informed the lady that we did not keep such muffs in stock.

"She looked surprised, and questioned me more closely, but I stuck to my assertion.

"An hour later I was summoned by Mr. Stewart. He said, with indignation: 'Why did you tell Mrs. Vanderbilt that this shop does not keep muffs of sable tails?'"
"Was that Mrs. Vanderbilt?" I asked in awe. "Well, sir, I looked hard for one, but really there was not one there. I saw plenty of flat brown ones, but not a single one with tails hanging from it."

"Your looks belie you," said Mr. Stewart; "you are a fool, and you are discharged from this hour."

IRISH LULLABY.

I'd rock my own sweet child to rest
in a cradle of gold on a bough
of the willow,
To the shooheen ho of the wind of the west,
and lullalo of the soft sea
bellow.

Sleep, baby dear,
Sleep without fear,
Mother is here at your pillow.

I'd put my own sweet child to sleep
in a silver boat on the beautiful
river,
Where a shoehen whispers the white
cassides, and a lullalo the green
flags shaver.

Sleep, baby dear,
Sleep without fear,
Mother is here with you for ever.

Shooheen ho! to the rise and fall of
mother's bosom 'tis sleep has bound
you,
And, O my child, what cozier nest
for rozier nest could love have
found you?

Sleep, baby dear,
Sleep without fear,
Mother's two arms are clasped around
you.

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