

The Family Circle

GROWN-UP.

We'll banish tiny troubles
That fill our hearts with woe;
They'll burst like fairy bubbles
That laughing children blow.
We'll wait the silver lining
With firm, unruffled brow,
And look to Heaven's shining;
We're men and women now.

The childish grief that weighted
Our hearts like sullen stone
On Lethe's waters freighted
Shall sail to ports unknown.
While we, our faces lifting,
Will smile, instead of frown,
For through the storm-clouds' shifting
Our Father's looking down.

Unconquered, uncomplaining,
We'll kiss the iron rod
Of Him, the ever-reigning
Kind Father and our God:
Then from a heart enlightened
With joys and hopes and fears,
We'll give a love that's brightened
With gold of grown-up years!

ONE STEP FORWARD.

The hour comes to each one of us when we stand at the crisis of our careers, when failure seems to us to be inevitable, when we cannot seem to see our way clear, cannot understand what to do, cannot see anything before us but death to our hopes and our aspirations. And when that hour comes it is time not to go backward, but to go forward. We must not retreat, come what may, for every retreat carries one farther from ultimate victory.

A prominent woman in making an address once made this statement: "We must remember that we cannot stand still. We have to move backward or forward. If we move backward when we move forward again we shall not have progressed, but shall have only reached the spot where we were standing before. But if we move forward we shall at least be a little farther towards our goal." Another woman, when asked once how she had achieved such a measure of success, said: "By never standing still, by always accomplishing something. Frequently it was not just what I had intended to do, but it was something. I let no day go by without moving ahead a bit. Forward was my watchword. Often I was side-tracked and sometimes almost lost my bearings, but I found that more frequently than not the moving helped me. Costly as were some of the mistakes I made, I knew that I was learning and the surer I became of the path."

It is so with all of us. We learn through activity rather than passivity. And it is only through doing, however hard the deed may be, that we can hope to achieve.

Above all, we must not retreat in the hour of failure. It is easy enough for most of us to work and to fight and to struggle as long as our struggles are crowned with success. But when we fail, when we see our dearest efforts becoming futile, our costliest efforts rendered as naught, when we realise that we are playing a losing game, then it is that we want to turn back. And then it is that we must not turn back. That is the very time that we must refuse to surrender. That is the moment when we must move on toward the heights.

Most of us are afraid to stir from what we know to what we do not know. But that is the only way to advance, to accomplish, that is the means by which we open new avenues of work and enter upon new fields of success.

It takes courage to fight the battle of life, just as it did to fight those battles that won victory for

humanity over the hordes of the Hun. It takes consecration to the highest that is in us; it takes vision, but most of all it takes the forward movement. We must charge forward, we must drive the enemy before us. We must refuse to go back. Only so shall we win in any battle that comes to us as our part of the conflict.

And there is nothing in the world that compares to victory wrested from defeat. For it must be remembered that it is not failure to fall if one falls while charging with face to the foe—that is heroism. It is not failure to be captured by the enemy. That is one of the hard fortunes of war. It is not failure to be wounded, to suffer pain, to be overpowered, to be outnumbered. As long as we fight onward, as long as we move forward, as long as we charge valiantly, we are unsundered.

WHY A PRIEST IS CALLED "FATHER."

The faithful call their priest "Father" because of the childlike reverence they have for him. This is not a universal custom, but one that has been specially adopted in English-speaking countries. The Germans do not call their priests by that name, rather by a word that is akin to our "reverend." The French use the word "cure" or "abbe." There is, however, an eminently pertinent foundation for the custom of saying "Father" to a priest.

The word "father" means "author of life." The priest is the author of the spiritual life of the faithful. With the waters of baptism he infuses the life of grace into the soul. If man has lost his grace by mortal sin, the priest revives it by absolution in the Sacrament of Penance. Furthermore, he takes a fatherly interest in all those entrusted to his care. The parish is but a large family, and as a father is the natural head of a family, it is but natural that the head of the parish should be called "Father." We call Washington the "Father of his Country." The reason for this is plain.

Similarly, members of religious Orders are wont to call their founders by the title of "Pater," or "Father," just as founders of Orders for women were called "Mother." Gradually, the title of "Pater" in religious Orders was applied to those that were ordained, to distinguish them from such as were still aspiring to the priesthood and whose title was "Frater" or "Brother."—*The Columbian*, Columbus, Ohio.

AT THE END OF THE YEARS.

At the end of the years,
When the twilight nears,
And the sunset fades in the hilly west,
We shall dream of our youth, but never long
For the Summer's smile or the Springtime's song;
For past are the heartaches and the tears,
At the end of the years!
At the end of the years,
When the dusk appears,
And the friendly stars gleam in the west,
We shall find ourselves at a homeland gate,
Where peace and love and friendship wait,
And life at its sweetest cheers—
At the end of the years!

WHO TRIED HARDEST?

"Now, sir," said the bullying counsel sternly to the witness from the country, "I want you to tell me plainly whether a great effort has or has not been made to make you tell a very different story."

"A different story from the one I have told you, sir?"

"That is what I mean."

"Yes, sir. Several persons have tried to get me to do that, but they couldn't."

"Now, sir, upon your oath, I wish to know who those persons are."

The witness scratched his head, and at last replied:

"Well, I guess you've tried 'bout the hardest."

THEIR CHIEF WORRY.

Preaching in one of the State capitals, an Aus-