

The Family Circle

MOTHER.

"God is good," she used to say
In her calm and gentle tone,
Dear old mother, worn and grey,
Sweetest face that I have known.
Childish grief that brought the tears
Passed when mother came and stood
Close beside to soothe my fears,
Whispering ever, "God is good."

Then, as time let down the bars,
And the world before me spread,
Shade and shine and gloom and stars
Alternating o'erhead,
Hope from out her smiling eyes
Flashed across each heavy road,
Like an angel in disguise
Softly whispering, "God is good."

Like an angel, did I say
Surely of the angels, she,
Ever faithful day by day,
Guardian angel unto me;
With the angels now she dwells,
And I fancy in the sky
This unto our Lord she tells:
"Bless my boy, don't let him cry."
—W. R. DINEEN.

FACTS CONCERNING YOURSELF.

Each ear has four bones.
The body has about 500 muscles.
The human skull contains 30 bones.
The lower limbs contain 30 bones each.
Every hair has two oil glands at its base.
The globe of the eye is moved by six muscles.
The wrist contains eight bones, the palms five, the fingers 14.
The roots of the hair penetrate the skin about one-twelfth of an inch.
Hair is very strong. A single hair will bear a weight of about 1150 grains.
The enamel of the teeth contains over 95 per cent. calcareous matter.
Straight hairs are nearly cylindrical; curly hairs are elliptical or flat.
The weight of the average man is 140lb; of a woman, 115lb.
The brain is supposed to contain over 200,000,000 cells.

A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SOLDIER SON.

My Dear Son,—To say I was surprised at the contents of your letter would not be the truth. I fully expected it. I quite understand the situation. I am also an advocate of early marriages, if there is nothing in the way to stop the young couple being united; but unfortunately there nearly always is, and the principal one is position and money, so that the parties should not be a further burden on their parents. There are many other considerations: Are the parties suited to one another? Are they both healthy? Do they realise what an important event it is in their lives? Are they perfectly certain their love is the real true love that will stand each other's faults all through the years ahead? And many more things that the young couple never think of. The duty of the parents is to point this out to their children, because they (the parents) have had experience (good or bad) in their own married life. So therefore, G—, I—as a Catholic, and one who is trying very hard to act as such, not only in name, but in spirit—tell you, for the last time, a parent's duty. I have already, years ago, pointed out to you many things, and I am delighted to see you act upon what I have said, and upon the things I endeavored to point out, showing the great

dangers of a young man's life—one silly moment of carelessness, once only, often ruins him for life. I say this for the last time, because in a few months you will have reached your majority, and should be (and will be, I am sure) able to look after yourself. But do not think your trouble is over in this respect; on the contrary, the temptations, if anything, will be greater, and, if possible, more horrible if you should fall, because you will then be married. Personally (I may be wrong in some people's ideas) I do not think it is possible in this world for a young man to keep what I call straight without being religious; now, thank God, you and B— are both of the same faith—that is a great blessing. I also thank God I was able to give you that faith, and also that I could send you to such a splendid school as Stonhurst; all this should, and I feel confident will, fortify you against ever sowing your "wild oats" before or after marriage. What I want to impress on you both is (as far as I am concerned) you must never get loose in your religious duties; directly that creeps in a family, all happiness will fly out of the window. Stick to your religion, and, above all, practise it. I am afraid (I hope I am wrong) I have noticed since you have been in the army you have been careless in this respect. My dear G—, try and turn over a new leaf, and set a good example, not only to your bride to be, but also to everyone that knows you. An indifferent Catholic does more harm to God's Holy Church than all the no-Popery cries in the press.

Now I must come to the vital question: Are you quite sure your position in life will support a wife? Whether your prospects are good enough for the future, to stand the trial and expense of the usual and necessary events of married life? I am sorry to pull you up—it sounds nasty, but it is the duty of a parent, and often causes delay in early marriage.

To conclude, I just want to remind you of what marriage means in the "Catholic Faith." It is one of the seven Sacraments; it is holy, and should always be so. You and B— will not only be wedded on this earth with all its so-called pleasures and misery, but you will also be united for ever in God's register in Heaven. This both of you must never for a moment in your lives forget. My consent I give; your happiness, my son, is a part of my own. I pray to God you may never go through the temptations I have had to meet, and that your married life will be a garden of roses, without the thorns that I, your father, even now have to put up with. God bless you both.

A REQUEST.

Grant these gifts, O powers that be:
Lips that smile, and eyes that see;
Heart too brave and soul too wise
To choose wrong in pleasure's guise;
Hands and feet that patient strive
To keep right and joy alive;
Sense to share a brother's grief,
Wit to bring him swift relief;
Love that never faints nor fears,
Courage to bring joy or tears;
Spirit of eternal youth,
Pure devotion to all truth;
Gentleness that sweetens sorrow,
Faith to face the dim to-morrow;
Strength to let the small self die,
Unregretted, joyously;
And, for crowning grace to lend,
Let me never fail a friend!

ETHEL COLSON.

CAPITAL!

Louisa, the maid-of-all work, had received a letter from a friend whom she greatly admired for her intellectual attainments. With glowing pride she placed the epistle in the hands of her young mistress, and, as the latter indulgently perused the ungrammatical but copper-plate effusion, Louisa kept up a running comment on the remarkable qualities of her correspondent.

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