

The Family Circle

MY SON, MY PRIEST.

My heart is filled to-day, asthore,
With happiness so sweet,
That I could wish for nothing more
To make my joy complete.
And these long years I'd live again,—
Yea, though my toil increased;
I'd bear a thousand years of pain
For thee, my son, my priest.
I saw thee at the altar kneel
In vestments gold and red;
I saw the Bishop print the Seal
Of Priesthood on thy head;
I saw thy hands made consecrate
With oil, and bless'd the hour
That raised thee to thy priestly state,
That gave thee priestly pow'r.
Though time has flown with rapid pace,
It seems but yesterday,
When nestled in my fond embrace,
I taught thee first to pray;
For thou wert then but four years old,
Yet thy sweet, lisping voice
Was dearer far than burnished gold,
And made my soul rejoice.
How oft' thro' deep'ning shades of night
I asked our Lord above
To bless my boy, and guide him right
In His great work of love!
Dear Jesus, Who doth dry our tears,
Whose love is deep and rare,
Hath crowned the glory of my years,
Hath heard a mother's pray'r.

"A Priest forever!" Ah, machree,
What wond'rous pow'r is thine!
"A Priest forever" thou shalt be
For the Sacrifice Divine
Upon the altar Christ the Good
Will come to hear thy call:
"This is My Body! This, My Blood!
For men I've given It all."

My work is o'er. My course is run,
And God will take me soon.
I have one wish to make—just one—
Of my own Soggarth Aroon:
That thou be near me ere I go,
Obedient to His call;
And help me whisper soft and low,
"Sweet Jesus! God! My all!"
—MARTIN J. TRACY in the *Canadian Messenger*.

THE BLESSED TRINITY.

Verily the image of the Blessed Trinity is stamped upon the world. All time is divided into past, present, and future; all motion has distance, direction, and velocity; all sound has duration, timbre, and strength; all substances exist in a solid, fluid, or gaseous state; in fine, every created thing in its essence reflects the triune Personality of the Creator. Indeed, God is in all things and all in its end is good.

There are three sciences, physical, mental, and spiritual; the science of things, the science of men, and the science of God. Again there are three: the science of force, the science of law, and the science of love.

Finally, there are three, the science of

right thinking, the science of true speaking, and the science of well-doing. As in music three notes are necessary to harmony; so in science, three are essential to truth.

A SAINT'S PHILOSOPHY.

St. Veronica de Binasco, of the Order of St. Augustine, was once urged when sick to accept some exemption from her labors as a nun in the convent of St. Martha at Milan. She replied: "I must work while I can, while I have time."

With us, it is usually the other way round. The least obstacle, the smallest misfortune is eagerly grasped as an opportune excuse for shirking work that will promote either our spiritual or temporal welfare.

Mental, moral, and physical laziness are notorious qualities of the *genus homo*. Not much is required to turn a man or a woman into a parasite of a kind. Yet life is limited, and nothing is more certain than death. Like the ostrich that hides its head in the sand when danger impends, thinking thus to conceal itself, we shut our own eyes and try not to see the things that must come.

Good advice is the sort least followed in this world, probably there are so few who can dispense it. Yet, the words: "I must work while I can, while I have time," express a truth, a bit of philosophy so simple but so inexorable that one wonders why more do not build their lives with that as a foundation.

A SHORT STORY.

A correspondent furnished the following story to the editor of one of the Catholic weekly papers. We are informed that one Sunday, during the sermon on the Blessed Sacrament and with special reference to thanksgiving after Holy Communion, the parish priest related the following incident concerning "a farmer, who after receiving Holy Communion, was always one of the very first to leave the church, instead of remaining at least ten or fifteen minutes to give thanks and to adore his God whom he had just received. One morning, however, when the farmer received Holy Communion the priest had two altar boys, each carrying a lighted candle, follow the man and walk one on each side of him. The boys walked quite a distance before the astonished farmer comprehended what it was all about. Needless to say, the farmer never made the mistake again.

"How often I am reminded of that story. So many go to Holy Communion, and sad to say, many of them are like the farmer. They rush out of their pews, sometimes before the priest has left the altar and very often it is five minutes before they reach the door, owing to the crowd in front of them. If they spent even those few minutes in thanksgiving to God, Who has deigned to abide with them, what a good example they would give and how much more benefit they would receive from their reception of the Blessed Sacrament. It reminds one very forcibly of the parable of the ten lepers that were cleansed, and when one came back to give

thanks, Our Lord asked: 'Were not ten made clean? Where are the nine?'

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WHAT DO YOUR CHILDREN READ?

Little minds are like a looking-glass. They reflect everything that passes before them. So do we all reflect what we are—either good or bad. If we reflect enough good, bad has no place in our lives. When children begin to read for themselves it is very necessary that mothers know absolutely what they read. Many mothers seem to think that they have no time for this. That seems strange, because all mothers care more for the good of their children than for anything else in the world. At school the child is safe, because there the teachers look after the matter. It is when the boys and girls get to be 12 or 13 years old that the most harm is done. Many of them read greedily the novels that are written for grown people. At that, most of the novels written now are not good reading for anybody. They are written with the idea of being as bad as possible without being denied the privilege of the mails. It is the children's thoughts that make them grow into fine and honest men and women. When a child loves to read, his future life is apt to be determined by what he reads. His mind will reflect it in his daily life. Good motherhood is never careless about a child's reading.

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OF CERTAIN IRISH FAIRIES.

The Leprechaun—the omadhaun!—that lives in County Clare,
Is one foot wide and three foot high without an inch to spare.
He winks the sea blue eye of him, like other saucy rogues,
And underneath the blackthorn bush he sits to clout his brogues.
Then, if you catch the Leprechaun and never lose your hold,
He's bound to show you where he's hid a pot of yellow gold,
And find you, too, a fairy purse with tassels down the end,
That's never bare, but always full, no matter what you spend.
'Tis I would catch the Leprechaun—and then what would I do?
I'd take the yellow gold, machree, and give it all to you!

The Cluricaun of Monaghan is mighty seldom seen;
He wears a crimson swallow-tail, a vest of apple green,
And shiny shoes with buckles, too, and silver ones at that,
And on his curly head askew he claps a steeple-hat.
'Tis I would catch the Cluricaun—and why? Because he knows
The only spot in Erin where the four-leafed shamrock grows—
The shamrock that the fairies tend, that does not grow from seed;
'Twill bring you health and wealth and love—though 'tis not love you need,
And ribbons, laces, brooches, rings, or anything you name,
So when I've caught the Cluricaun 'tis you shall have the same.

—ARTHUR GUITERMAN in the *Irish Catholic*.

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