

The Family Circle

THE ABIDING.

Across the summer sea the stars
Shall ply a flashing oar,
And down the hill trails day shall go,
Returning never more.

The Spring shall wake to lyric song
The hidden minstrel brooks;
The honey-bee shall woo the rose
In secret forest nooks.

And you and I shall watch the stars
Bright faring through the blue,
Hear brooks sing down the valley ways,
And watch the wild bee woo.

We'll see the Autumn set his watch,
Upon the crimson peaks;
And learn at last that each shall lose
The single goal he seeks.

We'll see the roses drift away,
The voiceless birds depart,
And find that love alone remains
Unchanging in the heart!

OUR LADY OF THE FLOWER.

An architectural anniversary which occurs during the present year is the 500th anniversary of the starting of work on the great dome of the Cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore, Florence. This famous dome is one of the most notable in the world. It is some three metres higher than that of St. Peter's at Rome. The Cathedral, known as the Duomo, is one of the grandest and most noteworthy works of Catholic art. It is especially remarkable as an example of Italian-Gothic architecture. The cathedral was begun in about 1298, and was erected on the site of an earlier church of St. Salvatore, which is said to have been built in about the year 420. Giotto had direction of the works on the church (1332-1336) and after him Andrea Pisano and Francesco Talenti. Brunellesco started the dome in 1421 and finished it in about 1424. Another interesting work in connection with the edifice was started in 1437, when Brunellesco commenced work on the building of the "lantern" on the top of the dome. The last stone of the "lantern" was laid by the Archbishop and by the Gonfaloniere in 1456. The bronze ball was placed on it in 1471.

CLOISTERED ARTISTS.

Art is coming into its own again among us. We seem to be coming to realise that it does not belong solely in art galleries and in the palaces of the rich, but in everyday things used by everyday people.

We have to hang our heads and admit that our art, and especially our architecture, is as yet, in general, almost nothing in comparison with the Mediaeval Catholic cathedrals and churches and their contents. And yet it seems impossible to discover the names of the architects who conceived the plans of some of these awe-inspiring edifices. We see the results of their wonderful genius; we should like to achieve something faintly resembling them; but we do not easily see the workings of the minds and hands which fashioned them.

We view with wonder some of the remnants which remain of the exquisite illuminated manuscripts of the Ages of Faith. They seem to our modern eyes almost too beautiful to be used for practical purposes, but we see that they fitted into a beautiful scheme of things in which almost everything which was used appears to have been beautiful in a useful way. We do not see, however, the quiet monk in his cloister at work on one of these gems of the illuminator's art. His identity was probably buried in the unity of the community of which he was a member. Both he and his superiors seem to have taken it for granted that things should be done as beautifully at possible, and that whatever time was necessary for the process should be devoted to it.

We see the results of the great spread of Christianity

in its first ages. But we do not see the patient fervor which nurtured the budding plant of the Faith, in the Catacombs, during the persecutions. We see the results of the great civilising influences which the Church sent out into the rude society of her early ages. But we do not see the quiet toil of the monks and religious men and women who taught and worked to that end among others.

TO MY SON.

Do you know that your soul is of my soul such part
That you seem to be fibre and core of my heart?
No other can pain me as you, dear, can do;
None other can please me or praise me as you.

Remember, the world will be quick with its blame
If shadow or stain ever darken your name;
"Like mother, like son," is a saying so true:
The world will judge largely of mother by you.

Be this, then, your task, if task it shall be,
To force this proud world to do homage to me.
Be sure it will say, when its verdict you've won,
"She reaps as she sowed. Lo, this man is her son!"

—YOUR MOTHER.

HOW TO HAVE GOOD CITIZENS.

Out of good homes come good men. And good men are always good citizens, says the *Catholic Standard and Times*. They need no special training in citizenship. A good home implants the social instinct and inculcates the social virtues. Where we find good and cheerful homes, social unrest does not become acute and social discontent does not embitter the soul and inflame the passions. Bolshevism is born in hovels and in the vile slums of back alleys.

Our attention must be more centered upon the home. We have of late given too much thought to education and moral improvement by legislation which neither educates nor improves. If the old-time home sentiment is revived, our national life will be clean and sanity will prevail. No one whose cradle was sheltered by the roof of a happy home, whose childhood was brightened by the sunny atmosphere of contented family life, whose youth was surrounded by the stern righteousness of a good father, the gentle care of a fond mother and the love of brothers and sisters, will ever raise his hand against society in murderous envy or hateful revenge.

YES, HE'S THE MAN.

He may wear a last year's straw hat; his finger nails may need manicuring; his vest may hang a little loose, and his pants may bag at the knees; his face may show signs of a second-day's growth, and the tin dinner-can he carries may be full of dents and doughnuts; but don't you call him "the old man." He's your father.

For years and years he has been rustling around to get things together. Never once has he failed to do the right thing by you. He thinks you are the greatest boy on earth, bar none, even though you plaster your hair back, wear smart clothes, smoke cigarettes, and fail to bring home a cent. He is the man who won the love and life partnership of the greatest woman on earth—your mother.

He is "some" man and not "the old man."

If you win as good a wife as he did, you will have to go some.

MR. DOOLEY'S PHILOSOPHY.

"Opporchunity," says Mr. Dooley, "knocks at iv-ry man's dure wanst. On some men's dures it hammers till it breaks down the dure, and thin it goes in and wakes him up if he's asleep, an' afterwards it wurruks f'r him as a night-watchman. On some men's dures it knocks an' runs away, an' on th' dures iv some men it knocks an' whin they come out it hits thim over th' head wid an axe. But ivrywan has an opporchunity."

WHY JOHNNY WAS LATE.

Johnny Jones came into school two hours late. The first lesson was over, and the second one nearly so.

Yet he did not seem to hurry, but walked very slowly from the door to his seat in the class.

"How is it that you are so late?" asked the teacher. Johnny looked at him sheepishly.

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