

The Family Circle

THE COUNTRY VISIT.

The big horse walked beside her with a gentle nose thrust out,

The colt came running from the field and frolicked all about;
The chickens crowded close, until the farmer's wife said "Shoo!"

"I think they like to have me here," said little 'Liza Lou.

The ducks were swimming in the pond; they gave a friendly quack,

The turkeys came to greet her from behind the golden stack;

The rooster strutted up and said, "How do do doodle do?"
"I'm pretty well, I thank you, sir," said little 'Liza Lou.

The old cat waked and slept again, stretched out upon the floor;

The hen with all her fluffy brood was clucking near the door;

The long-legged calf came skipping, and the mother cow said "Moo!"

"I like the country very much," said little 'Liza Lou.

The pet lamb snuggled at her side and gave a timid bleat;
The kind old house dog wagged his tail and laid down at her feet;

And from the dovecot, soft and low, she heard the pigeons coo,

"Oh, let me come again, sometime!" cried little 'Liza Lou.

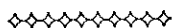


THE POWER OF HABIT.

Habit is that law of human nature by which we acquire a facility and an inclination for doing a thing by doing it frequently. It is a force of nature as real as the principle of gravitation; and every wise man will recognise its power and avail himself of its help.

Every time we make an endeavor to cultivate a habit, we put forth an energy—we energise. Energy makes habit and habit makes character. Character is a Greek word, and means that which is cut in or marked, as the impression on a coin. Now, habit is the dye which stamps character on our nature.

Habit is the great auxiliary power to the weakness of man, lessening panics, removing difficulties, and strengthening faculties. It can increase talent a hundredfold. It ought not to escape our notice with what a powerful capacity God has endowed our nature; and we should avail ourselves of this source of strength, and not let it run to waste.



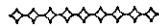
THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST.

Religion in the individual is the indispensable fact necessary to make legislation for the masses of people effective. Only through the spirit of Christ has real charity ever been fostered. When the Catholic Church opened the field of Catholic Social Service, then was her influence felt in shaping sound social legislation. This was but history repeating itself. Whenever the economic or social system of nations, or of the civilised world itself, called for a reconstruction, the greatest asset to successful reconstruction was the Catholic Church.

The Church subdued the proud minds and wanton hearts of pagan Greece and Rome, brought Christian principles to the barbaric hordes of northern Europe, entered the tent of the Iroquois, and planted the cross in a thousand wildernesses. She brought great minds trained according to Christian standards to bear on problems that threatened to disrupt society, and now she strives to renew our modern world with the spirit of Christ, believing, after centuries of experience, that nothing in the whole range of social science can solve present problems without it.

We as Catholics will fail in the high duty we owe our country if we do not bring the teachings of our Church before the world at this critical period of history, when

civilisation is, in many ways, being shaped anew. Shall we leave its fate to the destructive forces of social revolution, or shall we do all in our power to see that it is wisely fashioned by the loving hands of Christ?—Exchange.



LENT.

The holy season of Lent, with its solemn days of humiliation and repentance, is a call from Almighty God to His people to consider each man for himself what is going to become of him. It is the solemn declaration to all the world of God's terrible and most certain judgment on all kinds of sin and on sinners of every sort, high and low, if they still go on offending God in spite of His long-suffering mercy. The spirit of penance, the religious exercises, the exhortations, the mortification suggested all are echoes of the warning that sin will be our ruin if it is not put away and pardoned before we die and that there is one way open and only one way to escape from death and hell: the way of true repentance and turning to God with a steadfast and humble sorrow. In these holy days we learn anew the marvellous means which His Grace has provided to save us from our sins, not only to pardon them, but to cleanse us from their power, to change our sinful hearts and to make us new creatures, to strengthen us against the enemy of our salvation and to help us walk worthy of our calling as His servants and children. Let us enter into the spirit of Holy Church and pray God to give us the wisdom to use every day and every opportunity of this holy season for our eternal profit.



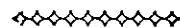
ORIGINS OF TRADE NAMES.

Many of our modern trade names have curious origins. The costermonger, for example, was in the old days a costard-monger. He hawked a kind of fruit called the costard. The word "monger" means a seller, and is still found in ironmonger, fishmonger, and so on.

Originally the grocer was a grosser, a man who sold things by the gross, or a wholesaler; no one knows why his name should have changed in spelling. When we speak of a wholesale grocer, we are really saying the same thing twice.

Tailor is a French word meaning one who fits the figure. Draper is also French; it comes from the word *drap*, and means a dealer in cloth. Mantlemaker, originally Mantua-maker, is Italian. Cloaks were fashionable in the town of Mantua, and were called after it. Milliner, originally Milaner, stood for a dealer in goods made of Milanese silk and straw.

The most puzzling word is haberdasher, which has baffled many people and produced all kinds of weird explanations. The haberdasher was formerly a pedlar who went round to fairs selling ribbons, buttons, and other small articles, which he carried in a sack. His name comes from two old words—hafer, meaning oats, and tasche, a sack.



THAT HOME OF LONG AGO.

There's a little cot a-standing
Beside an old breen,
With a hedge a-growing round it,
And the grass so bright and green.
A thrush a-singing sweetly,
When the sun is sinking low,
Again I see in memory
That home of long ago.

It was nothing much to look at,
Yet pleasing to my sight;
An earthen floor, an open fire;
The turf a-burning bright.
While I sat and watched a colleen,
Her eyes with love aglow,
And we dreamed our golden day dreams,
In that home of long ago.

The colleen still is with me,
With lads and lassies too;
In this land of peace and plenty,
All our golden dreams came true.
Over there is desolation,
Warfare, grief, and woe;
But somehow, I pray it's standing yet,
That home of long ago.

—JAMES W. GIBBONS.

Thos. Munro

Baker and Pastrycook, Gisborne Phone 52.

A Trial Solicited

