

## The Family Circle

### MAIDENS WHO TAKE THE VEIL.

A song for a band that are seldom sung, though never a nobler theme

Enticed the soul of singer true or prompted to test supreme;

A song and a toast for the fairest host of mortals that walk life's trail.

White lilies that nod in the gardens of God, the maidens who take the veil.

Choice ballads there be of the knight of yore who polished each trusty blade,

Uptook the cross for their oriflamme, and marched to the Lord's crusade;

But never a knight of the Western world for the Holy Land set sail

With half the devoted faith and love of the maidens who take the veil.

High hymns of praise chant our modern bards to the heroines of worth,

Whose deeds begem dull history's page as flowers bedeck the earth;

Yet braver than Darling's derringdo, or the courage of Nightingale,

Is the spirit that moves, their whole life long, the maidens who take the veil.

Whatever the need of earth's stricken ones, the poor, the helpless, and lone,

The orphaned young and the helpless old—sad wrecks on the world-reefs thrown,

The soldier crushed on the bloody field, or the fever-ward's inmate pale,

All find at hand that angel-band, the maidens who take the veil.

Then a song for the best of womankind, meek queens whom we all revere,

A psalm of praise for the brides of Christ, dispensing His mercy here!

A hymn and a prayer that we, too, may share in their joy that shall never fail,

When their Heavenly Spouse seals for aye their vows, the maidens who take the veil.

—Rev. A. Barry, C.S.C.

### A MOTHER'S LOVE.

The most beautiful thing in life is a mother's love. It begins with stitches on a tiny garment and it lasts the grave. Some mothers may be unkind, but rarely. These are the exceptions. The love that the mother bears for her son follows him through babyhood, school days, young manhood, and fatherhood, through all his successes and defeats. In honor or disgrace, it utterly owns him. A stain can never attach itself to him; for always it is he who is wronged by the world. To his mother he can confidently turn on any occasion under any circumstances. In her he finds always the same tender parent who sought dawning light in his baby face, and the secret of his greatness has lain hidden in her heart as she has pondered over its promise. The realisation of her dreams cannot fail, for she sees its fruition beyond the end of life itself.

The mother has this power of vision. She can see in a shapeless bit of life the lives of an unending succession of men. She has also the strength of faith that is unshakable. It approaches the divine. If heaven may be found at all on earth it is in the heart of a mother. There is no life a woman will not live, no death she will not die for her children. She makes a home what it is and, while maintaining unbroken relations with the home she loves, builds a family circle of her own. In all the complex relationships of life she nobly bears her part. Man's life may be diverse and all-absorbing and difficult, but it is as nothing to the experience of the mother who has borne and laid away and lived all that life has to offer.—*Catholic Universe*.

### THE CLEAN MOUTH.

A distinguished author says: "I resolved when a child never to use a word which I could not pronounce before my mother." He kept his resolution and became a pure-minded, noble, honored gentleman. His rule and example are worthy of imitation by every boy.

Boys readily learn a class of low, vulgar words and expressions which are never heard in respectable circles. Of course, we cannot imagine a decent girl using words she would not utter before her father, or teacher, or most esteemed friend.

Such vulgarity is thought by some boys to be "smart," the next thing to "swearing," and yet "not so wicked." But it is a habit which leads to profanity and fills the mind with evil thoughts. It vulgarises and degrades the soul and prepares the way for many of the gross and fearful sins which now corrupt society.

### HOW HE KNEW.

"Do you know anything about palmistry, Herbert?" she asked.

"Oh, not much," he answered, with the air of modesty which is not intended to be implicitly believed in. "Not a great deal, although I had an experience last night which might be considered a remarkable example of the art you allude to."

"You don't mean it?"

"Yes. I happened to glance at the hand of a friend of mine, and I immediately predicted that he would presently become the possessor of a considerable amount of money. Before he left the room he had a nice little sum handed to him."

"And you told it just from his hand?"

"Yes. It had four aces in it."

### DIDN'T UNDERSTAND.

A stranger in a northern village thought he might pass the time away by attending service in the local church. At the conclusion of a lengthy sermon the minister announced that he should like to meet the board in the vestry.

The stranger, in company with several other persons, proceeded to walk towards that place.

The parson, thinking there must be some misunderstanding, said to him: "I believe, sir, you are mistaken. This is just to be a meeting of the board."

"Well," replied the visitor, "I have listened to you talk for more than an hour, and if anyone has been more bored than I have I should like to know who it is."

### INEXPENSIVE.

Harry Lauder tells the following story about a funeral in Glasgow and a well-dressed stranger who took a seat in one of the mourning coaches. The other three occupants of the carriage were rather curious to know who he was, and at last one of them began to question him. The dialogue went like this:

"Ye'll be a brither o' the corp?"

"No, I'm no a brither o' the corp."

"Weel, ye'll be his cousin?"

"No, I'm no' a cousin."

"At ony rate ye'll be a frin' o' the corp?"

"No, I'm not that either. Ye see, I've no' been very weel masel," the stranger explained complacently, "an' my doctor has ordered me carriage exercise, so I thocht this would be the cheapest way to tak' it."

### ACCURACY.

An editor had a notice stuck up above his desk on which was printed: "Accuracy! Accuracy! Accuracy!" and this notice he always pointed out to the new reporters.

One day the youngest member of the staff came in with his report of a public meeting. The editor read it through, and came to the sentence: "Three thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine eyes were fixed upon the speaker."

"What do you mean by making a silly blunder like that?" he demanded, wrathfully.