

The Family Circle

MY SHADOW.

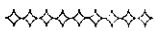
I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
 And what can be the use of him is more than I can see;
 He is very, very like me, from the heels up to the head,
 And I see him jump before me when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow,
 Not at all like proper children, which is very, very slow,
 For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-rubber ball,
 And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
 And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way;
 He stays so close beside; he's a coward you can see;
 I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me.

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
 I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
 But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
 Had stayed at home behind me, and was fast asleep in bed.

—R. L. STEVENSON.



FROM FAR AFRICA.

In Miss Ron Thompson, a young sweet-voiced soprano of their Company, the Fisk Jubilee Singers have an interesting member. Miss Thompson is a grand-daughter of the late Cetewayo, King of the Zulus, who, after the war against Britain visited England and was received by Queen Victoria. He died a Catholic, and his grand-child (Miss Thompson) is, too, a fervent adherent of the Faith.



WORDS.

Soft words soften the soul. Angry words add fuel to wrath, and make it blaze more fiercely. Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them. Bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful. There is such a tremendous rush of words in our days that it is especially desirable for each one of us to see to it that kind words have their chance among others. There are vain words and idle words, hasty words, and spiteful words, silly words and warlike words. Don't forget the kind words. They produce their own image in men's souls, and a beautiful image it is, to be sure. They soothe and quiet and comfort the hearer. Why not let them have a larger share in all our lives?—*The Monitor*, San Francisco.



TENNYSON'S EYE TO BUSINESS.

An excellent story was told some years ago about Alfred Tennyson and his wonderful poem, "The Revenge," by a correspondent who vouched for its truth. The poem was first published in the *Nineteenth Century* in 1878 or 1879. On the eve of its publication Tennyson invited between thirty and forty of his most intimate friends to his house in Eaton Square, that he might recite this thrilling piece to them.

It is well known that Tennyson was an excellent man of business. Had he written *Paradise Lost* he would have been both very hungry and very cold before accepting ten pounds for the copyright. A letter of his is in existence which, after offering the right to publish his works at a certain price, ends with the declaration that, whether the

publisher accepts his offer or not, he—Lord Tennyson—would not accept "a blessed penny" less!

When this recital of "The Revenge" in Eaton Square took place, there was much "jingo" feeling about in fashionable society in London, and not a few infected persons were among the select audience. As the poet proceeded in his rich and sonorous tones, rendered all the more attractive by his Lincolnshire accent, the favored few hung upon his words. When he reached the last lines,

"And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shatter'd navy of Spain,
 And the little Revenge herself went down by the island crags,
 To be lost evermore in the main,"

the feelings of all present were strung up into excitement and enthusiasm, when, to the amazement of all, the laureate added, without the slightest pause, and without the least change of tone in his voice:

"And the beggars only gave me three hundred pounds for it, when it was worth at least five hundred pounds or more!"



ABOUT VOCATIONS.

Vocations to the Sisterhoods.

"What is required to be a Sister?" This is a burning question for many of our Catholic young people who are looking about for their life's work. They have experienced the inward call of Christ and they would like to make up their minds to be religious, but they fear that the life would be too difficult or that they have not the necessary qualities to be a good religious.

As a matter of fact, common sense ought to teach them that if they are good average Catholic girls, with piety and virtue, they are quite able to lead the life of a Sister and be happy therein. What is needed for this holy vocation is simply the fitness and the interior willingness, that is the qualities of mind and body necessary to do the work of the Sisters and a spirit of self-sacrifice required to leave all and follow Christ. The one is the result of God's Providence the other the fruit of His Grace.

There are in America many, many thousands of Catholic Sisters teaching in the schools, nursing in hospitals, engaged in divers blessed ministries. Out of 20,000,000 of our Catholic people, it would be impossible to find so many exceptional and wonderful characters. Therefore most of the good Sisters who are doing such admirable work for God and the Church and their native land, were good ordinary Catholic girls who possessed goodness enough to wish to become a Sister and received grace from God to enter and persevere. There must be hundreds of thousands of Catholic girls at this time who could be Sisters if they so desired.

—REV. E. F. GARESCHÉ, S.J.



ALL FOR GOD.

Give all to God, remember yet
 That God gave all to you;
 Whate'er you are or have, the debt
 To Him is justly due
 The Home that nursed, the love that warm'd
 Blue sky and fragrant sod,
 Whate'er has blessed, or thrilled, or charm'd
 Are all but gifts of God.
 Give all for God He is the spring,
 Of all you most admire,
 The source of every glorious thing
 That human hearts desire,
 The hope for which you've learned to live,
 The friends for whom you pray
 If God should ask, O gladly give—
 And trust Him to repay.

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