

# The Family Circle

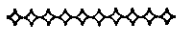
## FOLLOWING THE BAND.

Life was a joy when I was a boy,  
 In the days of long ago,  
 When eye and ear could see and hear  
 The things it was good to know.  
 But the kind old earth, once glad with birth  
 And pleasures high and grand,  
 Seems stale and tame since I became  
 Too big to follow the band.

Yet I dare say earth holds to-day  
 About as much or more  
 Of joy and cheer, right now and here,  
 Than ever it held before.  
 But by our pride we're now denied  
 God's gifts on every hand;  
 We've grown too proud to follow the crowd,  
 Too big to follow the band.

I'd like to stray in a careless way  
 Through the broad green fields of youth,  
 And wander back along life's track  
 To the blissful springs of truth.  
 I'd like to trade my woes, self-made,  
 And the cares that come to men,  
 For the keen delight of a boy's glad right  
 To follow the band again.

—NIXON WATERMAN.



## JUSTICE WHITE'S TRIBUTE TO THE CHURCH AND HER PRIESTS.

Referring to the death recently, of the United States Chief Justice, Edward Douglas White, an American exchange comments thus:—Chief Justice White's faith was not a light burning under a bushel; it shone forth in his life, public and private, in practice as well as profession. One example of the fealty he was always willing to pay to the Church and its ministers, and of the obligation he was always eager to acknowledge to his religion, is furnished by the notable address he delivered in New Orleans on the occasion of the centennial of St. Louis Cathedral of that city, in 1893.

In the presence of a great throng he spoke a wonderful tribute to the Church in which he was born and reared. That tribute was carried by the newspapers of the time to all parts of the United States. It heralded him among men of every communion as a Catholic unafraid, uncompromising. Passages from that address follow:

"Need I go over the blessings, which the teachings of the Church have brought to this commonwealth? Need I recount to this audience how, in all our social existence, in the heyday of our prosperity, amidst the storm of war, in the raging of pestilence, and in the humiliation of defeat, in the new life which has been vouchsafed to us and to which we turn our faces full of glorious hope; how everywhere and at all times, the Catholic bishop and the Catholic priest has associated himself with the life of this commonwealth; has called its attention to the teachings of that great, noble and Christian morality by which alone society can be saved and by which alone its prosperity can be worked out?"

"What has it done to the individual, for, after all, the operation of given effects upon the individual members of society best indicates the effect which these forces have produced upon society itself?"

"Ah, who of us as individuals, looking back in his life, can hesitate to say that the very blessings and hope of our life have been the faith which we hold and the consolation which it affords us? Enter at the marriage feast; whose voice was heard there to bless that union from which the happiness of a life was to come, calling attention to the responsibilities engendered and the pathway of duty to which it leads? Whose voice but the voice of a priest?"

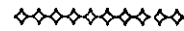
"Draw near to the cradle; whose hand has poured upon the infant's head the living waters of baptism in order that the pathway of life may be made higher and nobler, and the hope of a hereafter be given? Whose but the hand of the Catholic priest?"

"Enter the family circle in the joy of festivity, in the darker hours of misery and anguish: Who has come to join the gaiety or console in the misfortune but the Catholic priest?"

"Draw near to that dread hour when the palsied hand of a man reaches out in vain for human effort, when the glazed and faded eye sees all things human passing out of its orbit, and when the soul of man stands in the dread and awful presence, the mystery of death: Who then has come to whisper unto the dying ear the word of hope, to take the palsied hand and lift it from the earthly up to the starry firmament above, and thus pass his faltering soul from the turmoil and anguish and misery of things human unto the everlasting and undying joy which lies beyond?"

"If we could go back for the time which has elapsed since the event we commemorate this night and summon up all the souls which have gone, blessed by the ministrations of the Catholic priest, what an enormous aggregate of blessings and hope it would be to mankind! If there be doubt in your mind, it would be dispelled. If we could summon from the graves the countless myriads of our brothers who have gone before, and call them to participate in this evening's concourse and ask them what had been the hope, the consolation and blessing of their lives, do we know with what accord their voices would be lifted up, telling us the consolation and hope which their Faith had given them?"

How have all these things been accomplished? By the faith, the courage, the self-denial, the simplicity of the bishops and priests and religious of this diocese; by their devotion to duty, by their dedication of their lives to self-abnegation and simplicity; by following the mighty example of the Great Master, and thus dedicating themselves to the divine and noble work which lay before them."

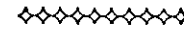


## THOUGHTLESS WORDS.

Let's be careful when speaking of others  
 To consider well what we say;  
 Lest in wounding the heart of our brothers,  
 The image of God should slay;  
 For many a word that's idly spoken,  
 Many a bitter tear is shed,  
 And many a heart is bruised and broken  
 By words that were thoughtlessly said.

Let us always speak kindly of brother,  
 Whatever his failings may be;  
 There are flaws in the life of each other,  
 None but the brother doth see;  
 In sombre shades of the past still another  
 Sad thought we would never recall,  
 Before we speak in our hearts let's ponder  
 Lest o'er us dark shadows may fall.

—D. F. MACCARTHY.

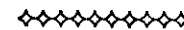


## WHY "POT-LUCK"?

When a man offers a spur-of-the-moment invitation to "come home with me and take pot-luck," he is understood as meaning that no special preparation has been made for the guest, but that the repast will be whatever chances to be in the house.

But there was a time when "pot-luck" was actually dished out of a pot, and when the guest took his chance of getting either a good meal or a very slim one. In the old days—and the practice is still in force in some parts of Europe—nothing came amiss to the family cooking-pot suspended from the pot-hook in the centre of the fireplace.

Everything edible was thrown into it, and, to "keep the pot boiling," the fire was seldom, if ever, allowed to go out. When meal-time came, persons fished for themselves, and whatever they happened to find was their "pot-luck."



## TOO WELL-KNOWN.

A certain cantankerous old gentleman not long ago advertised for a coachman, who was required, among other qualifications, to possess an intimate acquaintance with the neighborhood, but to his surprise he received not a single application for the post.

"I cannot understand it at all," he said, during a chat one day with an ostler at the local livery stables he had mentioned the fact to.