

The Family Circle

THE RETURN.

And so at last I trod the ways
I once had found so fair,
To find the rose of memory
Had drooped and faded there.

Noon on the strange-familiar ways;
Dust, and the common things;
Until at last the day spreads out
For flight its lovely wings.

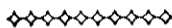
And let their golden shadows fall
Across the fields I knew;
And then the sudden splendor came
As it was wont to do.

Like the old smile across a face
Whose early charm is spent,
That light of unforgotten days
Trembled—and came—and went!

When I forget the little house
Wherein my time must end,
I shall forget what neighbors mean,
The value of a friend.

I shall forget the face of love,
The sound of mirth and song,
When I forget the little house
Where I was glad so long.

—THEO. GARRISON.



TRIBUTE TO THE NURSE.

In addressing a class of graduate nurses recently, a Catholic Bishop paid this tribute to the noble profession:—

Your calling is one of the few professions in which a livelihood may be gained by works of mercy.

For, if to visit the sick is a corporal work of mercy, how much more is it one to watch by their bed-side day and night, to lift their limp bodies, to smooth the pillow under their aching heads, to wipe the cold sweat from their foreheads, to administer to them their food and medicine, to cheer them, to nurse them back to health, or at least, prepare them for a happy death?

"I was sick and you visited me," the Divine Judge will say to the just on the last day. They shall answer: "Lord, when did we see Thee sick, and minister to Thee?" Then, answering, He shall say to them: "Amen, I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, you did it to Me."

The Good Samaritan.

Martha has her praise and reward because she prepared for Christ His bodily food. You will prepare it for Him in person of His sick brethren.

Wherever the Gospel shall be preached Mary Magdalen's name will be held in memory, because she washed and wiped the sacred feet of Jesus and anointed His body. You follow her example whenever you bathe His feet, who are the sick poor.

Veronica wiped the sweat and blood off His face with a napkin. You do the same when you wipe the faces of His brethren.

Simon the Cyrenean helped Christ to carry His cross. You help His children to do so.

You are the Good Samaritan who poured wine and oil into the bleeding wounds of the wayfarer who journeyed from Jerusalem down to Jericho, fell into the hands of robbers, was stripped of his raiment, was wounded and left half dead.

In your profession you follow in the footsteps of Christ, who went up and down the Holy Land healing the sick.

The work which you perform is so pleasing in the eyes of God that it was undertaken by the greatest saints and by pious ladies of the highest birth and rank.

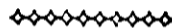
THE MUSIC OF NATURE.

Nature is full of music if we but stop to listen to it. We are often adjured to keep our eyes open; but let us keep our ears open, too, so that we may really hear the music that is being made all about us (said Miss Edith Howes, at a lecture given before the St. Cecilia Musical Club, Dunedin). Everybody can enjoy the rhythmic surging of the sea, the lulling cadences of falling waters, the wind in trees, the wild music of a storm in the hills; but not everyone hears the quieter songs.

You are sitting, perhaps, in a wide grassy paddock. There is no wind, only the hot sun shining down. The world seems silent—so silent that you droop drowsily over your book. Suddenly you are wide awake, roused by sounds, a multitude of sounds. You have unconsciously begun to really listen. The buzzing of flies, the humming of honey bees, the droning of humble bees, the orchestra-tion of crickets, the high piping of a gnat—all these are there; with a hundred other softer and less distinguishable notes and rustlings and fluttering of wings.

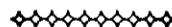
And then a skylark rises and soars, filling the air with throbbing melody. Bird songs! All day they ring about our gardens, and we scarcely notice them. A blackbird piping through the rain, a thrush fluting in the morning sunshine, a goldfinch or hedge sparrow trilling from a twig; any one of these is enough to fill one's mind with gladness. And what a treasury of song is our bush, where the native birds still wreathe their inimitable melodies about the trees. The golden bell notes and exquisite calls and phrases of the bellbird and the tui are surely the highest development possible of Nature's music, and the hour-long ecstasies of the little grey warbler charm one's soul to happiness!

It is a fascinating pastime for anyone with a hearing ear and a little knowledge of music to take down the bird songs of a district. Nothing teaches one so well to really hear, no hobby is more delightful.



EXAMINATION "HOWLERS."

Here are a few flowers of fancy, culled from a list of "howlers" perpetrated during the Christmas examinations in English schools: "Shakespeare wrote tragedies, comedies, and errors." "Phillippa was a brave Queen. She married Edward I." "Henry met Beckett on the altar steps, and severely massacred him." "Martin Luther did not die a natural death, but was ex-communicated by a bull." "A straight line is one which, being continually produced, shall never end." "'Anno Domini' means 'after death.'" "The three estates of the realm are Buckingham Palace, Windsor Castle, and Balmoral." "People go to Africa to hunt rhinostiches." "The guilds were the ancestors of trade unions, but now only old women go there to sew."



OUT OF THE DEEPS.

Out of the deeps hast thou brought me
Well with my ship in hand,
Out of the fog and out of the night,
And into the Morning Land.
Crested and crown'd the billow,
Oft with the vengeful spray,
Under me all of the pitfalls,
Over me—Ah, may I say!
God! now the light green shoreline
And the beacon light of love;
Thy hand was my guiding compass
My night-star watching above.
I have stemmed my ship's last danger,
Tho' the rocks may remain below,
I steer with my compas'd Godhead,
I fear on no sea to go.
I have reached earth's sweetest haven
Unshrouded by flaw or cloud,
My shipmasts point fair heavens,
The sunshine falls on her shroud.
So, while I sail I know me
A hand guides my own at sea,
A hand that will swing my ship to port
When my Lord hath need of me.

—DR. JAMES HENDERSON, in the *Catholic Bulletin*.