

The Family Circle

A LITTLE SMILING.

Try a little smiling
When the world goes wrong;
Drop the tone of scolding,
Change to one of song.
Nothing lasts forever,
Love and beauty die,
Make the best of the present
Ere it passes by.

Clouds must come and sorrow,
'Tis the way of life,
Still the silver lining
Shines upon the strife,
And the sorrow lessens,
Bringing with it calm;
Ev'ry pain of living
Has its own sweet balm!

Try a little smiling,
Though the effort cost,
You will find that never
Is its radiance lost;
Through the darkness shining
Ev'ry star has place;
Try a little smiling,
Trouble to efface.

—O'REILLY.

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆ SYMPATHY.

Generations of indifference, rebuff, and suffering have not quenched the sparks of divinity that glimmer in the hearts of men the most obdurate and impious. Their feelings vibrate with compassion as readily as do the strings of a harp to the touch of the finger. There is a tender chord in every soul, which, when swept by the breath of sympathy, wakes angels' melodies. Those who do not allow for this responsive and sublimating force, who do not recognise sentiment as distinguished from interest as a potent factor in all government, take a partial and distorted view of human nature.

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆ THE LOVING WORK OF CATHOLIC NUNS.

In our reflective moments we often consider how much we owe to our good nuns engaged in teaching, and of how gently these quiet, consecrated ladies unconsciously bless the world.

They come out every morning from the Presence of God and go to their allotted task. And all day long they toil; they drop gentle words from their lips and scatter little seeds of kindness all about them; and to-morrow flowers of God spring up in the dusty streets of earth, and along the hard path whereon their feet have trod.

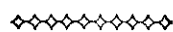
More than once in Holy Scripture are the lives of good people in the world compared in their influence to the dew. It falls silently and imperceptibly. It makes no noise; no one hears it dropping; but it covers the leaves with clusters of pearls.

All honor, then, to our dear Sisters. They are the dew in the dusty streets of life.

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆ A PRINCESS'S DEVOTION.

The fact that the infant son of Viscount Lascelles and Princess Mary was christened on March 25, the feast of the Annunciation, in a church dedicated to St. Mary, recalls to the *Catholic Register*, Toronto, the further fact that the royal mother of the little boy has always cherished a deep and tender devotion to Our Lady, as she publicly proclaimed some time before her marriage, when she reminded the boys of Eton College that their college was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin by Henry VI., its august founder, and that she herself had always loved the Immaculate Mother of God, to whom England of old was consecrated as "The Dowry of Mary." Catholics will sincerely hope and pray (says our contemporary) that in Our Lady mother and child will find a loving and efficacious patron and protectress, and that some day the happy Princess and her little boy, baptised under the

auspices of Our Lady, on Lady Day, may experience the joy of honoring that heavenly Lady in the Church that exalts the Queen of Heaven next to her Divine Son, and sets her up as a model of womanly virtue to be emulated by all true and good women.



A COUNTY DERRY SAINT.

Away in the Black North, on the shores of the far-famed Lough Neagh, is a promontory called Tyrard Point. In the fifth century, somewhere in its vicinity between Magherafelt and Ballyronan, lived a quiet married pair.

They had embraced Christianity through St. Patrick's teaching, and it was the dream of their hearts to be privileged to entertain the great saint on his sojourn in that part of the country.

At last their desire was gratified, and he became their honored guest. All that was in their power they did to make his stay a happy one. We can imagine those big, good "loughshore men" coming with their wives and children and drinking in eagerly the teaching of the great apostle and his happiness in baptizing them.

On his reluctant departure from these true, large-hearted entertainers of his, St. Patrick prophesied that an infant that was expected soon to arrive would one day become a saint.

Some time afterwards a little baby girl made her welcome appearance. Her parents had her baptised by the name of Trea.

The happy father and mother spared no trouble in her training. Nothing was left undone to make her a good, accomplished and useful girl. The father probably owned land and boats. We can imagine the baby Trea toddling gaily along Lough Neagh's banks "when the clear, cold eve's declining," and maybe going out in a boat with her proud parent "to see the round towers of other days in the waves beneath them shining."

As a child, and as she grew towards maidenhood, her great desire was to become a nun. At last she got the wish of her heart and entered a convent.

The story goes that on her profession St. Patrick was invited, and came to officiate at the ceremony. In placing the veil on her head it fell down over her eyes. She earnestly begged that it might be allowed to remain so, and that for the remainder of her life she should only look on the world through its threads. Her superiors granted her request.

In the Catholic Church of Magherafelt is a handsome pulpit erected by the people in memory of their beloved pastor, Canon Patrick Donnelly.

One of the panels represents St. Trea with the veil hiding her features. The pulpit is a really beautiful specimen of Irish and Dublin sculpture, and was selected and designed under the guidance and advice of Canon Donnelly's successor and beloved admirer, Canon McNece. He also took an interest in St. Trea and unearthed some particulars of her from old records in Armagh.

It was, as far as I can remember, a saintly young curate, Father Joseph Quinn (Canon Donnelly called him his right hand), who first told his parishioners about St. Trea.

She must have been a rather important personage in the early days of Christianity on the "Lough shore," for to the present day the very large Parish of Ardtrea, which runs into Co. Tyrone, bears her name. It is also thought that Tyrard, or Tread Point, was so called in her honor.

Details about her are at present rather meagre. In Newbridge, the country part of the Parish of Magherafelt, the church is dedicated to St. Trea, but so far very few parents think of calling their children by the beautiful name of their local patronness.—*Irish World*.

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆ A CHILD.

A link between the heart and the Creator—
A fragile flower among earth's sturdy trees,
A source of joy to those whose souls are simple,
A little ship all stranger to life's seas,
A strengthening balm to toilers oft full weary,
A jewel not on sale in this world's mart,
A ray of sunshine when all life seems dreary,
A bit of Heaven to a mother's heart!

—M. E. H.