

## The Family Circle

### THE DAUGHTER'S TURN

Lay the book down, Isabel, before the story's done;  
 Leave your picture, Marion, though the piece be just  
 begun;  
 Come from dreamland, Miriam, however sweet the  
 dream,  
 Wash the dishes, bake the bread, sew the waiting seam.  
 School is over; hasten another task to learn—  
 Mother's worn and weary; it is now the daughter's  
 turn.  
 Watch lest you be wanting in what her heart most  
 needs—  
 Earnest, thoughtful service, gentle, loving deeds.  
 As her footsteps falter, oh, may she never miss  
 A daughter's strength to lean on, a daughter's tender  
 kiss.  
 A lifetime is not long enough your filial debt to learn—  
 Mother's worn and weary; it is now the daughter's  
 turn.

—Exchange.

### HIS MOTHER'S TRAINING

Roland stopped and looked at the sign:—'Boy Wanted.' It hung outside a large cutlery establishment, next to a store where there had been a big fire. He had made up his mind that he was old enough to look for work and try to relieve mother. Should he go in? He hesitated; then, with all the courage he could command, went inside. He was sent back to a room where men on high stools were writing in big books, too busy to notice him, but a tall gentleman did, and questioned him so fast he could hardly answer.

'What kind of work do you expect to do? Don't know? Most boys do. Never worked out before? Suppose you think it's all play. Well,' pointing to some steps, 'go down there, and the man at the foot will tell you what to do.'

Roland went down, and found half a dozen boys at work, with their sleeves rolled up, cleaning and polishing knives. The man at the foot of the steps looked up and said:

'Come to try your hand? Well, three have just left in disgust. Doesn't seem to be boys' work, somehow, but it's got to be done. You see,' he said, picking up some knives and scissors and showing spots of rust on them, 'the water that saved our building the other night injured some of our finest goods. If you want to try your hand at cleaning, I'll show you how. We pay by the dozen.'

'Tisn't fair,' said one of the boys; 'some have more rust on than others.'

'If you don't like our terms, you needn't work for us,' said the foreman, and the boy, muttering that he wanted to be errand boy and see something of life, left, while Roland went to work with a will. As he finished each piece he held it up, examined it critically, and wondered if mother would think it well done. When the hour for closing came, the gentleman who had sent him down-stairs appeared, and looking round at the boys, said:

'Well?'

'There is the boy we want,' said the foreman, pointing to Roland. 'He will take pride in doing anything you give him to do. He has been well trained.' Again the tall man spoke quickly:

'That's what we want. "Boy wanted" doesn't mean any kind of boy. Mother know you came? No? Well, take her your first wages, and tell her there's a place open to you here. Then put your arms around her neck and thank her for teaching you to be thorough. If more boys were thorough, more boys would succeed in life.'

'I guess, mother,' said Roland, when he told her about it, 'it was because I tried to do everything as you would like it. I forgot I was doing it because there was a "boy wanted."—"S.S. Advocate.'

### A SPELLING LESSON

'I am going to have a spelling match to-night,' said Uncle John, 'and I'll give a pair of skates to the boy that can spell man best.'

The children turned and stared into one another's eyes.

'Spell man best, Uncle John? Why, there's only one way!' they cried.

'There are all sorts of ways,' replied Uncle John. 'I'll leave you to think of it awhile'; and he buttoned up his coat and went away.

'What does he mean?' asked Bob.

'I think it's a joke,' said Harry thoughtfully; 'and when Uncle John asks me, I'm going to say, why m-a-n, of course.'

Time went slowly to the puzzled boys, for all their fun that day. It seemed as if that after-supper time would never come; but it came at last, and Uncle John came too, with a shiny skate-runner peeping out of his pocket.

'It's a conundrum, I know,' said Joe; and he leaned his head on his hand and settled down to think.

Uncle John did not delay; he sat down, and looked straight into Harry's eyes.

'Been a good boy to-day, Hal?'

'Yes—n-o,' said Harry, flushing. 'I did something Aunt Mary told me not to do, because Ned Barnes dared me to. I can't bear a boy to dare me. What has that got to do with spelling man?' he added, half to himself.

But Uncle John had turned to Bob:

'Had a good day, my boy?'

'Haven't had fun enough,' answered Bob stoutly. 'It's all Joe's fault, too. We boys wanted the pond to ourselves for one day, and we made up our minds that when the girls came we'd clear them off; but Joe, he—'

'I think this is Joe's to tell,' interrupted Uncle John. 'How was it, boy?'

'Why,' said Joe, 'I thought the girls had as much right on the pond as the boys, so I spoke to one or two of the bigger boys, and they thought so, too, and we stopped it all. I thought it was mean to treat the girls that way.'

There came a flash from Uncle John's pocket; the next minute the skates were on Joe's knees.

'The spelling match is over,' said Uncle John, 'and Joe has won the prize.'

Three bewildered faces mutely questioned him.

'Boys,' he answered gravely, 'we've been spelling man—not in letters, but in acts. I told you there were different ways, and we've proved it here to-night. Think it over, boys, and see.'

### THE POPE AND 'BUSTER BROWN'

We heard this week (says an American exchange) a pretty anecdote of his Holiness and a little boy. The Holy Father, as is well known, has a great love for the little ones, especially little boys, and they with a child's unerring instinct know at once that they are dear to him. Marchese Francesco Patrizi, whose wife is an American lady, has a dear little son of five years old, whose many scrapes have earned him the nickname of 'Buster Brown.' The other day several children with their parents had a private audience with his Holiness. Little Bernard knelt down and kissed the foot of the Sovereign Pontiff, as he had been told he should do, and then with a sudden impulse he jumped on to the Holy Father's knees, threw his arms around his neck, and kissed him on both cheeks, and Pius X. folded him close in his embrace. 'Why did you do that, Bernard?' he was asked afterwards, and he looked up with big innocent eyes. 'Because the Holy Father looked like mother does when we are good.'

### THE TSAR'S JESTER

There is little of jest to-day pertaining to the relations of unhappy Finland with Russia, under whose rule it has so long been. Its ancient liberties are passing away from it, and it is to be compressed into the uniform Russian model. But according to historical tradition, the conquest of Finland was foretold in jest that sooth became earnest by its conqueror, Peter the Great, to his jester, Balakireff.

Balakireff had vexed the Tsar by too impudent a joke, and had been summarily banished with a menacing injunction never to appear on Russian soil again. He disappeared discreetly; but one day not long after Peter, glancing out of a window, saw his unmistakable figure and quizzical countenance joggling comfortably by, perched in a country cart. Impulsively he ran down to him and demanded to know why he had disobeyed.

'I haven't disobeyed you,' was the answer. 'I'm not on Russian soil now.'

'Not on Russian soil?'

'No; this cartload of earth that I'm sitting on is Swedish soil. I dug it up in Finland only the other day.'