

## The Family Circle

### I'M SORRY; I WAS WRONG.

There may be virtue in the man  
Who's always sure he's right,  
Who'll never hear another's plan  
And seeks no further light;  
But I like more the chap who sings  
A somewhat different song;  
Who says, when he has messed up things,  
'I'm sorry; I was wrong.'

It's hard for any one to say  
That failure's due to him—  
That he has lost the fight or way  
Because his lights burned dim.  
It takes a man aside to throw  
The vanity that's strong,  
Confessing, 'Twas my fault, I know;  
'I'm sorry; I was wrong.'

And so, I figure, those who use  
This honest, manly phrase,  
Hate it too much their way to lose  
On many future days.  
They'll keep the path and make the fight,  
Because they do not long  
To have to say—when they're not right—  
'I'm sorry; I was wrong.'

### WHY BUDDY CAME BACK?

'Where are you going, Buddy?' Cynthia Lee inquired hoarsely as Jack, securely cloaked and protected against the cold weather, passed along the hall, whistling a cheery air.

'Over to Dick Dodd's to make a snowman and throw snowballs at folks that pass his house,' the brother answered carelessly, as he stopped for a moment at the half-open door of the bedroom where his little sister was confined on account of a very bad cold.

'Oh, I'm so sorry you're going out this afternoon! I'm dreadfully lonesome, and I wanted you to read me all the stories in my new book,' Cynthia observed regretfully.

'Pshaw! That's a silly book. I don't like girl stories. Anyhow, I don't want to waste a fine afternoon like this indoors when Dick's out there having a fine time in the snow.' So saying, Jack banged the hall door and ran whistling down the street. As he neared his chum's home he uttered a shrill sort of yell, which was the comrade's call, but there was no response, and the snow-man in the yard boasted no arms or head. He had been left in a state of incompleteness. Jack rang the doorbell loudly. 'Where's Dick,' he asked of the servant who let him in.

'Upstairs,' said the maid. 'Run right up.'

'All right,' Jack replied. And he started to enter the room at the head of the stairs.

'No, Dick is not in his room, he's in the nursery, at the end of the hall,' the servant directed.

'I wonder what he's doing in here,' Jack was thinking as he knocked at the nursery door.

'Come in,' two voices called. And the guest entered, but he could hardly believe what he saw. For there was Dick Dodd, the leader of all the boyish games, playing dolls with his little sister May.

'Hello, Jack. Come, join up in our game,' Dick called unabashed. 'Sir' May is sick of a cold to-day and couldn't get out, and mother had to go to town, and there was nobody to keep her company. So I'm pretending I'm her doll's chauffeur as she goes out for a ride in her new motor.'

Jack gazed silently at the toy automobile occupied by a large flaxen-haired bisque lady with staring marble eyes, and then at the frank little girl propped up with pillows on the couch, and then at his chum, who was doing all he could to entertain his little sister playing her illness.

'No, thanks. I reckon I can't stop to-day. I'll come again,' he said, as he turned and left the room.

Jack hurried home through the deep snow. A wistful face looked out the window of the small bedroom as he neared the house. 'I guess I'd better run in and read to Cynthia a while,' he answered as he entered the hall.

### WHAT THE 'TOMMY' THOUGHT.

Fresh from the trenches, an English 'Tommy' had just arrived in London for a few days' home leave. As is usually the case, almost the first place visited was a barber's shop.

The barber, after scraping away industriously for a few moments, made the usual inquiry:—

'Razor all right, sir?'

'My good man, if you hadn't mentioned it I should never have known there was a razor on my face.'

The barber beamed.

'Thank you, sir,' he said.

'No,' added the soldier, reflectively, 'I should have thought you were bayoneting the whiskers off.'

### WORST ON RECORD.

The shopman had been using a vast amount of persuasion in trying to induce the visitor to purchase the gramophone.

'Latest and most wonderful instrument, sir,' he remarked. 'I've a blank disc here, if you care to hear yourself.'

The visitor's eyes brightened.

'I play the flute a little,' he replied, producing an instrument. 'If you don't mind—'

The shopman did not; and the disc was soon indented with something that only a sleuth from Scotland Yard could have recognised as 'Alice, Where Art Thou?'

'Is that really me?' asked the flautist, when his performance was repeated by the instrument.

'That's you exactly, sir. Will you buy the gramophone, sir?'

'No,' was the reply: 'I'll sell the flute, though.'

### TASSO'S DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

The great Italian poet, Tasso, was, like Dante, profoundly devoted to the Blessed Virgin, and sang her praises in some of the most beautiful verses ever written. It happened that he was once journeying from Mantua to Rome: and although weary and without money, he having made a vow to our Lady of Loretto, turned out of his way to her shrine. He might have fared badly if it had not been for a friend—one of the princes of the Gonzaga—who happened to be visiting Loretto at the same time, and who ministered to the poet's simple wants, and enabled him to fulfil all the duties of his pilgrimage. That done, and body and soul refreshed, Tasso wrote an immortal canticle in honor of our Lady, and then proceeded on his way to Rome.

When the poet was about to die, he called young Rubens, son of the great painter, to his bedside.

'I once gave your father a little silver statue of the Blessed Virgin,' he said with much difficulty.

'And I have it with me now,' exclaimed Rubens.

A look of happiness came into the face of the dying man, and he held out his hand into which the young man reverently placed the precious little statue.

'Take it back when I am dead,' whispered Tasso. And then, clasping the sacred image tightly in his hands which were fast growing cold, he prayed fervently until the end came. Young Rubens was profoundly affected by the scene, and while the body of his father's friend was being borne to its last resting place, he, instead of occupying an honorable position in the procession of mourners, which followed it, was prostrate before an altar of the Blessed Virgin in a quiet corner of St. Peter's in Rome holding the little silver statue and praying for the soul of Tasso.

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