

## The Family Circle

### THE DAY'S RESULT.

Is anybody happier because you passed his way?  
Does anyone remember that you spoke to him to-day?  
This day is almost over and its toiling time is through;  
Is there any one to utter now a kindly word of you?

Did you give a cheerful greeting to the friend who  
came along,  
Or a churlish sort of "howdy" and then vanish in  
the throng?  
Were you selfish, pure and simple, as you rushed along  
the way,  
Or is some one mighty grateful for a deed you did  
to-day?

Can you say to-night, in parting with the day that's  
slipping fast,  
That you helped a single brother of the many that you  
passed?  
Is a single heart rejoicing over what you did or said?  
Does a man whose hopes were fading now with courage  
look ahead?

Did you waste the day or lose it; was it well or poorly  
spent?  
Did you leave a trail of kindness or a scar of dis-  
content?  
As you close your eyes in slumber do you think that  
God would say  
You have earned one more to-morrow by the work you  
did to-day?

### HEAVEN'S BRIGHTEST STAR.

"She wrote no books; she painted no pictures; she thrilled no audiences with her eloquence; she inaugurated no great reform. She spent her life in none of the brilliant spheres for which many of our girls sigh to-day. She simply lulled a little Babe on her breast, she pressed its face close to her motherheart, she went about her household duties there in a Nazareth kitchen; she filled her water pitcher at the well, lighted her fires, and prepared her frugal meals, unwaited upon, unattended by any, save the angels that hovered unseen.

"Yet through all ages past, and throughout all ages to come, her name is, and will ever remain, the most blessed among women.

"Artists may paint, writers may write, singers may sing, right on to the end of time, but none can ever hope to rival in unending love and reverence the wife of an humble carpenter of Galilee. They are all but as earth's tiniest candle to heaven's brightest star. Earth's greatest woman was great by virtue of her motherhood.

"A Maiden of Judea went up so close to the throne of God: she kept the chamber of her heart so pure that the Lord of Hosts entered in and laid upon her breast the Saviour of men.

"Earth has nothing greater than the loving devotion of a woman who is pure in heart. We need Marys from Nazareth yet; we need them everywhere. Let our girls aspire, by all means. Let them be ambitious, but let them not forget amid life's feverish rush to sit often at the feet of the Master, to learn His touch, to get the Madonna's secret."

### HINTS FOR YOU.

Make your mother your best friend, and treat her as politely as if she were a strange lady who did not spend her life in your service.

Give your confidence to your mother and your teachers.

Be generous and good-natured with your playmates.

Put away your playthings when you are through with them. Do not leave them scattered about for others to pick up or stumble over.

Do not take the easiest chair when there are older people in the room.

Do not grumble or refuse to render a service when requested.

Never tease.

Never lie.

Express your gratitude on leaving the house where you have been entertained. Seek the hostess and thank her for her kindness.

Have a great regard for holy things.

Never ridicule the religion of any one.

### EVERY MAN A BRICK.

Everyone knows that when one man says of another, "He's a brick!" he means to bestow as high a compliment upon him as one man can upon another, and yet the term appears to be utterly senseless because of the general unattractiveness of a brick.

Like many other sayings which have their root among the people, it will be found that this term started out with a very sensible meaning.

It had its origin far back in the days of Lycurgus, the Spartan ruler. Lycurgus had a great many very wise notions as to how private and public matters of state should be adjusted. He it was who first advanced the idea that there was no necessity to build a wall about a city if the soldiers were trained to properly defend the place.

On one occasion a great ambassador from a far country visited Lycurgus and inquired of him how it was that no walls surrounded the cities and towns.

"We have walls," said Lycurgus, smilingly. "Come and I will show them to you."

Then he took his visitor out to the field, where the army stood drawn up in the order of battle, and pointing to the long ranks, he said simply, "These are the walls of Sparta, and every man is a brick."

### THE REAL CAUSE.

A patient angler was fishing from a jetty at a seaside resort, and two visitors were watching him. Most of the fish caught were flat fish, and the two watchers began to argue why the fish were brown on one side and white on the other. One suggested that the fish were originally all white, but that, sleeping on their backs in the mud, they had become so soiled that it wouldn't wash off.

This was so ridiculed by the other man that, angrily, he bet any amount that his theory was correct.

Upon the case being put to the angler, he remarked: "You are entirely wrong. The real cause of one side being brown is that the fish have been swimming so long with their backs uppermost that they have got sunburnt!"

### INDIGNANT.

For the first time in her life Mrs. Smith, mother of the "star" forward in the local football team, was induced to witness a match, and she glowed with pride as she watched her stalwart son running down the field.

Presently an impatient youth, who was standing in front of the old lady, exclaimed: "Why don't you feed Bill Smith?"

The old dame's umbrella came down upon the critic's head with a resounding crash.

"What d'ye mean?" she cried, indignantly. "I'll let thee know our Bill gets more to eat than thee, from the look of ye!"

### SEEING RESULTS.

She cycled up to the butcher's shop, and came in with a smiling face.

"I want you to cut me off twenty-five pounds of beef, please," she said.

The butcher was incredulous.

"Twenty-five pounds?"

"Yes, please."

When he had finished, he asked her whether she would take it or have it sent home.