

The Family Circle

WHAT HAVE WE DONE TO-DAY?

We shall do so much in the years to come,
But what have we done
To-Day?

We shall give our gold in a princely sum,
But what did we give
To-Day?

We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,
We shall speak the words of love and cheer,
But what did we speak
To-Day?

We shall be so kind in the after-while,
But what have we been
To-Day?

We shall bring to each lonely life a smile,
But what have we brought
To-Day?

We shall give to truth a grander birth,
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,
We shall feed the hungering souls of earth,
But whom have we fed
To-Day?

We shall reap such joys in the by-and-by,
But what have we sown
To-Day?

We shall build us mansions in the sky,
But what have we built
To-Day?

'Tis sweet in ideal dreams to bask,
But here and now, are we doing our task?
Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask:
What Have We Done To-day?

HAPPINESS.

Happiness is something we are all seeking, yet how few have ever attained it, save as a temporary and fleeting possession. We are given to thinking that whether we are happy or not depends on certain circumstance, events, or environments, over which we have little, if any, control; we put aside thoughts of happiness until we shall have reached a certain point in our career, instead of cultivating them, as we would the choicest flowers in our garden-plot and making every day a happy one. You will hear somebody say, "I shall be perfectly happy when we have a home of our own," or possess a certain income, or get through school, or own an automobile—no two have happiness now, and here—it isn't something to be chased and captured: and the man or woman who discloses to us the way to be truly happy is a world-benefactor.

FATHER AND MOTHER.

Nothing in human life and living can be more appealingly beautiful than a father and mother who regard their children not as burdens but treasures; who do not lose the ideal of home-making. In human life the loss of the ideal of parenthood and home would be degradation and death to the individual and the nation. The self-constituted and so-called reformers, who speak with contempt of this parenthood, as being unworthy and beneath the dignity of men and women of our day, are the enemies of the race and heralds of moral vagabondage. The home made sacred by the institution of marriage, where children are nurtured in an atmosphere of love and good comradeship, and brought to manhood and womanhood, is the fountain from which everything else of value springs.

Have you a daughter or son? They are yours to build into young womanhood and manhood. What a girl or boy becomes physically, mentally, morally through education and training rests largely with you. What you do for them consciously and unconsciously will crystallise into character, habit, and conduct.

Parenthood fixes responsibility. The home is the building place. Let it be a privilege—not a burden. True marriage is the ideal partnership of husband and wife, in which each helps the other to all that is highest and finest and richest in character and life. The husband is not independent of the wife—the wife is not independent of the husband. Neither has usurped the place of the other nor striven for precedence. They work together in creating a sentiment of wholesomeness, sincerity, and faithfulness. True marriage means the founding of a home. The foundation of that home must be true respect, true love, and common sense. Upon these virtues only, and what grows out of them, can the home of lasting, enduring happiness be founded.

RESULT OF MISSING MASS.

Missing Mass on Sundays is the parent sin. It is the cause of causes when there is a question of Catholic defection. Human respect, scandal, mixed marriages, secret societies, bad literature, and evil associations have slain their thousands; Mass missing has slain its tens of thousands.

It has been a blight upon Catholicity, and by breeding general indifference it has encouraged spoliation and plunder on the part of politicians, who rightly believe that they have nothing to fear from people who do not think enough of their religion to turn out to Mass on Sunday.

It has scandalised believer and unbeliever alike, and supplied an additional argument in support of the pernicious doctrine that one religion is as good as another. It has ever been the first step on the downward road that leads to the loss of faith, apostasy, and irreligion; in short, it is the basic weakness, the parent sin, at whose door almost every form of present-day Catholic defection can rightly be laid.

NOT LISTENING.

Talking about his master's affairs, was Tommy's besetting sin, and for it he had been dismissed.

As the lad was leaving, his master thought to give him some useful advice.

"Tommy," he said, kindly, "in future you must never hear anything that is said in the office. Do what you are told to do, but turn a deaf ear to conversation which does not concern you."

While Tommy stood silent, pondering over this wisdom, a happy thought struck the good man. His typist was seated near. He would teach her the same lesson.

"Miss Brown," he remarked, "did you hear what I just said to Tommy?"

"Oh, no, sir!" replied Miss Brown.

GETTING IN FORM.

A party of sportsmen were out all day big-game hunting, and as they rested after their day's labor they spun yarns.

"Last time I was out here on this game," said the quiet man, "I met a magnificent lion almost face to face. With a terrible roar, the beast sprang at me, but missed his aim by jumping two feet too high. Disappointed, it dashed away into the woods. The next day we set out to track the beast down, and at last came upon it in the open space in the jungle—er—practising low jumps."

HE KNEW.

"There's such a thing as being too wise," said Chief of Police Butler the other day. "Indeed, that is how we catch many thieves. They are too clever, and it gives them away. They remind me of the new clerk in the seed store.

"Someone, just for a joke, asked for some sweet potato seeds. The clerk hunted all through the seeds, but could find no sweet potato seeds, and finally appealed to the boss.

"The latter explained that he was being kidded,