

The Family Circle

MEMORIES

Let us forget the things that vexed and tried us,
The worrying things that caused our souls to fret;
The hopes that, cherished long, were still denied us,
Let us forget.

Let us forget the little slights that pained us,
The greater wrongs that rankle sometimes yet;
The pride with which some lofty one disdained us,
Let us forget.

Let us forget our brother's fault and failing,
The yielding of temptation that beset,
That he, perchance, though grief be unavailing,
Cannot forget.

But blessings manifold, past all deserving,
Kind words and helpful deeds, a countless throng,
The fault o'ercome, the rectitude unswerving,
Let us remember long.

The sacrifice of love, the generous giving,
When friends were few, the handclasp warm and strong,
The fragrance of each life of holy living,
Let us remember long.

Whatever things were good and true and gracious,
Whate'er of right has triumphed over wrong,
What love of God or man rendered precious,
Let us remember long.

ESTELLE'S RAINBOW

Estelle Washburn adjusted the fine bit of hemstitched lawn edged with Irish crochet under her firm, round chin, just where the freshly-laundered linen collar closed, satisfied the while with the neat girlish figure the mirror reflected. A minute later she tripped downstairs, suitcase in hand, and heard her mother's voice softly singing:

'Sail, baby, sail, out upon your sea,
Only don't forget to sail back again to me.'

'I'm going, dear.' Estelle bent and kissed first her mother and then the baby on her lap. 'You will let Lois help you all she can when school is over, won't you, mamma? I do wish you felt stronger.'

'I hope everything will go well with you, Estelle. If it should not—' The mother's voice trembled, then she sang half-smilingly: 'Only don't forget to sail back again to me.'

'I will when I've learned to paddle my own canoe,' Estelle laughed. 'Good-bye, dearest. Do take care of yourself.'

Half-way down the garden path Estelle stopped to pick some asters, which she tucked in her belt. Then she looked back, and, just as she had known, her mother was at the window to watch her off, holding the new little baby. Estelle blew a kiss from the tips of her fingers, then hurried away, trying to believe she was happy spite of the tears in her eyes and the lump in her throat.

The preceding June, Estelle had graduated from High School. Two weeks later the baby brother had come, and Estelle had spent a busy summer trying to take her mother's place in the household with the assistance of twelve-year-old Lois. She had been quite content to do this till she had become acquainted with Isabel Oberly, a city girl spending her vacation with her aunt, a near neighbor of the Washburns. Isabel wore handsome clothes and a pearl ring which she informed Estelle had been paid for out of her earnings. She also made the statement that a girl was foolish to stay at home and bury herself doing housework. Other radical views of Isabel's along this line were responsible for the seed of discontent sown in Estelle's heart-garden, which took root, flourished, and finally bore fruit in the step she now was taking with a view to becoming self-supporting. Mr. Washburn had pointed out to Estelle that her present duty consisted in helping her mother, who really needed her. Estelle had listened in silence, then said to her mother in answer:

'In a very little while I can earn enough to pay a good, strong girl to help you, mother. Oh, you don't know how in earnest I am about going to the city. I feel just as I did when I was a little girl and you told me the story of the child who wanted to go to the end of the rainbow to find a pot of gold; I want to find my pot of gold, and I know I shall find it in the city. Of course, I know, too, that I shall have to work hard and be patient, but I mean to be both.'

And now Estelle was on her way to find her 'pot of gold.' Her first letter home was full of good cheer. Isabel had met her at the station, as agreed, taken her home, and the room they shared was very comfortable. In the morning she was going with Isabel to the rest room connected with the place where Isabel worked. Isabel had explained that while Estelle was learning the work she must expect

to receive only nominal wages. Estelle's second letter came at the close of a discouraging September day when the baby had been cross and things in general had gone wrong. Mrs. Washburn sat down in the late afternoon sunshine to rest and read the letter on the porch. Isabel's employer was not in need of additional help at present, and she had recommended Estelle to another place in the city. If Estelle found employment there, she could not conveniently board at Isabel's. The latter's mother had suggested that for the time being Estelle should take a position in one of the department stores as clerk, since not much experience was necessary to procure this kind of employment. The third letter closed with the following paragraph:

'Isabel and her mother are just as kind to me as they can be, and they won't allow me to feel discouraged. If I were a stenographer or bookkeeper, or, in fact, had any kind of a profession in hand, I could more readily find a position. As it is, I shall do so soon. Don't worry about me, mother dearest. I am worried about you, since Lois writes you do not gain strength as you should. I dreamed about you last night. I shall be so happy when I can provide that good, strong girl to help you. Kiss baby for me, and believe me always your own loving daughter, Estelle.'

Three weeks later, on a Saturday morning, Mrs. Washburn was stirring a cake together in the pleasant kitchen, thinking, as she did so, that this was the kind her oldest daughter liked best, when suddenly she felt two arms around her neck and a familiar girlish voice whispering in her ear:

'I've come back, mother. I know now that I need you, and I hope you still need me.'

'My dear, big girl, how good it is to see you again!' Mrs. Washburn said, turning to fold Estelle in her arms.

Later Estelle added: 'I found only disappointment at the end of my rainbow, mother. The city is full of girls, who are obliged to earn their own living, and I soon realised how fortunate I am in having a home.'

'Well, you have learned your lesson, and that is worth something,' her mother replied. 'You never would have settled contentedly without it.'

'That's true,' Estelle agreed. 'But hereafter I shall be satisfied to find my pot of gold at home, helping you all I can, mother dear.'

'MOTHER'S IDEAS

One of the great differences between this generation and others is the tendency of modern young people to think for themselves. Very often 'mother's ideas' are voted old-fashioned by girls of the progressive type, and the girl of thirteen or fourteen sets her opinion up against mother's with the utmost assurance. Now, it is not impossible that the girl of thirteen may be right and her mother wrong, when there is a difference of opinion, but to say the least, the probabilities are against it. Years bring wisdom. The horizon of maturity is much wider than that of youth. Elements enter into the formation of mother's opinion which have not as yet come into your experience. The girl who is so sure she is right, and that mother is wrong, is a rather pathetic figure. One feels certain there are pitfalls before her. Self-confidence invites danger. The girl who scorns the advice of her elders has hard lessons to learn, and she is lucky if she learns them without disaster. Respect mother's opinion. If it does not coincide with yours, so much the worse for yours.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS

Cruelty exhibited by a small child towards animals may be due to ignorance, the child not understanding that the pet dog or cat can feel. Parents frequently tell the child not to pull the dog's ears because it will bite him, not because the dog will be hurt. Pains must be taken to cultivate a feeling of sympathy for all creatures. The practice of some parents of telling the child to 'whip the naughty chair which hurt the baby' borders closely on a lesson in cruelty. Taught to strike an inanimate object because through its agency a bump or tumble has come to him, he soon gets into the habit of striking any and everything that causes him displeasure, without discrimination as to whether it is animate or inanimate. We believe it unwise to teach a child to strike in retaliation at anything.

The very common playthings, the whip, the toy sword, the gun, are often incentives to cruelty. Their use creates great consternation among the cats and dogs and hens, and the child enjoys hitting them 'just to see them run.' He likes to 'scare things, and he rarely refrains from doing so if the means are at hand. As Shakespeare says, 'The means' to do evil often causes evil to be done.'

Only large and strong pets should be allowed the child who is inclined to be harsh or cruel, some creature he would greatly miss if deprived of it, and the privilege of enjoying its company made dependent upon his kindness toward it.

Teach the child concerning the habits of animals, insects, and birds. Tell him about their wonderful homes, their love and care for their young. Interest him to protect them, to save bits and crumbs to feed them. Real to him incidents of their marvellous sagacity, of their kindness to one another, and of their services to mankind.