

The Family Circle

A WISH

Do you wish the world were better?

Let me tell you what to do:
Set a watch upon your actions,
Keep them always straight and true;
And your mind of selfish motives,
Let your thoughts be clean and high;
You can make a little heaven
Of the sphere you occupy.

Do you wish the world were wiser?

Well, suppose you make a start
By accumulating wisdom
In the scrap-book of your heart.
Do not waste one page on folly;
Live to learn and learn to live;
If you want to give men knowledge
You must get it ere you give.

Do you wish the world were happy?

Then remember day by day
Just to scatter seeds of kindness
As you pass along the way;
For the pleasure of the many
May oftentimes be traced to one;
As the hand that plants the acorn
Shelters armies from the sun.

THE GIRL THAT NOBODY LIKED

Irene Thompson was very sure that nobody liked her. She had told herself so again and again, with a queer tightening about her heart that was like a real pain. And then she had tossed her head and set her lips in a defiant little smile. Nobody should know that she cared. Never!

It was on her eighteenth birthday that Aunt Elizabeth made a suggestion which caused the girl to open her eyes and then to laugh a little. It was such an odd idea, so like Aunt Elizabeth! 'Then I'm to "hold up" everybody I meet till I've said something brilliant?' she observed.

'Not exactly,' Aunt Elizabeth smiled unruffled. 'But I've noticed that you pass your acquaintances with a mere nod or a curt "Good morning." I wish you would try the experiment of saying something pleasant to each one, unless there is some good reason against it.'

'I will grow rather tiresome,' said the girl, and she shrugged her shoulders.

'Try it for a week,' suggested Aunt Elizabeth; and, rather to her own surprise, the girl found herself promising.

She came very near forgetting her pledge when she met Mrs. Anderson on the street next morning. In fact, she had passed with her usual uncompromising nod, when the recollection of her promise flashed into her mind. She prided herself on being a girl of her word, and she turned quickly.

'How is Jimmy to-day?' she said, speaking out the first thing that came into her head.

There was a good deal of detail in Mrs. Anderson's answer. Jimmy had been sick with measles and then had caught cold and been worse. Mrs. Anderson poured out her story as if it were a relief to find a listener, and as she talked on, that particular listener found herself more interested than she would have believed possible in Jimmy and his mother. She said that she had some old scrapbooks which Jimmy might enjoy looking over, and Mrs. Anderson flushed and thanked her with more gratitude than the slight favor seemed to warrant.

At the next corner was Cissy Baily, and the girl wondered if her promise covered the washerwoman's daughter and people of that sort. But she did not let herself wonder very long.

'It was very kind of you to bring home the clothes so early last week, Cissy. I was in a hurry for that shirt-waist.'

Cissy Baily did not know what to answer. She smiled in an embarrassed way, and looked up and then down. But the girl whom nobody liked had seen something in the uplifted eyes which warmed her heart and made that one-sided conversation one to remember.

The day went by and she did not find opportunity to say anything very brilliant. She stopped Mrs. White to ask if she would like to read the book she had just finished, and she patted little Barbara Smith's soft cheek as she inquired if the new baby sister had grown at all. When she could think of nothing else she said: 'Hasn't this been a beautiful day?' And her earnestness rather surprised some people who had not had opportunity for realising that there was anything unusual about the day.

By the time the week was over the girl whom nobody liked had learned a valuable lesson. She had found out that hearts respond to cordiality and kindness, just as the strings of one musical instrument vibrate in unison with the chord in another.

THE CHILDREN'S POPE

The Westminster Cathedral *Chronicle* relates a touching incident of the recent English pilgrimage to Rome. A child in north of England gave a letter to her parish priest, asking him to deliver it to the Pope. The priest, anxious to please the child, took the letter, but warned her that it was most unlikely that he would be able to present it to his Holiness. The Bishop of the diocese, however, knowing how dear to the heart of his Holiness are little children, presented the letter, which the Pope received with much pleasure, asking immediately to have it translated into Italian. The note was only a couple of lines, as follows:—

'DEAR POPE,—Will you have the goodness to say a prayer that my father may become a Catholic? With love from mother, Eddy, Mary.

'Your loving child,

The Pope requested the return of the letter, and, seating himself at his desk, wrote a few lines, which he gave to the Bishop to present to the child on his return. Such childlike trust surely will not go unrewarded, and the little one may rest assured that the prayers of the Holy Father will beseech God to grant her the great favor she asked for.

A TIPPERARY HIGHLANDER

A Scotch merchant in one of the Orange Colony towns was deploring the fact that no 'stalwart Scotch Highlander' had so far come there. One day a train stopped at the little station with an escort of Gordon Highlanders. Great was the joy of the Scot when he saw a great burly Highlander making his way to his store. He shook him heartily by the hand and greeted him,

'Man, am pleased tae meet ye; whit pairt o' Scotland dae ye come frae?'

'Tipperary, sir,' was the reply in a brogue that broke the storekeeper's heart.

MORE SCHOOLBOY HOWLERS

The *University Correspondent* publishes its annual list of 'howlers' attributed to schoolboys. Here are a few typical of the rest:—

The feminine of hero is coward.

A Kelt is a part of a Scotsman's dress.

A cuckoo is a bird that never lays its own eggs.

Tennyson wrote a beautiful poem called memorandum.

A harpy is a musical instrument, chiefly played by Jews.

Parliament assembled in September and dissembled in January.

A Conservative is a sort of greenhouse, where you look at the moon.

Queen Elizabeth was tall and thin, but she was a stout Protestant.

A vacuum is an empty space with nothing in it; the Pope lives in one.

Wm. INGS

DENTIST, 6 OCTAGON, DUNEDIN. 'PHONE 1807.

Less Pain.

Best Attention.

Moderate Fees.