

The Family Circle

BE UP AND DOING

What's the use of wishing?
Why sit down and wait?
He who goes a-fishing,
First must find the bait.
What's the use of sighing
For some unknown good?
Try for it, till trying
Proves your hardihood.

Brain and grit and muscle
Reached the southern pole;
That's the way to hustle
If you'd win your goal!
Then be up and doing—
Defeat is in delay;
Up, or you'll be ruing
Another wasted day!

THE THREE GREAT I'S

The boy had started out into the world to seek his fortune. He trudged sturdily along, whistling as he went to keep his courage alive. Over his shoulder was slung his knapsack, in which he had tucked away just enough food for one day. Work must be quickly found, or he would be in a sorry plight.

The path he had taken was a stony one, and led through a dense thicket. He was sorely pricked by the brambles, and it was not long before his clothes hung in tatters about him.

At length he came to an open space, through which trickled a crystal stream. Here the boy thought he would rest a while. As he was about to help himself to a bite of food, he saw a forlorn-looking beggarman in front of him, watching him with wistful eyes.

'Give me a morsel to eat, for sweet Charity's sake,' said the beggar.

'I have only enough for three meals,' replied the boy, 'and I have eaten nothing since yesterday.'
'I faint for food and have none,' continued the beggar.

'Well, then, there is no help for it,' said the boy. 'I must share with you.'

So the two sat down together. Water was fetched from the spring, and the meal divided. The boy could not tell how it was, but, somehow, the lion's share fell to the beggar. When the meal was ended, the poor child was almost as hungry as when they began.

'You have done well by me,' said the beggar. 'Perhaps one day I may be of help to you.'

With this he disappeared, and the boy could not tell what had become of him.

Again the road led over stones and through briars and brambles. A second clearing was not reached until noon.

Everything looked so inviting, the boy thought he had found a good place for his noonday meal. As he dropped down beside a stream, there appeared before him a beggar who looked older and leaner and more hungry than the first.

'Give me a morsel to eat, for sweet Charity's sake!' cried the beggar.

'All the food I have is barely enough for two meals,' said the boy, 'and I have a long journey before me.'

'My journey is longer than yours,' said the beggar, and I carry no food.'

As he spoke he looked so hungry and wretched, the boy quickly made ready to share with him the second portion.

'Thank you for the meal, my son!' said the beggar at its close. 'It may be that I can help you one day.'

With these words he was gone, and the boy could not tell which way he had taken.

The path was now stonier and more tangled than ever. When the next clearing was reached, the boy was ready to drop from sheer exhaustion. For the third

time, as he was about to eat, a beggar stood before him. A worse-looking object you could not imagine. It did not seem as if he could long keep body and soul together. When he asked for a morsel of food for sweet Charity's sake, the boy handed him the entire last portion without a word.

In the twinkling of an eye the beggar was changed. His rags fell away, and he stood there in shining garments, his face aglow with eternal youth and majesty.

'I am your Guardian Angel,' said he to the boy. 'In three shapes I have been sent to you to try your mettle. Food shall be given you now, and when you have eaten you may have three wishes.'

Presto! before them was spread a table laden with good things. The boy had never fared so sumptuously in all his life.

When he had eaten his fill, the Angel said to him:

'Now for the three wishes!'

'Well, I wish I had a staff that was such a staff it would make my hands willing and my feet swift.'

'That is not a bad wish,' said the Angel; and he bestowed upon the boy the Staff of Industry.

'What is your second wish?'

'If I may wish for what I please, I should like a thinking-cap that is such a thinking-cap I may always have my wits about me when I wear it.'

'That is not a bad wish, either,' said the Angel; and he gave the boy the Cap of Intelligence.

'Now let me hear the third wish.'

'I wish I may have a garment that is such a garment when I wear it I may be honest and faithful in all that I do and all that I feel,' said the boy.

'That is the best wish of all,' said the Angel; and he clothed the boy in the Garment of Integrity.

'Without Integrity,' he continued, 'Industry may lead into false paths where even Intelligence may only tend to increase the powers of evil. Industry, Intelligence, and Integrity are the three great I's. When genuine as these given to you, they contain within themselves the essence of the three greater R's—Right-thinking, Right-doing, Religion. Use them wisely and well, and you will be fortified for all life's duties and joys and cares.'

So saying he was gone, but he left behind him an illumination that would not soon fade.

Reverently gathering together his newly-gained treasures, the boy set forth once more. It was not long before he reached the town, where work in plenty awaited him. Armed and equipped as he was, he made the most and the best of his life.

Seek these three great I's, boys and girls, and you will surely find them.—*Ave Maria.*

THE COUNTRY BOY

The boy born and trained in the country is possessed of advantages which sometimes are not fully appreciated even by himself. In addressing a large congregation recently, Cardinal O'Connell of Boston said:—

'If you turn over the pages of history, you will find that the real leaders in the building up and the conservation and the government of the great metropolises of the world were men from the towns and rural districts. And, along the same line of argument, I wish to-night to impress upon you that precisely because you live at a distance from the turmoil and the din of the city streets, the Church depends upon you for qualities of immense value in her progress to victory.'

'There is something in the pure air, the broad horizon, the clear sky of the open fields and the gentle sloping hills which lie far beyond the walls of a great city that gets into the very fibre of the brain, into the marrow of the bone and muscles of the heart; something which for ever after will stand in good stead the man who faces the battle of life, and even against great odds is determined to win himself a place in the world.'

'The freedom of the winds works itself into his very soul, and the strength of the sturdy oak is a constant influence upon the mind and character of the country lad. The freshness of the early morning, the limpid clearness of the brooks upon whose banks his