

# The Family Circle

"MARY."

Wondrous Mother! Since the dawn of time

Was ever joy, was ever grief like thine?  
Oh, highly favored in thy joy's deep flow  
And favored e'en in this, thy bitterest woe!

Poor was that home in simple Nazareth,  
Where thou, fair-growing like some silent  
flower,  
Last of a kingly line—unknown and lowly,  
O dear lily!—passed thy childhood's hour.

The world knew not the tender, serious  
maiden,  
Who through deep, loving years so silent  
grew,  
Filled with high thoughts and holy aspira-  
tions,  
Which, save thy fathers' God, no eye might  
view.

And then it came, that message from the  
Highest,  
Such as to woman ne'er before descended;  
The Almighty's shadowing wings thy soul  
o'er spread,  
And with thy life the Life of worlds was  
blended.

Well did thy dark eye kindle, thy deep soul  
Rise into billows and thy heart rejoice;  
Then woke the poet's fire, the prophet's song  
Tuned with strange, burning words thy timid  
voice.

Then in dark contrast came the lowly manger,  
The outcast shed, the tread of brutal feet;  
Again, behold earth's learned and her lowly—  
Sages and shepherds—prostrate at thy feet!

Then to the temple bearing, hark again,  
What strange, conflicting words of prophecy  
Breathe o'er the Child, forshadowing words  
of joy,  
High triumph, and yet bitter agony.

Oh, highly favored thou, in many an hour  
Spent in lone musing with thy wondrous Son,  
When thou didst gaze into that glorious eye,  
And hold that mighty hand within thine own.

Blessed in those thirty years, when in thy  
dwelling  
He lived, a God, disguised with unknown  
power,  
And thou, His sole adorer—His best love—  
Trusting, revering, waitedst for His hour!

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## THE SUCCESSFUL BOY.

"I want a job!"

The head of the electric lighting concern  
looked up from his desk and saw a gangling  
boy of 17 facing him with a look of respectful  
determination that carried conviction.

"But I haven't any position that you could  
possibly fill, and right now I'm so driven  
that—"

"I want a job," interrupted the boy with  
an odd smile that didn't detract from the  
serious determination of his genial expres-  
sion. "And I'm willing to work six months  
without a cent of pay."

"Well, that's rather a new one," exclaimed  
the owner of the lighting plant.

"But—"

The boy was looking for that "but," and  
caught it on the fly.

"You see it's this way, sir," he interrupted.  
"I've just finished at the manual training  
school, and I've made up my mind that  
electric lighting's the thing for me and that  
I'm going to be started in it. It has a future,  
and I want to understand it and make it  
my line."

His eyes were kindling with enthusiasm  
when the man at the desk opened with  
another "But—"

He didn't get an inch beyond the depress-  
ing qualification, for the boy shot into the  
sentence with:

"I'll work for nothing and keep just as  
careful hours as your foreman or anybody  
else on your payroll. You've got a good  
plant, sir, and I can see that it's bound to  
grow a lot in the next three years. Electric  
lighting has just started. It's the best busi-  
ness to get into in the world and I'm going  
to learn it from the ground up. I want a  
job with you. No pay for six months."

"But I don't see how I can possibly use  
you," responded the man of the plant.  
"Although I'm bound to say that I like your  
grit, and I think you are on the right track—  
and"

"Just give me the job," cut in the boy,  
"and I'll find something to do that will help  
you. There's always work around a plant  
like yours that a boy who's had a little techni-  
cal training can find to do—here are some  
references from my instructor and two or  
three business men who know me—"

"Look, here," suddenly interrupted the  
man at the desk, "you certainly do want a  
job. And you are going to get it. I can  
see that right now. I know you reminded  
me of somebody, but I couldn't think who.  
Now I know. When I was a little boy we  
had a dog that used to go into the woods  
and hunt coons, all day by himself. If he  
treed the coon, he'd stay at it till someone  
hunted him up and chopped the tree down.  
You've got a family resemblance to that dog.  
I'll give you a letter to the superintendent."

When, a fortnight later, he called at the  
plant, the foreman remarked: "Say, that boy  
you sent up here's the oddest old duck you  
ever saw. He takes his job just as hard as  
if he was drawing profits or my salary in-  
stead of working for nothing a week and  
paying his own carfare!

"Why his aunt died the other day and he  
didn't come for two days, but he sent a  
substitute and paid him out of his own  
pocket. He's the first man on the job in  
the morning and the last to leave at night.  
From the minute he gets here till he leaves  
he's as busy as a boy at a circus. That boy  
is certainly fond of his job."

A few weeks later the boy spoke to the  
man who had given him a job.

"A little testing department would save  
you money," said the boy, "and it would not  
cost you much, either. You and I've found  
out that some of it isn't up to the standard.  
They're working considerable off on you!"

"How much would it cost?" asked the  
owner of the plant.

Instantly the boy drew from his pocket a  
list of every item needed in the equipment  
of the testing laboratory.

He had it all ready waiting for the ques-  
tion.

"Get it and go ahead," said the man, after  
he had glanced over the list.

The laboratory was installed and saved the  
business a neat sum of money.

The day the boy's gratuitous service was  
up, he appeared again at the proprietor's  
desk and said, "My time is up, sir."

"But you stay," was the quick answer,  
"and the salary you get is going to cover the  
unpaid time in which you were serving me."

And it did. That wasn't so very long ago.  
The electric lighting plant grew until it was  
big enough to be absorbed. It has been  
absorbed several times since, but the boy who  
struck for a job stuck through every change.  
Each set of absorbing capitalists saw that he  
was the one man who could not be spared.  
They saw that he knew his old shoes. They  
played him for a favorite, and to-day he could  
buy out the man who gave him his first job  
—buy him out several times over! He is  
head of a big electric lighting corporation and  
gets a salary of \$12,000 to \$15,000 a year,  
besides a profit in half a dozen thriving in-  
terests.

Any boy who has the stuff in him to play  
the game to-day as that boy played it will  
win out.

You couldn't keep him down if you buried  
him under the weight of a skyscraper. There  
are plenty of boys who are waiting to accept  
a position—and always will be! But when  
it comes to boys who go and beat bushes for  
a job—just a plain job, in which they have  
a chance to make good without regard to  
pay, they're in danger of being captured for  
exhibition purposes in a museum.—*Chicago  
Tribune.*

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## A HOUSEKEEPER'S EPITAPH.

(Author Unknown.)

Here lies a poor woman who always was tired;  
She lived in a world where the work wasn't  
hired.

Her last words on earth were: "Dear friends,  
I am going

Where washing ain't done, nor sweeping, nor  
sewing;

But everybody there is exact to my wishes,  
For where they don't eat there's no washing  
of dishes;

I go where loud anthems will always be ring-  
ing,

But, having no voice, I'll get clear of the  
singing.

Don't mourn for me now, don't mourn for me  
never,

I'm going to do nothing for ever and ever."

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