

The Family Circle

THE GREAT TRAVELLER.

Where do you go, O Sun, at night
When the sky is dark, and the stars peep out;
What do you do with your golden light
When the owl hoots loud, and the bat's about?

I have seen you sink in the western deep,
Which blushed all red with your roseate glow;
Were you telling the waves to go to sleep,
Or calling the night-wind up to blow?

Do you go away to the western world,
Where the children play in the land of dreams;
To wake them up with your light unfurled,
And kiss their lips with your morning gleams?

Do you hasten the dear, white Lady Moon
To take your place when you have to fly;
Yet, sometimes, surely, she comes too soon,
And I see you both in the evening sky?

And sometimes you go to bed so late
That I am asleep before you go;
Yet your hurrying pace you ne'er abate,
For you wake me up with your freshening glow.

But at times, I fear, you are lazy too;
When winter comes you're a sleepyhead;
For you go to sleep before I do,
And you're slumbering still when I'm out of bed.

—Stephen Southwold.

OVERCOME SELFISHNESS.

People who fall into the mistake of supposing that they themselves are the centre of the universe, are likely to receive a good many jolts. The more one feels his pulse and takes his temperature, the more bad feelings he is likely to have. The more absorbed in himself he becomes, the less satisfaction he finds in life. Forget yourself. Think about other people. Be interested in their fortunes. Sympathise with their trials. When we find a person whose whole nature is continually flowing out to others in a stream of kindness and sympathy and helpfulness, we have found one who is happy and contented.—*Western Watchman*.

MODERN METHODS OF CATHOLIC CHARITY.

Any one can be a charity worker, we are told. When the people are hungry, give them to eat, as Holy Scripture bids us. When they are thirsty, give them to drink. If their shoes are worn out, give them an old pair of your own, however run down at the heels. When they need clothes, provide them with a cast-off suit, even though it does not fit in any one given spot, for does not charity cover, if not the poor, at least a multitude of sins? What's all this fuss, then, about the necessity of trained Social Workers, when it is all as plain as your nose, and as easy as rolling off the traditional log? Simply do what your hand finds to do, and it is all done, and no talk about it (writes Rev. Dr. Coakley).

Not so fast (comments the *Catholic Bulletin* of St. Paul, U.S.A.). So far as our reading goes, the best charity workers of ancient and modern times were not content with the mere giving of material relief. When giving ten cents to a poor man is all that is required, true, any one with a warm heart and the dime can achieve the object. But all charity cases are not quite so easy as that, and complications have a way of arising in the most unexpected and intricate way. Modern protestations against trained workers miss the whole point of the beautiful parable of the Good Samaritan. That excellent individual, he it remembered, passed along the road only once. But had he passed that way again shortly afterwards, and found again

the self-same individual along the roadside, wounded and hungry as before, his eminently practical and charitable mind would have suggested to him that while administering the necessary material relief he ought to institute an investigation as to why his suffering neighbor was in this sad condition a second time. Once was bad enough, but why the recurrence? Did he stumble over a bad piece of road? Then the County Highways Department of the vicinity was at fault, and the road should be repaired. Was the accident due to defective lighting? Then the Electric Light Department must be at fault. Was the case due to thieves that infested the neighborhood? Then it was a matter for the instant action of the police department. Was the man sick with a chronic illness? Then it was a case for a visiting nurse or physician, to see whether the cause might be bad drainage, or other insanitary conditions at his home. Was he tubercular? Then it was a case for a sanatorium. Was he out of work? Then a job could be secured for him, and the man be put on a self-supporting basis. Was he being systematically robbed of his earnings by those for whom he worked? Then it was a case for legal aid. And so on through the whole gamut of effects, the trained social worker would leap at once back to the root causes of distress, relieving all the while the pressing immediate need of the moment, but not stopping there, not being content with the simple easing of the apparent necessities of the hour, but with a philosophic temper of mind that would delight even Cicero, and with a charity that would bring joy to the angels in Heaven, the trained worker would probe back to find the fundamental causes of the present misery, and once having discovered them, would remove them, even if in their removal a dozen different social agencies, public and private, had to be requisitioned.

Not all well-disposed people have the time, the inclination, or the ability to bring to bear upon a given cause all these manifold agencies, and the skill to trace effects to their hidden causes. It is for this purpose that charity workers must be trained.

Take a course of training at a Catholic school of social work near your home.

TAKE MY WILL.

I'll go where You want me to go, dear Lord,
Over mountain, or valley, or sea;
I'll say what You want me to say, dear Lord,
I'll be what You want me to be.

It may not be on the mountain height
Or over the stormy sea,
It may not be at the battle's front
My Lord will have need of me.

But if by a still small voice He calls
To paths that I do not know,
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine,
I'll go where You want me to go.

MAISIE'S WISH.

The other night Maisie's father brought a guest home to dinner, a very intense young man. He sat next to Maisie at table.

"Everyone has a mission in life," he murmured to Maisie after the first course.

"Is that so?" asked Maisie, in surprise. "What is yours, then?"

The prig cast his eyes up to the ceiling.

"My dear young lady," he said, "my mission is to save young men."

It was too much for Maisie.

"That's fine!" she giggled. "I wish you'd save a nice one for me!"

HE DIDN'T STRAIN IT.

"I see you complain of a sore throat," said the regimental doctor, looking at his report as the last member of the sick parade stepped up.

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