

## The Family Circle

### IF YOU SHOULD PASS.

If by my tomb some day you careless pass,  
A moment grieved by coming on my name,  
Ah! kneel awhile upon the tender grass  
By some short prayer, acquitting me of blame.

If I reached not your pinnacle of right,  
Or fell below your standard of desire,  
If to my heart alone my hopes were white,  
And my soul built its own celestial fire.

Then let your grief, be it a single tear,  
Upon your cheek in tender sorrow fall,  
Forget where I did fall; keep only dear  
The deeds for which you loved me over all.

For ah! to hear, poor shade from life shut out,  
Unkindly tongues to trifle with my name,  
So that remembrance came half-chilled with doubt,  
In conversations less of praise than blame.

For if thy charity be overstrained,  
And would bring slander where it cannot bless,  
Give me but silence where good friendship waned,  
Grant me the mercy of forgetfulness.

—DORA SIGERSON.

### WHEN CATHOLICS GIVE UP CONFESSION.

When Catholics give up Confession the beginning of the end has come. There is only one reason: they will not give up sin. They may call their negligence by some other names; they may give this and that excuse; but deep down in their hearts they know well that there is something which God or His Church demands which they are unwilling to do. We know well that there are some fallen away Catholics who will resent the imputation that they are leading sinful lives. Let us tear off the mask. There is undoubtedly something wrong. If they have come to a stage where they do not believe there is anything wrong their case is sad, indeed. It is a sign that they have already made a creed of their conduct, and that according to their tenets of the new creed they stand acquitted before the tribunal set up in their own conscience. —*Catholic Bulletin.*

### THE CONVENT GIRL.

Apropos of the return home to the realities of life, of the convent school graduate (says an exchange), a well-known Catholic educator spoke on the work which was waiting for these young people.

They have a real and very admirable mission, whatever their home duties may be—and it is, to impress the effects of their careful religious training upon the world about them.

Of what use are all the years spent under the refining influences of convent life, if the recipients of those advantages do not make use of them to the betterment, in some degree, of their associates of every-day life?

The potent effect of a good example is well-known, and nothing is so much admired in a young girl as the gentle deference which marks her as a true lady—that much-abused word which is soon coming into its own again.

The convent girl has learned, if she has learned anything—for some there be, unfortunately, whom the influences do not reach—the beauty of obedience to superiors, and the loveliness of her religion which is such a component part of the life about her; she has learned that time was made to be used not to be "spent"—a lesson which will come good in after life, if she does not except to frivol away her days in simply "having a good time."

### THE FAITHFUL DOG.

The best friend a man has in this world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or his daughter, that he has reared with loving care, may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith. The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog. A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow, and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's

side. He will lick the hand that has no food to offer, and he will guard the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens.

### NEVER RAIL AT THE WORLD.

Never rail at the world—it is just as we make it—  
We see not the flower if we sow not the seed;  
And as for ill-luck, why it's just as we take it—  
The heart that's in earnest no bars can impede.  
You question the justice that governs man's breast,  
And say that the search for true friendship is vain;  
But, remember, this world, though it be not the best,  
Is the next to the best we shall ever attain.

Never rail at the world, nor attempt to exalt  
That feeling which questions society's claim;  
For often poor friendship is less in the fault,  
Less changeable oft than the selfish who blame.  
Then ne'er by the changes of Fate be depress'd,  
Nor wear, like a fetter, Time's sorrowful chain;  
But believe that this world, though it be not the best,  
Is the next to the best we shall ever attain.

### SAVED IN VAIN.

"Six years ago," said Smithson, "I made up my mind that I was smoking too much. It didn't seem to affect my health in the least, but I thought it a foolish waste of money, and I decided to give it up."

"A very sensible idea," remarked Brownlow.  
"So I thought at the time. I reckoned up as closely as I could how much I had been spending each day on cigars and tobacco. That sum I set aside each morning, and started a banking account with it. I wanted to be able to show exactly how much I had saved by not smoking."

"And how did it work?" inquired Brownlow.  
"At the end of six years I had a hundred and fifty pounds in the bank."

"Good! Could you let me—"  
"And a few days later," interrupted Smithson, "last Tuesday, in fact, the bank failed. You haven't got a cigar about you, have you?"

### SAFETY FIRST.

"How's that?" cried the bowler.  
Farmer Fairmeasure looked disgustedly at his flannelled leg and then at the wicket. Even he had to admit that it was a clear case of lb.w.

But the youthful umpire, to the astonishment of all, piped, "Not out!"

"Well, well!" exclaimed the jolly farmer. "If that isn't the luckiest let-off I've ever had!"

He swiped a couple of hefty boundaries. Then the offending leg again obtruded between the ball and the stumps. This time, surely, he was as out as a newly-hatched chicken.

But the youthful umpire again hesitated. He glanced towards the wall which separated the field from the farmer's orchard just as a head popped above it. Then a juvenile voice rang across the intervening space.

"You can give him out now, Dick!" it cried.

### NUTS TO CRACK.

Why is O the most charitable letter in the alphabet?—Because it is found oftener than any other letter doing good.

Why is a farmer surprised at the letter G? It converts oats into goats.

When was B the first letter of the alphabet?—In the days of No-a.

Why is A like a honeysuckle? Because a B follows it.

Why is the letter W like a scandal?—Because it makes ill will.

Why is a schoolmistress like the letter C?—Because she forms lasses into classes.

What vine is expressed by two letters?—I-V.

Who is the most successful surveyor?—A king, because he is monarch of all he surveys.

When is an original idea like a clock?—When it strikes one.

What cannot be called a disinterested act of hospitality?—Entertaining a hope.

Why is a man just imprisoned like a boat full of water?—Both need bailing out.

Why is the first chicken of a brood like a mainstay of a ship?—Because it is little ahead of the main hatch.

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