

The Family Circle

KEEP TO THE RIGHT.

When travelling Life's highway, don't hustle another,
There's plenty of room on the pathway for all;
By minding the rule you will not cause a brother
To slip off the edge and most probably fall.
The crowds that rush past you full often may try you
And make you feel yours is a pitiful plight;
But stick to this rule as they hurrying pass you,
You'll not go far wrong if you "Keep to the right."

If tempted and tried almost past your endurance
To turn from the right to some easier way;
If some careless soul seeks to give you assurance
That you will succeed if you only will stray;
Just think of those poor souls who listened and heeded
And found themselves soon in a desperate plight,
And point to the warning (you know it is needed),
The warning that bids you to "Keep to the right."

By minding this rule you will keep out of danger
And help other travellers well on their way;
To remorse and regret you will then be a stranger,
And joy will be yours at the end of each day.
You never will find yourself in a dark byway,
Forlorn and disheartened and seeking for light
If you will give heed to this rule of Life's highway,
And always remember to "Keep to the right."

PERSONAL EXAMPLE.

The strongest, most influential sermon that can be preached is that of personal example. More eloquent than words neatly phrased and aptly used are the deeds of men and women performed in sincerity and in accordance with the teachings of Our Lord. When sermons fail to reach the heart of the hearer, the virtuous life of a Catholic not only edifies but brings conviction to any fair-minded man of truth of the Church's teachings and the value of her ideals in the up-building of character.

CONDUCT IN CHURCH.

The church is the house of God. It is an edifice dedicated to the worship of the Most High and sanctified by the presence of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. It is, therefore, a place where not only respect and reverence must be shown, but where humility and meekness should be the predominating influences of the heart. There should be no jostling for places as is now and again seen outside a confessional. There should be no talking, whispering, noise, disturbance, or any kind of misdemeanor, and a devotional bearing should be manifested by all. Gazing about, greeting acquaintances, holding conversation with them, endeavoring to attract attention, or doing anything unbecoming or that will cause distraction is entirely out of place. Persons unbecomingly dressed give scandal everywhere, but in church they add to their guilt the flagrant disrespect for God's holy temple and its worshippers.

WAITING.

I thought it was my daddy, but 'twas only my daddy's hat!" All day the little one had longed for her father, and now in the evening she stood watching at the gate. Two glad eyes welcomed a man who turned down the road, but when he drew near, alas for the little heart!

Pathetic even as this is the seeming approach of many a joy, though we have waited until the evening. How many of us stand at the gate of our years looking down the dear road we shall travel no more, watching for faces that have passed beyond the land and sea.

And for us who wait, how brightly dawns the Easter, promising that out beyond a ridge of lilies lies an open Heaven, where all that is real, all that is lasting, and all that we want will be ours!

THE ROSARY.

Not on the lute, nor harp of many strings
Shall all men praise the Master of all song.
Our life is brief, one saith, and art is long;
And skilled must be the laureates of things!
Silent, O lips that utter foolish things!
Rest, awkward fingers striking all notes wrong!
How from your toil shall issue, white and strong,
Music like that God's chosen poet sings?

There is one harp that any hand can play,
And from its strings what harmonies arise!
There is one song that any mouth can say,—
A song that lingers when all singing dies,
When on their beads our Mother's children pray
Immortal music charms the grateful skies.

—JOYCE KILMER.

GOOD NEIGHBORS.

An elderly man whose opinion is considered worth something in the community was asked the other day what he thought were proper attributes of "the people next door."

And he said:

"I've been living here for nearly forty years. Folks on either side of us have come and gone. The people I like best for neighbors are those who do these things: They keep the place nice and clean, favor re-painting once in a while; hang out the washing every Monday morning; Tuesday is ironing day.

"They'll lend their lawn-mower if you'll bring it back. They'll do the same with a pinch of salt or an egg or a cup of flour. They will go out of their way to do you a favor. They keep the garbage can covered and keep the chickens in their yard and not in ours. They are not too curious about who comes and goes at our house. They mind their own business, an excellent trait.

"What the grocer brings in or the laundryman carries out doesn't interest them. They are not snooty. If, once in a while, there's a good deal of noise at our house, they don't telephone that they are about to call the police. They are appreciative, kindly, companionable, neighborly.

"They live as nearly by the Golden Rule as is humanly possible, I guess. And that being so we do the same. It is a good plan; don't stone your neighbor's dog; it induces likelihood that he will stone yours."

Seems as if the wise old gentleman preached a pretty good-sized sermon, and in not so many words either.

CAN YOU ANSWER?

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee,
Or a key to the lock of his hair?
Can his eyes be called an academy,
Because there are pupils there?
In the crown of his head
What gems are found?
Who travels the bridge of his nose?
Can he use, when shingling the roof of his house,
The nails on the end of his toes?
Can the crook of his elbow be sent to gaol?
If so, what did he do?
How does he sharpen his shoulder blades?
I'll be hanged if I know, do you?
Can he sit in the shade of the palm of his hand?
Or beat on the drum of his ear?
Does the calf of his leg eat the corn on his toes?
If so, why not grow corn on the ear?

A LANGUAGE PUZZLE.

There was a notice in the barber's shop window reading: "Boots Blacked Inside." A pedestrian halted, read and re-read the notice, then opened the door and said:

"That ought to be shoes. Not one man in fifty wears boots in the summer."

The barber didn't say anything, but, after due reflection, concluded that the man was right, and so changed the notice to read: "Shoes Blacked Inside."

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