

The Family Circle

A RECITATION.

"DOPTED."

She's just like all the dreams of all the mothers that I've had;
Her hair is such a shiny brown, her eyes so soft an' grey;
An' I knew her in a moment, an' my heart sang loud and glad,
When she came into the "Home" the other day.

She seemed, at first, to notice just the tiniest of all;
She petted him an' smoothed his curls with such a lovin' touch.
An' my tears kept rushin', rushin'—but I didn't let 'em fall—
Just blinked my eyes an' tried to hide my crutch.

But pretty soon she turned round an' looked at all the rest,
An' then her arms went out to me—my heart beat fast for joy!
In just about a second more my head was on her breast
As she whispered, with a kiss, "My little boy."

She's just like all the dreams of all the mothers that I've had;
I'd know those dear eyes anywhere, just by their lovin' shine!
An', oh, my heart is happy, 'cause I'm makin' someone glad,
An' a really, truly mother is all mine!

THE LEGEND OF THE HEART'S-EASE.

A heartbroken mother knelt by the still form of her only son and poured out her soul in sorrow.
"No one has ever suffered so before," she cried,—"*no one!*"

Startled by a sound as of a whirring of wings, she looked up into myriads of faces; faces of mothers,—mothers who had lost their only son. In their anguished eyes and sorrow-strained lips she read a grief such as her own. Her heart was filled with pity, and she prayed for strength to bear, and faith to look beyond.

The faces crowded together, closer and closer, until they merged into one,—the face of Mary of Judea.

"Cruel Death has robbed thee, too, of thy only son," whispered the lips of the Mother of God; "but the Resurrection will restore him to thee."

From Mary's tender eyes a tear fell on the mother's hands. She was alone. She looked at the teardrop, and while she looked it became a heart's-ease.

—*Ave Maria.*

MARY'S LITTLE LAMB.

Who wrote the world's most popular nursery rhyme, "Mary Had a Little Lamb?"

There have been many claimants to the distinction, but most of the evidence seems to show that the real author

Mrs. Sarah Buell Hale, who for a number of years edited the *Lady's Magazine*, the leading journal of its kind for almost half a century in the United States. She was the author of many popular poems for children, and her son, Horatio Hale, stated that the poem was first published by his mother in 1830.

It was written some time in 1827, and owed its origin to Dr. Lowell Mason, the American composer.

Dr. Mason settled in Boston, and gave particular attention to the training of children in vocal music, this being the first attempt to introduce singing into public schools in America.

In order to popularise his classes, Dr. Mason requested Mrs. Hale and others to furnish him with poems suitable for children. This Mrs. Hale did, composing a series of children's poems, among which was the now famous "Mary's Lamb."

STORIES OF DAD!

When mother is weary of scrubbing and cleaning,
And life seems just full of small things that annoy,
She begs Gran' to gather the children around her
And tell them all tales of when Dad was a boy!

If Dad were at home he would "toss up the baby,"
He'd smooth Mother's wrinkles of care into smiles,
He'd kiss Grannie's curls and he'd romp with the children;
But Dad is off "flying"—away, miles and miles!

Yet Mother feels rested when Gran' takes her knitting
And sits by the window at set of the sun,
And "quiet as mice" do the little ones listen
To all the fine things that dear Daddy has done.

—Lillian Gard.

IF YOU WOULD BE POPULAR.

You want to be popular? Very well, then! Gather round.

1. Don't imagine that anyone wants to hear about your troubles or pains. They don't. (They'd rather tell you about their own, and they'll love you if you listen sympathetically!)

2. Don't try to impress people. For the ones who might be impressed are rarely worth knowing, and the folk who are worth while will see your game, and fight shy of you.

3. Don't argue. Discuss; and remember that everyone has the same right to their opinions that you have to yours.

4. Don't grumble. It depresses people, and they won't seek your company if you depress them.

5. Try to see things from other people's point of view. It's quite simple if you have any imagination at all.

6. Cultivate a cheery attitude of mind. Cheery people are our social sunbeams. Sit on your worries, and smile. People will smile back at you, and you will feel all the better for it.

7. Don't be drawn into quarrelling. It's undignified. Keep away from the people to whom you can't adapt yourself, or who cannot adapt themselves to you—it makes for peace.

8. Don't say spiteful things about your friends to anyone. For your hearers will catalogue the fact in their minds, and know that you are not to be trusted.

9. Widen your interests. Get away from little personal chatter. It's nearly always critical and destructive.

10. Love all you can. Learn all you can. Help all you can.

—*Ladies' Designer.*

"THEY" AND WE.

From time immemorial the indefinite "They" has been made the scapegoat of all sorts of slander, calumny, and detraction generally. The cowardly backbiter seeks to disguise his malice by imputing his verbal poisoned arrows to persons unknown—"They say so and so." Another field in which this same indefinite locution is being overworked is thus aptly described by "T. A. T.," writing in the *Catholic Universe*.

We all fall easily into the habit of saying "they" ought to do this and "they" ought to do that; the "they" being some vague personages who are permitting weeds to grow up in the streets and dirt to accumulate in alleys. This same "they" fail to do anything when newspapers and magazines of great circulation slander the Church, or through insinuation and inuendo misrepresent her teachings and doctrines. You and I belong to that "they." Unless we are doing all we can do to correct such evils, then we ought not to complain of "they." Let us substitute "we" for "they;" and when we see misrepresentations of our religion in the public press let us do something about it, and not wait on some "they" who are always neglecting their duty.

AN OLD STORY.

It is an old story, but it is a good one. A father told his son that whenever he did wrong he should drive a nail into the door of the woodshed. The door began to fill up very fast, and a great many nails were being used—heaps of them, in fact. The boy did not like the appear-