

The Family Circle

HAPPY NEW YEAR

What will you do in the year that is new,
Little maid?

Will you make it a happy New Year to you,
Little maid?

Will you keep your heart full of sunshine, dear,
Though skies be cloudy and days be drear?
Will you help the mother and lighten her care?
Be ready in duties to take your share?
Will you aim to make little ones happy and glad,
Be cheerful and hopeful when others are sad?
Will you aim to have life hold a little less pain
For those whom sickness and want enchain?
Will you strive to be gentle, brave, and sweet,
And to follow the Master with willing feet,
Little maid?

If this you do in the year that is new,
'Twill be truly a happy New Year to you,
Little maid.

A CASE OF HONOR

Emily Wright, summoned to Mr. Davis' private office, had no presentiment of ill; indeed, walking up through the bright spring morning, she had been unusually happy and full of eager plans. She knew that she was doing good work, and her thoughts had run upon the possibility of a promotion, and what she could do then for her sister and little Donald. So she waited, cheerful and alert, for Mr. Davis' orders.

Three minutes later she walked slowly down the corridor. Dismissed! She never had thought of the possibility of such a thing, not once. One week's more work, and then the old heart-sickening search again. She could have a good recommendation—the best—but even with that, to find another situation in July—

Ethel Carse, pretty and careless and meaning to be kind, looked up as Emily walked back to her desk.

'Have they fired you?' she asked. 'It's a shame! They always do lay off the latest comers in July, but they missed it in giving you a walking-ticket. I'd like to tell Mr. Davis so.'

'Oh, no!' Emily gasped.

'Oh, I shan't, you needn't fear. I'm afraid of my life with him, but I'd like to. If I were you, I wouldn't hurt myself with work this week, that's all.'

It was Emily's own first impulse—not, indeed, in retaliation, but from sheer heart-sickness; but presently she pulled herself together.

'I am paid for the week's work. I must give honorable service,' she said to herself sternly. And so, because honorable service meant to her finishing her tasks regardless of time, she stayed beyond her hour several nights that week.

She was tempted to drop things at five o'clock, as Ethel did—Ethel, who was to be kept on. In the mood of discouragement that was upon her, the very dreariness of the office, emptied of all except one or two special workers, oppressed her. Yet she stayed, putting into exquisite order each day's work. It was Friday, while she was wearily typewriting some specifications, that she was startled by Mr. Davis' voice beside her:

'Miss Wright, what are you doing here?'

'Finishing this work—it came in the last mail,' Emily replied.

'Are you not to leave Saturday?'

'Yes,' the girl answered briefly. The question seemed needlessly cruel.

'Yet you are staying overtime?'

Emily looked at him gravely. 'My work is here until Saturday night,' she said.

Mr. Davis' keen glance flashed from her face to her copy, perfect in each detail.

'Miss Wright,' he said, 'I am going to take the responsibility of asking you, for the company, to continue your services with us. We can better afford to lose a little in money than to lose one who so honors her trust—and herself.'

Out in the summer evening, Emily walked home with shining eyes. It was good, oh, so good! to have the place, but underneath was something better. She had not failed herself.

JOHN'S NEW YEAR

'Mamma, I mean to be a good boy all this year,' said John, one New Year's Day.

'Try it for one day at a time, my boy,' said mamma.

John's great fault was to strike or push those who did not please him, and his mamma did hope he would not do so that day.

John went to spend the day at grandma's. Such a nice day, with games and good things; but he forgot to be good all day. Kate took up his new book to look at it, and he gave her a push which threw her to the floor and made her nose bleed.

'Oh, mamma, I do want to be good, but I do not think in time,' said the sad boy that night.

'Let us ask God to help you, and you must try each day to do as you would be done by,' said mamma.

And John promised that he would pray, and that he would try.

NAILING IT FAST

Once when I was a schoolgirl, a visitor said something in a speech he made to us which I shall never forget. 'Suppose,' he said, 'you were building a house, and instead of putting the shingles and weatherboards on with nails, you fasten them in place with tacks. It would be a foolish way, would it not? For the first high wind would send them flying off in all directions. None of you would do so silly a thing as that, I am sure. But how are you doing your school work day by day? Are you just tacking the lessons on so they will stay long enough for the recitation, and then drop off your memory? Or are you nailing them fast, so that they will stay on for life and become a good sound part of your education?'

A PATHETIC STORY

A pathetic story of a child's heroism is told by a Dublin gentleman (remarks the London *Daily Telegraph*). Recently he proposed to drive with his wife to the beautiful Glasnevin cemetery. Calling his son, a bright little boy, some four years old, he told him to get ready to accompany them. The child's countenance fell, and the father said:

'Don't you want to go, Willie?'

The little lip quivered, but the child answered: 'Yes, papa, if you wish.'

The child was strangely silent during the drive, and when the carriage drove up to the entrance he clung to his mother's side and looked up in her face with pathetic wistfulness.

The party alighted and walked among the graves and along the tree shadowed avenues, looking at the inscriptions on the last resting places of the dwellers in the beautiful city of the dead. After an hour or so thus spent they returned to the carriage, and the father lifted his little son to his seat. The child looked surprised, drew a breath of relief, and asked:

'Why, am I going back with you?'

'Of course you are; why not?'

'I thought when they took little boys to the cemetery they left them there,' said the child.

Many a man does not show the heroism in the face of death that this child evinced in what, to him, had evidently been a summons to leave the world.

CORROBORATIVE EVIDENCE

Owner of property (sternly, to a tramp reclining on a mossy bank): 'Don't you see that notice, "Trespassers will be prosecuted"?''

Tramp (calmly): 'No, I don't see it, for I can't read.'

Owner of property: 'Well, you know what it is now, so go.'

Tramp: 'Hexcuse me, mister, but I don't know what it is. I've only got your bare word for it, and you're a puffet stranger to me. For what I know to the contrary, the notice may be "New milk sold 'ere," or "Cherries tuppence a pound," or "Welkim, weary wanderer."'

A SUM IN ARITHMETIC

An intelligent-looking boy walked into a grocer's shop one day, and, reading from a paper, said:

'I want six pounds of sugar at six and one-half cents a pound.'

'Yes,' said the shopman; 'that will be thirty-nine cents.'

'Eleven pounds of rice at six cents a pound.'

'Sixty-six cents.'

'Four pounds of tea at fifty cents a pound.'

'Two dollars.'

And so he continued: 'Five pounds of coffee at twenty-five cents, seven tins of milk at ten cents, four tins of tomatoes at nine cents, eight tins of sardines at fifteen cents.'

The shopman made out the bill and handed it to the lad, saying: 'Did your mother send the money or does she want them entered?'