

# The Family Circle

## THE NAUGHTY DOLLY

Ain't you 'shamed, you naughty dolly?  
Ain't you 'shamed as you can be?  
'Cause you made your clothes so dirty,  
So much trouble made for me.

Oh, you needn't hang your head so;  
That won't help the thing a bit;  
Here's your mother, naughty dolly,  
Hard at work; just think of it.

'Course I ought to be a-playing  
'Stead of working here for you;  
Oh, dear me, I never realised  
Half that mothers have to do!

But I've learned a lesson, dolly;  
I'll be good as I can be.  
My mamma shall not be tired  
Doing extra work for me.

## WHERE TOM FOUND HIS MANNERS

Tom's Father was a rich man, and Tom lived in a large house in the country. He had a pony and many other pets, and wore fine clothes. Tom was very proud of all the fine things his father's money bought. He began to think that being rich was better than being good. He grew very rude, and was cross to the servants. Once he kicked Towser, but the dog growled and Tom was afraid to kick him again.

One day when Tom was playing in the yard he saw a boy standing at the gate. He was ragged and dirty, his hat was torn, and his feet were bare. But he had a pleasant face. In one hand he carried a pail half full of blackberries.

'Go away from here,' said Tom, running to the gate. 'We are rich, and we don't want ragged boys around.'  
'Please give me a drink,' said the boy. 'If you are rich you can spare me a dipper of water.'  
'We can't spare you anything,' said Tom. 'If you don't go away I will set the dogs on you.'

The boy laughed and walked away, swinging the tin pail in his hand.

'I think I will get some blackberries, too,' said Tom to himself. He went out the gate into a lane leading to a meadow where there were plenty of berries.

Tom saw some fine large ones growing just over a ditch. He thought he could leap over it very easily. He gave a run and a very big jump. The ditch was wider than he had thought, and instead of going over it, he came down in the middle of it.

The mud was very thick and soft, and Tom sank down in it to his waist. He was very much frightened, and screamed for help. But he had not much hope that help would come, for he was a long way from any house.

He screamed until he was tired. He began to think he would have to spend the night in the ditch, when he heard steps on the grass. Looking up, he saw the ragged boy he had driven from the gate.

'Please help me out,' said Tom, crying. 'I will give you a dollar.'

'I don't want the dollar,' said the boy, lying down flat on the grass. He held out both hands to Tom and drew him out of the ditch.

Tom was covered with mud, his hat was gone, and one shoe was lost in the ditch. He looked very miserable.

'Who is dirty now?' asked the boy.  
'I am,' said poor Tom; 'but I thank you very much for helping me out of the mire. And I am sorry I sent you away from the gate.'

'The next time I come perhaps you will treat me better,' said the boy. 'I am not rich, but I am stronger than you are, and I think I have better manners.'

'I think so, too,' said Tom.  
The next day when Tom saw the boy going by the gate he called him in, showed him his rabbits, doves, and little ducks, and gave him a ride on his pony.

'You have good manners now,' said the boy.  
'Yes,' said Tom, 'I found them in the ditch.'

## KIND WORDS

Kind words are the music of the world. They have a power which seems to be beyond natural causes. There is hardly a power on earth equal to them. It seems as if they could almost do what in reality God alone can do,

namely, soften the hard and angry hearts of men. Even quarrels give way to kind words, for an unforgiving heart is a rare monster. Words have a power of their own for good or evil. Hence it is that an unkind word rankles longer in the heart than an angry gesture, nay, oftener than a blow. Kind words are like revelations from heaven unravelling complicated misunderstandings and softening the hardened convictions of years. Why, then, are we ever else but kind? Kind in words? There are some difficulties. It is hard for a clever man to be kind in his words. He has a temptation—a temptation bordering on the irresistible—to say clever things, and, somehow, clever things are hardly ever kind things. There is a drop ever of acid or bitter in them. And on the whole to say clever things of others is hardly ever without sin. There is something in genius which is analogous to a sting. Its sharpness, its delicacy, its pain, its poison—genius has all these things as well as the sting. A man who lays himself out to amuse is never a safe man to have for a friend or even an acquaintance. He is not a man whom any one really loves or respects. No one was ever drawn nearer to God by a sarcasm. Our Lord's words in the Gospel should be our model.

## LINCOLN AND THE LAD

While officially resident in Washington during the Civil War, I once had occasion to call upon President Lincoln with the late Senator Henry Wilson, upon an errand of a public nature in which we were mutually interested, writes ex-Governor Rice in his memorial volume. We were obliged to wait some time in the anteroom before we could be received, and when at length the door was opened to us a small lad, perhaps ten or twelve years old, who had been waiting for admission several days without success, slipped in between us and approached the President in advance. The latter gave the Senator and myself a cordial but brief salutation, and turning immediately to the lad, said, 'And who is the little boy?' The boy soon told his story, which was in substance that he had come to Washington seeking employment as a page in the House of Representatives, and he wished the President to give him such an appointment.

To this the President replied that such appointments were not at his disposal, and that application must be made to the doorkeeper of the House at the Capitol. 'But, sir,' said the lad, still undaunted, 'I am a good boy, and have a letter from my mother, and one from the supervisors of my town, and one from my Sunday school teacher, and they all told me that I could earn enough in one session of Congress to keep my mother and the rest of us comfortable all the remainder of the year.' The President took the lad's papers and ran his eye over them with that penetrating and absorbent look so familiar to all who knew him, and then took his pen and wrote upon the back of one of them: 'If Captain Goodnow can give a place to this good little boy, I shall be gratified,' and signed it 'A. Lincoln.'

The boy's face became radiant with hope, and he walked out of the room with a step as light as though all the angels were whispering their congratulations.

Only after the lad had gone did the President seem to realise that a Senator and another person had been some time waiting to see him.

Think for a moment of the President of a great nation engaged in one of the most terrible wars ever waged among men, able so far to forget all as to give himself up for the time being to the errand of a little boy who had braved an interview uninvited, and of whom he knew nothing but that he had a story to tell of his widowed mother and of his ambition to serve her!

## THE HISTORY OF SOME POPULAR PHRASES.

Although in some cases several versions have been given of the origin of popular sayings, there are quite a number which can be traced to one authentic source, and the history of these is sometimes of rather a humorous character.

'My eye and Betty Martin.' The origin of this phrase has been told by Dr. Butler, who was head master of Shrewsbury School, and afterwards Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry.

It appears that many years ago a party of gipsies were apprehended and taken before a magistrate. The constable gave evidence against a very extraordinary woman, named Betty Martin. She became violently excited, rushed up to him, and gave him a tremendous blow in the eye. After which the boys and rabble used to follow the unfortunate officer with cries of 'My eye and Betty Martin.'

'Mind your P's and Q's.' This expression arose from the ancient custom of hanging a slate behind the ale-house