

The Family Circle

THE BOY THAT WAS.

When the hair about the temples starts to show the signs of grey,
And a fellow realises that he's wandering far away
From the pleasures of his boyhood and his youth, and never more
Will know the joy of laughter as he did in days of yore.
Oh, it's then he starts to thinking of a stubby little lad,
With a face as brown as berries, and a soul supremely glad.

When a grey-haired dreamer wanders down the lanes of memory,
And forgets the living present for the time of "used-to-be,"
He takes off his shoes and stockings, and he throws his coat away;
And he's free from all restrictions, save the rules of manly play.
He may be in tattered garments, but bareheaded in the sun
He forgets the proud successes and the riches he has won.

Oh, there's not a man that liveth but would give his all to be
The stubby little fellow that in dreamland he can see.
And the splendors that surround him, and the joys about him spread,
Only seem to rise and taunt him with the boyhood that has fled.
When the hair about the temples starts to show time's silver stain,
Then the richest man that's living yearns to be a boy again.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

In the model domestic circle, meal-time is the happy meeting-time of the family, and the evening meal is looked forward to as the brightest spot in the day. This is as it should be, for happiness should prevail when the family is gathered together.

But, unfortunately, most of us know homes where meal-time is a most trying time for the entire family. The parents scarcely speak during the meal, the children are nervous and restless and anxious to get away from the table, and the meal, altogether, is a dreary one.

Those who live together should try to create an atmosphere of cheer and love and respect around them, and should be willing to make little sacrifices one for the other. They, themselves, will be the happier for so doing.

Time brings many changes, and we have to admit that one of the changes time has brought is the utter—in many families—disregard for parental authority, or at least wishes. Authority is not a nice word, perhaps, to use in relation to parents and children, where love should be the mainspring of actions. Nowadays, young people come and go in the home as they see fit, and parents "let the dear children have their way," and the children are often very selfish in consequence, unpunctual at meals, and thoughtless for the convenience of their mothers.

When the world opens its doors to receive them, it is the children who respected their parents and conformed to their wishes who are likely to make good. They are equipped a hundred per cent. better to fight life's battles than those who never considered the wishes of anyone but themselves.

UNSEEN BLESSINGS.

The people on the crowded street stopped and held their breath as the speeding touring car leaped up on

the sidewalk right in the path of the two girls hurrying across the street to escape it. A sudden swerve of the chauffeur, a switch to one side just in time, and the car shot past, grazing the skirt of one of the girls.

Panting and flushed the two girls stood on the curb. The by-standers' faces expressed relief at the narrow escape, while they joined in indignant protest at the reckless driver speeding away in the distance.

"How we ever escaped, I don't know," panted one of the girls.

"It was only God's providence," answered the other reverently, as they made their way slowly and thoughtfully across the street. "That was the nearest I ever came to being run over. When I saw the car dash up on the sidewalk we were making for—right in our path—I thought there was no escape for us. It was God alone Who saved us."

"I wonder," said her companion, thoughtfully, "how many times He saves us from danger when we don't know about it? This time we saw how wonderful it was, but I wonder if there are not other times when we have just as great deliverances and never know."

"Yes," agreed her companion, "I saw a man crossing the street the other day when a car just missed him. He was walking along with his head down, evidently much preoccupied, and the car coming up behind him just missed him by an inch or so; but he did not seem even to see it, went on the same way—head down, evidently lost in thought."

"I believe God saves us from danger many times when we don't know about it," answered her friend. "How much we have to thank Him for!"

THAT WE MAY FIND REST.

"I find he never rests," said the mother, who was taking her little son upstairs for his noonday nap, "unless I take away his playthings before I put him in his cot. He used to want something to hold when I laid him down. But I found he would not rest as long as he had his treasure to look at."

There are many of us who never find real rest of heart till the Father in His wisdom takes from us the treasures to which we cling. Sometimes it is the educational opportunity on which we have so set our hearts; sometimes it is merely the summer outing that we had planned for, sometimes it is the key to the gateway of what seemed an altogether pleasanter kind of life.

But the taking away of the treasured thing was often necessary that our restless spirits might find in the Father alone the real rest of heart that makes us strong for service.

THE PROFESSOR AGAIN.

The professor had the reputation of being somewhat absent-minded. One evening he was to accompany his wife to the theatre. When they were ready she said to him:

"John, I don't like that necktie you have on; go upstairs and change it."

The obedient man went up, but minute after minute passed without his returning. After waiting as patiently as possible for almost a quarter of an hour, the good lady went to ascertain the cause of the delay. She found him just getting into bed. He had removed his necktie, and force of habit had done the rest.

BLIGHTED ROMANCE.

"By the way," said the man who had stopped at a farmhouse to water his horse, "fifteen years ago a poor boy came this way and you took him in."

"Yes," queried the farmer, somewhat surprised.

"You were kind to him," went on the stranger. "You fed him, gave him words of encouragement and an old suit of clothes, put half a crown in his pocket, and sent him on his way rejoicing. He told you at the time that you never would regret your kindness. Am I right?"

"Yes, you are," replied the farmer.