

The Family Circle

THE BEAUTY OF WORTH.

Once I knew a little girl,
 Very plain;
 You might try her hair to curl,
 All in vain.
 On her cheek no tint of rose
 Paled and blushed or sought repose:
 She was plain.

But the thoughts that through her brain
 Came and went,
 Were a sure reward for pain
 Heaven-sent;
 So full many a beauteous thing,
 In her young soul blossoming,
 Gave content.

Every thought was full of grace,
 Pure and true;
 And in time that open face
 Lovelier grew;
 With a heavenly radiance bright,
 From the soul's reflected light
 Shining through.

So I tell you, little child,
 Plain or poor,
 If your thoughts are kind and mild,
 You are sure
 Of the loveliness of worth:
 And this beauty, not of earth,
 Will endure.

—Ave Maria.

"YOU CAN'T DO IT."

Don't be discouraged by croakers who, without wisdom or experience, tell you that a certain thing cannot be done or that you are sure to fail if you attempt it. Don't let them bluff you. Get the advice of people who know, take every care to insure to success, and then, if the venture looks good, try it. It is usually better to try and fail, than never to have tried at all. And usually, if you have used good judgment, you will not fail, the croakers to the contrary notwithstanding.

Many people do not have enough confidence in their own judgment to back it vigorously, courageously. They allow every adverse criticism to unsettle their decision and turn them from their course.

Multitudes of men to-day who are either utter failures or only half-way successes, plodding along in mediocrity, might have done splendid work if they had only learned to trust their own judgment.

No matter what you do, some one will differ with you, criticise, find fault, or tell you that you should have done just the opposite.

I never knew (says a writer) a person to get very far in any direction who never dared to act upon his own judgment, who was always consulting others, relying on other people's opinions as to what he should or should not do, what he could or could not accomplish.

"You can't do it," has made more men with good ability fail, or kept them in mediocrity, than almost any other thing.

"You can't do it" will meet you everywhere in life. At every new turn you propose to take you will find some one to warn you away, telling you not to take that road, that it is "impossible" to go over it, or else that it will lead to failure.

Depart from precedent in any line; try to do things in a new way, to adopt new methods, new machinery, new devices, and the slaves of precedent, worshippers of the old and the tried, who are always in the majority, will tell you not to do it, that it is a foolish expense, a doubtful experiment.

Whenever an employee decides to start out for himself, "You can't do it" will be dinned in his ears by those who really believe they are his friends.

"You can't do it" confronts the ambitious struggler whenever he attempts to get ahead, to better his condition. "You can't do it," has kept tens of thousands of poor boys from getting a college education; has kept innumerable men from developing their inherent strength and measuring up to the limit of their natural ability.

"You can't do it," has immeasurably retarded the progress of the human race. All the progress that has been made was made in spite of the "You can't" philosophy. The "impossible" has been accomplished by those who scouted it, trusted their own judgment, and fared boldly forth on their own strength.

It is all a question of self-reliance and courage. These are the miracle-workers.

"You can't do it" doesn't phaze those who believe in themselves, who are made of winning material.

THE ART OF KEEPING FRIENDS.

The faculty of keeping friends is the secret of the success of many persons. It is not enough to be able to make them. It is a comparatively easy matter to win regard and favor with a pleasing exterior and even the framework of a well-stocked mind. A real friendship and the only kind worthy of struggle and sacrifice, is a priceless possession, and he is rich indeed who cannot count his friends on the fingers of one hand. It is customary, however, to speak lightly of friendship and to refer to another as a friend when an acquaintance is meant. People who rise to power and influence are usually those who have retained their friends. They are "the same yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow," and prosperity does not change them. The friends of long ago are theirs for aye.

DON'T WORRY.

Not all worry is preventable, but for the most part it can be avoided. Most of our fears are never realised, and, as a rule, if we meet our troubles day by day, as they come, without worrying about them before they arrive or fretting over them after they have passed, we will find that we have the strength to rise above them. Worry undermines the health to a certain extent. It really weakens the mental forces by tiring them out by doing nothing. Usually the relief from worry rests with the victim of this unhappy habit himself, but sometimes the real causes are not the ones which seem to explain the condition, and we must go deep into our lives or have the assistance of those who are skilled in unravelling mental processes.

Use your mental gifts to better purpose than to worry over things which come into every normal adult life. Think of others, forgetting yourself. The best thought one can have, if he really wishes to get out of the worry class, is: Worry makes a man unpopular with his fellow men and in his home life. No one likes to be considered a bore, yet where will you find a greater bore than the man or woman who is continually whining over fancied worries? Friend and foe alike shun them. Families, alas! cannot flee before the worrier, but they welcome his absence from the home, for then, and then only, can they let the blessed sunshine of good cheer and peace into the household.

TROUBLES OF A COLLECTOR.

A merchant had made use of one of his young clerks in the stead of his regular collector, who was ill.

When the young man returned from his rounds, his employer observed that he looked rather down in the mouth.

"Have any luck?" asked the merchant.

"So-so," replied the young man listlessly.

"How about that Jones bill? I suppose you collected that. You said that Mr. Jones was a friend of yours."

"Well, sir," said the clerk, "I don't know whether to rejoice or not at my success with Mr. Jones."

"What do you mean?"

"This, sir. When I went in and said, 'Mr. Jones, I have called to speak about a matter——' he

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