

The Family Circle

RHYME FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

Little Miss Hurry,
All bustle and flurry,
Comes down to breakfast ten minutes too late;
Her hair is a-rumple,
Her gown is a-crumple,
She'd no time to button and hook herself straight.

She hunts and she rushes
For needles and brushes,
For books and for pencils flies upstairs and down;
If ever you find her
Just follow behind her

A trail of shoe buttons and shreds of her gown.

But little Miss Steady
By school-time is ready,
All smiling and shining, and neat in her place,
With no need to worry,
She pities Miss Hurry,
Who but yesterday sat here with shame on her face.

Her heart beating lightly,
Her duty done brightly,
She vows she will never again change her name;
For though you'd not guess it,
I'm bound to confess it—
These two little maidens are one and the same.

TWO HONEST BOYS.

An example of honesty is always instructive, whether it be given by a child or by one of maturer years. A skilful teacher, who takes great interest in the moral growth of her pupils, writes as follows:—"In a country school a large class was standing to spell. In the lesson there was a very hard word. I put the word to the scholar at the head, and he missed it: I passed it to the next, and the next, till it came to the last scholar, the smallest in the class, and he spelt it right—at least I understood him so—and he went to the head, above 17 boys and girls, all older than himself. I then turned round and wrote the word on the blackboard, so that they might all see how it was spelt, and learn it better. But no sooner had I written it than the little boy at the head cried out, "Oh, I didn't say it so: I said e instead of i"; and he went back to the foot, of his own accord, quicker than he had gone to the head. Here was an honest boy. I should always have thought that he spelt the word right if he had not told me; but he was too honest to take any credit that did not belong to him.

In connection with this worthy conduct, there is herewith given another interesting lesson:—"Do you want to buy any berries to-day?" said a boy to a lady one afternoon. The little fellow was not well clothed, and his feet were bare and travel-stained. In his hand he held up a basket full of ripe and dewy raspberries, which were peeping out from amid the bright green leaves that lay lightly over them. The lady told him she would purchase, and taking the basket up, she stepped into the house. He did not follow her, but remained behind, whistling to her canaries as they hung in their cage in the porch. He seemed fully occupied with the pretty bird pets, and the berries appeared forgotten.

"Why do you not come in and see if I measure your berries right?" said the lady. "How do you know but what I might cheat you, and take more than the quantity I have agreed upon?" The boy looked up and smiled. "I am not afraid," said he, "for you would get the worst of it, madam." "Get the worst of it? What do you mean?" "Why, madam, I should only lose my berries, but you would be stealing. Don't you think you would get the worst of it?"

"No man is bound to be rich or great, but every man is bound to be honest."

"Honest minds are pleased with honest things."

TO A MOTHER.

It is hard, perhaps impossible, to say anything that will help you to forget your loss or that can dull

the sense of emptiness in your heart for the boy who is gone. That consolation it is beyond the power of words to bestow, but it will come to you of itself, unsought and unexpected—a light from the glory of the great cause that has taken him.

You are his mother, and therefore have had a mother's dreams for your son. You taught him to be honest—with himself as with others. You set his feet in the difficult path of courage and helped him to walk in it. You encouraged him to think little of himself, but much of others, and to hate injustice and cruelty; and you made him see that the love of country is not love for a mere set of geographical boundaries or a political system, but for a body of moral principles, a creed of justice and liberty.

As the years have passed you had the supreme happiness—the deepest and most enduring satisfaction that life affords—of seeing your aspirations take form and express themselves in your son's character, and of knowing that it is your dreams and your guidance and teaching that have made him what he is. When the call came he heard it and was ready. He went in the purity of his youth, with his visions all undimmed and his heart on fire with noble passion. So, for you, he will always remain.

It is your high privilege—and in the years to come it will be your proud comfort—to remember that, having made him worthy, you also gave him the great opportunity that he took so gladly, and by your sacrifice set the seal of success on both your lives.

HIS POSITION.

"I suppose you are still with the same firm?" said the old school friend.

"Yes," answered the youth with the patient expression of countenance.

"What's your position?"

"I'm an employee."

"But what is your official title?"

"I haven't any official title. It's like this: When the manager wants something done he tells the head clerk, and the head clerk tells one of his assistants, and the assistant tells me."

"And what then?"

"Well, I haven't anybody to tell, so I have to go and do it myself."

PREPARED FOR THE WORST.

Just as two men were in the middle of a large field, one of them turned and saw an angry bull making for them.

With a yell of warning he bolted, and just managed to clear the hedge. His companion, less nimble, ran wildly round the hedge to find an opening.

Twice he went round without escaping. Then, as he passed his anxious friend for the third time, he shouted:—

"Tell my missus my insurance policy is in the bottom drawer. This is my last time round."

A FRIENDLY FEELING.

For 20 minutes Brown had sat staring helplessly at the empty table in front of him.

Another five minutes passed—six, seven, eight. And then at last the waiter appeared, bringing with him the potatoes and cold meat which Brown had ordered.

Brown nobly restrained all the caustic comments which he felt inclined to pass, and "Thank you!" he said, as the food was laid before him. Then, "Waiter," he added, "can you also bring me a little salad?"

"Certainly, sir!" replied the waiter, as he proceeded to move away from the table at a steady four miles a week.

"And, by the way," Brown shouted after him, "you might drop me a post card every now and then while you're absent, will you?"

TOO COMPLICATED.

"These modern ideas are all very well," growled Farmer Turmut, over his pipe one evening, "but not

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