

The Family Circle

LOYALTY

Whatever you did in the years that are gone,
In the year that is yours to-day,
Lift up your brow in the light of the sun,
Be loyal and brave, I pray.

Be true to the best that is in your soul,
And follow your high ideal,
And so, as the beautiful seasons roll,
You shall see your dreams grow real.

Be true and dare for the right, my friend,
Fear nothing and dread no blame,
In this brief life, all hastes to an end,
Save only the weird of shame.

The loyal heart is never alone,
There are ever comrades real,
Who will make the cause you love their own,
And stand by you staunch as steel.

Steadfast, unswerving, and pure of heart,
Meet shadow and shine alike,
And shunning only the coward's part,
Learn when to wait, or to strike.

A GOLDEN SILENCE

'Girls, there comes Hattie Haines; let's hide from her. She will spoil all the fun if she comes here. I don't want her,' declared Lucy Long as she saw Hattie coming toward them.

'I just can't bear her,' began one of the girls; then bit her lip when she noticed that Hattie was within hearing distance, and must have heard every word.

Marjory remained silent, but smiled a welcome to Hattie, motioning her to a place beside her in the garden swing. But Hattie passed on her way with a very bright spot on each cheek.

'Oh girls,' cried Marjory, 'how could you? I believe she heard every word you said.'

'Can't be helped now,' said Lucy. 'It may have been wrong for me to say it, but I don't like Hattie.'

'Perhaps you would if you knew her better,' rejoined Marjory gently; 'and anyway, mamma has taught me so thoroughly that "silence is golden," that I always try to remember it. I am sorry she heard, for she looked so hurt.'

Lucy fidgeted uncomfortably. 'Of course, I did not mean for her to hear me, I didn't realise she was so near. But she is so stupid.'

'Hattie is very timid,' replied Marjory, 'but really, she is not stupid. I am glad she did not hear you say that.'

Lucy laughed a little. 'Well, I am glad she did not stop, anyway. It would have spoiled our Saturday afternoon, and it is precious, now that we have to be in school.'

Monday found the girls standing around in groups evidently much interested in some discussion. Hattie would join none of the groups, however; she sat apart, pretending to be deeply absorbed in her books. Marjory called to her, and tried to attract her attention, but she only bent lower over her book.

'Let the sulky thing alone,' whispered Lucy; 'what is the use of making such a fuss over her? She has been a queer fish ever since she came here.'

As Marjory stood looking at her she saw the wistful look in the eyes raised for just one fleeting glance, and going to her quickly, she placed an arm about her. 'Do you know,' she whispered in her ear, 'that Mr. Thornton has offered a medal for the best story for our school paper—one that will illustrate some old proverb? You must try with the others, it will be such fun.'

Hattie's cheek flushed, and she was silent for a time; then just as the bell rang, she answered timidly: 'I had heard about it. I think you are very kind to ask me to try, and—perhaps I shall.'

Lucy laughed when she heard that Hattie would compete for the medal. 'She couldn't write a rule for muzzling a poodle dog,' she said lightly. 'If she were my only opponent, I should have nothing to fear.'

'I'll tell you what proverb to choose, Lucy,' teased one girl, slyly. 'Choose, "Brag is a good dog," and so forth—you know the rest.'

'Thank you for your suggestion, but I'll be kind enough to give it back to you. I have already made my choice. What are you going to write about, Marjory?' she went on coolly.

'I'm not going to try,' answered Marjory; 'I know my limitations. I guess I'll just stick to algebra and Latin.'

'Well, I am going to try,' continued Lucy in a superior tone, 'and my story will illustrate the proverb, "It is never too late to mend." Congratulate me right now. Can't your fancy picture how becoming the medal will be pinned on my best white dress?'

'Here's luck to you,' smiled Marjory kindly. 'You always have been the literary genius of our class, Lucy.'

There was no doubt in Lucy's mind that she would win the medal. She thought her opponents scarcely worth considering; especially Hattie. She labored painstakingly with her story till it was completed, and when she had read and reread it a hundred times, she became still more fully convinced it was bound to be a prize-winner.

On the day when the medal was to be awarded the girls clustered about Lucy, assuring her over and over that she was certain to be the lucky one. She wore an expectant smile when Mr. Thornton came forward to announce the winner of the medal.

He held it in his hand, and showed off its beauty tantalisingly. Also, he held the prize-story, and Lucy was quite sure it was her own, but her cheeks flushed painfully as Mr. Thornton called Hattie Haines to come forward and receive the medal.

There was a flutter of surprise, and it was some seconds before timid little Hattie could make up her mind to go.

'This story,' said Mr. Thornton, 'beautifully illustrates the old proverb, "Speech may be silver, but silence is gold." I shall ask her to read it aloud.'

Poor frightened Hattie gave him a beseeching glance, but he did not see it, and handed her the manuscript with a bow.

As Lucy listened to the reading of the story, she was fully convinced that her thoughtless and unkind words had been heard by Hattie. Her feelings underwent a wonderful change toward her schoolmate. She acknowledged to herself the justice of the decision, and wished heartily that she had acted upon Marjory's hint to become better acquainted with her. At the conclusion of the story she was on her feet and took Hattie's hand. 'That's the best lesson I ever had,' she exclaimed, 'and I think my story illustrating, "It is never too late to mend," will make a good sequel to it, if you will let it, Hattie; will you? I would like to be friends with you.'

Hattie kissed her impulsively. 'I have always liked you, Lucy,' she said.

IN DOUBT

Lord Rossmore, in his book entitled *Things I Can Tell*, relates a good story of Percy La Touche, the leading sportsman of Ireland. He always received King Edward when he went to Punchestown. Percy had a keen sense of humor, and when the King once playfully hit him over the shoulders with his walking-stick, he turned to his Majesty and said, in rather a rueful manner:

'Sir, I don't know whether you've intended knocking me or breaking my collarbone.'

PROUD OF IT

George Clarke, a celebrated negro minstrel, on one occasion, when being examined as a witness, was severely interrogated by a lawyer.