

The Family Circle

THE CHILDREN AND THE ANGELS

When little children wake at morn
To greet once more the day new-born,
The angels take each tiny hand
And lead them forth from Slumberland.

When little children laugh and play
'Mid snares and perils of the day,
The guardian angels stand between
Each lure and pitfall dark, unseen.

When little children sink to sleep,
Above them white-winged angels keep
A loving watch from dark to light,
All through the terrors of the night.

And when in dreams they softly smile
With hearts and lips that know not guile,
Their souls forsake the haunts of men,
And wander back to heaven again.

—Ave Maria.

TWO BOYS AND THEIR FIRST PAY

'There's my first week's pay, mother,' said a recent graduate, as he put his envelope in his mother's hand. 'Buy yourself a silk dress.'

'This is my first money, mother,' said another graduate. 'You'll let me keep it, won't you? There's so many things I want to get for myself.'

And how do you suppose these mothers answered (asks the *Sacred Heart Review*)? The first began to cry, because she was so glad that her boy had thought of her. He had promised her that silk dress on every occasion when he felt particularly grateful to her, and at last the promise was fulfilled. He didn't know that the four dollars in the envelope couldn't buy such silk as he had in mind, and the mother didn't undeceive him. She put the money away in a box with other things that marked memorable events in the boy's life, and she said 'I'll never part with that unless I have to.' Which, perhaps, was not the best use to make of it, but it showed how much the little envelope meant to her.

The other mother cried, too, but it was because a hard, queer feeling seemed to squeeze her heart, and send hot angry words to her lips. She wanted to tell her boy of the love and money she had spent on him, of the sacrifices she had made, and of the hopes she cherished of one day being able to depend on his young strength. And this was the beginning. There were so many things he wanted for himself! Mother couldn't expect anything! Very grudgingly he assented to a compromise—a certain sum for board every week, the rest for himself. The mother dried her tears, and kept back the angry words, but as she added the board money to the family purse she said something that possibly only mothers can understand. She said 'I have lost my boy and got a boarder.'

A DOG STORY

The New York *Scottish American* tells the following dog story, which might be possible, but hardly probable:—

An Irish terrier named Galtee was about a year old when he was brought to America from the town of Clonmel, Ireland, by the wife of a man now in New York. The party travelled by the *Majestic*, and the dog, being an exceptionally instinctive creature, quickly made friends with every one on board. Two days after the party arrived at New York the dog disappeared. Not a word was received about Galtee until a letter arrived from Ireland saying that he had reached Clonmel one day.

At first the owner thought it was some joke of his relatives in the 'Ould Dart,' and he immediately

wrote for more details. In the meantime, when the *Majestic* came to port the next trip, the man inquired and there learned that the dog made the return trip on the boat. As the ship passed Sandy Hook the puppy suddenly made his appearance on deck and began to make friends with the passengers. No very great notice was taken of him by the ship's crew, for it was thought that someone he belonged to might be returning on the boat, but it was soon found that the dog was making the trip on his own hook. He had a good time all the way, but after the *Majestic* had touched Queenstown the dog vanished. On the remainder of the journey to Liverpool the stewards and other employees of the liner searched the nooks and corners, but there was no dog.

He slipped off in the excitement at Queenstown, and legged it every foot of the way, a hundred miles or so, to Clonmel. He was footsore and weary when he limped home, an extra note said afterward, and his coat bore unmistakable evidence of having been in several rough and tumble scraps on the road. One eye was nearly closed, there was a deep gash on one shoulder from the fangs of another dog, and his tail was eaten off almost to the root. It took a full month for Galtee to recuperate, and he is enjoying good health to-day at home. No further attempt was made to bring him to America.

IMPROVED CONDITIONS

The father, anxious to impress his offspring with a spirit of thankfulness, repeated at the supper table, as he had often done before:

'Remember, children, when I was a boy I often went to bed hungry and seldom had a square meal.'

'Well, that shows how much better off you are since you have known us,' replied little Willie, who was tired of hearing about it.

TO HOLD SUCCESS

Some years ago, in a poor schoolhouse in a back district, a boy at the foot of the class unexpectedly spelled a word which had passed down the entire class.

'Go up to the head,' said the master, 'and see that you stay there. You can, if you work hard.'

The boy hung his head. But the next day he did not miss a word in spelling. The brighter scholars knew every word in the lesson, hoping there might be a chance to get head, but there was not a single one; Dave stayed at the head. He had been an indifferent speller before, but now he knew every word.

'Dave, how do you get your lessons so well now?' said the master.

'I learn every word in the lesson, and get my mother to hear me at night; then I go over them in the morning before I come to school. And I go over them at my seat before the class is called up.'

'Good boy, Dave,' said the master. 'That's the way to have success; always work that way, and you'll do.'

Dave is to-day the manager of a big lumber company, and he attributes his start to the words: 'Go up to the head, and see that you stay there; you can if you work hard.'

THE BOY AND THE BIRD

'I wish I hadn't done that,' said the boy frankly. He held in his hand the little feathered victim of a carelessly flung stone. His aim had been only too true, and the songster lay still and lifeless. The boy (says the *Sacred Heart Review*) was not cruelly inclined, just thoughtless; but the small tragedy made him stop and think now, with a little aching pain of regret in his heart at sight of the harm he had done.

Boys are more apt to do wrong thoughtlessly than deliberately. Yet such thoughtlessness is wrong in itself. The secret of the remedy is in the words of a certain writer who has said, 'The only way to prevent what's past is to put a stop to it before it happens.'

Wm. INGS

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