

The Family Circle

THE PRESENCE.

As I am feeling lonely,
Thy Presence I will seek,
And ask Thee very softly
To Thy chosen child to speak.

My heart is oh! so restless,
Just like a storm-tossed sea,
And it will ever be so
Until it rests in Thee.

My heart is oh! so restless,
Wherever I may be,
Oh, Jesus, gentle Saviour,
Because I seek not Thee.

My heart is sad and restless,
But still I will not see
Thy will divine is hidden
Beneath this cross for me.

My heart is, oh! so restless,
Come, let me rest in Thee.
Alone beside Thee kneeling,
There let me ever be.

Oh, let me breathe my sorrow
In Thy kind ears alone;
No other voice can soothe me;
None other than Thine own.

My heart is sad and lonely,
Because my faith is dim;
Sees not beyond the surface
Of crosses sent by Him.

Hid 'neath these darksome shadows
A Figure stands alone
Beck'ning with blood-stained finger
To see if He be known.

And if, perchance, she knows Him,
With joy He fills her heart,
And where she found but sadness
She feels love's thrilling dart.

And then in love she seeing
The form of Him so fair.
He clasps her to His bosom
And wipes away the tear.

So Thou alone, oh! Jesus,
Canst fill my heart with peace;
And Thou alone, my Jesus,
Canst make my wav'ring cease.

Ah, then like music pealing
Let heav'nly love burst forth,
For lo! I feel Thy blessing
That frees me from Thy wrath.

Thy heart is ever pleading,
Child, do not restless be.
O cast aside thy yearning
And come and rest in Me.
—Florence Imelda.

THE THREEPENNY BIT.

For the staggering price of a penny or a possible threepenny bit people to-day expect a beautiful church, a fine choir, and a rattling good sermon. If any coin deserves

to reach heaven, surely it must be the religious threepenny bit. They do not stop to think that the threepenny bit which they leisurely drop into the plate was the fashionable coin in their grandfather's day. It is necessary to remind them that everything has soared up in price, and the old gift is lamentably inadequate to-day. If every church-goer would increase his collection offering there would be no limit to the advancement of religious interests.—Exchange.

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YOU'LL BE OLD YOURSELF.

Not enough respect is paid to old age. We are not kind enough nor tolerant enough with the weak and infirm. We are annoyed at the slow-moving person who checks our speed when we get on or off a car or train.

We are exasperated when an elderly person holds us up at the ticket office window because failing eyesight makes counting change a slow process. We are displeased when a middle-aged or older person sitting in a seat with us moves about frequently because one position soon tires him.

The discourteous treatment given elderly people by the majority of persons is surprising and distressing.

We are all going toward that age when younger generations will have as much cause to be annoyed by our actions as we have to be annoyed by the actions of old people to-day.

Perhaps they have but a few more years to live, and why should not those who are of younger years make the time as happy and comfortable as possible?

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NATURE'S FIRST LAW.

What an excellent thing order is, the essence of accomplishment, the foundation of life. Plan your going and coming, plan your expenses, plan your clothing, plan your thoughts; on such a basis you will go a long way.

And some seem to be born with the instinct for it; when they are children their toys are in their places, their clothes are neat and tidy, their ideas are neat and tidy, with a spruceness that gratifies parents and teachers and that need not offend friends if it is accompanied by other amiable qualities. And some are born without it and could not acquire it if they lived a thousand years. Their lives drift; their souls drift. They are always a little late, always a little unmended, always a little in debt, and as a general thing they are frightfully unconcerned about the matter. It is their friends that have the concern—and endure the consequences. And some, again, achieve the sense of order by painful effort, their own or their parents'; and, though the instinct is never quite so perfect as when intuitive, it is all the more valued for the pains of acquisition, and is even more likely to lead to fruitful accomplishment in the end.

Oh, yes, order is a splendid thing; but there may be too much of it, and those whose lives are fully subjected to it are too quick

to make it a burden to others. They not only come and go themselves with admirable regularity and precision, but they demand that others shall do the same. Their lives are guided by the clock, and they are not satisfied unless they can inject that steadfast, terrible, remorseless ticking into your life. What is the use of having a house tidy and meals prompt, and clothes well pressed and mended, if careless fingers soil the paint, and forgetful appetites neglect the meals, and hasty tardiness gets the clothes on awry and spots and stains them before they are two days worn? So order tyrannises over others. And it tyrannises over itself. For when life is all planned you hate to break the plan. And, after all, healthy life is nothing but a succession of breaks and interruptions, to which you must adapt yourself with dreadful detriment to all preconceived system. So that the slaves of order are likely to have but an unhappy time of it, and they look pale and thin and anxious in a world that has endless possibilities of diversion if only you do not try to force it into your one rigid mould.

Order may be Nature's first law; very likely it is. But there are a lot of other laws.

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RELIGION IN THE SCHOOL.

Religion gives an entirely different atmosphere to a school. The horizon of the school, in which religion receives recognition as its due, is larger, vaster and touched with celestial fire. The various topics are invested with a new interest and an added charm.

The teacher, even of the secular subjects, assumes a more spiritual character. Study and research take on the nature of a sublime duty and partake of the distinction of worship, for God is the truth. Every advancement of our knowledge helps us toward some new glimpse of the divine beauty. Religion infuses into the soul an enthusiasm for the truth and a zeal for study.

It is a mistake to think that the teaching of religion makes for indifference toward secular branches of learning. Quite the contrary is true, and can be readily observed. That is one of the reasons why the Catholic parochial school is nowise inferior to the best equipped public school. The teaching of religion brings upon it God's own blessing.

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THE LITTLE THINGS.

“Ever so little means so much
In the little world of workaday;
The lips that smile and the hands that touch,
The easier things. Not many such,
Easy or hard, in the common way
Ever so little means so much
In the little world of workaday!

Ever so little, but how they aid,
The kindly glance and the friendly word!
The flash of an eye, and a debt is paid;
A syllable uttered—a friendship made
Or ever the syllable's clearly heard,
Ever so little, but how they aid;
The kindly glance and the friendly word.”

E. S. Robson

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