

The Family Circle

STAND BY AND BE READY.

When your heart is all gay, and all bright is your day,
And rose-strewn the pathway before you;
When your life is all spring, and the glad songbirds
sing,

When ne'er one dark cloud settles o'er you;
Then find some poor soul who is far from its goal,
Though its strivings have been long and steady,
And reach forth a hand, as you hear the command—
Stand by at once and be ready.

When you never have need to be mournful indeed
Over troubles and trials and sorrows;
When you rise from your bed and feel never a dread
That the days will mean darksome to-morrows:
Then find some sad heart who has never a part
In the smile of Good Fortune, so steady:
And do kind acts of cheer as the order you hear—
Stand by at once and be ready.

When good health is your own, and you ne'er make a
moan
Over pains that make life all hard labor;
When your work is sheer joy, as your time you em-
ploy
With happy Content as your neighbor;
Just look once again for a sufferer in pain,
Whose ill-luck has been long and steady;
Help with heart, mind, and hand, as you hear the
command—
Stand by at once and be ready.

THE JOY OF GIVING.

The word "Charity" can cover a multitude of givings (says the *Manchester Guardian*). It may be one of those ceremonial affairs illustrated in Free Art Plates, where a lady trips through the snow of the village street carrying a basket with the neck of a port-wine bottle peeping out, and a groom follows behind laden with bundles whose decorous brown paper presumably covers flannel petticoats and shirts. Or it may be a case of just slipping twopence into the mittened hand of some old gentleman who dangles bootlaces over the gutter. In either way it is charity, done at a small cost to the giver and bringing him an immense reward of satisfaction and content. The groom probably hated carrying parcels in his off time and with chilblains on his fingers; the donor of the twopence may have been hurrying for a train. But for both of them there would be a comfortable feeling of having passed on a little kindness to a thin and meagre life.

It is this comfortable feeling which proves over and over again that the blessing of giving is much more to the giver than to the recipient. No sum of money can buy nor the most feather-stitched flannel petticoat create the pleasant glow that follows any act of charity. It is, perhaps, the most satisfactory joy in life, this double-hearted joy of happiness that multiplies itself with every fragment given away. The widow who fed Elijah found that neither he nor her big hungry son could ever exhaust the little stock of food that was miraculously restored, and in the same way those who give in charity find that the sheer joy of it wells up each time afresh.

Part of the joy of giving comes from the neediness of the cause to which one gives. The groom would feel ill-rewarded for his cold and uncomfortable pilgrimage if he had to leave his bundles with people who had no use for them. One wants to feel sure that one's help has gone to those who want it and who want just that kind of assistance that has been given. It is indiscriminate gifts of money to thirsty ne'er-de-wells and bonnets to bedridden old ladies which have given a cynical twist to the pretty name of charity.

ORIGIN OF FAMILY NAMES.

"Before the year one thousand there were no family names, such as Smith, Johnson, and the like," says Clifford Howard in *Boys' Life*. "In those olden times persons had only first names, and used only one name apiece. We did this, for instance, in the Bible characters—Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Samuel, David, John, Peter, Paul, and all the other familiar ones. And the same thing is true of all the famous men of ancient history—Alexander, Cyrus, Hannibal, Socrates, Homer, Nero, etc. Some of them had two names, and sometimes three, as Mark Antony, Julius Caesar, Pontius Pilate; and there were others who had titles attached to their names, as William the Conqueror, Richard the Lion-Hearted, Alfred the Great, etc., in order to distinguish them from others of the same names; but these were not family names.

"In time, however, there were so many Johns and Richards and Henrys that there was no way of telling them apart, except to say John the son of John, Richard the son of William, and so on; and by and by these were shortened to 'John, John's son,' and 'Richard, William's son,' which afterwards became shortened to the still simpler forms of John Johnson and Richard Williamson, and thereafter all the descendants of those particular families were known as Johnson and Williamson. And in the same way we got our family names of Jackson, Richardson, Jacobson, Allison (Allenson), Jackson, Robson, and a good many others of that kind.

"We see, therefore, that certain of our family names come really from first names by simply adding the word 'son'; and there are others which have come by merely adding the letter 's,' as, for instance, Richards, Matthews, Edwards, Daniels, and the like. And our old familiar friend Jones belongs to this class, for it really is intended to be Johns, but long ago somebody spelt it wrong, and ever since it has been Jones."

O ERIN MINE!

O Erin Mine! dear Land of Song and Story,
Though far from thee, yet ever do I sigh
To see again the sun in golden glory
Shine down from heav'n to dry thy tear-dim'd eye.
But though the waiting hour be sad and weary,
And those around thee mock in accents vile,
Yet there will rise a star to guide and cheer thee,
O my beloved! My own dear Em'rald Isle!
Through each long day I hear from o'er the ocean
Thy voice like fairy music sounding near,
And with an exile's tenderest devotion
A prayer I breathe while falls the silent tear.
God speed the day when Freedom's air a-blowing,
Thy sweet face radiant with a happy smile,
I'll glad return to see the sunburst glowing
O'er my beloved! My own dear Em'rald Isle!

—J. F. CORLESS.

CONCERNED ABOUT IT.

A woman bargained with a cabman at a station to take her into the town with her parrots and cats, a dog, the boxes, and the baskets.

Cabman: "Beggin' your pardon, ma'am, but you ain't expecting a flood, I 'ope?"

"Dear me, no; whatever made you ask that?"

"I thought I'd ask," said Jehu, "'cos I ain't certain as 'ow my horse can swim, and I fancied that you were a-takin' my keb for a Noah's Ark!"

GOOD STUFF.

"Yes, madam," said the cement-seller, holding up a plate whose fragments had been glued together, "you will observe that Stickum's Patent Family Comfort Cement holds anything firmly and everlastingly. To this plate, for instance, I now suspend by a wire a 25lb weight, and the cement holds firm. I increase the weight to 30lb, and—"

Here the plate broke along the cracked line.

"And you will observe, madam, that the plate breaks with ease, thus giving an opportunity to cement

S. F. ABURN

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