

The Family Circle

A LITTLE MAID.

I know a little bright-eyed maid,
Whose moods, now grave, now gay,
Change like a shifting weather vane
In quite a puzzling way.

While those who hear her laughing voice,
Her roguish smile, remark,
They're wont with pleased accord to say
"She's happy as—a lark."

Yet oftentimes I grieve to add,
If vexed or hurt by care,
Transformed at once this maid becomes
As cross as any—bear.

And then our tongues in mild reproof
Of conduct bad we loose,
And with a frown address her thus—
"You silly little—goose."

Throughout the day her active form
First here, then there, we see,
And in amazement say she is
As busy as a bee.

At last, when evening shadows fall
And silence rules the house,
In slumbering she rests at ease,
As quiet as a—mouse.

How can she be at once a goose
And on the self-same day
A mouse, a lark, a bee, a bear,
Is more than I can say.

Yet none the less will I maintain,
Nor contradiction fear,
That in addition to all else
She's just a little—dear.

—GEORGE L. BENEDICT.

THE BLESSINGS OF WORK.

The good things of life come from labor. Labor is the creator of wealth, the foundation of health, and the builder of happiness. In those pleasant hours of idle imaginings we may conceive a very great and very beautiful pattern of life; but to weave their roseate dreams into sweet and valuable realities calls for purposeful and continued effort. Nothing succeeds without labor. We are born to work, and likewise we are endowed with an appreciation that makes the enjoyment of the fruits of our labor one of the finest pleasures in a life that is filled with many pleasures and happy compensations.

To work, and to learn to do that work well, are great gifts and fine accomplishments. To work is to live and to grow, constantly adding new pleasures with new achievements. It is not what you do so much as it is the way you do it, your spirit as much as your skill, your sincerity as much as your speed. Talent itself is but labor intensified, and, like all special success, is due more to perspiration than inspiration.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

The month of October reminds one of a consoling teaching of the Church, the doctrine, namely, concerning the angels who act as personal guardians to mortals. The Old Testament frequently refers to these spiritual escorts. "He will send His angel before thee"; an angel accompanies young Tobias, feeds Elias, guards the youths in the fiery furnace, and on many and divers occasions cares for the faithful. Christ warns against giving scandal to little ones, for "their angels in heaven always see the face of My Father."

The Fathers also emphasise this belief, as St. Jerome, who declares that "the dignity of a soul is so great that

each has a guardian angel from its birth." St. Augustine admonishes the Christian: "We should pray to the angels who are given to us as guardians." The Church approves all this by instituting a festival in honor of the Guardian Angels.

There are many beauties in the Catholic Church that seem to be overlooked by the average Catholic, countless sources of strength that go untouched. Thus, indulgences, communion of the saints, and devotion to the angels are perennial fountains of grace and needed help in the warfare against the evils of life. The majority of the faithful, it is safe to say, suffer these prolific means of assistance to pass unheeded. The children of the world omit no effort, overlook no possibility for advancing themselves in a material sense; every opportunity is at once drafted and made to do yeoman duty in the service of lucre, power, or glory. The divinely-called sons of God, on the other hand, are too listless to approach the various treasure houses whence they may draw heavily on heaven's wealth. Little wonder, therefore, that they remain so poor spiritually.

Since each one has a guardian spirit, it would seem at least good policy to cultivate his friendship by honoring and invoking him, and by seeking his aid in times of need.

♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦

NUTS TO CRACK.

Why are birds so melancholy in the morning? Because their little bills are all overdue.

Why is a shoeblack like an editor? Because he polishes the understanding of his patrons.

What is the longest word in the language? Smiles, because there is a mile between the first and last letters.

Why are potatoes and corn like certain sinners of old? Because having eyes they see not and having ears they hear not.

Which is the most wonderful animal in the farmyard? A pig, because he is killed and then cured.

Why is a fishmonger never generous? Because his business makes him sell fish.

Why are fatigued persons like a wagon wheel? Because they are always tired.

Spell "blind pig" in two letters. P. G.—A pig without an I.

What thing is it that is lower with a head than without one? A pillow.

What profession is a postman? He is a man of letters.

♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR!

(New Style.)

Twinkle, twinkle, little star!
I don't wonder what you are.
Teacher told us yesterday
Why you come and go away;
And she left us have a wrinkle
Why you seem to twinkle, twinkle;
You are just a whirling mass
Of different sorts of burning gas,
Rushing through the places where
There really isn't even air;
Rushing on at miles a second
(Teacher told us how it's reckoned).
And she told us yesterday
You're so many leagues away
That, if some great waterspout
Were to burst and put you out,
None would know your light had fled
Until long after we were dead,
So you may twinkle, little star,
But I don't wonder what you are.

—PUNCH.

♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦

DEAD RECKONING.

George Wurzel did not "go much on eddicashun." Consequently he had an uncomfortable feeling that over his deal in market produce at so much per pound he had been "done."

Mrs. Wurzel agreed—forcibly. Turning up an old ready-reckoner, they worked out the deficit, and the next day descended furiously upon the dealer.

The dealer looked keenly at the angry couple.