

## Home Circle.

### Regret.

I might have said a word of cheer  
Before I let him go.  
His weary visage haunts me yet :  
But how could I foreknow  
That slighted chance would be the last  
To me in mercy given?  
My utmost yearnings cannot send  
That word from earth to heaven.

I might have looked the love I felt ;  
My brother had sore need  
Of that for which—too shy or proud  
He lacked the speech to plead.  
But self is near and self is strong,  
As I was blind that day ;  
He sought within my careless eyes  
And went, athirst, away.

O word and look and clasp withheld !  
O brother-heart, now stilled !  
Dear life forever out of reach,  
I might have warmed and filled !  
Talents misused and seasons lost,  
O'er which I mourn in vain—  
A waste as barren to my tears  
As desert sands to rain.

### More Sleep.

"More sleep, with more regularity in taking it, is a prime need of our exhausting modern life," says a wise observer.

"People talk of giving rest to their minds, but it is not likely that the mind itself ever tires. The brain, or some overworked tract of it, may need repose, and it seems a well established physiological fact that this central organ literally undergoes repair and renewal during sleep. The slowing down of the blood permits the deposit of nutritive particles, just as the slowing of a river permits it to drop its sediment.

"There is wisdom as well as wit in the Quixotic saying: 'Blessings on him that first invented this sleep.'"

### Real Success.

There is much being said and written about success and how to achieve it. The first step toward learning "how" is to find out what success really is. An editorial in *The Outlook* gives the following definition:

"Real success is secured by the man who makes his adjustment to the three environments—the physical, the intellectual, and the spiritual—who develops his nature on all sides, lays hold on all resources, and makes himself the master of various kinds of knowledge. To call the mere money maker or money saver a successful man is to make a caricature of success. The country is full of gilded failures who regard themselves as successes, but who are absolutely helpless if taken out of the little field in which they exercise their business abilities. One of the ablest and most successful men in the country

recently said of another man, whose financial success was of the most colossal kind, that life meant nothing to him except certain stocks, a pack of cards, and a pair of fast horses. Of art, literature, science, politics, religion, travel, those great and permanent instruments of human culture, this multimillionaire knew nothing. To call such a man a successful man is so to misuse language that it loses its meaning."

Some one has said that the world is divided into three great classes: The wills, the won'ts, and the can'ts. The first are the actors, the second the opposers, the third the do-nothings. To the first-class belongs the honor of whatever has been accomplished by human agency, done in spite of all the hinderance the second-class could drink to bear; to the third belongs nothing; and whatever the second loses by its obstinacy, the third lets pass without making an effort to secure.

### What is Education?

Herbert Spencer tells us in one short, pregnant sentence, that the function of education is to prepare us for complete living.

A true chord is touched by Sydney Smith when he urges the importance of happiness as an aid to education. He says, "If you make children happy now, you make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it."

Equally wise are the words of Sir John Lubbock: "Knowledge is a pleasure as well as a power. It should lead us all to try with Milton to behold the bright countenance of truth in the still air of study."

## Flowers of the Forest.

### His Perplexity

A story is told of an old bedridden fisherman at a fashionable Scotch watering place, who was frequently visited during his last illness by a kind-hearted clergyman, who wore one of those close-fitting clerical vests which button behind.

The clergyman saw the near approach of death one day in the old man's face, and asked if his mind was perfectly at ease.

"Oo aye, I'm a' richt," came the feeble reply.

"Are you sure there is nothing troubling you? Do not be afraid to tell me."

The old man seemed to hesitate, and at length, with a faint return of animation said:

"Weel, there's just ae thing that troubles me, but I dinna like t' speak o't."

"Believe me, I am most anxious to comfort you," replied the clergyman. "Tell me what it is that troubles and perplexes you."

"Weel, sir, it's just like this," said the old man, eagerly. "I canna for the life o' me mak' oot hoo ye manage tae get intae that westkit."

Insurance superintendent (suspiciously).—How did your husband happen to die so soon after getting insured for a large amount? Widow.—He worked himself to death trying to pay the premiums.—*Household Words.*