

The Family Circle

THE BATTLE OF LIFE

Did you tackle the trouble that came your way,
With a resolute heart and cheerful?
Or hide your face from the light of day
With a craven soul and fearful?
Oh, a trouble's a ton or a trouble's an ounce,
Or a trouble is what you make it;
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,
But only how did you take it.

You are beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that?
Come up with a smiling face;
It's nothing against you to fall down flat,
But to lie there—that's a disgrace!
The harder you're thrown, why, the higher you bounce;
Be proud of your blackened eye;
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts,
It's how did you fight, and why.

And though you be done to death, what then?
If you battled the best you could;
If you played your part in the world of men,
Why the critic will call it good.
Death comes with a crawl or comes with a pounce,
And whether he's slow or spry,
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,
But only, how did you die.

PUT THEM INTO WORDS

Every Saturday morning Daphne and Marjorie Harcourt—two little sisters—were assigned a certain amount of work to do by their mother, and each was expected to do her share. One Saturday their grandmother came and invited Daphne, who was the elder, to go for a drive through the park, saying that she would like to take Marjorie the following week.

'Oh, that will be lovely!' the latter cried delightedly, no selfish thought marring her pleasure that she was not the first to be invited. 'I will do your share of work, Daphne, while you are away, because we want to go together to Polly's this afternoon, you know.'

It was almost lunch-hour when Daphne returned home, and Marjorie ran to meet her eagerly.

'I've straightened our room and dusted the chairs and table and fed Gyp and cleaned his cage and watered the plants, and everything is finished!' she cried in a breath.

'Thank you,' Daphne said carelessly; adding in a different tone. 'Oh, such a lovely, lovely ride as I've had!'

The girls' mother was standing near, and she could not help noticing the expectant, almost wistful look on Marjorie's face, which quickly faded into one of disappointment while her sister spoke. And a little later Mrs. Harcourt said when Daphne and she were alone:

'My dear, did you not think it very kind of Marjorie to do your work for you this morning during your absence?'

'Yes, mamma, I did,' was the prompt answer. 'Why do you ask me that?'

'Because I have been thinking how pleased your sister would have been if you had said so to her upon your arrival home when she told you what she had done. Perhaps she felt a little disappointed that you did not, although she is too unselfish to say so. You know, you both like me to tell you when I am pleased with what you have done, and I think if you had said to Marjorie, "Thank you; it was very kind of you to do my share, and you have done it so nicely!" she would have felt more than repaid. Another time you will think of this, Daphne.'

'Yes, mamma, I will,' the latter said humbly. 'I did think it nice of Marjorie, but I thought she would know I did, without hearing me say so.'

'I am sure you did, but sometimes it is kindest to put one's nice thoughts into words,' Mrs. Harcourt replied. 'A little merited praise, a loving word of commendation, does so help to keep folks sweet, particularly small folks, and it takes them long to do and be their best.'

When the two sisters were walking to Polly Smith's in the afternoon, Daphne said:

'I think it was kind of you to do my work this morning, Marjorie, and you did it so well!'

'Do you think so? I was hoping you would. Oh,

I'm so glad!' Marjorie answered impulsively, her eyes shining with pleasure.

And then Daphne knew that her mother was right.

WOMAN WHO IS APPRECIATED

The woman who is appreciated is generous not so much with money as with large-heartedness and thoughtfulness and sympathy. The world loves the one who can find a redeeming quality, even in the greatest of sinners, one who forbears to strike a defenceless soul. The sunny, hopeful woman is ever in request. Every door flies open to her who has a cheery, pleasant word and a bright smile. She is the woman who is always considerate of the rights of others and never attempts to monopolise the conversation or to make herself the centre of attraction. She realises that money will not buy love. That though a woman may enjoy every comfort and luxury obtainable, her home may be absolutely cheerless because of love's absence. She knows that there is no woman living who, deep down in her heart, does not appreciate being cared for, admired, and loved by those she comes in contact with.

FATHER O'LEARY AND JOHNSON

It is recorded of the Rev. Arthur O'Leary, the famous Irish wit, that he became a friend of Johnson, the lexicographer, as the result of the intrepid attack which he delivered on the stern barrier of the literary king's prejudice (says the 'Cork Examiner'). The witty Irish priest was introduced to Johnson by Edmund Burke, and their initial conversation turned to the Hebraic records and language.

But as Father O'Leary did not manifest a thorough acquaintance with the Hebrew tongue, Johnson, who was in one of his uncontrollably savage moods, turned to Burke and said: 'Here is a minister of the Gospel who doesn't understand our oldest language. What a stupid man is this you have brought to me.'

Father O'Leary's treatment of the rebuke did honor to his reputation for humor, resourcefulness, and versatility.

He turned on the irate Johnson and spoke to him in the soft, mellifluous tongue of the Gaedhal; but never a response came.

A feigned expression of horror and disgust crept over the features of the Irish priest, as, with a deprecatory shrug and with finger pointed at Johnson, he remarked to Burke: 'Here is the English writer of an English dictionary, and he does not understand the language of the sister country. What sort of a dunder-head is this you have brought me to?'

The effect was electric. An insensate prejudice on Johnson's part was softened into a warm predilection, and he and the commiserating Father Arthur afterwards became fast friends.

SOME QUEER DEFINITIONS

'Bailey's Universal Etymological Dictionary,' with the subtitle 'An Interpreter of Hard Words,' was first published in London in 1721. Most of its definitions are eccentric, and some of them incredibly so. Here are specimens taken at random:—

Man—A creature endowed with reason.

Thunder—A noise known by persons not deaf.

Lightning—A meteor.

A Rainbow—A meteor of divers colors.

Weapon Salve—A sort of ointment which is said to cure a wound by being applied to the sword or other weapon that made the wound.

Balloon—A football, also a great ball with which noblemen and princes used to play.

Cow—A beast well known.

Milk—A food well known.

Peacock—A fine bird.

Elephant—The biggest, strongest, and most intelligent of all four-footed beasts.

Medlar—A fruit which is grateful to the stomach, but it is not ripe till it be rotten.

Snow—A meteor well known in northerly and southerly climates, especially beyond the tropics.

Mouth—Part of the body of a living creature.

Eye—An instrument of sight.

SO THERE!

A stranger approached a little girl who was somewhat accustomed to interviews, with the usual question, 'What's your name, little girl?'