

The Family Circle

WATCH THE CORNERS

When you wake up in the morning of a chill and cheerless day
And feel inclined to grumble, pout or frown,
Just glance into your mirror and you will quickly see
It's just because the corners of your mouth turn down.
Then take this simple rhyme,
Remember it in time,
It's always dreary weather in countryside or town
When you wake and find the corners of your mouth turned down.

If you wake up in the morning full of bright and happy thoughts
And begin to count the blessings in your cup,
Then glance into your mirror and you will quickly see
It's all because the corners of your mouth turn up.
Then take this simple rhyme,
Remember all the time,
There's joy a-plenty in this world to fill life's cup
If you'll only keep the corners of your mouth turned up.
—Exchange.

MADE MOTHER HAPPIER

'Mother's cross!' said Maggie, coming out into the kitchen with a pout on her lips.
Her aunt was busy ironing, but she looked up and answered Maggie:
'Then it is the very time for you to be pleasant and helpful. Mother was awake a good deal in the night, with the poor baby.'

Maggie made no reply. She put on her hat and walked off into the garden. But a new idea went with her.

'The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when other people are cross. Sure enough,' thought she, 'that would be the time when it would do the most good. I remember when I was sick last year I was so nervous that if anybody spoke to me I could hardly help being cross; and mother never got angry or out of patience, but was just as gentle with me! I ought to pay it back now, and I will!'

And she sprang up from the grass where she had thrown herself, and turned a face full of cheerful resolution toward the room where her mother sat tending a fretful teething baby.

Maggie brought out the pretty ivory balls, and began to jingle them for the little one.

He stopped fretting, and a smile dimpled the corners of his lips.

'Couldn't I take him out to ride in his carriage, mother?' she asked. 'It's such a nice morning.'

'I should be glad if you would,' said her mother.
The little coat and hat were brought, and the baby was soon ready for his ride.

'I'll keep him as long as he is good,' said Maggie; 'and you must lie on the sofa and get a nap while I am gone. You are looking dreadfully tired.'

What a happy heart beat in Maggie's bosom as she trundled the little carriage up and down the walk. She had done real good. She had given back a little of the help and forbearance that had so often been bestowed upon her. She had made her mother happier, and given her time to rest.

She resolved to remember and act on her aunt's good words, 'The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when everybody is tired and cross.'

MAKING LIGHT OF THINGS

There are things which it were well if we could all make light of them. There are those petty, carping words of criticism which are continually flying through the air, which, like a snapping, snarling cur at our heels, are a source of much annoyance. Why should we permit our sun to be darkened by the unwarrantable criticisms of those who lack the elements of the true gentleman or gentlewoman? 'Think, sir,' said Samuel Johnson to a worrying friend, 'how infinitely little that will seem a twelve-month hence.' And the Christian may well extend the vision farther: 'Think, sir, how infinitely little our "light affliction which is but for a moment," will appear in the light of "the eternal weight of glory."' There is a light-heartedness which is perfectly consistent with true Christian thinking and living.

In the words of another, 'I do not wish you to be dull. I want your sky to be as bright as heaven. But as you have a life to live, and as you have a death to die, do not make light of the great things of the soul. Do not make light of duty. Do not make light of purity. Do not make light of sin. Do not make light of now. Above all, in all, through all, do not make light of Christ. For to be Christ's is manhood, power, victory. And to make light of Christ is death.'

AN ORDEAL

One day a very voluble lady took her daughter, who was ill, to see Abernethy. 'Which of you two wants to consult me?' said Abernethy. 'My daughter,' replied the older woman. Abernethy then put a question to the girl. Before she had a chance to reply her mother began a long story. Abernethy told her to be quiet, and repeated his question to the girl. A second time the woman began a story, and a second time he told her to be quiet. Then she interrupted him a third time. 'Put your tongue out,' he said to the mother. 'But there's nothing the matter with me,' she exclaimed. 'Never mind; put out your tongue,' he commanded. Thoroughly overawed, the woman obeyed. 'Now, keep it out,' said Abernethy, and he proceeded to examine the girl.

THE ONLY HONEST MAN

Mr. Horace Goldin, the great illusionist, relates the following:—'I was in New York when I saw a crowd standing round a street fakir. A couple of young fellows were among the ring, and I took the watch off one of them, yanked the chain, and began to edge out of the crowd. The owner of the watch spotted me, and at once gave me in charge of a policeman; and as I was prepared for all this I enjoyed the walk to the police station. I was there searched thoroughly, but no watch was found other than my own. The young man, however, was most sure he saw me take his watch, and he insisted that it must be on my person, as I had not had time to get rid of it. "Why should these men who accuse me take things off the policeman?" I said; and then asked, "Where is your badge, officer?" The policeman looked—it was gone. "I saw this man, who accuses me, has taken it," and on being searched the badge was found on him all right. I suggested that the two young men should be searched for the watch. They were, but no watch was found. "Search yourself," I then remarked to the policeman. He did—the watch was in one of the inside pockets of his coat. "There," I exclaimed; "you see, I am the only honest man of the lot."

REAL OR IMITATION

'Somehow I cannot feel very friendly and cordial toward Miss Bain,' said one girl to another. 'She does not ring true, although I cannot tell just what the trouble is. Do you ever feel much like that when you talk with her?'

The other girl laughed before she answered: 'Yes, I do, and I had often wondered if anyone else felt so. But I think I know what lies at the root of the trouble. She is not the real Miss Bain at all, but only an imitation.'

'What do you mean?' was the astonished question, while visions of an impostor masquerading under the name of an absent girl floated through her mind.

Again her friend laughed. 'Oh, not that she is not the actual individual, but that she tries to be different from what she really is. Did you ever notice that she simpers almost exactly like that silly Miss Bee, and tosses her head like Jennie Williams, and says, "Really, how funny!" just like Sue Brown, and lots of other things like other people? When she first came here she was a quiet, pleasant little person with a cheerful laugh and a rather old-fashioned but attractive way of saying things. I suppose she thought she had better try to be up to date—you know, she came here from a little country village. But she has spoiled her own individuality and gained nothing by trying to adopt that of others. It does not fit here, and if she could see how much nicer she was when she was the real Miss Bain and not a patchwork of half a dozen girls, she would surely change back as quickly as ever she could. Don't you think so?'

WHAT A HALFPENNY DID

An office boy in Sydney owed one of the clerks three halfpence.

The clerk owed the cashier a penny.

The cashier owed the boy a penny.