

Living Exemplification of a Theory.

"We are what we feed on," quoted Mr. Hixson, laying down his book. "And I am willing to say the author is right. For example"—

"I am already a believer," Mrs. Hixson interrupted. "You will insist on having lobster for supper always."

And Mr. Hixson, mortified, grew very red.—*Brooklyn Life.*

Point of View.

The farm boy gazed on the gray cashier
And thought, as entranced he lingered near;
"Land! Would that I that job could hold—
To stand all day and just count gold."
The gay cashier from his dull employ
Viewed the tan brown cheeks of the awkward boy
And mused, "It would be my dearest wish
Could I be that boy and go off to fish."

—*Chicago Record.*

Solomon was the wisest of men. He knew enough to cut his copy up into short paragraphs. In that way he succeeded in getting his paragraphs read.—*Boston Transcript.*

We shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made
And fill our future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.
The tissue of the life to be
We weave with colors all our own
And in the field of Destiny
We reap as we have sown.

—*J. G. Whittier.*

Seek out the good in every man,
And speak of all the best ye can;
Then will all men speak well of thee,
And say how kind of heart ye be.

—*Adolphus Goss.*

Every man deceives himself more successfully than he deceives others.

It is always easier to weep over the wanderer than to keep him at home.

A Quaker's Advice.

An inveterate drunkard once asked a Quaker whether he knew of a method whereby he could cure his dominant vice. "Friend," answered Broadbrim, "it is as easy as keeping the hand open."

"How can that be?" said the drunkard; "every man can keep his hand open, but as to abstaining from liquor, that's quite a different thing."

"I will tell thee, friend," quoth the Quaker: "when thou hast gotten a glass of gin in thy hand, and before thou dost raise the tempting liquor to thy lips, open thy hand—and keep it open. Thou breakest the glass, but thou breakest not the law of sobriety."

Children's Corner.

Be Careful What You Say.

"Careful with fire," is good advice, we know,
"Careful with words" is ten times doubly so.
Boys flying kites ha, I in their white-winged birds:
You can't do that way when you're flying words:
Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back
dead,

But God Himself can't kill them when they're said.
—*Carleton.*

Better Whistle than Whine

Two little boys were on their way to school.
The smaller one tumbled, and though not hurt he began to whine in a babyish way—a little cross whine.

The older boy took his hand in a fatherly way and said:

"Oh, never mind, Jimmy, don't whine; it is a great deal better to whistle." And he began in the merriest way a cheerful boy-whistle. Jimmy tried to join in the whistle.

"I can't whistle as nice as you, Charlie," said he; "my lips won't pucker up good."

"Oh, that's because you haven't got all the whine out yet," said Charlie; "but you try a minute and the whistle will drive the whine away."

So he did; and the last I saw or heard of the little fellows they were whistling away as earnestly as though that was the chief end of life.

"Bobs" and the Little Girl.

Lord Roberts is the greatest British soldier to-day. Long before he took command in South Africa he had won the Victoria Cross and many other honors for personal bravery in action. But not only for his bravery and wise strategy is he called "the idol of the British army," but many stories of him prove again that "the bravest are the tenderest." A London correspondent at the front tells this incident of the surrender of Johannesburg:

"A march-past, subsequent to the march through the town, closed the ceremony. Lord Roberts' headquarters were at a small inn in an orange grove. There was a characteristic scene there at the close of his victorious day. One of the staff officers approached in order to discuss a matter of importance, and found the Field-Marshal with the innkeeper's little daughter on his knee trying to teach her to write. When the officer interrupted, Lord Roberts looked up with a smile and said, 'Don't come now. Can't you see I am busy?'"

A sculptor once showed a visitor his studio. It was full of mythical gods. One was very curious. The face was concealed by being covered with hair, and there were wings on each foot.

"What is his name?" said the spectator.

"Opportunity," was the reply.

"Why is his face hid?"

"Because men seldom know him when he comes to them."

"Why has he wings on his feet?"

"Because he is soon gone, and once gone can never be overtaken."

—*D. L. Moody.*