

"Look a Little Pleasanter."

An elderly woman, the widow of a soldier who had been killed many years before, went into a photographer's to have her picture taken, says an exchange. She was seated before the camera, wearing the same stern, hard, forbidding look that had made her an object of fear to the children living in the neighborhood, when the photographer, thrusting his head out of the black cloth, said, suddenly, "Just brighten the eyes a little."

She tried, but the dull and heavy look still lingered.

"Look a little pleasanter," said the photographer, in an unimpassioned but confident and commanding voice.

"See here," the woman retorted, sharply, "if you think that an old woman who is dull can look bright, that one who is cross can become pleasant every time she is told to, you don't know anything about human nature. It takes something from the outside to brighten the eye and illuminate the face."

"Oh, no, it doesn't! It's something to be worked from the inside. Try it again," said the photographer, good-naturedly.

Something in his manner inspired faith, and she tried again, this time with better success.

"That's good! That's fine! You look twenty years younger," exclaimed the artist, as he caught the transient glow that illumined the faded face.

She went home with a queer feeling in her heart. It was the first compliment she had received since her husband had passed away, and it left a pleasant memory behind. When she reached her little cottage she looked long in the glass, and said: "There may be something in it, but I'll wait and see the picture."

When the picture came, it was like a resurrection. The face seemed alive with

the fires of youth. She gazed long and earnestly, then said in a clear, firm voice: "If I could do it once, I can do it again."

Approaching the little mirror above her bureau, she said: "Brighten up, Catherine," and the old light flashed up once more."

"Look a little pleasanter!" she commanded, and a calm and radiant smile diffused itself over her face.

Her neighbors, as the writer of this story has said, soon remarked the change that had come over her face.

"Why, Mrs. A., you are getting young. How do you manage it?"

"It is almost all done from the inside. You just brighten up inside and feel pleasant."



The Minister Went Home.

Sandy was a blunt old farmer who resided in Lanarkshire. A strange, eccentric sort of being, he was alike famous for his penuriousness and his bluntness. One afternoon, the minister of the parish had called at the farm on his customary pastoral visitation, when it came on to rain heavily, and in a short time the burn which ran between the farm and the manse, became flooded. The only method of crossing the stream at this place, was by stepping stones, the nearest bridge causing a circuit of three miles. The minister was non-plussed by the unexpected catastrophe, and, after much cogitation, remarked, "I think, Sandy, I shall be obliged to spend the night here." "Weel," returned the old fellow irascibly, "there is a burn between your hoose an' mine; but there's a brig across't, an' if I was at your hoose as you're at mine, I'd gang hame the nicht, but ye can dae as ye like." The minister went home.