

## SMILE WHENEVER YOU CAN.

BY KATE CAMERON.

When things don't go to suit you,  
And the world seems upside down,  
Don't waste your time in fretting,  
But drive away that frown;  
Since life is oft perplexing,  
'Tis much the wisest plan  
To bear all trials bravely,  
And smile when'er you can.

Why should you dread to-morrow,  
And thus despoil to-day?  
For when you borrow trouble,  
You always have to pay.  
It is a good old maxim,  
Which should be often preached—  
Don't cross the bridge before you,  
Until the bridge is reached.

You might be spared much sighing,  
If you would keep in mind  
The thought that good and evil  
Are always here combined,  
There must be something wanting,  
And though you roll in wealth,  
You miss from out your casket  
That precious jewel—health.

And though you're strong and sturdy,  
You may have an empty purse—  
And earth has many trials  
Which I consider worse—  
But whether joy or sorrow  
Fill up your mortal span,  
'Twill make your pathway brighter  
To smile when'er you can.

## The Home Circle.

## TWO PICTURES.

Pictures themselves have sometimes a curious history. The story of the two pictures at Florence is old, but not worn out. An artist at Rome saw often playing in the street near his window a child of exquisite beauty, with golden hair and cherub face. Struck with the loveliness of the boy, he painted a picture of him and hung it up in his studio. In his saddest hours that sweet, gentle face looked down upon him like an angel of light. Its presence filled the soul with gladness and longings for heaven, which its purity symbolized. "If ever I find," said he, "a perfect contrast to this beautiful face, I will paint that also, and hang it on the opposite wall, and the one I shall call heaven and the other hell."

Years passed. At length in another part of Italy, in a prison he visited, looking in through the grated door of a cell, he saw the most hideous object that ever met his gaze—a fierce, haggard fiend, with glaring eyes and cheeks marked with the lines of lust and crime. The artist remembered the promise he had made himself, and immediately painted a picture of this loathsome culprit to hang over against the portrait of the lovely boy.

The contrast was perfect; the two poles of the moral universe were before him. Then the mystery of the human soul gained another illustration. He had two pictures, but they were likenesses of one and the same person. To his great surprise, on inquiring into the history of this horrid wretch, he learned that he was no other than the sweet child with golden ringlets whom he once knew so well, and saw so often playing in the streets of Rome.

## GOOD ADVICE.

President Porter, of Yale College, gave the following advice to the students of that institution the other day; "Young men, you are the architects of your own fortunes. Rely upon your own strength of body and soul. Take for your star self-reliance, faith, honesty and industry. Inscribe on your banner, 'Luck is a fool, pluck is a hero.' Don't take too much advice. Keep at your helm and steer your own ship, and remember that the great art of commanding is to take a fair share of the work. Strike out. Assume your own position. Put potatoes in your cart, over a rough road, and the small ones will go to the bottom. Rise above the envious and jealous. Fire above the mark you intend to hit. Energy, invincible determination, with a right motive, are the levers that move the world. Don't drink. Don't chew. Don't smoke. Don't swear. Don't deceive. Don't read novels. Don't marry until you can support a wife. Be in earnest. Be self-reliant. Be generous. Be civil. Read the papers. Advertise your business. Make money, and do good with it. Love your country and obey its laws." If this advice is explicitly followed by the young men of the country, the millennium is at hand.

## AN OLD LADY'S ADVICE.

"Now, John, listen to me, for I am older than you are, or I couldn't be your mother. Never do you marry a young woman, John, until you have contrived to happen at the house at least four times before breakfast. You should know how late she lies in bed in the morning. You should take notice whether her complexion is the same in the morning as in the evening, or if the wash-bowl and towel have robbed her of her evening bloom. You should take care to surprise her, so that you can see her in her morning dress, and observe her occupation when not expecting you. If possible you should be where you could plainly hear the morning conversation between her and her mother. If she is ill-natured and snappish to her mother, so she will be to you, depend upon it. But if you find her up and neatly dressed in the morning, with the same countenance, the same smiles, neatly combed

hair, the same ready and pleasant answer to her mother which characterized her deportment in the evening, and particularly if she is lending a hand to get the breakfast ready in good season, she is a good prize, John; and the sooner you secure her the better."

## THE DOG'S STRATAGEM.

Mr. Snapp, a blacksmith, owns two dogs, one a terrier, four or five years old, the other half shepherd, half common cur, twelve or fifteen years old, and consequently very feeble.

In the winter, between the hours for breakfast and dinner, and dinner and supper, these two dogs may always be seen perched up just far enough from Mr. Snapp's forge to escape the sparks, but still near enough to keep warm. I say between the hours of breakfast and dinner, for as soon as the hour for dinner comes—which they know even better than the apprentices in the shop—they are both off on a full run, each aiming to secure a space behind the warm kitchen stove, which is only large enough for one dog at a time. Now the terrier being the most active, almost always gains the coveted place, leaving the poor old dog out in the cold.

The old dog being thus served one bitter cold day, put himself in a thinking mood, and set his wit's to work to devise means by which he could get the terrier out of the coveted place. All at once an idea seemed to strike him. Taking advantage of the good watch-dog qualities of the terrier, he made a feint toward the garden, barking furiously, as if some one was intruding at that point, when, true to his nature, out popped the terrier, not to make a feint, but to make a pell-mell rush for the extreme end of the garden. Just outside the kitchen door he passed the old schemer, who no sooner saw the terrier enter the garden than he popped too, not into the garden, but behind the warm kitchen stove, curled himself up and waited, with a cunning twinkle in his eye, for his friend, who no sooner made his appearance, and saw the situation, than he tried exactly the same stratagem on the shrewd old dog, with as little success as if he had tried to fly. Finding that to fail so signally, he in turn put his wits to work.

After disappearing in the garden a few moments, he made his appearance right in front of the kitchen door with a large bone in his mouth, and set to work on it as if he was enjoying it hugely.

Now, what dog could resist such a tempting sight? At least, the old fellow behind the stove could not, it is plain, for, sneaking cautiously out of his snug retreat, he made a sudden dash for the coveted bone, which he secured very easily, to the surprise of all. The mystery was soon cleared up, for no sooner had he possessed himself of what he soon found to be an old dry bone they had both gnawed a hundred times, than the young rascal secured the good warm retreat behind the stove—which he certainly deserved after displaying so much cunning—leaving the poor old fellow out in the cold, there to contemplate the old proverb, "It takes a thief to catch a thief."

## THE SAGE'S REPROOF.

Alhakem, the sage, whom all people honored for his great wisdom and his many virtues, sat in the market place giving instruction. A youth named Seyd, who had recently inherited vast wealth, passed that way, and shared with the old teacher the attention of the multitude.

"See," cried Seyd, "how my good fortune has lifted me up in a day to claim a public attention which Alhakem has been long years in gaining." And he smiled proudly as he spoke.

Alhakem had heard his words, and mentioned for him to draw near.

"My son," said the sage, "let me speak unto thee a fable. Once upon a time a gourd wound itself around a lofty palm, and in a few weeks climbed to its very top.

"How old mayest thou be?" inquired the gourd.

"A hundred years," answered the palm.

"A hundred years!" cried the gourd, in derision. "Only look; I have grown as tall as thou art in fewer days than thou countest years!"

"I know that very well," the palm made answer. "Every summer of my life a gourd has climbed up around me as proud as thou art and as short-lived as thou wilt be!"

Seyd heard, and then went away with head lowered.

## A SHILLING'S WORTH.

A fellow who had just gone to town by railroad, being a stranger, strolled about for some time on the outskirts of a town in search of a barber. He finally discovered one, and requested the tonsorial operator to take off a shilling's worth of hair. The barber trimmed his locks very neatly, soaped up the remainder very handsomely, and then combed and brushed him up till his head looked as if it belonged to some other person than himself.

"Are you done?" asked the stranger, as the barber removed the napkin from his neck.

"Yes, sir," said the barber with a low bow.

"Are you certain that you took off a shilling's worth?"

"Yes, sir; there's a glass; you can look for yourself."

"Well," said the stranger, "if you think you have taken a shilling's worth off, I don't know as I have changed, so you can take the hair for your trouble."

On hearing this, the barber made a jump for the man; whereupon the man made a jump for the door, which not being bolted, he bolted himself.

## A TRUTHFUL SKETCH.

Let a man fail in business, what an effect it has on his former creditors! Men who have taken him by the arm, laughed and chatted with him by the hour, shrug their shoulders, and pass on with a cold "How do you do?"

Every trifle of a bill is hunted up and presented that would not have seen light for months to come, but for the misfortunes of the debtor. If it is paid, well and good; if not, the scowl of the sheriff perhaps meets him at the corner. A man who has never failed knows but little of human nature.

In prosperity he sails along gently, wafted by favorable smiles and kind words from everybody. He prides himself on his name and spotless character, and makes his boast that he has not an enemy in the world. Alas! the change. He looks at the world in a different light when reverses come upon him. He reads suspicion on every brow. He hardly knows how to move, or to do this thing or the other; there are spies about him, a writ is ready for his back. To know what quality of stuff the world is made of, a person must be unfortunate, and stop paying once in his lifetime. If he has kind friends, then they are made manifest. A failure is a moral sieve, it brings out the wheat, and shows the chaff. A man thus leans that words and pretended good-will are not and do not constitute real friendship.

## ROADS TO RUIN.

It is the easiest thing in the world to find one of these roads, for they run in all directions over the social planet. They present, as the advertisements have it, a "wide field for choice." They comprise highways and byways, round-about roads and cuts across, smooth paths and rough paths, ascents and descents; and as they intersect each other at points innumerable, travellers to the common terminus can turn out of the road they have started on into a new one at their pleasure.

The outfit for the journey, be it long or short, is not of much consequence, since destitution and despair await all who persist in pursuing it. Some set out with pockets full of gold; others with their pockets empty, hoping to fill them by the way. To some, the fiend, Speculation, plays the cicerone, marshalling them to seeming Doradoes in the distance, that melt in moonshine as they travel on. The will-o'-the-wisp, with his paste-board signals, beguiles others to the brink of the precipice, whence they tumble headlong into irremediable shame. The goblin, Gin, heads a caravan of self-destructivists, whose name is legion. All "easily-besetting sins" pull one way, and betray their victims into one or the other of the many roads to ruin. The only trustworthy safeguard against their enticements is resistance at the outset. When morbid appetite or inclination pulls ruinward, brace the moral system against it; pity manhood against temptation; ask help from Heaven. Christian firmness is more than a match for Satan and all his agents. Misfortune may overtake any man; but misfortune is not ruin. In that terrible word, in its true interpretation, is involved a loss of character, of self-respect, or moral courage, of all that renders life valuable. Beware of the first step leading to such a consummation.

## THE CADI'S JUSTICE.

The old *lex talionis* or rule of "eye for eye," "tooth for tooth," is now considered cruel in practice, and is rarely enforced in civilized courts, but a threat of it is sometimes wholesome, as showing the danger it might bring to the punisher.

A poor Turkish slater, of Constantinople, being at work upon the roof of a house, lost his footing, and fell into the narrow street upon a man who chanced to be passing at the time.

The pedestrian was killed by the concussion, while the slater escaped without material injury.

A son of the deceased caused the slater to be arrested and brought before the Cadi, where he made the most grave charge, and claimed ample redress.

The Cadi listened attentively, and in the end asked the slater what he had to say in his defence.

"Dispenser of justice," answered the accused, in a humble mood, "it is even as this man says; but God forbid that there should be evil in my heart. I am a poor man, and do not know how I can make amends."

The son of the man who had been killed, thereupon demanded that condign punishment should be inflicted upon the accused. The Cadi reflected a few moments, and finally said: "It shall be so."

Then to the slater he continued: "Thou shalt stand in the street where the father of this man stood when thou didst fall upon him."

And to the accuser he added: "And thou shalt, if it so please thee, go upon the roof,

and fall upon the culprit, even as he did fall upon thy father. Allah is great!"

## A GOOD FOUNDATION.

Roger Sherman, of Connecticut, one of the committee of five who drew up the Declaration of Independence, was a shoemaker by trade. John Adams esteemed him highly, and called him "One of the soundest and strongest pillars of the Revolution."

The two elements of character that lifted him from humble life to high position were good sense and inflexible integrity. He was neither brilliant nor eloquent, but his good sense made him wise in counsel, and his integrity gained for him universal esteem and confidence. The humble shoemaker was among the most honored of the judges of Connecticut, and for nineteen years one of the most distinguished members of Congress. Thomas Jefferson pointed him out to a friend as the man "who had never said a foolish thing in all his life." His success proves the great worth of common sense and integrity as the foundations of character.

## THE LANGUAGE OF NATURE.

There is no language which can speak more intelligibly to the thoughtful mind than the language of nature; and it is repeated to us, as it were, every year, to teach us trust and confidence in God. It tells us that the power which first created existence is weakened by no time, and subject to no decay; it tells us that, in the majesty of His reign, a thousand years are but as one day, while, in the beneficence of it one day is as a thousand years; it tells us still further, that, in the magnificent system of His government, there exists no evil; that the appearances which, to our limited view, seem pregnant with destruction, are, in the mighty extent of His providence, the source of returning good; and that, in the very hours when we might conceive nature to be deserted and forlorn, the spirit of the Almighty is operating with increasing force, and preparing in silence the world's renovation.

## EXPANSIONS OF SOLIDS BY HEAT.

The expansion of solids by heat is exemplified in the following cases: A glass stopper sticking fast in the neck of a bottle often may be released by surrounding the neck with a cloth taken out of warm water, or by immersing the bottle in warm water up to the neck; the binding ring is thus heated and expanded sooner than the stopper, and so becomes slack or loose upon it. In an iron railing, a gate, which, during a cold day, may be loose and easily shut and opened, in a warm day may stick, owing to there being greater expansion of it and the neighboring railings than of the earth on which they are placed. The iron pillars now so much used to support the front walls, of which the ground stories serve as shops with spacious windows, in warm weather really lift up the wall which rests upon them, and in cold weather allow it again to sink or subside. The pitch of a pianoforte or harp is lowered in a warm day or in a warm room, owing to the expansion of the strings being greater than of the wood frame-work; and in cold the reverse will happen. A harp or piano, which is well tuned in a morning drawing-room, cannot be perfectly in tune when the crowded evening party has heated the room.

## CARRIER PIGEONS.

One of the best towns in the world for carrier pigeons is Antwerp, and for many years past annual races of seventy or eighty birds have been flown from there to Paris—which latter city, by the way, fully realized the importance of utilizing these little messengers during the late war. It is stated that Belgian societies possess nearly a million of these interesting birds. Their method of training them is severe. In the month of April, as soon as the young birds can fly, they are taken by short stages of two or three leagues at first in the direction of the place fixed for trial, and the distances rapidly increased as their observation and intelligence are developed. Thus they become eventually acquainted with all the conspicuous landmarks of the journey. Special trains run on Saturdays exclusively for the transportation of the pigeons. The trains are ordinarily composed of twenty luggage waggons, each wagon containing fifty baskets, and each basket holding forty or fifty pigeons. Thus at the least estimation we have the number of forty thousand pigeons on a single train. It is curious to watch the opening of the baskets at the different stations. The pigeons on being released wheel and turn until they have rightly adjusted their course, then in a compact body they rise higher and higher and are soon lost to view. The first who reach their homes are the ones selected to take long journeys. The speed of the carrier pigeon is estimated to be about eighty miles an hour. For example, a good carrier pigeon will accomplish a journey from Lyons to Brussels in four hours or four hours and a half. In earlier days when most relied upon, the pigeon despatch was necessarily of the briefest nature; but science and art have combined to render this means of communication more complete; and now through the effective medium of the microscope and camera thirty-five hundred de-

spatches of twenty-five words each can be carried by one of these aerial messengers.

## THE END OF SUMMER.

The harvest fields are ready for the husbandmen. The fruits of the season are ripe and mellow. The leaves are already beginning to fade and wither, and are only waiting for the first frosts to give them their autumn tints of gold and crimson. The air, clear, cool and invigorating. It is the last evening of summer.

It brings to us many thoughts that are both sad and pleasant ones. It recalls many memories, that are both sorrowful and joyous, of summers that have gone; roses that have budded, bloomed and faded; of hopes deferred; of fancies that were too bright for human realization; of friendships we have known, and of loved ones that have passed away.

We have watched with feelings of pleasure the leaves and delicate blossoms of the trees as they appeared in the spring time, fresh and beautiful, and we have felt emotions of almost regret and pain "when the flying gold of the ruined woodlands drive through the air."

Life has its seasons. They are as distinct and different from each other as the seasons of the year, though the boundary line that lies between them is imperceptible; for we glide gradually from one into the other, like the gradations of color and shade that express the distances in a beautiful painting.

Like the summer of the year, the summer of our lives is that time when there is the most labor to be done. Everything is earnest and real, and at its close a man is ready to reap the reward of his labors, as a farmer gathers the harvest into his granary. And the recompense conforms perfectly to his respective industry or indolence; for industry, perseverance and good actions bring their corresponding pleasures and blessings, as surely as misdeeds, errors and wasted opportunities produce, ultimately, sorrow and distress. Circumstances have not so much to do with man's prosperity or adversity as many people imagine. The principle of attributing man's good and ill fortune entirely to luck, is the favorite excuse of those whose lack of energy and application in business have been the prime causes of their poor success in getting along in the world.

"The soul of man  
Createth its own destiny of power  
And as the trial is intenser here  
His being hath a nobler strength in heaven."

## WHAT A KIND WORD DID.

There was once a boy named Robert, who passed off for a dull boy among his companions, and was ridiculed and called "blunder-bus," etc.

It happened one day that some of the members of the school committee were examining the pupils in drawing. With downcast eyes Robert held up his specimens amid the half-suppressed laughter of his comrades.

"Don't be ashamed, my boy," said one whom we will call Mr. Curtiss. "I have made worse looking trees and horses when I began to draw. Go on, you'll conquer—and even surpass me, I'm thinking." He then drew a sketch and gave it to the boy, saying, "There, see what can be done by perseverance."

This little incident gave Robert a start in life. Those words were for him as a solid capital well invested.

Several years after, Mr. Curtiss was extolling some architectural drawings which a friend had shown him. He commended in the highest terms both the designs and their style of execution.

"The architect considers himself indebted to you for his success," said his friend.

"Me," exclaimed Mr. Curtiss. "I don't understand."

"Do you remember encouraging a boy at the hillside school, and giving him this sketch?" replied the other producing the small drawing before mentioned.

"That boy," continued the informant, "is the originator and executor of these designs. At the time you spoke to him he was much depressed by reason of the incessant and torturing persecutions of his schoolmates, and was on the point of giving up school altogether, and going to work with his father at his trade which was that of a carpenter. Your words, however, nerved him with new energy and spirit, and your little sketch became to him as a talisman throughout the whole of his subsequent life."

## IF I ONLY HAD CAPITAL.

"If I only had capital," said a young man, as he puffed a ten cent cigar, "I would do something."

"If I only had capital," said another, as he walked away from the dramshop, "I would go into business."

Young man with the cigar, you are smoking away your capital. You from the dramshop are drinking yours and destroying your body at the same time. Dimes make dollars. Time is money. Don't wait for a fortune to begin with. Our men of power and influence did not start with fortunes. You, too, can make your mark if you will, but you must stop squandering your money; and spending your time in idleness.