

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Two Sides of it.

(Priscilla Leonard, in the Michigan
'Christian Advocate.')

There was a girl who always said
Her fate was very hard;
From the one thing she wanted most
She always was debarred.
There always was a cloudy spot
Somewhere within her sky;
Nothing was ever quite just right,
She used to say and sigh.

And yet her sister, strange to say,
Whose lot was quite the same,
Found something pleasant for herself
In every day that came.
Of course things tangled up sometimes,
For just a little while;
But nothing ever stayed all wrong,
She used to say, and smile.

So one girl sighed and one girl smiled,
Through all their lives together.
It didn't come from luck or fate;
From clear or cloudy weather.
The reason lay within their hearts,
And colored all outside;
One chose to hope, and one to mope,
And so they smiled and sighed.

Common Sayings and Their Authors.

Many of our common sayings, so trite and pithy, are used without the least idea from whose pen or mouth they first originated. Probably the words of Shakespeare furnish us with more of these familiar maxims than any other writer, for to him we owe, 'All is not gold that glitters,' 'Make a virtue of necessity,' 'Screw your courage to the sticking place' (not point), 'They laugh that win,' 'This is the short and long of it,' 'Comparisons are odious,' 'As merry as the day is long,' 'A Daniel come to judgment,' 'Frailty, thy name is woman,' and a host of others. Washington Irving gives 'The almighty dollar.'

Thomas Morgan queried long ago, 'What will Mrs. Grundy say?' while Goldsmith answers, 'Ask no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs.'

Charles Pickney gives 'Millions for defence, but not one cent. for tribute.'

'First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens' (not countrymen), appeared in the resolutions presented to the House of Representatives, in December, 1720, prepared by General Henry Lee.

Thomas Tasser, a writer of the sixteenth century, gives us 'Better late than never,' 'Look ere you leap,' and 'The stone that is rolling can gather no moss.'

'All cry and no wool, is found in Butler's 'Hudibras.'

Dryden says: 'None but the brave deserve the fair,' 'Men are but children of a larger growth,' and 'Through thick and thin.'

'When Greek joins Greek, then was the tug of war,' Nathaniel Lee, 1692.

'Of two evils I have chosen the least,' and 'The end must justify the means,' are from Matthew Prior.

We are indebted to Colley Cibber for the agreeable intelligence that 'Richard is himself again.'

Johnson tells us of 'A good hater,' and Macintosh, in 1791, the phrase often attributed to John Randolph, 'Wise and masterly inactivity.'

'Variety is the very spice of life,' and 'Not much the worse for wear,' Cowper. 'Man proposes but God disposes,' Thomas a Kempis.

Christopher Marlowe gave forth the invitation so often repeated by his brothers in a less public way, 'Love me little, love me long.'

Edward Coke was of the opinion that 'A man's house is his castle.' To Milton we owe 'The paradise of fools,' 'A wilderness of sweets,' and 'Moping melancholy and moonstruck madness.'

Edward Young tells us 'Death loves a shining mark,' and 'A fool at forty is a fool indeed.'

From Bacon comes 'Knowledge is power,' and Thomas Southerne reminds us that 'Pity's akin to love.'

Dean Swift thought that 'Bread is the staff of life.'

Campbell found that 'Coming events cast their shadows before,' and 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,' 'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever' is from Keats.—'Temperance League Journal.'

How to Know a Lady.

I have read many articles purporting to show how a lady may be known. In one of these articles it was asserted that 'a lady may be known by her boots'; in another, 'that she may be known by her gloves,' 'by her neck-wear,' etc. A writer who claimed to be a close observer said that if you gave him but a glimpse of a woman's handkerchief he would tell you whether or not the owner was worthy to bear the title of lady.

I once heard a gentleman say: 'A lady is judged by her laugh.' Again I have heard: 'You can tell a lady by her voice, by the care of her hands and nails, and by the letter she writes.' So I began to put things to the test, and I now tell you the result of my observation.

1. The Boot Test.—The last seat in the car was taken by a faultlessly attired beauty. She had a pretty foot and wore an elegant shoe, which fitted her perfectly. Then a tired-looking mother carrying a heavy, frolicsome baby, entered the car, and stood holding on to a strap, until a very aged and trembling man—evidently a gentleman—insisted that she take his seat, while he held to the strap. My beauty in the patent leather boots had never thought to offer her seat or to hold the baby for the mother.

2. The Handkerchief and Glove Test.—In a large drygoods store I saw a clerk cross the house to pick up a dainty cambric handkerchief for a customer. The handkerchief was accepted by a hand in a neat kid glove; but the owner did not thank the clerk, nor cast even a grateful or pleasant glance in acknowledgment of the favor she had received.

3. The Laugh Test.—I heard a merry-ringing laugh which I would have declared came from a pure, as well as a happy heart; and I afterwards heard the laughter say to her mother: 'It's none of your business who my letters are from.'

4. The Voice Test.—I heard a reader give in the sweetest, most musical voice that old but beautiful poem, 'Somebody's Mother,' and the next day I saw that same reader laugh immoderately at an old woman who fell and scattered her marketing over the pavement.

5. The Hand Test.—Over the keys of the piano swiftly and gracefully moved hands that might well serve as models for sculptor or painter, but those hands on a bitter cold day, rudely closed the door in the face of a woman who was asking alms.

6. The Letter Test.—I once read some letters of faultless rhetoric and pleasing style. They modestly encouraged the attentions of a fond lover; but I learned that the writing of these letters was but the past-time of a heartless flirt.

Then I concluded that, while a lady should be scrupulously neat in her dress, she should cultivate sweetness of voice, and should be able to write an elegant letter; yet all these qualifications, if combined with selfishness or rudeness, would fail to constitute a lady, for one of the chief characteristics of a lady must be forgetfulness of self and consideration for the want of others.—Selected.

Life's Warfare.

If life is always a warfare
Between the right and the wrong,
And good is fighting with evil
For ages and aeons long—

Fighting with eager cohorts,
With banners pierced and torn,
Shining with sudden splendor,
Wet with the dew of morn—

If all the forces of heaven,
And all the forces of sin,
Are met in infinite struggle
The souls of the world to win—

If God's in the awful battle
Where the darkling legions ride—
Hasten to sword and to saddle!
Lord, let me fight on Thy side!
—Presbyterian.

The Girl Who Succeeds.

She has so much to do that she has no time for morbid thoughts.

She never thinks for a moment that she is not attractive, nor forgets to look as charming as possible.

She is considerate of the happiness of others, and it is reflected back to her as a looking-glass.

She never permits herself to grow old, for by cultivating all the graces of heart, brain and body, age does not come to her.

She awakens cheerfully in the morning and closes her eyes thankfully at night.

She believes that life has some serious work to do, and that the serious work lies very close to the homely, every-day duties, and that kind words cost nothing.

She is always willing to give suggestions that will help some less fortunate one over the bad places in life's journey.

She is every ready to talk about a book, a picture, or a play, rather than to permit herself to indulge in idle words about another.

She is her own sweet, unaffected womanly self; therein lies the secret of her popularity, of her success.

'Master Wag.'

There was not another dog in the village so smart as Dr. John's 'Wag'—'Master Wag,' people called him. He was as homely an English bull-dog as you would care to see; but he took part in everything that was going on in such an intelligent way, and was so polite and well bred, and knew so many interesting tricks to entertain you with, that you never stopped to think of his personal appearance.

Besides standing on his hind legs and catching a ball in his forepaws, giving a jump or moving from side to side to not miss it, and rapping at the door so that even Dr. John would think it was a person that wanted to come in, Master Wag mirded the doctors horse just as well as a boy could have done it.

When Dr. John drove round to see his patients, Master Wag always sat upon the seat beside him, looking very intelligent, bowing whenever Dr. John bowed to a person, and listening with a great air of taking part in the conversation whenever the doctor spoke. When they came to a house where he had to make a call Dr. John would get out, throwing the lines to Master Wag, and the horse always seemed to understand perfectly that he was in Master Wag's charge.

But one morning when the horse was brought out of the stable and was left to wait before the office door for the doctor and Master Wag to come out, he became frightened at a string of exploding fire-crackers in the hands of some little boys, and started on a run down the street.

Dr. John rushed out bareheaded, but too late to stop the horse. Master Wag, however, was quicker, and had hopped into the buggy, and out on the shafts, and there everybody saw him standing with his forepaws on the back of the horse as he tore along grasping one line in his mouth, and

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