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'A Full-Length Portrait, Please.'

There is a secret that a photographer sometimes has to tell the people who come to his shop. It is an awkward secret—the particular kind that is known as a confidential hint. I don't suppose you have ever been told this sort of secret; but it is one of the few secrets which are generally kept.

Suppose I have put on my best suit of clothes, or my prettiest dress, and have brushed my hair to perfection. I am spick

'Cabinet or carte, madam?' asks the photographer.

'Oh, I should prefer a full-length,' explains my mother.

The camera man looks at me very hard. Then he says, with an air of mystery that I do not understand—'Madam, if you will take my advice, you will have a head and shoulders only.'

It is many a year since I stood for that first photograph, which was painted beautifully, my silver chain being turned to gold in the process. Yet I have always remem-

of us. He will have our head and shoulders only, and—another secret!—the right side of our face rather than the left, and only full face if we have a turned-up nose!

We may well envy the long-necked inhabitants of the Zoo who are having their pictures painted. They are so graceful that a 'full-length portrait' is certain to be a success; they do not look stiff and solemn, or smile a big, unnatural smile. They seem to say: 'Take me as I am; I'm looking the best I can, as I always do.'

Always? Ah, there's the rub! Do we look our best always? I fancy I should not like to be photographed when I didn't know that the camera was near; would you? Yet we often—very often are. Not on a plate, but on the brain of somebody. Quite a new kind of photography? you ask. By no means. Have you never heard some one say, 'He, or she, made a good impression on me?' That means a photograph has been taken, an opinion has been formed, some one has learnt to 'like' somebody.

A friend of mine said to me the other day, 'You know Saunders, a right good fellow, a splendid, all-round man; he's genuine all over.' There's a fine photograph for you—a full-length, too—'genuine all over.' Has anybody got a photograph like that of you? Do you think the 'real you' has ever made an impression like that? If not, you need not despair. You cannot change the pug-nose you may have, but you can change the real 'you,' if you try with God's help. It is our character that is always being photographed when we are not looking—the whole of the real boy or girl.

What do you think of Harry, or shall we say, Dorothy? Have you good photographs of them? What do they think of you? Do they know you are kind and good to those who are weaker than you are, true to your word when it is easy—so easy—to tell an untruth, that you smile with good humor whenever you can? Do you think they have a full-length portrait of you—all true and good? Alas! none of us can have a perfect full-length portrait of our real selves, but we can try for it, and determine each day that what we know is wrong and un-beautiful shall not spoil our characters. Remember the old proverb, 'Handsome is that handsome does.'—R. S., in 'Home Words.'

'I am Ordered off.'

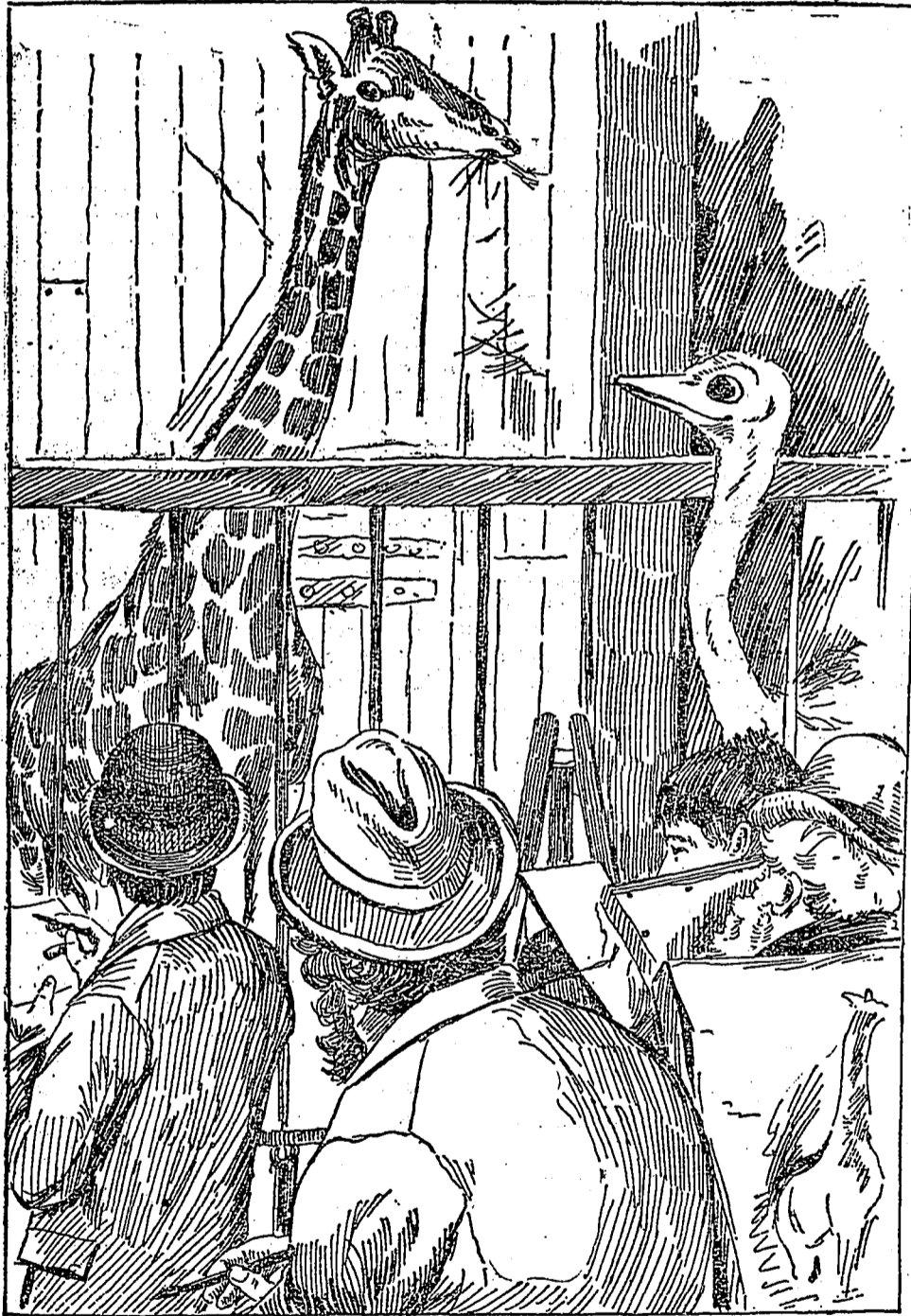
Sitting one day in a large bookseller's shop, I observed a young man come in. He was one in whom I was much interested, for I had often spoken to him about his soul, and had even prayed with him. His mother was a devoted Christian, one who prayed daily for her children, and for this one in particular, he being her first-born. She had dedicated him to God from his infancy, and longed that he should not only be saved, but live before him. However, her efforts to persuade this loved one to come to Jesus were ineffectual, at least as far as we could see. Nevertheless God was all the time hearing and answering prayer.

I heard this young man ask for some books about New Zealand. What is the matter now? I wondered to myself.

'I want some books,' he said, 'with maps and pictures.'

'Yes, yes,' said the shopman, 'I think we have something of the kind.'

While the man was away looking through his stock, I stepped forward, and said to my



'A FULL LENGTH PORTRAIT, PLEASE!'—'Home Words.'

and span as the gentleman or lady who once came out of a band-box. I am quite sure I am looking my best. If a fly comes buzzing along and whisks on to my face, I shall be very annoyed, or if a gust of wind sweeps round a corner I shall be very nearly angry. Everything ought to see that I am going to be photographed.

At last I come to the shop. I am a little nervous; perhaps somebody has told me that I shall not make a good picture.

I know now that he gives it to nearly every one who asks for a full length portrait; and the reason is just this: there are very few who are good-looking from top to toe. The camera is often too truthful; if we have big hands or short legs, or an awkward way of standing, the photograph tells the fact to all our friends, and we avoid the man who has taken us 'full-length' ever after. But the clever photographer takes the best part