

IF I KNEW.

If I knew the box where the smiles were kept
 No matter how large the key,
 Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard,
 'Twould open, I know, for me.
 Then over the land and the sea, broadcast,
 I'd scatter the smiles to play:
 That the children's faces might hold them
 fast
 For many and many a day.

If I knew a box that was large enough
 To hold all the frowns I meet,
 I would like to gather them, every one,
 From nursery, school and street.
 Then folding and holding I'd pack them in,
 And turning the monster key,
 I'd hire a giant to drop the box
 To the depths of the deep, deep sea.

WE GET WHAT WE GIVE.

A member of a tourist party travelling abroad was always complaining of the uniform lack of courtesy in the people he met. He was forever being saubbed and insulted.

Another member of the same party finally told him he would accompany him through the streets of London, and would address strangers of all ranks in life whom they met, and assured him that they would receive, in every instance, nothing but courtesy and kind treatment.

They started on their tour. The one who proposed the experiment would often stop persons on the street, and ask them all sorts of questions as to where they could find this or that place of interest, and how to get to it, etc. He would detain boys who were hurrying to perform errands; merchants who were occupied with business concerns; women, gentlemen, noblemen, and people of all classes; and, in every instance, the two were treated with the utmost courtesy. Nearly everyone accosted seemed interested in their inquiries, and was only too glad to assist them if possible.

The secret was in the kindly tone and courteous manner in which the people were approached.

Action and reaction are equal. We receive what we give. The world is a whispering-gallery, and will return a harsh or a pleasant tone, according to that which we give out. The world is a mirror, and will reflect the faces we present to it. If we smile to it, it will smile back at us. If we look at it with a contemptuous expression, we shall get a reflection in kind.—Success.

A DOG'S INTELLIGENCE.

Dr. J. Langdon, a prominent physician of Malden, Mass., gives the following fact:—

Twenty years ago a gentleman brought to my office, 310 Main street, Malden, a large, very handsome, intelligent spaniel dog, whose right foreleg was badly broken, the bone being grown out of place. On the master's assurance that the dog would not bite me, I set the leg. Drawing the bony fragments into place caused severe unavoidable pain. The animal whimpered, but displayed no anger, and allowed the dressing to remain undisturbed until I removed it, when firm union had resulted.

I saw no more of my canine patient nor of his owner for two years. Then (again on a summer's morning) I heard a loud scratching at my office door, I opened it, and there stood my old spaniel friend, wagging his tail. Beside him stood a fine black and tan with a round French nail driven clear through his right paw. I patted the spaniel, called both dogs in, removed the nail, and sent both away happy, trotting side by side, as if nothing had happened. I have never seen anything of either since."—Our Dumb Animals.

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