

The Family Circle

THE BRAVEST KNIGHT

In ancient lore, our eyes will oft behold,
 Brave deeds, by gallant knights on land and sea;
 Deeds vowed to ladies fair, on bended knee,
 By dashing knights, whose fame shall ne'er grow cold.
 Full praise to those who won their spurs of gold,
 But, list to me, I think, you will agree;
 Far greater than the knight of old is he
 Whose deeds, though brave, wills them remain untold,
 Who fights Truth's foe, 'neath fair and open sky,
 And courts not glory vain, nor senseless fame;
 Defending Right, as God has let him know.
 Who wills and acts true deeds, his thoughts belie,
 While fighting fierce, with passion's ardent flame;
 This bravest knight who can to self say No.

—The New World.

THE TWO APPLE TREES

'I have been looking at these two trees, boys,' said Mr. Moore one bright Saturday morning, 'and as there seems to be about the same amount of apples on each one, I have decided that if you want to gather and market them for yourselves you may do so.'

'And have the money for ourselves?' they asked eagerly and in unison.

'Yes, and you may also take old Billy and the light wagon to draw them to town this afternoon.'

Before he had ceased speaking, John, the elder boy, had begun to climb one of the trees, and Mr. Moore, without further comment, walked away.

The other boy also walked away, but in a different direction.

John meanwhile having secured a good foothold in the centre of the tree, was giving it a vigorous shaking, which sent the apples to the ground in showers.

Presently the brother returned carrying a ladder and a basket.

'Oh, ho!' cried John, 'you don't mean to say that you intend to pick those apples off the tree? This is the way to do it,' and he gave his tree another energetic shaking. 'Why, don't you know?' he went on, 'if you stop to pick those apples off it will take you all day long.'

'Can't help it,' was the answer; 'that is the way they are coming off, and the only way.'

'But, you'll not be ready to go with them to town this afternoon.'

'But you can't stay out of school.'

'I can be examined Monday at noon. Don't worry, I'll find some way to get my apples to market, and they'll bring me a good price when they do get there.'

John continued his protestations, but his brother persisted in doing his work in his own way. Therefore, it was nearly sundown and John had been gone several hours when the brother took the last apple from the tree.

When John returned from town soon after he jingled his coins in his hands merrily, and asked with a laugh:

'Don't you wish you had some?'

'How much did you get a bushel?' asked his brother.

'Thirty-five cents,' said John.

A few moments later when they entered the barn together, where the brother's apples were carefully bestowed in baskets, John exclaimed:

'What in the world did you do to those apples? They look as if they had been polished.'

'Oh, just a cloth and a little rubbing did the job,' was the answer.

'Who would believe that the trees which bore those apples and John's were exactly alike?' asked Mr. Moore, coming into the barn at this moment.

John looked grave.

'But, what's the use of all that trouble? They'll not bring you any more,' he said scornfully.

'Wait and see,' said the brother.

On Monday evening, when the younger brother returned from the village, he counted out his money, and he had received just double the amount that John had been paid for his apples.

'I didn't know,' said John, 'that taking a little trouble would make so great a difference about the very same thing.'

A GOOD HEART

A good heart makes a good face—perhaps not beautiful or classic, but fine, sincere, and noble. The face will shine with God behind it. There are some faces even to-day that at times seem to have a glow upon them. There are faces

that are quiet and uninteresting in repose, that light up amazingly with the animation of talking. There are some who can never get a good photograph because the camera cannot catch the subtle sparkle of the eye, in which the whole individuality lies. There are some whom you would not at first call handsome, whose faces grow on you with constant acquaintance until they become beautiful to you. For you see the splendor of a noble character glorifying every feature. A true beauty in the soul will come out in the sweetness, the brightness, the quiet glory of the face.

HOW TO SUCCEED

A man should start out in life with a firm understanding with himself that he is going to succeed; that he has undertaken to do a certain thing and, no matter how long it takes, or how difficult the process, he is going to do it. He should resolve at the very outset that if he fails in anything he will make the best possible use of his failure, get the best possible lesson from it; that he will make of it a stepping stone instead of a stumbling block. He should resolve that every setback shall ultimately prove an advance. There is everything in starting out with an understanding with yourself that there is nothing else for you but the goal, that you are going to get there sooner or later, no matter what stands in your way. If you are only half committed to your proposition, however, if you are so loosely attached to your vocation that the least opposition will shake you from it, you will never get anywhere.

FUN WITH ROVER

One bright summer day, when Lake Michigan was almost as smooth as a mill-pond, two boys were taking a row in a small boat near Jackson Park, Chicago. Their faithful house dog, old Rover, ran along the shore, barking at them and begging, in the best language at his command, to be taken on board.

'Let's have some fun with him,' said one of the boys. 'We'll row close to the bank and call out to him, and give him a good swim.'

They backed the boat to a distance of 15ft or 20ft from the shore and called to the dog:

'Come, Rover! Get aboard!'

Rover dashed into the water. When he was within a few feet of them they began rowing away from him, but encouraged him to come on. Keeping just ahead of him, they lured him out into the lake a distance of a hundred yards or more. Then the old dog, feeling his strength failing, and apparently convinced that his young masters were making game of him, turned to make feebly for shore.

Then, for the first time, the boys realised what they were doing. As quickly as possible they turned the boat round and rowed after the dog, whose strokes were growing feebler every moment.

'Here, Rover!' they called out. 'Good old doggy! Come back! We'll help you in!'

Old Rover tried to obey, but even as he made the effort the last remnant of his strength failed him, and he sank before their eyes when almost within an arm's length of the boat.

The appealing yet loving look in the old dog's faithful eyes as the water closed over his head will haunt those boys to their dying day.—Our Dumb Animals.

NOT WHAT HE MEANT

'Now, sir,' began the smart K.C., 'you say you discharged the plaintiff from your service because he was somewhat addicted to liquor. Is that correct?'

'It is,' answered the defendant.

'Good!' said the K.C. 'You do not consider it advantageous to yourself that your employees should be devotees of Bacchus.'

'That is so.'

'Now, kindly tell the gentlemen of the jury—do you drink yourself?'

'That is my business,' retorted the defendant angrily.

'Quite so,' assented the K.C., suavely, 'and have you any other business?'

AN APT ANSWER

In the course of a lesson on the subject of domestic economy and hygiene, a teacher got a singularly smart and apt answer from a girl.

Speaking of milk and its importance as a food, the lady asked:

'What is the best place wherein to keep the milk perfectly nice and fresh during, say, a hot summer day?'

And one girl—evidently thinking it was an easy one—promptly answered:

'Please, teacher, in the cow.'