

The Family Circle

OPEN THE DOOR OF YOUR HEART

Open the door of your heart, my lad,
To the angels of love and truth;
When the world is full of unnumbered joys,
In the beautiful dawn of youth;
Casting aside all things that mar,
Saying to the wrong, 'Depart!
To the voices of hope that are calling you
Open the door of your heart.

Open the door of your heart, my lass,
To the things that shall abide,
To the holy thoughts that lift your soul
Like the stars at eventide.
All of the fadeless flowers that bloom
In the realms of song and art
Are yours, if you'll only give them room,
Open the door of your heart.

Open the door of your heart, my friend,
Heedless of class or creed,
When you hear the cry of a brother's voice,
The sob of a child in need.
To the shining heaven that o'er you bends
You need no map or chart,
But only the love the Master gave,
Open the door of your heart.

THE DOINGS OF DONALD AND DOROTHY

Donald and Dorothy were twins, and every one said they were the cutest, most mischievous, most loving little couple in town. They were usually very good, too, but one day they did something which was very funny afterwards, but which was very serious at the time. Isn't it queer how many things that are funny afterwards are not funny when they happen.

The twins had been playing all the morning, but at last they grew tired of their block houses. 'Let's not play this any more,' said Dorothy at length. 'Yes, let's not,' agreed Donald; 'it's too sitting stilly.' 'I know what we can do,' continued Dorothy. 'You know that lovely little playhouse we found up in the attic when mamma was findin' papa's fur coat?'

'Uh-huh,' assented Donald. 'Well, I'll take Rosa and you can take Teddy, and we'll go up there and play "Alice in Wonderland." You know, mamma read it to us yesterday. Teddy can be the white rabbit 'cause he looks more like a rabbit than Rosa does.'

Donald agreed to this plan, so they trotted gaily up the stairs, hand in hand.

After much rummaging they found everything they needed for the game but a rabbit hole, and for a little while even their active brains were unable to devise a suitable one. At last Dorothy found a loose brick in the chimney—which ran through the attic—where they could take out enough bricks to make a 'dandy rabbit hole.'

'You can be "Alice" first,' said Donald generously, 'cause you're a girl. Dorothy did not object to this arrangement. So after tossing poor Teddy into the dark hole, fat little Dorothy prepared to follow him. The hole was a tight squeeze for her, but at last she slipped in.

'Oh, dear,' she called a minute later; 'I've stuck, an' it's so dark I can't see to 'magine "marmalade."'

'Wiggle hard,' answered Donald; 'an' hurry, so I can go, too.'

There was no answer, but a slight shuffling noise. Donald sat by the rabbit hole a long time, and listened. 'I wish I dared holler,' he thought, 'but I might 'sturb her 'mag'ning. Guess I'll go downstairs.'

When Donald got down he found mamma looking for them, as papa had come to take them for a drive before lunch.

'Where's Dorothy?' said mamma. 'Dorothy's don't down the rabbit hole, and she isn't got back yet.'

'Well, you go and call her,' said mamma, wondering what they had been playing.

Donald was back in a few minutes. 'She won't answer me,' he said; 'I 'spect she's opening the garden door now; Teddy's the white rabbit.'

'Donald, stop your fooling at once, and tell me where Dorothy is,' said mamma sternly.

'I've telled all I can tell,' said Donald, beginning to cry.

Just then mamma heard a faint little cry of 'Mamma! Mamma!' which seemed to come from the wall near by.

'There's Dorothy, now,' said Donald. 'Where are you?' called mamma.

'Why, I'm wight here,' came a tremulous little voice. 'Won't you come and get me, 'cause I can't get back?'

Just then papa came in to see what kept them so long, and together they ransacked the house. But still that

tearful little voice kept calling them to hurry. 'Don't you know where I am?' it said; 'why, I'm wight here, and I'm so tired.'

Mamma and papa were now thoroughly frightened. 'If we don't find her pretty quick, we'd better call the policeman,' said mamma.

All this time frightened little Donald had been running about, looking in the cream pitcher, sugar bowl, and behind doors, and getting in everybody's way. 'What is it you're looking for?' he said; 'cause if it's Dorothy, I telled you she was in the rabbit hole in the attic.'

'In the attic!' said papa, as he rushed upstairs three steps at a time. Dorothy's voice seemed far below him now. 'Come up, and show me your rabbit hole, Donald,' he called.

Donald came as fast as his little fat legs would carry him. 'Right over here, papa; isn't it nice?'

Papa didn't stop to see whether it was nice or not. 'Dorothy,' he called; 'we're coming; wait a minute longer, dear.'

'You needn't bover now, papa,' called back Dorothy. 'I'm most unstuck.' Then a slight scuffling noise was heard followed by a dull thud.

The Davis house was an old one, and had a big, old-fashioned fireplace in it, which had been boarded up when the stoves came into general use. It did not take Mr. Davis long to remember this, nor to remember that this was the chimney which opened from it. Dorothy, in squirming about, had loosened herself, and fallen on the floor of the fireplace.

Mr. Davis quickly ran downstairs and knocked the fire-board off, and rescued a tear-stained little 'Alice in Wonderland,' and Dorothy rescued the white rabbit.

'Why didn't you come before?' said Dorothy, in an aggrieved tone; 'I was wight here all the time!'

Though the twins were afterward just as mischievous as before, I don't believe they ever again tried to slide down the chimney.

OUR GOOD RESOLUTIONS

Good resolutions are never a short cut to good works. Carefully-thought-out plans and earnestly-made resolves are valuable only as they bring into plain sight the duties that we ought to be doing. They are worse than useless when we let them take the place of duty-doing, as we so often do. A man will, on his way from his house to his office at the beginning of the day, make such good plans and resolves for that day that by the time he reaches his office he has unconsciously let himself think that the hardest part of the work is already done; and then the real doing of it evaporates in the glow of the plan-making. It is better for most people to spend more of their time on what needs to be done than on planning when and how they will do it. An unplanned duty done is better than a duty that always remains planned for.

GIRLS AND THEIR HOME MANNERS

Who has not met the seemingly charming girl who is so often described as being 'quite different at home.' She is quite different in the bosom of her family, because she is too cowardly to display her pettishness and bad temper anywhere else. Girls who are pleasant to strangers and irritable and exacting at home are a type to be avoided and distrusted. Home manners should be the test of character; and although it is easy to dissimulate, exposure will inevitably come in the long run to the girl who keeps her sharp tongue for her own people and silken speech for outsiders.

A GENTLE REBUKE

It was late in the year for strawberries, but Mrs. Beacon was determined to have some for Sunday dinner. Over the telephone came the news that they were 'very fine, ma'am, very fine indeed.' Being, however, a cautious housekeeper, she decided to look over the fruit herself, as the grocer was not always to be trusted.

'They don't appear very good,' she said, somewhat later, examining carefully a basketful. 'They look'—here she extracted one and tasted it—'they look a little green. I don't know. Just let me try one.' She took another. 'I guess I'll take one box, please. You don't put very many in a box, do you?' she inquired.

'There was,' said the grocer, respectfully, 'but there's been so many ladies looking 'em over that there ain't half of 'em left now.'

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

A story is told of a king who went into his garden one morning and found everything withering and dying. He asked an oak that stood near the gate what the trouble was. He found that it was sick of life and determined to die, because it was not tall and beautiful like the pine; the pine was out of heart because it could not bear grapes like the vine; the vine was going to throw its life away