

The Family Circle.

THE RAINBOW'S CHILD.

Long ago, so the legends say,
The flowers were out for a festival day
To give the rainbow greeting.
There were blossoms of wondrous dye,
Bright as stars tossed down from the sky,
In beauty and grace competing

But one, much fairer than all the rest,
Was in such exquisite beauty dressed
That all drew round with wonder.
Her robe of a rich and royal hue,
Like a mist-veiled sky when the sun peeps
through,
With shell-pink shadings under,

Was frilled with the richest, quaintest lace;
She held her head with a queenly grace.
And her jewels' dazzling splendor
Enrich her robes in a wilder way.
As their scintillant lights all changeful play,
Saining with luster tender.

Who was the stranger? Why, no one knew
This debutante fair in robes of blue,
With gems like a jewel shower.
Just then, as the rain began to fall,
Out danced the rainbow; and they all
Cried out " 'Tis the rainbow flower!"

'For see,' they said, "all the rainbow tints,
With shadings and hues and crystal glints,
Where the sun through the mist has smiled,
Are hers, repeated in wondrous way;
Let's call her Iris!" and to this day
We call her the "Rainbow's Child."

—Dart Fairtherne.

PEGGY'S SOUVENIR TEA.

'Lizbeth, do you know what I am thinking of?'

'Not being a mind reader, I must confess that I do not,' Lizbeth Gray answered coolly.

Peggy Elliott laughed. 'It is well that you have so frankly acknowledged your ignorance,' she said, 'for now I will enlighten you. I am thinking of doing something to help our missionary society.'

'You are always thinking of doing queer things, I believe, Peggy; but what has made you think of this, and what are you going to do?'

'What has made me think of it?' Peggy said. 'Well, be patient, and I'll try to tell you. I have just finished reading of Dr. Paton's life; that is one of the causes. And when last week in New York, I heard a bright young woman—not much older than we are, Lizbeth—relate some of her experiences when a missionary in India; and ever since I've been trying to excuse myself for doing nothing to make the world better, when others, no stronger or richer or older than I am, are doing so much.'

'Have you succeeded?'

'In excusing myself? No, I have not. And now I am going to do something.'

'And to begin?' Lizbeth said carelessly.

'To begin my work I am going to give a party.'

'That is a pleasant way to work for missions. It will not involve much self-denial,' Lizbeth said, with a laugh.

Peggy's face flushed, but she answered frankly, 'I hope it will prove a pleasant way. I am not going to give an ordinary party. I am going to invite our whole church congregation—men, women and children—to come here next Wednesday evening to a souvenir tea.'

Lizbeth Gray's eyes opened wide.

'Throw open your beautiful house to such a mixed company!' she exclaimed. 'I'd think twice before I did that, Peggy.'

'I have thought,' Peggy said firmly.

'Then if you are determined to do it, please explain what you mean by a souvenir tea?'

'Well,' Peggy said calmly, 'for the privilege of attending that tea you will pay thirty cents.'

'Ah, I see; you are going to charge for admission. There is a little method, or at least greed, in your madness, Peggy.'

'Yes,' I hope to make a good many dollars,' Peggy said; 'but you haven't heard my whole plan. I shall serve coffee and cake, and every one who comes will receive a gift—a souvenir, you know it

will be some little Japanese article that will not cost more than ten cents.

'I don't see why you do that,' Lizbeth said seriously. 'It looks to me like an appeal to the selfish side of human nature. Why don't you show a little confidence in the goodness of people, and take it for granted that everybody will be glad to come just to help missions?'

'When people haven't thought about a subject, it isn't always safe to take it for granted that they are interested in it,' Peggy said wisely. 'Many of our church people know nothing about missions, and really care nothing about them. The thought of the little souvenir they will carry away from my tea will attract many who would not come to a plain missionary meeting.'

'Still, if you do really want to make money, it seems too bad out of every thirty cents you receive to give back ten in the form of a souvenir,' Lizbeth said prudently.

'Wait,' Peggy insisted. 'Hear my whole plan. Perhaps when you know all I propose you will think there is craft as well as greed in my madness. I hope, in almost every case, to get back that ten cents. You know—if you do not, you ought to know it—that in all our missionary schools little things—articles that you can buy for five and ten cents—are greatly needed. Well, on the table in the library I am going to put a large basket. It is to be called the "Missionary Souvenir Basket," and every one who attends my tea will be asked to drop something into that basket that will be useful to the missionaries in their work.'

'But people won't know; they won't come prepared,' Lizbeth objected.

'I shall take pains to have them know,' Peggy said, with decision. 'I shall tell some people, and they will tell others. Gossip isn't always a bad thing, Lizbeth. Busy tongues can carry good tidings as well as evil ones.'

'I am vanquished at every point,' Lizbeth said, laughingly. 'Well, I don't quite believe in your plan, Peggy; but I'll help you to publish it. It will at least have the attraction of novelty; and I hope it will prove a success,' she added sincerely.

Peggy Elliott had a beautiful home, and at an early hour on the evening appointed for the 'Souvenir Tea,' it was thronged with guests. All were cordially welcomed by the young hostess; games were provided for the children, there was music for the musical, and for the older folks there were pleasant, cosy corners, where they could rest and talk undisturbed. For an hour or two the bright room rang with merry voices, and then Dr. Morris, the pastor, stepped forward. He was requested by Miss Elliott, he explained, to read a little story she had selected for the occasion; and then, while first surprise and then interest kept the people silent, he read aloud, 'Mrs. Pickett's Missionary Box.'

'I didn't dare to venture on anything more serious for to-night,' Peggy said with dewy eyes to the minister's wife. And then she asked, 'Will you come with me and see the missionary basket?'

'I wonder if we will find anything in it,' Lizbeth Gray said, as she joined them in the library. 'I don't believe——' and then she stopped abruptly, for to her surprise the basket was full. With wondering eyes they examined the contents.

Papers of pins and needles, cards of buttons, bunches of tape, pieces of elastic, spools of thread and silk, slate pencils, lead pencils, steel pens, pads of writing paper, packages of envelopes, bright colored ribbons, remnants of cambric, gingham and turkey red calico, cakes of soap, pocket handkerchiefs, bits of canvass, with worsted and embroidery patterns, dolls and materials for dressing them—the basket, like the mother's bag in the 'Swiss Family Robinson,' seemed to contain every small article one could wish for.

Several women were standing near the table, one of them turned to Peggy and said gravely. 'I have learned a lesson to-

night Miss Elliott, some way I never realized before that the women in heathen lands have minds and hearts just like ourselves. And I never thought until to-night that the missionaries in their daily lives have just the same little wants that we have. I've never felt interested in missions. I've never thought that I ought to help them, but to-night "Mrs. Pickett's Missionary Box" and this basket have shown me my duty.'

'I've learned a lesson, too,' said the woman beside her as she brushed away a tear. 'I must confess that I came here to-night just because I was curious about the tea, and I thought if the presents were pretty I'd like to have one. I brought a paper of pins—I didn't mind doing that—but I didn't care any more about the missionaries than I care about the people that, for anything I know, may be living in the moon. Missionaries always seemed too far away for me to feel interested in them. But somehow,' and she smiled even while she brushed away another tear, 'that basket has brought them very near, and made them seem like real folks. And now,' she added firmly, 'I'm going to join the "missionary society."'

'I've learned a lesson, too,' Lizbeth Gray confessed that night, when she was saying 'good-bye' to Peggy. 'All my life I have been selfish, caring only to save myself, just as if Jesus died for me alone. I am not worthy of the name of Christian; from this time, Peggy, if you will let me, I will help you in all that you try to do for missions.'

Peggy's eyes were shining, her voice was quick and glad, 'We will work together,' she said, 'and I have learned this evening the secret of successful work. We must be like magnets. We must draw very close to Christ ourselves, and then we cannot help drawing others to Him.'—*Christian Work.*

THE SPRING SEWING.

It is claimed that two or three hours spent daily in the open air is essential to perfect health, but how to take so much time from necessary duties is a great problem in a woman's life.

Unfortunately all of the average woman's duties lie indoors, and must perforce be done there—sweeping and dusting and sewing; and if she have a family of children, and a purse not over-full, the sewing alone is enough to occupy her every day and all day.

Few women have a settled rule about taking exercise, and a friend of the writer, living in the country, who confessed that she never went outside her doors for two months last winter, is but a type of many who lead shut-in lives because they do not realize the absolute need of out-door air for their mental and physical well-being.

Nothing is more natural than for a mother to wish to see her children prettily and appropriately dressed, but if this can only be done by a constant and unremitting labor, which obliges her to give up the privilege of being a companion to her children, is it not a great and fatal mistake?

Simple clothing and a mother interested and companionable are better for every child than all the luxury in the world; and if the good times which they have together can be taken out-of-doors, how fortunate for every one concerned!

A good way to dispose of the necessary 'spring sewing' is to engage a skilful seamstress who operates the sewing machine. If the garments are cut out beforehand, she will be able, if they are plain in style and simple in construction, to do all the machine work in three or four days on a large number. Simple gingham slips for ordinary wear in summer, which are quickly made and easily laundered, should form the principal part of every young child's wardrobe at that season. With this work all done, summer, when it comes, may be fully enjoyed by the mother as well as the children.

In one household known to the writer, a seamstress is engaged to come one day each week during three months, January, February, and March, and the intervals between are spent in finishing the work she has left, and planning other work for the next sewing-day. Surely some plan could be devised by every woman to reduce this necessary work to a system, and enable her to enjoy a daily outing with her children in the lovely days of spring and early summer, unfettered by worry about the sewing. *From Harper's Bazar.*

GOOD HEALTH.

Madame Patti, who is a marvellous specimen of well-preserved powers, attributes her exceptional health to enough sleep—nine hours. Sir John Lubbock, an indefatigable worker, says brain workers need at least nine hours of sleep; and here is the testimony of Miss Susan B. Anthony, who is a miracle of sprightliness at seventy-five. When asked the secret of her vigor, she said:—

"I attribute the secret of my good health to the fact that I never abused it. I have always made it a rule of my life to be regular in my habits. I have a time for everything. I live on simple muscle and brain-giving food. I have not broken down in my campaign life simply because I never would indulge in dissipation or late suppers after a lecture. I do not eat a hearty dinner before speaking in public; on the contrary, I eat very lightly. After my lectures I do not accept invitations to swell suppers. I go straight to my rooms, take a bath and drink a cup of hot milk and eat a cracker. I think if I lived down in New Orleans I would merely eat an orange and a cracker before retiring after a heavy evening's work."

"Another thing, human nature demands certain amount of sleep. Women need at least nine hours sleep out of the twenty-four. If you go to bed and wake up in the morning without feeling refreshed, then the human machinery is out of gear, and the equilibrium must be restored or nervous prostration and a general breakdown is the result. This is inevitable. Nature won't be cheated. Women try to do too much. The over-drawn drafts on nature must be paid. When there is tearing down there must be upbuilding at the same time or the structure falls. This upbuilding in the human wear and tear is accomplished by food and sufficient amount of rest, recreation and sleep. This has been my rule of life. Any woman may build up a strong, healthy constitution by following it."

THE GRAND PRE OF TO-DAY.

And now for Grand Pre. What is Grand Pre? A deep aromatic meadow dyked in from the basin of Minas and its tributary rivers, and rising on the land side to a gently-swelling horseshoe hill, on the declivities of which stand what remains of a village. One can still trace not a few cellars, more or less filled in with loose stones by the present owners, in the hopes of winning a yard and a half more for cultivation. These sites are generally marked by thickets of glorious wild raspberries, and are found, as a rule, near the lines of stunted willows planted by the Acadians, and cut down in vain by their conquerors. The vitality of willows is astonishing; the closer they are polled the thicker they grow. Here and there are pathetic little touches. By one cellar or foundation a footworn threshold stone is still in situation, and round it cinnamon roses, once in its garden, run wild. Down in the river meadow is a well, and at the bottom of this well the other day were dredged a number of articles, some of which in all probability were flung into it by Col. Winslow's New-Englanders when they were rendering the village uninhabitable for strangers who had disobeyed the summons to come in. Two well-bucket chains, three or four hatchet heads of an old-fashioned pair