



### The Family Circle.

#### WHAT I WOULD DO.

If I were a rose  
On the garden wall,  
I'd look so fair,  
And grow so tall;  
I'd scatter perfume far and wide,  
Of all the flowers I'd be the pride.  
That's what I'd do  
If I were you,  
O, little rose!

Fair little maid,  
If I were you,  
I should always try  
To be good and true.  
I'd be the merriest, sweetest child  
On whom the sunshine ever smiled.  
That's what I'd do  
If I were you,  
Dear little maid!

—Selected.

#### CHOOSING TIME.

A summer boarder was coming to the little house at the foot of Sunshine Summit. There had been plenty of summer boarders, ever since Marion Grey could remember, at all the White Mountain villages round about, but the foot of the stranger was not wont to intrude at Sunshine Summit—or rather at the foot of it, where the old brown house of the Greys dreamed on so silently.

It was a house that children had filled with laughter when Marion's father was a boy, but the others had scattered here and there, turning their steps some West, some South, and some to that farther country to which no earthly compass points.

John Grey had found himself, in his young manhood, alone in the home of his fathers, and had brought there a shy little wife to bear him company, and to these two grave, quiet people a daughter had been born who was not grave nor quiet—Marion.

The child had been an object of wonder to them from the first. They had had a curious feeling, when she was hardly six years old, of being unacquainted with her. They did not know why she laughed; they wondered what charm she found in sunsets and sunrises, what the birds said to her when she stopped her play to listen to and answer them.

Her great, earnest blue eyes that, even in childhood, could look so straight through and through them, that if they had had anything to hide, they would have been afraid; her soft, fine black hair waving about her face—none of it all seemed to belong to them, and they loved and wondered at her.

"I've heard that Aunt Catherine looked like that," Jane Grey said, meekly, and not without a little sense of awe; for Aunt Catherine was her mother's youngest sister, loved for her beauty, so the family tradition ran, and carried away by a stately foreign husband to dwell in marble halls somewhere or other. Would any such fate come to Marion?

Marion herself was too young to question destiny, though she certainly had thoughts beyond her years. She did not find the birds bad company, or the mountain torrents, with which she used to play at running races, or the shy hill flowers, which she and the spring found out together.

Before she was ten years old she used to try to make little sketches of all these things. She knew nothing whatever about art. She had seen no pictures, except those in certain illustrated papers and magazines, and those fearsome ones in Fox's "Book of Martyrs." She had never been to school, for the nearest schoolhouse was too far away for such a brotherless, sisterless little maid to be sent to it. Her father—not a bad scholar in the simple rudiments of study—had himself taught her to read and write, and "do her sums," and had given her some notions of geography and grammar. Between him and the child there was, perhaps, more of spiritual and mental kinship than between her and her quiet, meek little mother. He understood

"his little maid" better than her mother did; and when he lay dying of pneumonia, and his two dear ones were bending over him, he said to Marion, only twelve years old at that time, with almost his last breath, "Take care of the mother," while it never crossed his mind to bid his wife take care of the girl.

Marion fulfilled his parting injunction faithfully. It was she who became the leader in everything. She found some one to come through the rest of that long, lonely winter and "do the chores," and the next summer she saw to the flowers and the fruit and the little crop of hay, and let nothing go to waste.

But, try as they would, they could not supply the father's place. The farm took care of them well enough, in his time, but when he had been dead a little more than a year, they had begun to see that, what with the lack of the owner's oversight, and what with the hiring of slow "Old Tim" to fill his place, they were getting behind-hand, and must contrive some means to add to their small resources.

Of course it was Marion who suggested what this means should be. She had been sitting in a brown study before the smouldering winter fire, when suddenly she looked up, in her swift way, which always startled her mother a little, and made her feel that those far-seeing, too earnest blue-gray eyes were looking so deep into her heart that they must be finding out more than she herself knew was there.

"I have it, mother! We can take a summer boarder."

"One, Marion! That won't pay much, will it? And there is only one room that would do."

"Yes, mother, don't you see? That's my plan. We can't take care of more than one, so she must pay. We'll advertise for one only—charming, quiet place at the foot of Sunshine Summit; mother and daughter ready to devote themselves wholly to making her comfortable; no noise; no neighbors; rest."

"Why, Marion, it sounds just as if you had written advertisements all your life! I would wish to come myself, if I were not here."

Marion laughed.

"You are here, mother, and it is a quiet place, isn't it? And neighbors don't trouble you; and I'll send my advertisement to the *Transcript* to-morrow. I asked Squire Jones what paper to put it in."

"Why, Marion!" and the mother's eyes shone with delighted wonder. "You do beat all for thinking of everything!"

The advertisement was written and sent off, as Marion had planned, and then she began to make the house ready. It is a great mistake to suppose that taste and imagination have no purely domestic value. Without them Marion could never have turned the two rooms she meant for the summer boarders into such a dainty nest. The old brass fire-irons, as old as the Revolution, were as bright as hands could make them. In the fireplace a fire was laid ready to light, and a basket of pine cones stood nigh, with which the blaze could be brightened from time to time.

All the old-fashioned furniture, solid and respectable and in perfect order, was pleasantly disposed. In front of the fireplace was a little round table, with brass candlesticks upon it, and beside it a low chair whose soft crimson cushions invited the weary. Not far away stood John Grey's long unused desk. Everything was quaint, simple, clean, and with not a false touch anywhere.

One day Marion came home from the post-office with a letter. She found her mother in the rooms they had arranged for the hoped-for inmate.

"Don't they look pretty, Marion?" said Mrs. Grey, with beaming face, as the girl drew near.

"I really think they do," Marion answered, "and she is coming."

"She?"

"Yes—our boarder. Here is her letter. She is Mrs. Scammon, and we offer just what she wants—quiet, good attention, seclusion, rest. She is coming the first of May; and listen, little mother, she wants to make as much trouble as she pleases, and to be in a house where there are no other boarders, and she will pay us twenty dollars a week. There's prosperity, mother."

May day came at last, and with it Mrs.

Scammon. She liked Sunshine Summit at once, and Sunshine Summit liked her. She had not come by coach, but had driven over from the nearest railway station in a light mountain wagon, and it happened that she reached the old Grey house just as sunset was clothing the Summit and the whole virgin world around it with a radiance that seemed born of heaven.

Mother and daughter heard the wheels at their gate, and came out with welcome on their lips. Mrs. Scammon thought they fitly belonged to the scene, and took them and it into her liking together.

Mrs. Grey was a slight, somewhat faded woman pretty as a wind-flower is pretty, which a breath might mar, with scant strength of mind or body, appealing to good-will through very helplessness.

Marion—she had passed her fourteenth birthday now—was as keenly alive as the young May world itself, from whose bosom the flowers were springing. She was no wind-flower; one thought, rather, of a young tree, as strong as it was graceful, which would outlast storms, and in which weaker things might take shelter.

Mrs. Scammon decided at a glance that Marion was the most remarkable girl she had ever seen, and as the weeks passed on, did not change her mind. The whole arrangement of things was ideally perfect. The travelled woman of the world, who yet had kept a certain simplicity of nature, loved the quiet and the solitude, the absolute rest in which she was dwelling, as a tired child loves the shelter of fond arms. For Marion she felt a something not unlike love which surprised her in herself.

She found out the girl's tastes, and shared them, as no one had dreamed of doing before. When she saw the rude sketches, made sometimes with pencil, sometimes with a bit of charcoal, sometimes with some forlorn attempt at color choked from grape juice or squeezed from the green of summer leaves, her trained perception recognized the artist soul in these clumsy expressions, and sent to Boston for a box of colors, which she instructed Marion how to use.

Of course the girl adored her. She had loved her father and mother deeply, but this was another thing—this new feeling into which romance came, and worship and doubt and all love's swift-winged ministers. What should she do when the summer was over? Sometimes she asked herself this question, and then it would seem to her as if already an autumn wind had swept bare her heart, and she shivered in the cold, uncomfited.

One day in the late August Mrs. Scammon announced her intention to climb to the top of Sunshine Summit. She was going up, she said, to find out what the sunsets and the sunrises loved so on that old hill-top. She should be gone far enough away before long, and meant to see first how the world looked from the top of Sunshine Summit.

Marion thought once of offering to go with her, but her company had not been asked, and she shrank from the faintest approach of intrusion; and then there was her mother. The summer had told on Mrs. Grey. She had never been quite well since her husband died, and she was looking more than usually frail now. Marion knew that her strong young arms were needed to carry on the day's work.

(To be Continued.)

#### TWO LESSONS.

BY ESTHER CONVERSE.

"Boys," said Miss Hudson, quietly.

Fifteen inattentive boys gave attention, ten studious ones looked up from their books, while the faces of ten others grew expectant if not apprehensive.

"Something is wrong," continued the teacher in the same gentle tone; "your minds are not upon the lesson; What is it?"

The ten studious boys looked about wondering, five roguish boys laughed outright, while ten others seemed to nerve themselves for coming conflict.

"Will not some one tell me?" asked Miss Hudson, again.

"Johnny Hoyt has a squirrel in his pocket; you can see the tail sticking right out now," said a weak voice from the corner.

This was followed by much laughing, and strong efforts on the part of the uninitiated to see the tail, while the frowning faces of

a few, including Johnny Hoyt, boded ill for the informer. The school was now thoroughly demoralized, but amid the confusion all heard the cheerful voice of the teacher.

"A squirrel?" she repeated, with great apparent interest; "do let me see the little creature; bring him here, Johnny."

The boy arose with evident reluctance, and slowly approached the table; thirty-four boys grew strangely attentive, as he stopped within a few feet of his teacher.

"Let me take him, Johnny," said she; and all noticed how fearless yet gentle was the touch of the hands that received the little creature.

"There is no animal more harmless and interesting than the squirrel. Can any one tell me the use of this bushy tail?" said Miss Hudson, holding up that appendage to view.

"For ornament," said one. "To keep him warm," said another. "For a balance," added a third.

"And his ears," continued Miss Hudson; "can you tell why they are not long like those of the dog or rabbit?"

A variety of answers followed this question, and in turn, toes, eyes, teeth, and the habits of the squirrel were dwelt upon, until a half-hour had been spent.

"Johnny," said the teacher, with a smile, as she looked at her watch, "how much time do you need to carry this dear little squirrel home?"

"Fifteen minutes," said the boy, promptly.

"Do not waste time, please, for we have much to do to make up for a lost half-hour,—not this, but the previous half-hour,—time spent in the study of God's creatures is never lost time."

Thirty-four quiet, attentive boys returned to the interrupted lesson, and in less than fifteen minutes Miss Hudson smilingly greeted the breathless Johnny.

There was an animated discussion on the playground after school.

"Isn't she a lady?" asked one triumphantly.

"My!" said another; "I thought Johnny'd catch it when he got near her."

"Yes," said a third, "I thought she'd catch him by the ear or collar, or something, and give him a great whipping; that's the way Miss Grimshaw used to do."

"Hurrah for the new teacher!" said a fourth; and the cheers that went up reached the ears of the unconscious teacher in the vacant school-room.

Across the hall, in room No. 8, Miss Grimshaw found the same atmosphere of inattention. Calling to her aid certain qualities invaluable in a detective, and upon which she prided herself, she soon discovered a squirrel in the pocket of Johnny Hoyt's younger brother.

"Bring that squirrel to me, Harry Hoyt," she commanded in tones that terrified the timid and caused even the stout-hearted to cower. Harry did not obey.

"Come at once," she repeated, taking a stout stick from the drawer.

Still Harry remained in his seat.

With a wrathful face and rapid movement, Miss Grimshaw approached Harry's seat, and seizing the boy by the collar, with a vigorous jerk succeeded in removing him to the aisle, and thence, in spite of wild clutching at desk and settee, to the platform in front of the school.

"Take that squirrel from your pocket," commanded the same excited voice.

Tremblingly the boy obeyed, and a crushed and bleeding creature lay quivering for a moment in his hand before its little life went out forever. Tears rolled down the face of the boy,—tears of grief for the loss of his pet, tears of pain and tears of mortification and anger.

"Throw it into the waste-basket," commanded Miss Grimshaw, still retaining her hold upon the arm that endeavored to conceal and remove the tears.

Punishment followed that was scarcely felt by the distressed boy, and amid silence almost painful, another interrupted lesson was resumed.

Two lessons not found upon the pages of text-books had been given that morning.—*Journal of Education.*

HUMILITY is the first lesson we learn from reflection, and self-distrust the first proof we give of having obtained a knowledge of ourselves.—*Zimmerman.*