

FAMILY CIRCLE.

A LOST LOVE.

Martha Hargrave was an only child of one of the wealthiest inhabitants of Elm's Cross, the expectant heiress of his fortune and possessed in her own right of £5,000. In such circumstances it may be supposed that she attracted not a little the attention of blushing striplings and speculative mammas. These were, with the exception of one family, of her own society—for Mr. and Mrs. Hargrave were Quakers of the old school, and confined themselves almost exclusively within the circle of their friends. The exception was formed by a widow lady and her son, the former an early intimate of Mrs. Hargrave, now living on a small annuity, from which she contrived to save a little every year to pay for her boy's outfit in the world.

Richard Temple was well calculated to be the object of a mother's doting affection; he was a fine, spirited, generous, handsome lad, two or three years older than Martha, of whom he was the playmate in childhood. Richard looked upon Martha as his sister till he began to feel as a personal injury the admiring looks that were thrown upon her from under the broad brows of the young Quakers, and the affection of the boy was suffered to ripen into the love of the young man.

While this process was going on with Richard, in Martha the wildness of childhood sobered gradually down into the demure circumspection of the Quaker girl.

But, nevertheless, when Richard came one day to bid her farewell before his exodus into the world, her heart was too full of the memories of her childish years to remember its new conventionalism, and she stood before him with her hands crossed upon her bosom, gazing in his face with a look of girlish fondness that was made still softer by the tears that stood trembling in her beautiful eyes. He was to proceed to London, to be completed in his initiation into mercantile business, and might be absent for years, and Martha felt the separation as her first serious distress. Richard was old enough to be aware of the nature of his own feelings.

As the moment of parting arrived he drew her toward him with both hands; his arms encircled her waist, and—how it happened I know not, for the thing was wholly out of rule—his lips were pressed to hers. The next moment he started from his bewilderment; his eyes dazzled; Martha had disappeared. He did not know, when in the morning the stage coach was carrying him from Elm's Cross, that a young girl was sitting behind a blind in the highest room of that house watching the vehicle till it was lost in her blinding tears.

I am unable to trace the adventures of Richard Temple in London, but they appear to have been comparatively fortunate, since at the end of only three years he was a junior partner in a young but respectable firm. He had seen Miss Hargrave several times during the interval, but I need not say that their intercourse had entirely changed its character.

At the end of the three years I have mentioned Mrs. Temple died, and Richard, now alone in the world, and with tolerable prospects in business, began in due time to ask himself, with a quaking heart and a flushing brow, whether it were possible for him to obtain the Quaker girl for his bride. After much cogitation on this subject, his characteristic daring prevailed, and addressing to Martha an eloquent history of his love, accompanied by a frank statement of his affairs and prospects, and a solicitation for permission to woo her for his wife, he enclosed the letter, open, in a brief one to her father, and dispatched the faithful messenger.

The reply came from Mr. Hargrave. It was cool, calm, decisive. He hoped friend Richard would speedily forget what, to a rational minded person, ought to be hardly a disappointment, and when his fortune permitted it select from his own denomination a wife of his own degree. This insolent letter, as the young man termed it, had no effect but that of rousing the fierce and headlong energy of his nature. He knew Martha too well to believe that she had any share in such a production, and he wrote at once to Mr. Hargrave to say that his daughter was old enough to decide for herself; that on the following day he would present himself at his house in Elm's Cross in the hope of hearing his fate from Martha's own lips, even if in the presence of her father and mother.

When Richard Temple passed across the Dutchlike lawn of the house he felt his heart die within him. When the respectable middle-aged servant marshaled him upstairs to the drawing room he followed the man with deference, as if he had something to say in the decision.

Martha entered the room alone, and shutting the door closed composedly up to Richard and offered him her hand as usual. The clasp, though gentle, was palpable.

"Martha," he said, "did my letter surprise you? Tell me only that it was too abrupt—that it startled and hurried you. Was it not so?"

"Nay, Richard."

"Then you knew, even before I dared to speak, that I loved you. Do you know of the reply my letter received?"

"Yea, Richard."

"And you sanctioned it?"

"In meaning," but here her voice slightly faltered; "if the words were unkind, be thou assured that they came neither from my pen nor my heart."

"Then I was deceived in supposing for I did indulge the dream that my devotion had awakened an interest in your bosom! That interest belongs to another."

"I never had a dearer friendship than thine," said Martha, and raising her eyes to his she added, after a pause, in the clear distinct, silvery tone which was the character of her voice, "and never shall!"

"Yet you reject and spurn me?"

"Richard," said the Quaker girl, growing still more pale, "no more of this. Thou mayest grieve and unnerve, but never change my purpose."

"What is your purpose?"

"To honor my father and my mother."

She extended her hand to him and spoke. The reply he had demanded was distinct enough in her words, but a thousand times more so in her look, manner, tone.

Richard never knew whether any one watched the stage-coach that day from the upper window.

Martha was not well, and her father at length grew alarmed. They took her from watering place to watering place; they tried every day to give some new direction to her thoughts. Martha was grateful. But still she was not well, and when many months had passed away the now terrified parents, after trying everything that science and affection could suggest for the restoration of their only child, consulted once more. The nature of the step they ultimately determined upon may be gathered from the following communication received in reply to a letter from Mr. Hargrave:

RESPECTED SIR: The inquiry thou directedst has been easy. I am connected in business with one (not of our society) to whom the young man is well known, and by whom he is much esteemed. Richard Temple is wise beyond his years. He is of quiet and retired habits, and will get on in the world. This is the opinion of my friend. I know that he would willingly give him his daughter to wife. But Richard was not forward in the matter. His thoughts, even in the company of the maid, seemed preoccupied doubtless by business. Since writing these lines I have been informed that he visits Elm's Cross in a few days to arrange some matters connected with his late mother's affairs. I am, respected friend, etc.

EZEKIEL BROWN.

This letter determined Mr. Hargrave to recall his rejection of Richard Temple, and the effect of a conversation he had upon the subject with his daughter proved to the unbounded joy of the parents that as yet she had no organic disease. For some days Martha, though happy, was restless. At length an acquaintance, when calling, informed her that she had just seen Richard.

"Thou rememberest Richard, Martha?" Martha nodded.

"He is grown so comely and so manly thou wouldst hardly know him."

"He will call here, perchance?" said the mother.

"Nay, He has already taken his place in the coach for to-morrow." Martha grew pale, and the mother hurried out of the room to seek her husband. That night Richard received a

friendly note from Mr. Hargrave, begging him to call in the morning on business of importance.

When Richard found himself once more in the silent drawing-room, his manner was very different from what it had been on the last occasion. He was calm, but gloomy, and almost stern; he waited for the appearance of his inviter with neither hope nor fear, but with a haughty impatience. Instead of Mr. Hargrave, however, it was Martha who entered the room, and he started back at the unexpected apparition. The color that rose into her face and made her more beautiful than ever, prevented him from seeing that she had been ill, and when she held out her hand the slight grasp he gave it was so momentary that he did not discover its attenuation. A painful embarrassment prevailed for some time.

He was about to withdraw with a ceremonious bow when Martha stepped forward.

"Richard," said she, "I have no fear that my early friend will think me immodest, and therefore I speak without concealment. Tarry yet awhile, for I have that to say which, peradventure, may make thee consider thy place in the coach a light sacrifice."

"How?"

"Richard," she continued, "thou didst once woo me for thy wife and were rejected by my father's commands. Circumstances have brought about a change in his feelings. Must I speak it?" and a slight smile, passing away in an instant, illumined the bright flush that rose into her face. "Wert thou to ask again the answer might be different."

So long a silence ensued after this speech that Martha at length raised her eyes suddenly and fixed them in alarm upon Richard's face. In that face there was no joy, no thankfulness, no love; nothing but a blank and ghastly stare. He was as white as a corpse, and large beads of sweat stood upon his brow.

"What meanest this?" cried Martha, rushing toward him, but he threw out his hands to prevent her approach, while the answer came hoarse and broken from his haggard lips:

"Ruin—misery—horror!" Martha, I am married!" And so saying he rushed out of the room.

It is said that men recover more speedily than women in love disappointments. The reason is not that they feel them less deeply. Women have more leisure than men. The world has few demands upon them, and they can only exhibit their mental power and loftiness of resolve by making wholesome occupation for their fevered minds. Of these women was Martha Hargrave. Although stunned by the blow, its very suddenness and severity compelled her to reflect upon her position and summon up her energies. She did not permit her sympathies to be buried in one absorbing subject, but cast them abroad upon the face of society. Under this moral discipline she recovered her bodily health. The fresh roses of youth continued to bloom in her lovely cheeks long after her hair had begun to change its hue, and so the gentle Quaker commenced her descent into the vale of years.

The process is different with Richard Temple, but still of a kindred character. To say that he did not repent his marriage would be untrue, but still he had honor and integrity enough to cherish the wife he had married in return for her love. He devoted himself to business and to his rapidly increasing family; prospered in both, and in due time arrived at the enjoyment of at least ordinary happiness. But at length a period of commercial calamity came and Richard suffered with the rest. His fixed capital was still moderately good, but he was embarrassed, almost ruined for want of money.

One day during this crisis he was in his private room in the counting-room brooding over his difficulties, and in the least possible mood that could be imagined for sentimental recollections, when a letter was placed before him, the first two lines of which informed him, in a brief, businesslike manner, that Martha was dead. The paper dropped upon the floor and he abandoned himself to grief.

On emerging from this he took up the letter to place it on the table, when, on glancing over its remaining contents, he found that poor Martha had bequeathed to him the whole of her original fortune of £5,000. When he had become quite an old man he was observed, often plunged in a deep reverie over his Quaker love.—L. R. in New York News.

Pleasure and Recreation.

If man be a gregarious animal, woman is no less so, and requires a certain amount of intercourse with her kind for her best development; but the great mistake often made is that pleasure becomes the business of life instead of what it was meant to be—the recreation, writes Mrs. Burton Kingsland in an article on "Danger of a Social Career," in the January Ladies' Home Journal. It is impossible that character should not deteriorate when such is the case.

Social intercourse, kept in its proper position relative to other and higher things, certainly has a distinct influence for good. It broadens the mind, it brightens the intellect, it develops the power of pleasing and makes one the more agreeable companion; it even educates the love of one's kind by increasing our interest in one another. But when it becomes a "life"—"social life"—and occupies the greater part of woman's thoughts, time and money, it is not only a sin, it is a crime against her own happiness and that of those nearest and dearest to her.

It has been said by a wise Frenchman that "happy people need few pleasures;" and when the world sees a woman to whom social success is the aim and object of life it guesses pretty shrewdly that all is not well at home, and no woman wishes to make a present of such a secret to a captious and critical world.

This and That.

No man has any right to wish he had never been born. Let other people do that for him.

The man who has confidence in himself is often taken in by just that kind of a game.

God gave us hearts to love with. He never meant us to use a mark in the expression of our best feelings.

More people grow apart just from the absence of honest expression more than from hard words.

Tenderness costs so little, and yet, given here and there as we journey along, is invaluable in the good it may do.—Jennifers Miller.

Self-knowledge is of loving deeds the child.

Sow kindly acts and thou shalt reap their fruition.

There is more power in a soft answer than there is in a ton of gunpowder.

Be not provoked when opinions differ from your own.

If the earth was covered with flowers all the year round the bees would get lazy.

An atmosphere of whine and worry does not tend to lighten life's burden.

The Longest Words.

Here are the nine longest words in the English language at the present writing: Sarcotritonist, Philoprogenitiveness, Incomprehensibility, Disproportionableness, Homirificubilitudinity, Velocipedestrianistical, Transubstantiationableness, Proantitutionsubstantionist, Anthropophagenerian.

MINNIE MAY'S DEPARTMENT.

MY DEAR NIECES:—

A "Happy New Year" to you all, and the wish comes from my heart, for I love all my nieces and would make them all happy if I could. To me there is nothing sweeter and lovelier than a simple, unaffected, honest-eyed girl. She may make mistakes in deportment; she may say and do thoughtless, even foolish things, now and then; she may need a few words of advice, a hint of gentle reproof occasionally; but to me she is always dear and lovable. Perhaps one reason that I love girls so dearly is, because I have an exceptionally good memory, and have not yet forgotten my own girlhood. Remembering my own youthful faults, follies, failures, my girlish trials and triumphs, my cloudy and my sunny days, as clearly as I do, makes me understand "my nieces" better than I might otherwise have done, and creates between them and myself a bond of sympathetic affection which brings us very near together. And although I have many friends, I want to enlarge my circle, and I want you to help me. The Home Department is for you. Send me your ideas and suggestions as to what you would like to see therein. Send me some questions of general interest to girls to be answered here; some topics of interest to you which you would like to have discussed by others. Now that the ADVOCATE is to be issued semi-monthly, it will be much better for discussions, etc. We want this department to be bright, entertaining and helpful, and we know that you will be glad to assist us in making it so. Please remember to write only on one side of your paper, and let me hear from many of my "dear nieces." Meanwhile, with all the good wishes of the season, which I hope is full of happiness and good cheer for each and all of you, from

MINNIE MAY.

P. S.—"What constitutes happiness? Does it depend upon ourselves or our surroundings?" will be the subject for our next essay. Prize, \$2 00. All communications to be in our office by the 1st February.

RECIPES.

BOILED ICING.

Take one cup of white sugar, two tablespoons of water; boil quickly for five minutes, take from the fire and stir rapidly until white; spread on the cake before it gets too stiff.

GELATINE ICING.

One spoonful of gelatine, two tablespoons of water; when clear, add one spoonful of hot water and one cup of pulverized sugar; flavor and beat well. When nearly cool, spread thickly over the cake.

COCOANUT ICING.

Make as above, only when spread over the cake sprinkle thickly and roughly over with desiccated cocoanut, and a beautiful result will be produced.

CARROT PUDDING.

One-half pound raw potatoes, peeled and grated; ½ pound carrots, grated; ½ pound of flour (or 7 ounces bread crumbs and 1 ounce of flour); ½ pound of suet, chopped fine; ½ pound of sugar; ½ pound of currants; ½ pound of raisins. Mix well together and flavor with lemon, brandy, whiskey or spices. Steamed three hours. Peel improves it. Cover with cotton while cooking, and leave it on while it is cold. It will keep two or three months in cold weather, and steam again a couple of hours when you want to use it.

HOME-MADE CANDY.

One quart granulated sugar and one pint of water, boiled until the sugar is dissolved; try a drop in cold water, and if it sticks in the fingers it must be boiled a little longer. When done, take from the fire and stir in the pan you have boiled it until it is a white creamy mass; take off small portions about as large as a hazel-nut, form into a round ball; press the blanched kernel of an almond on top, and almond creams will be the result. Color some of the cream with a little pink, or yellow; the yolk of an egg will make a pretty tinge of yellow; flavor some with lemon, more with rose-water, and some with vanilla, making a variety both in taste and color. Blanch a pound of almonds, dry slightly in the oven, and put into a pan with one pound of sugar and a tablespoon of water; stir over a slow fire until the sugar is all melted and begins to brown. When it has all turned a delicate brown, pour on a buttered dish or tin pan, and delicious Paris candy will be the result. Spread a layer of white cream upon a buttered sheet of paper, and place a layer of stoned dates upon it; cover with another layer of cream, and allow to remain all night. Cut into even squares and let harden for a short time. Another delicious candy may be made by boiling together one quart of sugar, one pint of water, a tablespoon of butter, and a pinch of cream tartar; let boil until a drop will harden in water; turn on a buttered dish and pull until cold; it will form a beautiful white, hard candy. Cut in small, convenient sized pieces. To make walnut caramels, boil one quart of sugar in one pint of water until a drop will harden in water; have walnut meats heated in the oven; stir into the boiled sugar and pour on a buttered sheet of paper. Fig paste is made by using figs in the same manner as dates, only boil the figs slightly before using. Pound them in a mortar to make smooth.

A great variety of candies can be made from the above hints. The proportions for all candy is the same—of sugar and water—and candied peel can be used instead of nuts, or preserved ginger, a pineapple, peanuts, or raisins. High prices are paid for just such candies as you can make at home, and they could be made the object of a very merry gathering, to meet at some friend's house and manufacture a quantity at once, as they are made of the purest of sugar, and no French colors or poisonous matters used.

A Convenient Bath Apron.

A most convenient apron to wear while giving baby his bath is a square of heavy twilled flannel, which may be made ornamental enough for a pretty present, by feather-stitching with pink or blue wash-silks, a broad hem all round. Open the hem at each end of one side, and run in ribbon for a belt. Baby may be lifted dripping from the tub to this apron, thus obviating the use of a blanket, and also protecting mamma's dress.