



### The Family Circle.

#### A FARMER I WILL BE.

I am a hale and hearty boy,  
As one would wish to see,  
And often, though a little chap,  
I think, what shall I be  
Mechanic, merchant, sailor,  
Ah, none of these for me.

#### CHORUS:

If ever I should be a man. If ever I  
Should be a man. A farmer, a farmer,  
A farmer, I will be. A farmer a farmer,  
A farmer, I will be.

All scenes of nature I admire,  
None else so smiling seem,  
The shady nook, the flowery grove  
And little silver stream;  
But those who lead a city life,  
These beauties seldom see.

I love to look at pleasant fields,  
I love the balmy breeze,  
I love to hear the little birds,  
All warbling in the trees,  
And those who live a country life,  
Such things as these may see.

I love to furrow up the ground,  
And cultivate the soil,  
I love to see it springing forth,  
The good and luscious spoil;  
For fields of wheat and corn, indeed,  
I dearly love to see.

I would not be a doctor,  
The sick to cure or kill;  
I would not be a lawyer, no!  
To talk against my will;  
I may not be a preacher,  
Tho' I like him of the three.

E. R.

#### WILD ROSE OF CAPE COD.

BY SARAH J. PRICHARD.

Nearly all the roses in Massachusetts are born in June, but Wild, the little daughter of Captain John Rose, was born in December, and on Cape Cod, too.

Ah, what a struggle it is to live at all on Cape Cod in December. You have only a narrow strip of sand to cling to, and the Atlantic Ocean (even when it is not in a great rage) clutches away with one single wave of its watery hand an acre or two of sand, while the cold waters of Cape Cod Bay sweep right in on the other side, within sight, too; the arm of sand is so thin and worn and wasted away. Look on your map at the State of Massachusetts, and see if I am not right about it.

Well, on Cape Cod, as I said, Wild Rose was born; but that was twelve years ago, and so this last December was celebrated her twelfth birthday. It wasn't much of a celebration, to be sure, for there weren't many persons to celebrate it—only Mrs. Rose and Johnny and Wild herself, for Captain Rose was away on a fishing trip.

At tea that night there was upon the table a big loaf of ginger-cake—"frosted," too—and around about it—not on it, mind you—twelve small tallow candles. "Twelve dips," Johnny said, "that made most as much light as the Highland itself." And Johnny ought to know, for the keeper of Cape Cod Light is a great friend of Johnny's, and often in summer lets the lad go up with him to see him "light up."

This Highland Light stands out on the bleak cape, and is oftentimes the first light that greets the sight of seamen when approaching the coast of New England from over the Atlantic Ocean.

Even in summer the wind blows so hard at the Highland that it blows the wings of young turkeys over their heads, and in winter it blows nobody knows how hard.

I'm quite certain that you have never seen a home like Wild Rose's home. It is hidden away in the very bottom of a big hollow in the sand, and is protected on all sides by a high fence to keep the sand from covering it up. In the first place the house had been built upon piles driven into the sand, but the fence was afterwards added, and outside of the fence was a barricade of seaweed. Over the stilts, fence, seaweed, and all was the fisherman's cabin, as snug and warm and comfortable as anything on Cape Cod could be. Not far away, on the Atlantic coast, was a Charity House, not a "poorhouse," where poor folks could go and live when they hadn't anywhere else to live, but a rude room inclosed by a rude outside, into which a poor shipwrecked mar-

iner might crawl and possibly save himself from freezing to death until help should arrive. Wood and matches and straw are supposed to be kept in every Charity House along the coast.

Johnny Rose was two years younger than his only sister Wild, but a ten-year-old lad on Cape Cod knows more of the sea and ships and fishing than the wisest grown up in the world who lives inland.

The "Little Katie" was Captain Rose's fishing-schooner, and the "Little Katie" was frozen fast in the ice more than six weeks ago, right in sight from the land up the bank above the cabin. Two weeks passed by, and still the ice held the fishing-boats and would not let them go. Stout little steam-tugs went rasping away with firm bows and good intent at the ice day after day in order to break it up and tow the boats out of danger, but the cold came down stronger than ever and knit the ice cakes firmer and firmer. Every day, Johnny bundled up until he looked like, I don't know what, made the toilsome journey over to the Highland to look through the "glass" at his father's schooner, and every night for two weeks, with a face on fire from the friction of the wind, he came back with the good news, "No signal up yet."

No signal up yet meant that there was still something left to eat and wood to burn on the "Little Katie," and hope also of getting free from the ice without sinking.

Now and then a neighbor came down into the hollow and walked right in without knocking at the cabin door, to enquire how Mrs. Rose was getting on, and to say, yet again, Cape Cod has seen harder times than this, Mrs. Rose. Keep up a stout heart, and we'll have the fleet safe into Providence harbor before many days." And then Mrs. Rose would put out a bright look and say, in a cheery voice, "Oh, I hope so," but in her heart she feared all things, for did she not know that every dwelling on Cape Cod had its widow, sooner or later?

At last there came a day when Mrs. Rose said that Wild might go to the Light with Johnny to learn the news.

The two children set off in high glee. The sky was clear, and the wind was blowing from the west. The Highland Light House was not more than a mile away, and what could happen to the children? Nevertheless Mrs. Rose gave them many commands. They were to return as soon as they found out what news from the "Little Katie," and if it should snow, they were to go back or forward, whichever way should be the nearer, and if near the coast, they were to go to the Charity House in the bank and wait there for rescue.

The wind helped them on their way, and, to write the exact truth, blew so hard and so fast that it came very near blowing them past the Light House over the high bank into the ocean.

"It's a tough day, a tough day, even for the Cape," said the light keeper when they reached the Light House, "and the boats have drifted, Johnny. For the life of me, I can't make out the 'Little Katie';" but Johnny made her out without the slightest difficulty. Of course he did! Does not every Cape Cod boy know his father's boat? More than all, there hung the signal of distress. The light-keeper saw it, and Wild looked at it, and Johnny looked again, and declared that, "Come what would, he'd get out there and find out what the matter was."

Then the "glass was put away, and they all went down, and the children, thoroughly warned, started for home.

A little cloud over Cape Cod Bay grew and came nearer and spread out more and more, and at last began to drop down white like snow on the sand.

"Come! pitch into it as fast as you can while we can see," said Johnny, seizing Wild's hand and bowing to the wind. "We're three-quarters home, and we'll make it in no time."

It was not dark, and Johnny knew the sand-marks well. Here a bunch of poverty-grass and there a forlorn little clump of bayberry, whose outlines he knew just as he knew the outlines of the boats and sails, served to guide him when the air was thick with snow.

"We're lost!" said Wild, pulling back and trying to stop Johnny; but the sturdy little fellow declared that they weren't lost at all; didn't he know all about it? hadn't he "fogged" it many a time to the light and back? Why, there, right ahead, was a pole that he knew. Of course it was, right on top of home; and there was mother calling this minute, not fifty feet away.

All of which statements were quite true; and in five minutes they were safe in the cabin and had told their news from the ice-bound boats.

"Nothing to eat, maybe, and cold, perhaps. Not sick, I hope," said Mrs. Wild; and then in rather a dismal way, she set forth the little table for their evening meal.

"I should think you'd feel gladder about our getting home safe, mother," said Wild; "for just see how it snows."

"I am," said Mrs. Wild; "but I was thinking about some way to help your father."

"Do you think there is a way?" asked Wild. "You know the boats can't get there and the ice isn't safe."

"If I was God," said Johnny, "I'd fetch a big wind along that 'ud cracker that ice up small as fish-scales in no time."

"Yes, and sink every boat in no time!" suggested Wild, with scorn.

"Oh, dear!" said Johnny. "I guess I was in too much of a hurry; but something's got to be done!"

The wind had been blowing two hours after dark, and the snow and sand were whirling about in a long, long round dance, after the fashion of Cape Cod sand and snow, when Wild called out of the darkness to Johnny,

"Are you asleep?"

Johnny guessed he wasn't asleep, although he had been fast asleep when Wild's voice reached him, and wanted to know what was the matter.

"I've thought of a way, I guess, we can reach the 'Little Katie,' Johnny."

"How?"

Johnny was up in the bed, leaning on his hands, interested, in a moment.

"You know that big hank of net-twine of father's?"

"What of it?" with disappointment.

"Don't you believe 'twould reach?"

"Whose goin' to reach it, I should like to know?"

"When the wind blows right—"

"What then, Wild Rose? Are you talking in your sleep?"

"Send a kite over!" suggested Wild, not heeding the interruption.

"Whew!" exclaimed Johnny, sinking down into his warm bed again.

He didn't speak, and poor Wild thought he held her scheme in extreme derision; nevertheless, Johnny was thinking about it, even after his sister was sleeping.

The next day it snowed all day. There was no chance to hear one word from the fishing-fleet. Johnny declared that he must go to the nearest neighbor's house. He knew the way well enough; but it was after nine of the clock before he set forth.

Presently he returned with his friend, Peter Petit, and the two lads spent the morning, with barred door, in Captain Rose's net-room.

Wild peeped into the place when the boys were out of it eating their dinner, and beheld, to her amazement, the skeleton of a huge kite.

"Oh, Johnny! are you going to try it?" she cried, running out to him.

At first Johnny was vexed that she had found out, but in a minute or two he was all over the pet, and was in high glee when Wild and her mother also joined in the work. An hour before the sun went down across the Bay, the kite was done and the snow ceased to fall. It was too late to go to the Highland Light to see the signal on the "Little Katie;" it was too late to do anything with the kite, even had the wind been right.

The next morning the wind blew just right, and almost at break of day the boys set forth, accompanied by five or six men, for idlers are always to be found on Cape Cod in winter.

The kite was made of good stout paper, and it was covered with messages to the captain of the "Little Katie," or any other captain over whose boat it might chance to fall, or get entangled. The wind was off shore, and away went the kite, the men paying out the seine twine, but alas! the kite went high above the boats and did not reach them. It was cold work flying kite on the awful, ice bound shore, but the novelty of it brought a crowd of men to the spot. To their own surprise they entered into the work with spirit, but every attempt that morning failed. The kite fell short, or flew too high, or went off in the wrong direction.

"Run home, laddies, and get your dinner, and get warm clear through to your bones," said one of the men to Johnny and Peter about eleven of the clock, "and we'll see what can be done with the kite this afternoon."

When Johnny reached home he declared that he wasn't cold the least mite, nor hungry an atom, but he sat in front of a blazing drift-wood fire and ate like a giant, and got up to go to the coast again.

Wild didn't see why she couldn't go too. It was her father just as much as Johnny's, and she guessed she cared as much about the "Little Katie" as any of them did. And so Wild, bundled up until all resemblance to a twelve-year-old girl was lost, set forth toiling through the snow and sand to the coast. At a short distance in the rear Mrs. Rose followed on. It seemed to her, as she drew near the shore, that half the inhabitants of the next village were gathered to see the flying of a kite.

It was just ready to start on its over ice journey when Wild came upon the scene.

"Don't you see, there won't be anything to catch hold of?" she said to Johnny.

"Catch hold of?" repeated Johnny, who felt that he could not, in justice, despise Wild's suggestions any more.

"I'll show you," she said, "if you'll hold on a minute. Tie some long strings, now and then, near the kite, that will hang down."

The strings were tied on half a dozen of them at intervals, and away went the kite, with more "string to it" than any other kite ever flew.

"'Twon't reach! It flies too high! No go! Let out! Give it string! Hurrah!" as the kite seeming to meet wind in another current began to flutter, turn, and actually did fall on the ice within reaching distance of the "Little Katie's" crew.

Then such a shout as went up from Cape Cod shore, for was there not a line fast from one of the ice-bound boats to the firm old mainland, and did it not mean that bread at least could be drawn across the frozen sea to the famishing?

The men on the "Little Katie" were pulling in the kite, which looked a good deal worn, but still they gathered around it, and read in Johnny's boy-hand the words: "If you get the kite, don't pull in the string, for we'll put something to eat on it if you are hungry, and you can pull it over. Everybody's well over here. Wild and Johnny."

Captain Rose read the words, and then he and his crew tried to shout back, but the wind carried their voices across the Bay.

Within the next twenty-four hours the cord had been doubled, and food in small packages went along the novel road-way from hour to hour, until miles of seine twine lay on the deck of the "Little Katie" and many loaves of bread with small packages of "salt meat," sugar, tea and coffee, had been secured from the sea.

The next morning the wind blew again on Cape Cod. The inhabitants were on the watch for the kite, and, lo! it was seen rising on the air. On, on, it came. It sailed over the heads of the group on the shore, it went right across the "Wrist" of Cape Cod. It would have gone out upon the ocean, but for the Highland Lighthouse that caught and held the great fluttering bird of man.

Wild and Johnny were the first to reach the Light, and cry out, "What news?" to the keeper, who had just succeeded in recovering the poor battered kite.

"Come and see with your young eyes." Wild and Johnny found the words: "We had had nothing to eat for two days. Now, we'll weather the ice, God willing, and get in all right. We've supplied 'The Mary' from our store."

And there, right at the door, the first comers, who had followed the kite, were Mrs. Rose, and the friends of the men of "The Mary."

"Whose idee was the kite?" asked an old fisherman.

"Wild's," shouted Johnny.

"Johnny made it, though. I couldn't make a kite," said Wild; but not a soul, save Johnny, heard her, for the wild air about the Light was ringing with the shout of "Long live Wild Rose, of Cape Cod!"—*Christian Union.*

#### A COMMONPLACE TRIAL.

With what a sigh of relief I sank into the worn old armchair by the nursery window, that cold November day!

I had just started the children off to school; found five lost hats and books innumerable; prepared five small lunch baskets; settled three fierce disputes, and kissed them all round.

Now, as I saw the five sturdy little figures disappearing down the hill, I sighed again, with a sense of peace and quietude not to be described. I was oppressed, however, with a guilty sort of feeling at the same time, that it should be such a pleasure to me to shut the hall door upon the little ones and spend the morning with no companion but my own thoughts, which were always tinged with a shade of sadness and bitterness when I was left alone. I knew the charm of solitude lay in my ability to live over in imagination the life of my childhood, taking a dreary sort of pleasure in comparing the luxuries of those days with the bare necessities of these.

That bleak November day, as I gazed with a rueful countenance at the big basket of un-mended stockings, torn trousers and ragged pinafores waiting my unwilling fingers to remedy defects, my thoughts were busy with the same old subject.

"I was never intended for a household drudge," I thought bitterly, as I took up a stocking of Teddy's and put my hand completely through the heel, "and yet my life is one series of endless duties that make it almost unbearable. Still, if I made papa comfortable and the children happy I could be content. It is this horrible sense of defeat, and just enduring from day to day, that is wearing out my youth and slowly killing me." "It is your own fault," said Conscience; "you are interested in your own affairs and slight your real duties, leaving your work ill done and yourself dissatisfied."

Tears rose to my eyes (and I saw three holes in Teddy's stocking where there was only one) when I thought of the uncomfortable