



The Family Circle.

DAUGHTERS.

One stands in robe of white
Beneath the sunshine, in her eyes
A happy, untold secret lies,
Her wellspring of delight.
She holds a posy in her hand
Of roses red, of roses rare,
Love's latest gift to one as fair
As any in the land.

We look at her and smile,
And to our hearts we softly say,
Can bliss like hers endure alway,
Or but a little while?
Will faith cling close through sun and snow,
Will love's rose garland keep its red
From bridal couch to graveyard bed!
Alack! we cannot know!

One stands alone, apart,
She wears the sign of widowhood;
Sharp grief hath drained of all its good
Her hungry, empty heart.
To tend a grave she counteth best;
She turns from us who love her well,
And wears the yellow asphodel,
Death's flower, upon her breast.

We look at her and sigh,
And softly to our hearts we say,
Will grief like hers endure alway,
Or lessen by-and-by?
Will we weep on through sun and snow
Or will the asphodel give place
To flowers about a blushing face?
Alack! how should we know?

One sits with thoughtful eyes
Down-dropped on homely work, a smile
Upon the tender mouth the while
Her busy task she plies.
Some blessed thought enchains her mind;
How wide and deep her musings are,
High as the height of topmost star,
And low as human-kind!

She wears upon her breast
A milk white lily: God hath given
To her a foretaste of his heaven,
An earnest of his rest.
She came from out the furnace-flame
Of sorrow, strong to help the weak,
And gifted with good words to speak
In time of grief or shame.

We look at her and smile,
And to our hearts we softly say,
Good like hers endures alway,
Beyond earth's little while;
Beyond earth's round of sun and snow,
Beyond the height of topmost star;
And where her harvest waits afar,
God knoweth, and we know!

—All The Year Round.

ONCE ONE IS ONE.

(Concluded.)

If she had only known Mrs. Burleigh's trepidation lest she was not as ready as she should have been! In the morning she thought of the subject again as she spread a napkin over the end of the table and sat down to a slice of toast and a cup of weak tea.

"I'll ask Widow Parkinson to tea this very day," said she. "I declare, I don't know when I've so much as turned up the leaf of this table for a meal's victuals. I'll set the table out and turn up both leaves, just for look's sake. I'm glad now Cousin Jared's wife would put in that little jar of plums when I came home. And I'll make some sugar drop-cakes. I haven't made any for years; not since those I sent to Jimmie with his stockings and mittens when Colonel Knox came home on furlough and offered to carry little parcels back. Jimmie wrote back how good they tasted, and how I must have a lot baked when he came home. But it wasn't so to be; that was the last letter that ever I had. But I'll make some of those identical cakes to-day. I won't get any dinner, and then I'll have that dried beef for supper. I'll shave it up this morning, and then to-night I'll fryze it, and toss up a few biscuit; and I hope it'll relish."

When the boy came with the bundles from the tailor, she dispatched him with a note to Widow Parkinson, requesting the favor of her company that afternoon. She came

early, urged by curiosity as to the reason of so unwonted a proceeding.

"Why, Amandy Jepson!" was her salutation; "has anything happened ye? I hurried up along as soon as I could, for I didn't know but ye'd been took sick, or burnt ye, or something."

"No, Maria, I haint," said Miss Jepson; "but, somehow, it seemed so lonesome here all by myself, I thought I'd send out for company. So take off your things and draw up to the fire, and, by-and-by, we'll have a good cup o' tea to chirk us up a bit."

Nothing loth, Widow Parkinson sat down on the other side of the cheery cooking stove, and unrolled her work,—some plain sewing for the busy mother of a growing family.

"Do you get enough to do this winter, Maria?" asked her hostess.

"Well, much as ever. I take anything I can get; carpet rags to cut or sew, bed comforts to make, or children's stockings to knit,—anything that's honest and wants a needle to it. I've been makin' carpets and sheets and pillow cases for Waters's store. He's furnishin' the new hotel. But that's over now, and I don't know what'll be next. If it wa'n't for the rent, and coal bein' so high, I could manage to get enough to eat, I guess, and I don't need no gre't o' clo'se. Parkinson, he worked hard to get me a sewing-machine when he see he wa'n't goin' to last; but I've got to give up my room, and I don't know where I'll house the machine, or my head, either. Mis' Elder's son has writ to say he's a-comin' home to live."

"Well, Maria, I wouldn't worry about it; there'll be some place provided," said Miss Jepson, as she rose to make her biscuits. A new and daring scheme had entered her mind, but she shut her lips tightly over it.

"I'll sleep on it," she thought. "Mother always said, 'Sleep bringeth counsel,' and I've proved it a true saying, time and again."

So intent had the two women been upon their talk and their work, that they had not noticed the gathering snow-storm until now.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Parkinson in a dismayed tone.

"Never mind," said Miss Jepson, cheerfully. "We'll have our supper, and, if it don't hold up, you can stay all night. I should admire to have you."

They moved the table over by the stove, lighted the lamp, and thoroughly enjoyed their supper. The tea was kept hot on the stove within easy reach; the biscuits were light beyond compare, the little meat dish was savory, and the sugar-cakes crisp, while Miss Jepson felt an added glory from Cousin Jared's wife's delicious plums.

"I'm proper glad you are here, Maria," said she; "for I'm always lonesome in a storm, for all I've lived so many years alone."

"So am I," said the widow; "for my troubles seem twice as big when the wind howls, and I sit there all alone, with not even a cat to speak to."

They washed the dishes in company, and, as the storm grew worse, Mrs. Parkinson gave up the idea of going home, and it could not be denied they felt a sense of comfort and companionship neither had experienced for a long time. After they had retired in the cozy bedroom, opening directly out of the "living-room," Miss Jepson remained awake for a long time, turning over in her mind the matter which had occurred to her in the afternoon.

"I'll do it," she said to herself, at last, "We are told the Lord 'setteth the solitary in families,' and one ain't a family no way you can fix it," and then she went to sleep.

"Maria," said she at breakfast the next morning, "it has been borne in upon me the past night that the best thing you can do is to come up here and live altogether. Here we are, two poor, lonesome bodies, with no one to do a hand's turn for us, except what a neighbor might do out of charity, if we were sick! I own this place, and we could halve the expense of food and fuel, and both be more comfortable."

Mrs. Parkinson burst into tears. "It's just what I've been longing for," said she. "I've often envied you this place,—all your own,—and such a place for a flower-bed in front, and a grapo-vine would grow up in no time over that little south piazza, and most anybody would give you a cutting for the asking."

"So they would," said Miss Jepson, admiringly; "and I never thought of it! You're a master hand for flowers, and your plants would flourish in that west window beautifully."

So the matter was settled. Miss Jepson, who was nothing if not energetic, would brook no delay, and the moving was accomplished at once. Mr. Burleigh, on his way home to dinner, was just in time to help carry in the sewing-machine and assist in removing the voluminous wrappings from the cherished plants.

"This is a hearty sight," said he, looking around. "It is the most sensible thing you could do."

"And I never should have thought of it," said Miss Jepson, "if your wife hadn't asked me to tea night before last."

"My dear," said Mr. Burleigh to his wife, "our 'Once one is one' has already become 'Twice one is two,'" and he told her all about it.

"The very next is 'Three times one are three,'" said Fred, oracularly.

"Perhaps that will come, too," said his father, laughingly. And it really did.

Miss Jepson and Mrs. Parkinson were as comfortable as possible all winter. The cost of living was lessened for each. The housekeeping was comfort now where it was drudgery before, and it became worth while for each to take her turn in preparing savory little dishes, that cost next to nothing, when there was someone to share and to praise.

When the snow was gone and the grass began to grow green again, Miss Jepson called on the Burleighs one night just after tea.

"I have come," she began, "to ask your opinion on a little matter Maria and I had in our minds. What do you think of our taking Beulah Merrill? There don't seem to be any one else to do it, though Mr. Merrill's son by his first wife did write to say we could send her out there to Kansas by express. Said his wife felt the need of some one to help take care of the twins; and if she kites hither and yon as much as she did when she was on here two years ago, I should think likely she did. But it ain't borne in upon me, nor yet upon Maria, that it would be any fitting place for Beulah. She's a sensible little thing for ten year old, and as biddable a child as ever was. Maria and I were in there considerable, off and on, when her mother was sick, and we took to Beulah, and she to us."

"She will be a great comfort to you," said Mrs. Burleigh, "if you can compass the expense. Is there anything left after the funeral is paid for?"

"Well, we've studied it all out. There's the interest of her father's life insurance comes to about forty dollars a year. And I've got good things that were our girls' laid by, and some of my own that I haven't felt like wearing late years; but they've been taken care of, and they'll come out like new. There is one blue merino that was my sister Ellen's, that I've got all pictured out in my mind just how it will look on Beulah. And there's the room out of our bedroom that I've always used for a lumber room! There's two windows and a good closet in it, and, between us, we can furnish it. Mrs. Gilman says we are real presumptuous to think of it; but I told her I'd fetched up five younger than I was, and I wasn't but seventeen when I begun. And they were all likely young men and women, and church members, every one, when the Lord saw fit to take 'em, one after another! And now Maria's and mine are all dead and gone; and here is Beulah, set right down in our path,—seems so,—and I believe the Lord put her there for a sign and a token that we are to take her in and do for her."

"So do I," said Mr. Burleigh, heartily; "and, if you undertake it, there will be a way provided to carry it through."

"To tell the plain truth, Mrs. Burleigh," said the spinster, "I've been hankering to do for a child ever since I over-hauled your mending-basket that day last winter. I expect Maria and I will act like a child with a new doll; but, if folks see fit to laugh at us, why, they can. We are going to make little Beulah laugh if we can; she's been sober long enough. And it's all owing to your offering me a share of just what you had, without making any extra fuss, that day when I was so blue and

lonesome, partly with the work not being ready and partly with living alone, till I was as cold as an iceberg, and about as much use in the world! So, if Beulah turns out well, you can take part of the credit; for it was that cup of tea, that I hadn't heart to go home and make for myself, that thawed me out."

"My dear," said Mr. Burleigh, when they were alone, "we will always remember with Fred, after this, that the beginning of the table is, 'Once one is one,' and we'll let the Lord take care of the higher numbers."—H. Annette Poole.

SHARP KNIVES.

Under the heading, "Look Out, Not In," the editor of *Our Youth* has some timely advice for us all, young and old: Very often, dear girls and boys, when you and I came home from a tea-party or a picnic or some such festivity, and have time to sit down and think it all over, there rises up before our minds the picture of some one of the group who did not seem to be having quite a fair share of the fun. We say to ourselves, "Why didn't I go and offer to hold that old lady's worsted for her, or at least to talk to her a while, to show her that she was not forgotten?" or "Why did I not remember that Tom's cousin was a stranger, and did not know a thing about any of those people or places we were so absorbed over? No doubt he would have liked to give his opinion about the weather, or any thing he had ever heard of before, if we had only let him have a chance;" or "Why didn't I take a turn at entertaining that stupid Miss Hunt over in the corner, and not leave her to Annie the whole evening?" In answer to these questions I am afraid we generally take refuge in the excuse I heard a little man pleading the other day: "How can I think of a thing, if I don't?"

The good advice I have to offer about all this has at least the recommendation of being short. It is just one word, and that is—Learn. Learn to think of things. Get into the habit of looking out to see whether people are comfortable and happy. Train yourself to consider their feelings and prejudices. How much trouble a boy will take to teach his dog some new accomplishment! Why, there is a dog in a family close by me here who persists in refusing to take the most coveted dainty from you as long as you offer it in your left hand. It must have taken a quantity of perseverance and hard work to bring him to such perfection. Use this same sort of resolution in teaching yourself to look out for your neighbors, and see what will come of it.

I know a young man who was graduated last June from a medical college. He passed his examinations with distinction, and his friends are in a little tempest of delight over his success; his mother, I believe, thinks that he will cure all the diseases in the country. Well, now, suppose that when this young man starts in his practice a rich friend should give him a case of surgical instruments, complete, keen, and glittering; suppose he puts them off somewhere, thinks very little about them, and takes no care of them. Suppose, at last, there comes a hurried call for their use, and he brings them out dulled and rusty, and, in his attempt at relief, makes a miserable failure. And then, suppose that our young M. D. should shrug his shoulders and say, "It is not any fault of mine. The best surgeon in the land could have done no better with a knife like that." What would we think of such an excuse?

But is not ours very like it? We have been provided with a set of instruments—a mind, a heart, a long array of them—to use against the aches and wounds and bruises with which the world is so full. Are we not responsible for keeping them rubbed up and sharp, ready for active service?—*Intelligencer*.

A LESSON.

'Tis easy to be gentle, when
Death's silence shames our clamor;
And easy to discern the best,
Through Memory's mystic glamor,
But wise it were for thee and me,
Ere love is past forgiving,
To take the tender lesson home—
Be patient with the living!

—Good Cheer.