



The Family Circle.

TWILIGHT.

BY MARY F. ROBINSON.

When I was young the twilight seemed too long.

How often on the western window seat
I leaned my book against the misty window pane
And spelled the last enchanting lines again
The while my mother hummed an ancient song
Or sighed a little and said, "The hour is sweet,"
When I, rebellious, clamored for the light.

But now I love the soft approach of night,
And now with folded hands I sit and dream
When all too fleet the hours of twilight seen;
And thus I know that I am growing old.

O granaries of Age! O manifold
And royal harvest of the common years?
There are in all thy treasure house no ways
But lead by soft descent and gradual slope
To memories more exquisite than hope.
Thine is the Iris born of olden tears,
And thrice more happy are the happy days
That live divinely in thy lingering rays,
So Autumn roses bear a lovelier flower;
So, in the emerald after sunset hour,
The orchard wall and trembling aspen trees
Appear an infinite Hesperides.
Ay, as at dusk we sit with folded hands
Who knows, who cares in what enchanted lands
We wander while the undying memories throng!

When I was young the twilight seemed too long.
—The Athenaeum.

SOME AMERICAN DAUGHTERS.

A beautiful young lady asked me recently if I liked her new hat as well as one she had been wearing previously.

Truth compelled me to say that I did not. "Neither do I, and it is all mamma's fault," she exclaimed, while an irritated expression dashed all the beauty from her face, as a whirlwind of dust covers the beauty of the rose tree.

"You never saw such a woman as mamma is to shop with," she continued. "The very first thing I try on, she exclaims, 'Oh, that looks lovely on you!' and she never can discriminate and choose; so I buy the first one I look at, and after I get home I find I do not like it at all. I told mamma to-day how I despised this hat, and that it was all her fault!"

"What did she reply?" I asked. "Oh, she said she was always in fault for my misfortunes, according to my way of looking at it; and then she had an injured air, and, of course, it was no use talking about it, so I came away."

"Has it ever occurred to you," I inquired, "to stop and analyze your mother's feelings and motives toward you? You are her only daughter, and she has always worshipped you. You are always beautiful in her sight. She can only wish to please you, and to save you trouble. She can have no desire to annoy or disappoint you. From your cradle to the present day she has had no wish but for your happiness and success. Night after night she has been broken off her sleep to watch and care for you. It was the proudest hour of her life when she saw you developing into a beautiful young woman. What do you suppose can be her feeling now when she hears you speak such sharp, sarcastic or selfish words as you have just related to me? How poorly repaid must she find her life of devotion, how inexpressible must be her sense of disappointment!"

"I never thought of that before," said the young lady soberly.

I begin to think that the average American daughter "never thought of that."

Last summer a friend of mine occupied a room, at a fashionable seashore resort, next to one used as a parlor by one of the belles of the season, and her mother.

My friend had first observed the two ladies in the dining-room, and on the verandas, where the mother's devotion to her beautiful daughter was marked and noticeable. An indifference to this devotion and an occasional expression of petulance marred the beauty of the daughter's face in the eyes of my friend. Had this beauty become absolute ugliness when she heard the young lady's manner of speech to her

parent through the thin walls which separated the two rooms?

"I have been so worried about you, dear," said the loving mother one day when the daughter returned from an unusually long equestrian excursion. "I was so afraid something had happened to you."

"I wish you would not make such a fool of yourself," was the hateful daughter's reply. "I guess I know enough to take care of myself if I am out of your sight."

"Go take this shawl, dear; it is so damp on the veranda," urged the mother as the daughter went out of the room later in the day.

"You attend to your business and I will attend to mine," was the reply of the belle as she slammed the door behind her.

A few moments later she was dispensing smiles to a circle of butterfly adorers, not one of whom would have sacrificed an hour of comfort or pleasure for her sake, while the mother, who would have died for her, was left with the memory of her cruel, unfeeling words to keep her company.

A remarkably handsome and gifted young lady sought my acquaintance some two years ago, to consult me in regard to the professional use of her talents.

Young, beautiful and gifted, she attracted me strongly, and the acquaintance continued, at my request. Her mother called upon me, and, with tears in her eyes, thanked me for my interest in her beautiful darling, who was an only child. But before the acquaintance was many weeks old, its deathblow was struck for me; and my interest and admiration merged into amazement and disgust at the daughter's disrespectful treatment of her doting parent.

She contradicted her mother's statements on almost every subject; interrupted her in conversation without any apology, and showed such ill-humor over trifles, that I felt called upon to rebuke her. Whereupon the mother begged me to overlook the "dear child's petulance, as she was not well!"

A foreign lady of good birth and breeding, who has for a year past been in our country, expressed herself to me recently upon this subject.

"The disrespect which children of all ages show their parents in America shocks a foreigner more than any one other thing in your land, unless it is the way men spit upon stairways and in public conveyances," she said. "I never could have believed it true if I had not seen and heard these things myself. I have met scores of your best families intimately; I have travelled extensively, and I have passed two summer seasons at the best resorts, and everywhere it is the same! American children are impudent and bad-mannered, and the way your American daughters treat their mothers, is especially shocking to a foreigner. I have found the gentle, respectful, devoted daughter to be the exception, not the rule, in America."

I could not dispute the lady's statement, for I had been too frequently pained by this same observation myself.

I have seen mothers who have sacrificed youth, appearance, health and comfort in the effort to save money to educate their daughters, brow beaten, crushed and virtually ignored by their daughters in return for it all.

The American girl is taught that she is a young princess from her cradle to the altar. It is a great misfortune when she forgets that the mother of a princess must be a queen, or queen regent, and should be so treated.

I am always sorry when I see a young mother trying to save her little daughter trouble by anticipating every wish, and waiting upon her. As a rule, such daughters grow up to think it their right to be waited on, and to regard their mothers as upper servants. They seldom appreciate what is done for them, but are quick to resent any neglect.

On the contrary, children who are taught to wait upon their parents, and who are brought up to regard their parents as their superiors, are almost invariably respectful and grateful in the home circle.

Let a mother ask a child to do all sorts of errands for her, and no matter how busy the child is kept, if the mother expresses gratitude and appreciation, the

child feels repaid, and finds a delight in the thought of relieving the parent's cares; while a child that is courteously waited on almost invariably becomes a petty tyrant and exactor. They take it as their right, and have no comprehension of the sacrifices made for them.

If every one of us devoted a life of fifty years' duration to a mother, we could scarcely more than repay for the soul, brain and body strain we caused her the first ten years of our lives. Of course I am speaking of the true, good mother. I know there are exceptions to the rule—there are cruel, heartless and unnatural mothers. I have known mothers who were jealous of their own daughters. I know a mother who lives in luxury and uses all her income in frivolous dressing and pleasures, while her fair, fragile daughter works in a dusty office all day long. But as a rule, the American mother is loving, devoted and self-sacrificing and self-effacing, and she needs to assert herself, and to command more respect from her too unappreciative and thoughtless daughter, who must herself become a mother in order to comprehend the great wrong she has committed to her own.—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in the Ladies' Home Journal.*

"THY WAY, NOT MINE."

BY ANNIE PATTERSON GRAHAM.

John Farnham was disappointed. The drawn lines about his face, the pain written in his eyes seemed to say there was in the disappointment something more than a mere relinquishing of personal hopes or ambitions; there was the bitterness of renunciation in it.

John Farnham could not remember when, as a child, the first vague idea of being a missionary had come to him. Whether it was when poring over the lives of some of those memorable men of whom the world was not worthy, or in the circle of family prayer, when his father's voice went up in earnest petitions for the "heralds of the cross" he did not know, but he remembered his childish ambition was to "buckle on his sword and go forth to fight the powers of darkness." Later, when the glamour had faded with the knowledge that came with study, the desire was intensified to go forth, if need be, to the uttermost ends of the earth to seek and save the lost.

Now he was nearly ready for the work, the chosen, beloved work of his heart. Personal ambitions, home, friends, life, all, he believed, he had laid upon the altar a willing sacrifice, and with devout enthusiasm he prayerfully waited his appointment, when the edict of his physician came like a crash to his hopes.

"With your peculiar constitution, a change of climate means nothing short of suicide, and that not a lingering one. You may, with care, live to a good old age full of usefulness here, but I cannot deceive you; you will not hold your life as of any worth if you disregard my advice." And the physician who had known him from childhood shook his head gravely, and the Board of Foreign Missions, accepting the situation, reluctantly refused to commission him.

To the young eager soul, fired with high and holy zeal, life seemed for a time to stretch out bare and desolate, void of purpose. But John Farnham was no mere enthusiast, else he had not risen, as he did, to a reconsideration of his life-work. He had prayed that he might plant the standard of the cross in the "regions beyond," should he fail to carry it wheresoever the Master led? He had besought the Lord to lead him; should he falter now because the way was not the one he had chosen.

"Not my way, dear Master, but thine," he cried from the depth of his soul, and the prayer was answered.

He already held three calls in his hand, and before he had had time to consider them he received another. Two, from large churches in flourishing Western towns, he laid aside. The third he paused long over. Yes, here he might do a grand work; it was a splendid opening for a man, young, talented, gifted with such superior oratorical powers as himself; a church in an Eastern city, a large and wealthy church, Yes, it was a grand opening for grander work, and as he sat musing over it he almost made up his mind he would accept it

when almost mechanically he took up the fourth call, which had just been officially placed in his hands.

"The church of Humblederry," he started at the name. Humblederry! What a picture the name brought up! He had preached there as supply twice during one vacation. He never forgot his first impression of it. A plain, tumbledown wooden church; it had been painted white once, but time had worn every vestige off. The crows, he remembered, made the belfry a favorite roosting place. How lonely some it was, too! Rough, hilly country merging into the shadowy mountains, which stretched away on all sides, something very beautiful about it, too, but so far away—ten miles from the railway. A humdrum congregation, which slept all through the sermon and gossiped afterwards, quarrelling sometimes, too. They had been without a pastor for seven years, depending on supplies or doing without. "As sheep scattered upon the mountains, having no shepherd"—the words rang in John Farnham's ears and the picture of Humblederry church on its lonely hillside, stood out in bold relief before his eyes.

I will not say it cost no struggle, or that the victory was easily won. John Farnham felt humbled to find how strong were the ambitions he thought firmly set aside. Temptation does not always come in such form, but it is none the less hard to resist.

It would take too long to tell of difficulties encountered, nor is there need. Such is not the purpose of this sketch. There were those "even among the elect" who thought it was "throwing away of brilliant powers" "hiding light under a bushel" and "neglecting opportunity," there were some who scoffed at such quixotic notions of devotion to duty; and there were a few who understood and said, God bless you.

The years passed. John Farnham, the "most brilliant member of --- class of --- Seminary," was known only to a few as the pastor of a country charge. He and his consecrated wife were among the obscure workers of this waste place in the Master's vineyard.

But Humblederry began to show a better report to the Presbytery. Cold indifference gave place to fervid zeal. The little church overflowed its bounds into a new and comfortable structure, in the mountains two chapels were organized, souls were gathered into the fold in numbers, not astonishingly great, but sure, and the little mountain church became a fruitful spot. The wilderness blossomed, and from out its new life went forth four ministers, two of whom entered the foreign service. Three daughters, likewise, took up the tidings and carried them to desolate places of our own land, while two more crossed the sea bearing the same song of redemption.

And when, having lived to see this fruit of his planting increased under the blessing of God, the pastor laid down his life at yet an early age, there were those who, remembering his youthful promise, sighed at such going out in obscurity, but I think there were many Shining Ones who waited for him on the other side, saying, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."—*Presbyterian Observer.*

SECURE A LETTER.

We beg to urge upon all young people leaving our rural congregations to secure from their ministers letters of introduction to ministers elsewhere, and then to call on the minister of the place where "their lot is cast." It is impossible for ministers to find out the coming and the going of people, young or old, unless those specially interested will take the trouble to make their movements known.

ARE YOU SHINING?

Are you shining for Jesus, dear one?
Not for yourself at all?
Not because dear ones, watching,
Would grieve if your lamp should fall?
Shining because you are walking
In the sun's unclouded rays,
And you cannot help reflecting
The light on which you gaze?
Shining because it shineth!
So warm and bright above
That you must let out the gladness,
And you must shew forth the love?
—F. R. Haverhal.