



The Family Circle.

A MOTHER'S DIARY

Morning! Baby on the floor,
Maggie for the fender.
Sunlight seems to make its sneeze.

Noon! A tangled, silken floss
Getting in blue eyes.
Apron that will not keep clean.

Night! Chairs all set back again,
Blocks and spoons in order.
One blue shoe beneath a mat.

I CAN'T BEG, AND I WON'T.

"But I can't beg," muttered Sally, as she
swung her basket round and round.
I never did, and I won't!"

It was a cold morning and although Sally
was neat and clean she had not many clothes.
The wind blew her thin frock, and she
sat down on a step to think.

The basket disposed of, she walked fast to
think where to go and what to do.
A lady passed her.

"Here's a chance," thought innocent Sally.
Please, ma'am, do you know how I could earn
a few pennies?"

"Oh, no, child—let go. How should I
know?" and she hurried on, shaking her dress.
Is that the way they answer you? Well,
I wonder did she ever go without her break-
fast?"

Her next effort was in a shop. "Can you
give me any work, so that I may earn a few
cents for my mother?"

"Work," growled the man, "not a bit
Haven't enough for myself to do."
After a few such efforts Sally felt a bit dis-
couraged, but she remembered the stories her
father had told in the autumn, before that
"dreadful temptation." He tried for weeks
and weeks," thought Sally.

A comfortable old apple woman at the
corner smiled at Sally a perplexed face as she
walked up to her and asked her advice.

"Ah, no, dearie, it's a hard winter. I can't
help you to-day. Try some of them big shops
where they say, 'Cash girls wanted.' You're
just right size for that."

Sally walked and walked till her little legs
were weary, and she was almost giving it up
when she raised her head and there was the
very sign. "Cash girls wanted." In she went

and asked the first girl she saw, "Do you want
a cash girl?"

"Oh, go to the desk, I don't know."
On Sally wandered and asked again. Finally
a girl, kinder than the rest, said, "Come,
follow me, you must see Mr. Jones."
"Well, what is it?" said a big man in a big
chair by a big desk.

"I want to be a cash girl," said Sally very
timidly.

"Who sent you?" asked a big voice.

"Nobody, but the apple woman," responded
laurel Sally.

"Don't take girls without a written recom-
mendation," said the man, as he wheeled the
chair away from her.

"But I must earn some money for mother,"
sobbed the child.

"Can you add up, and subtract, and
multiply and divide?" asked the big man a
trifle softened.

"No," sighed Sally, "not much, I never was
to school but just a little bit."

"Show her out, Miss Jeffries; no time for
such applications. Don't bring me any more
without a written recommendation."

And before Sally could collect her scattered
wits she was alone in the streets crying. No-
body heeded her; she was one of a class, and
the world was too busy. She walked on, weary,
hungry and heart-sick, then sat down on the
steps of a pretty brown-stone house, to have a
good hard think.

"So mother was right; I must beg," and as
she said it the door of the house opened, and
a lady came down the steps. Sally jumped up
and stood at a respectful distance, trying to
look polite.

"So you were so tired you had to sit down
and rest," said the lady in a cheerful voice,
feeling she must say something, the child look-
ed so pitiful.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Sally. "I've been
walkin' all day, tryin' to earn a few pennies,
and nobody wants anything done, so I s'pose
—and she stopped short, for the very word
beg stuck in her throat.

A few kind words, and her whole story was
poured out, "and now," said Sally, "I s'pose
I've got to get my basket, and beg after all."

"Well, not to-day. I have some work for
you, it is pretty hard, and won't last over
to-day, but if you do it well I'll give you some
pennies."

The lady beckoned the maid who had just
come to the basement window. "Here, Susan,
take this little girl into the cellar, and let her
pile that wood in a nice, neat pile, and sweep
all clean around it, and keep her until I come
home."

In another moment Sallie was standing in a
big kitchen, and the smell of the steaming pots
was so delicious.

"You look hungry, sassy," said the kind
hearted Susan, "how long since you had your
breakfast?"

"Last night," replied the child quite nat-
urally, for she did not have breakfast every day.

"What's that you're saying?" called out the
fat cook who was stirring the pots. "Why on
earth didn't you eat your breakfast?"

"My mother's sick," said Sally in a low
voice, "and there wasn't but two slices o'
bread, so I give 'em both to her, and I made
believe I'd found a cold potato."

"Bless the child, Susan, do you think she's
telling the truth?" and in a minute Sally was
seated at a clean table giving good proof that
if she had eaten any breakfast it must have
been long ago.

"Well," sighed Sally at last, "I heard of
bein' too full, but I never believed it afore
now, do you often feel that way here?" and
she looked around at the tins, boxes and
baskets.

"To be sure we're always full, you poor
thing. Come along now," said Susan briskly,
"My mistress is kind, but if you don't have
your work done before she comes back, she'll
never give you a cent's worth."

It did look rather discouraging. There was
a whole load of kindling wood dumped right
on top of the coal. My mistress can't bear
confusion," said the maid, "and here's an old
broom to sweep up every scrap."

Sally set to work in good earnest. It was
hard work, each little bit had to be put
straight, her legs were very weary, and the
coal slipped, and the wood tumbled over; so
the sunlight was quite gone when the last
pile of dirt was swept into a little heap.

"Is she down there yet?" said a voice from
the cellar steps, bring a match, Susan."

Such a vision of beauty to poor Sally, the
kind lady in the silk dress down in the cellar.

"It looks very nice, very neat, are you
tired? did they give you anything to eat?"

questioned the lady all at once.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the child, quite un-
certain which question to answer first.

"What's your name, my dear?"

"Sally Brown," she replied very timidly.

"How much do you think you have earned,
Sally?" asked the lady.

"I couldn't say, ma'am, I had no dinner,
and if it wouldn't be askin' too much if I
might have as good a one for me mother."

It required great courage to say that, but
Sally felt that dinner yet, and felt sure her
mother had never tasted anything half so
good; no pennies could ever buy such a treat.

"No, that's not too much," said the lady
smiling. "Really, Susan, she seems modest."

put her up a parcel, tea and sugar and plenty
of hot dinner for her mother, then bring her to
me."

And when she went to the lady, she receiv-
ed a bright silver quarter. Sally just cried,
she felt so happy. "I know I didn't have to
beg," she sobbed.

To tell the end of my story in as few words
as possible, Mrs. Lapsley had Sally to go
again the next day to help the cook wash
dishes after a lunch-party, and she so won the
cook's heart by her willingness, that she was
kept on from day to day.

Lapsley went
to see her mother, and begged leave to train
Sally for a servant. It was hard to part
with her, but, "was a thousand times better
than begging," as Sally said, and so she went
out to live.

I will not say that Mrs. Lapsley found her
task always an easy one, or that there were
not weeks of discouragement and almost des-
pair on the part of both mistress and maid.

But both were patient, and honored honest labor,
and to-day Mrs. Lapsley has a faithful maid,
and Sally blesses the day that she said, "I
won't beg."—Advocate and Guardian.

UNDER THE WAVES.

BY SARAH GOULD.

A little boy was walking on the side of a
sheet of water, when his foot slipped, and he
fell in and was drowned. The tidings came
heavily to his father and mother. The lake
was drained, and the lifeless remains recovered.

It was very hard to endure the silence that
followed in the large mansion after the joyous
shouts and boyish games which had once
enlivened every apartment.

The mother refused to be comforted. Her
words and actions declared that life's charm
was all over. The father spent his days at the
office, but when his work was over, and he
returned home, he painfully missed the youth-
ful footsteps in the wide entry, and felt the
solitude at the vacant table which had so long
resounded with lively, merry stories. The
evenings passed away gloomily—the mother
confining her thoughts to the one sad subject.

One day a lady, an intimate friend, called
at the house, still elegant within and without.
Entering the well-furnished parlor, she noticed
something unusual. There were decided
marks of neglect. Dust had settled on all the
great pictures and objects of vertu that had
been so carefully selected—all they ceased to be
ornamental. The closed shutters had excluded
the genial sunlight and warmth, and a dim-
piness had gathered, reminding her of the
sepulchre.

When the afflicted lady came in her friend
greeted her with cheerfulness as well as
sympathy and remarked on the extraordinary
beauty of the day.

"The morning is not a pleasant one to me,"
was the reply. "Since I lost my child I never
care to see sunlight any more. Rain and
storms suit my feelings better." There was
bitterness in her tone.

"My dear friend," said the visitor, "is it
right to speak so when God has left you so
many blessings?"

"And what blessings has he left me?"
replied she with irritation. "I feel now as if
I had nothing to live for. Why, he was the
only child I had in the world! What blessings
have I left?"

"You have," answered her friend, "this
pleasant home here, and a delightful one in
the country, you have every luxury, num-
erous friends to participate. Then you have
a husband devoted to your happiness, one of
the excellent of the earth." She was in-
terrupted.

"But I cannot enjoy them, they are no-
thing to me—for my only child is dead and
gone."

"You ought not to talk in this way," said
the lady kindly. "I am afraid to hear you.
Do you not know that it is dangerous? Un-
less you change, your feelings will get such
mastery over you that you will not be able to
control your actions. You will be utterly
unfit to live with your friends, and you will
have to be taken from them."

"But do you suppose," said the hostess,
"that my husband would suffer that? He
loves me too fondly."

"I believe he would," she returned. "That
very love would make him glad to remove him-
self of so terrible a responsibility. Throwing
his arms affectionately around her, she
added, "Just think what a home he has to
come to, so weary, so sorrowful, too, from the
loss of his boy! Every one is talking of his
pale, emaciated face, though you are too pre-
occupied to notice it. Life is going to be a
fearful failure unless, in the strength of God,
you rise up out of the midst of this deep
affliction. He will be your support if you

seek him, and will yet enable you to be a
comfort and a joy to many that love you.
Unless you do this, you will sink far lower
than this."

It was time to take leave, and the friends
parted pleasantly. But the visitor walked
sully away, quite surprised at her own bold-
ness. It was her nature to be cheerful, and
her habit to say things that would please and
make friends. She was almost frightened to
think of her plainness, and how she had hazard-
edly losing the friendship not only of one, but
of that one's husband, and a large circle of
relatives, by such seeming sternness.

"But I thought it right," argued she.

"It appeared to be my duty, for I love that
noble woman tenderly. O, how dreadful to
see her going under."

A few days afterwards, however, she received
a note in her friend's hand-writing. Hastily
tearing open the envelope, she saw by the
first glance that a change had already passed
over her friend—no gloom, no mourning over
the lost child, but a bright, cordial offering of
thanks for her sisterly visit, with the as-
surance that until that morning she had never
truly known the value of her friendship.

It appears that on her husband's coming
home to dinner that day she had greeted him
with a smile, and proposed to drive out with
him. He looked astonished and gratified.
When the horses were at the door,—

"Which way?" he enquired.

"Around the pond," she answered. His
face was overcast.

"But you forget, my dear—our son."

Still she insisted. She had never been in
that direction since her boy was drowned.
She took the drive with him, and on arriving
at the place resolutely turned her face towards
the pond, and the very spot where she knew
the accident had occurred, and in a tranquil
state of mind returned to her home.

The next day she expressed a wish to visit
their country place, a little out of town.

"But I understood that you had given up
going to the country this year," said he.

She simply answered, "I have thought
better of it," and he gladly accompanied her.

The country house was put in order under
her direction, and the town house closed for
the season. Her spirits brightened, and she
prepared to receive and welcome her friends,
that she might do something for their hap-
piness. Many homeless ones from time to
time filled the empty rooms and seats at her
table, and the voices of children, not her own,
rang merrily through the spacious play-
grounds. She became a genuine "sister of
charity," aiding the helpless, and taking of
the hand the afflicted and the bereaved, for no
one better understood the Psalmist when he
cried, "I sink in deep mire, where there is no
standing; I am come into deep waters, where
the floods overflow me," yet acknowledging
with him the happy deliverance, "I will praise
the name of God with a song, and will magnify
Him with thanksgiving." Christian Intelligencer

THE REASON WHY

The Illustrated Christian Weekly comments
as follows on a recent school-ship mutiny.

So now it appears that after all there is to
be no public scandal over the mutiny on board
the school-ship "St. Mary." It was not any
cruelty on the part of the officers which drove
the boys to desperation. It comes out now
that no nobler cause is to be assigned for it
than the ordinary one.

The New York Tribune announces the ex-
planation, and adds a few comments which
are worth reading in times like ours.

"The mutiny on the school-ship the other
day, it appears, originated in the inflated am-
bition of some of the lads who had been read-
ing the adventures of a certain cheap hero of
the Bowery variety. Fathers and mothers, in
the days when Sandford and Merton and
Peter Parley furnished the boy's library, knew
that their sons were being made into pigs,
perhaps, but at least decent pigs and gentle-
men. Now they watch Tom and Joe lay down
their spelling-books and regale themselves at
will with the heroic deeds of ten-year-old Jack
Shoppers or Capt. Kidds, and rub their hands
delighted at 'the boy's taste for reading.'
Three newly-breeched lads, as we learn, set
off last week from Nozistown to the Far
West, each with a dollar and a revolver in his
pocket. Before the end of the first day, luck-
ily, one had shot another in the neck with the
revolver, and they were sent back home be-
fore they had fairly entered on the short cut.
Their intention when they started was to live
by shooting chickens in farmyards, and to sleep
under hay-stacks. The Mayor of Philadel-
phia, it is said, asserts that he could rid the
jails of two-thirds of the juvenile criminals in
the next year if he could banish certain plays
from the boards of the variety theatre and
put certain books out of print. We only sug-
gest these facts to mothers and fathers. It
is their part to clear the jails in future, no mayor
can help them."

And that is just all there is to it then—the
community excited, politicians trying to make