

The Family Circle.

GOLDEN HAIR.

Golden Hair climbed upon grandpapa's knee. Dear Little Golden Hair! tired was she, All the day busy as busy could be.

Up in the morning as soon as 'twas light, Out with the birds and the butterflies bright, Skipping about till the coming of night.

Grandpapa toyed with the curls on her head; "What has my baby been doing," he said, "Since she arose, with the sun, from her bed?"

"Pitty much," answered the sweet little one; "I cannot tell so much things I have done—Played with my dolly and feeded my Bun.

"And I have jumped with my little jump-rope, And I made, out of some water and soap, Butifile worlds! Mamma's castles of hope.

"And I have readed in my picture book, And little Bella and I went to look For some smooth stones by the side of the brook.

"Then I come home, and I eated my tea, And I climbed up to my grandpapa's knee, I'm jes' as tired as tired can be."

Lower and lower the little head pressed Until it dropped upon grandpapa's breast; Dear little Golden Hair! sweet be thy rest!

We are but children; the things that we do Are as sports of a babe to the Infinite view, That sees all our weakness, and pities it too.

God grant that when night overshadows our way, And we shall be called to account for our day, He may find it as guileless as Golden Hair's play!

And oh! when aweary, may we be so blest As to sink, like an innocent child, to our rest, And feel ourselves clasped to the Infinite breast.

—F. BURGE SMITH.

HIRAM'S MOTHER.

"Mother," said Hiram Wetherby, as he put the milk pails down on to the buttery shelf, "I've made up my mind to be married when the spring term closes."

The mother put the strainer in the pan and watched her son pour the foaming milk in it, but she did not say a word. There was a row of pans to fill and she moved the strainer from one pan to another until all were filled. Then she took the milk pails and the strainer out into the kitchen and washed them.

"I'm afraid this is a real knock-down blow to mother," thought the son, as he went out into the shed and hung his hat on the nail.

He had been trying all day to get up courage to tell his decision on a matter which had been agitating him for some time. He did wish his mother would say something, so he could talk it all over with her. But she did not speak until she sat down in her low rocker, and took up the gray sock she was toeing off.

"It seems sort of strange Hiram, that you've made up your mind to get married after we've got on so well together all these years. Now that you are past forty it seems as if we might have kept on as long as I live just as we've been living. You know I hate changes."

"Well, mother, I think we would both be happier if I had a wife. You know you are getting on in years and it is too hard for you to work as you have to, and you won't let me get any help for you."

"Hired help isn't good for anything these days; they're more bother than they are worth. I haven't made any complaints about the work, have I? I can't get about as spry as I used to, but I seem to get around after a while. I like to take my own time and my own way, without having anybody hurrying me, or interfering."

"I'm sorry you feel so set against my marrying, mother. I think it would be a great deal easier for you if I had a wife, and Letty is such a sweet girl that I know you would get along with her. You could go over to Aunt Ann's and make a visit, or down to Uncle Jacob's, and you wouldn't have to worry about things here for they would go right on just the same as if you were home."

"I never was any hand to go gadding about visiting, Hiram. I never found any place yet quite as good as my own home. Besides, Letty Sheldon couldn't do the work I

do, that little delicate thing of a school-teacher! If you were going to marry Matilda Bascom, that would be different. She is a regular driver with work."

"I could never love Matilda, as I love Letty. You don't know Letty, mother. Every one who knows her speaks in the highest terms of her. If she is a little delicate thing, she has managed that school at Ridgeland for two years without any trouble, and she is the only teacher that has stayed over a term or two there, you know. It is called the hardest school in the county."

"Managing a farm and managing a school are two entirely different things, Hiram."

"Well, mother, I am able to hire help, and live like folks, and I want to make life easier for the two women I love best on earth—my mother, and Letty Sheldon, whom I hope soon to call my wife."

"I shan't say anything against your marriage, Hiram. Of course you are old enough to do as you wish—only I wasn't looking for it, that's all."

Mrs. Wetherby took up her candle-stick with an injured look on her face, and putting a fresh candle in it, she said, "Good night, Hiram."

"The son got up and put his arms around his mother and kissed her."

"Good night, mother." He saw tears gathering in her eyes. "You know when I get married you will have a daughter. I've heard you say many times that you wished you had a daughter."

The mother made no reply and went to her room.

"I should think mother would be glad that I am going to be so happy," was her son's thought.

"And so you are going to marry Hiram Wetherby, Miss Sheldon," said the chairman of the school committee, when he gave the young teacher the check in payment of her services, during the school term just ended.

"Yes, Mr. Kimbark, that is what I have promised to do."

"We don't like to have you leave the school, for you are the best teacher we have ever had in this district. But we ought not to say anything against your getting married, if you want to, especially as you are going to do so well. Hiram Wetherby is one of the best young men I knew of, and is respected all through the county. But I am a little afraid it will be hard for you to get along with Hiram's mother. You see her life has been just bound up in that boy ever since his father died, twenty-five years ago. The old lady is considerably broken down now, but she was one of the smartest women I ever knew when she was in her prime. I hope she will give up to you when you go there and take things easy the rest of her life. But my wife says, 'Hiram Wetherby's mother isn't going to give up yet a while, if he does bring a wife there.'"

"I think Hiram's mother and I will get on quite pleasantly, Mr. Kimbark. I understand how she must feel about Hiram's getting married now as they have lived alone together so many years. I shall try my best to be a good, true, loving daughter to her."

"No doubt of that, Miss Sheldon, no doubt of that. You are a grand hand to make things go on smoothly anywhere. I congratulate Hiram's mother on getting such a sensible, well-balanced daughter, and I wish you much happiness in your married life."

When Hiram Wetherby came home with his wife, and said, "I have brought you a daughter, mother," there was not that cordial welcome given that Letty wished and hoped for. She felt that she was an innovation in the little family circle, and that Hiram's mother felt that she had come between her and her son, and marred the perfect love and understanding they had hitherto had. But she never spoke of her unhappiness to her husband. She tried to be the most loving, patient, pleasant wife and daughter, that it was possible for her to be. When she was sorely tried she went alone to her room and asked for grace and strength to do her duty to both of those for whose happiness she lived.

Mrs. Wetherby did not feel that she could give up the house-keeping to Letty, although she was proving day by day that she was fully capable of taking what was really a burden now to Hiram's mother. "I said I wouldn't give up and I won't," was the moth-

er's mental conclusion, when the thought suggested itself that it would be wiser to rest from the labors of household cares and duties.

"Mis' Wetherby, Mis' Wetherby!" called the washerwoman at the foot of the stairs, one morning six months after Hiram had been married. "Come down quick, your mother's fallen the length of them cellar stairs!"

Letty had heard a noise, but she thought it was somebody carrying vegetables to the cellar.

It had been an unusual trying morning to Letty. Washing days always were because Hiram's mother would insist upon doing more than she ought, and that tired and irritated her to a degree that made it harder for the daughter. Letty ran down stairs and found Hiram and his man bringing the mother up from the cellar. She was soon placed on the bed and the doctor sent for.

"I was afraid those berries were working," she said, "and I thought I'd go down and look after them."

"Why didn't you let me go, mother?" Letty asked as she bathed the blood off from a slight wound on the old lady's face.

"Well, I thought maybe you wouldn't know, dear, if they were working."

Hiram's mother had never spoken in such a kind tone of voice before. The doctor found that Mrs. Wetherby's hip was injured in such a way that, at her age, the probability was she would not be able to be around for some time.

"She's had to give up now, sure enough," said one of the neighbors; but Letty only felt pity for the dear old mother who could not bear to give up the duties she had faithfully done for so many, many years. It takes quite a while and a good deal of grace for folks to arrive at the conclusion that the time has come for them, in a sense, to be laid aside.

Letty's patient, loving ministrations were well appreciated. "You seem to know just what to do, Letty," the mother said one day when the gentle hand of her daughter was driving the pain away. "Is Hiram about anywhere? I would like to talk with you both."

"I want you to forgive me both of you, for being so selfish and so set in my way, I made life harder for you both instead of easier. I haven't done as I ought to by Letty, and I'm sorry. Somehow I felt that she had taken Hiram's love for me away, but there is mother love and there is wife love, and I ought to have considered it all. A man is much happier in life if he has a good wife, and that is the way the good Lord meant it to be. I'm glad that you didn't hear to me, Hiram, and that you were wise enough to marry Letty instead of Matilda. Matilda's so high strung we'd never got along at all. I've puttered around in my slow way and hindered you, Letty, lots of times when you wanted to get the work out of the way, and I know I've tried and vexed you very often with some of my set ways, but you've never spoken a quick or an unkind word to me, and you've tried your best to get along pleasantly with Hiram's mother. Thank you. It doesn't do for folks to be so independent as I've been, for something may come at any time to show us what frail, dependent creatures we are."

Years have passed by. Mrs. Wetherby gets about the house with the aid of a crutch, but at eventime a new light has come into her face. She is very happy. Everybody who goes to see her hears her tell what a wonderful woman her daughter Letty is; she doesn't know how she could possibly do without her. She is so glad Hiram is able to keep help, so Letty will never have to work as hard as she has done. Little grandchildren put their loving arms about her and give her sweet kisses, and are ever ready to do something for dear grandmamma. She has the sunniest room in the house, and her large print Bible is ever open on the stand by her easy chair. Her room is a veritable chamber of peace in which all the members of the household love to gather. —Standard.

The centre of each human personality is the individual conscience. The centre and life-spring of society is religion. If the fountain is pure, and sweet, and abundant, so will the streams be also. Exactly as true for the community, the city, the State, as for the individual, is the law of Christ: Seek ye first of all the Kingdom of God, and all other things shall be added unto you. —The Advance.

ANECDOTES OF FRANCIS PARKMAN.

Dr. Francis Parkman, the late historian, possessed an abundance of dry wit. Although diverging widely from the sparkling humour of Autocrat Holmes and Prince Lowell, both of whom were numbered among his dear friends, it was in its own way quite as forcible.

No historian ever yet had a book published, it is probable, that he did not receive numerous letters questioning the accuracy of certain of his statements. Parkman was no exception to the rule. He once wrote this brief reply on the back of a letter questioning his authority, which was sent him, and returned it to the writer:—

"This statement has been accepted as true by historians for the last fifty years. If you knew it to be wrong, you were culpable that you did not let the world know about it long before this."

When Lowell was young he was much given to sensational adventures. On several occasions he got up in the middle of the night and went to a cemetery, where he perched himself upon a tombstone, hoping in this way to find inspiration for a poem. Parkman told him that he would get more rheumatism than inspiration.

The historian had a strict idea of justice. A friend met him one day walking along the street leading a street boy with either hand.

"What in the world are you doing, Parkman?" asked the friend.

"I found that Johnnie here had eaten all of the apple, instead of dividing with his little brother. I am going to buy another for the younger boy, and make Johnnie watch him while he eats it."

When Francis Parkman was only fifteen years old he had chosen his career. He was a mere stripling when he was graduated from Harvard. "I want to write something that will live," he declared. And he did.

During his college career he spent ten weeks around Lake George. He was very tired one afternoon, having walked many miles along a country road, when a farmer alone in his buggy overtook him. The grizzled old fellow passed him by without so much as a nod. Parkman hailed him and asked for a ride. He moved along on his seat and made room for Parkman, who offered to pay him for the favour. The old fellow straightened up a little and said, sharply:—

"When I get so mean as that I'll walk myself, young man." Then he changed the subject. "You're from the city, eh? You fellows have an easy time of it. You can make money as easy as rollin' off a log. I can't understand it."

Then the old man was silent, and Parkman was thoughtful.

"Don't you get along well?" Parkman asked.

"No. I've been trying to pay off the mortgage on the farm for the last ten years. Couldn't raise enough money for the interest this time. I've just been to see Jones about it, and he's going to foreclose to-morrow. I kin stand it, but it's pretty hard on ma. She sets such a sight by the old place. But that ain't your bizness, stranger"—the old man wiped his sleeve across his moist eyes—"gee-up, Dobbins."

Parkman remained all night at the farmer's house. The next day he bought the mortgage from Jones, and better luck overtaking the mortgagee he was enabled to retain his home, and in the course of time to pay off the debt.

It was in 1846 that Dr. Parkman visited the remote West and gathered material for the most charming of his books, "The Oregon Trail." He described his guide during this trip, Lewis Goodkins, a genuine backwoods Yankee, in these words: "Goodkins did not lack brains, but for obstinacy, coarseness, self-sufficiency, arrogance, an unwavering eye for the main chance and a few other trivial drawbacks, he might have been a good fellow."

Dr. Parkman lived among the Indians of the Black Hills for many weeks, partook of their fare, joined in their hunting excursions and medicine dances. Not until he had mastered every detail and characteristic of Indian life did he feel himself capable to enter upon the work of his life, the history of the French and Indian wars. The hardships he underwent in the Black Hills resulted in his being taken very ill while among the Indians. Although sick, near unto death, he insisted that the chief assist him to mount his horse and accompany him to the borders of civilization. The chief obeyed and muttered many times during their journey, "Pale-face make heap great warrior." —Boston Home Journal.