



The Family Circle.

HOW MAMMA PLAYS.

Just the sweetest thing that the children do
Is to play with mamma a-playing too;
And "Baby is Lost," they think is the best,
For mamma plays that with a merry zest.

"My baby lost!" up and down mamma goes,
A peering about and following her nose;
Inside the papers, and under the books,
And all in between the covers she looks,
"Baby! baby!" calling.

But though in her way is papa's tall hat,
She never once thinks to look under that.

She listens, she stops, she hears there a laugh,
And around she flies, the faster by half,
"Why where can he be?" and she opens the clock,
She tumbles her basket, she shakes papa's sock,
"Baby! baby!" calling.

While the children all smile at papa's tall hat,
Though none of them go and look under that.

A sweet coo calls. Mamma darts everywhere,
She feels in her pockets to see if he's there,
In every vase on the mantel shelf,
She searches sharp for the little elf,
"Baby! baby!" calling.

Another coo comes from papa's tall hat,
Yet none of them stir an inch toward that.

Somewhere he certainly must be, she knows,
So up to the china cupboard she goes;
The cover she lifts from the sugar-bowls,
The sweet, white lump she rattles and rolls,
"Baby! baby!" calling.

But though there's a stir near papa's tall hat,
They will not so much as look toward that.

She moves the dishes, but baby is not
In the cream-pitcher nor in the teapot;
And she wrings her hands and stamps on the
floor,

She shakes the rugs, and she opens the door,
"Baby! baby!" calling.
They stand with their backs to papa's tall hat,
Though the sweetest of murmurs come from that.

The children join in the funny distress,
Till mamma, all sudden, with swift caress,
Makes a pounce right down on the tall black
hat,

And brings out the baby from under that,
"Baby! baby!" calling.

And this is the end of the little play,
The children would like to try every day.

—Ella Farman, in *Youth's Companion*.

DAISY DOWNS, THE FISHERMAN'S LITTLE DAUGHTER.

BY SARAH D. PRICHARD.

Daisy never had felt so before. She didn't know what to do with her eyes, and all the blood in her little body seemed determined on getting up into her face.

She was travelling quite alone all the way from New York to Somewhere, down on Long Island.

Last year the Van Loons spent the summer at Somewhere, and Daisy had done what she could to make their stay pleasant, and now she was returning from a week's visit at the home of the Van Loons.

Daisy had just taken her first peep into the great world outside of the little fishing village where she had been born; and the little that she had seen must have overturned her ideas, for she was feeling dreadfully ashamed of Somewhere, and of everybody and everything in it.

Directly opposite Daisy sat a lady and three or four children. She knew they were from New York, for she had seen them arrive at the station in their own carriage. All day she had been trying to make a good impression on this family, and had succeeded; but now the train was drawing near home. Her father or her brother would be at the station to meet her, in fishing rig, of course, and, as likely as not, with a wheelbarrow to carry her trunk home on.

"I wish there wouldn't be a single soul there to meet me," thought Daisy, the blood mounting higher and higher as the signal of approach was given by the engine.

"What place is this?" asked one of the children sitting opposite, as she leaned across the aisle and addressed Daisy.

"I—believe—this is Somewhere," stammered poor Daisy, redder in the face than ever.

"Don't you know? I thought you said you lived here?"

"Yes—it is," said Daisy, with her face

pressed close to the car-window, looking out to see who might be waiting for her on the platform.

"Then we get out at the next place, and sometime we're coming over to see you, in a boat or a carriage or some way," said the child. "It will be nice to see somebody down here that we've seen before, you know."

All this time Daisy had been watching the platform, but not a glimpse of father or brother was to be had up or down as far as she could see; so she left her seat, said, "I shall be very happy to see you; good-by," and passed out with a bow and a smile.

The instant she was gone two of the children rushed to her seat and looked to see the last of her.

Daisy went right past the little old man who "kept the depot" just as though the station master of Somewhere were to her an entire stranger.

"Daisy Downs!" said a man standing on the platform; but Daisy did not choose to hear—she wished to get out of sight on the farther side of the station building.

"Never mind, miss," said the man. "One thing I know, I ain't going to run round much after ye. If ye're not a-mind to speak to me, ye may get yer sea-chest to home the best way ye can, so good-night to ye." And off walked Captain Joe, propelling a hand-barrow that had been in the service of tarred seine oftener than in that of baggage.

"Nobody here to meet me!" thought Daisy the instant the train was away out of sight. "Too bad! When I've been gone a whole week, too! My, but I'm hungry; and now I've got to walk home, and carry my bag all the way! I wonder where father and Dave and Sam can be."

Daisy would have gone around and asked the station master if he had seen anybody from home, but, remembering how she had passed him by, she was ashamed to do it. Therefore, she went on her way, not knowing, certainly not for a moment thinking, that she should be compelled to walk all the distance to the ocean without meeting her father or one of her brothers.

It was nearly time for the sun's going down on a cool evening in mid-May that Daisy took her walk.

"It's awful down here," she thought, as she left the village street, and her feet began to sink in the sands leading down to the shore. "Such a miserable place to live in! New York is so much nicer. I wish my father wasn't just nothing but a fisherman. Folks don't think much of a fisherman in New York."

Daisy came to a low, wide cedar tree that somehow had dared to grow in the sand almost in the teeth of the waves. She thought she would put her bag down, it was so heavy. She put it down and herself after it on the clean sand. Just then a lonely robin flew across a stretch of sky, and lit upon a branch overhead, and began to pour forth its oft-repeated "Come, come, come!"

"I just wish somebody would come for me," thought Daisy. "It is real mean to treat me so, make me take this long walk home all alone, tired and hungry."

At that very instant a calico sunbonnet was showing itself, rising apparently out from the ocean, but in reality toiling up a great sand ridge that lay between. The sunbonnet was a token of Daisy's mother on the watch for her little daughter.

Daisy saw the signal and jumped up.

Daisy's mother, surprised to see her alone, hurried forward to greet the child.

"Mother," cried Daisy, "where is everybody?"

"Where is Captain Joe and your trunk?" returned Mrs. Downs; and then, before Daisy had time to say one word, her loving mother's arms had taken her into their keeping with a kiss and a hug, or a hug and a kiss, or both together—it didn't matter much which order they fell in—and then Mrs. Downs said:

"Daisy!"

"What is it, mother?" returned Daisy, smiling in spite of herself, for she knew perfectly well.

Mrs. Downs stood there under the old cedar, the robin yet uttering his lonely "Come, come!" in the boughs overhead, and looked at her little daughter, and said:

"Is this the Daisy Downs that went to New York only a few days ago—this little girl who has come back in such fine clothes to her plain little home?"

"Why not, mother? Mrs. Van Loon and Effie and Helen gave them to me."

"Very nice clothing for the Van Loons in New York, but not for Daisy Downs in her home by the ocean. Come, child," and Mrs. Downs picked up the bag.

Daisy said: "I thought you, mother, would like my new hat and parasol, and pretty dress."

"And so I should if you lived in the city, and your own father could buy them for you; but, Daisy, I am too proud to like them given to you."

"It's too bad!" said Daisy.

"Never mind, child, now. I have your sup-

per all ready at home. Why did not Captain Joe come down with you?"

"I didn't know he was sent," said Daisy.

"Didn't he tell you so?"

"No," said Daisy; and then, feeling ashamed of herself, she said, "Mother, I did know that Captain Joe stood on the platform, and I heard him say, 'Daisy Downs;' but, mother, right there in the car were some rich folks from New York who had been talking to me, and I didn't want them to see me a-speaking to Captain Joe, for fear they'd think it was my own father."

"O, Daisy, ashamed of your father! I wish I had never let you go to New York."

"Where is father?" questioned Daisy, not knowing what else to ask at the moment.

"This is the first day they have taken the net out. He went early this morning, and took Sam and Dave with him, but last night he remembered your trunk and went all the way to Captain Joe to ask him to be there to meet you and fetch it home, so that you need not come down alone; but I got anxious and had to come up to the ridge and look out for you my own self."

Just then they came to the great billow of sand that had been heaped up years and years before, by the winds and the waves. Climbing over it they saw the ocean outrolled as far as the eye could reach. The long, cool southwest wind was coming in, and the breakers were surging up the sands.

Between the ridge and the sea could be seen four small brown houses. These houses were the homes of men used to endure the excitements and dangers of "bony-fishing."

"I don't see the 'Daisy' anywhere in sight," said Mrs. Downs. "I wish the boats would get in before dark."

"How small our house looks, mother!" was all that Daisy said.

"It is just as large as it was when you went away, child."

"I don't want to live here any longer. It isn't half as nice as it used to be," cried Daisy, going in at the open doorway of one of the four brown houses, and throwing herself into her mother's rocking-chair. "Just see how little and mean and miserable everything looks here; walls that ain't high enough to stand up in, little mites of windows, without curtains, and a rag-carpet."

"I worked hard, Daisy, to get the new carpet done before you got home, and I've been putting it down to-day on purpose to please you when you came. Take off your things and have your supper, for I want to go out and watch for your father before it gets dark. He has had a new mast put in the 'Daisy,' and he didn't know how it would bear the wind if it should blow hard."

"Oh, father always comes home safe," said Daisy, carelessly. "I wish he'd hurry and catch three millions of fish this summer, and then go up to the village, and build a new house."

"They won't give but a dollar a thousand for the fish at the mill this year, Daisy."

"Then I wouldn't fish for them."

"And if he didn't we should go hungry."

Daisy laughed. "I've been going hungry all day," she said, "and, mother, your bread is better than the bread in New York."

"I'm glad of that. Sit up here and eat this fish. Your father said you'd like it after being in the cars all day; and I cooked it the moment I heard the whistle of the train."

Daisy was eating her supper when, from one of the four brown houses, a woman looked up and down and out, far out, oceanward, and found nothing to reward her search.

Catching up from a wooden cradle a sleeping baby, she covered it with a shawl and ran across to the little house where Daisy Downs was eating her supper.

"Isn't it time, Mrs. Downs; they ought to be coming in?" she questioned, not regarding Daisy, who moved her chair out a little from the wing of the table, the better to display her fine dress.

"Yes, it is," returned Mrs. Downs, "but when you have been a fisherman's wife as many years as I have you will learn to wait."

"I can't wait! I must know where he is, I must!" cried the little soul, depositing her baby, scarcely three months old, on her lap and wringing her hands over it in a helpless way.

"Now I wouldn't cry, if I was you," said Daisy. "All the folks round here always come in safe, and the wind don't blow very hard to-night."

Mrs. Downs had been looking through the spy-glass, but had found nothing in sight that could mean the fishing boat. She felt uneasy always on the first day the boats went out after spring repairs, and her husband had promised not to go very far on the trial-trip with the new mast.

"Don't worry, Mrs. Rose!" she said simply, returning from the door and depositing the glass in its place.

"It's easy for you to say 'don't worry,' but I can't help it," said Mrs. Rose, catching up the baby and rushing out as though she meant to start directly on a trip into the sea.

"She's silly," said Daisy.

"Poor thing! I daresay, I used to act just so when Dave was a baby," remarked Mrs. Downs. "Folks have to get used to waiting that live by the ocean, and she wasn't brought up to it."

"Which way did father go?" questioned Daisy, as she heard an ominous roar coming in with the breakers.

"To the eastward. About nine o'clock I saw the boats out, and then after that I was working to get the carpet down before you came, and when I looked again there wasn't one in sight."

Mrs. Rose with her baby went the round of the four brown houses, and just as it was growing dark returned to the Downs' cabin.

The night grew darker and darker. The wind came heavier out of the southwest, and the breakers dashed mightily on the sands, and not a fishing-boat had entered the little harbor between the village and the ocean.

Midnight came. There were lights in every one of the cottages and in every cottage window that faced the ocean, but no news from the men in the fishing boats.

Upstairs in her own room, thrown across her bed, lay Daisy Downs' new dress and hat and parasol.

Down on the sands with her mother, watching for father and Dave and Samuel, Daisy waited. Overhead the stars shone at midnight, but the ocean was throwing in on the shore great black uplifts of waves that made one shrink and tremble.

"Oh, mother!" cried Daisy, out of the roar and the tumult.

The cry of distress reached her mother. She clasped her child's hand and held it.

"I'm so sorry I felt ashamed of father and my home to-day," said poor Daisy. "Oh, if he comes back again I will never, never wish again that I wasn't a fisherman's daughter. I don't care another thing for my new clothes. I'll give them all if he'll only come, and I'll be so glad and happy to see the boys once more. They're a great deal nicer for my brothers than the Van Loons would be."

Mrs. Downs put her arm around Daisy and held her close and said: "I am thankful that this night has given me back my own little daughter again. Do you know, Daisy, that I was a great deal more ashamed of my child than she was of her own parents and home? God never makes mistakes. He puts us just where we belong, and you belong nowhere else in the whole world except in that little house up yonder where the light burns. Let us go up and see if there is any news from the harbor."

They went up; but the brown house told them no secret from the ocean.

At break of day the four households (from every one of which the husband and father had gone either in the "Daisy" or its attendant boats) stood a silent, watching group on the silver sands, and saw the boats come safely in.

"Father will be hungry!" cried Daisy Downs when she had seen with her own eyes that the "Daisy" was safe and sound. "Let's hurry home now and get breakfast."

Up from the harbor hurried the captain and his boys toward the little brown house.

"Well, wife, here I am," he said as soon as he could speak. "I was awful sorry to make you anxious, but what with the loads of fish and the new mast I was afraid to venture so far in the wind. Daisy, girl!" and his strong brown hands patted the warm cheeks of his daughter, while her arms clasped his neck.

"I'm glad to see that New York hasn't stolen my daughter from me. I was half afraid when you came back you wouldn't care so much for things around here."

"Oh, father!" said Daisy, "there is only one home and one father and mother in all the world for Daisy Downs, and that is right here; only I should never have found it out if it hadn't been for last night."—*Christian Union*.

A TRUE FAIRY TALE.

BY NORAH.

"What is a fairy like, William?" asked Janetta, as she was sitting in the kitchen one evening.

"Och, the fairies are lovely crachures—faces like flowers, hair like spun sunbames, dressed in grane satin or velvet all sparklin' wid diamonds, loike the dew on the shamrocks, wid ropes an' ropes ov pearls roun' their white throats and soft arums; sometimes they're in white loike a lily leaf or a white cloud. Whatever dress they wear they're always lighthearthed and gay, dancin' loike a lufe in the sunny air, singin' swater than the burds, an' playin' music on little goold hamps, tunes they remember since the earth was young. An' they help kindly all distrest, dacent crachures."

"Did you ever see a fairy your own self, William?"

"Is it see a fairy, Miss Janetta? Do you think I could live on the blessed Kerry hills, or about the lakes or loveliness, an' the swate lone glens, widout seein' iver a fairy?"