

Family Reading.

In Summer-time.

Flowers and fruits of the summer, Can you hear us children about When, over the fields and hill-sides, We seek and find you out? Do you blackberries know how you glisten? You raspberries know how you glow? Or you gooseberries know how you prickle? If not,—then you ought to know. Do you hide from us, ever, on purpose, And, deep in the green, keep still? Or is it quite social and pleasant When baskets and pail we fill? And the bumble-bees—how can you bear them? Well, sometimes I think it is true They have their sharp stings for us people, And only their velvet for you. And how do you berries, I wonder, Feel, spread on a beautiful dish, All covered with sugar? That strikes me As just what a berry would wish. It's a sort of reward, I am thinking, That every good berry should meet; And yet, I'm not sure we should like it, To be—so delicious to eat! —St. Nicholas.

Baby at School.

My baby has gone to school to-day, She has taken up work, and dropped her play, And grand as a queen was she When she marched to school with primer and slate,— The babe I've watched o'er early and late— And the house is so still—ah, me! Yes, baby has gone to school to-day, For, you see, I could not say her nay, When she coaxed me to let her go— For, only think, she is six years old,— Six years, and a month, the lamb of our fold, And I could not say, "No, no!" "She must sometime go, so why not now?" I said to myself as I kissed her brow, And bade her a good girl be, But now that I see her toys thrown by, If 'twere right for mammas to sob and cry, I could weep aloud—ah, me! But she's no longer a baby,—and— Such weakly feelings I must command, For a little student is she: The teacher will train her in wisdom's way, She will learn to study, and childish play For a time will forgotten be. No longer a babe—since the little one On Life's steep way has just begun, And the steps will toil some be. I must try to smooth for her the way, And she never'll know I miss to-day My babe from my heart,—ah, me! —Good Cheer.

New Select Serial.

A DEACON'S DAUGHTER.

BY MISS LILIAN F. WELLS.

CHAPTER XII. (Continued.) 'I have an impression that I have seen you before,' said Persis, in the tone of one who is trying to recall something. 'Oh, I remember now!' she added. 'You passed me on one of the rustic bridges one day last month, did you not?' 'Yes,' said Martha, thinking: 'She remembers my staring at her, then.' 'I remember I looked up suddenly and caught your eye,' Persis went on. 'It was only a moment's glance, for you hurried away like a frightened deer; but I am curious to know whether I read your face correctly.' 'Tell me how you read it,' said Martha, as Persis hesitated. 'I thought it showed that you were lonely, and wanted a friend. Perhaps I should not have been so quick to read it that way if it had not corresponded so exactly to what I was thinking myself. Did I guess right?' 'Yes and no. I am lonely, and I do want a friend; but that was not what I was thinking just then. I was wishing I might know you.' 'Oh, was that it? Well, it amounts to the same, does it not? If you were not lonely and wanting a friend, you probably would not have cared anything about knowing me.' 'I do not agree with you there,' said Martha, with a look of admiration that Persis could not fail to understand. 'I have thought of you a great deal since that day, and have often wished we might meet again. I never had a very dear friend of my own age, because I never found any one that I was disposed to care for very much.' 'It has been just so with me,' said Persis, smiling. 'My mother died when I was thirteen, and though my

father and I are very much to each other, he is away a great deal of the time. He has never allowed me to go into society; so I have found companions in my books. They are not to be despised, by any means; but I want more after all. I want what only another human being can give.' Long after the shower had passed and the sky was clear again the two girls sat and talked under the bridge. The few who knew Persis Maynard, and who called her proud and reserved, would have been astonished to see her talking so frankly with an entire stranger. But Persis had found a kindred spirit. Quick and keen to read and comprehend other natures, she saw that Martha would be a friend worth having. Martha, while equally quick to see in others what was attractive and congenial to herself, was not as well able to form an idea of the whole character. In her admiration of what was attractive she forgot to take account of possible defects, so that when she did come to realize their existence the discovery was, of course, far more unpleasant than if she had made it at the outset. She was more than pleased with Persis in that first interview. The prospect of such a friendship as this promised to be, was a very bright one to Martha, and made her more contented to stay at Mrs. Iredell's than she had been. Dr. Maynard's residence was within easy walking distance of Mrs. Iredell's, and the two girls could probably see a good deal of each other. As was characteristic with her, Martha gave Persis her whole heart; and life had a new charm for her. To see Persis, even for five minutes, made a whole day bright. Persis, too, rejoiced greatly over her new friend; but she little knew the intensity with which Martha loved her. The time flew when they were together, for it would have been difficult to find two people with tastes more congenial. Love of books and nature and all beautiful things, was strong in them both. Music was a delight to Martha, though she had never studied it; Persis could both sing and play, and Martha proved herself an admirable listener. So the winter passed. Mrs. Iredell was at last really getting better. She could walk about her room, and did not fret much. Her life had been such an active one, up to the very day of her illness, that she must have found it very hard, indeed, to sit still and be patient. 'They used to say they could never get on without me; but from their reports, I do not see but they do just as well,' she said, mournfully, one day, speaking of some of the charitable institutions of which she had been an energetic and indefatigable member. 'I should think you ought to be glad if they can do just as well,' said Martha. 'You would not like to have them do less good because you are unable to work, would you?' 'You know very well I did not intend to imply any such heartless thing, Martha. If I had ever been appreciated for the amount I have done, I could bear it better. But there is nothing so common as ingratitude.' 'Is not there an assurance, somewhere in the Bible, that God does not forget such work as you are doing, Aunt Charlotte? I should think that would satisfy you, if you really believe it.' 'It is a great comfort, of course, and some people, who are not constituted as I am, may be entirely satisfied with it. But those who are as sensitive as I am, cannot be content without the appreciation of every one around them. The least ingratitude or disapprobation is enough to destroy their peace.' 'It must be extremely uncomfortable to be so constituted,' said Martha, gravely. She had no wish to irritate her aunt; but the temptation to go on drawing her out was irresistible. 'It is, indeed,' replied Mrs. Iredell, suspecting nothing. 'You know nothing about it, Martha. I fear your nature is rather coarsely organized, for you do not seem to have very fine feelings. No doubt it is all the happier for you, and I wish I were more like you in that respect. Every little slight causes me so much pain! Ah, well!

I am nearly through with the worthless things of earth. I shall soon be in my grave, and the world may forget me altogether then—as of course it will.' The last sentence ended in a sob, and Mrs. Iredell wiped her eyes mournfully. 'I thought you expected to be in heaven, Aunt Charlotte,' suggested Martha, to turn her aunt's thoughts into pleasanter channels. 'In heaven? Why, of course I do! Where did you expect I would be?' demanded Mrs. Iredell, indignantly. 'You spoke of being in your grave, you know.' 'I greatly fear you are inclined to be irreverent, Martha; and it is much to be deplored. Nothing is so shocking, especially in a young person, as irreverence. I do not know how you came to have such a tendency, either. You certainly did not get it from your father. Nathan Stirling has his faults; but no one could possibly accuse him of ever being irreverent or trifling. And I believe I may safely say the same of your mother, though her character is not one of the strongest.' 'I fear I am very obtuse as well as coarsely organized, for I fail to see wherein I was irreverent,' replied Martha, both annoyed and amused. 'Did you not catch up a remark of mine, made in all solemnity, and make light of it? If it was not in your words, it was in your tone, and that is just as bad. And it just goes to prove what I have said, that you have no fine feelings. No one who had fine feelings could have failed to understand that I used a very common metaphor when I said I should be in my grave.' Martha made no answer; and Mrs. Iredell, considering herself to have had the best of the argument, presently leaned her head back against the velvet cushion of her invalid chair, and fell asleep. It is unquestionably hard to have been of importance, and then find oneself set aside and forgotten. Mrs. Iredell was not one to bear such treatment patiently. She could not be satisfied to let her work go into another's hands without full acknowledgment that its value and success were due to her alone. The trouble was that it was not for the benefit of the poor, and not for him who first set such work in progress, that Mrs. Iredell had so long spent time, strength, and money. It was all done for herself. This is a hard thing to say of one who professed to be a disciple of the Lord Jesus; but it is none the less true. The influence and honor it would give her, and the admiration with which her name would be remembered after she was dead—these were her real motives. No wonder, then, that she was grievously disappointed when her acquaintances—she was not one to have intimate friends—gradually ceased even to call upon her after the first few months of her sickness. The reports of the various benevolent societies, in which her name had once headed every list of donors and workers, now bore other names, and no mention even was made of hers. It is rather curious that since she was not able to work, she would no longer give. 'No one knows how long it may be before I am well again,' said she. 'It would be imprudent for me to run any risk, and I have given as much as any two others.' I am sorry to say that Martha listened to Mrs. Iredell's 'religious talk,' as she called it, with poorly-concealed contempt. She saw, as through a thin veil, the real spirit that actuated her aunt, and despised it. Besides, she had been taught that 'the hopes of religion' were a great comfort in the time of sickness, and at the approach of death. But as far as Martha could see, Mrs. Iredell's hopes brought no sort of comfort. Was not this a proof that those 'hopes of religion,' aye, and religion itself, perhaps, were nothing more than a chimera, originated in the brains of sentimental people, and believed in only by those who were too ignorant to know better, too stupid to think for themselves, or so superstitious that they must have something to believe in, were it only a chimera? So questioned Martha; but she never uttered her thoughts to any one, not even to Persis. They let the whole subject of religion alone, as one

entirely lacking in interest to them both. This was another way in which they were thoroughly congenial. For different reasons, they regarded religion and all that pertained to it with very much the same feelings. According to her own judgment, Martha had seen too much of it; Persis had seen too little of it to have any judgment at all in regard to it. Her sole ambition was 'culture.' Very unfortunate, was it not, for Martha to have such a friend as Persis? It would seem so, truly. This question may possibly present itself to some minds: 'If God wanted Martha's love and service, as he wants the love and service of all his creatures, why did he allow her to keep going farther and farther from him, by having friends who would influence her only in the wrong direction?' But might it not just as properly be asked: 'Why did not God convert all of his people in their earliest years?' or, 'why does he not convert the world at once, instead of allowing men to go on sinning against him century after century?' Such questions may be asked; but who can answer them? There is one thing sure in regard to Martha—that God was leading her. The way that she went was the way he permitted her to take. He knew the beginning, and he knew the ending. Who shall say that there might have been a shorter or a surer route? The winter was over, and the spring came. Mrs. Iredell was still confined to her room; able to do little for herself, and often having days and nights of pain and weakness. She grew more nervous and irritable, and was afflicted with sleeplessness; so that Martha had less and less time for rest and change. One night—it had been an unusually trying day—Martha lay down utterly exhausted, but expecting to be called up again in less than an hour. She had learned to sleep lightly; but tonight she was too tired, and slept on, heavily, unconscious that she was called several times. It was near morning when something—she never knew what—woke her suddenly. She sprang up with a strange sense of fear that there was something wrong. By the dim light of the shaded night-lamp she could see her aunt lying across the outside of the bed, very still. Martha went on tip-toe to the bedside, and spoke, softly. There was no answer. She touched her aunt's hand, and started back with a cry of horror, Mrs. Iredell was dead.

Why Eve didn't need a Girl.

A lady writer in one of our exchanges furnishes some of the reasons why Eve did not need a hired girl. She says: There has been a great deal said about the faults of women and why they need so much waiting on. Some one (a man, of course) has the presumption to ask, 'Why, when Eve was manufactured out of a spare rib, a servant was not made at the same time to wait on her?' She didn't need any. A bright writer has said: Adam never came whining to Eve with a ragged stocking to be darned, buttons to be sewed on, gloves to be mended 'right away—quick, now.' He never read the newspapers until the sun went down behind the palm trees, and then stretching himself, yawned out, 'Is supper ready yet, my dear?' Not he. He made the fire, and hung the kettle over it himself, we'll venture, and pulled the radishes, peeled the potatoes, and did everything else he ought to do. He milked the cows and fed the chickens, and looked after the pigs himself, and never brought home half a dozen friends to dinner when Eve hadn't any fresh pomegranates. He never stayed out till eleven o'clock at night and then scolded because Eve was sitting up and crying inside the gates. He never loafed around corner groceries while Eve was rocking little Cain's cradle at home. He never called Eve up from the cellar to put away his slippers. Not he. When he took them off he put them under the fig tree beside his Sunday boots. In short he did not think she was especially created for the purpose of waiting upon him, and he wasn't under the impression that it disgraced a man to lighten a wife's cares a little. That's the reason Eve did not need a hired girl, and with it the reason many of her descendants do.

One Day's Work and Worry.

Lysander brought in the mail, settled himself comfortably with his back to the light and his feet to the fire, and was speedily drifting down the columns of the newspaper. By and by Hermia said: 'Here's a letter from Helena; do let me interrupt you to hear part of it. She says, 'Bertram said to me at breakfast yesterday: I was awake about four o'clock this morning, and the singing of the robins was wonderful.' 'Why shouldn't they sing?' said I. 'Sweet is the leisure of the bird. She craves no time for work deferred, Her wings are not to aching stirred, Providing for her helpless ones.' 'Are yours?' said Bertram, very seriously. 'Yesterday's worry and disappointment, whereby my soul was harrowed, were in my mind, but if I can avoid it, I never mention my housekeeping troubles. Bertram is sorry, I know, when matters go wrong, as they will and he is ready to do all he can to help me out, and that is enough. He can't restore lost time nor split milk.' 'Olive Green is coming to-morrow to help me in my sewing; you remember her, do you not? I felt all the symptoms of an attack of industry, and I expected to accomplish a great deal of fitting and basting. After I had escorted Bertram to the gate, heard No. One's history, replaced No. Two's demoralized collar, inspected and commended No. Three's finger nails, knuckles and wrists—what an accomplishment it is for our young Adamites to attain to clean hands—kissed the buzzing trio and started them schoolward, I picked baby up from the floor and sat down to arrange my flurried wits. 'I felt such a tide of ambition tingling my finger ends, that if Archimedes' lever had been convenient, I should certainly have given the round world, and that they dwell thereon, a tilt. Circumstances modified my aspirations to that degree, that I was content to exercise myself in more practical deeds with a pair of levers. 'I had opened the extension to its full length, and laid out the cloth and patterns for No. Three's knickerbockers, when the bell rang and the street door opened. 'Baby, who was in the hall, at the sight of a stranger came as fast as knees and hands could bring him, toward his city of refuge. When I saw who followed him I wished I might exercise his frankness and flee before her, too. She is 'a one minute' character, and I knew how that minute would unroll itself, like a juggler's inch of ribbon. 'Sure enough, she stayed two or three hours, trifling with my feelings and my hopes by getting to the door and coming back for 'more last words.' 'She is good-natured, but rapid and loquacious. The children have a toy pump with a little cistern that holds about a gill of water, that they can pump over and over as long as it entertains them. A gill of ideas would be a liberal allowance for her, but they flow in an endless current. She is certainly mistress of the art of making a little go a great ways. 'All the while she was there Mrs. Robbins haunted me. She could twitter her small gossip with no apparition of outgrown dresses or patched knees glittering before her. Her children's suits are always in style, and what is more to the point, they let themselves out and down. No need for wearisome planning and stitching. 'Miss Solus did beg me to go on with my work, but I cannot do it with a divided attention. I cut the gores all for one side and both sleeves for one arm. 'After she did leave I cut and basted, conscientiously, but not enthusiastically; the morning freshness had evaporated, and the sediment of duty was a poor substitute. 'My work tired me, and I was disappointed at the difference between my purposes and the results. When tea hour brought Bertram, there was not the ghost of the bright and smiling welcome, that sentimental converse, which the ideal wife always has in readiness for her husband. 'Why, what's the matter? Head-ache' was his greeting. 'No, robins, I have been haunted by them all day.' And forthwith I pour-

ed out my trials and grievances and told him that though I tried diligently to do my duty, life seemed fretted away, leaving a wake of trifles and unaccomplished purposes; now 'the leisure of the bird, who craved no time for work deferred,' mocked my imperfect doing. 'Sit down, dear, and let us untangle it,' he said. 'Life is made up of little things. 'Take the details of this one day. The children were individually more comfortable and certainly more agreeable, from your supervision of their faces and hands; the appetizing combination of our simple meal did not happen and the time spent in considering 'What's for breakfast, mum?' was not wasted. The precious hours sacrificed to Miss Solus have their moral compensation. It was a comfort to her to go over her small interests, and the patient attention you gave, I am sure, warmed her heart. Perhaps it does not seem much to you to have brightened a tedious old woman's loneliness, but they are only little sacrifices most of us have an opportunity of making. Since you are bent upon thinking about the robins, can you not learn a lesson from their sweet content and meek obedience to their great Teacher? 'And I mean to, dear Hermia: While my husband was talking, I felt as though I had not half appreciated myself. We get so accustomed to 'the trivial round, the common task,' the hundred little things that seem insignificant when done, but loom into serious discomforts if neglected, that we do not estimate our place in the world as we ought, nor our real importance in the administration of its vast affairs. 'Some plants concentrate the life of a century in one magnificent bloom, but if only these flourished the world would miss an infinite store of beauty. 'The favorites of our gardens that yield the loveliness of their being in frequent flowers are too modest and too familiar to dazzle us; but we love their perfumes, and their very names are dear. 'May we not comfort ourselves with the feeling that they are akin to us every day mortals? If life flows into duties pleasantly performed, into cheerful self-abnegation and a 'patient continuance in well-doing,' it may be a humble life, but it will not be a barren one. 'When you write her,' said Lysander, 'remind her that 'two worlds are ours,' and that the unachieved purposes, the broken plans, the beautiful, haunting aspirations of our life, will find that completion in that perfect life and in that service where, though 'they rest not day nor night,' there is no weariness.'—New York Observer.

Mrs. Horace Greeley had an antipathy for kid gloves—she would never put them on. A correspondent remembers a bout she had with Margaret Fuller on this subject. We all met on the street, and instead of saying 'good morning' or some such human salutation, Mrs. Greeley touched Margaret's hand with a little shudder and said 'Skin of a beast! Skin of a beast!' 'Why what do you wear?' inquired the astonished maiden from Maine. 'Silk,' said Mrs. Greeley, reaching out her hand, Margaret just touched it and shuddered crying, 'Entrails of a worm! Entrails of a worm!'

Dr. Kimball, of Breckton, Mass., who died recently, was a rather eccentric individual. In looking over his effects immediately after his death a bag containing \$11,000 in bills was found strapped to his body, and he had about \$1,000 in his pockets. A large stuffed owl in the doctor's office was found to be filled with silver half-dollars, and a large hornets' nest that he had owned for years was also full of valuables. His entire wealth was estimated at \$75,000.

The anchor of Her Majesty's ship Sultan, which was struck by a shell during the bombardment of Alexandria, is to be placed in the People's Park, Portsmouth.

Clear writers, like clear fountains, do not seem so deep as they are, the turbid looks most profound.—Kandor.