

Our Family Circle.

MARGARET.

It is an odd charge, after wandering through the monotonously modern cities of the United States, to pass, in the width of a street, from the airy, well-lighted homes of our later civilization to the ancient houses of a foreign people.

These chambers are too somber to invite a long stay, and the visitor regains the street with a sense of thankfulness that he was born in the nineteenth century.

The motley people filling these by-ways seem as exotic as their homes. It is difficult to realize that one is in an American city while listening to the queer French jargon, and looking into the black-eyed, slender faces eager with a tension which reaches no deeper than the nervous system, and does not weary the soul.

Our party crept quietly into a seat, and, looking about, discerned through the half-light a few supplicants bowing motionless in prayer in the remotest parts of the church.

As I gazed, the busy, bartering world without fell from me, and the shadow of the past, folded me as a veil.

Across the silence came a footstep, and the old negress, clasping the benches for support as she went, tottered past; the pale-faced mourner followed, bearing her unseen cross with a meeker strength, and then the pretty creoles tripped down the aisle and out into the sunlight, and we were left alone.

Let us go, too, I said; this weird old cathedral is haunted; I am sure it is, drawing a freer breath as we stepped into the open air, I feel as though I had seen all the ghosts of all the Montalbas. Do let us visit something of flesh and blood—something we can touch and know to be alive, I cried.

I have it! We will visit Margaret! Who is Margaret? I queried.

A wonderful woman, the very sight of whom will make you better and wiser than a hundred sermons!

Then, for I have much greater respect for her than for Calvin, she said, she is a moral agent, and she is in misery. But who is she, queen, or goddess?

She is not only an Irish woman, she is the heroine of her own history on the way?

About thirty years ago, began my companion, Margaret was a poor young widow, maintaining herself by selling the milk of one cow. Trundling her cart about she often discovered in the by-ways destitute little children. Her purse was empty of money, but her heart was filled with pity, and these motherless ones crept unawares beneath the wings of her love.

Walking a few squares farther, we halted before a large business house. Glancing up I read the sign, Margaret's Bakery. Several delivery wagons were

waiting at the open doors. As we entered, an elevator piled with boxes of rackets, descended in the center of a large apartment, and numerous powdered workmen were hurrying to and fro. In one corner of this room was a desk, and by it sat a woman.

That is Margaret, said my escort. She was giving orders to several men standing about her, and I had an opportunity of scanning her unobserved. She was a large woman weighing more than two hundred pounds. I should judge her features were heavy and irregular her face flushed; and her head massive and shapely. She was dressed in a plain print skirt and a loose sack of dark flannel.

As we stood looking about us a gentleman advanced from the desk and bowed courteously.

We have taken the liberty to call on Margaret and the factory. Will it be an inconvenience? asked my companion.

Not in the least. Margaret is busy at present, but I will show you through the establishment, and then return to her.

We mounted by the elevator to the floor above, filled with the clang of machinery controlled by happy-faced workmen and workwomen. As we looked about us I asked many questions.

This is a large establishment? Yes, the largest in the city; we work up a hundred and fifty barrels of flour a day, and employ one hundred persons.

And is Margaret the sole proprietor? I asked, in wonderment.

Until the last two years, yes. She has recently taken a partner, an orphan boy whom she has brought up, but to her the success of the business is due.

Is she an educated woman? I queried. No; she reads a little, but does not write.

And she has accomplished all this unaided?

Yes; for the last twenty-five years she has been at her post by four o'clock in the morning, and oversees everything herself. But that is not the most wonderful part of her story, he continued; she spends every cent she makes upon the poor, reserving nothing except her own simple living. She furnishes every charitable institution in the city with bread; if they can pay they do so; if not, she gives it to them.

Besides this she entirely supports an asylum containing two hundred babies, to say nothing of many private charities. The proudest gentleman in New Orleans bows low to Margaret, and I do not believe there is a wretch in this city so vile that he would not lend a helping hand were she to need it. She is the noblest woman I have ever known, he added reverently.

After making the tour of the building, and testing the hot, crisp crackers, as they were swept from the revolving wire baking frames into the baskets, ready for packing, we descended by the elevator to the ground floor and were presented to Margaret.

It has been my good fortune to meet many notabilities, but I have never in my life felt a more wholesome depreciation than while looking into the plebeian face of this Irish woman. As the even-pulsed hand held mine in a strong grasp and the eyes rested on me, neither large nor luminous, but beautiful with the great mother heart looking through them, a shame possessed me. The light of this life, illumining my own, showed me as I had never seen before, how narrow it had been with care for the morrow, with small ambitions, with restless self-seeking. One glance into the face of this ignorant woman, beautified with the peace of well doing, opened my inner sight more than a thousand rhetorical lip sermons.

None can measure the influence of one human being who has abnegated the pride of possession as this woman has done.

I sought to put something of the emotion she had stirred within me into words; I tried to say to her how I wished that all the world might know of her life.

That does not matter, I think, she answered simply; God knows.

I can never forget the light upon her face, the thrill in her voice, as she spoke these words. For one brief moment the care of living dropped from my spirit, and left me free to set with a just comparison how miserably paltry the striving after this earth's grains will seem to us, when we look backward from the world of clear vision over the life that is passed.

When we regained the street, my companion broke the silence which had fallen between us by asking if I would like to see Margaret's babies. I assented, and we turned our steps toward the asylum.

We were met at the door by a sister of charity who conducted us with a kindly readiness through the large establishment. Our first visit was to the dining-room of the older children, ranging from three to six years. They were at dinner, attacking with hungry relish a substantial repast of stewed chicken, mashed potatoes and rice, dividing their attention meanwhile between ourselves and a huge dish of striped candy, which was to serve as dessert. When they had finished they sang for us a song of welcome. One blind child, especially attracted me as she stood with upturned, sightless eyes, thrilling out in a high, sweet treble her joyous carol.

A slamp of the little feet on the stair way drew our attention as the music ceased; seventy-five two-year-old babies in pink checked aprons were pattering down the stairs. Others soon followed,

and we were presently surrounded by one hundred and fifty babes, looking upward to us in shy wonderment. Brown eyes and blue, fair hair and dark beautiful ones on whom mothers might have gazed with pride; crippled ones needed sorely the mother-love—one hundred and fifty little bairns looked up at us silently with pathetic seriousness. As I turned from one to the other, a mist shut away the wee wistful faces. Poor, poor babes! never to know the sheltering of childhood's home, never to be rocked to sleep on a mother's bosom, never to feel, in all this wide, wide world, the passionate mother's kiss. Homeless, helpless little ones, how they tugged at my heartstrings! One pale-cheeked babe with fair, curling hair, clung to my skirts. I stooped to kiss the pleading, upturned face.

Poor little Tot, said the sister. It has only been here a few days. The mother died coming across the ocean. It seems to pine for her.

Let us go out, I said hastily. The next apartment was full of small cribs, clean and comfortable; a sobbing cry from one of them, attracted our attention. A four-months babe, just wakened, looked up at us with, great, startled brown eyes. The sister called an attendant, and we passed on. There were a number of little ones in the other cribs, but even on the faces of these tiny sleepers, a comfortless shadow seemed to rest—the shadow of loneliness.

From the nursery we proceeded to the chapel, with its pretty altar. I suppose you receive none but Catholics? I asked.

Oh, no! Margaret sends children of every denomination. It does not matter to what church they belong. She only asked whether they are in need of help. From the chapel we proceeded to the hospital, a cheerful room, but rarely occupied, the sister told us, for the children being well tended and simply fed, were not often sick. From thence to the storerooms fitted with clean and substantial clothing. One large press containing one hundred and seventy-five white sunbonnets, especially attracted my attention.

As we regained the lower hall, and were preparing to take our departure, I said to the sister: Is it possible that Margaret supports this entire establishment?

Yes, she answered; she gives us everything, she sends us whatever we ask. Bowing her head reverently, she added, in a lower tone. Next to God, Margaret is our Providence.

Out in the sunny streets again, with the vaulted heaven overhead, and the soft breeze wafting the incense of flowers, I raised my face in silent thankfulness that I had known of this woman, for it had lifted me to a broader outlook—it had opened to me a truer life.

Since writing this sketch I learn that Margaret has passed beyond. I have read of her burial, the most remarkable the Crescent City ever witnessed. In imagination I have followed the distinguished pall-bearers, and the long cortege composed so largely of sorrowing little children. The last rites are over, the last heavy-hearted mourners have turned away, and in her narrow and solitary bed Margaret is left alone. Nevermore in this world can she lift any human heart as she has lifted mine with her kindly hand-clasp, her benignant eyes, her simple speech. But through the darkness sounds a benison; through the silence is heard that speech without compare, the eloquence of the blessed dead: God knows.

TYPICAL CHRISTMAS STORY BOILED DOWN. It was Christmas eve. Streets—brilliantly lit shop windows—toys—gay crowds—snow on the ground—everybody out—Christmas. Jane Allalone wandered all alone—crowd—sweet, sad, face, wistful eyes. Five years before, James Goodygoody—Christmas eve—bettothed to Jane—sailed away—India—ship lost—never heard of—foundered on coast of Africa. Jane held on to hope, and her sewing machine—never would marry—pined away, etc.

William Babybody—rich, corrupt, dissipated—mortgage on Jane's mother's house—also on woodshed—foreclosure. A way villain! Rather poverty, crusts, etc.

Turned out of doors—homeless. Down by the dark river—Pier No. 8—about to make the fatal plunge—in fact Jane did plunge. But just then the ship, with Capt. James W. Goodygoody, which had not been lost at all, came sailing up to the dock, loaded to the water's edge with china, silk dresses and tea. Capt. Goodygoody saw Jane struggling in the water. He fished her out with a boat-hook and hauled her on board his own good craft.

My Jane! My James! The cook dried her at the galley stove and although soaked with salt water she looked as fresh as a daisy.

In fact Jane was a daisy, and don't you forget it. They were married on Christmas—Alta California.

—Advices from Brisbane state that Mr. Bevan has returned to that place, from Papua. He explored the interior of the island, and found there splendid river systems, which form high ways for a large agricultural country.

A Feast for the Poor.

At one o'clock on Monday the members of the W. C. T. U gave their annual dinner to the poor children in their hall, and although the undertaking brought them much labor and responsibility, they doubtless felt amply repaid by the fact that they made about 120 children happy and gave them a good start on the New Year. Promptly on time, Rev. Dr. Leod invoked the Divine blessing on the children, their homes, and the tempting viands provided by the ladies, and the little ones lost no time in their attempts to empty the big plates set in front of them. During the onslaught there was not the slightest confusion as everything had been previously arranged in an admirable manner. Sergt. Vandine was at his post and admitted only deserving children, and Messrs. Henry Chestnut, Allan H. Randolph, and C. A. Sampson guided the carvers that bared the frames of the plump turkeys so generously supplied for the occasion.

After the first course was through and all were filled, the ladies presented each child with an apple, an orange, and bags of candies, nuts and grapes. With one exception all appeared abundantly satisfied. One rough looking little fellow with sparkling eyes, when asked by one of the ladies if he would have a piece of apple or mince pie, he replied oh! no, I'd rather have a piece of lemon pie with frosting on it.

Mayor Fenety was present and spoke encouraging words to the children. The happy little guests gave three hearty cheers for the ladies and for all who had contributed to their happiness on that day.

Mrs. Judge Steadman and Mrs. A. F. Randolph also addressed the children, and the happy company separated after singing one of the Loyal Legion songs.

Acknowledgements.

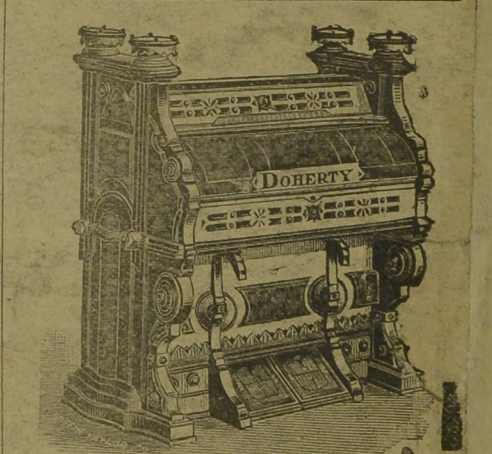
The ladies of the W. C. T. Union desire to return thanks to the kind friends who so liberally assisted them in providing a New Year's dinner for the children. They would gladly mention the name of every donor if space permitted. To Lady Tiley they are greatly indebted for a barrel of splendid apples. To Mayor Fenety for a donation of five dollars. Hon. A. F. Randolph for the whole supply of turkeys.

Messrs. G. Hatt and H. Chestnut whose generous gifts, with delicious oranges from their anonymous friends, enabled them to send the little ones home with joy, far surpassing the monetary value of the gifts with which they were laden.

Place of Meeting, Divisions, Numbers Night of Meeting, and name of Deputies.

- St. Stephen, Howard, 1; Friday; S. Webber, Miltown, St. Stephen, Wilberforce, 3; Monday; H. McAllister. Market Building, St. John; Gurney, 5; Thursday; John P. Bell. Orange Hall, Portland; Portland, 7; Monday; A. Y. Paterson. Market Building, St. John; Albion, 14; Wednesday; E. A. Everett. Gagetown, Queens, 21; Saturday; H. J. DeVeber. Chatham; Northumberland, 37; Friday; G. Stothart. St. John; Mariners and Mechanics, 38; Tuesday; Wm. Munford. Hillsboro, Albert Co.; Albert, 39; Wednesday; John I. Steeves. Sackville, West. Co.; Sackville, 40; Tuesday; J. C. Harper. Michibucto, Kent Co.; Richibucto, 42; Wednesday; A. Haines. Newmarket; Newcastle, 45; Thursday; D. McGruar. Hope of Bute, West. Co. Westmorland, 50; Thursday; Jas. W. Colpitts. Powwell Hill, Albert Co.; Golden Rule, 51; Tuesday; L. R. Moore. Penfield, Charlotte Co.; Safeguard, 53; Saturday; H. C. Trynor. Cambridge, Queens Co.; Johnston, 62; Saturday; George S. Wilson. Dalhousie; Dalhousie, 64; Monday; G. Haddow. Baie Verte; Baie Verte, 65; Wednesday; R. Goodwin. Dover, West. Co.; Dover, 70; Saturday; Alfred E. Steeves. Carleton Place; Granite Rock, 77; Tuesday; John C. Thomas. Derby, North Co.; Nelson, 99; Monday; J. Pett. Douglastown, North Co.; Caledonia, 126; Tuesday; J. Henderson. Collina Corner, Kings Co.; Collina, 129; Thursday; Jacob I. Keirstead. Upper Gagetown, Queens Co.; Oxford, 134; Saturday; James E. Coy. Benton, Carleton Co.; Garibaldi, 151; A. T. Campbell. St. Martins, St. John Co.; St. Martins, 164; Tuesday; Cudlip Miller. Moncton; Moncton, 188; Monday; F. W. Steeves. Douglas, St. John Co.; Dunphy's W. O. Farmers, 190; Saturday; Arthur W. Los. Salisbury, West. Co.; Crystal Stream, 191; Monday; C. A. Beck. South Bay, St. John Co.; Lime Rock, 207; Monday; Wm. Roxborough. Milford, St. John Co.; Everett, 238; Wednesday; Geo. H. Waring. McTouin; Intercolonial, 243; Friday; Miss Vena Fawcett. Victoria Mills, West. Co.; Victoria, 245; Thursday; A. J. Main. Mountville, Albert Co.; Home Circle, 247; Friday; H. B. Peck. Baillie, St. James, Char. Co.; Baillie, 248; Wednesday; John A. Robinson. Weldford, Kent. Co.; Harcourt, 249; Saturday; H. Wathen. Portland; Valley, 250; Tuesday; J. Fowler. Bittern Ridge, King's Co.; Havelock, 251; Friday; E. Keith. Petitcodiac, West. Co.; Petitcodiac, 252; Tuesday; D. A. Jonah. Lewis Mountain, West. Co.; Sunnyside, 253; Saturday; Isaac N. Alward. Deer Island, Char. Co.; Moss Rose, 254; Saturday; A. T. Lloyd. Millstream, Kings Co.; Britannia, 255; Friday; C. W. Weyman. Little Ridge, Char. Co.; Spreading Oak, 256; Tuesday; A. F. Matheson. Fredericton; Lansdowne, 257; Thursday; H. H. Pitts. River Charlo, Rest. Co.; Charlo, 259; Thursday; J. H. Galbraith. Douglas, Moncton, West. Co.; Mountain Rose, 260; Saturday; R. Lutz, Sr. Hampton, King's Co.; Spring, 262; Monday; G. Barnes. Pomroy Ridge, Char. Co.; Mayflower, 263; Thursday; W. Moulton. Scotch Ridge, Char. Co.; Iona, 264; Wednesday; Alex. M. McKenzie. Oak Hill, Char. Co.; Oak, 265; Thursday; Harry E. Grimmer. Tower Hill, Char. Co.; Wills, 266; Saturday; S. Smith.

- Graves' Settlement, West. Co.; Rockland, 267; Friday; G. Johnston. 2d Falls, St. George, Char. Co.; Stewart, 269; Saturday; A. Sherrywood. St. George, Char. Co.; Red Granite, 270; Saturday; Chas. Johnson. Penobscie, King's Co.; Cardwell, 271; Wednesday; J. W. Floyd. Hampton Village, King's Co.; Hampton, 273; Tuesday; Chas. Frost. Bloomfield, King's Co.; Leading Star, 274; Thursday; O. A. Wetmore. St. John, 102 King Street; Gordon, Division, No. 275; Monday; H. P. Sandall. Eagle Settlement West'd Co.; Twilight, 276; Tuesday; G. A. Taylor. Salisbury, Westmoreland Co.; Middleton, 277; Friday; Jas. Henry. Heathland, Charlotte Co.; Rising Sun, 278; Tuesday; L. Hall. Gosden Corner, Albert Co.; Star of Hope, 279; Saturday; B. B. Hayward. St. Mary's Kent Co.; Rosefield, 280; Saturday; W. Vincent. Elgin, Albe. Co.; Elgin, 281; Saturday; W. Robinson. Whites Cove, Grand Lake; Grand Lake, 283; Friday; H. E. White. Stonehaven, Gloucester Co.; Gloucester Division, 284; Tuesday; N. R. Ritchie. Lewisville, Moncton; Lewisville, 285; Tuesday; John Keenan. Port Elgin, West Co.; Fort Moreton, 286; Tuesday; C. H. Goodwin. Centreville, Kings Co.; Centreville, 287; Saturday; J. W. Folkins. Waterford, K. C.; Essex Division, 288; Saturday; John W. DeForest. Dubec, Carleton Co.; Centenary, 289; Thursday; Wm. V. Benn. Waterville, Carleton Co.; Waterville, 293; Saturday; J. T. Fletcher. Bath, Carleton Co.; Ray of Hope, 294; Friday; Hubert Gray. Lower Coverdale, Albert Co.; Coverdale, 295; Tuesday; P. A. Steeves. Canterbury, York Co.; Dunferm, 296; Saturday; B. H. Taylor. River Louison, Restigouche Co.; Louison, 297; Friday; Donald Stewart. Kirkland, Carleton Co.; Monument, 298; Thursday; John Dycus, Deputy. Woodstock, Carleton Co.; Woodstock, 299; Saturday; S. McLeod. Campbellton, Restigouche Co.; Campbellton, 300; Thursday; J. C. Fergusson. Mannhurst, Kings Co.; Linclud, 301; Thursday; D. S. Mann. Dundee, Restigouche Co.; Dundee, 302; Tuesday; Jas. Crawford. Moraube, P. O. Kings Co.; Rising Star, 303; Wednesday; Martin Freeze. Scotch Settlement, Westmorland Co.; McCarthy, 304; Wednesday; David H. Murray. Upper Millstream, Kings Co.; Millstream, 305; Monday; Zebulon Gaunce. Gibson, York Co.; Gibson, 306; Friday; J. H. Hamilton. Cass Settlement, Kings Co.; Snowflake, 307; Monday; C. E. Black. Portland, N. B.; Silver, 308; Friday; Rev. J. Spencer. Old Ridge, Char. Co.; Brunswick Division, No. 309; Monday; John A. Grant. Northampton; Carleton Co.; Caladonia, 310; Thursday; Geo. Watson. Waterside, Parish of Harvey, Albert Co.; Gladstone, No. 311; Friday; Rev. S. C. Moore. Poquiock, York Co.; Poquiock, 312; Wednesday; Edward True, Deputy. North Lake, Canterbury; York County; Star, No. 313; Saturday; Hiram H. Vesey Deputy. Janeville, Gloucester Co.; Janeville, 314; Saturday; Edward L. Cane, Deputy. Kingsclear, York Co.; Kingsclear, 315; Wednesday; Isaac Kilburn, Deputy. Rolling Dam, Charlotte Co.; Rolling Dam, 316; Monday; Neil McDermott. Buctouche, Kent Co.; Buctouche, No. 317; Tuesday; Rev. J. D. Murray. Mount Middleton, Kings Co.; Mount Middleton, 318; Friday; Joseph Chapman. McKenzie Corner, Carleton Co.; McKenzie Corner Division 319 Friday; Jas. Forest. Stylesville, Westmorland Co.; Mapleville, 320; Saturday; James McFarlane. Bayfield, Westmorland Co.; Bayfield, 321; Monday; Frank Harper. Curryville, Albert Co.; Curryville, 322; Saturday; Clark's Corner, Queens Co.; Clark's Corner, 323; Thursday; Isaac H. Carle. Fredericton, No. 2 Gordon, No. 326; Wednesday; Sergt. Major McKenzie. Smith's Corner, Walker's W. O., Kent Co.; Olive Branch, 327 Saturday; Ephraim Wheten. Berry Mills West Co.; Millville, 328; Monday; John T. Prince. Blackville, Northumberland Co.; Blackville, 329; Wednesday; E. W. Gaynor. Black Brook, North Co.; Silver Stream, 330; Wednesday; Wm. Taik. Tattagouche, Gloucester Co.; Forest Home, 331; Thursday; Richard Bell. Bathurst, Gloucester Co.; Ever Onward, 332; Monday; W. R. Johnson. Dalhousie Junction, Restigouche Co.; Maple Green, 333; Wednesday; Wm. Jamison. Little River, Buctouche, Kent Co.; Forest View No. Co 334; Monday; Chas. E. Hicks. Upper Woodstock, Jubilee 335, Wednesday; John Barpee. Napan, North Co.; Napan, No. 336 Thursday; Alex. Dickson. Presque Isle, Connell P. O. Carleton Co.; Dawn of Hope, No. 337 Tuesday; John N. Perry. Bloomfield Corner, Carleton Co.; Unity No. 338 Saturday; Alex. Strong. Mapleton, Albert Co.; Mapleton, No. 339; day; J. A. M. Colpitts. Tide Head, Restigouche Co.; No. 340, day; Thomas Adams. Boiestown, North Co. Boiestown, N. Wednesday; Rev. Thos. Allen.



We beg to call the attention of intending purchasers to the UNEQUALLED QUALITIES OF THE DOHERTY ORGAN, As the following testimonia will show: MESSRS. THOMPSON & CO. Gentlemen:—After a thorough examination of several organs manufactured by Messrs. Doherty & Co., for which you are the General Agents, I have much pleasure in stating that the result has been most satisfactory. The tone is good and the touch faultless, and I have no hesitation in saying that they are deserving of the high reputation they have already attained. FRANCIS C. D. BRISTOWE, Organist Christ Church Cathedral, Fredericton (late of H. M. Chapels Royal) London, England. Fredericton, N. B., Aug. 1887. THOMPSON & CO. GENERAL AGENTS, FREDERICTON, N. B. We are the sole for the celebrated HENTZMAN piano.