The Family Circle.

THE QUAKER GIRL.

In a quiet little cottage, Near a busy little town, Dwells a preity Quaker maiden, Clad in suber gray and brown.

In that co'tage neat and cheerful Note of music ne'er is heard, Save the merry morning warble Of a voice that's like a bird.

Never flow of gleaming gas-light * Lures a festal crowd within; On its walls no pictures brighten, For the Quaker thinks them sin.

Yet my footsteps love to linger Where the lowly maiden dwells, Oftener than in homes of fashion
With their throng of laughing belles.

Once upon the narrow flagging Of the miry village street,
As I walked, two truant school boys
In fierce fight I chanced to meet.

Waiting near them, most impatient, Stood a group of haughty girls; O what gathering back of flounces! And what scornful toss of curls!

At that moment, satchel-laden, Tripping o'er her school-ward way, Came the pretty Quaker maiden In her suit of sober gray.

Not a moment paused she doubting, Balancing her good intent; Toward the angry-eyed belligerents Straight her eager eyes she bent.

One hand laid upon each shoulder, Earnest eyes fixed on their own,-"Thee must never strike thy brother!" Said she in her gentlest tone.

And the wayward children softening. Yielded to her mild command; Slowly down the street they sauntered, Peaceful, chatting, hand in hand.

Then the maiden, deftly brushing Specks of soil from gown of gray, Wore a smile so bright and beaming, As she turned upon her way,

That the butterflies of fashion Paused to envy as they stood, Wondering at such waste of beauty Underneath a Quaker hood.

HOW ROGER ROLFE USED HIS ENEMIES. [Concluded.]

"Well, after that, sir, I went on regular giving my mite, according as the Lord prospered me; and I never could tell whether it was right or wrong for me to feel pleased, and sort o' proud, to know that nobody in the village ever had a collecting card, and didn't come to me, and that parson himself made a habit of mentioning to me if anybody was in trouble or down sick. But there was somebody a looking out for the mote in my eye, sir; and this time it was Mrs. Kite, the blacksmith's wife, as sharp a woman as ever you'd see, always talking about weights and measures, and how she'd saved three half pence out of last week's charges, and what would her old man do without her! They'd five daughters, sir, all grown up, and every one teachers in the Sunday-school. Well, sir, I went into the forge one day, to ask Kite for half a crown, for an old neighbor as had a stroke, and had lost the use of his right hand. We were making up any loose money in his pocket. But when I got into the shop, there was the woman herself, with a smile as sweet as any other body's wry

"'You're wanting Kite, I suppose,' she said. 'Well, Kite's gone out; but if it's money you're wanting, as it's only likely, seeing you're so charitable yourself, Mr. Rolfe, I can tell you Kite has got none to give. We give what costs more than money, Mr. Rolfe; we give our dear children's time and talents. My daughters are all very well brought-up gals, Mr. Rolfe, and we lends their services to them as don't know how to bring up their own children. If other people did the same, sir, maybe there wouldn't be so much money wanted. It's far easier to give money, Mr. Rolfe, and it makes more noise, and perhaps, brings some grist back to one's own mill. But I say, give your work, Mr. Rolfe; put your own shoulder to the wheel; give the sweat of your brow, and the strength of your hands, and the brains of your head. Here were my Sarah and Mary Ann at two working parties every week all last winter-

"'I'm sure it was very good of them, Mrs. Kite, said I, but supposin there wasn't any money to buy the stuff.

"'There always is money,' she answered, walking back to the parlor; 'there's always plenty of people to give money; and them's the very folks as slights those as do the work;' and she went inside and shut the door.

"I couldn't help laughing as I went away, but still it came to me that maybe I was a missing a bit of the happiness the Lord may mean for His own people. It had never struck me that I could do anything at all, except work an hour overtime, and then give up what I got to wiser people. But thinks I, 'I can but try, and depend o't, Roger, if God's got work for ye to do, you'll only need to keep your eyes open, and you'll see Him put the first bit right into your hands, like schoolma'ams do, when they give a girl her first seam.' And so He did, and so He always has, ever since."

The old man paused, and looked rather sad. I thought, perhaps, like all earnest workers, the result of his personal labors disappointed him a little. Whoever carries a lantern, has its dark side towards himself. I knew both Roger and his work, and knew it had not been in vain, though some of his Sunday-scholars had turned out reprobates, and some of his sick people, whom he had nursed with the greatest tenderness, and over whose "hopeful signs" his trustful nature had rejoiced believingly, had returned to their wickedness, like swine to the mire. Still Roger had not toiled in vain.

some people make such a fuss when others blame 'em. I know it's all the harder that there's generally a little bit of truth at the bottom of every glasses. But I mind summat that was once said | angels talk about in heaven, sir? I wonder if to me-not so long ago either-an' it was kindly said, an' it was true; but it cut me like a knife for all that.

"Ye remember my boy Jem? He was our seventh child, sir. The Lord took all the others | I suppose one oughtn't to think them sort of out o' their cradles. It used to be sad cutting up with one after the other. Each time, I thought was a man once, sir, I daresay He knows one I'd never set my heart on another, but I allays can't help it. Good evening, sir." did. An' at last just as Bessy and me had made up our minds that the Lord meant to take 'em all, He spared us the last one. An' Jem were a beautiful child; not but what I suppose every father thinks his own are, but Jem was real beautiful. I've a little black outline, sir, that calls him up exact. It isn't like him, but it keeps a body in mind, and I reckon that's about as much as the finest picture 'll do. Well, Jem's mother, ye know, died when he was quite a little one, and I had to be father an' mother too, as well as I could. I believe I'd ha' spoilt Jem, but there's some children that won't spoil, just as there's others that spoils theirselves.

I gave Jem a good education-knowing myself what it is to want one. An' he was always a quick scholar, and by and by, he seemed to know more about tother end o' the world than I know of the next town. And when he was a fine young fellow, going out to work, he'd sit at home with me of an evening, quite content, a-reading about far away places, where laborers could work themselves up to be a kind of squires, an' working men got seats in a sort of parliament. I used to like to hear o't, sir. Not as I've ever grudged the fine people anything they've got, nor envied them either; but it does grate my ears, like a slate pencil drawn backwards, when they talk as if they was a different never take so much interest a hearing o't, without naturally enough longing to be in it. I never shall forget the night he told me he were to go out to those parts himself. He brought it out by reading the advertisement of a ship that like her. were sailing presently. I'll tell ye what, sir, I'd never felt as I felt then, since the doctor told me there was no more hope of our first child that died. It was just the same sort o' evening, the sun going down in glory, and a gold light on everything. I'd been out, standing in the garden, a-thinkin how beautiful it was. And when Jem had said his say, I did not speak a word, sir, but just looked! And Jem, he jumped up, and turned about to the little cupboard in the wall. 'Father!' says he, 'I see it won't do. I went out again into the garden, but there seemed a kind of pain in the sunshine, and I came in quick enough; but Jem and I did not speak much to each other all that evening.

"There was a kind of change between us. For one thing, there was no more reading out loud. And Jem was generally grave, and sometimes a little sum to send him back to his own people. spoke a little sharp. And though he did his I knew Kite was a kind-hearted fellow, and work as well as ever, still he never talked of it, would help us, leastways if the missus had left or took any pride in it. And he grew much older-looking, and got a kind of hollow look in at once his responsibility and his privilege, his face, so that he grew dreadful like his poor they are those we have put at the head of

> "You know Mrs. Hirder, sir-Widow Hirder? A plain spoken woman, sir, but sound as an oak, and always very good to me and my boy, since the old woman died. Well, one evening, she came into my house while Jem was out, and she sits down, and says she, 'Roger Rolfe, you've always said your granny called ye selfish, an' so you are. Just to please yourself-an' sorry little gether, while he's got the makin's of a great man in him, if you'd let him go where he could got a chance. I'd never but one boy, Roger Rolfe, and he set his heart on going to sea, and thank God, I didn't set myself agen it and force him to run away, and cut himself right off from his home, maybe with a hard thought for his' mother. I let him go, thank God, and so I kept my heart and him together, however far he went. You know he were drowned at last, Roger, and his mates brought home his chest, and the gray parrot he were a-bringing me, an' I could put myself to rest about him, just the same as about my old man in the churchyard. An' he might have died just as young if he'd stopped at home, Roger, only then he'd have gone away with a feeling that he'd not had his life fair. We've no right to cross the young 'uns' hearts, Roger. In all chance we shall have to leave 'em behind, and it isn't fair to tie 'em to our post for all their days, just to please ourselves for such a little while.

"Ah, sir, I had some bitter thinking over Widow Hirder's words. But at last, I made up my mind, I'd tell Jem to go. He wouldn't hear o't at first, poor fellow, because he said I was giving way all to please him. And I had to say, what I felt was quite true, sir, that now I knew he wanted to go, unless he went, I shouldn't die easy in my bed.

"I went to see him off. That's to say I went as far as where the four roads met, one of 'em the road to Liverpool. Ye know that's high ground, by that sign-post, sir, and I could see the ea a-twinkin' in the distance. I think I bore up better than Jem at the very last, sir. Mayhap it's easier to give up, than to feel another's givin' up for you. An' he wasn't leaving me so lonely neither. For weren't there his mother and the six little ones in the churchyard, sir, just as one may say a bed before me, a-waiting for my coming home late? I went back through the churchyard that evening, sir. There ain't any stone

those healthy natures which go into God's world, sir, that Jem may be sure to find it, if ever he place, the next thing is to find the legs. like hired husbandmen into a field, where they comes back. I never can make up my mind have to do so much work before nightfall, but that I shan't see Jem again. Ye see, I know the spring before. The other two must be need not trouble themselves about the soil or the I'm sure to see him again, after all, and I'm so bunted after for twenty-five minutes. They

> Bess has told the little 'uns anything about me? I suppose it's because I'm foolish, sir, but I can't nelp fancying that they look out for me some times, like Jem used to do, when I was a bit late. things, but one does. And as the blessed Lord

ISABELLA FYVIE.

CHILDREN IN FAMILY WORSHIP.

We were all assembled for prayers in the evening. Even little Edith was there, although, during the reading of the chapter, she was busy nestling herself on the lounge for a nap. When the reading was concluded, her father looking that way, and no doubt perceiving her intention, said:

"Edie, don't you want to sing 'There is a Happy Land?""

In an instant she sat upright, and the dear blue eyes were wide open, as she anwered: "Yes, sir."

"Well, then, you must sit up and help

But without waiting for mamma to start t, she began singing; her little childish voice leaping from word to word, until the whole of the beautiful hymn was sung. As those sweet words left her lips:

Bright in that happy land Beams every eye,"

it seemed as though her little eyes fairly danced and sparkled with delight. Mamkind o' flesh and blood, which always makes me better pleased when I hear that some workingmust be an added lustre. The round, rosy man has won at cricket, than if I was told he'd face turned itself up to her, to meet the had a fortune left him. It did not strike me loving glance. But the brave, true voice that a fine young fellow, like my Jem, could never faltered. O, how the child loves to sing! And how pleased she is when papa selects something she knows, as "Happy Land," or "Little Travellers Zionward;" thinking what a good move it would be for him something that she can understand, and announces the ceremony concluded. feel they were written just for little folks

The little ones in the household are overlooked too much in this respect. If they could feel that these are indeed family prayers, they would prepare their little hearts to enjoy them. Just as they do by looking forward with pleasure from week to week to their dear Sunday-school, where the lesson, the pictures, stories, and even the sweet precious hymns are all their

I wonder too, if the little ones could not I'll never speak of going away again, unless you speak first, father l' Ah, I thought, then it will be a long time before I do that. And presently some part in it. As for me, I feel so glad and happy to-night, to think that in our song of praise there was fulfilled the pro-phecy which saith, "A little child shall lead them."—S. S. Times.

MY LAMBS.

If there are two words in the world that should make a Sunday-School teacher feel are Christ's-Christ that loved you so. Tiresome this work cannot be if you will let in the light of these words upon it. Behind these scholars is Christ, saying, "Inaspleasure are ye getting out o't—ye're keeping your boy with you, where he'll never earn much as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it unto me." Take heart and more than enough to keep body and soul toscholars are Christ's. Can you neglect the work? These are Christ's lambs that go solemn, solemn injunction in your ear? No! Will you neglect your preparation? Let us rather watch over them as those that must give an account.—E. Eggleston.

PUTTING UP STOVES.

A SEASONABLE SUBJECT. We do not remember the exact date of the invention of stoves, but it was several years ago. Since then mankind have been tormented, once a year, by the difficulties that beset the task of putting them up and getting the pipes "fixed." With all our Yankee ingenuity, no American has ever invented any method by which the labor of putting up a stove can be lessened. The job is now almost as severe and vexatious as humanity can possibly endure.

Men always put up their stoves on a rainy day. Why, we know not; but we never heard of an exception to the rule. The first step to be taken is to put on a very old and ragged coat, under the impression that when the operator gets his mouth full of plaster it will keep his shirt bosom clean. Next, he gets his hand inside the place where the pipe ought to go, and blacks his fingers; then he carefully makes a black mark down one side of his nose. Having got his face properly marked, the victim-usually paterfamilias-is

ready to begin the ceremony.

The "head of the family" grasps one side of the bottom of the stove, and his wife and the hired girl take hold of the

failures or successes. In fact, his was one of well enough. But I think I'll put one up now, post. Having got the "family comfort" in close to Jordan now, sir; that this side or the are usually found under the coal. Then "No," he said, "I never could make out why other, doesn't seem to make much differ to me! the "head of the family" holds up one side "Thank you very kindly, sir, for sitting so of the stove while his wife puts two of the long, a-listening to an old man talking about legs in place, and next he holds up the himself. I'm thinking I've wanted my granny other side while the other two are fixed, hard saying. Sometimes only a very little bit, this afternoon, sir, to tell me to hold my tongue and one of the first two falls out. By the but the eyes that see it are like magnifying if I'd nothing better to say! I wonder what the time the stove is on its legs he gets reckless, and takes off his old coat, regardless of his linen.

Paterfamilias then goes for the pipe, and gets two cinders in his eye. It don't make any difference how well the pipe was put up last year; it will always be found a little too short or too long. The "head of the family" jams his hat over his eyes, and taking a pipe under each arm, goes to the tin shop to have it fixed. When he gets back he steps upon one of the best parlor chairs to see if the pipe fits, and his wife makes him get down for fear he will scratch the varnish off from the chair with the nails in his boot heel. In getting down he will surely step on the cat, and may thank his stars that it is not the baby. Then he gets an old chair and climbs up to the chimney again, to find that in cutting the pipe off the end has been left too big for the hole in the chimney. So he goes to the woodshed and splits one side of the end of the pipe with an old axe, and squeezes it in his hands to make it smaller.

The chief operator at length gets the pipe in shape and finds that the stove does not stand true. Then himself and his wife and his hired girl move the stove to the left, and the legs fall out again. Next it is moved to the right. More difficulty now with the legs. Moved to the front a little. Elbow not even with the hole in the chimney, and the "head of the family" goes again to the wood shed after some little blocks. While putting the blocks under the legs the pipe comes out of the chimney. That remedied, the elbow keeps tipping over, to the great alarm of the wife. Paterfamilias gets the dinner table out, puts the old chair on it, makes his wife take hold of the chair, and balances himself on it to drive some nails into the ceiling; but in doing this he drops the hammer on his wife's head. At last he gets the nails driven, makes a wire swing to hold the pipe, hammers a little here. pulls a little there, takes a long breath, and

Job never put up any stove. It would have ruined his reputation if he had. The above programme, with unimportant variations will be carried out in many respectable families during the next six weeks .--Utica (N. Y.) Herald

"THE PRESS" AND THE SCHOOLS.

The Press, of Philadelphia, says:

"The Catholic hierarchy have profited ittle by experience. With one accord they demand the exclusion of the Bible from the common schools of the respective States, or the right to a share of the common school fund that they may educate their children has cut his own throat, and he is going for the in the Catholic faith. Their object is the item. Should you like to be a reporter, and get utter destruction of the system of popular education. That we do not misstate the case is proved by the following extract from the accepted organ of the hierarchy at Cincinnati, the Catholic Telegraph:"

now closed; it ends with the triumph of law. The second chapter will open with agitation against the law itself in the name of justice and the right that both Protestants and Catholics -have to positive relimother, at the time the babies were dying, and she were a keeping up for my sake.

this tract. Christ's lambs! O weary- gious instruction in separate schools. If the school hearted teacher, tired of dullness, tired of laws be modified to secure denominational education hearted teacher, tired of duliness, tired of indifference or antagonism, look at your for all, Catholics will cheerfully pay their portion of the school fund. If this wise amendment cannot be class through these spectacles! You are made, taxation for school purposes must cease. Now teaching for Christ. He is master, owner; that the Bible has been excluded from the schools, if you the under shepherd. These children the professed Protestants have been sincere in all that they have said in its favor, they must agree with the Catholics in the second issue of this question. Consistency will make them our friends in the future."

"It is idle to say that all this excitement grows out of the presence of the Bible in the schools. It springs from the settled the whole system of enlightened progress. The new movement in this country is diunfed. Refuse to teach? with Christ's own | rected from Rome. Every community with a Catholic congregation in America is preparing to act, or has acted; and the exclusion of the Bible from the schools of Cincinnati is the first bold step in the work of destruction.

the Bible to-morrow would not propitiate which, purchased on the very ground of its these bold and able churchmen. It is the example they fear. It is the system they clously 'fruity.' It was very old wine of some would break down. The Roman Council is | famous year; and the bottle, as brought up from as hostile to the American teacher as to the | the bin, was covered with cobwebs and dust. But, American Bible. It does not discriminate while we were sipping the wine, and exclaiming between what are called republican instrumentalities, and alike rejects the schools, the churches, the colleges, the scholars, the | bit of the label. The next day, when my friend statesmen, the professors, the newspapers and the books that do not subscribe to its bottle of the peculiar Lafitte which had so dedecrees. All are heretical and infidel. In lighted us yesterday. It came cobwebbed and the age of enlightened administration the dust-covered, and was duly discussed and pro-Church at Rome asserts its domination over | nounced deliciously 'fruity.' But horrors! All temporal as well as spiritual affairs; and while man is everywhere asserting his right exclaimed, 'Do you see that cut label! That to self-government, it claims the monopoly over the bodies and the souls of its believers.

free and enlightened government is plain. the landlord, and thus addressed him: What The new issue is one not of their raising. do you mean, you scoundrel, by putting your The duty of the hour is to defend American education against a combination all the upon us as genuine Lafitte? He protested more dangerous because contrived in the that such a thing was impossible. We were at interests of a sect, and intended to arouse the worst sectarian passions. That duty would dare to attempt such a fraud, especially will consolidate a mighty majority of this great people.

The issue is not a doubtful one. It was, perhaps, unavoidable. The nature of tyranny, religious or otherwise, is never to day before. This was shown so conclusively and other side. In this way the stove is started from the wood-shed toward the parlor. It was so with slavery. It may be so with Going through the door, the chief operator the doctrine of the infallibility of Pius IX.

BUDGET OF ANECDOTES.

—Counsellor R—, one of the foremost advocates of the Bar of Central New York, was himself a collegian, and was naturally anxious that his eldest son should reap the honors of his own Alma Mater. During his first year at col. lege, Will was suspended for some flagrant breach of discipline, and arriving at home, he proceeded to report the occurrence to his father. 'Suspended, hey?" the old lawyer remarked, lay. ing down the volume of Reports that he was perusing, and looking reprovingly at Will over his spectacles. "A pretty beginning you've made of it, I declare!" The culprit put his hands in his pantaloons pockets and said not a word. "Well, sir!" continued the parent becoming angry at Will's perfect nonchalance, what have you to say about it?" "Nothing, sir." "Nothing, indeed! What did the president tell you when he suspended you?" "He said I was the worst young man the college had ever held—with one exception." "Ah! Did he say who that was?" "Yes, sir." "Ah!" (A slight pause) "And who was it?" "My father, sir."—Lippincott.

-This story is told of Nantucket a generation ago :- It was a very severe winter, and the harbor had been frozen over four weeks. The coal in store had long been exhausted, and there was much suffering from lack of fuel. Even the fences had been torn down and burnt to eke out the scanty supply of wood. To the great delight of the town's people, the ice broke up one fine morning, and a schooner laden with coal was seen approaching. There was much excitement, and before the craft was moored, a coal dealer boarded her and eagerly addressed the honest Quaker skipper, Captain Gifford. "Wal, Cap'en," said he, "you've about hit it this cruise. I guess I'll hev to take y'ur hul cargo. Spose you'll want more'n the usual \$7 a ton. Wal, I like to do the square thing by a friend, and I'll give you \$12 a ton for it." "Friend," said Captain Gifford, "thee can have one ton of my coal if thee likes for \$8, but only one ton: all must have a chance." Just then one of the richest men of the place joined them saying: "I want ten tons of your coal, at your own pricename it. I have suffered enough for once." He received the same answer, and so did all-one ton for each family, and \$8 as the price of each ton. No love of gain, no solicitation, no regard for individuals could move honest Captain Gif-

-The Detroit Free Press wants modern improvements worked into school reading books, and offers the following as a sample of the sort that would be up to the spirit of the age:-

"Here is a man. He is a fireman. He belongs to No. 10. If you are a good boy, you will some day be an angel like that fireman. It is a dangerous thing to be a fireman. They sometimes get their heads broken.

"Do you see that small boy? He is a good boy and supports his mother by selling newspapers. His father don't have to work any more

" Here is the picture of a young widow. See how 'sad' she looks. Her husband could not pay her dry-goods bill, and so he-died. Do you think she will get another man? She will try hard.

"Here is the face of a reporter. See how joyful he looks. He has just heard that a man licked on dark nights, and see dead persons, and climb up four pair of stairs?"

-The following temperance stories are from Mr. Barnum's late autobiography. Mr. B.'s "The first chapter in this school controversy is this wise: - While exhibiting General Tom Thumb at Saratoga Springs, in 1847, Mr. Barnum saw so much intoxication among men of wealth and intellect that he forthwith pledged himself never to partake of any kind of spirituous liquors as a beverage.

> On one occasion, while in the midst of an argument illustrating the poisonous and destructive nature of alcohol, an opponent called out, 'How does it affect us-externally or interually?" "E-ternally," promptly replied Barnum, which brought down the house with tremendous applause.

In speaking of the arrival of Jenny Lind in this country, he says, "I dined with her that hatred of the Catholic leaders at Rome to afternoon; and when, according to European custom, she prepared to pledge me in a glass of wine, she was somewhat surprised at my saying, 'Miss Lind, I do not think you can ask any other favor on earth which I would not gladly grant; but I am a teetotaler, and must beg to be permitted to drink your health in a glass of cold water.'

One day a friend was dining with me in The consent of the Protestants to exclude | Bordeaux, and I called for a bottle of Lafitte, manufacture, was, of course, genuine and deli-'fruity' at proper intervals, I happened to take out my knife, and quite inadvertently cut off a was again dining with me, I called for another at once something caught my attention; and I is the very bottle which held the rare old wine yesterday; there is the 'ear-mark' which I left In any event, the course of the friends of with my knife on the bottle.' And I summoned vin ordinaire into old bottles, and passing it off the very fountain head of the wine, and no one upon experienced wine tasters like ourselves. But I showed him my careless but remembered mark on the bottle, and proved by my friend that we had the same bottle for our wine of the But when he spoke, I found my thoughts were wrong. Roger had not been thinking about his read-board over my Bessy, sir. There was carefully swings his side of the stove around In any event, humanity must win. The guests, he had never had two dozen bottles of no need for it, for I've al'ays knowed the place and jams his thumb-nail against the door reign of bigotry and intolerance is ended."