

Family Circle.

"If We Knew."

If we knew, when walking thoughtless  
Through the noisy, crowded way,  
That some pearl of wondrous whiteness  
Close beside our pathway lay,  
We would pause where now we hasten,  
We would often look around;  
Lest our careless feet should trample  
Some rare jewel to the ground.

If we knew what forms were fainting  
For the shade that we should fling,  
If we knew what lips were parching  
For the water we could bring;  
We would haste with eager footsteps,  
We would work with willing hands,  
Bearing cups of cooling water,  
Planting rows of shading palms.

If we knew when friends around us,  
Closely pressed to say good-bye,  
Which among the lips that kissed us,  
First would 'neath the daisies lie,  
We would clasp our arms around them,  
Looking on them through our tears,  
Tender words of love eternal  
We would whisper in their ears.

If we knew what lives are darkened  
By some thoughtless word of ours,  
Which has ever lain among them  
Like the frost among the flowers,  
Oh, with what sincere repentings,  
With what anguish of regret,  
While our eyes were overflowing,  
We would cry, Forgive! Forget!

If we knew! Alas! and do we  
Ever care or seek to know  
Whether bitter herbs or roses  
In our neighbors' gardens grow?  
God forgive us! lest hereafter  
Our hearts break to hear him say,  
"Careless child, I never knew you,  
From my presence flee away."  
—Selected.

"The Master's Hour,"

A THOUGHT FOR CHRISTIAN LABORERS.

When the long day's work is over,  
Ere weariness o'erpower,  
There is a blessed season  
I call "the Master's hour."

With names and notes beside me,  
My Bible on my knee,  
I commune with the Master,  
And the Master speaks to me.

As disciples daily told Him,  
At the setting of the sun,  
Of taunt and threat and welcome,  
Of battles lost and won.

So I tell Him all my ventures,  
And illumined by His face,  
The last reward of effort  
Seems a miracle of grace.

He does not often praise me,  
For He knows that flesh is frail;  
But He bids me ever remember  
That no word of His can fail.

Though the seeds of life eternal  
Mid stones and thistles fall,  
Yet the Spirit's balmy showers  
May foster fruit and all.

And if amid my labors  
Some errors give me pain,  
I say, "Before the Master  
I'll think of that again."

Thus, though the night be stormy,  
And by day the tempest lower;  
There's naught but sin can rob me  
Of my blessed "Master's hour."  
—The Christian.

A Yankee Dinner in Hungary.

In Hungary, if you drop in to tea you send home and have your supper sent after you, which is, *a la Grec*, and it is an excellent arrangement, giving a variety of viands; but I do not imagine the American will take kindly to the adoption of that custom.

One day we prepared an American feast for our Hungarian friends, who were curious to see what some of our dishes were like. "You must give us Boston beans and brown bread," said one, who had heard of these Yankee delicacies; and "A pie," chimed in another. Our faculties were not of the best; but we set out a supper that had the virtue of variety, if no other. In vain we searched the china shops for individual butter-plates and small sauce-dishes. They were unknown, and for the first, we substituted color-saucers, which are very similar in shape and size, but they proved a puzzle to our guests. They were quite shocked too, to see the food set upon the table.

I grieve to state that they were not enthusiastic over this national meal for it may seem to cast a reflection upon its cooks. Most gingerly they tasted our beautifully browned beans, remarking casually that it was a pity to so spoil beans when they made so excellent a salad. They actually "turned up their noses" at our delicious brown bread, which they was sure was heavy. The raw-dressed tomatoes they sent away lest they poison the air. The chicken-salad they deigned to say might be good if the chicken had been left out. The American pie they thought might be eatable, had it been baked in small pans, and without a top crust; and our crisp, delicate, warm rolls they refused to eat for twenty-four hours, lest they perish at once. Our roast beef they declined, because it had not been boiled. But the Saratoga potatoes! Budapest may yet erect to us a monument, because we introduced there "Saratoga chips." For they tickled the Hungarian palate, and produced a sensation that satisfied us.

But, as a whole, our American feast starved them. They frankly made known, and we adjourned to a neighboring *Restauration* to satisfy their hunger. This is what we had there: An ox-tail soup, full of dumplings; a dish of green peas and rice boiled together, eaten with grated cheese; small "turnover" pies, filled with sour cabbage, pork

and curry; a chicken cooked with sour cream and *paprica* which is the reddest of red peper, and salad dressed with sunflower oil; some *semmels* (rolls) stuffed with poppy seeds stewed in milk and honey; and, to end with, cheese mixed on the table, made of cream cheese, butter, caviare, garlic and capers.

MARGERY DEANE, in *European Breezes*.

The Duties of a Wife.

The *Home and Farm* gives the following beautiful summary of wifely duties:

Mrs. E. C. O. writes, "Am I wrong in desiring to be more to my husband than simply a real good housekeeper and economist of his earnings?" No, you are not wrong. It is a wholesome, beautiful and noble wish to be a great deal more to your husband than that. If a man only wants a woman to cook his meals, sweep the house, make the beds and darn the socks, he should never marry, for he can get hired help to do all this, much cheaper than a wife. What a true man wants with a wife in addition to this, is her companionship, sympathy and love. The way of life has many rough and dreary places in it, and when trials and temptations beset a man, or he is overtaken by misfortune of any kind, he needs one to stand by and sympathize, and give him encouragement and hope. If he has hard battles to fight with poverty, enemies and sin, he needs to feel that he has some one to fight for, some one who loves him, puts strength into his heart, and imparts inspiration. Indeed, all through life, through storms and through sunshine, conflicts and victory, through adverse and through favoring winds, man needs woman's love. Oh, wives! be careful to fill this tender need, this yearning of a strong heart. Do not be satisfied to seek for nothing more than great success in housework. Give constant sympathy and tenderness and most loving thought to all the wants of the one whom you have chosen to walk beside over the rough as well as the easy places in life's way. The influence of a wife must be very decided either for good or bad. I think there can hardly be a woman living who, unless she has forfeited all claims to her husband's respect, who is not making her mark day by day upon his character. Let us see to it, then, that we are angels of light rather

than angels of darkness. One thing we must fully understand, that worrying, fretting, fault-finding, and any and everything like impatience and ill-temper, will turn our influence away from what we wish it to be. Let us keep sunny weather in our hearts, no matter how hard it may blow or storm outside, and see that our lives are such as constantly increase in love. Let us remember that the strongest influences are those which are silent and indirect; and that it is impossible for us to be in the right, gently, patiently, consistently doing our best and giving out the very truest and sweetest that is in us, without making impressions that will deepen with time, and lead our dear ones up even to the greatest heights.

Anecdote of Bismark.

With a quick knowledge of human nature one may make even a slight knowledge of a language do good service. Bismark, when he was but a youth, displayed his wonderful power of firing sharp shots with small arms. One instance will show how he managed to rebuke impertinence. He occasionally, when a student, took journeys to Kurland, and had picked up some vernacular phrases of that region.

Later in life, when sitting at the table d'hote of a Frankfort hotel, two young ladies opposite him were carrying on a lively conversation with the utmost *sanst gene*. Judging from their frequent smiles and glances along, and more particularly, across the table, Bismark came to the conclusion that he was the chief object of their talk, which was carried on in Kurland dialect, unintelligible to all the guests at the table save himself.

Turning to a friend at his side, he whispered, "When you hear me addressing you a few strange-sounding words, take a key from your pocket and hand it to me."

At the desert the free and easy talk of the young ladies became more and more personal, when to their utter dismay, they suddenly heard their *vis-a-vis* quietly say to his neighbor—

"Dehd man to Azlek!" (Give me the key.)

He was handed the key, while the ladies, blushing and confused, rushed from the seats and out of the dining-room.—*The Evangelist*.