

Family Circle.

My Little Laborer.

A tiny man, with fingers soft and tender
As any lady's fair:
Sweet eyes of blue a form both frail and
slender,

And curls of sunny hair.

A household toy, a fragile thing of
beauty—

Yet with each rising sun
Begins his round of toil—a solemn duty,
That must be daily done.

To-day he's building castle, house and
tower

With wondrous art and skill;
Or labors with his hammer by the hour,
With strong, determined will.

Anon, with loaded little cart he's plying
A brisk and driving trade;
Again, with thoughtful, earnest brow,
is trying

Some book's dark lore to read.

Now, laden like some little beast of bur-
den,

He drags himself along;
And now his lordly little voice is heard
in

Boistrous shout and song—
Another hour is spent in busy toiling
With hoop and top and ball—
And with patience that is never failing,
He tries and conquers all.

But sleep at last o'ertakes my little rover
And on his mother's breast,
Joys thrown aside, the day's hard labor
over,

He sinks to quiet rest;
And as I fold him to my bosom, sleeping
I think, mid gathering tears,
Of what the distant future may be keep-
ing

As work for manhood's years.

Must he with toil his daily bread be
earning,

In the world's busy mart,
Life's bitter lessons every day be learn-
ing,

With patient struggling heart?
Or shall my little architect be building
Some monument of fame,
On which, in letters bright with glory's
gilding,

The world may read his name?

Perhaps some humble, lowly occupation
But shared with sweet content,
Perhaps a life in loftier, prouder station
In selfish pleasure spent.

Perchance these little feet may cross the
portal

Of learning's lofty fane,
His life work be to scatter truth immor-
tal

Among the sons of men.

—Rural Home.

The farmer feeds the bleating u u,
The sailor sails the c c,
The gardener plants the p p, he does,
The printer takes his e e,
The owl looks very y y,
At everything he z z,
The schoolboy dots his i i,
And crosses all his t t.

—Sel.

An hour's industry will do more to
beget cheerfulness, suppresses evil
humors, and retrieve your affairs, than
a month's moaning.

The Origin of Some of Longfel-
low's Poems.

The late James T. Fields, writing
about Longfellow, said:

"As I happen to know of the
birth of some of Longfellow's poems,
let me divulge to you a few of their

secrets. The 'Psalm of Life' came
into existence on a bright summer
morning in July, 1838, in Cam-
bridge, as the poet sat between two
windows at a small table in the
corner of his chamber. It was a
verse from his inmost heart, and he
kept it unpublished for a long time.
It expressed his own feelings at
that time, when recovering from a
deep affliction, and he had it in his
own heart for many months. The
poem of 'The Reaper Death' came
without effort, chrysalized into
his mind. 'The Light of the Stars'
was composed on a serene and
beautiful summer evening exactly
suggestive of the poem. 'The
Wreck of the Hesperus' was writ-
ten the night after a violent storm
occurred, and as the poet sat smok-
ing his pipe the Hesperus came
sailing into his mind. He went to
bed, but could not sleep and wrote
the celebrated verses. It hardly
caused him an effort, but flowed on
without let or hindrance. On a
summer afternoon in 1849, as he
was riding on the beach 'The Skel-
eton in Armor' rose as out of the
deep before him, and would not be
laid.

"One of the best known of all of
Longfellow's short poems is 'Excel-
sior.' That one word happened to
catch his eye in 1851, on a torn
piece of newspaper, and straightway
his imagination took fire at it.
Taking up a piece of paper which
happened to be the back of a letter
received that day from Charles
Sumner he crowded it with verses.
At first written down 'Exelsior'
differs from the perfected and pub-
lished version, but shows a rush and
glow worthy of its author. The
story of 'Evangeline' was first sug-
gested to Hawthorne by a friend
who wished to found a romance on
it. Hawthorne did not quite coin-
cide with the idea, and he handed
it over to Longfellow who saw in it
all the elements of a deep and ten-
der idyl."

How to Introduce People.

"I do dislike to introduce people
to each other," said Eva to me, one
day last week.

"Why, pray? It seems to me a
very simple thing."

Well, when I have it to do, I

stammer and blush, and feel so
awkward, I never know who should
be mentioned first, and I wish my-
self out of the room."

"I think I can make it plain to
you," I said. "You invite Mabel
Tompkins to spend an afternoon
with you. She has never been at
your home before; and your mother
has never met her. When you en-
ter the sitting room, all you have
to do is to say, 'Mother, this is my
friend Mabel; Mabel, my mother.'
If you wish to be more elaborate,
you may say to your Aunt Lucy,
'Aunt Lucy, permit me to present
Miss Mable Tompkins; Miss Tomp-
kins, Mrs. Templeton.' But while
you introduce Mabel to your father
or the minister, or an elderly gen-
tleman, naming the most distin-
guished first, you present your
brother, his chum and your cousin
Fred to the young lady, naming her
first. Fix it in your mind that
among persons of equal station the
younger are introduced to the
older, and that inferiors in age, po-
sition, or influence are presented to
superiors. Be very cordial when
in your own house, you are intro-
duced to a guest, and offer your
hand. If away from home a bow
is commonly sufficient recognition
of an introduction. In performing
an introduction, speak both names
with perfect distinctness.—Harper's
Young People.

A Word for the Boys.

It is a great mistake to think
that you can tell what sort of a man
a little boy is going to become, and
so discourage your mischievous,
fun-loving brothers with your
croaking of "O, you're such a tor-
ment of a boy you'll never grow up
to be anything." Very often our
worst boys make our best men. I
don't advocate harm in boys, but a
real open-hearted, full-of-fun boy is
often a comfort and ought not to be
condemned by his "home folks," or
made to feel that there never was
such a bad boy, and that he surely
will grow up to be a wicked man.
Let your boys feel that they are
wanted at home, that they are
missed from the home circle, and if
their fun-loving spirits over-reach
the boundary of propriety, gently
draw them back with words of love.
Never set them the example of act-
ing carelessly at home, and then
punish them for not being able to
put on "company manners," as
readily as you can. Give them a
room, where they can have a per-
fect curiosity shop if they wish, and

encourage their having companions
in play; but watch carefully how
they choose their companions, and
what influence they have over
them. Don't call them away from
their play to do this and that thing
you forgot, but respect your boys'
feelings by remembering what you
want them to do in their work
time, and then let them feel that
their playtime is theirs. And if
their merry voices ring out through
the house, don't dampen their spir-
its, with, "You're a thoughtless, bad
boy to be so loud and rough; I
won't have you in the house; go
somewhere else to play," but quietly
say, "I guess my boy forgot that
mother doesn't like so much noise;"
that will make him feel your re-
proof, while the other will only
make him hate it, and have little
respect for your wishes. Encour-
age your boys to talk; don't laugh
at their earnest questionings; let
them feel frank with the home cir-
cle. Don't laugh at their slang
phrases at one time and let them
think it is smart, and then condemn
them the next. Never countenance
anything of the kind; tell them
they must use the language they
were taught at home, not the lan-
guage they hear on the streets.
Above everything, don't let your
boys think you have a bad opinion
of them simply because they are
full of mischief; half of it doesn't
mean any harm; it's only the out-
cropping of a bright mind, light
heart and happy life.—AUNT HOPE
in Church and Home.

God Will Know You.

One evening last Christmas, a
gentleman was strolling along a
street in Toronto, with apparently
no object in view but to pass the
time. His attention was attracted
by the remark of a little girl to a
companion in front of a fruit stand:
"I wish I had an orange for ma."
The gentleman saw that the chil-
dren though poorly dressed, were
clean and neat, and calling them in-
to the store he loaded them with
fruit and candies. "What's your
name?" asked one of the girls.
"Why do you want to know?"
queried the gentleman. "I want
to pray for you," was the reply.
The gentleman turned to leave,
scarcely daring to speak, when the
little one added, "Well, it don't
matter, I suppose. God will know
you, anyhow."—Domestic Journal.

It is estimated that the loss to
Iowa farmers this year from poor
seed will amount to \$2,000,000.