

The Home Circle

DANIEL GRAY.
DR. HOLLAND'S TRIBUTE TO HIS FATHER.
I shall ever win the home in heaven
For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and pray
The great company of the forgiven
I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.
Few knew him well; in truth, few knew him better
For my young eyes oft read for him the Word
And saw how meekly from the crystal letter

He drank the life of his beloved Lord.
 And Daniel Gray was not a man who lifted
 On ready words his freight of gratitude,
 Or was he called among the gifted
 In the prayer-meetings of his neighborhood.
 He had a few old-fashioned words and phrases
 Linked in with sacred texts and Sunday rhyme
 And I suppose that in his prayers and graces
 I've heard them all at least a thousand time
 See him now—his form, his face, his motion
 His homely habit, and his silver hair,

to hear the language of his trite devotions,
 Rising behind the straight-backed kitchen chair
 can remember how the sentence sounded—
 "Help us, oh Lord, to pray and not to faint
 and how the "conquering and to conquer" felt.
 The loftier aspirations of the saint.

He had some notions that did not improve his
 life never kissed his children—so they say;
 and finest essence of rarest flowers would mar
 Less than a horse-shoe picked up in the way.

He had a hearty hatred of oppression,
 And righteous word for sin of every kind;

He was linked so closely in his honest mind!
 He could see naught but vanity in beauty,
 And naught but weakness in a fond career,
 And pitied men whose views of Christian duty
 Allowed indulgence in such foolishness.
 Yet there were love and tenderness within it,
 And I am told that when his Charley died
 Nor nature's need nor gentle word could win
 From his fond vigils at the sleeper's side.
 And when they came to bury little Charley,
 They found fresh dewdrops sprinkled in,
 And on his breast a combing gathered early.

And guessed, but did not know who placed
Honest and faithful, constant in his calling,
Strictly attendant on the beams of grace,
Instant in prayer, and fearful lest of fall
Old Daniel Gray was always in his place.
A practical old man and yet a dreamer,
He thought that in some strange, unlikely
His mighty Friend in heaven, the great God
Would honor him with wealth some gold
The dream he carried in a hopeful spirit
Until in death his patient eye grew dim,
And his Redeemer called him to inherit

So, if I ever win the home in heaven
For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and
In the great company of the forgiven
I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.

Tired Mothers.

"Oh, dear me! I wish there
were one in the world!" And then
I looked just as if the words were
spoken in faith; but I knew she had
people tried that morning and

acquaintance, that below that came the impatient speech the mother's warm and tender; still, the woman, for I thought of their effect on little ears that heard them, and regret the future years might hold for the mother. She was once a tired, over-burdened mother, who had round of duty gave her but a few moments of leisure, and who seemed little sunshine out of life, for her poor and could not afford to hire

he told me the days were all to complete the work that was cro-
ach, and unless she sat up late a
duties of to-day would conflict wi-
-morrow, and by the end of
things would be in a terrible co-
suew this mother well when
maiden blithe and gay, trippin-
lightly, with a happy song on he-
not a care in the world. That
ago. Time has robbed her step
nancy, and her song is not heard

allabye, for I may as well tell
little cribs filled up so fast she d
the badge of motherhood gracio
siently. Who shall condemn her
whose lines are drawn in pleasant
know nothing about the hard y
that have come to her life, or
nueven places over which her
daily. Not those who are in l
stances, for their hearts will be
sympathy and pity. Not you
reader, for we cannot tell how

features are, or how heavy a burden
bear without murmuring, or grow
patient, until we are tried in the
furnace. We may be very stoical
but practically find ourselves just
as our sister woman after all.
few that are able to bear

"Ceaseless burdens of homely
With patient grace and daily
There are but few that could

uation like that of this mother
cally, but if all who are so crin-
could look at it in a wise and

ner, and for their children's savor with cheerfulness and patience a labor of love instead of a duty, it would be of incalculable value. Every mother could realize the fullness, that she is reaping ones for eternity; sowing in their wheat or tares, the reaping of bringing happiness or misery, she would find it hard to bridle her tongue, and speak only with gentleness; engrave on little hearts none but beautiful

done but kind and loving senti-
but pure and true principles, for
guide them to happiness, and
mother a crown that death only
fit for heaven.—*Mrs. G. W. Fl.*

Service Made Easy

Drudgery is a tiring word.
thing. Can we not make a two-
turning work and name to suit
I believe it in most cases. Dr.

lined as "mean labor, servile
Is it mean to prepare, at the cost
a meal for those whom we love
an iron pot, to half smother
sweeping a dusty room, is i
mean labor; but if the iron po
nourishing broth, if the broom
carpet figures, making pictures
the owner's eye, the servile bec
occupation.

"Who sweeps a room unto his
Makes that and the action fine

A large family exacts much indeed the converse cannot be small one. With early and latest continuous demands. Into Monday into Saturday's twilight, my needs. And how shall these needs I answer by easy service. First comes the great wash, into which strong arms and a willing heart Monday,—'tis a practical, esque day. All children, whether children, know the beauty of blue that froth and mount and

blows in their little spheres. A wash, how the linen and cotton snovy billows in the great mount one side, then the other continually thrust back by morseless stick. If the sky be wind blow, what a delight to see on the line, like sails of a blue and red pinafors brighter shine, and to count the stock row. Artists have copied the line-erwoman at her tub. One and

painted a scene full of meaning. Features are few. A brown trunk through a little green. An bend over the grass on which few garments to bleach. Look at this semblance of life. Is it not because we like the Sure, Monday is not always drudgery. By evening all were hung out to the breeze, helped to lighten toil, have repose. All are happy in this

Ironing day follows close; is to be aided again, for man and collars and cuffs to be either Mrs. or Miss will help her. This is not without its outside instruction or pleasure perhaps lost, in preparation meal. But if on this depend a family, is not, with the verment, a greater pleasure, a

tion, insured? When eyes and cheeks burn above the range, is ready to bound in, and ride to the ground. If the successment cooking becomes a "situation." We do not picture the girl shelling beans less beautiful than Roland receiving guests.

A HARDY seaman, who had escaped the recent shipwrecks on our coast, asked by a good lady how he felt when waves broke over him. He replied, "ma'am,—very wet."