

FAMILY CIRCLE.

FROST AND SNOW.

Soft, feathery now!
When the cold north winds do blow
How you flicker and shine
On the frosty pine
How sparkle on the thick and brake;
And, filling each nook,
Make the country look
As though Jack Frost were a pastry-cook,
And the world were a sugary cake.
Soft, feathery now!
You're all very pretty, but law!
What a mess you do make when you thaw!
You block up the streets and the squares,
Get blown under doors,
And melt on the floors,
And fall off of one's shoes on the stairs;
When one walks
A cloak, on the seats of the chairs,
Giving one cold unawares,
How one swears!
You make us as snug as bears—
That you do!
You've a talent for wetting us through!
Snowballing is capital fun,
When it is done
In good humor every one.
The sport, as a boy,
I used to enjoy,
And pelted away in a glow;
But now, when I'm old,
Walking home in the cold,
And a snowball comes—crack!
Down the small of my back,
I consider it dreadfully slow.
Then a slide!
How I once loved to glide,
With a run and a jump from the side,
Half across the town pond, though 'twas wide.
What fun 'twas to roll
Almost into the hole
That they made—or the fish would have died.
Though my limbs
Were aching, I laughed till I cried.
But feelings will change, Sir, with age,
What a rage
You or I would be in, I'll engage,
If when only just out
Of our beds from the ground,
Whilst we walked on the pavement
(Foot-people to save meant)
Tipped up we should be
Falling down on our knees
By treacherous slides, which these vile doctor's boys,
With black oilskin baskets and brown corduroys,
Cut out on the path with the greatest of pains
And leave there as traps for falls, fractures and sprains.

"Leave Well Alone."

How few people can do it! It is an almost universal impulse to interfere, to thrust one's self in, wherever things are calm and comfortable. If a man is standing by a lake and admiring its stillness and the beauty of the landscape therein reflected, he generally throws a pebble into it before he has done, though he knows it will make circles on circles and ruffle the face of the mirror. And if we watch a group of children happily at play, few of us will be content to stand aloof and look on at their pretty little devices without thrusting our large, uninteresting selves into the small company, like a great overgrown whale plunging into a party of merry little minnows. If we would only make a diversion when things are going wrong, then, indeed, it would be highly praiseworthy; but *tout au contraire*, we do not care about it then. No, it is the smoothness that tempts the stone, the brightness that attracts the objects casting the shadow. And thus it goes on. We do not care to go and talk to the neglected person who looks posed, and to whom a little attention would be a kindness; we prefer to join the group of merry talkers and laughers who do not want us in the least, and on whom our presence will very likely act as a check. This is the natural impulse of most people; we do not say but what experience teaches a different lesson sooner or later. A few decided rebuffs from the popular portion of the company may in time teach any one the inexpediency of such intrusions, and show them how much better it is to follow the dictates of true courtesy and try to equalize things. Still, self-assertion is the natural untutored impulse of human nature in general; and have we not all suffered from it in others though we may like to practice it ourselves?

We must all know what it is to be engaged in an interesting conversation, when suddenly some fresh person enters and stops it. "Why should we not go on all the same?" No doubt the new arrival would say this, but how few conversations are there, worthy the name, in which we can "go on" under the influence of a fresh pair of eyes and ears! It is not that we are saying any harm; it is only that we are revealing our inner selves a little more freely than usual; or that our talk has reference to things not known or understood by the new listener, who will be liable, therefore, to think it great nonsense. This is especially the case if he is a different calibre in any way—say an older generation. What can he care for our childlike prattle? Will he not misjudge and condemn? Alas! few are the houses in which the entrance of the father is not more, or less, a signal for caution, to a degree that is lamentable.

It is a great pity when the elders are in a hurry to condemn; when they go on the principle that everything must be wrong that they do not quite see the

point of, instead of taking the charitable and far safer line of suffering it to be right, unless they clearly see otherwise. There, too, the entrance of a child to a schoolroom, boy or girl, obliges us to be careful; for these *enfants terribles* have a way of misunderstanding and repeating perhaps to their parents, which may be very praiseworthy, but is nevertheless liable to lead to great inconvenience sometimes.

—John Bull.

HOME INTERESTS.

The White Soul.

Virtue has ever two classes of followers. The first walk in her train for the love they bear her divine form, for the delight of gazing on those lines of beauty which glorify her face, and for the ineffable serenity she breathes into their souls. The other class have their eyes fastened solely on the rewards scattered along her path. Blind to her rare symmetry and the majesty of her step, deaf to the music of her voice, they are only eager to clutch the shining gifts she lets fall. The first class do right because right is right, not for love of gain nor for fear. Gain is the motive of base spirits and fear the spur of craven souls.

A young Frenchman brought to D'Alembert the solution of a difficult problem. Said he: "I have done this in order to have a seat in the Academy." "Sir," replied D'Alembert, "with such dispositions you will never earn one. Science must be loved for its own sake, and not for the advantage to be derived. No other principle will enable a man to make progress in the sciences." And so of Virtue. He who would progress in virtue must love her for her own sake. There are two ways in which this progress can be made. First, by the positive love of all that which is high, and pure, and just, and true; and, second, by the uprooting from the heart every base passion, every vicious inclination, every low tendency, every ignoble feeling. Here each has his own besetting sin. With one a vindictive disposition dominates over him; with another pride is the bane of virtue; with another jealousy; with another sensual gratification. The wisest and best of all the heathen philosophers freely avowed that he had struggled for the mastery and won it over every base passion that infests the human heart.

The person eager in his pursuit of virtue has no temptation to corrode his heart with schemes of revenge, no enthusiasm to waste on trivial objects, no time to waste on vain enterprises. His eye is ever fixed and steady, and though it may catch and reflect fleeting images of strife, of envy, of revenge, they are forgotten and melt away in the earnest gaze upward. One excellent means of cultivating whiteness of soul is reading biography.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime."

We want to get inside views of the character of those we read about, to see them as they appeared in the simplicity of fireside association and stripped of the robes they wore before the crowds that honor them. In the interior life of Lincoln, for example, how little consciousness the man seems to have had of himself; how earnest he was to get at just the exact truth of statements made; how sincere in his charity for all; how incapable of malice toward any. The interior life of Alice Cary appears to have been in an uncommon degree serene, and pure, and high. Envy, detraction, selfishness, scorn, had no part in that noble womanhood. She saw not that excellence which she had reached, but that which was still to be pursued. She considered not how far she had outrun others, but how far distant she herself was from the goal.

Scorn and vindictiveness tarnish and blacken the soul quicker and more effectively than any other of the passions. "No knight of Arthur's noblest dealt in scorn; but, if a man were halt or nunchon, in him by those whom God had made full-limbed and tall, Scorn was allowed as part of his defect, And he was answered softly by the King And all his Table."

Revenge taken into the heart and cherished there poisons every noble aspiration. Envy, hatred, pride, pollute the soul at its very center. But the love of truth, of purity, of honor, of

justice, of intelligence; because these are in themselves worthy of our highest love—this will mold the character, this command the consciousness of integrity and spotlessness of soul that will be a possession when

"Victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend with common dust."

When and How to Find Fault.

Find fault, when you must find fault, in private, if possible, and some time after the offence, rather than at the time. The blamed are less inclined to resist when they are blamed without witnesses. Both parties are calmer, and the accused persons may be struck with forbearance of the accuser, who has seen the fault and watched for a private and proper time for mentioning it. Never be harsh and unjust with your children or servants. Firmness, with gentleness of demeanor and regard to the feelings, constitutes that authority which is always respected and valued. If you have any cause to complain of servants, never speak hastily; wait, at all events, until you have had time to reflect on the nature of the offence, and if you must then reprove, it will not be under the influence of anger.

DELICACY IN CONVERSATION.

There is speaking well, speaking easily, speaking justly, and speaking seasonably. It is offending against the last to speak of entertainment before the indigent; of sound limbs and health before the infirm; of houses and lands before one who has not so much as a dwelling; in a word, to speak of your prosperity before the miserable; this conversation is cruel, and the comparison which naturally rises in them betwixt their condition and yours is excruciating.

OUR YOUNG PATRONS.

POPPED CORN.

"One autumn night, when the wind was high,
And the rain fell in heavy plashes,
A little boy sat by the kitchen fire,
A-popping corn in the ashes:
And his sister, a curly-haired child of three,
Sat looking on, just close to his knee.

"The blast went howling round the house,
As if to get in 't was trying;
It rattled the latch of the outer door,
Then it seemed a baby crying;
Now and then a drop down the chimney came,
And spluttered and hissed in the bright red flame.

"Pop! pop! and the kernels, one by one,
Came out of the embers flying:
The boy held a long pine stick in his hand,
And kept it busily plying;
He stirred the corn, and it snapped the more,
And faster jumped to the clean-swept floor.

"Part of the kernels hopped one way,
And a part hopped out the other;
Some few plump in the sister's lap,
Some under the stool of her brother:
The little girl gathered them into a heap,
And called them 'a flock of milk-white sheep.'"

"All at once the boy sat still as a mouse,
And into the fire kept gazing;
He quite forgot he was popping corn,
For he looked where the wood was blazing:
He looked, and he fancied he could see
A house and a barn, a bird and a tree.

"Still steadily gazed the boy at these,
And pussy's back kept raising;
Till his sister cried out: 'Why, George,
Only see how the corn is smoking!'
And sure enough, when the boy looked back,
The corn in the ashes was burnt quite black.

"'Never mind,' said he: 'we shall have enough;
So now let's sit back and eat it:
'I'll carry the stool, and you the corn—
It's good—nobody can beat it.'
She took up the corn in her pinafore;
And they eat it all, not wishing for more."

A BRAVE BOY.

A CAPITAL STORY.

We have never read a better story than the following. Many of our readers have doubtless seen it in the Sunday School Advocate, but it will do them good to read it again; and we insert it here, that it may not only be re-read by those who have seen it, but many who have not done so. Hartley is the boy for us; how many Hartleys are there among our boys? We hope the story will greatly increase the number.

I shall never forget a lesson, which I received when quite a small boy at the Academy in B. Among my school-fellows were Hartley and Jemson. They were somewhat older than myself, and to Jemson I looked up as a sort of leader, in matters of opinion as well as sport. He was not at heart malicious, but he had a foolish ambition of being thought witty, and he made himself feared by the bad habit of turning things into ridicule, and being ever on the lookout for matters of derision.

Hartley was a new scholar, and little was known of him among the boys. One morning, as we were on the way to school, he was seen driving a cow along the road towards a neighboring field. A group of boys, among whom was Jemson, met him as he was passing.

The opportunity was not to be lost by Jemson. "Hallo!" he exclaimed, "what's the price of milk? I say, Jonathan, what do you fodder on? What will you take for all that gold on her horns? Boys, if you want to see the latest Paris style, look at those boots!" Hartley waved his hand to us with a pleasant style, and driving the cow to the field, took down the bars of a rail fence, saw her safely in the enclosure, and then putting up the bars, came and entered the school with the rest of us. After school, in the afternoon, he let out the cow and drove her off, none of us knew where. And every day for weeks he went through with the same task.

The boys of B. Academy were nearly all the sons of wealthy parents, and some of them, among whom was Jemson, were dunces enough to look down with a sort of disdain upon a scholar who had to drive a cow. The sneers and the jeers of Jemson were accordingly often renewed. He once, on a plea that he did not like the odor of the barn—refused to sit next to Hartley. Occasionally he would inquire after the cow's health, pronouncing the word "keow," after the manner of some country people.

With admirable good nature did Hartley bear all these silly attempts to wound and annoy him. *I do not remember that he was even once betrayed into a look or word of angry retaliation.* (Good!)

"I suppose, Hartley," said Jemson, one day, your daddy means to make a milkman of you."

"Why not?" said Hartley.
"O, nothing; only don't leave much water in the cans after you rinse them—that's all."

The boys laughed, and Hartley, not in the least mortified, replied:

"Never fear; if ever I should rise to a milkman, I'll give good measure and good milk, too."

The day after this conversation, there was a large public examination, at which a number of ladies and gentlemen from the neighboring towns were present. Prizes were awarded by the principal of our academy, and both Hartley and Jemson received a creditable number; for, in respect to scholarship, these two were about equal. After the ceremony of distribution, the principal announced that there was one prize, consisting of a gold medal, which was rarely awarded, not so much on account of its great cost, as because instances were rare which rendered its bestowal proper.

It was the prize of Heroism. The last boy who received one was young Manners, who, three years ago, rescued a blind girl from drowning. The principal said that, with permission of the company, he would relate to them a short story.

Not long since, some scholars were flying a kite in the street just as a poor boy on horseback rode by on his way to the mill. The horse took fright and threw the boy, injuring him so badly that he was carried home, and confined some weeks to his bed. The scholars who had unintentionally caused the disaster, none followed to learn the fate of the wounded boy. There was one scholar, however, who had witnessed the accident from a distance, who not only went to make inquiries, but stayed to render services.

This scholar soon learned that the poor boy was the grandson of a poor widow, whose sole support consisted in selling the milk of a fine cow of which she was the owner. Alas! what could she now do? She was old and lame, and her grandson, on whom she depended to drive the cow to the pasture, was on his back helpless.

"Never mind, good woman," said the scholar, "I can drive your cow!"

With blessings and thanks the old woman accepted his offer. But his kindness did not stop here. Money was wanted to get articles from the apothecary. "I have money that my mother sent me to buy a pair of boots with, but I can do without them for awhile."

"O, no," said the old woman, "I can't consent to that, but here is a pair of heavy boots that I bought for Henry, who can't wear them. If you would

only buy these, giving what they cost, we could get along nicely."

The scholar bought the boots, clumsy as they were, and has worn them up to this time.

Well, when it was discovered by other boys of the academy that our scholar was in the habit of driving a cow, he was assailed every day with laughter and ridicule. His cowhide boots in particular were made a matter of mirth. But he kept on cheerfully and bravely, day after day, never shunning observation, driving the widow's cow and wearing his thick boots, contented in the thought that he was doing right; caring naught for all the jeers and sneers that could be uttered. He never undertook to explain why he drove a cow, for he was not inclined to make a vaunt of his charitable motives, and furthermore in his heart he had no sympathy with the false pride that could look down with ridicule on any useful employment. It was by mere accident that his course of kindness and self-denial was yesterday discovered by his teacher.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to you, was there not true heroism in this boy's conduct? Nay, Master Hartley, do not hide out of sight behind the blackboard. You are not afraid of ridicule, you must not be afraid of praise. Come forth, come forth, Master Edward James Hartley, and let us see your honest face!"

As Hartley, with blushing cheeks, made his appearance, a round of applause, in which the whole company joined, spoke the general approbation of his conduct! The ladies stood upon the benches and waved their handkerchiefs. The old men wiped the gathering moisture from the corners of their eyes, and clapped their hands. Those clumsy boots on Hartley's feet seemed a prouder ornament than a crown would have been upon his head. The medal was bestowed on him amid general acclamation.

Let me tell you a good thing of Jemson before I conclude. He was heartily ashamed of his ill-natured railery, and after we were dismissed, he went with tears of manly self-rebuke in his eyes, and tendered his hand to Hartley, making a handsome apology for his past ill-manners. "Think no more of it, old fellow," said Hartley, "let us all go and have a ramble in the woods before we break up for the vacation." The boys, one and all, followed Jemson's example, and then we set forth with huzzahs into the woods. What a happy day it was!

Boys and girls, never despise another who may be more plainly clad than yourselves. There is many a noble heart under a well-patched garment. Whenever you are tempted to look scornfully upon one who is in a poor or a plain dress, think of Edward James Hartley, the brave boy, and his gold medal.

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