

The Family Circle.

For the Western Recorder. A POEM To the Alcotts of the Female College, by Joanne M. Innes.

Radical Day! Bring all your tender arms, The sunny smiles with peaceful life's attire, The best bloom that the garden of life bears...

Oh! fallen Part! To day our eager hands Flare wide the door beyond whose portal lies The radiant story of Life's sweetest hours...

And there a folded hand, whose earnest look With frank and open, womanly beauty wreath, "Life is the truest art!" The dead life speaks...

And putting down the stream of wretched years We hear the silver music of victory. The radiant story of Life's sweetest hours...

Be ours the magic circle that shall weave The angel in the radiant, absolute truth, We hold the key to life's truest hours...

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over the first love, let each blame himself or herself, not the other. It is a great Christian rule that to be loved we must show kindness and generosity, and not expect to receive what we do not grant ourselves.

So may a happy marriage, the beauty of which has been spoiled by some misunderstanding, ripen into a true friendship. It is a great Christian rule that to be loved we must show kindness and generosity, and not expect to receive what we do not grant ourselves.

Patience for Boys and Girls. In these days of political agitation, when few men can tell just where they stand, it is a great Christian rule that to be loved we must show kindness and generosity, and not expect to receive what we do not grant ourselves.

As an Equine Commander. The leadership of a drove of muttons is determined by the superior prowess and endurance of the candidate. So far as we can judge, the herd selects its leader, and he in humility obeyed its long and short lines.

The Net of Marriage. Many people, especially if they marry young, and on the impulse of some taking fancy to the idea of consideration of the very grave nature of the state they are entering, discover afterwards that his or her mate does not come up to the expectations which had been formed for them.

Hyper-gaillity. A sorrowful sight in this world is a man who can do but one thing, follow but one avocation in life, and forming the time for his education, making a living by trading to some thing else. Horace Greeley said he knew hundreds of men who possessed the time and energy to do anything, but were unable to obtain it.

Occupations of Women. Forty-three or forty-four years ago, Miss Harriet Martineau is reported to have said that in Massachusetts, one of the most highly civilized and advanced communities in the world, there were but seven in distress open to women who wanted to work.

Our Little Folks. THE MOTHERS ROOM. I'm awfully sorry for poor Jack! He's that fat little fellow with his nose, you know. He's got his nose so big that it's almost like a hat.

ment or profession. Parents are too often responsible for their disposition on the part of their children. Boys should be taught that all honest labor is honorable, and that the farm, the work-shop, or the counting room. Early in life, they should be given some responsibility.

Parents' Paradise. By special request we publish the following: We were much impressed lately by the orderly behavior of a large family of children, particularly at the table. We spoke of it to our host, and he pointed to a paper pinned on the wall, which was headed "Rules and Regulations for Parents' Paradise."

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and the most doughy foe of the cry of women's rights as if it were dogma. The destruction of the sex-along feminine character—a kind of war upon nature itself—must admit that, whether the discussion be regarded as a cause, or a means to an end, the abandonment of program due to other causes, it is during this discussion that the opportunities of women have been greatly enlarged, and the general view of education of women to the State of Massachusetts, which was the scene of Miss Martineau's reputed observations, is that there are 294 occupations open to women, instead of seven, and that 251,158 women are earning their own living in these occupations, receiving from \$100 to \$5,000 each, every year. This computation does not include amateurs, or holders, and of course, excludes the men, and of course, excludes the most insignificant approaches of the sex toward that terrible equality which is the badge of some sensitive souls, who, in their hands, have a very different view of the development of society should be given, to change Charles Lamb's words, that there are women—Harper's Magazine.

Send the little one to bed in a happy frame of mind. It requires some discipline and self-denial on the part of a weary parent to answer all the demands of a child, and attend to the many wants that multiply so fast as the hour of bedtime draws near, but it is a labor of love that will bring a large reward.

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"Poor things," said mamma. "Bliss has been put up by their mother and they will die. Take them away; how they cry!" as the faint squeak betokened they were hungry. A whispered consultation was held, and the children as they walked slowly out, and the affair was forgotten.

Some time after, perhaps a week or more, having concluded to go to the box, we saw a mysterious looking boy, with soft wool in it, and a dish of milk near. Curiously led to an immediate examination, and the six or seven found quietly sleeping in their new nest, happy and contented. Ethel had invented a novel idea to nurse the tiny creatures—a small but firm straw held in the bottle of warm milk by her and Marguerite, and in turn, as they sucked eagerly when it was placed in the opened mouths, I dare say you would hardly believe it, but it is all strictly true. Papa, when he saw the motherly arrangement, but said he "could not raise a colony of mice to eat up his grain."

When the children next went to the garret the nest was empty, and the motherly arrangement was destroyed, and said "it was a sham." But papa was right; rats or mice are not pleasant pets. I will tell you more of Ethel another time, and how she tamed the wild colt.—Golden Rule.

A Jolly Parrot. In the little town of Hull we have an ancient parrot. His age is not definitely known; but he has been owned by one family nearly thirty years. In the summer season his cage is hung out-of-doors, that he may have the benefit of the air and sunshine; and he may be heard screaming out, for hours together, the names of the different members of the family, and "Ma, ma, pa, pa, grammas," Polly wants a cracker, Polly wants a cracker! This is perhaps annoying to the young and nervous invalids. Several years ago his owner, Capt. L., thought he would like his family—his wife and two children—to the annual fair at Hingham, and to add to the interest of the occasion, they decided to take "pretty Polly" with them. So they started with a hired horse and carriage, and set safely over Nantuxet beach into the highway; but when passing over a piece of bad road an accident occurred. Capt. L. was, perhaps, more skillful in steering a ship than in driving a horse, and broke down in driving a horse on a bad road. But he that it may, the carriage upset, the horse fell down, and the parrot was broken. The bird was not hurt, nor were any of them seriously injured. Polly popped on a perch near by to watch the order of events, and as he saw Capt. L., his wife and daughters crawling out of the debris of the broken carriage, he screamed out, "I shall die laughing. I shall die laughing."—S. Beeble, in Zion's Herald.

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