

The Home Circle.

TO MOTHER.

Mother, why so sad?
 Thy spirit why o'ert down?
 God has but called his own
 To wear an immortal crown.

From earth, and sin, and pain,
 Forever he is free;
 Exalt then in his joy,
 Forget thy misery.

His trials now are o'er;
 He fought the blessed fight
 Of faith, and now on Cannan's shore
 He's robed in raiments white.

Then mother, why so sad?
 Why droops thy spirit down?
 O? think of heaven's shining hosts,
 And less of church-yard mound.

If faithful unto death,
 We shall in glory stand;
 See father there, and with him sing
 Hosannas to the Lamb.

We should abide our time,
 And wait till victory's won;
 Not murmur at God's chast'ning rod,
 But say, "Thy will be done."

This world is not our home;
 A few more years at most,
 Through death, we'll enter paradise,
 And join the heavenly hosts.

Then praise the Lord, our God,
 Though friends from us are riven,
 His precious word assurance gives,
 We'll meet again in Heaven.

ANGELS IN THE FLOWERS.

I've been in the beautiful garden, and see!
 Some dear little angels came talking to me!
 They tenderly smiled,
 And they said, "Little child,
 The angels will whisper a lesson for thee."

Deep down in the lily, as white as the snow,
 I heard a sweet angel sing gently and low;
 She lovingly smiled,
 And she said "Little child,
 As pure as the lily I hope you will grow."

Then out of the heart of a beautiful rose,
 An angel as bright as a sunbeam arose,
 So gayly she smiled,
 As she said "Little child,
 Grow lovely each day as the sweet rosebud grows."

Then up from the moss of a dewy bank near,
 An angel's voice whispered, so low and so clear,
 So gently she smiled,
 As she said, "Little child,
 Be lowly and meek as the violet, dear."

Now come to the garden, oh! will you, ma?
 I'll show you just where the angels are;
 Where they saw me and smiled,
 As they said "Little child,
 They cannot so quickly have flown away far."

I said "Little one, it may possibly be
 The bright things of fancy are real to thee,"
 But sadly I smiled,
 As I said, "Little child,
 The pure in heart, only, the angels can see."

ORDER.

The beauty of order has been descanted upon so much and so often, that we relate the following without comment: In a private party, one evening, at which the late Andrew Fuller was present, the conversation turned upon the subject of preaching, when one of the party said, preaching without notes was the hardest thing in the world. Mr Fuller said it was easy enough if they went to work in the right way. "Now," he said, "if I was told to tell my hired girl to go to the store and get some sugar and blue, some coffee and starch, some cakes, some soap and almonds, some candles and spice, some nuts and some tea, some potash and butter, she would say, 'Oh, dear sir, I can never think of all that.' 'Well, look here, Botty, you know to-morrow your mistress is going to have a large wash, and she will want some blue and soap, some candles and potash; the next day she will have company, and will want some tea and coffee, sugar, spice, nuts, cakes, butter and almonds.' 'Thank you, sir; now I can think of them all.' So it is in preaching with good arrangement."

MEN OF ACTION.

Some men seem to be sent into the world for purposes of action only. Their faculties are all strung up to toil and enterprise; their spirit and their frame alike redolent of energy. They pause and slumber like other men; but it is only to recruit from actual fatigue. They occasionally want quiet, but only as a refreshment to prepare them for renewed exertion, not as a normal condition to be wished for or enjoyed for itself. They need rest, not repose. They investigate and reflect; but only to estimate the best means of attaining their ends, or to measure the value of their undertakings against the cost. They think; they never meditate. Their mission, their enjoyment, the object and condition of their existence, is work; they could not exist here without it. They cannot conceive another life as desirable without it; their amount of vitality is beyond that of ordinary men; they are never to be seen doing nothing. When doing nothing else, they are always sleeping. Happy souls! Happy men at last.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR BOYS.

It is as impossible to make a chemist, or an engineer, or an naturalist, of a boy, if he has no special taste or aptness for these studies, as to make a poet out of a Digger Indian. It is no unusual circumstance for parents who have boys just entering upon manhood to come to us desiring counsel in regard to placing them in a chemical laboratory, that they "may learn the trade," as, to their eyes, the business appears remunerative. They have no special genius, no training in preparatory studies, no decided leaning towards chemical manipulation or research, but the desire is to have them "made" into chemists. There is a mistaken idea, common to many parents, that their children is as well adapted to one employment as another, and that they only need opportunities to learn regarding this pursuit or that, to become proficient and rise to eminence. More than half the sad failures so commonly observed are due to being forced into the wrong road in early life. Young men are forced into pulpits, when they should be following the plough; forced into courts of law, when they should be driving the plane in a carpenter's shop; forced into sick rooms, as physicians, when they should be guiding a locomotive, or heading an exploring party into the Rocky Mountains; forced into industrial laboratories, when they should be in the counting room or shop.

It is a wise provision of Providence that nearly every boy born into the world has some peculiar distinctive capability, some aptness for a particular calling or pursuit; and if he is driven into channels contrary to his instincts and tastes, he is in antagonism with Nature, and the odds are against him. One of the earliest and most anxious of enquiries of parents should be directed to the discovery of the leanings of their children, and if they find that their boy, who they earnestly desire should adorn the bar, or the pulpit, is persistently engaged in constructing toy ships, and wading in every puddle of water to test their sailing qualities; if he reads books of voyages, and when in a seaport steals away to the wharves, to visit ships and talk with sailors, it is certain he is born for the sea. Fit him out with a sailor's rig, put him in the best possible position for rising to the honorable post of ship-master, and you have discharged your duty. If, on the other hand, he is logical, discriminating, keen, fond of argument, let him enter the law; if he is fond of whittling, planing, sawing, constructing, and neglects his duties, turn him over to a good carpenter, to learn the trade. If he begins early to spend his pennies for sulphur, niter, oil of vitriol, aqua fortis, etc.; if he is such a persistent experimenter that you fear he will kill himself, or set your buildings on fire; if his pockets are full of abominable drugs, and his clothing so charged with the odor of stale eggs that you refuse to admit him to table at meal times, why, the chances are that he is "born" chemist, and it will be safe to start him off to some technical school for instruction.

The question is, not what we will make of our boys, but what position are they manifestly designed to fill; in what direction does Nature point, as respects avocations or pursuits in life which will be in harmony with their capabilities and instincts? It is no use for us to repine and find fault with the supposed vulgar tastes of our boys. We must remember that no industrial calling is vulgar; every kind of labor is honorable; and it is far better to be distinguished as a first class cobbler or peddler than to live the contemptible life of a fifth rate lawyer or clergyman.

There are thousands of boys born into the world possessing scarcely a trace of ambition. Such do not care for distinction, or even for wealth; if they can procure the humblest fare, by constant toil, the aspirations of their boyhood, and subsequently of their manhood, are fully met. They are negative characters, happy with nothing, and suffer no elation or depression, whether in sunshine or under a cloud. These boys, who often afford much mortification to ambitious, fill a most important niche in the world; in fact, the world could not do without them. They constitute the great army of men who build our railroads, tunnel our mountains, load and unload our ships, cut down our forests, and manipulate the red hot iron masses which come from our blast furnaces. We cannot alter the temperament of such boys. Nature is stronger than we are, and well it is that this is so. We may hold them by the power of wealth or controlling influences; but when these fail they fall at once to their place, in obedience to a law as irresistible as that which Newton discovered in the fall of the apple. Study to learn what they are capable of doing for themselves; encourage them to do well whatever work is suited to their natures. Regard every calling as honorable, the labor of which is honorably performed, and thus insure happiness and prosperity to our offspring.—Boston Journal of Chemistry.

THE STORY OF RODGERS.

One of our family papers preaches a strong temperance sermon, by simply telling the story of a woman who, after struggling with the preternatural strength of a loving wife and mother for years against the demon of drink that possessed her husband, conquered it, and made him once again a free man. In his last illness, brandy was prescribed, which he was strong enough to use only as a medicine; but after his death she turned to it in grief and did, not many months later, a hopeless,

helpless drunkard." Let us tell a companion story as true as this but of a different complexion as daylight to night. A few years ago any sunny morning a heap of filthy rags might be seen stretched on some of the bales of a paper warehouse in a neighboring city, with a strong smell of stale tobacco and whiskey hanging about it. Turning it over (which you could do as though it were a log any time after ten o'clock in the morning), you would find the swollen purple face of what had once been a handsome young man, but there was little hope that the bleared eyes or thick tongue would give an intelligent answer. The porters passing by would push him aside, but not roughly. The time had been when he had been a jolly, generous young fellow, and a favorite in the office. "Young Rodgers," some one would give you his history in five minutes. "Taken to rum—no chance—poor devil. Stokes, the proprietor, could not turn him out to starve, so still gave him a nominal salary, and suffered him to hang about the house least he should take to worse courses than drinking." There were hints, too, of a widowed mother away off in the country, who had been dependant on him, and a sweetheart, a pretty, clinging little girl, both of whom long ago he had abandoned. But there was nothing to be done. The end, through the usual horrors of delirium tremens, was apparently not far off.

One day, as Rodgers was creeping to the nearest bar for his morning bitters, a man, whom he barely knew by sight, took him by the elbow and walked with him into a quieter street. "They tell me you are Richard Rodgers' son," he said. "Dick Rodgers was the only friend I had for years, and for his sake I'd like to save his boy. Are you willing for me to try?" "Oh, you can try," muttered the lad with an imbecile laugh. This nameless friend, nothing daunted, took him to a chamber in his own house and put him to bed. There he had his sons kept watch and guarded this poor wretch for months, like a prisoner, keeping liquor from him, and trying to supply it by medical treatment. A physician he employed, but he was not able to pay for a nurse. Any one who has been to deal with a victim of mania-a-potu can guess how difficult and loathsome a task he had set himself. Ungrateful enough it was at first for Rodgers struggled against his tormentors with the ferocity of—just what he was—a starving animal. As reason began to return, and his unnatural strength to vanish, he would beg them in his intervals of reason not to fail him, but to work out the experiment either to success or death. "It is my last chance," he would cry, "for God's sake be patient." This friend, with his son, did work it through all the foul, unmentionable details, and the end was not death, but success. "How soon," asked a friend of Rodgers afterwards, "were you trusted alone?" "Not for two years," he answered, laughing. "I was out of jail but in jail bounds. Do you remember that lank, muscular young fellow who had a desk beside me in the office? He took it with the condition that he could leave it to dog me night and day, to my meals and to my bed. That was the son of the man who saved me. He was taken from a lucrative situation in order that he might become my jailer. God bless him! How I used to curse him! 'Can't you trust my honor?' I would cry. 'I'm not convinced that your honor has not the consumption,' the Scotch-Irishman would say. 'We'll put no burdens on it until it has regained its health.'"

"Your friend was a wealthy man, no doubt, and so able to give both time and money to your case?" "On the contrary, he is but the owner of a small hat-store, and supports his family out of that. He is rich and noble only in the dead and spirit of friendship." All this was years ago. Rodgers is now an industrious, honorable man, married to his old love, with his gray-haired mother by his hearth, bringing to it the perpetual benediction of benignant old age. His friend sells hats—makes no speeches nor bruits of any sort in the world. Nobody has recognized in him a hero. Yet, who for the sake of a dead and living friend would go and do likewise?—Tribune.

THE LAUGH OF CHILDHOOD.

I love laughing children—the boy or girl who can appreciate a merry jest. Give me the boy or girl who smiles as soon as the first rays of the morning sun glance in through the window, gay, happy and kind. Such a boy will be fit to "make up" into a man—at least when contrasted with a sullen, morose, crabbed fellow, who snaps and snarls like a surly cur, or growls and grunts like an untamed hyena, from the moment he opens his angry eyes till he is "confronted" by his breakfast. Such a girl, other things being favorable, will be material to aid in gladdening some comfortable home, or to refine, civilize, tame and humanize a rude brother, making him gentle, affectionate, and lovable. It is a feast to even look at such a joy-inspiring girl, such a woman-girl, and see the smiles flowing, so to speak, from the parted lips, displaying a set of clean, well-brushed teeth, looking almost the personification of beauty and goodness, singing and as merry as the birds, the wide-awake birds that commenced their morning concert long before the lazy boys dreamed that the sun was approaching and about to pour a whole flood of light and warmth upon the earth. Such a girl is like a gentle shower to the parched earth, bestowing kind words, sweet smiles and acts of mercy to all around her—the joy and light of the household.

A MOTHER'S HOME.

The most perfect home I ever saw was in a little house into the sweet incense of whose fires went no costly things. A thousand dollars served for a year's living of father, mother and three children. But the mother was a creator of home, and her relations with her children were the most beautiful I have ever seen. Even a dull and commonplace man was lifted up and enabled to do work for souls, by the atmosphere which this woman created; every inmate of her house involuntarily looked into her face for the key-note of the day; and it always rang clear. From the rosebud or clover leaf which, in spite of her hard housework, she always found time to put by our plates at breakfast, down to the essay or story she had on hand to be read or discussed in the evening, there was no intermission of her influence. She has always been and always will be my ideal of a mother, wife, homemaker. If to her quick brain, loving heart, and exquisite tact had been added the appliance of wealth and the enlargements of wider culture, hers would have been absolutely the ideal home. As it was, it is the best I have ever seen.

It is more than twenty years since I crossed its threshold. I do not know whether she is living or not. But as I see house after house in which fathers and mothers and children are dragging out their lives in a hap-hazard alternation of listless routine and unpleasant collision, I always think with a sigh of that poor little cottage by the sea shore, and the woman who was the "light thereof;" and I find in the faces of many men and children, as plainly written and as sad to see, as in the newspaper columns of "Personals," "Wanted—a home."

WHAT MEN NEED WIVES FOR.

It is not to sweep the house, and make the bed, and darn the socks, and cook the meals, chiefly that a man wants a wife. If this is all, when a young man calls to see a lady, send him into the pantry to taste the bread and cakes she has made; send him to inspect the needlework and bed making; or put a broom into her hands and send him to witness its use. Such things are important, and the wise young man will quietly look after them.

But what the true man most wants of a wife is her companionship, sympathy, courage and love. The way of love, has many dreary places in it, and man needs a companion to go with him. A man is sometimes overtaken with misfortunes; he meets with failure and defeat; trials and temptations beset him; and he needs one to stand by and sympathize. He has some stern battles to fight with poverty, with enemies and with sin; and he needs a woman that, while he puts his arms around her and feels that he has something to fight for, will help him to fight; that will put her lips to his ear and whisper words of council, and her hand to his heart and impart new inspirations. All through life—through storm and through sunshine, conflict and victory, through adverse and favoring winds, man needs a woman's love. The heart yearns for it. A sister's or a mother's love will hardly supply the need.

Yet many seek for nothing further than success in housework. Justly enough, half of these get nothing more; the other half, surprised above measure, have gotten more than they sought. Their wives surprise them by bringing a nobler idea of marriage, and disclosing a treasury of courage, sympathy and love.

"IT WILL COME RIGHT AT LAST."

For nearly a week had the storm prevailed, when, one night, just at sunset, the sky became clear and bright, and the setting sun shone forth in all his glory. Only for a short time, however, for the black clouds soon hovered over us again; but it was long enough to show us that the pleasant sky and bright clouds were there—although they were hidden by dark and stormy clouds.

Just so it is in our lives, and just so it will continue to be. Dark and weary may be the path we tread. Sorrows may assail us when least expected, and we can see no reason for them; but if we can only see that they are for our good—that we need their chastening influence; if we can see the light behind the cloud, and put our faith in the God who worketh all things for our good, "it will all come out right at last."

If we could see all this, could we all put faith in our Heavenly Father; could we all look misfortune in the face, and see only the good behind it, would there be so much of misery and woe in this bright and beautiful world of ours? "Every cloud has its silver lining," yet how often we cannot see it, but give it up in despair. And even this is for our good—that we cannot see it!

The sky clearing up for a few moments indicated very clearly to my mind God's watchful care over us. Let us remember, then, when trials and difficulties beset us, and the world looks dark, and cheerless to us—let us remember that it is, all for our good, and let us look ahead of our misfortunes and see the light. Let each keep the path he has chosen, and when he feels like giving up, when he feels discouraged because his best efforts seem to have failed on account of some unforeseen obstacles, look at the bright side of it all, and keep right on. Let nothing put him down; try, at least, to believe "that behind a frowning Providence God hides a smiling face," with this thought uppermost in his mind, a man can go through most anything, and even look back with gratitude at his late troubles.

TO MOTHER.

Not quite as elaborately finished as the modern style, your little old red cradle—God bless it! Could that old cradle talk, I imagine its utterances to us would be something like these: "Away back in the good old days, when comfort and durability were sought after more than style, I was born. My existence was brought about rapidly. Not made by the hands of the highest artistic order, I was plain in my attire, and not in the least vain. But in me was a principle; it was born with me. Being blessed with an intuitive mind, and seeing at once the duty devolving upon me, I resolved to be faithful under all circumstances. And now, as I am old, and my days are fast closing, I invite you, with a proper degree of self-satisfaction and pride, to look back upon my past record, and see how I have carried out my early resolutions.

"Through how many long days have I done my work with a joyous heart; with a soul swelling with pride within me for the sweet little innocent that lay upon my breast; how very close I hugged it to my bosom and rocked it to sleep; how silently I went on, day after day, in the same monotonous work, and yet, how few were my complaints, and how glad my heart.

"But my toil was not all my daylight. Many a long, wearisome night, when the whole world seemed hushed in quiet slumber, have I rocked the little sick ones; and oh, how gentle was I then, and how very patient! Amid the smiles of joy or tears of sorrow, I was faithful to the last; and when, after many years of unceasing labor, I had finished my whole duty and was needed no more, I was carefully put aside to rest, with God's blessing breathed upon me. Many days have passed by since then, and my rest has been peaceful. I thought my work was all done; but just here, as I am in declining old age, and so old that I am in second childhood, so to speak, I am sought after again, and brought into active service. But how can I complain, when I see how closely the little rosebud nestles to me, and what sweet, innocent confidence it has in me? Dear, darling soul! I love it even more ardently than I ever loved before. Though decrepit and old, I am strong yet, and who shall say 'no' to my resumption of labor.

"As I lie bearing upon my bosom this little creature, I find myself busy with these thoughts: When, in after years, this waif shall bloom into womanhood, and it is launched out into the rough, wicked sea of life, shall it sail along to the end of its existence in spotless purity, or shall it be dashed against the deceptive and enticing rocks that lie hidden beneath the garments of dissembling virtue all over the dark and troubled seas of the world? Shall she go along to the end in immaculate constity, or will she fall? Paralyze, O God, the tongue that shall try to poison her purity; bless her; and save her forever from the vortex of sin which whirls so many innocent souls down to degradation and ruin, is the fervent prayer of mother's old red cradle."

HEROISM BEGINS AT HOME.

We often hear people speak of a heroic action with a certain surprise at its performance not altogether complimentary to the performer. "He forgot himself," they say; "he surpassed himself;" "he was carried away by a noble impulse." This is not true. A man never forgets himself in an emergency; he asserts himself rather; that which is deepest and strongest in him breaks suddenly through the exterior of calm conventionalities, and for a moment you know his real value; you get a measure of his capacity. But this capacity is not created, as some say, by the emergency. No man can be carried farther by the demands of the moment than his common aspirations and sober purposes have prepared him to go. A brave man does not rise to the occasion; the occasion rises to him. His bravery was in him before—dormant, but alive; unknown perhaps to himself; for we are not apt to appreciate the slow, sure gains of convictions of duty steadily followed; of patient continuance in well-doing; of daily victories over self, until a sudden draft upon us shows what they have amounted to. We are like water-springs, whose pent-up streams rise with opportunity to the level of the fountain-head, and no higher. A selfish man at heart and in ordinary behavior, cannot be unselfish when unselfishness would be rewarded openly. If he will not be unselfish when he ought, he cannot be so when he would. Is it not a question practical for every home? What sort of characters are we, parents and children, forming by every day habits of thought and action? Emergencies are but experimental tests of our strength or weakness; and we will bear them, not according to the sudden resolve but according to the quality of our daily living. The oak does not encounter more than two or three whirlwinds during its long life; but it lays up its solid strength through years of peace and sunshine, and when its hour of trial comes it is ready. The children of to-day, protected, cared for now, must soon begin to fight their own battles with the world; nay, more—must make the world in which they live. They are.

"Brought forth and reared in hours of change, alarm, surprise."
 What shall we do to make them sufficient for the times upon which they have fallen?