

The Home Circle.

LITTLE FEET.

And why do you knit, my childless friend,
And why fly the needles so fast?
The house is still
As a frozen rill;
There is an empty bed
And a vanished head,
A sobbing prayer
O'er a vacant chair.

Have you found some little feet?

And why do I knit in my lonely home,
And why fly the needles so fast?
No step is there
On my silent chair,
But out in the street,
In the snow and sleet,
All up and down
The busy town,
I have found the little feet.

And this is why I knit in my home,
And why fly the needles so fast;
My little ones wait
At the golden gate;
Within the fold
They feel no cold;
But, soft and clear,
Christ's voice I hear:
Go, clothe my little feet."

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

There is many a rest on the road of life,
If we only would stop to take it;
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would wake it.
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er falters,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,
When the ominous clouds are lifted.

There was never a night without a day,
Nor an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jewelled crown
Or the miser's hoarded treasure;
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to Heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate silver threads
Of our curious lives asunder;
And then Heaven blame for the tangled ends,
And sit to grieve and wonder.

HUMAN LIFE.

Swiftly glide our years—they follow each
other like the waves of ocean. Memory calls
up the persons we once knew, the scenes in
which we once were actors; they appear be-
fore the mind like the phantoms of a night
vision. Behold the boy rejoicing in the gaiety
of his soul—the wheels of time cannot roll too
rapidly for him—the light of hope dances in
his eyes—the smile of expectation plays upon
his lip—he looks forward to long years of joy
to come—his spirit burns within him when he
hears of great men and mighty deeds—he
wants to be a man—he longs to mount the hill
of ambition, to tread the path of honor, to hear
the shout of applause. Look at him again—he
is now in the meridian of life—care has stamped
wrinkles upon his brow—disappointment
has dimmed the lustre of his eye—sorrow has
thrown its gloom upon his countenance—he
looks back upon the waking dreams of his
youth, and sighs for their futility; each re-
volving year seems to diminish something from
his little stock of happiness, and he discovers
that the season of youth—when the pulse of
anticipation beats high—is the only season of
enjoyment. Who is he of the aged looks?
His form is bent and totters—his footsteps
move more rapidly towards the tomb—he looks
back upon the past—his days appear to have
been few, and he confesses that they were evil;
the magnificence of the great is to him vanity
—the hilarity of youth, folly; he considers
how soon the gloom of death must overshadow
the one, and disappointment end the other;
the world presents little to attract, and nothing
to delight him; still, however, he would
linger in it; still he would lengthen out his
days; though of "beauty's bloom," of "fancy's
flash," of "music's breath," he is forced to
exclaim, "I have no pleasure in them." A few
years of infirmity, inanity, and pain, must
consign him to idiocy or the grave; yet this
was the gay, the generous, the high-souled
boy, who beheld his ascending path of life
strewn with flowers without a thorn. Such
is human life; but such cannot be the ultimate
destiny of man.

WE MAY NEVER KNOW.

We may never know of the anguish hidden
beneath smiling eyes. We may never know
of the weary hearts beside us day by day,
whose prayer is for strength to wait till God
shall say, "Well done." We may sit down
at the same fireside, clasp hands at the same
social board, look into others' faces, but we
cannot see the heart. And who may tell of
the sad failures, the soul-sick pining for a
Father's hand to lead beside the still waters
of peace and rest?

Ah! never till we soar beyond the stars,
and all the tears be wiped from our eyes, shall
we understand that inscrutable mystery—the

human heart! Ah! despair not when life
seems hard and dreary. By-and-by the sha-
dows will fall apart, the fetters that blind us
will be diservered, the burden be removed, the
tired hands be folded, and sleep, with her
healing wings, shall hover us, and rest be
won.

Thank God for the rest of the quiet grave!
Thank God for the home beyond it! and be
sure, "when you awake in His likeness ye
shall be satisfied then."

THEY DRANK WATER.

Man is strangely enough, but rarely content
to enjoy the rich gifts of nature in their first
simple garb. He adapts it to climate and oc-
cupation; he fashions it after his taste and
makes it subservient to other enjoyments.
Even the natives of Kamtschaka who, when
first discovered by Russian sailors, were prob-
ably the only nation on earth that had no
other beverage but water, enjoying it after a
manner not found in civilized countries. They
commenced to drink it even before eating,
taking nearly two quarts before their first
meal; so they continued during the day, and,
when night came, their last labor was to place
a huge vessel of water by their bedside, and
to fill it brimful with snow and ice. Next
morning the bucket was empty. The Lapp
and the Greenlanders, on the other hand, pre-
fer it warm. Both nations keep a large cop-
per kettle, or, where such luxuries are still
unknown, a ponderous vessel of wood, adorned
with bone knobs and hoops, constantly boiling.
A large, well-carved spoon is ever ready, and
from morn till night the thirsty natives are
drinking the nauseous liquid.

THE GOOD WIFE.

The heart of a man, with whom affection is
not a name, and love a mere passion of the
hour, yearns toward the quiet of a home, as
toward the goal of his earthly joy and hope.
And as you fasten there your thought, an in-
dulgent, yet dreamy fancy paints the loved
image that is to adorn it, and to make it sa-
cred.

She is there to bid you—God speed! and an
adieu, that hangs like music on your ear, as
you go out to the every day labor of life. At
evening, she is there to greet you, as you come
back wearied with a day's toil; and her look
so full of gladness, cheats you of your fatigue;
and she steals her arm around you, with a soul
of welcome, that beams like sunshine on her
brow and that fills your eye with tears of twin
gratitude—to her, and Heaven.

She is not unmindful of those old-fashioned
virtues of cleanliness—and of order, which gave
an air of quiet, and which secure content.
Your wants are all anticipated; the fire is
burning brightly; the hearth flashes under the
joyous blaze; the other elbow chair is in its
place. Your very unworthiness of all this
haunts you like an accusing spirit, and yet
penetrates your heart with a new devotion,
toward the loved one who is thus watchful of
your comfort.

She is gentle;—keeping your love, as she
has won it by a thousand nameless and modest
virtues, which radiate from her whole life and
action. She steals upon your affections like a
summer wind breathing softly over sleeping
valleys. She gains a mastery over your sterner
nature by very contrast; and wins you un-
wittingly to her lightest wish. And yet her
wishes are guided by that delicate tact, which
avoids conflict with your manly pride; she
subdues, by seeming to yield. By a single
soft word or appeal, she robs your vexation of
its anger; and with a slight touch of that fair
hand, and one pleading look of that earnest eye,
she disarms your sternest pride.

She is kind;—shedding her kindness as
Heaven sheds dew. Who indeed could doubt
it?—least of all, you who are living on her
kindness, day by day, as flowers live on light?
There is none of the officious parade that blunts
the point of benevolence; but it tempers every
action with a blessing.

If trouble comes upon you, she knows that
her voice, beguiling you into cheerfulness, will
lay upon your fears; and as she draws her chair
beside you, she knows that the tender and
confiding way with which she takes your hand
and looks up into your earnest face, will drive
away from all your annoyances all its weights.
As she lingers, leading off your thought with
pleasant words, she knows well that she is re-
deeming you from care, and soothing you to
that sweet calm, which such home and such
wife can alone bestow.

And in sickness,—sickness that you almost
covet for the sympathy its brings,—that hand
of hers resting on your fevered forehead, or
those fingers playing with the scattered locks,
are more full of kindness than the loudest
vaunt of friends; and your failing strength
will permit no more, you grasp that cherished
hand, with a fullness of joy, of thankful rest,
and of love, which your tears only can tell.

She is good;—her hopes live where the
angels live. Her kindness and gentleness are
sweetly tempered with that meekness and
forebearance which are born of Faith. Trust
comes into her heart as rivers come to the sea.
And in the dark hour of doubt and forboding,
you rest fondly upon her buoyant faith, as the
treasure of your common life; and in your
holier musings, you look to that frail hand,
and that gentle spirit, to lead you away from
the vanities of worldly ambition, to the fulness
of that joy which the good inherit.—Donald
G. Mitchell.

PARENTAL FALSEHOODS.

A few evenings since I was in company at
the house of a friend, and among the party was
a lady who had brought with her a daughter,
of some five years, to play with the children
of the hostess. This child of the lady guest
was a bright, beautiful, buoyant sprite, the
observed of all observers, and the pet of the
company. Naturally enough, under the influ-
ence of the occasion, the little Miss became
joyous and jubilant, and, as her elders urged
her on, she verged toward romphishness. Her
mother who had to restrain her, with calm
severity,—

"Kitty, if you do that again, I shall punish
you when I get home."

And yet, in half an hour Miss Kitty had
forgotten the admonition, and in a heedless
moment the forbidden thing was repeated.
Her mother looked sorrowfully upon her child,
and the countenance of the little one fell, nor
was she blithe again during the remainder
of the evening. One of the company observing
the dejection of the little girl, and guessing its
cause, patted her on the head, and bade her
not to be down-hearted.

"I'll ask your mother not to punish you,
Kitty."

"O," cried the child, looking up with the
light of a sudden hope fading out through
gathering tears, "my mother will punish me—
I know she will. She said she should, and
she never tells lies."

The would-be comforter was hushed and
confounded. Perhaps the simple reply of the
erring child opened to her mind the view of
her own remissness in matters of family govern-
ment.

I thought, as I heard the reply of the little
one, that it afforded a complete life-lesson
which might be considered under two heads:
First—Keep your word to your children. That
is the great virtue which must shine in the
domestic government. Second—Never threaten
what you do not calmly intend to perform.
This is the underlying rule of the whole govern-
mental structure. It is very simple; but, like
many other simple things, slight inattention
gives it great complexity. It is vastly easier
to preach than it is to practice; but it is, never-
theless, a blessed thing to practice all the
domestic virtues that are attainable.

THE TRUE TEST.

How often we hear the remark, "I've been
to see a friend." And how few ever fully feel
the value of that word. When enemies
gather round; when sickness falls on the
heart; when the settled sadness of the soul,
like death itself, comes down; when the world
is dark and cheerless, then is the time to test
the value and full meaning of the term. The
heart that has been proved like true gold, re-
doubles its energies when a friend is in danger.
He who turns from suffering or distress betrays
his hypocrisy, and proves his own self interest.
Let the true friend that his kindness is appre-
ciated, and has not been thrown away. Real
fidelity may be rare, but it does exist, and its
power is seen and felt. The good, the kind,
the generous, are around us everywhere, if
we would only seek them out. There are
many who would sacrifice wealth and fame,
everything but honor, to serve a cherished
one, and they move through the world quiet
and unrecognized because no opportunity has
been offered to draw them out.

THE FEAST OF JUGGERNAUT.

The Indian correspondent of the London
Times thus alludes to the Hindoo feast at
which he was present:—

"I saw nothing at all like licentiousness
during my tour, and it is a curious fact that
this is the one festival that empties all the
zenanas. The women arrive in crowds, num-
bering from thirty to forty each, in some cases
from long distances, each woman bearing her
offering of rice, flowers, fruit, etc., for the
god. No good Hindoo dares to refuse his
wife permission to assist in doing honor to
Juggernaut, and it is possible that there may
be improprieties, in some way, before the
mass of the people reach home; though I am
convinced there is nothing of the kind on the
scale supposed by many good people in Eng-
land, and what there is must be apart from
the festival. The temple is in a large inclo-
sure, and when I saw it last week, was
lighted up. The inclosure was literally filled
with people, mostly, if not entirely, women
and children, all stretched on the ground
asleep, or trying to sleep. Not a foot of the
inclosure was unoccupied. In front of the car
there is a much larger space of ground open
to the road, and it was similarly crowded, and
so were the sides of the roads, highways, and
byways, for, I am sure, two miles. The full
moon, shining from a cloudless sky through
the picturesque bamboo, plaitain, and coacan-
nut trees upon the white coverings—I can
hardly say dress—and uptured faces, (the
latter the very picture of placid serenity),
supplied light and shade for a picture to
which the practical life of Europe has no
counterpart, or anything at all approaching
one.

"For about half a mile on each side of the
car the centre of the road was densely crowd-
ed with men of all castes and positions in life,
laughing and chattering with a noise that
resembled nothing so much as the distant roar
of the sea. And still the bands of women
came strolling in from every road that led to
the temple and the car; and right glad many
of them seemed when they had relieved them-

selves of their loads, and thrown themselves
down at the roadside to pass away the few
hours before morning. They all—men or
women—courteously made way for our horse,
slowly led along the road. They made way
also for each other. There was no drinking,
no quarrelling, a few merry go-rounds going
round, a few peep-shows open, books, and a
thousand other articles for sale; several native
Christian preachers denounced Juggernaut
sturdily, and no one interfered with them in
the least, but in many cases listening quietly,
and going away as quietly. That is the scene,
roughly sketched of the night before the
bathing of Juggernaut. I do not think there
is a people in the world who would so patiently
have heard their God denounced under the
very shadow of his temple—on the sacred
ground certainly—on the night before his
great festival. It is a marvellous scene, and
would make the fortune of a good artist who
could lay upon such a night for a sketch, as a
few friends and I had for our view this year.
I am bound to say that I believe the festival
to have been often dreadfully characterized
than even passably fairly portrayed in Eng-
land. I am sure that if Dean Stanley had
been present, and master of the Bangalee
tongue, he would no more have preached to
that people than I would."

POLITENESS.

It does not cost us much, on the whole, to
act at all times in the true spirit of politeness
toward everyone around us; whether we are
at home, or abroad, it is one of the best evi-
dences of our good breeding. If we are cour-
teous, if we always make it our rule in life to
be so, we cannot exhibit to the world around
us a higher order of excellence of behaviour.

It is said that politeness denotes that ease
and gracefulness of manner which first sprang
up in cities. It appears to have originated
among mankind with a desire to please others
by anticipating their wants and wishes, and
to studiously avoid whatever might give them
pain. Be this as it may, it is coherently
adapted to our natures to be so. It was im-
planted within our being at the outset of our
journey through life. Thus it is that it is
brought out in that state of polish and refine-
ment, which forever smooths away so much of
our rudeness, so much of our rusticity under
the genial action of human culture and devel-
opment.

Politeness is no new order of gentility to
the world. It has existed in various degrees
through all ages ever since we have any knowl-
edge of history. The ancient Egyptians,
when they had emerged out of the dark abyss
of obscurity, and had ascended up the hill of
civilization, becoming at once the mother of
letters and sciences and arts, were, it is gener-
ally conceded by all writers, well-versed in
that school of politeness which had germinated
among them, and which had so naturally be-
come a part of their fine accomplishments and
of their attainments. Neither were the Gre-
cians nor the Romans deficient in this respect.
They were led along, hand in hand, with the
noon of this perpetual sunshine calmly lying
like the hush of a tropical day forever over
their heads. It is of this refinement that Ad-
dison has inquired,

"Where are these wondrous, civilizing arts—
The Roman polish?"

The French, especially the Parisians, are
acknowledged to be the most polite people in
the world. We study the Parisian fashions;
we pattern our costumes after them; and,
above all things else, we like to imitate that
rare finish of true politeness which our trans-
atlantic neighbors always so well evince to us.
Thus, from time to time, we improve ourselves
in the art of this profession, while we contin-
ually throw around us the golden halo of an at-
mosphere whose mirrored surroundings seem
to be none the less beautiful than the glory of
ancient Eden.—*Waverley Magazine*.

MAKING BABY RUDE.

The baby happened once in a pretty little
caprice to slap father's face instead of kissing
him when he stooped down for his greeting.
Papa laughed, mama laughed, aunts laughed,
and baby thought she had hit a happy
idea. After that she would slap papa instead
of kissing him. Papa was very well content
to feel the soft little waxen touch against his
cheek. And it was very funny. It was also
a nice little show for friends when they
came in. Baby could at any time win a round
of laughter and applause by visiting an expect-
ant cheek with a blow for a kiss. She was
such a sweet plaything! But there came a
time when she ceased to be a plaything. What
had been only arch and "cute" became down-
right rude. If she now mortified her parents
by her brusque, pert manners as a little girl,
it was in doing precisely what they had taught
her to do while she was a little baby.

WHAT HE KNEW ABOUT THRESHING.

A young man from an Eastern city, who has
been visiting rural friends in the vicinity, after
seeing a farmer thresh out a "flooring" of oats
the other morning, asked and received permis-
sion to swing the flail a few minutes, upon
assuring the agriculturist that he was "per-
fectly familiar with the art of threshing."
Expectorating upon his hands, the young man
went at the oats, but at the first pass knocked
the horn off from a new milch cow that was
leisurely chewing her cud in a neighboring
stall. The second swing caved in the head of

the farmer, who thought he was safe enough
as long as he roosted on the top of the fanning
mill in the other end of the barn; but without
discovering the havoc he was making, the city
artist kept at his labors; the third blow fell
upon the oats, the fourth killed a sitting hen
in a manger near by, and the fifth pass of the
deadly weapon was the best of all, for it came
around behind the young man boomerang
fashion, and taking him under the lower jaw,
knocked him down, and thus put a stop to the
work of slaughter. The mere fact that the
city "thresher" returned to consciousness an
hour before the farmer did, allowed the former
to get several miles out of town before his
efforts at threshing oats were discovered by
his neighbors.

Sawdust and Chips.

The height of impatience—Asking a Jew
what his Christian name is.

Take all the phools and good luk out of
this world, and it would bother the rest of us
tew git a living.

Notices have been placed on the outside of
the street cars in Pittsburg, to the effect that
the car will not wait for young ladies to kiss
"good-by."

A man advertizes for "a competent person
to undertake the sale of a new medicine," and
adds, "that it will be profitable to the under-
taker." No doubt of it.

Whiskey friends are the most unprofitable
ones i no ov, they are always reddy tew drink
with yu, but when yu git reddy tew drink
with them, they aint dry.

A witness in a court of justice being asked
what kind of "ear marks" the hog in ques-
tion had, replied "He had no particular ear
marks, except a very short tail."

A young man who attended a lecture on the
subject, "Are we better than our fathers?"
started for home, saying, "I'm going to get
the better of mine somehow, any way."

"There's one thing," said a gentleman at a
race, "that nobody can beat, and that is
time." "Fuddle?" exclaimed a bystander,
"every drummer in the land beats time!"

"I live in Julia's eyes," said an affected
dandy, in Coleman's hearing. "I don't wonder
at it," replied George, "since I observed
she had a *stye* in them when I saw her last."

A well-known jokist of Macon says: "Since
the advent of the epizooty, mince meat has
declined eight cents a pound, and he has the
nightmare every night after eating mince
pie."

Lord Norbury's joke on the attorney is sar-
age. A shilling subscription having been set on
foot to bury one who had died poor, he ex-
claimed, "Only a shilling to bury an attorney?
Here's a guinea; go and bury twenty of them!"

"Oh, Mr. Butcher, what a quantity of bone
there was in that last piece of meat we had
from you," said a lady, very indignantly.
"Was there, mum? But, hows'mever, the
very fust fat bullock I kill without any bone,
I'll let you have one joint for nothing."

A Detroit prisoner, on his way to the peni-
tentiary for larceny, was asked what he
thought of his trial. He said, "When dat
lawyer dat fended me made his speech, I
thought shuah I was going to take my old hat
and walk right out of dat cot room; but when
de other lawyer got up and commenced talk-
ing, I knew I was the biggest rascal on top of
de earl."

A blacksmith was lately summoned to a
court as a witness in a dispute between two of
his workmen. The judge, after hearing the
testimony, asked one why he did not settle, as
the costs had amounted to three times the
disputed sum. He replied: "I told the fools
to settle—for I said the clerks would take
their coats, the lawyers their shirts, and if
they got into your honor's court you'd skin
them."

Dr. Willot, lecturing in Boston the other
night, told a droll story of himself. He said
that at one time, when he was a connoisseur
in bird-stuffing, he used to criticise other
people's bird-stuffing severely. Walking with
a gentleman one day, he stopped at a window
where a gigantic owl was exhibited. "You
see," said the doctor to his friend, "that there
is a magnificent bird utterly ruined by unskill-
ful stuffing. Notice the mounting! Excruci-
ating, isn't it? No living bird ever roosted in
that position. And the eyes are fully a third
larger than any owl ever possessed." At this
moment the stuffed bird raised one foot and
solemnly blinked at his critic, who said very
little more about stuffed birds that afternoon.

FEBRUARY MISCELLANY.—*Taurus, the Zodiac
Bull.*

One of the best behaved animals in the
whole zodiac is Taurus the zodiac bull. He
is always laying down flat sunning himself.
He dont hav enything tew employ hiz mind
only in shi time. Shi time iz alwas a bizzy
time with Taurus. The bull down here now-
daze iz a sour headed old codger who goes
swearing up and down the turnpike about
sumthing, but in the daze of Virgil he had
golden horns, and poetry in his veins. Menny
folks have asked me what on earth they want-
ed a bull in the zodiac for, and i hav alwas
seed, it was just as necessary as tew hav bulls
in Wall street. This always seemed to satisfy
their questions prodigiously. Taurus gov-
erns the neck in the signe ov the zodiac,
which has given rise to that tender, and klassi-
kal sentiment, called "bull necked."—*Billings'
Alimnas.*