

The Home Circle.

[WRITTEN FOR THE ONTARIO WORKMAN.]

THE WARM-HEARTED GRASP OF A WORKINGMAN'S HAND

In changes and partings 'tis pleasant to find
The friends we most value, still constant and kind;
And sweet the reception that beauty can give,
The heart-lifting pressure that bids hope to live;
But the noblest reception that Nature has planned,
Is the warm-hearted grasp of a workingman's hand.

There is beauty in Light, as the rainbow can prove;
There is glory in Labor, and also in Love;
There is valor in Peace, and much wisdom in Years;
There is power in Joy, and a magic in Tears;
There is greatness in Toil, that so few understand,
And the warm-hearted grasp of a workingman's hand.

How piteous that those who do Labor's least share
Are caressed by vain fools, and preferred by the fair;
And life after life is to vanity wrecked,
That reason would save, if allowed to reflect.
But the holiest alliance by love e'er fanned,
Is the warm-hearted grasp of a workingman's hand.

J. R. Ramsay.

ANNALS OF THE POOR.

Whist! sir! Would you please to spake aisy,
And sit ye down there by the dure?
She sleeps, sir, so light and so restless,
She hears every step on the flure.
What ails her? God knows! She's been weakly
For months, and the heat drives her wild;
The summer has wasted and worn her,
Till she's only the ghost of a child.

All I have? Yes, she is, and God help me!
I'd three little darlings beside,
As pretty as iver you see, sir,
But wan by wan drooped like, and died.
What was it that took them, ye're asking?
Why poverty sure, and no doubt!
They perished for food, and fresh air sir,
Like flowers dried up in a drought.

It was dreadful to lose them! Ah, was it!
It seemed like my heart-strings would break,
But there's days when w'd want and wid sorrow,
I'm thankful they're gone—for their sake!
Their father? Well, sir, saints forgive me!
It's a foul tongue that lowers its own!
But with the strikes and the liquor,
I'd better be strugglin' alone!

Do I want to kape this wan? The darlint,
The last and the dearest of all!
Shure, ye're niver a father yourself, sir,
Or you wouldn't be askin' at all!
What is that? Milk and medicine food for the baby?
A docther and medicine feed!
Ye're huntin' out all the sick children,
An' poor tolin' mothers, like me!

God bless you! an' thim that have sent you!
A new life ye've given me so;
Shure, sir, won't you look in the cradle
At the colleen ye've saved, fore you go?
O, mothers o' mercies! have pity!
O, darlint, why couldn't you wait?
Dead! Dead! an' the help in the dureway!
Too late! O, my baby! Too late!

A MOTHER IN JAPAN.

In China, however little the young women are regarded, the old women, at least, are held sacred. We had supposed it was so in the neighboring empire of Japan, but it seems otherwise. The education and elevation of Japanese women has begun, but the victory is not yet gained. The auspicious opening must be improved. Social and political advantages must be accompanied with the use of Christian instrumentalities. The real work for women—especially for the great masses of the poor—in Japan, must be done by female missionaries sent from our shores. A little incident related by Rev. Mr. Thompson while on a home visit a few months ago, will show that, even in the best classes, woman's position is far from what it should be.

Across the bay from Yeddo resides an aged widow of high rank, whose sympathies during the war in 1868 were with the losing side. Three hundred soldiers of the defeated army found shelter and food in her ample establishment.

For this alleged treason the victorious forces dragged forth her oldest son from her home, and prepared to execute him in front of her dwelling. The mother, with a fortitude worthy of a Roman matron or a Christian heroine, threw herself before the commander, entreating him to accept the sacrifice of her life in place of her son's. Deeply moved by such a proposal, the victorious officer pardoned the son, for the mother's sake, and set him at liberty.

Yet months after, when Mr. Thompson was on a visit to this family, this noble mother was sent out of the room by the ingrate whose life she had saved, from the idea that it was disrespectful to the guest, and every way out of place to allow even his mother's presence to mar the courtesies of the occasion. For a country containing such women, and yet holding them in such dishonor, what ought to be done?

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

Born in every heart, with its hopes and its fears lives the unspoken wish and the cheering thought that the uncertain and eventful future, whose mysteries are held in the hand of a loving Father, will bring the longed-for good time coming, with its rest for those who toil, with its healing for those who through life have sighed and mourned against the cruel fate that has sent them to a weak or deformed body; that its wealth to the poverty stricken, and its home to the homeless.

Never until frost and dryness have withered the buds for which we hoped, the darlings of our dreams and the gladness of cheery long-time have been turned to damp and

silent winter, when the apple-bloom and gold of summer have been exchanged for the stillness and dreariness of December, do we look beyond to the sunny hereafter.

From year to year, from childhood and youth to manhood, old age and death, we still battle against impossibilities; and not until the icy fingers of the King of Terrors is laid upon us do we drop the pencil with which we have painted our earthly future in rainbow colors. But our day will bring its twilight; though it be a day of wintry shortness or lengthened by a glowing midsummer, the chilly shadow will surely come, with its stores of promise shining beyond it. We shall enter the dark valley, and the humdrum of life will die upon our ears. The birds will sing no more for us. Life's joy and its miseries, its births and its deaths, its shadows and its sunshine, which have alternately given us pleasure or pain, will be forgotten in the stillness.

It is right that we should be aware of silence in the presence of Death; and as we stand by the still form of our loved one, the bursting heart seems almost comfortless, and for many days after the wound seems healed, the thought comes over us, and the old dull heart-ache begins again.

We know so long as the fire continues to burn, and the steam is generated, and the wheels obey the power that impels them forward, so long must the worn and crazy engine move onward. But is it sad for the weakened machinery to cease its action? Do we shudder at the thought of transferring the undying flame from the heart of the old wreck to the bosom of a new body?

There is a pleasing hope that comes to us, born not of earthly logic or mortal reasoning, but resting on the never failing assurance of God. A song that is the music of angels, and we close our eyes to see the faces of dear ones and to hear the melody of familiar voices. We clasp hands with the friends of long ago, and the disappointments of a life time are forgotten in God's eternal good time coming.

WITHOUT AN ENEMY.

Heaven help the man who imagines he can dodge enemies by trying to please everybody! If such an individual ever succeeded, we should be glad to hear of it; nor that one should be going through the world trying to find the beams to knock and thump against, disputing every man's opinion, fighting and elbowing and crowding all who differ from him. That, again is another extreme. Other people have their opinions, so have you; don't fall into the error of supposing that they will respect you more for turning your coat every day to match theirs. Wear your own colors in spite of wind and weather, storm and sunshine. It costs the irresolute and vacillating ten times the trouble to wind and twist and shuffle than honest, manly independence to stand its ground.

DIED OF GRIEF.

A touching story comes from Memphis. An old man, Peter Bean by name, a well-digger in the locality for something like thirty years, had a dog of which he was very fond. Peter was a bachelor, and he lived a very lonely life. The only thing he tenderly fondled was the dog, who shared his bed and who divided with his master the frugal meal. Well, the dog, which was nearly always by Peter's side, was large and powerful of frame, and cheerful and playful in disposition. It seemed to love its master with that perfect, enduring love that crowds all less weighty objects from the heart. One day it was separated a few hours from the old man. Peter was patiently laboring at the bottom of the well, when he faintly heard the joyful bark of his favorite. He looked up; there was a swift glance of recognition, and then the light went out of the well-digger's eyes for ever. The eager rush of the dog to greet its master displaced a heavy bucket, and sent it crashing down upon Peter's head. A few minutes after the battle-worn man was dragged to the surface a bleeding corpse. With piteous howls the faithful animal licked the ugly wounds, but the fond caress could not reanimate the fast stiffening body. The man was laid out in his shroud, but, before the grave closed over the human form, the dog was also dead. It had stretched itself before the cold clay of its master and moaned out its life in grief. It is a sad story, silvered o'er with touching beauty. If we celebrate in verse the death of Panthen, who slew herself upon the corpse of her beloved Abradatas, why should we not drop a word of sympathy for the dog who refused to live because his master had died?

RISE HIGHER.

When the birds are flying over, and the fowler lies in wait for them, if they fly low, at every discharge of the fowler's gun some fall, some are wounded, and some, swerving sideways, plunge into the thicket and hide themselves. But you will find immediately after the first discharge of the gun the flock rise and fly higher. And at the next discharge they rise and fly still higher. And not many times has the plunging shot thinned their number before they take so high a level that no longer the fowler aims at them, because they are above the reach of his shot. When troubles come upon you, fly higher, and if they strike you, fly still higher. And by-and-by you will rise so high in spiritual life, that your affections will be set on things so entirely

above, that these troubles shall not be able to touch you. So long as the shot strikes you, so long hear the word of God saying to you, "Bless higher."

DOG DIGNITY.

Sir Walter Scott declared that he could believe anything of dogs. He was very fond of them, studied their idiosyncracies closely, wrote voluminously in their praise, and told many stories in their unaccountable habits. Once, he said, he desired an old pointer of great experience, a prodigious favorite, and steady in the field as a rock, to accompany his friend, Daniel Torry, the actor, then on a visit at Abbotsford, and who, for the nonce, voted himself for a sport excursion. The dog wagged his tail in token of pleased obedience, shook out his ears, led the way with a confident air, and began ranging about with most scientific precision. Suddenly he pointed, up sprang a numerous covey. Torry bent on slaughter, fired both barrels at once, aiming in the centre of the enemy, and missed. The dog turned round in utter astonishment, wondering who could be behind him, and looked Torry full in the face; but after a pause shook himself again and went to work as before. A second steady point, a second fusillade, and no effects. The dog then deliberately wheeled about and trotted home at his leisure, leaving the discomfited hunter to find for himself during the remainder of the day. Sir Walter was fond of repeating the anecdote, and always declared that it was literally true, while Torry never said more in contradiction than that "it was a good story."

Grains of Gold.

Gild a big knave, and little honest men will worship him.

A man's best fortune, or his worst, is always his wife.

The least act of self renunciation hallows for the moment all within its sphere.

If we keep the ledger of life with exactness we shall find the balance largely on the side of blessings.

Some one has defined "policy" to "consist in serving God in such a manner as not to offend Satan."

We get at the outlines of things from what we read and hear, but the filling up must be through our own experience.

Mohammed once said: "When a man dies men inquire what he has left behind him; angels inquire what he has sent before him."

He who commences with certainty will end with doubts, but he who is content to begin with doubts may end with certainty.

Virtue has been described as an awkward habit of doing things differently from other people. It creates great mirth in fashionable circles.

Any one can drift. But it takes prayer, religious principle, earnestness of purpose, constant watching to resist the evil of this world—to struggle against the tide.

To accomplish anything there must be definiteness of aim. The temple is built stone by stone from foundation to turret, and character is built thought by thought from the foundation stone of material needs to the heaven of conscious oneness with God.

A ray of light is one, and it falls equally upon all bodies; but each reflects it according to its nature. Hence, different colors. Truth is one, and it strikes upon all minds, but each receives and reflects it conformable to its nature and education. Hence different manners of perception, of narration, and of creed.

In the depths of the sea the waters are still; the heaviest grief is that borne in silence; the deepest love flows through the heart and touch; the purest joy is unspeakable; the most impressive preacher at a funeral is the silent one whose lips are cold.

Great thoughts belong only and truly to him whose mind can hold them. No matter who first put them in words, if they come to a soul and fill it they belong to it whether they floated on the voice of others or on the wings of silence and the night.

Childhood is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images from all around. Remember that an impious or profane thought uttered by a parent's lips may operate upon the young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon polished steel, staining it with rust which no scouring can efface.

Age seems to take away the power of acting a character, even from those who have done so the most successfully during the main part of their lives. The real man will appear, at first fitfully, and then predominantly. Time spares the chiselled beauty of stone and marble, but makes sad havoc in plaster and stucco.

In Connecticut a certain justice was called to jail to liberate a worthless debtor by receiving his oath that he was not worth twenty dollars. "Well, Johnny," said the justice, on entering, "can you swear that you are not worth twenty dollars, and that you never will be?" "Why," answered the other, rather chagrined at the question, "I can swear that I'm not worth that amount at present." "Well, well," returned the justice, "I can swear the rest, so go along, Johnny." And the man was sworn and discharged.

Sawdust and Chips.

The difference between sealing wax and women, says Reuben, is that one burns to keep a secret and the other to tell it. Slander!

While Dr. Mary Walker was lecturing lately, a youth cried out: "Are you the Mary that had a little lamb?" "No," was the reply, "but your mother had a little jackass."

"I think," said the doctor, "that you have an affection in the lumber region." "What has caused it, doctor?" asked the patient. "Bad board, no doubt," said the doctor.

"Wife," said a man, looking for his boot-jack, "I have places where I keep my things, and you ought to know it." "Yes, I ought to know where you keep your late hours, but I don't."

One of a party of friends, referring to an exquisite musical composition, said, "That song always carries me away when I hear it." "Can anybody sing it?" asked a wit in the company.

You can't keep a dead level long, if you burn everything down flat to make it. Why, bless your soul! if all the cities of the world were reduced to ashes, you'd have a new set of millionaires in a couple of years or so, out of potash.

A young lady wishing a situation was interested in an advertisement for some one to do light housekeeping. So she wrote to the advertiser asking where the lighthouse was, and if there was any way of getting to shore on Sunday.

"How far is it to Club Creek?" asked a traveller of a woman at a toll-gate. "Only shoots a little ways." "Is it four, six, eight, or ten miles?" impatiently asked the fretful traveller. "Yes, I think it is," serenely replied the unmoved gatekeeper.

One of Charles Lamb's friends, visiting him with his wife and children, happened, in the course of conversation to repeat the old saying, "One fool makes many." "Ah, indeed," said Lamb, merrily, pointing to the children, "you have a fine family."

POETRY.—Barber.—"No offence, sir, I hope, but, has it ever struck you as a bald 'ed is like the better world?" Customer (curtly)—"No!" Barber—"Well, sir (I thought of it myself), it is a bright and shining place, you see, sir, where there's no parting!" (Customer smiles painfully.)

A little four year old beset his mother to talk to him and say something funny. "How can I?" she asked; "don't you see how busy I am baking these pies?" "Well, you might say, 'Charley, won't you have a pie?' That would be funny for you."

Lord C—, dining at Provost S—'s and being the only peer present, one of the company gave the toast "The Duke of Buccleuch." So the toast went round till it came to Lord K—, who said he would give them a peer, which although not toasted, was of more use than the whole. His Lordship gave "The Pier o' Leith."

"Shut your eyes, and listen mit me," said Uncle Van Heyde. "Vell, de first night I opens store I counts de monies and find him six night. I counts, and cere be tree dollars gone; and vat does yer tink I does den?" "I can't say." "Vy, I did not count him any more, and he comes out shoost right ever since."

A young lady in Delaware, suing for breach of promise, finding that the lover's letters did not come up to the legal mark, offered to put in a lot written by herself, to show how she understood his missives, whereupon the judge emphatically said: "No, no, that will never do. If such things were permitted, no man would be safe."

A country merchant having procured a new clerk, waked him up in the morning after he was hired at a most unreasonably early hour, by calling out that the family were sitting down to the table. "Thank you," said the boy, as he turned over in bed to adjust himself for a new nap—"Thank you, but I never allow myself to eat anything during the night!"

A young Briton lately lost a large sum by betting on spiders. He wagered that a spider which he would produce would walk across a plate quicker than a spider to be produced by a friend. Each spider was to have its own plate. His spider, however, on being started, would not stir, whilst its rival ran with immense speed. The bet was consequently lost, and the loser soon found out the reason why—his opponent had a hot plate.

Mr. Alcott, who is a hard rider on the vegetarian hobby, once said to Dr. Walker of Harvard College:

"I think that when a man lives on beef he becomes something like an ox; if he eats mutton he begins to look sheepish, and if he eats pork, may he not grow to be swinish?"

"That may be," said Dr. Walker, "but when a man lives on nothing but vegetables I think he is apt to be pretty small potatoes."

A good anecdote is related of a well-known vagabond, who was brought before a magistrate as a common vagrant. Having suddenly harpooned a good idea, he pulled from a capacious pocket of a tattered coat a loaf of bread and half a dried codfish, and holding them up with a triumphant look and gesture, to the magistrate, exclaimed; "You don't catch me that way—I'm no vagrant! Ain't them visible means of support, I should like to know!"

Furniture.

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