

The Home Circle.

LIFT A LITTLE.

Lift a little! lift a little
Neighbor, lend a helping hand
To that heavy laden brother,
Who from weakness scarce can stand.
What to thee with thy strong muscle,
Seems a light and easy load,
Is to him a ponderous burden,
Cumbering his pilgrim road.

Lift a little! lift a little.
Effort gives one added strength;
That which staggers him when rising,
Thou canst hold at arm's full length.
Not his fault that he is feeble,
Not thy praise that thou art strong.
It is God makes lives to differ—
Some from wailing some from song.

Lift a little! lift a little!
Many they who need thine aid:
Many lying on the roadside,
'Neath misfortune's dreary shade;
Pass not by like priest and Levite,
Headless of thy fellow man;
But with heart and arms extended,
Be the good Samaritan.

OUR OWN.

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind would trouble my
That I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex our own with look and ton
We may never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it will might be that never for me
The pain of the heart should cease:
How many go forth at morning
Who never come home at night,
And hearts are broken from hard words spoken
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest.
But oft for our own the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.
Ah! lips with the curve impatient,
Ah! brow with the shade of scorn,
'Twere a cruel fate were the night too late
To undo the work of morn!

LIFE IN GERMANY.

You enter a German house without knocking, through a door which rings a bell, and thus announces the ingress or egress of some one. At the foot of the staircase you find a bell-handle, by ringing at which you call a servant, who conducts you to a parlor or reception-room on the next floor, which you enter by knocks. You will find the parlor and the best rooms in the house adorned with beautiful pictures on the walls, and elegant lace curtains at the windows, but probably without any carpet. The floor, however, is tessellated with beautiful patterns in various colors and varnished; or, at least, it is scoured till as white as the driven snow. The amount of fine white linen which a German housekeeper has, and which she is not reluctant to show her guests, is fabulous. This is partly a mark of gentility and partly a matter of necessity; for the Germans have but three or four washing days in the whole year. And the baking of the black bread of the peasants is as infrequent as their washing. The Germans in the country, and in such cities as Gottingen, keep early hours, breakfasting at eight or earlier, dining at one, and usually going to bed as early as ten. We attended a concert of most delightful music; but it began at 5 p.m., and closed at seven in the evening. In short, the childlike virtues of simplicity, candor, naturalness, and heartiness, which have almost died out in fashionable American society, still exist in Germany in all their primitive perfection. When we parted from our hostess, she embraced my wife and kissed her repeatedly, as if she had been a sister or a daughter, and did not even let her husband depart without a share in this hearty benediction.

WHAT CAUSES HARD TIMES.

We are fast becoming a nation of schemers to live without genuine work. Our boys are not learning trades; our farmer's sons are crowded into cities, looking for clerkships in the Post Office; hardly one Canadian girl in each hundred will do housework for wages, however urgent her need; so we are sending to Europe for workmen and buying of her artisans' worth of products that we ought to make for ourselves. — Though our crop of cereals is heavy we do not grow hemp; though we are overrun with lads who deserve flagellation, we import our willows. Our women (unless deceived) shine in European fabrics; our men dress in foreign clothes; the toys which amuse our younger children have generally reached us over the sea. — We are like the farmer who hires his neighbor's son to chop his wood, feed his stock, and run his errands, while his boys lounge at the grog-shops, and then wonders why, in spite of his best efforts, he sinks annually deeper and deeper into debt, till the Sheriff cleans him out, and he starts West to begin again. — We must turn over a new leaf. Our boys and girls must be taught to love labor by qualifying themselves to do it efficiently. So we shall stem the tide of debt that sets steadily against our own shore, and cease to be visited and annoyed by hard times.

"CHEER HIM."

In one of our large cities, a fire broke out in a lofty dwelling. It was near midnight, and the flames had made headway before they were

discovered. The fire companies rallied; the inmates escaped in affright; and the fireman worked with a will to subdue the flames. The smoke had become so thick that the outlines of the house were scarcely visible, and the fiery element was raging with fearful power, when a piercing cry thrilled all hearts, as they learned that there was one person yet unsaved within the building.

In a moment a ladder was swung through the flames, and planted against the heated walls and a brave fireman rushed up its rounds to the rescue.

Overcome by the smoke, and perhaps daunted by the hissing flames before him, he halted and seemed to hesitate. It was an awful scene. A life hung in the balance, and each moment was an age.

"Cheer him!" shouted a voice from the crowd; and a wild "Hurrah!" burst like a tempest from the beholding multitude. That cheer did the work; and the brave fireman went upward, amid smoke and flame, and in a moment he descended with the rescued one in his arms.

Friend, brother, when you see a brave soul battling with temptation, struggling under the cross, rushing forward to rescue dying men, and yet faltering in an hour of weakness, or a moment of peril, then "cheer him!"—*Sailor's Magazine.*

TO THE GRAVE.

What a mighty procession is marching forward to the grave during each year! At the usual estimate, during a year, more than 33,000,000 of the World's population go down to the earth again. Place them in long array, and they will give a moving column of more than thirteen hundred to every mile on the globe's circumference! Only think of it; ponder and look upon these astounding computations! What a spectacle, as they move on—tramp, tramp, forward—upon this stupendous death march!—*Exchange.*

Aye indeed this "stupendous death march" is a "mighty spectacle." And how few in all that vast procession, steadily, irresistibly moving forward, who realize that every step they take brings them nearer, still nearer to the final resting place of all the living. Never once does the grand column waver or pause.—Never once can a single one sit down to rest,—but with steady tramp it moves onward ever onward to the grave. Hope and fear, prayer and protestation are alike unavailing and each weary traveller as his turn comes, lays aside everything earthly, all that he has held dear and lies down to wake on the other side. Reader can you realize it? If you can, how insignificant appears the highest earthly rewards, how false and vain are the empty honors of your fellow marchers, when you hear the steady tramp of the mighty column echoing through eternity. Every one must pass the narrow portal, you among the rest. You must leave all save your life experiences, and enter another condition of life, just as you really are, shorn of all exterior surroundings. Tramp, tramp, tramp the mighty host is marching. No time for quarrels or bickerings and yet how many waste the golden moments in mud, unholy strife. Aye and many too there are who, in struggling to over-reach their neighbors and accumulate that wealth that must all be left, are only hastening onward still more rapidly, and shortening their march; they all unexpectedly obey the stern mandate and silently disappear forever. And yet the death march still goes on, and nine hundred and sixteen thousand graves are opened every twenty four hours! Think of it, and ask the awful question, "Am I ready for mine?"

INDOLENCE.

Idleness was a criminal offence at Athens, and should be so regarded everywhere since "drones suck not the blood of eagles, but rob beehives." Plutarch in the life of Lycurgus tells of a classic loafer who was one day fined for the offence, but was greatly condoned by a brother idler as having been condemned for keeping up his dignity.

Rather do what is nothing to the purpose than be idle, that the devil may find thee nothing. The bird that sits is easily shot, when flyers escape the fowler. Idleness is the dead, dead sea that swallows all the virtues, and the self-made sepulchre of a living man.

We pity any man who has nothing to do, for idleness is the mother of more misery and crime than all the other causes ever thought or dreamed of by the profoundest thinker or the wisest theorist. "Pray, of what did your brother die?" said the Marquis Spinola one day to Sir Horace Vere. He answered: "He died, sir, of having nothing to do." "Alas!" said Spinola, "that is enough to kill the most able general amongst us."

Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do the more he is able to accomplish; for he learns to economize his time. In a workhouse at Hamburg idlers are punished by being suspended in a basket above the tables, so that they can see and smell the things provided for the industrious, but are not allowed to taste them. Idleness is a constant sin, and labor is a duty. Idleness is the devil's home for temptation, and for unprofitable, distracting musings, while labor profiteth other than our selves.

There are hundreds that want energy for one that wants ambition, and sloth has prevented as many vices in some minds as virtue has in

others. Idleness is the grand pacific ocean of life, and in that stagnant abyss the most salutary things produce no good, the most noxious no evil. The son bred in sloth becomes a spendthrift, profligate and goes out of the world a beggar.

No pains—no gains. No sweat—no sweet. No mill—no meal. An idle brain is the devil's workshop. Indolence is a stream which flows slowly on, but yet undermines the foundation of every virtue. He is not only idle who does nothing, but he is idle who might be better employed. Much bending breaks the bow—much unbending the mind.

We have more indolence in the mind than in the body. Indolence is the paralysis of the soul.

LAUGHTER ANALYZED.

Most of the philosophers who set to work to define mental sensations insist that laughter supposes a feeling of superiority in laughter over the laughed at; but they seem to overlook the great distinction between laughing at and laughing with any one. Doubtless a feeling of contempt often raises a laugh, and the absurdities of men and women are a constant food for laughter; but humorists often laugh at themselves. Nothing will illustrate better the absurdity of the wholesale statement that laughter implies contempt than Charles Lamb's relation to Coleridge. He constantly laughed and joked at the preaching of the philosopher, but he revered his friend of fifty years, and looked up to him with childish love. A "Westminster Reviewer" defines the cause of laughter as the representation of objects with qualities opposite of their own; but all incongruities do not cause laughter. Ludicrous incongruity is opposed to dignity, and this is why those who have little wisdom to fall back hate a laugh. Lord Bolingbroke said that gravity is the very essence of imposture; and Joe Miller is the authority for the assertion that the gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, and the gravest fish is an oyster, so that the gravest man is a fool. If any one is inclined to doubt Joe Miller's dictum, we can corroborate it by the authority of Plato, who when indulging in the gaiety of his heart, used sometimes to say, "Silence, my friends! Let us be wise now; here is a fool coming."

Lord Chesterfield was no fool, and he disapproved of laughter: but he allowed his son to smile, for he did not advocate gravity. He considered laughter as ill-bred, not only on account of the disagreeable noise, but of the "shocking distortion of the face that it occasions!" It is happy for the world that such false notions are not now received. Some suppose that laughter is caused by novelty and surprise, and a French philosopher, in accounting for the fact that, although we are told our Lord wept, we never hear that he laughed, suggests to us the reason that nothing was new to him. Although this is good enough as a theory, it is grounded upon a mistaken idea of laughter, for we often laugh on the recollection of a witticism. Nevertheless, surprise is a material element of laughter, although it is not confined to that emotion.

It has been well observed that "the only constant effect that follows on an original striking comparison is a shock of agreeable surprise; it is as if a partition-wall in our intellect was suddenly blown out—two things formerly strange to one another have flashed together."

TO SMOKERS.

The *Herald of Health* gives these instructions to the tobacco-user who would reform:

"It is impossible to quit the use of tobacco after it has become a settled habit, without more or less bad feeling and prostration. The man who would free himself from the curse of tobacco-using must make up his mind that he has a hard struggle to pass through, call all his will and power to his aid, and resolve to quit it once and forever. The leaving off by degrees seldom succeeds. It is better to make the battle short, sharp, and decisive. A thorough course of bathing, to eliminate the tobacco from the system, will make the struggle much less severe, and prove the greatest aid that can be given. The Turkish baths are best, if they can be had. If not accessible, the wet sheet, pack, or vapour bath should be taken instead. There will not be much appetite, and but little food should be taken. Fruit is best.

No drink but water, and that may be drunk as freely as desired. To all the craving for tobacco, hold cold water or pieces of ice in the mouth."

HOW TO DEVELOPE TALENTS.

Place a man in a position that will fearfully tax him and try him—a position that will often bring the blush to his cheek and the sweat to his brow, a position that will over-master him at times, and cause him to rack his brain for resources.—Place him in a position like this, but every time he trips go to his rescue; go not with words of blame or censure, but go with manful words of encouragement, look him boldly in the eye, and speak them with soul and emphasis. This is the way to make a man of a boy, and a giant of a man. If a man has pluck and talent, no matter whether he ever filled a given position or not, put him in it, if worthy, and he will soon not only fill it, but outgrow it. But put one in a position with a faint heart—this is the way to kill him. Put him away gamely with unmistakable confidence. Drop no caveats, but boldly point the way, and then stand by with a will and continuance of a true friend.—Thus try twenty men such as have been named and nineteen will succeed.

TARTAR WOMEN.

The lives of Asiatic Tartar women of the higher classes are thoroughly aimless and uneventful, their only business being to eat, dress, and sleep. Their costume is very rich and elegant. It consists of a species of robe of rich silk or satin, sleeves being very large and long, sometimes falling as low as the ground; the upper part of these robes is embroidered in front with gold. Over this they wear a kind of capote, very wide, and generally made of gold brocade or some similar stuff, gorgeously embroidered. They wear on the head a silk cap, bordered with fur, which hangs down on one side, and ends in a point having a golden tassel attached to it; this cap is sometimes adorned with precious stones and ancient gold and silver coins. Their hair falls behind in long tresses, the ends of which are tied up with bows of ribbons.

Sometimes these tresses are covered with long bands, to which are attached various coins and ornaments. They wear moreover, a profusion of pearls, necklaces, gold and silver bracelets, ear-rings, finger-rings, chains, etc. The dress of one lady of rank, including jewelry, frequently costs no less than a thousand pounds. English extravagance thus finds a parallel—though, to be sure, our belles seem to have more inducements to squander money recklessly for the purpose of self-adornment than their Tartar sisters, who are kept entirely secluded in the houses and harems of their parents and husbands. They are allowed to remove their thick veils in their bedrooms alone; not their brothers nor even their own uncles and cousins are permitted to behold their features. The principal interest they have in life is a desire to please their exacting lords, and to this task all their energies are bent. They use cosmetics freely, and spend hours in dressing, varying the monomony of their dozing existence by making and drinking copious drafts of strong green tea, and consuming quantities of sweetmeats and other rich mixtures. They have no aims, no ambitions, few pleasures, and yet are happy. Is it true that with enlightenment comes discontent?—*English paper.*

THE READING ROOM OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

With all the English conservatism and hesitation in establishing popular institutions, and love of restricting and hedging about with conditions and qualifications great public privileges, no city of our republic can show a more substantial or more liberally managed public benefit than this reading-room. The reality of its freedom, its order, and its entire adaptability to answer its purpose, impress one. Here is one where, without fee, or favor, the humble student and the foreign scholar may partake of, and luxuriate in, the wealth of England; may participate in the marvelous range of lore, in every tongue, of every art and science, which her wealth, nobly bestowed, has collected. I can think of no happier destiny for the ardent lover of books, for a historian, a man of science, a statistician, a novelist, or a mere student, absorptive but not fruitful, than to have cozy lodgings in the vicinity of Russel Square, a satisfactory English landlady, and a ticket—daily used—to the reading-room. He may sit in one of the roomy fauteuils as luxuriously as the West End lord in his velvet-lined mahogany, and may look around with a sense of ownership (for their use and fruits are freely his) upon a far prouder possession of learning than the greatest West End lord can boast. He is in goodly company; for here burrow, almost invariably, the scholars, romancers, philosophers of England. He sits, co-equal in his privileges, with the British aristocracy of brain. He is served as faithfully and as quickly as is the minister of state by his favorite private secretaries. There is the whole day long to revel, uninterrupted if he will, in his beloved studies, in a tranquil and studious sphere, out of hearing of the bustle of the streets, though here is the busiest London roaring all about him. If he grows weary for the while of his books and the quiet, he may walk and wander through those seemingly endless corridors where are literally crowded the antiquities of Egypt and Phœnicia, of Antioch and Afghanistan, of Athens and Rome; where are collected the marvels of geology and of mechanical science, of biology and the arts, ancient mediæval, and modern. He may read up his subject in the reading-room, and stepping into a neighboring corridor, find it practically illustrated in the glass cases which surround him.—*Harper's.*

GIVEN TO EXAGGERATION.

A quaint Scotch minister was given somewhat to exaggerating in the pulpit. His clerk reminded him of its effect on the congregation. He replied he was not aware of it, and wished the clerk, the next time he did it, to give him a cough by way of a hint. Soon after he was describing Samson's tying the foxes' tails together. He said, "The foxes in these days were much larger than ours, and they had tails twenty feet long."

"Ahem!" came from the clerk's desk.

"That is," continued the preacher, "according to their measurement; but by ours they were but fifteen feet long."

"Ahem!" louder than before.

"But, as you may think this is extraordinary, we'll just say they were ten feet."

"Ahem! ahem!" still more vigorously.

The parson leaned over the pulpit, and,

shaking his finger at the clerk, said, "You may cough there all the night long, mon; I'll nae tak' off a fut more. Would ye hae the foxes wi' nae tails at a'?"

Sawdust and Chips.

Never deal with an undertaker if you can possibly avoid it. They are a mean set, always wanting to screw you down.

"Harry Bassett whiskey" is the latest alcoholic novelty in the barroom. A pony of this whiskey is said to be equal to a horse of any other sort.

A grocer, when complained to about the quality of his eggs, excused himself by saying, "At this time of the year the hens are not well, and often lay bad ones.

"What did you give for that horse?" inquired a friend of the facetious Mr. B., as he was riding by. "My note," was the significant reply "wasn't that cheap enough?"

A poor but honest young lady, who earns a living by working on hoop-skirts, in reply to an inquiry, stated that she had spent the summer "at the springs."

Punch illustrates the odiousness of comparisons: Mrs. G.—"I really must give cook warning, Charles. She does use such very bad words!" Mr. G.—"Really, dear! What sort of words are they?" Mrs. G.—"Oh!—well—the same as you use!"

A Danbury gentleman ate two mince pies before retiring Sunday night, and about two o'clock next morning was picked up by eleven baldheaded angels and pushed through ten yards of lead pipe.

"Cast iron sinks" is the legend on the sign of a Hartford plumber. "Well" who (hic) said it didn't?" was the inquiry of an inebricate man of sin, who read it over three or four times and chuckled when he thought he saw the point.

A gentleman was surprised, during the late frosty weather, to see his little daughter bring home from the Sunday-School a grave treatise on "Backsliding." "My child," said he, "this is too old for you; you can't make anything of it." "I know it papa: I thought it would teach me how to slide backward."

A man who snores was described by his friend the other day as follows "Snores! Oh no, I guess not—no name for it! When you wake up in the morning, and find that the house you lodge in has moved half a mile during the night by their spiratory vehemence of a fellow-lodger, you may get some idea of that fellow's performance. His landlady gets her house moved back by turning his head around."

A ludicrous story is told of an Edinburgh bailie whose studies in natural history seems to have been limited. The following case came before him one day. A man who kept a ferret, having to go into the country, left the cage with the ferret in charge of a neighbour till he should return. The neighbour incautiously opened the cage door, and the ferret escaped. The man was very angry, and brought a claim against him for damages. The following was the decision of the learned bailie "Nae doot, ye he said to the man's neighbour—"Nae doot ye was wrang to open the cage door; but," he added, turning to the owner, "ye was wrang too. What for did ye no clip the brute's wings?"

Not long since a relic hunter among the ruins of Pompeii found a small piece of papyrus, on which could be traced the faint outlines of a young man of noble appearance. Great excitement ensued among the virtuosi. A committee of 100 savants sat upon it for three weeks, and at length pronounced it a portrait of one of the Early Fathers, by no less a hand than Scribnerius, Daubius, temp. 99 A.D. During the journey, a Californian tourist examining the back of the picture, found this inscription: "Messrs. B. and Co., photographers." He looked at the face again. Ah! said he, "can it be—yes—no—why, bless my soul, it's Smith, the hatter of our town! He was married at 17, a father before he was 18, and in that sense Smith was an Early Father."

A comical twin story is reported from Dublin. A barber was waited upon one morning by a nice young gentleman, who desired the hairdresser's lowest terms per week for keeping his comely caput in condition. A moderate sum was named and accepted. Thereafter the new customer appeared regularly every day for a "close shave," with frequent additions of shampooing and hair-cutting, and often twice a day. In short, the barber marveled much at the rapidity with which this young man's beard and hair grew, and the mystery was only solved after a considerable lapse of time, when one day "two of him" came into the shop at once for a shave: The original customer who had made the bargain had a twin brother so exactly like him in personal appearance that "one couldn't tell t'other from which," and the two had been getting the attentions of the tonsor for the price paid for one.

A WISE CHOICE.—A lady wrote to her son recently, requesting him to look out for a young lady, respectably connected, possessed of various elegant accomplishments and acquirements, skilled in the languages, a proficient in music, and above all of an unexceptionable moral character; and to make her an offer of £20 a year for her services as governess. The son wrote in reply as follows:—"My dear Mother—I have long been looking out for such a person as you describe; and when I have had the good fortune to meet her, I propose to make an offer, not of £20 a year, but of my hand, and to ask her to become, not your governess, but my wife."