

The Home Circle.

THE CHILD AT PRAYER.

Into her chamber went
A little child one day,
And by a chair she knelt,
And thus began to pray:
"Jesus, my eyes I close;
Thy form I cannot see;
If thou art near me, Lord,
I pray thee speak to me."

A still small voice she heard within her soul;
"What is it, child? I hear thee; tell me all."

"I pray thee, Lord," she said,
"That thou wilt condescend
To tarry in my heart,
And over be my friend.
The path of life is dark,
I would not go astray;
O let me have Thy hand,
To lead me in the way."

"Fear not! I will not leave thee, child, alone!"
She thought she felt a soft hand press her own,

"They tell me, Lord, that all
The living pass away—
The aged soon must die,
And even children may.
O let my parents live,
Till I a woman grow;
For if they die, what can
A little orphan do?"

"Fear not, my child! Whatever ills may come,
I'll not forsake thee, and I'll bring thee safely home!"

Her little prayer was said!
And from her chamber now
Forth passed she with the light
Of heaven upon her brow.
"Mother, I've seen the Lord!
His hand in mine I felt!
And O, I heard him say,
As by my chair I knelt,
'Fear not, my child, whatever ills may come,
I'll not forsake thee till I bring thee home.'"

A DESTROYED IDEAL.

The process of wine-making, in Portugal, is by no means so picturesque as one is apt to imagine. The pretty peasant girl, bearing on her head a basket of richly colored grapes, exists only in imagination. The real laborer of the vineyard is a hideous object, besmeared from head to foot with dark-red grape-juice. The interior of a wine-press is almost entirely filled by three large stone cisterns, or "lagares," each capable of containing more than twenty pipes of wine; they are about three feet deep, and filled with a black mass of stalks, skins and juice, which, having been grapes, in time become wine. In this mass a dozen men move about to the sound of slow music, intended to enliven them. They are generally ragged, and their bare legs and feet are stained red with wine-juice. They lift their feet high at each step, so as to stir and bruise the grapes thoroughly. The treading usually lasts from thirty to forty hours, the gangs being relieved at intervals. Says a disenchanted writer, "I expressed a wish to taste the 'must.' The man in charge of the 'adega' produced a white plate, and called to one of the gang in the 'lagar' to approach the side; he did so, and then, to my horror, lifting his leg in the air, he allowed the juice which streamed from it to run over his heel on the plate, which was held to catch it. I found afterwards that this extremely disgusting proceeding was in truth unavoidable, because the 'must' sinks to the bottom of the 'lagar,' and could not otherwise be got at through the thick crust of skins and stalks which rises to the surface, while in this way the juice alone drains off into the plate. Mr.—and the 'commissaire' smelled and tasted the 'must' with much care; and, after consulting together, they came to the conclusion that more treading was unnecessary, and the men were ordered to leave the 'lagar.' The next operation would be to run off the wine into a vat, and add enough brandy to it to stop its further fermentation. In this vat it would remain until the beginning of the following year, when it would be drawn off into smaller casks (pipes) and sent down to Oporto to be got ready for shipment."—*Waverley Magazine*.

CUFFEE AND THE ALLIGATOR.

Cuffee was walking along by Orange Lake, not far from a fence, when he saw a great big wicked looking alligator on land. Cuffee stopped and gazed at the ugly creature, which was about ten feet long. The alligator did not move, but eyed Cuffee most viciously, as the negro cautiously walked around him, keeping at a respectful distance. The animal appeared so harmless and helpless, that Cuffee came to the conclusion that he had nothing to fear. So, picking up a piece of fence-rail, he prepared to do battle, and this is the way he told the story:—

"I thort de poor innocent-lookin' creatur had no danger in him—he was standing so still wid' his long tail stretched out. So I say to myself, I hab you out ob de water, now, sir, I pay you for eatin' de pigs! De alligator he nebber say nothin', but keep on lookin' mighty sharp an' wicked out'n de corners ob his eyes. I say to him, take dat, you hog thief! an' I bring de piece ob fence-rail down on his back, whack, splittin' de wood all to splinters; and de fust thing I know'd dat creatur's tail flew round like lightnin' an' I foun' myself flyin' spowlin' on de ground; an' his big mouf snap, savage as a meat ax, mighty close to my leg."

"What did you then, Cuff, I asked."

"Lor, massa, I let you know I got ober dat fence quick!" he replied. "I left dem diggin's, an' I nebber did know what became ob my hat; I spect dat alligator eat him up!"

THE TAILOR-BIRD.

That a bird should turn its beak into a sewing-needle might seem a feat above all other feathered genius; but the tailor-bird of India has actually done so. The following is the mode in which this winged mechanic constructs its nest.

The bird having two leaves of a size suited to its wants, and picked up a bit of cotton thread, drills a hole in the leaves with its beak, and then, with the same tool, passes a bit of thread through; a knot being then formed so as to prevent the thread from coming out, one pair of holes is thus secured. The same operation is repeated with each set of holes, until a sufficient number of leaves are joined to form a nest. This fastening a knot at each pair of holes, instead of uniting all by one thread, as a seamstress would do with her needle, is a tedious task; but the bird has no needle, and therefore has to work with natural tools. Surely, this operation is evidence of the existence of some power of reasoning.

THE IMITATIVE FACULTY.

Monkeys are noted for their extraordinary powers of imitation, and many stories are told of their grotesque frolics, which often end disastrously to themselves. We condemn them for this peculiarity—but with what show of justice? Men have minds, and can govern themselves more wisely; yet there is a strong resemblance between the two species in this respect. Man is unconsciously imitative. Did you ever observe, while sitting in a church, or a theatre, or other public building, that one yawn, one cough, one sneeze, is sure to set the whole assemblage yawning, coughing, or sneezing, and that quite unconsciously? A popular lecturer, alluding to man's imitative instinct, relates several interesting anecdotes. When he was studying at Bristol Infirmary, all the servant girls there had a tendency to fall into hysterical fits whenever a certain one of their number, who was liable to them, fell into one. It was cured by invariably threatening any girl who, when the said woman became hysterical, followed suit, with a shower bath. The remedy once fixed on never had to be applied. In an Infirmary in Amsterdam, a similar contagion of convulsions prevailed until the doctor announced that it had been decided that the only remedy for convulsions was burning the arm with a hot poker. There were no more convulsions. In a French nursery there was a mania for mewing like cats, cured by soldiers being brought with birch rods to use on the first nun who should mew again, and in Germany a biting mania similarly stopped. All these manias were due to the lack of complete control over the will.—*Waverley Magazine*.

A SENSATIONAL STORY.

The experience of a pork-butcher's shop-boy, named Broche, who has just been tried by court-martial at Versailles, are well worth a passing record. On the outbreak of the Communal insurrection, he was taken—much against his will—from the sale of sausages to serve in a Federal battalion of National Guards at Neuilly. Here he incurred the ill-will of his comrades by his refusal to accept the rank of captain. He was accordingly tried and sentenced to be shot. The men entrusted with his execution decided by way of change, perhaps, to hang the unfortunate Broche, instead of shooting him, and he was accordingly launched into space from a first-floor window. He contrived, however, to cling to the wall, and so to avoid total strangulation, until cut down by some men of another battalion, who took pity on him and disapproved of the unmilitary mode of execution adopted. Broche, however, only remained two days with his new friends. At the end of that time he attempted to escape, but was so closely pursued that he jumped into the Seine, and swam to the bank occupied by the Versailles troops, who hospitably received him with a hail storm of balls, one of which struck him in the leg. Being taken before a court-martial of officers of the regular army, his protestations of innocence were disbelieved, and he was condemned for the second time to be shot. The executioners of M. Thiers, however, did not do their work any better than those of the Commune, for though duly shot and left for dead, Broche escaped with two flesh wounds and a broken arm. He was hidden and nursed by an inhabitant of Futeaux, where he had been shot, and when the Commune fell, was again arrested and taken to Versailles where he appears to have spent the last eight months in prison. Being tried a short time since for the third time, the unlucky and yet lucky pork-butcher was at once acquitted. Here's a ready-made hero for a sensational novelist.

It is not at all wholesome to be in a hurry. Locomotives have been reported to have moved a mile in a minute for a short distance. But locomotives have often come to grief by such great rapidity. Multitudes, in their haste to get rich, are ruined every year. The men who do things maturely, slowly, deliberately, are the men who oftenest succeed in life. People who are habitually in a hurry generally have to do things twice over. The tortoise beats the hare at last. Slow men seldom knock their brains out against a post.

A WORD OF PRAISE.

The successful encouragement of the best traits in children is acknowledged by all to be an exceedingly difficult task, yet a judicious word of praise, now and then, often renders it easier, for continual severity is quite as hurtful in its effects as unwise indulgence. Some parents are so afraid that a child will grow vain that they never praise him; and this course is often disastrous. It is apt either to produce too much self-assertion—for self-assertion is a legitimate outgrowth of the withholding of commendation to which one is entitled—or to engender a self-distrust or melancholy hopelessness of disposition. Praise is sunshine to a child, and there is no child that does not need it. It is the high reward of one's struggle to do right. Thomas Hughes says that you can never get a man's best out of him without praise. Many a sensitive child, we believe, dies of a hunger for kind commendation. Many a child starving for the praise that a parent should give, runs off eagerly after the designing flattery of others. To withhold praise where it is due is not honest, and in the case of a child, such a course often leaves a stinging sense of injustice. Motives of common justice as well as a regard for the future of a child should influence the parent to give generous praise for all that it deserves. Of course there is a difference in the constitution of children. Some cannot bear so much praise as others, and some need a great deal. A knowledge of their different dispositions will help to decide the just portions of praise which may safely be accorded to each.—*Waverley Magazine*.

THE HORNY HAND.

BY REV. J. W. WHITEFIELD.

O toiler with the molested brow,
And with the horny hand,
No matter if you hold the plow,
Or at the anvil stand,
Your heart shall fill with lofty pride
Your mission is so grand.

"My father worketh hitherto,
And I work," was the word
Of him whose speech was ever true,
Yet honor claimed as God,
"Thy truly royal then to toll
With hammer, brain or hod.

Until some patient toiler rise
With cunning hand or brain,
No telescope can pierce the skies—
No steamer cross the main;
No distant ends of earth be linked
With telegraph and train.

The barren earth is clothed with bloom,
The desert bears the rose,
The darkest mine forsakes its gloom,
And all its wealth outflows,
And wondrous fabrics fill the loom,
Where'er the toiler goes.

No lordly palace home can stand
On towering cliff or hill,
Without the mason's troweled hand,
Or builder's cultured skill;
Yet all the world of labor joins
Each palace home to fill.

The toilers, not the drones of earth—
Are worthy of renown;
These are the men of noble birth
With hands begrimed and brown,
And they—when reason has her reign—
Will win and wear the crown.

The man whose ever restless brain
Or sturdy, toiling hand,
Has reared two blades of useful grain
Where one alone did stand,
Shall have his well deserved applause
From all, in every land.

All hail then to the horny hand,
And to the molested brow,
To those who at the anvil stand,
Or glide the cleaving plow;
The day when labor wears the crown
Is dawning ever now!

CRYSTALLISED IRON.

M. Caron says the "Mechanics' Magazine" advances opinions contrary to generally received notions on this subject. When a bar of good fibrous iron is raised to a welding heat, and allowed to cool in air, without being hammered, it becomes brittle, and presents an appearance of well-developed crystallization. It is generally supposed that it has absorbed oxygen. M. Caron took a bar of Franche-Comte iron, and, having accurately ascertained its fibrous properties, broke it into small pieces. Some of these were put in the fire of an ordinary forge, and raised to a welding heat; others were placed in a porcelain tube, and subjected to the same temperature, in a current of nitrogen or hydrogen. Both became similarly cooled, presented the crystalline appearance of burnt iron; and they showed sensibly the same qualities when broken, or forged at a red heat. M. Caron, therefore, thinks the deterioration due not to the absorption of a particular gas, but simply to the action of heat, modifying the molecular constitution.

It is further supposed that vibrations render iron crystalline and brilliant, but certain recent experiments on railways have proved that the rupture of axles may always be explained either by the bad form of the pieces, or the originally bad quality of the iron before use. The frequent fracture of axles in cold weather, and the crystallized appearance of the bars, has led to the supposition that cold is the cause of the crystallization, but there is no proof that the iron was not in this state previously, while the greater hardness of the ground, rigidity of joints, and severity of

shocks, are the more probable cause of such accidents. M. Caron exposed some pieces of the bar before referred to to temperature varying from zero to 20 degrees, and for a space of more than four months; after which they present no difference from the original bar, as regards fracture and resistance, and showed no crystallization. He remarks that these experiments were made with iron of good quality, and does not deny that inferior iron may have its brittleness increased under the influence of cold. M. Caron considers it proved that in every case in which an iron bar breaks and the fracture indicates crystallization, this quality existed previously, and is not due to working or cold.

THE NEW YORK SITUATION.

The most important local industrial agitation of the year—the recent strikes in New York city for eight hours—has terminated for the time being in only a partial success. The building trades have carried their point; the rest have lost it. The iron workers were the last to yield. Surrender on the part of the men was occasioned by the lack of previous organization. Hot haste has provoked endless waste. Too many trades struck at once. Amendment is promised for the future, and the determination is expressed to prepare for, and renew the struggle at the earliest favorable opportunity. On the other hand, the employers have formed an organization, local now, but intended to embrace the whole country, upon the platform of payment by the hour, and the enforcement of the ten-hour day. Preparations will be made to prevent or resist any future demands for the eight-hour day. "This," as a religious contemporary well says: "will bring the antagonism of labor and capital to an issue at once, with fearful consequences, unless reason and religion prevail over the passions of man. It is another proof of how little reason there is in the conduct of human affairs, when we see this question, so vital to human happiness, unadjusted down to the present period in the world's history." The *Workman*, at this juncture, re-iterates the position it has already taken, that employers would promote their own interests for years to come, and the prosperity of the nation and its people more by proffering substantial concessions to the inevitable demand for a reduction of hours, than by a consolidated resistance thereto. Reason, in view of existing facts and tendencies, should revolt at any other course.—*Weekly American Workman*.

WILL THE EIGHT HOUR RULE LESSON PRODUCTION, WEALTH AND WAGES?

An eight hour rule without strikes, would cover more time than the recent custom of working ten or twelve hours daily. Even if it did not, the greatest happiness of the greatest number, and their moral and intellectual improvement must not be unheeded. "Oh, but," says the capitalist, "by lessening the hours of labor you diminish production and wealth—the very funds that yield wages. If, for instance, you worked one hour per day, and got two dollars for that hour, there would be only one-tenth of the present produce, and two dollars would only get you one-tenth of the commodities which you can now purchase for that sum."

This argument is worth answering. In the first place, then, as regards foreign commodities, two dollars would, in the case supposed, buy exactly the same quantity as now. In the next place, as regards agriculture, nature and not labor is the main producing power; so that a diminution of the hours of labor by one-fifth, would not diminish produce by one-fifth, but only in perhaps about one-hundredth, if at all. Indeed, the greater efficiency of eight hours' labor would amply compensate for the subtraction of time. But, suppose it did not, still the diminution of raw produce thus occasioned, would be very slightly and by no means in direct proportion to the reduction of the hours of labor.

As regards manufactures, the question admits of an equally ready answer. The mill power of England alone is equal to the labor of 1,000,000,000 persons of the whole human race. The population of England and Wales is only 24,000,000, and the number engaged in manufactures only about 4,000,000. Now let us deduct one-fifth of the labor of these four millions, as would be deducted under the eight hour rule, and the whole produce would not be diminished by one-fifth, but only in the extremely small proportion which 800,000 or one-fifth of four million bears to 1,003,200,000; that is to the mill power of England, and the Englishmen that are still engaged in production. We need hardly add that the eight-hour rule does not involve a stoppage of mills for one-fifth of the labor day. On the contrary, the rule would enable the mill owners the more easily to get relays of hands that were employed at other work during the preceding part of the day.—*New York Union*.

LABOR DEMONSTRATION AT THE EAST END OF LONDON.

A meeting of the Labor Protection League, which, in the numbers attending it, was almost without precedent, was held last night at the Shoreditch Town-hall, for the purpose of further agitating the question of an increase of pay, under the presidency of the Rev. Septimus Hamaard, rector of Bethnal-green. The members of the League, who number 12,000,

were announced to start in procession, with brass band at their head, from the Three Compasses at Mile-end. This body was largely reinforced by working men from Stratford, Bow and other outlying Eastern districts, and was estimated to be a mile in length. The hall was filled in a twinkling, and as the street was quite impassable from the crowd outside, it became necessary to send off a band to a second meeting in Hoxton Market, in order to draw off the thousands who were unable to gain admittance. This detachment alone, marching some four or five abreast, was more than a quarter of an hour in passing Bishopsgate Station. Altogether, it was stated that there could not have been less than 15,000 or 20,000 men present. The Chairman, in opening the meeting, which, though very business-like and orderly, was extremely enthusiastic, read letters from several gentlemen, including Mr. A. Herbert, M.P., Mr. C. Reed, M.P., Captain Maxwell, and Mr. J. J. Homer, expressing their regret at their inability to attend. He congratulated the League on the success that had hitherto attended their efforts, and said that the great secret of it was the perfect order they observed at their meetings. One of the greatest proofs they could give of their ability to conduct their affairs was found in the meetings they held, and in the firm but respectful demeanor they observed in their disputes with their employers. Their object on that occasion was to celebrate the late success of the League, and to report progress. Speaking of labor combinations, he defended the principle of trades unions against the attacks of those who recognised in them nothing but labor arrayed against capital. Trades unions were an immense saving to the ratepayers, as they were mostly rich, and were able to defray all the expenses arising from sickness, accident, and other causes in their own immediate sphere. He instanced one case—the Amalgamated Carpenters' and Joiners' Society, which had, during the 24 years in which it had been in operation spent over £400,000 in meeting the necessities of its members. Resolutions were passed pledging the meeting to support the League, and to combine the stevedores, water-side workers, bonded warehousemen, dock and other laborers, to use exertions to obtain 6d. per hour as a minimum rate of wage with extra per hour for overtime; and to resist the introduction of the ten hours system about to be inaugurated by Mr. Du Plat Taylor in the East and West India Docks. The immense meeting broke up after an enthusiastic vote of thanks to the Chairman, accompanied by tremendous cheering.

THE MONETARY SYSTEM.

The *New York Mercantile Journal*, in commenting upon the strikes in that city, goes to the root of the cause, and shows that nothing short of a change in the monetary system will remedy matters. We quote entire:—

"The fact is that employers as a rule do not suffer from the payment of high wages to honest and intelligent employees, and would not if rates were increased twenty-five per cent., provided the embarrassments growing out of the credit system, and the mismanagement of the national finances and the legal tender currency of the country were removed. The greatest burden resting upon manufacturers arises from the payment, by the public generally, of excessive rates of interest, or, which is the same thing, the payment of exorbitant rentals for the use of the accumulated product of labor. What we most need is increased intelligence among workmen and employers as well, so that they may all more fully understand where their interests lie. When the subject is analysed it will be found that the interests of all men who are honestly employed in producing useful articles, and in facilitating their distribution, are so interwoven that they cannot be separated, and, therefore, that those who thus work should co-operate at all times, and especially at the ballot box, to defend class legislation.

It should be borne in mind that the usury laws do not inure to the benefit of borrowers of money, but to the wily lenders, who manage to evade the law and make the needy borrowers pay additionally for the trouble and risk of the evasion. The people require to be taught that they cannot afford to pay seven, six, nor even five per cent. for the use of sums of money which may be considered large when compared with their pecuniary position and ability to perform, growing out of business experience.

Admitting the foregoing facts, as all candid minds must after a little reflection, then it only remains to be seen how the rate of interest can be reduced throughout the length and breadth of the land to a point which shall be equitable to all. It can be easily done, but in this way only: The Government must assert its sovereign right to alone coin money. And the cheapest, suitable commodity, such as paper, should be used; and the value of such money and the volume thereof adjusted by making it interchangeable at the option of the holder with bonds of the Government bearing a fixed rate of interest.