THE HOME CIRCLE

AT ITHE FALL OF THE CURTAIN

The curtain's fulling and the lights burn low, So, with God's help, I'm ready now

the go. I've seen life's melodrama, paid the price, Have known its loves and losses,

hopes and fears.
The laughter and the stears,
And, now, God knews, I would not
see it twice.

I've crossed life's ocean, faced its Dilinding form,
But now heaven whispers I'm nearing home;
And though a storm-tossed hull I

reach the shore.
A thing of tattered sheets and brok-

on spars.
Naked against the stars,
I, shall soon be at peace forevermore.

For if again I pass these waters through, I know the kingdom I nm sailing to. What boots it where I lie, beneath

On down the dark, impenetrable deep, Where wayworn scamen steep,

pass to God.

—Blackwood's Magazine.

USELESS WOMEN.

Writing ou this subject, Mr. Silas K Hooking says; "We hear in all direc-tions that the matrimonial market is Alons that the matrimonial market is fig a very depressed condition. The chances are that it will remain depressed. There is no dearth of brilliant and attractive young women—bright of eye and glib of tongue They can waltz and sing and write flotion. But while they boast—as I have heard many of them do—that they never by any chance go into the kitchen; while they turn up their little pug noses with scorn at the bare mention of any domestic duty; we de they pride themselves on their knowledge of things they would be better without knowling, and their ignorance of things they ing, and their ignorance o' things they ought to know, the chances are the confidence and respect they win will be in inverse ratio to the amount of flattery they receive. They may shine in drawing-rooms, but self-respecting men will think twice before inviting them to preside over the destines of a home.

What we need to-day more than anything else are wives and mothers; and too many of the young women who can chatter and eparkle in company are lift for neither. No one deskres that women shall be more domestic drudges; but it is less desirable that they should be only society moths. All they should be only society moths. All this talk about women being the slaves of the Litchen and nursery is the utterest cant and nonsense. Why not talk of the men being the slaves of office, shop or factory? It is no chardes for any women to support and harder for a woman to superintent her kitchen and nursery than for a man to superintend his business. woman to superintend

AS THE HUSBAND, SO THE WIFE.

iA wide should be her husband's dearest and nearest friend, therefore his equal in the qualities of deart and mind; as capable of advising as of consoling him; a true woman, to be his helpmate and companion, not a godders to be set on a pedestal and adorsed with prostrate homage, or a doll find be tricked out with the guads of outentatious and degrading partiality. In the close intercourse of domestic life the wife and husband must necessarily act and react upon each other, may W. H. Davenport Adams in Women's Worth and Work. Tennyson, in well-known poem, refers to the abasement which a callous and a sensual husband will inflict on the woman of higher nature to whom he has been united;—

"Thou shalt lower to his level day by

"Thou shalt lower to his level day by day.

What is pure within thee growing coarse to sympathize with clay, As the husband is, the wife is; thou art mated with a clown.

hand the grossness of his nature will have meight to drag the down."
George Eliot has shown us this work of moral declension in her dale of Jan-et's Repentance," where Janet, through association with the drunken Dempster, learns to sin as he sins. But is not less certain that as the wife is so is the busband, that she will bring him down to her depth with a fatal facility, that in too many cases her dezires will become his desires, and her objects his objects also. It must be always difficult for the highmust be always difficult for the higher existence to escape contagion from the inferior, when the two are in daily may, hourly contact, and the former enthralted, perhaps, by the force of habit or the tingering fragrance of past affection. The danger is not likely to arise when the inferiority is very marked, for the superior will when be on its guard, nor where the inferiority is purely educational, for an unintellectual wife cannot rob her solicitationals but her to be for the superior of the endular but her to be endular bushed of his erudition But scholar-busbard of his erudition But a woman of mean ombitions, of low desires, of a frivolous or sensual dis-poisition, our hardly fail to exercise n deteriorating influence upon her hasband. In the old Persian apologue the clay sandle like the rose because it has been lying beside it; but we know that the rose thereby must have lost something of its sweetness. When sost something of its sweetness. When a sturbit stream mingles with a crystal brook, the united waters thence-forward flow with a discolored current. It is not essential to happy wedlook that a man of genius should marry a woman " qual genius, but it is essential that a man of pure hind and culturated taste should find the same malatis in the woman when he takes to his bosom, who is to thre with him in most intimate comparticipation and receive the deepest confidences of his soul. He cannot love the woman who does not comprehend him. Orlando must marry flostlind and not Audrey. We know the transferuning power of love; bow, like the moonlight, it can spread a silver-

plory over the rugged rocks as well glory over the rugged rocks as well as over the verdant laws; how it isolates the one beloved from all of her sex—a moman among women, and rwises her to a height to which it seems impossible that any other should aspire; how it invests the plain features with comeliness, and the dwkward with a Juno-like dignity; how it sets to sweetest music the compoplare utterances of uninspired mouplare utterances of uninspired lips, how it exalts the most ordinary virtues into celestial graces. But not even love's transferming magic can convert the mean and vulgar into the

V.S. Participation of

vertues into ecteatist graces. Just not even love's transforming magio can convert the mean and vulgar into the generous and noble, can change pincheded into pute gold, or the image of plaster into a marble statue. Not even love can long shut its eyes to the speck within the frait, the narrowness and self-shness of a low nature. What floos man awant or expect in a wife? Sufficient mental power and firmness of disposition to governmer bousehold aright and maintain a wise economy? Is that all? May we not add, intellectual and sensibilities to make ther companionship a source of light and life and of elevated pleasure; such high thoughts and aspirations as will encourage has imagination to maintain a heavenward flight, and help to lift both of them, by a free interchange of ideas, above the gross atmosphere of this workday world? He should look, says Sir Henry Taylor, for a clear understanding, chterfulness, and alucrity of mind, radher than gatety and brilliancy, and for a gentle tenderness of disposition in preference to an impassioned temperament. What unen want most in their should in the green than of an untroubled fireside, to which, weary with the strain of public life, or the excitement of competition, or the arduous pressure of prolonged study, they may turn with eaper, happy wes. Who would desire to plant his household gods on a volcano? Or who would seek actief from the cares of the world amid a coruscalion of fireworks? The true wife's love should be, as Sir Henry Taylor puts ft;—

"A love that chings not, nor is exigent, Encumbers not the active purposes,

Nor drains their source; but proffers with free grace
Pleasure, at pleasure touched, at pleasure waived,
A washing of the weary traveler's

A quenching of his thirst, a sweet re-

A quenciang or assemble,

pose,
Alternate and preparative,; in groves
Where, loving much the flower that
loves the shade,
And doving much the shade that the
flower loves,
He yet is unbewildered, unenslaved,
Thence starting light, and pleasantly
let go

let go When serious service calls"

We would go further than the poet, however, and say that the wife's love should accompany her husband into this "serious service;" and she should still be "bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh" after he has crossed the threshold of the house; that she chould participate in his hopes, his ambitions and his projects. Her place we grant, is not in the counting-house or "on'change." It is not necessary we grant, is not in the counting-house or "on'change." It is not necessary or desirable that she should be cumbered with the details of business. But surely she should have a general knowledge of what her husband is aiming at, is striving to accomplish; of what are his anxieties or expectations, or his successes or his failures. We believe that the influence of her pure spirit an' simple, straightforwardness of purpose would often hold back her husband from many a hazadrous speculation, and rend aside the thin veil with which many a questionable action is disguised.

LAID UP 'N HEAVEN.

iAfter all, the best satisfaction in life arises from what you are able to do for the kappiness and welfare of other people. That is the great advantage of wealth. It is not that it gives you the opportunity of leading a more inxurious and self-indulgent ife; it is not that you can have a fine house and gerden, books and pictures, travel and sodety, but it is that you have it in your power to help others. travel and society, but it is that you have it in your power to help others, to left them over hard places and to give them the substantial encouragements that are so useful. But this power does not read merely in the possession of stoney, it also goes with pood health, a cheerful disposition, knowledge, skill or any affantage that you have over those less favored. All these things are crusts, and we that you have over those less favored. All these things are crusts, and we make the noblest and most satisfying use of them when we use them as imusts, not for ourselves but to promote the welfare of others. What a significant thing it is that our Savoir, who treated the suggestion that file should use His aniraculous power to callinge a stone into bread as a kemptation of Satan, a few days later should have wrought His first miracle by turning water into wine, to proanous have wrought his first miracle by turning water into wine, to promote the pleasure and comfort of others. The more we see of life the firmer is apt to be our persuasion albet we get the best of any power or advantage we may kappen to have by using it for the welfare of others. By that use we transmute it into a permanuse we transmute it into a permanent spiritual value. The riches that we can ramass in that way are truly laid up in heaven.—The Watchman.

EACH HEART A HOME.

O Mother Marr, would that I.

Might deck this heart of mine
Width lovely. tragrant flowers of To be for thee p shring.

Then would I ever thee And of they tender come;
And thou wouldn't see my every throught.
And life would seem a prayer

Dear Mother, did I hear thy voice What were those words of thise? "My child, each grace-decked heart Is Verms" home and mine."

********* **CHILDREN'S**

CORNER

********* FISH LINES.

A fish sat him down with a blink to think.

think,
And dopped his fin thoughtfully into
the ink.;
Then finned this short note,

"Dear Tommy," he wrote, "In response to your line of the other

day, I hasten to thank you without delay. But, had not that squirming, delicious

But, had not that squirming, delicious young worm
Shown a set in his curves too suspiciously firm.
I empht not be here
The write you, my deaf,
(Wheet you may not believe, 't is so monstruously queer).
That the wriggler you sent
With most kindly intent
Had swallowed a pan that was frightfully bent!

"You see-if I'd greedily taken a bite.
The pain and the shock would have
taished me quite;
So, the next time you send,
My javenile friend,

Just mark if the worm has a nat-Ero you daught him temptingly slown here to be
The death of some innocent young

thing like me."

And he grinned as he used some dry sand for a blotter (Ink dries rather slowly, you know, under swetter). Then signed it in haste And scaled it with paste.

It was growing quite dark and he'd no time to waste.
So he posted it slyly, without wasting more,
On the crest of a upple that ran to-

Then, shaking his scales in a satisfied

glow, All shining and shimmering, sank

down below,
Where he soon fell asleep
In an oyster-bed deep,
Wath the green sheets of water his
slumber to keep.

—Jessica H. Lowell, in June St. Nich-

SAID THE CHIMNEY SWALLOW

When my piren's made a mistake and built their nest in a chimney that was in use port of the time, the barn awallow, who 's a cousin of ours, said

swallow, who is a cousin of ours, said in its knowing way,...
"That comes from building nests in chimneys. It always was a dirty habit. Now I hope you will do as we do and build your pest under the caves of the barn, where nothing can burt you and you can smell that sweet, new-

you and you can smell the sweet, new-mown hay old day long,"
"Nay, nay; rome and follow our example," said the cliff awallow, who is anoth a course of ours and always given to boasting. "When you dig a deep hole in the side of the cliff you, are sede from all barn. No buy or cat can climb up the side of the step sliff, and all day long you can waten and listen to the mouning sea."

In respect to these remarks my

Intern to the mouning sea."

In response to these remarks my mother shook her head and said slowly and thoughtfully;—

"I cannot do it. It was always brought up to build my uests in chimneys, and I must always do it. I might make a mistack if I built it under the eaves of the barn, and the continual mouning of the sea "suld make me hoursick."

"Then build it in your chimneys end

"Then build it in your chimneys and some day but burnt up or smothered to death," exclaimed the barn swallow and the cliff swallow in unison, and away they flew. We had been routed cut of our mu g

We had been routed cut of our sut giftle home at an carry hour of face morning by the rudden belshing up of smoke, and father and mother just bad kime to resoue my furce brothers, when the heat and whose became unbearable. It had been a sad experience, and my parents could not account for the sadden smote in the dhimney. Of course the noise we made attracted other swallows to the scene and this little conversation took place withe we watched the subset. place write we witched the smoke rolling up from the chimney Oid as they were, my parents had never chis-er, a chimney for a nest before that had been in use for years, and they could not account for the musiake. Suddenly, bowever, father dirted up into the air and a moment later returned with the startling announce-

merk, "I see the reason now. We did not make a mistraire in cooring the channey. It was not our fault. The house is on fire."
This news made as all tremble, and

mother hegan to snuggle up to is and look around for a safe place when the flames whould burst up from the coof. We were all standing on the top ridge of the roof and we knew that our

perch vas very insecure.
"I do not believe the people in the bouse are away either," father suddenly added, "and they will be burnt. up."
"Can't we wake them up some way."

mother asked, auxiously.
"Yes. I will fly nown the others ohimney," father replies: "I know head into one of the bed-room, and I will fly around and know or walls.

leads into one of the bed-rooms at will fly around and knock of the walls and ted until they wake a way, and as I learned lating made such a note in the bed in made such a note in the bed in the the people get frightened. He benged round, and even he book of them on the head middle even he book of them on the head middle even he book of them on the head middle even he book of them on the head middle even he book of them of middle moke. Listen! It sounds if went thing mad wrong."

These be ron took window, and a moment later he desides at the top of he wolce, "Fire Fire I | Kire I"
Of course fauler them started to return, and up the salmans; he flew and back to kes, is a little while the bouse was as absame, but the people in it got one and more of them were here.

The templing alght is almost the first single as wall and as a young swallow, but he made a lasting important was as under a little bird into

this bly world and to introduce him to its dangers. But I suppose it was good for me for ever after that the smell of sincke always prepared me for a free, and in that way I was once able to save my own little swallown from cartain aeath years after. Of course they buil: the house again, and father and mother selected one of the best chimneys for their home, and when I was old enough to mate I took another. The meaple on the house were always kind to see, and once, when they were watching as fly round catobing insects. I heard the man say to his wife;—

"They are graceful birds, and useful.

"They are graceful birds, and useful, too. I believe to this ray, dear, that we would have been burnt up that night if the swallow hadn't awakened us. It seemed almost as if Providence had sent the bird"

"That's what I have always thought,' replied the wife, "and I have always liked to see them building their nests in the chimneys. I was almost afraid they wouldn't come back to the new house."

nonse."
This happened long after the barn swallow and cliff swallow, which had talked so scornfully to us that night, had met with the accidents that killed them and all their families. One day a snake crept down the side of the cliff and entered the home of the cliff swallow and sucked the eggs. Then when the birds returned home he caught them and killed them. Not hearing from his cousins for a long he caught them and killed them. Not the aring from his cousins for a long time, father one day ventured into the gloomy hole on the side of the cliff and there he found the horrible suggestions of the tragedy. He neturned home and related what he had seen to make any square the here. to mother, and our cousin, the barn swallow, being present, said contemp-tuously;—

"That comes from building in holes."
We did not think at the time that another tragedy was to follow so quickly, but the very next day a cat stole along the edge of the barn and destroyed the nest of our other cousins, and they, trying to defend their young, were caughly by another eat and devoured. It was a mournful day when we heard it all and therester. when we heard it all, and thereafter we never boasted of what we could or would do, but felt satisfied for being alive and teft undisturbed from day to

You can see by this that a swallow's ife is not all happiness, although it might appears so when flying cound in the dusk in the early evening catching insects on the wing. I have leard many lovers whisper to each other and say in their thoughtless way;—

"Ne'll be as happy and free as these awallows."

But of course I do not complain.

There is plenty of happiness in our lives, even if there is some sadoes, and I am not sure that I would exand I am not sure that I would exchange the life of a chimney sweep
for that of any other bird. Up in
our chimney home we do not fear
hops or cats. Not one dare come down
the straight precipice of the chimney
to where hur nest is securely fastened.
Indeed, few enemies ever dare climb
to the top ridge of the house and even
look down the chimney. So, you see,
we are safe from any fear in that
quarter. quarter.

Then we have few enemies in the air that we need be afraid of, What bird can fly as swiftly as we, or what creature can dodge and circle about so on the wing? The night owl sometimes ventures near our chimney home, but we fear him not, for we can dodge him and escape down the sooty chimney, where he dare not follow. Then the hawks fly after us, but we laugh at their vain efforts to catch us, and impudently flit about them and snap impudently flit about them and snap our wings in their faces. There is

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can be relied upone to cure ever form of piles.

It seems strange that a time should suffer the wretched in times and acute torture of burners, it when it is so established in the case of the procure Dr. Chase's Ointment, and the case apply it at home without any inconvenience. The first pileation is usually sufficient that end to be itching, and it is the time and to be itching, and it is the time and to be itching, and it is the time and to be itching, and it is the time and to be itching the cure. It is the make a thorough cure.

The time the time the time to the constant itching. I was always in pain until a friend of mine told me of the wonderful cures Dr. Chase's On ment had made amorg his acquaintances.

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record of my case."

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the kite, which sometimes drops down from a great height and dries to strike us, but we see his shadow and dar swiftly away.

dar swiftly away.

The bat comes out at dusk or summer evenings and hunts insects with us. This is great fun, and we dodge around the fields and trees until it gets too dark to see. Then we go tto bed in the chimney, while the bats continue their hunting until late in the night. We can hear their wings flit around iong after we have been flit around iong after we have been tucked away in our nests, and we wonder what luck they are having. But when you are so very very alergy you don't care for anything—not fen.

you don't care for anything—not free for toothsome insects.

Cruel men sometimes come out to about us, but we are too didn't we have they dodging the shots and anything the their foolish attempts to till to the pot they not know that the filmer, sweep's wings are swifted than the shots of their weapons. Then when they shoot aheaded us we dodge and circle round in the fire so that we are in no real danger. Did you ever hear of a man killing a channey sweep when flying fit so, it must have been a young one or a wounded swallow. Of sourse the barn swallow and the cliff swallow are killed in this way, for they have not yet learned to dodge the shots na well as we have.

I do not see why they should ment

well as we have.

I do not see why they should want
to kill us, rither, for our life is an innocent and harmless one, and up herin the broad heavens we flit about like an the broad beavens we flit about like spirits, with scarcely a shadow reaching down to mar the earth. At night and early in the morning we kill the baseots which amony man, and for this we should be given credit. Who would not be a dhimney arallow, to float and soar up in the heavens and live siffer and independent in the claude. and soar up in the heavens and live
so free and independent in the clouds
and so far away from the dust and
nowe of the carth that we hardly
know they exist? Of course you
would, end everybody else would, I
know; but we can't all be chimney
sweeps, and so you must be something,
else. But I um thankful khat I am
a swallow—a channey swallow at that
—and not—well, something else.—
Christian Advocate.

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