

The Home Circle.

PRESS ON.

Press on, press on, if ye would wish
To gain a deathless fame;
If ye would crave to be enrolled
Upon the scroll of fame;
If ye would wish to be remembered,
You must not dormant be;
Your watchword ever should be this—
"Press on to victory."

If ye would wish triumphantly
To ride in glory's car;
To have your name proclaimed throughout
The world, both near and far;
Why, then, press on, and soon ye'll reach
That much desired goal;
Press on, press on, must be the word
Of the unwearied soul.

Ye cannot triumph o'er life's ills,
Nor master all your foes,
If thy heart is wrapped within
Its calm and deep repose.
No, no, you must arise from sleep,
Which oft us all assail;
And then with faith and energy,
O'er foes and all prevail.

FOR LILLIE'S SAKE.

"When papa drinks he's cross to you,
I know, my kindest mother,
And sometimes cross, and cruel, too,
To me and little brother.
But, mamma take him back once more,
'Twill make me feel so glad,
For he is often good and kind,
He is not always sad.

"I know that he has left us oft,
In sickness and in need,
Nor thought about our misery,
Your tears he gave no heed;
But should I never see him more
My heart will surely break,
Please, mamma, take him back again,
Just once for Lillie's sake."

My days had been as roses fair
Ere I became his wife,
'Till then I never knew a care,
No shadow crossed my life.
But, Oh! how oft' he caused my heart
To bleed beneath its pain,
But still, for little Lillie's sake,
I took him back again.

The golden sun has sunken low
Behind the old oak's shade;
'Tis summer twilight's silvery glow
In oakland's quiet glade;
And sitting here beside him now,
With soul to joy awake,
I don't regret I took him back,
For little Lillie's sake.

TRIBUTE TO WATER.

Paul Denton, a Methodist preacher in Texas, advertised a barbecue, with better liquor than is usually furnished. When the people were assembled, a desperado in the crowd walked up to him and cried out,—

"Mr. Denton, your reverence has lied. You promised not only a good barbecue, but better liquor. Where's the liquor?"

"There," answered the preacher, in tones of thunder; and pointing his motionless finger at a stream gushing up in two strong columns, with a sound like a shout of joy, from the bosom of the earth. "There!" he repeated, with a look terrible as lightning, while his enemy actually trembled at his feet; "there is the liquor which God the Eternal brews for all his children. Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires, choked with poisonous gases, surrounded with stench of sickening odors and corruptions, doth your Father in Heaven prepare the precious essence of life—pure, cold water; but in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders and the child loves to play. There God brews it; and down, low down in the deepest valleys, where the fountain murmurs and the rills sing; and high upon the mountain tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun, where the storm-clouds broods and the thunder-storms crash; and far out on the wide, wild sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big waves rolls the chorus, sweeping the march of God—there he brews it, that beverage of life—health-giving water.

"And everywhere it is a thing of life and beauty—gleaming in the dew-drops; singing in the summer rain; shining in the ice-gem, till the trees all seem turned to living jewels; spreading a golden veil over the sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon; sporting in the glacier; folding its bright snow caplain softly about the wintry world; and weaving the many-colored bow, whose warp is the rain-drops of earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of Heaven, all checked over with the mystic hand of refraction.

"Still it is beautiful—that blessed life-water! No poisonous bubbles are on its brink; no foam brings not madness and murder; no ood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving orphans weep not burning tears in its depths; no drunkard's shrinking ghost from the grave, curses it in the world of eternal despair!—Speak out, my friends! Would you exchange it for the demon's drink, oh!"

A shout like the roar of a tempest answered—
"No!"

A STORM AT SEA.

"Mother, you will let me go?"

A terrible storm is sweeping across the wild coast of North Devonshire. The Dymouth life-boat is prepared to take its way to a foreign vessel, which, at some short distance from the land, is showing signs of dire distress. The life-boat crew is complete, with the exception of one man. Young Will Carew, a Dymouth fisher-lad and an expert sailor, is offering to fill the vacant place. But first he bends down gently to a woman, who stands beside him on the dreary shore, and it is his clear, brave voice that we hear above the raging of the storm.

"Mother, you will let me go?"

The mother has been a widow only six short months. Her husband was a fisherman; he put out one bright day last spring, for the last time, in his small fishing-boat, upon a delusively calm sea. A sudden squall came on; broken fragments of the boat were seen next day on the beach, but the fisherman returned no more to home and love. And now the son asks permission to brave the horrors of that sea which his father found so pitiless.

A fierce, passionate refusal rose to the woman's lips. But her sad eyes move slowly towards the distressed vessel; she thinks of the many loved lives in jeopardy within it, thinks, with a sudden pang of agonized pity, of many distant, dear homes in peril of bereavement; she turns to the boy, and her voice is calm and courageous as his own:—

"Go, my son. And may God Almighty go with you, and bring you safe back to your mother's heart!"

Hurriedly she leaves the beach, hurriedly seeks her desolate home, and alone she wrestles with the pain of her old sorrow and her new fear.

Morning dawns again. The storm has spent itself. Sullenly the waves are tossing their haughty heads, but the sea's worst fury is over at last.

A gallant vessel has gone down upon the waters, but the Dymouth life-boat has nobly fulfilled its noble task, and all hands on board the vessel have been saved.

Why does young Will Carew linger in hesitation outside his mother's door? Bravest of the brave he has shown himself throughout the night. Why does he shrink from the proud welcome that awaits him, from the heart dearest to his own?

Beside him stands a tall, worn man; a man whom he has rescued from a watery grave; a man whose eyes, full of deep tenderness, never leaves his own. Around the two throng Dymouth villagers; many hands are thrust towards the man in happy recognition.

"Who will dare to tell her?" So speaks a voice well nigh choked with strong emotion.

"I will!" And Will Carew makes his way through the awe-struck crowd. Another moment and he is in his mother's arms. He feels and knows for the first time, the whole depth of that wondrous maternal love, which Love Omnipotent has chosen as its best earthly token.

"Mother, listen. I have a tale for your ears. May God teach me how to tell it right. One of the men saved last night was a Dymouth fisherman." The boy's voice is soft and grave, but it is evident that he steadies it only with a strong effort. "A fearful storm had overtaken him upon the sea, one day, not many months ago. He was observed and saved by a foreign vessel. The vessel was outward-bound. Away from home, from wife, from kindred, the man was forced to sail; and by wife and kindred he was mourned as dead. He arrived at the vessel's destined port, only to set sail again with the first ship bound for England. Last night he found himself within sight of home; but a wild storm was raging on land and sea, and once more the man stood face to face with a terrible death. Help came in his need; help, God-sent, God-directed. And—"

The boy breaks down now. On his knees, by his mother's feet, he clasps her hands convulsively in his, and his voice comes only through thick sobs:—

"Mother, darling, try to bear the happy truth. When your brave heart, a heart which, in the midst of its own sorrow, could feel for the sorrow of others, sent me forth last night to the succour of the distressed, you knew not—how should you know?—that you sent me to the rescue of my dear father's life. God gave him to me. God has given him, mother, back to our grateful love."

Not another word is spoken. Locked in each other's arms, mother and son pour out their hearts in a flood of unspeakably happy tears.

A step is heard; the rescued man stands by his own fireside, remembering, with profound emotion, that his place there has been won for him by the skill and courage of his son.

With a wild cry of joy the mother rushes forward, and her head finds its long lost place upon her husband's breast.

Ah! Love, supreme, unutterable! Strange indeed are the paths through which Thy Divine Wisdom leads Thy children to pure happiness! In mute reverence we bow before the mighty Tenderness, which crowns and blesses earthly love.—*Annette Calthrop in The People's Magazine.*

There are three things in the world that know no kind of restraint, and are governed by no laws, but merely by passion and brutality:—civil wars, family quarrels, and religious disputes.

COMING TO AN UNDERSTANDING.

Having on one occasion a few hours to spare while the English mail steamer on which I was a passenger waited in the harbor of Queenstown for the English mails to arrive, with a few of my fellow passengers, I spent those few hours walking about the streets of the town, beset at every step, of course, by the ragged and importunate vendors of blackthorn sticks, "rale" Irish lace, bog oak jewellery, bits of shamrock in little flower pots, and very hard and green looking apples. One particularly importuning old lady attached herself particularly to our party, and more particularly to me, who, she said, was "of her complexion." I do not believe that redder hair was ever seen on a human being, and on her dirty face there was not room enough left for another freckle. She had, unfortunately, caught my eye fixed almost admiringly on a certain lace handkerchief among her other stores, and devoted her forenoon to making me its purchaser.

Would I please buy it, sir, to put round my sweetheart's neck when I went home? I could see at a glance how elegant it was; and to me the price would only be four and six, the very lowest; there now!

I'd give her ninepence!
It must be joking I was. Couldn't I see that them chaps in the shops would charge a pound for the likes of it, and they hadn't the likes of it at all; but I was "of her complexion,"—she seemed disposed to dwell on that, and to me she'd make it four shillings, the very lowest; there now!

Ninepence was my price.

Did I mean to insult the County Cork and the whole Irish people by such an offer as that; couldn't I see myself the work on it, the elegant work, and wouldn't it look beautiful round my sweetheart's neck, and wasn't I "of her complexion," and wouldn't I give her three and six, the very lowest; there now!

My limit was ninepence.

Would I rob the poor blind girl, her granddaughter, who had worn her fingers to the bone, and lost her eyesight, and ruined her health, and spent the last four months in making that lace; wasn't she giving it to me for nothing, and was I hard hearted and did I want to oppress the poor, and wouldn't she pray for me the longest day she lived, and I could have it for three shillings, the very lowest; there now!

I'd go no more than ninepence.

Wasn't I taking the very potato out of her granddaughter's mouth, and hadn't she her rent to pay, and not a ha'penny in her pocket that blessed minute to pay it with; and would I see her turned out on the bog to starve; and wasn't I "of her complexion;" and she'd give it to me for two and six, the very lowest; there now!

No, ninepence was all I'd pay. I'd promised my parents before I left home that I'd not give more than ninepence for anything; and here was ninepence for the handkerchief, the very highest: "there now!"

By all the saints in the calendar, I was laughing at her, and trying to murder her poor granddaughter, who was blind, and had killed herself at the work, and so on, for a mile or two along the shore, coming down in her price a penny or two every few hundred yards, and all the time displaying powers of eloquence that would have made her fortune if she had only written a book, and had gone to the States to lecture, and displaying powers of persuasion never equalled except by a life insurance agent.

Finally, when she had reduced her price to eighteenpence, as "the very lowest, there now," and seemed as determined to stick to that figure as I to my ninepence, I offered to compromise. One shilling to end the matter—ninepence for the handkerchief, because that was all I said I'd give, and the threepence extra to go away and let us have peace. With a few words that might have been a bad natured blessing or a good humored curse, she pushed the handkerchief into my hand, took the shilling, and disappeared as suddenly as a harlequin in a pantomime, treating us to a bit of transformation scene as she left, for the handkerchief she gave me was by no means the handkerchief for which I had been bargaining, but one very much its inferior in every way, and one which had not until that moment appeared. It was probably worth about the ninepence it cost me, however, to say nothing of the amusement it afforded, and it is kept in the family as a memento until this day. The lady "of my complexion" I never saw again.

THE WHITE WILLOW.

It is unfortunate that this tree lies under the odium of having been the means of perpetrating a huge swindle on farmers. In the right place its merits are manifold. For quiet moist land, we know of no better plan of forming a stock-proof, live fence. If managed skillfully, the fence may be made both speedily and cheaply. Along borders of swamps and through marshy lands the willow will thrive excellently. The best way to make a fence is to use cuttings at least six feet long, and large enough to bear driving into the ground to the depth of one and a half and two feet. Place them nine inches apart, and in three years they will make a strong, close and durable fence. There is also, probably, some profitable use for the trimmings which should be taken from the tops once in two or three years. The common willow makes hoops for kegs and small packages which require hoopings. When the growth is vigorous the white willow can be used for hop poles. It also makes excellent live fence-posts, as it will bear clipping in, to save shading the ground too much.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

Leaving philosophers to speculate as to whether the moon was or was not the home of creatures mor or less akin to humankind, philosophical folks agreed that the moon had one inhabitant at least, one of their own race, whose form was palpable to all who had eyes to see.

How he attained his elevated position was in this wise: While the children of Israel sojourned in the wilderness a man was detected gathering sticks upon the Sabbath day, whereupon he was taken without the camp and stoned until he died. Not satisfied with this exemplary punishment of the offender by his fellow-wanderers, the Vox Populi condemned the unhappy Sabbath-breaker to a perpetual purgatory in the moon, wherein he may be seen, bearing his bundle of sticks upon his back, ever climbing and climbing without gaining a step; accompanied by a dog, faithful in worse than death to a master whom an old English song-writer pictures, shuddering in constant fear of a fall, and shivering with cold as the frosty air bites through his thorn-ent clothes. Shakespeare's Stephano found Caliban ready enough to believe he was the man in the moon, dropped from the skies to become king of the enchanted island—"I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee; my mistress showed me thee, and thy dog, and thy brush."

In Germany the story runs that many years ago, an old man went into the woods to cut sticks upon a Sunday morning. Having collected as many as he could carry, he slung the bundle upon a stick, shouldered it, and trudged homewards. He had not got far upon his way ere he was stopped by a handsome gentleman dressed in his Sunday best, who inquired if he was aware that it was Sunday on earth, when everyone was bound to rest from labor.

"Sunday on earth or Monday in heaven, it is all the same to me!" [was the irreverent reply.]

"So be it," said the questioner; "bear, then, your faggot forever; and since you do not value Sunday on earth, you shall have an everlasting Moon-day in heaven—standing for eternity in the moon as a warning to Sabbath-breakers!"

As he pronounced sentence, the stranger vanished, and before the wood-gatherer could apologize for his rudeness, he was seized by invisible hands, and borne to the moon, pole, faggot and all.

According to another version he had the option of burning in the sun or freezing in the moon, and chose the latter.

Travelling northward, we find the bundle of sticks transformed into a load of green stuff. A North Frisian, so devoid of honest ingenuity that he could think of no better way of passing his Christmas Eve than in stripping a neighbor's garden of its cabbages, was deservedly caught by some of the villagers as he was sneaking away with his plunder. Indignant at the theft, they wished the thief in the moon, and to the moon he went instant; there he yet stands with the stolen cabbages on his back, turning himself round once on the anniversary of his crime and its detection.

New Zealanders, too, claim the man in the moon as one of themselves—their story being, that one Rora, going out at night to fetch water from a well, stumbled, fell, and sprained his ankle so badly that, as he lay unable to move, he cried out with pain. Then, to his dismay and terror, he beheld the moon descending toward him, evidently bent upon capturing him. He seized hold of a tree, and clung to it tightly, but it gave way, and fell with him upon the moon, which carried both away.

In Swabia, not content with a man, they must needs put a man and a woman in the moon; the former for strewing thorns and brambles on the road to church, to hinder more godly folk than himself from attending Sunday mass; the latter for making butter upon the Sabbath day.

The Cingalese transform the man into a hare, and make the animal's presence in the orb of night a reward instead of a punishment.

In Scandinavia, oddly enough, tradition took the New Zealanders' view of Luna's character, and made a kidnapper of her. According to the Norse legend, Maim the moon, seeing two children named Hjuke and Bil drawing water from a well into a bucket, which they suspended on a pole, for easy carriage, seized upon them and took children, bucket, and pole into the upper region.

SERVED HIM RIGHT.

A week or two since a little incident occurred at Cape Girardeau, an account of which, it is hoped, Mr. Gough will incorporate in his lectures; it will point a discourse and add effect to the moral. A character, noted somewhat for loafing around bar-rooms, was sitting in his usual place of resort, with several compatriots about a card table, killing time with the paste-boards. Suddenly his wife entered the room, bearing a large covered dish, which she deposited on the table with the remark, "Presuming, husband, that you were too busy to come home to dinner, I have brought yours to you." The husband invited his companions to share his meal, and removed the lid from the dish, revealing, no smoking roast, but instead, a slip of paper, only this and nothing more, on which was written, "I hope you will enjoy your dinner; it is of the same kind your family has at home."

LITTLE MISERIES.

Life would be miserable if men and women had no grievances. It is highly probable, indeed, that a large number, if they could find nothing to grumble at, would die of simple ennui. It is positive enjoyment to many people to have a good growl; they take intense delight in persuading themselves and those by whom they are surrounded that they are martyrs on a small scale. They do not act thus always with the mere intention of invoking pity on their behalf; perhaps if the truth were to be made known, they are intensely angry with the being who has the audacity to pity them. They are actuated by a somewhat vague feeling of discontent. They feel that, somehow or other, that things are not exactly as they ought to be. They may have plenty to eat and drink, they may have good clothes on their backs, and sufficient money to provide them with all healthful luxuries; they may have friends who love them, and comfortable homes, and yet will they feel dissatisfied and seize an opportunity of making their dissatisfaction felt. They may be goodhearted people in the main, they may give money to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, their eyes may water at the sight of suffering; and yet unaccountable as it may appear, they will take a positive pleasure in making those with whom these daily lives are temporarily unhappy. Human nature is made up of such palpable contradictions—there is so much instinctive bad mixed up with much instinctive good in every one of us—that there is no reason to be surprised at this. Such being the constitution of many men's minds, it will readily be conceived that even when people are exceptionally prosperous they make a point of positively gloating over trivial trials, making out, indeed, that they have as large a share of the bitterness of life as any of their fellows. Indeed we may go a step further, and say that those who have most trials talk least about them. Those whose lives are one continual grind, who have to struggle hard to keep the wolf from the door, have, in fact little time for grumbling. They have generally to be content with things as they are. It would be found, were inquiry made, that the honest hardworkers are so busily engaged in thanking Providence for such small mercies as are vouchsafed them that they forget to murmur, except at odd moments, an account of those which are denied. —*Liberal Review.*

IS HE RICH?

Many a sigh is heaved, many a heart broken, many a life is rendered miserable by the terrible infatuation which persons often manifest in choosing a life companion for their daughters. How is it possible for happiness to result from the union of two principles as diametrically opposed to each other in every point, as virtue to vice? And yet how often is wealth considered a better recommendation for young men than virtue? How often is it the first question which is asked respecting the suitor of a daughter, this: "Is he rich?" But does that afford any evidence that he will make a kind and affectionate husband? "Is he rich?" Yes, his clothing is purple and fine linen and he fares sumptuously every day; but can you tell him from this fact that he is virtuous? "Is he rich?" Yes, he has thousands floating on every ocean; but do not riches sometimes take to themselves wings and fly away? And will you consent that your daughter shall marry a man who has nothing to recommend him but his wealth? Ah, beware! The gilded bait sometimes covers a barbed hook. Ask not, then, "Is he rich?" but "Is he virtuous?" Ask not, then, if he has wealth, but has he honor? And do not sacrifice your daughter's peace for money.

PHILOSOPHICAL PEDESTRIANISM.

Walking, says a writer in the June number of the *Galaxy*, brings out the true character of a man. The devil never yet asked his victims to take a walk with him. You will not be long in finding your companion out. All disguises will fall away from him. As his pores open his character is laid bare. His deepest and most private self will come to the top. It matters little whom you ride with, so he be not a pickpocket; for both of you will, very likely, settle down closer and firmer in your reserve, shaken down like a measure of corn by the jolting, as the journey proceeds. But walking is a more vital co-partnership; the relation is a closer and sympathetic one, and you do not feel like walking ten paces with a stranger without speaking to him. Hence the fastidiousness of the professional walker in choosing or admitting a companion, and hence the truth of a remark of Emerson, that you will generally fare better to take your dog than to invite your neighbor. Your cur-dog is a true pedestrian, and your neighbor is very likely a small politician. The dog enters thoroughly into the spirit of the enterprise; he is not indifferent or preoccupied; he is constantly sniffing adventure, laps at every spring, looks upon every field and woods as a new world to be explored, is even on some fresh trail, knows something important that will happen a little further on, gazes with the true wonder-seeing eyes whatever the spot or whatever the road, finds it good to be there—in short is just that happy, delicious, exuberant vagabond that touches one at so many points, and whose human prototype in a companion robs miles and leagues of half their fatigue.