

The Home Circle.

PASS ON! PASS ON!

Only a poor little outcast, Crushed in the crowded street; Only a beggar so trampled To death by the horses' feet; Neglected, unknown, uncared for, He lays there amid the throng, Dead! Dead, to the world so cruel— Pass on—pass on.

Hush! was it a cry for mercy That came from the courts below? But what care we for the women, Who live in their sin and woe? An oath, and a thrust of the knife, And another life has gone— Unshriven before its Maker,— Pass on—pass on.

A trembling voice at the corner Begs alms as we hurry by; Our hearts are wrapt in costly furs, And the poor can only die. Faster and faster the snow-flakes Fall on the sleeping form; And who can help the beggar—dead? Pass on—pass on.

Dead! She was found in the river— A woman so young, so fair— And see how her fair white shoulders Are hid by her auburn hair; Her cold heart loved, as we once loved, And those lips gave kisses warm; She erred; and the world would not forgive— Pass on—pass on.

The world is a fleckle mistress, And we all are more sickle than she; And those who turn from beggars, May worse than the beggars be; God grant when you call for mercy, Amid the heartless throng, That their hearts may give responses, And not pass on. —Waverly Magazine.

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

Over and over again, No matter which way I turn, Always find in the Book of Life Some lessons I have to learn. I must take my turn at the mill, I must grind out the golden grain, I must work at my task with a resolute will, Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need Of even the tiniest flower, Nor check the flow of the golden sands That run through a single hour. But the morning dew must fall, And the sun and the summer rain Must do their part, and perform it all Over and over again.

Over and over again The brook through the meadow-flows, And over and over again The ponderous mill-wheel goes. Once doing will not suffice, Though doing be not in vain; And a blessing, falling us once or twice, May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod Is never so rough to the feet; And the lesson we once have learned Is never so hard to repeat. Though sorrowful tears must fall, And the heart to its depth be driven With storm and tempest, we need them all To render us meet for Heaven.

A FEW WORDS TO YOUNG MEN.

Looking around, we behold a large circle of young men to whom we write these lines. You form a considerable part of a community, and as your interests and welfare are so intimately connected with society, especially with that part called home, a friendly line inquiring into the circumstances by which you are surrounded, the influence by which you are governed, and from which your future life may take its form, it is hoped will not be considered by you impertinent or out of place, but received with candor and good will.

The age which most of our young men have attained is, in general, a critical one. It is before the judgment and reason have been matured to such an extent as to allow them to accept of the somewhat disagreeable truth, that they know a little less than those older in years and experience, instead of more, as they have persuaded themselves to believe. This is a fallacy that most will find out at some future time.

Young men, who are your companions—with whom do you associate? for as surely as results follow natural causes, so will your future life be determined, almost invariably, by the influences exerted upon you by those with whom you are constantly coming in contact. Beware of those whom you select as your friends, your companions. Pass not lightly by the instruction and advice of older ones—true friends—who would wisely counsel you in this matter.

How many a young man can date his downfall from virtue and morality to the baleful influence exerted upon him by an ill-chosen friend, a fiend instead. What care such for virtue, or goodness, or manhood? They, or he, will affect a friendship for you, in order to gain your confidence, and then will deliberately lead you astray. Should you follow such a companion, you will be robbed of that which is infinitely more valuable than money, robbed of all esteem, morality, reputation, all of those qualities that would render a young man worthy of the confidence and love of those whose good opinion alone is worth possessing.

Keep clear, I pray you, of these hidden rocks in the stream of your life. Take careful note of the little, almost imperceptible eddies above, that mark their existence below.

If once you get inside the charmed circle that leaps, almost unconsciously, towards the

deadly-vortex where so many have gone down, it will be hard breaking away, and the longer you go, the more difficult it will seem, until at length escape may be impossible, and physical and mental death will be the result.

No, keep out of the tempter's snare, if you would not be caught.

DON'T FRET.

What good does it do? Certainly you are none the happier—nor your friends—because you constantly air your troubles. Fretting is useless and unnecessary. To be sure, I don't believe in the cant that a woman must always, under all and any circumstances, wear a smiling face when her husband comes home, or that she needs to take her hands out of the dough, or drop the baby on the floor, to run and meet him at the door. But I do believe, —nay, I know for I have seen it with my own eyes among my friends,—that many a woman has driven a kind husband away from her, away from his home and its sacred influences, and caused him to spend his time at a billiard-table or in a drinking saloon, amid their profane influences, simply by her ceaseless fretting over trifles which were not worth a word, much less the peace and happiness of a home. I know that many a mother has turned her son against her own sex, and made him dread and dislike the society of women, by her example, constantly set before him. I know that many a mother has brought up and developed a daughter just like herself, who, in her turn, would wreck and ruin the comfort of another family circle. And knowing all this, my sisters,—and brothers, too, if they need it,—I know that we ought to set our faces like a flint against this useless, sinful, peace-destroying and home-disturbing habit of fretting.

THE FIRST LOVER.

Jacob, the last of the Hebrew patriarchs, is one of the first lovers, in point of time, to whom we are introduced. Judged by a modern standard, his conduct in the ordinary affairs of life was far from blameless. It was not quite fraternal in him to buy his older brother's birthright for a mess of pottage, when poor Esau was starving; nor was it altogether filial to obtain by fraud from his aged and blind father the blessing of the first-born. His loyalty and devotion to Rachel, however, compensate for many defects, and we cannot withhold our sentimental admiration from the lover who served fourteen years to obtain the wife of his choice and a comfortable independence. After serving seven years for his true mistress, and then having her sister Leah put off upon him by a trick, it is as creditable as it is singular that he should have the amiability and patience to repeat his service for the possession of Rachel. In these days Jacob would have acted very differently, I fear. He would have regarded his first seven years as entirely lost; would have quarreled with Leah, even procuring a divorce if necessary, and, angry with the whole Laban family, would have left Rachel, so far as he was concerned, to pine in single blessedness. Masculine constancy must have sadly deteriorated since that good time: men now will hardly tarry seven weeks for any one wife when so many other wives may be had. Take pattern by Jacob, ye unstable lovers, learn to labor and to wait.

THE TRUE GIRL.

The true girl has to be sought for. She does not parade herself as show goods. She is not fashionable. Generally she is not rich. But, oh! what a heart she has when you find her! so large, and pure, and womanly! When you see it you wonder if those show things outside were really women. If you gain her love your two thousand are a million. She'll not ask you for a carriage or a first-class house. She'll wear simple dresses, and turn them when necessary, with no vulgar magnificence to frown upon her economy. She'll keep everything neat and nice in your sky parlor, and give you such a welcome when you come home that you'll think your parlor higher than ever. She'll entertain true friends on a dollar, and astonish you with the new thought how very little happiness depends on money. She'll make you love home (if you don't you are a brute), and teach you how to pity, while you scorn, a poor fashionable society that thinks itself rich, and vainly tries to think itself happy.

No, do not, I pray you, say more, "I can't afford to marry." Go and find the true woman, and you can. Throw away that cigar, burn up that switch cane, be sensible yourself, and seek your wife in a sensible way.

POOR PEOPLE.

There are various kinds of poverty. People perishing with famine are poor. People that cannot procure fuel in the winter, nor sufficient clothing for warmth and comfort, are poor. People that are compelled by their circumstances to live in squalid apartments, in ill-ventilated alleys, are poor. People that are infirm in health, and need a warmer climate and have no means to go away with, are poor. These are poor in their own right, and in the view of all mankind. People can be said to be absolutely poor, too, whose intellectual natures have begun their development, and yet who cannot procure books, or access to libraries, or entrance into schools and colleges. But, after all, it is "style" that makes many people poor; the show in which other people live. The house that was well enough furnished before,

becomes mean when the next neighbor furnishes her room with more expense and elegance. Bricks or wood were good enough, till another's brown-stone front went up. And the sidewalk and the horse-cars would answer very well, till a neighbor's horses pranced along the street, with glittering harness and glancing wheels, and a black coachman with silver buttons drove up to the door. And the same is true in circumstances of much humbler degree. Content is known to live in the cottage, but takes its leave after it has once visited the "mansion." "Style" is the world in many people's thoughts. Is not this arrant folly, good people? Is our own house the less comfortable because that of our neighbor is larger? Are our own blessings the less appreciable because his apparently outnumber them? Out upon such folly! The strong-minded and the wise never find themselves poor, however small their means and however cultivated their tastes may be. The world of God's creation is so much larger, so much fuller, so much more to them, than any work which man can create, that they never have a want beyond their means. Cannot you be as wise as they?

AN ELECTION STORY.

In an old Pennsylvania town, where they voted the Democratic ticket solid, (so the story goes), in 1868 the experiment was made of putting a Republican ticket in the field. A Mr. Green was the candidate selected, but by reason of sickness he was unable to go to the polls on election day. When the returns were published, Mr. Green had just one vote. Chagrined at this, and annoyed by the accusation that he had voted for himself, he announced that if the person who had voted for him would come forward and make affidavit to the fact, he would reward him with a good suit of clothes. A few mornings afterwards, a burly Dutchman called upon Mr. Green, and abruptly remarked:

"I wants that suit of clothes."

"Are you willing to make an affidavit of it?"

"Yah, I swear to 'em."

Mr. Green, accompanied by the intelligent voter, went to the office of the justice of peace, and the required affidavit was made; after which the clothes were purchased and given to the deponent.

At parting, Mr. Green said:

"Now, my friend, just answer me one question. How came you to vote for me?"

"You wants to know dat?"

"Yes."

"And you won't go back on de clothes?"

"No."

"Vell," said he slowly, and with a sly twinkle of the eye, "den I told you—I makes a mistake in the dicket!"

A BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

One fountain there is whose deep vein has only just begun to throw up its silver drops among mankind—a fountain that will allay the thirst of millions, and will give to those who will drink from it peace and joy. It is knowledge; the fountain of cultivation, which gives health to mankind, makes clear vision, brings joy to life, and breathes over his soul's destiny a deep repose. Go and drink therefrom, thou whom fortune has not favored, and thou wilt find thyself rich! Thou mayest go forth into the world, and find thyself everywhere at home; thou canst cultivate it in thine own little chamber; thy friends are ever around thee, and carry on wise conversation with thee! The industrious kingdoms of the ant, the works of man, and rainbow and music record offers to thy soul hospitality.

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

One style of bonnet is called the "Mansard," because it takes a great deal of "Man's hard" earnings to pay for one of 'em.

"My dear boy," said a kind-hearted country school mistress to a pupil whose quarter was about up, "does your pa design that you should tread the intricate and thorny path of the professions, the straight and narrow one of the ministry, or revel amid the flowery fields of literature?" "No, marm," said the juvenile, "dad scys he's going to set me to work in the latter patch!"

A little six-year old boy was asked by his teacher to write a composition on the subject of water, and the following is the production: "Water is good to drink, to swim in, and to skate on when frozen. When I was a little baby the nurse used to bathe me every morning in water. I have been told the Injuns don't wash themselves but once in ten years. I wish I was an Injun!"

Sir Nicholas Bacon being once in the capacity of judge upon the point of passing sentence upon a fellow just found guilty of robbery, the culprit greatly importuned him to save his life, and, among other things, alleged he had the honor of being one of his lordship's relations. "How do you prove that?" said Sir Nicholas. "My lord," replied the man, "your name is Bacon and my name is Hog, and hog and bacon have in all ages been reckoned akin." "That is true," answered the judge; "but hog is never bacon until it has been hung, and therefore, until you are hung, you can be no relation of mine."

Grains of Gold.

The tears of misery often prevent our eyes from seeing the mercy close at hand.

There is but one greater absurdity than that of a man aiming to know himself, which is, for him to think he knows himself.

Wisdom and truth, the offspring of the sky, are immortal; but cunning and deception, the meteors of the earth, after glittering for a moment, must pass away.

Many a true heart that would have come back, like the dove to the ark, after its first transgression, has been frightened beyond recall by the savage charity of the unforgiving spirit.

Faith and Will are the two maternal birds which nourish courage and proformance; the one gives us confidence in ourselves, the other enables us to secure the confidence of those we would conquer and control.

The last, best fruit which comes to late perfection, even in the kindest soul, is tenderness towards the hard, forbearance toward the unforbearing, warmth of heart toward the cold, philanthropy toward the misanthropic.

A thread can hide a star, a sixpence can hide the view of everything around us, and man with but a little of the fleeting world may blind his mind, harden his heart, and he may lose himself and be cast away at last.

Show as the family where good music is cultivated, where the parents and children are accustomed often to mingle their voices to gether in song, and we will show you one, in almost every instance, where peace, harmony, and love prevail, and where the great vices have no abiding place.

There are many fruits which never turn sweet until the frost has lain upon them. There are many nuts that never fall from the bough of the tree till the frost has opened and ripened them. And there are many elements of life that never grow sweet and beautiful until sorrow touches them.

Wisdom is the associate of Justice. It assists her in forming equal laws, to pursue right measures, to correct power, to protect weakness, and to unite individuals in common interest and general welfare. Heroes may kill tyrants, but it is wisdom and laws that prevent tyranny and oppression.

Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but by ascending a little, you may look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement. We wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit, which would have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.

The office of religion is not to drive us back upon ourselves in anxious self-criticism, but to take us out of ourselves and unite us to the Whole, in loving self-abandonment. A man must take himself for better or worse, and forget himself if possible; so shall he soonest arrive at the beatific vision.

God is never in a hurry. It comes of our unbelief in Him that we are apt to be in a hurry. He that believeth should not be in haste. If we look at the history of the material world, or the intellectual world, or the social world, nothing is clearer than that God was never in a hurry, and He can afford to wait.

How calm the mind, how composed the affections, how serene the countenance, how melodious the voice, how sweet the sleep, how contentful the whole life of him who neither deviseth mischief against others, nor suspects any to be contrived against himself; and contrarywise, how ungrateful and loathsome a thing it is to abide in a state of enmity, wrath, dissension, having the thoughts distracted with solituous care, anxious suspicion, and envious regret.

Sawdust and Chips.

Man is a mister, but woman is a mistery. A blacksmith cannot only shoe a horse, but make a horse shoe.

A penny-worth of mirth is worth a pound of sorrow.

Why is a goose like an elephant's trunk—Because it grows down.

Brilliant ideas are like shirt buttons, they are always off when we are in a hurry.

"What are you doing there?" said a grocer to a fellow who was stealing his lard. "I'm getting fat," was the reply.

"Jim, you've been drinking." "No, have't; I've been looking at another man drinking, and it was too much for me."

The wife of D. A. Dadd, of Humboldt, Iowa, has presented her lord with sixteen children in fourteen years; and they are all well, and live at home with their Dadd.

An Irish gardener is described as being requested to set his master's watch by his sundial, when he forthwith "planted" it in the ground close to it.

A carpenter's duty is plane, A cobbler for food sells his sole; The barber who ne'er crossed the main, Still passes from pole to pole.

If you are a lover, don't love two at once. Love is a good thing, but it is like butter in warm weather—it won't do to have too much on hand at one time.

A MICHIGAN LOVE-LETTER.—Dear _____, come and see us soon. We have just got a new lamp that will turn down, down, down,

and make it deliciously dark. Your affectionate _____

A tipsy stutterm, one frosty Christmas morning trying to walk on an icy pavement, ment, exclaimed, "Very s-s-singular, w-w-whenever water freezes, it always fr-fr-freezes with the slippery side up."

Smith and Jones were at the menagerie, and the conversation turned on Darwin's theory. "Look at that monkey," said Smith; "I think of its being an undeveloped human being!" "Human!" said Jones contemptuously; "it's no more human than I am."

A Connecticut town boasts of a young man so timid that he cannot look a needle in the eye. Many young ladies are troubled with similar fears whenever they can get any one else to do their sewing.

It occurred to a Danbury scholar, while writing a composition, last week, to make the remarkable statement that "an ox does not taste as good as an oyster, but it can run faster."

Two men exert themselves to no purpose—one is the man who tries to have the last word with his wife; and the other is he who, having had the last word, tries to make her confess that she is in the wrong.

A colored preacher, in discoursing to his people on the efficacy of earnest prayer, delivered himself in this manner: "I tell you, brethren, 'tis prayer is what gibs the debil de lockjaw."

Devotion to public opinion was evinced by a lady aged eighty, who recently married a man of correspondingly appropriate age, because he "comes about my house so much, if I don't marry him people will talk."

"Mary Magdelene will seven devils cast out of her. I never heard of a man having seven devils cast out of him," growled an old bachelor, in the course of discussion on the woman question. "No, they are not cast out yet, I believe," was the quiet response of his antagonist.

What shall be said of that benighted bachelor who, being called on for a toast, gave "Our future Wives—distance leads enchantment to the view!" And that other one, if possible a shade more reprobate, who proposed, "Woman—the morning star of infancy, the day star of manhood, the evening star of age; bless our stars, and may they always be kept at a telescopic distance."

An urchin not quite three years old said to his sister, while munching a piece of gingerbread: "Sis, take half of dis cake to keep to afternoon, when I get cross." This is nearly as good as the story of the child who bel-lowed from the top of the stairs, "Ma, Hannah won't pacify me."

A little girl, when her father's table was honored with the presence of an esteemed friend began talking very earnestly at the first pause in the conversation. Her father checked her rather sharply, saying; "Why is it you always talk so much?" "Tause I got so much to say," was the innocent reply.

A gentleman handed up a \$10 bill to one of the Boston coaches, from which one fare, five cents, was to be taken. "Look a here," said the driver down through the hole, "which of these horses to you want to buy with this \$10?" "Well," coolly replied the gentleman, "I thought I might get both of them for that."

Pending the occurrence of a threatened earthquake, a South American paterfamilias sent his boys to stay with a friend beyond the limits of the fated section. The convulsion did not turn up when due, but the youngsters remained in their place of safety until the following note from the boat procured their recall: "Dear P—, Send the earthquake along here and take home your boys."

Miss Holmes, the lady president of an American Total Abstinence Society, gave her hand to a Mr. Horn, thereby provoking the marriage lines:

"Fair Julia lived a temperance maid, And preached its beauties night and morn; But still her wicked neighbors said, 'She broke the pledge and took A. Horn.'"

A college student, in a discussion with a professor as to whether the sense of seeing or that of touch was the most delicate of the senses, maintained that the sense of touch was. "What proof can you give of this?" asked the professor. "Why," responded the student, "there's my chum's moustache, he's all the time feeling it, and nobody has ever yet been able to see it."

AN ETHIOPIAN DIALOGUE.—"I say, Jake, as I was goin' down de street de oder day I see a tree bark." "Well, Sam, I seed dat same tree hollow." "Did you? Well, I seed it leave." "You don't say so! Did it take its trunk wid it?" "No, sah; it left dat for board." "So—don it's goin' to come down wid de (saw) dust."

A SCOTCH WIFE'S EXPERIENCE.—A more or less worthy Scotch wife was remonstrated with by her minister for the habit of beating her husband. She explained that her husband's conduct was not all that it ought to be. The minister, recommending kindness and forgiveness, enjoined her no more to use her fists and nails, but to "heap coals of fire upon his head." "Well, minister," replied the now enlightened wife, "since you say see, I'll try the coals, but I duny tell ye that twa or three kettles o' boiling water has wrought nae improvement."