

The Home Circle.

A YEAR AGO.

'Twas in the Spring—a year ago—
We laid her low;
Now, many boughs have scented know,
And soft winds blow.
And by her favorite window seat
Rose-branches meet,
And peep within, no more to greet
Her glances sweet.
The buds ungathered must remain,
And ne'er again
To hear that voice's glad refrain
Will all things strain.
The earliest song-bird loved it much,
The flowers her touch,
And wild things at her feet would crouch:
Her love was such,
That for her smile all nature yearned,
And strong men burned;
And she in kind all love returned,
And none were spurned.
But now spring hath unwonted gloom—
All speaks her doom:
The sun seems powerless to illumine
Her little room.
It was not so a year ago;
We did not know
She was too fair for aught below,
We loved her so.
And yet, one morn, when sudden glow
Made spring seem so
Like summer, we must lay her low—
A year ago.

A year ago, amid the bloom
And spring's perfume;
And now we've nothing but a tomb—
An empty room.
Yet all her flowers still bloom and grow;
And even so
Do all her books and trinkets show
She left them so.
No ruthless hands these treasures know
Not one may go:
Death made all sacred in a blow
A year ago.
He found her fairest in his quest,
And bared the nest;
He simply laid her down to rest
At his behest,
With dappled daisies on her breast.
(God knoweth best.)

GOLDEN RULES OF LIFE.

All the air and the exercise in the universe, and the most generous and liberal table, but poorly suffice to maintain human stamina, if we neglect their co-operatives—namely, the obedience to the laws of abstinence, and those of ordinary gratification. We rise with the head-ache, and we set about puzzling ourselves to find out the cause. We then recollect that we had a hard day's fog, or that we feasted over bounteously, or that we stayed up very late; at all events we are inclined to find out the fault, and then we accuse ourselves of folly for falling into it. Let any one individual review his past life, how instantaneously the blush will cover his cheek when he thinks of the errors he has unknowingly committed—say unknowingly, because it never occurred to him that they were errors, until the effects followed that betrayed the cause. All our sickness and ailments mainly depend upon ourselves. There are thousands who practice errors day after day, and whose prevailing thought is, that everything which is agreeable and pleasant cannot be hurtful. The slothful man loves his bed; the toper his drink; because it throws him into an exhilarative and exquisite mood; the gourmand makes his stomach his god; and the sensualist thinks his delights imperishable. So we go on, and at last we stumble and break down. We then begin to reflect, and the truth stares us in the face how much we are to blame.

POPULAR GAMES AND PASTIMES.

"The great body of the people are but children of a large growth, and are as much in need of pastimes; nay, more so, for they require wholesome exhilaration to enable them to bear up against the wear and tear of toil, and the stern realities of life. Deprived of innocent amusements, they droop they become listless, morose, dangerous, they cease to love their country. There are persons who maintain that the pleasure of religion, and a knowledge of their duties, are sufficient, or ought to be sufficient, to enable the working-classes to endure the hardships of their lot with patience, if not with cheerfulness; but this is to infer that the majority of those who are doomed to a life of toil and suffering, have attained to a perfection of Christian heroism not often practised by those who preach its necessity. Solomon tells us, 'There is a time to work, and a time to play.' Why should those who work be denied their share of pastime?—AGNES STRICKLAND.

A WELSH TRADITION.

Sir Nicholas Kemys, Baron of Cefu Malby, was accounted one of the strongest men of his day, and a tradition of him corroborative to his great strength still exists in Glamorgan-shire. The story runs, that one summer even-

ing, as Sir Nicholas was walking in the Deer-park, at Cefu Malby, with some guests, an athletic man, leading an ass, upon which was his wallet, approached and respectfully saluted the company, and he humbly supposed that the huge gentleman he had the honour of addressing was the strong Sir Nicholas Kemys. The stranger being answered in the affirmative, declared himself a noted Cornish wrestler, who had never been thrown, and that having heard from a Welshman whom he had met at Bristol of the great bodily strength of Sir Nicholas, he had made his journey to see his honour, adding, that if it were not asking too great a favor, he trusted Sir Nicholas would condescend to "try a fall" with him. The baronet, smilingly assented, but advised the Cornishman first to go to the buttery and get some refreshment. The Cornishman declined with many thanks, saying he was quite fresh; so they fell to wrestling, and in a moment the Cornishman was thrown on his back. The baronet, assisting him to rise, asked him if he was satisfied of his strength. The reply was, "Not unless you throw me over me over the wall!" The tale continues to say that it was instantly complied with, when the unsatisfied wrestler entreated that Sir Nicholas would throw his ass after him over the wall, which was accordingly done! A place is still shown in the ancient park wall as the scene of the exploit. A fine picture now at Cefu Malby, in the possession of Colonel Kemys Tynte, represents Sir Nicholas as of great stature and apparent gigantic strength. He was subsequently killed at Chepstow Castle, in defending it against the troops of Cromwell, having slain many of the enemy with his own hand in the sortie in which he fell.

A DRUIDICAL PUZZLE.

It is stated that persons who visit the extraordinary Druidical remains at Stonehenge never succeed, however careful they may be, in counting the stones twice alike, and the corresponding marks with which they are in many places covered seem to be a sure proof that attempts have frequently been made to ascertain the number correctly. We never heard that the same party, either in a second attempt or on a second visit, could make his numbers tally, and it is a pretty general opinion in the neighborhood that "old Gooseberry" is somehow mixed up in the affair, and thus frustrates their endeavors. But some few years ago there lived at Salisbury a baker, who was considered a very clever fellow, and his own opinion fully justified him in making a heavy bet with some friends that he would (by a scheme of his own) go round round the stones, and on two occasions make the numbers to correspond. Of course very much interest was manifested for the result; and on a certain day the baker proceeded to put his scheme into execution, for which purpose he supplied himself with two baskets full of penny rolls, and started for Stonehenge, confident of success. He carefully placed a roll upon each of the masses of stone, thus emptying his baskets, having just sufficient to cover the whole, with the exception of one; he then cautiously examined them, and feeling quite sure that he was correct, that each stone had got its roll, commenced collecting them and counting them, and when he had finished he as carefully wrote down the number taken off, and adding the one omitted, became elated with the certainty of winning his wager. He then began placing the rolls the second time on the stones, taking the same round, and proceeding exactly as he had done at first; but judge his astonishment when, after the most minute examination, and considerable time spent in walking round every direction of the ruins, he not only found that this time every stone had its roll, but that there was positively one left in his basket. This was a clincher—the poor baker became so impressed with the mysterious part of the business (which he was never able to fathom), together with his losing his wager, but more especially by receiving the jeers of his plain-dealing friends, who had never any inclination to try their luck in such a way, that he became a changed man, and never after ventured to visit Stonehenge, or to make wagers on such dark and unaccountable proceedings.

ELOQUENCE OF A THUNDERER.

One Paul Denton, a Methodist preacher in Texas, advertised a barbecue, with better liquor than usually furnished. When the people assembled as desperado in the crowd cried out, "Mr. Paul Denton, your reverence has lied. You promised us not only good barbecue, but better liquor. Where is the liquor?" There? answered the missionary, in tones of thunder, and (says a Yankee contemporary) pointed his motionless finger at the matchless double spring, gushing up in two strong columns, with a sound like a shout of joy from the earth. There? he repeated, with a look terrible as the lightning, (while his enemy actually trembled on his feet), there is the liquor which God the Eternal brews for all his children! Not in the blinding still, over smoky fires choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded with the stench of sickening essence of life, the pure cold water, but in the green glade and glassy dell, where the red deer wanders, and the child loves to play—there God brews it! And how?—down in the deepest valleys, where the fountain murmurs and the rills sing; and upon the tall mountain tops, where the granite glisters like gold in the sun, where the storm-cloud broods and the

thunder-storms crash; and away far out on the wide, wild sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big wave roars 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 beauty; gleaming in the dew-drop; singing in the summer rain; shining in the ice gem; till the trees all seemed turned to living jewels; spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon; sporting in the cataract; sleeping in the glacier; dancing in the hail shower; folding its bright snow curtains softly about the wintry world; and weaving the many-colored iris, that seraph's zone of the sky—whose warp is the rain-drop of earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven—all checkered over with the celestial flowers, by the mystic hand of refraction. Still always it is beautiful—that blessed life-water! No poison bubbles on its brink; its foam brings no madness and murder; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving orphans weep no burning tears in its depths; no drunkard's shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in words of eternal despair! Speak out, my friends! would you exchange it for the demon's drink, alcohol? A shout like the roar of a tempest answered—"No!"

ARAB LEGEND RESPECTING MOUNT MORIAH.

The side occupied by the mosque of Omar was formerly a ploughed field, possessed in common by two brothers. One was married and had several children; the other was a bachelor; nevertheless, they lived together in perfect concord, cultivating the patrimony they jointly inherited from their father. Harvest-time arrived. The brothers wisped their sheaves, and apportioned them into two equal heaps, which they left in the field. During the night, a happy thought occurred to the unmarried brother: he said to himself, "My brother has a wife and children to support; it is then unjust that my portion of the harvest should equal his?" On that he arose, and took from his heap several sheaves, which he added to his brother's. This was done with as much modesty as if he had been observing caution while doing a bad action. His motive was, that his fraternal offering should not be refused. The other brother awoke the same night, and said to his wife: "My brother lives alone, without company; he has no one to assist him in his labour, or to recompense him for his fatigue; whilst God has given me a wife and children. It is not right that we should take from the field so many sheaves as he, since we have already more domestic felicity than he enjoys. If you consent to it, we will as a compensation, and without his knowing it, increase his portion of the harvest, by adding to his heap a certain number of our sheaves." The project was approved, and put in execution. The next day the brothers repaired to the field. Each was surprised to see that the two heaps were still equal. During several nights the same conduct was repeated; for, as each of them carried to the portion of his brother the like number of sheaves the heap always remained the same. But one night both resolved to watch the cause of this miracle, when they met face to face, each bearing the sheaves which they had mutually destined for the other; and all was cleared. They threw themselves into each other's arms, each thanking Heaven for having so good a brother. The spot where so good a thought occurred at the same time, and with so much credit to two brothers, must be a place agreeable to God, Good men blessed it, and Israel chose it to build thereon a house of worship to the Lord.

USELESS TREASURES.

A rich nobleman was once showing a friend a great collection of precious stones, whose value was almost beyond counting. There were diamonds and pearls and rubies and gems from almost every country on the globe, which had been gathered by their possessor with the greatest labor and expense. "And yet," he remarked, "they yield me no income."

His friend replied that he had two stones which cost him about ten florins, yet they yielded him an income of two hundred florins a year.

In much surprise the nobleman desired to see the wonderful stones, where the man led him down to his mill, and pointed to the two tolling gray mill-stones. They were laboriously crushing the grain into snowy flour for the use of hundreds who depended on this work for their daily bread. Those two dull, homely stones did more good in the world, and yielded a larger income, than all the nobleman's jewels. So it is with idle treasure everywhere. It is doing nobody any good. It is right to be prudent and saving of our money when it is for a good, fixed purpose, not to hoard it up for its own sake is more than folly—it is sin.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

This sentence should be written on every heart and stamped on every memory. It should be the golden rule, not only practiced in every household, but throughout the entire world. By helping one another we not only remove thorns from the pathway and anxiety from the mind, but we feel a sense of pleasure in our own hearts, knowing that we are doing a duty to a fellow creature. A helping hand,

or an encouraging word, is no loss to us, yet a benefit to others. Who has not felt the power of this little sentence? Who has not needed the encouragement of some kind friend?

How soothing when perplexed with some task that is mysterious and burdensome to feel a hand on the shoulder, and to hear a kind voice whisper: "Do not be discouraged—I see your trouble—let me help you." What strength is inspired, what hope created, what a sweet gratitude is felt, and the great difficulty is dissolved as dew beneath the sunshine. Yes, let us help one another by endeavoring to strengthen and encourage the weak, and by lifting the burden of care from the weary and oppressed, that life may glide smoothly on, and the fount of bitterness yield sweet waters; and He whose willing hand is ever ready to aid us will reward our humble endeavors, and every good deed will be as "bread cast upon the waters, to return after many days," if not to us, to those we love.

SAID SO.

Here is a domestic drama from Paris. A young girl was about to be married to a journeyman carpenter, whose suit was by no means agreeable to her. She had refused and protested against the match, but her father was inexorable on the subject, and insisted on the marriage, though the mother would willingly have yielded. At length the bride elect appeared resigned to her fate, and the father, pointing out the happy result of his firmness to his wife, triumphantly exclaimed, "I told you so." Next day, however, the poor girl, having left a letter at home explaining the cause of her action, jumped off the Bridge of Austerlitz into the Seine. She was, however, saved, and carried home by two sailors. The father returned home, just as the dripping girl was placed in safety beside the paternal hearth, when the mother, with perhaps more point than discretion, simply observed, "I told you so."

FROZEN KINDNESS.

The world is full of kindness that never was spoken, and that is not much better than no kindness at all. The fuel in the stove makes the room warm, but there are great piles of fallen trees lying among the rocks and on the tops of the hills where nobody can get them; these do not make anybody warm. You might freeze to death for want of wood in plain sight of all these fallen trees if you had no means of getting the wood home and making a fire with it. Just so in a family; love is what makes the parents and children and brothers and sisters happy; but if they take care never to speak about it—if they keep it a profound secret, as if it were a crime, they will not be much happier than if there was not any love among them; the house will seem cold even in the summer, and if you live there, you envy the dog when any one calls him "poor fellow."

TRUE WORTH.

A really modest and meritorious person will never make pretensions of any kind. His manner and expressions will always have a tendency to underrate his real ability, not because he will pretend to be less than he really is, but as so many men have become pretentious in their manners and expressions, he fears he may be considered as such. We are, in consequence, too apt to consider the extent of the capacity of those whom we meet a little below the standard indicated by their acts and expressions. Therefore, true merit is seldom properly appreciated, and its cultivation is never greatly encouraged. On the contrary, pretence is almost always successful. He who is pretentious affects the interests of society in a similar manner as the swindler. He induces men to doubt the capacity of others, and often refuse aid and employment because they measure the merits of all by those of the pretentious top and the conceited ignoramus. Many an honest and skillful man, and many a valuable improvement has been refused support and adoption because the pretentious swindler has previously misled the people and imposed upon them outrageously. Pretensions of every kind are the true indications of a weak mind or a would-be swindler.

INTELLIGENCE OF BIRDS.

Here is an interesting instance of the intelligence of storks. A great fire broke out in a little German town near where stood a tower about eighty feet high, which formed a part of the town wall. On the summit a stork's nest had been built for so many years that the building had received the name of "Stork's Tower." At the time of the fire, there were three unfledged birds in the nest, and the poor little birds were in great danger. But the old storks soon showed their good sense and their love for their young; for by turns they each flew to some fish pond just outside the walls; here they took a dip in the water and filled their beaks with as much as they could carry away, then, notwithstanding the smoke and flames, they flew back to their little ones, poured the water from their beaks over them and the nest, and at the same time shaking it out from their feathers. Thus during the whole day, did these faithful birds act as a winged fire-brigade; till toward evening, when all danger for their young and their nest was over.

MEN WITHOUT HEARTS.

We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in an affectionable feeling is weakness. They will return from a journey, and greet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendor of an iceberg surrounded by its broken fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth than one of these fathers without a heart. A father, had better extinguish a boy's eyes than to take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, would be robbed of the hidden treasures of his heart? and values sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery? Cherish, then, your heart's best affections. Indulge in the warm and gushing emotions of filial, paternal and fraternal love.

MAKING LOVE IN SWEDEN.

Courtship and marriages in Sweden are peculiar institutions. Du Chailu says:—I saw one match made. He met her at the gate poked his finger in her ribs, and said:—"I want to get married; don't you?" "I don't know. Go away." "Yes, you do. Let's get married." "Well, ask papa!" "No; never mind him. We'll get married anyhow." And he went around telling everybody he saw:—"I'm going to marry that girl." The preparations continued during the three weeks required by law to have the bans published in the churches. Fishes were caught, stores for the feast laid in, beer brewed, and whiskey purchased. Wedding jollifications are indulged in for a week. This couple were married. They went from the church to the house, and the bridesmaids locked the bride in the room. The groom knocked at the door. "How much will you give to come in." "Two cows and \$5." "That is not enough." "Three cows and \$10." "Oh, you are rich. You must give more than that." "Five cows and \$25 was the final offer, which was accepted.

"I WANT TO FIND MY PAPA"

The other day a lady was walking along the street when she met a little girl about three years old, crying bitterly. Taking her by the hand, the lady asked her tenderly where she was going. "I'm going down town to find papa," was the reply, between the sobs of the child. "What's your papa's name, and what does your mama call him?" asked the lady. "His name is papa," persisted the baby. The lady then took the little thing by the hand and led her forward, saying, "you had better come with me. I guess you came from this way." "Yes but I don't want to go back. I want to find papa," replied the child, crying afresh as if her heart would break. "What do you want of your papa?" asked the lady. "I want to kiss him." Then a sister of the child came along, looking for her, and led her away. From subsequent inquiries it appeared this little one's papa, whom she was so earnestly in search of, had recently died. In her loneliness and love for him to come home, she had gone to find and greet him with the accustomed kiss.

THE BENEFITS OF EDUCATION.

Not only the practical benefit to be derived from a knowledge of the studies usually taught in common schools, and higher summaries of learning, renders it important that all should become acquainted with them; there are other considerations in favor of having them pursued. The individual whose mind is expanded by and stored with scientific knowledge, lives in a more exalted atmosphere, and is better calculated to enjoy life, than is he whose mind is enshrouded in ignorance. That which is intricate, mysterious and inexplicable to the unlearned, is plain and comprehensible to him. He is able to revel among the stars of heaven; while the ignorant man is necessarily grovelling among the pebbles beneath his feet. When he walks abroad, everything that comes within the scope of his vision is fraught with interest. The voices of nature's ten thousand tongues are understood by him, while to the ear of the ignorant they fall like senseless jargon. His mind has a perpetual feast, because his mental nature is so trained that he is capable of partaking of the bounties so richly furnished at nature's royal banquet. By understanding the laws that control the universe, the educated man is competent to make achievements that are calculated to prove subservient to the good of mankind. It is only by the supremacy of mind, over matter that man is able to guide the ship, fraught with human beings, in safety across the sea, where snow-capped billows rise and dash in awful grandeur. By education he is enabled to conquer the forked lightning, bring it from the gold-fringed clouds of heaven, not let it return to its thunder-bomb; but make it subservient to his will, as his measure flows along the shore. By education he is enabled to guide the surgeon's knife through the distended portions of the physical system, without causing pain. In short, education does not teach which is of incalculable value in raising the human race in the scale of being—enriching their happiness, and mitigating their misery. Let it be understood that the more thorough-