

HOME CIRCLE.

WINTER ROSES.

O, perfumed winter roses with tints of creamy white,
How swiftly ye carry me backward to a year ago to-night,
When other roses were breathing their blessed fragrance out,
And a child, as she held the blossoms, her misery forgot!

The Christmas air was icy, and the frost-king held his sway,
And waved his wand of crystal abroad o'er land and sea;
The trees were locked in splendour, and the city's spires
were seen
In hues of gold and jasper, with precious stones between.

In her stall sat a market woman, of visage grim and stern;
By her side a little maiden, with her fifth year yet to turn;
And you would have said, had you seen her that bitter
wintry day,
That never a flower more fragile e'er bloomed in the early
May.

Through long hours she had listened to the tramp of busy
feet,
And the harsh discordant clamour of the voices on the street,
Till the world seemed spinning round her in the never-ceas-
ing buzz,
And she wondered why God made her, and where His dwell-
ing was.

The night was slowly falling when one of noble mien,
With his little dark-eyed daughter, approached the stall
unseen.
"And where did you find this maiden with her wealth of
golden hair?"
He said to the woman, who sat so cold and silent there!

"This is the child of my brother, and good for naught was
he;
He is dead, they say, and buried, and his offspring falls to
me."
"Ah! I see," replied the stranger, in a grave and earnest
tone,
While he noticed the pet of [his household embracing the
homeless one.

"What shall I give you for Christmas?" now pleaded a
coaxing voice,
"If you will but tell me, dear, I will make your heart re-
joice;
I have dolls with costly dresses, and toys without number
too,—
Say what you want, little darling, and it shall be brought
to you."

From under the sunny lashes and over the pallid cheek,
A pearly tear-drop trickled, as she vainly tried to speak.
"I want some—one—to—love me," was uttered at last
with a sob;
And the heart of the child in ermine gave back an answer-
ing throb,

As she said, with a joyous cadence that rang through the
market wide:
"Why, I'll be the one to love you, more than all the world
beside;
See! Here are some winter roses of lovely cream-white
hue;
With a kiss accept them, sister, in proof of my love for you."

A voice was heard to whisper, that night in the firelight's
glow:
"I have promised to love her, mamma, will you help me
keep my vow?"
You may talk of the rough world's contact and of those by
sin defiled,
But it never can crush the angel that dwells in the heart of
a child!

O, wise were they and loving who planned a rare surprise,
When their child should wake on the morrow, to greet her
wondering eyes:
On a couch with silken curtains as blue as the azure sky,
Lay the little orphan sleeping in her fresh young purity.

The Christmas morn was icy, and the frost-king held his sway,
And waved his wand of crystal abroad o'er land and sea;
But a sunny face was brighter for the rapture pictured there,
And a home of wealth was richer for a cloud of golden hair!

HOUSEWORK.

Girls whose parents can afford to keep servants get the
impression sometimes that it is quite out of the question to
engage in any kind of household work, some even leaving the
care of their own room to the charge of hired help. Such
girls seem to us the embodiments of laziness. There is no
reason why every girl should not understand the running of
the household machinery, so that if at any time mother was
sick and unable to oversee the usual arrangements, the
daughter might be able to take her place, managing satisfac-
torily. It is a false notion that to become a housekeeper
is to become also a domestic drudge, and if any of the girls
who read this have made up their minds to that effect, let
them abandon it instantly, and by experience prove it a libel.
When there are two sisters in a family a good plan is to di-
vide the work, each one being responsible for that portion
that is entrusted to her care. Let each understand clearly
what is expected of her, not doing it haphazard, but
promptly and regularly each week; or the work could be
alternated, if this arrangement would be more agreeable.
One reason we would give in favour of household work for
girls is, that it gives a chance to learn the many details con-
nected with women's work that cannot be learned in any
other way than by experience, and without which knowledge

no woman can govern a house well. We don't want to con-
vey the impression that the girl should shoulder the respon-
sibility of her home, but simply to shew her how much bet-
ter it is to be able to know how to do it, should it ever be-
come necessary. Housework is not degrading; on the con-
trary, we consider it elevating, for,

"She who sweeps a room as to God's law,
Makes that and the action fine."

And a girl can be just as much a lady in sweeping-cap, with
broom in hand, as in breakfast-cap, reclining languidly with
book in hand. The truest, noblest, and best woman we
know, has been trained from her girlhood to look, practi-
cally, to the ways of the household, and yet she is a lady in
every respect—an ornament to the most cultivated society.
When you have homes of your own, girls, and are obliged
to get along with little or no help, you will be thankful for
the training you have imposed upon yourselves in youth; or
if it falls to your lot to have servants in abundance, you will
still be glad that you can rule and direct them; and should
they leave you without any warning, as they are sometimes
disposed to do, you will be "mistress of the situation," able
to take hold successfully until such time as relief may come.
—*Christian at Work.*

THE FARMER'S WIFE.

Up with the birds in the early morning,
The dew-drop glows like a precious gem;
Beautiful tints in the skies are dawning,
But she's never a moment to look at them;
The men are wanting their breakfast early;
She must not linger, she must not wait;
For words that are sharp and looks that are surly
Are what men give when meals are late.

Oh, glorious colours the clouds are turning,
If she would but look over hills and trees;
But here are the dishes, and here's the churning,—
Those things must always yield to these.
The world is filled with the wine of beauty,
If she could but pause and drink it in;
But pleasure, she says, must wait for duty,
Neglected work is committed sin.

The day grows hot, and her hands grow weary;
Oh, for an hour to cool her head
Out with the birds and winds so cheery!
But she must get her dinner and bake her bread.
The busy men in the hay-field working,
If they saw her sitting with idle hand,
Would think her lazy, and call it shirking,
And she never could make them understand.

They do not know that the heart within her
Hungers for beauty and things sublime;
They only know that they want their dinner,
Plenty of it, and just "on time."
And after the sweeping and churning and baking,
And dinner dishes are all put by,
She sits and sews, though her head is aching,
Till time for supper and "chores" draws nigh.

Her boys at school must look like others,
She says, as she patches the frocks and hose;
For the world is quick to censure mothers
For the least neglect of the children's clothes.
Her husband comes from the field of labour;
He gives no praise to his weary wife;
"She's done no more than has her neighbour;
'Tis the lot of all in country life."

But after the strife and weary tussle
With life is done, and she lies at rest,
The nation's brain and heart and muscle—
Her sons and daughters—shall call her blest.
And I think the sweetest joy of heaven,
The rarest bliss of eternal life,
And the fairest crown of all will be given
Unto the way-worn farmer's wife.

THE MARKET-PLACE IN JERUSALEM.

In the market-place thronged the peasants, chiefly wo-
men. Each sat beside her basket, calling to the passers to
buy of her. There were poor fowls tied helplessly by their
two feet, huge cauliflower from the well-watered gardens
of Siloam, oranges, lemons, citrons, and dates heaped up
together, and here and there, but not often, a bunch of
spring flowers. The days were past, with little promise of
returning, when St. Jerome wrote of the valleys about Jeru-
salem as "pleasant and woody spots full of delightful
gardens watered from the fountain of Siloam." The gardens
of roses of his day are now but heaps of dust, only the
memory of them smells sweetly; what has been may yet be
again.

Now and again a man with lemonade or simple drinking
water cried in a shrill voice, "Come buy of me," while he
clinked the brass cups at his side to attract customers.

The poor women and little children sat on the bare stones
dressed in their tattered and beautiful clothes, their naked
arms braceleted up to the elbow with silver and glass orna-
ments, chains of silver about their necks, coins of silver and
even gold upon their heads. How was it that with all these
possessions they were only sellers of eggs and vegetables?
In truth, these peasants carry all they possess upon their
poor lired bodies; they have no savings bank where to
keep their earnings, they must carry them always with
them; so when they have bought three pairs of thick
bracelets, rings for each finger, and chains for the neck,
they set to work to sew the coins themselves upon their
head-dresses, which they never leave off, not even while
sleeping.

In one street, oil, olives, and salt fish were set out in
glazed dishes upon the board which served as a counter;

while rope, nets, candles, and corks were hung from the
roof inside; barrels of sardines stood on either side of the
entrance, with fish brought from the sweet, cool waters of
the Sea of Galilee, from whose pebbly shores a few poor
fishermen still draw their livelihood, while their scattered
mud huts occupy the site of the cities of the past.

At another stall tobacco alone was sold. In a third only
soap, made into all manner of shapes—soap crosses, soap
hearts, soap fishes. A fourth contained fruit and vege-
tables piled temptingly together. A fifth bread only. In
the last sat a barber, waiting for heads to be shaved, his
booth hung round with infold hand-mirrors and embroidered
towels.

Through narrow arches to right and to left were seen the
bazaars for cotton and silk clothing, as they stretched in far
perspective, away to the meat bazaar, a most unpleasant
quarter, which happily could well be avoided.

STUPIDITY IN COURT.

Mr. Howells, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, gives his obser-
vations in a police court. To show the difficulty of getting
an answer out of a stupid witness, he says, if it were
necessary, for example, to establish the fact that a handker-
chief was white, it was not to be done without some such
colloquy as this:

"Was it a white handkerchief?"
"Sor?"
"Was the handkerchief white?"
"Was it white, sor?"
"Yes, was it white?"
"Was what white, sor?"
"The handkerchief,—was the handkerchief white?"
"What handkerchief, sor?"
"The handkerchief you just mentioned,—the handker-
chief that the defendant dropped."
"I didn't see it, sor."
"Didn't see the handkerchief?"
"Didn't see him drop it, sor."
"Well, did you see the handkerchief?"
"The handkerchief, sor? Oh, yes, sor! I saw it,—I
saw the handkerchief."
"Well, was it white?"
"It was, sor."
A boy who complained of another for assaulting him said
that he knocked him down.
"How did he knock you down?" asked the judge. "Did
he knock you down with his fist or his open hand?"
"Yes, sor."
"Which did he do it with?"
"Put his arms round me and knocked me down."
"Then he didn't knock you down. He threw you
down."
"Yes, sor. He didn't throw me down. Put his arms
around me and knocked me down."

HUMAN ENDURANCE IN THE WATER.

Men and animals are able to sustain themselves for long
distances in the water, and would do so much oftener were
they not incapacitated, in regard to the former at least, by
sheer terror, as well as complete ignorance of their real
powers. Webb's wonderful endurance will never be for-
gotten. But there are other instances only less remarkable.
Some years since, the second mate of a ship fell overboard
while in the act of fisting a sail. It was blowing fresh; the
time was night, and the place some miles out in the stormy
German Ocean. The hardy fellow nevertheless managed to
gain the English coast. Brock, with a dozen other
pilots, was plying for fares by Yarmouth; and, as the main-
sheet was belayed, a sudden puff of wind upset the boat,
when presently all perished except Brock himself, who,
from four in the afternoon of an October evening to one the
next morning, swam thirteen miles before he was able to
hail a vessel at anchor in the offing. Animals themselves
are capable of swimming immense distances, although un-
able to rest by the way. A dog recently swam thirty miles
in America in order to rejoin his master. A mule and a
dog washed overboard during a gale in the Bay of Biscay
have been known to make their way to shore. A dog swam
ashore with a letter in his mouth at the Cape of Good Hope.
The crew of the ship to which the dog belonged all perished,
which they need not have done had they only ventured to
tread water as the dog did. As a certain ship was labour-
ing heavily in the trough of the sea, it was found needful, in
order to lighten the vessel, to throw some troop-horses over-
board, which had been taken in at Corunna. The poor
things, my informant, a staff-surgeon, told me, when they
found themselves abandoned, faced round and swam for
miles after the vessel. A man on the east coast of Lincoln-
shire saved quite a number of lives by swimming out on
horseback to vessels in distress. He commonly rode an old
gray mare, but, when the mare was not to hand, he took
the first horse that offered.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

ABOUT 80,000 acres of land between Jaffa and Jerusalem
have been secured on which to form a colony for the perse-
cuted Jews of the Continent of Europe.

THE Irish Court of Queen's Bench last week granted
conditional orders quashing the verdicts of coroners' juries,
in three cases in which police officials had been found guilty
of murdering persons who lost their lives while rioting.

THE "Publishers' Weekly" states that during 1881 2,061
new books were published in the United States, being 915
more than in 1880. Of these 507 were fiction, 335 juvenile
books, 341 of theology and religion, and 212 biography and
memoirs.

A RUSSIAN dispatch says: "The scheme of the Gover-
nor-General of Moscow, for assuring the safety of the
Imperial cortege to Moscow on the occasion of the corona-
tion ceremonies, proposes that the Emperor shall come to
Moscow by carriage road instead of the railway, and the
crowds in the streets shall be separated from the procession
by trenches, barriers and lines of troops."