

The Home Circle.

NEVER REPINE.

He is but a noodle who grieves that he
Was not richly born, or of high degree,
For wealth has its cares, and to rank may
flow

Life's billows as rough as the humblest may
know.

He is richest of all who's rich in health,
A treasure that's often debarr'd from wealth;
And highest of all whose conscience is clear—
An honor too often lacked by the peer.

Misfortune to any one's lot may fall:

If the artisan loses his little all,
So a king from his throne may also be tossed,
Or an emperor mourn an empire lost.

The noble who boasts of his ancestry
Often figures, alas! in bankruptcy;
And the prince on 'change, or the railway
king,

May dread that the morrow will ruin bring.

Though grim sickness invade the poor man's
home,

He pays not his visits to him alone;

In the rich man's hall he will also tread,
And often the palace will fill with dread.

The cottager fears for a treasured life,
For a son, or daughter, or cherished wife;

So a queen, too, may for her offspring fear,
And her heart lament for a consort dear.

Then, never repine, though humble and poor,

Look onward and upward—there's joy in
store

For us all, if we manfully act our part,

And move through the world with a cheerful
heart.

True happiness needs nor honor nor rank,

Nor a rent-roll vast, nor a fund in bank;

It is found as oft in the humblest cot
As in homes of a seeming brighter lot.

There's good in us all—in the rich and high,

In the humble and poor, that pass us by;

There's good in the cloud that darkens to-day,
For, that cloud dispelled, there's a brighter
ray.

There is room for us all, for the world is wide,

If we sail together down life's brief tide;

And if high and low, and all combine,
There's a happier world for the coming time.

AN ATMOSPHERE OF SUNSHINE.

What horticulturist expects a plant to grow
or a flower to glow with beauty unless it has
plenty of sunshine? And how much more
should a child bask in the smiles of a happy
household! The world has too many morose
and dwarfed children, all arising from the
shadow of ill-temper and peevishness in which
they are growing up. Children look little
beyond the present moment. If a thing pleases,
they are apt to seek it; if it displeases, they
are prone to avoid it. If home is the place
where faces are sour, and words harsh and
fault-finding are ever in the ascendant, be ye
sure they will spend as many hours as possible
elsewhere. Solomon's rod is a great in-
stitution, but there are cases not few where a
smile or a pleasant word will serve a better
purpose, and be more agreeable to both parties.
Parents will do well to remember this in the
management of their children, and in the
choice of influences by which to surround
them. It is a bitter thing in old age to have
the spectacle constantly before one's eyes of
children who have grown up vicious, and who
are shunned by the virtuous and respectable.
And it is small consolation to say with the poet—

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!"

Evade the matter as we will, our children
grow up according to the influences they are
under. No healthy, sparkling child can grow
up so in the shade, and no evil-disposed child
ever yet was nurtured in a household where
the sunlight of love and happiness shone
cheerfully all around. Ah! how sweet it is,
when manhood's summer day is merging into
a glorious evening of old age, to look back
from the shadows of the dark valley, which
will soon be dispelled by the sun of morning
in a more glorious world, and contemplate a
spent life where no intentional missteps can
be recalled, and where we can remember no
time when we have stood between the sun and
those we love! Then will the rough and un-
even places in our pathway look less uninviting
in the twilight of life, and the bright,
sunny spots will sparkle as so many diamonds
in the crown awaiting us. Happy, indeed,
are those whose intercourse with the whole
world has not changed the course of their
holier feelings, or broken those musical chords
of the heart whose vibrations are so melodious,
so tender, and so touching in the evening of
age.

COURTSHIP AFTER MARRIAGE.

There was much more than a mere witticism
in the remark of the old bachelor who had
paid attentions to a maiden lady for twenty
years, visiting her regularly every night, when
replied for not marrying: "If I were married
I should have nobody to court, and no place
to go at night." He had deeply felt the con-
trast between his own delicate and ethereal
enjoyments, and the hard, discontented, fretted
life of too many married people; and his an-
swer was irony. He saw there was something
in courtship which too often exhales and ex-
pires after marriage, leaving a cold, dull,

monotonous burden where all was beauty and
buoyancy before.

Let us see what that something is: In court-
ship nothing is taken for granted. Both parties
are put on their good behavior. Love
keeps itself fresh and active by constant ex-
pression in word and act. But, strange to say,
courtship usually ends with marriage. Very
soon both parties yield to the sense of posses-
sion, and the feeling of security robs gallantry
of motive and extracts the poetry from the
mind. The beautiful attentions which were
so pleasing before marriage, are too often for-
gotten afterwards; the gifts cease, or come
only with the asking; the music dies out of
the voice, everything is taken for granted, and
the love that, like the silver jet of the foun-
tain, leaped to heaven, denied its natural out-
let, ceases to flow altogether. Then come dull,
heavy, hard days, with two unhappily tied
together and wishing themselves apart, and
not always content with merely wishing.

This is unnatural and wrong. What married
life wants to give it new tone and sweet-
ness, is more of the manner as well as the
spirit of the courtship which comes from the
constant attentions of the parties to each
other. Their affection voices itself in all possi-
ble ways—every sentence is edged with com-
pliment and spoken in tender tones. Every
look is a confession. Every act is a new word
in the exhaustless vocabulary of love. Kiss
and caress are parenthetical clauses and gestures
in the dialect of love; gifts and sacrifices are
the most emphatic expressions of the spirit no
language can fully articulate and no devotion
declare. And it is the fact that affection com-
mends itself continually in look and word and
act, making the voice musical and the fingers
poetic in their touch and doing, that makes
experience so beautiful, the only Eden many a
woman ever has on earth.

Love must have expression or it will die. It
can be kept forever beautiful and blessed, as
at the first, by giving it constant utterance in
word and act. The more it is allowed to flow
out in delicate attentions and noble service,
the stronger, and more satisfying, and more
blessed it will be. The house becomes home
only when love drops its heavenly manna in
it fresh every day, and the true marriage vow
is made not once for all at the altar, but by
loving words, and helpful service, and delicate
attentions to the end.

A MOTHER'S ADVERTISEMENT.

He had black eyes, with long lashes, red
cheeks, and hair almost black and curly. He
wore a crimson plaid jacket, with full trousers
buttoned on; had a habit of whistling, and
liked to ask questions; was accompanied by a
small black dog. It is a long while now since
he disappeared. I have a very pleasant home
and much company. My guests say,—

"Ah it is pleasant to be here. Everything
has such an orderly, put-away look—nothing
about under foot, no dirt."

But my eyes are aching for the sight of
whistling and out paper on the floor; of tumbled
down cardhouses, of wooden sheep and
cattle, of pop-guns, bows and arrows, whip-
tops, go-carts, blocks and trumpery. I want
to see boats a-rigging and kites a-making. I
want to see crumbs on the carpet and paste
on the kitchen table. I want to see the chairs
and tables turned the wrong way about. I
want to see candy-making and corn-popping,
and find jack knives and fish hooks among my
muslins. Yet these things used to fret me once.
They say,—

"How quiet you are here! Ah! one here
may settle his brains and be at peace."

But my ears are aching for the pattering of
little feet, for a hearty shout, a shrill whistle,
a gay tra-la; for the noise of drums, fifes and
trumpets. Yet these things made me nervous
once. A manly figure stands before me now.
He is taller than I, has thick whiskers, wears
a bosomed shirt and a cravat. He has just
come from college. He brings Latin and Greek
in his countenance, and busts of old philoso-
phers for the sitting-room. He calls me mother,
but I am rather unwilling to own him. He
averts that he is my boy, and says that he can
prove it. He brings his little boat to show the
red stripe on the sail (it was the end of the
piece) and the name on the stern, "Lucy
Howe," a little girl of our neighbor, who, be-
cause of her long curls and pretty round face,
was the chosen favorite of my boy. The curls
were long since cut off, and she has grown to
a tall, handsome girl. How his face reddens
as he shows me the name on the boat! Oh!
I see it all as plain as if it were written in a
book. My little boy is lost, and my boy will
soon be.

Oh! I wish he were a little tired boy in a
white night-gown, lying in his crib, with me
sitting by, holding his hand in mine, pushing
the curls back from his forehead, watching his
eyelids droop, and listening to his heavy breath-
ing. If I only had my little boy again how
patient I would be! How much I would bear,
and how little I would fret and scold! I can
never have him back, but there are still many
mothers who have not yet lost their little boys.
I wonder if they know they are living their
very best days; that now is the time to really
enjoy their children? I think if I had been
more to my little boy I might now be more to
my grown up one.

Book and Job Printing neatly and
cheaply executed at the ONTARIO WORKMAN
Office, 124 Bay Street.

PROFANITY.

Why will men "take the name of God in
vain?" What possible advantage is to be
gained by it? And yet this wanton, vulgar
sin of profanity is evidently on the increase.
Oaths fall upon the ears in the cars and at the
corners of the street.

There are among us not a few who feel that
a simple assertion or plain statement of obvi-
ous facts will pass for nothing unless they
swear to its truth by all the names of the
Deity, and blister their lips with every variety
of hot and sulphurous oath. If we observe
such persons closely, we shall generally find
that the fierceness of their profanity is in in-
verse ratio to the affluence of their ideas.

We venture to affirm that the profane men
within the circle of your knowledge, are all
afflicted with a chronic weakness of the intel-
lect. The utterance of an oath, though it may
prevent a vacuum in sound, is no indication of
sense. It requires no genius to swear. The
reckless taking of sacred names in vain, is as
little characteristic of true independence of
thought as it is of high moral culture. In this
breathless and beautiful world, filled, as it were,
with the presence of the Deity, and fragrant
with its incense from a thousand altars of
praise, it would be no servility should we
catch the spirit of reverent worshippers, and
illustrate in ourselves the sentiment that the
"Christian is the highest state of man."

NEEDLESS ANXIETY.

We sometimes think, while surveying the
stout, healthy limbs of the little street Arab,
that children resemble weeds—attaining greater
strength when left to follow their own in-
stincts. The plan of over-watching children
renders them unnaturally timid, and prevents
that calmness and development of animal
courage essential for the prudent avoidance of
and bold resistance to danger. Such children
are notoriously those who are the most con-
stantly exposing their health and lives to
hazard. They are so accustomed to move at
the will of another that their own volition
loses its power to a great extent, and becomes
hesitating and uncertain. Their muscles, ac-
cordingly act with little precision, and render
the step faltering and the head insecure. The
child who is left free to run, climb, and jump,
though he may apparently expose himself to a
thousand risks, generally escapes danger by
his habitual readiness of expedient and prac-
ticed precision of movement. The freer chil-
dren have, moreover, the advantage of protect-
ing themselves by various means of security.
Denied to those kept under too close a super-
vision. Swimming, riding, running, leaping
using fire-arms—not to speak of wrestling and
fighting—all which may in their turn become
important means of safety, are the ordinary
acquisitions of the emancipated boy, but sel-
dom of him who is subjected to an unceasing
parental control. It is obvious, too, that the
greater freedom of the one is more favorable to
health than the constraint of the other. It is
equally advantageous to the moral as to the
physical health and development that the
parent should not allow his anxiety about his
children to become too apparent, or to inter-
fere too much with their freedom of conduct.

ONE IDEA OF JUSTICE.

Irish claim originality in about everything,
and certainly their notions of justice are odd
enough. At Ballinakill quarter sessions a
short time ago a woman, named Ellen Moore,
was indicted for having stolen a shawl. Evi-
dence having been given in support of the
charge, the jury retired to consider their ver-
dict. After a considerable lapse of time one
of the jurors was observed to emerge from the
room in which they were confined, and to be
about leaving the court. He was immediately
stopped by the deputy clerk of the peace,
who asked him where he was going? "Ah,
begor," replied the juror, "I wouldn't stay
there; they're all boxin' and fightin' inside." Notwithstanding this painful state of affairs,
the juror was ordered back to the room and a
constable placed at the door to prevent the
escape of any survivors of the fray. At last
the prisoner was found guilty, and the verdict
being delivered the jury were discharged,
when one of them was heard to remark, "Only
I threatened to 'lick' him he'd never agree." The only objection to the system of jury-men
thrashing each other into harmony is that
skill in the noble art of self-defence will of
course give immense advantage to any jury-
man who may possess it, and that weight and
muscular development will also have consid-
erable influence over their deliberations. Be-
sides, there is the risk that after a long period
of deliberation nothing may be left of them
but a few bones.

BEAUTY OF CHINESE BRIDGES.

Some of the bridges in China are of extra-
ordinary beauty and magnificence. There is
one near Pekin built entirely of white marble,
elaborately ornamented. Others are found
over the canals of still greater magnificence
and with a grand triumphal arch at each end;
and some, instead of being built with arches,
are flat from one side of the canal to the other,
marble flags of great length being laid on
piers as narrow and airy that the bridge looks
as if it were suspended in the air. From the
amazing facilities afforded by the numerous
canals for transportation of goods by water,
these bridges do not require to be built of
great strength, for only foot passengers use the

bridges, which is the reason they are of such
an elegant and fanciful construction. These
bridges are built with a number of arches,
the central arch being about forty feet wide,
and high enough for vessels to pass without
striking their masts. The great elevation of
these bridges renders steps necessary. They
resemble, in this respect, the old bridges of
Venice, on which you ascend by steps on one
side, and descend on the other by the same.
Chain bridges were not made in this country
for more than eighteen centuries after they
were known in China.

A TEARING STORY.

When I used to tend store in Syracuse the
old man came around one day, and says he:
"Boys, the one that sells the most 'twixt now
and Christmas gets a vest pattern as a present."
Maybe we didn't work for that vest pattern!
I tell you there were some tall stories told in
praise of goods about that time, but the tallest
talker and the one who had more cheek than
any of us was a certain Jonah Squires, who
roomed with me. He would take a dollar out
of a man's pocket when the man only intend-
ed to spend a sixpence; and the women—
Lord bless you!—they just handed over their
pocket-books to him, and let him lay out what
he liked for them.

One night Jonah woke me with:
"By Jo, old fellow, if you think that ere's
got any cotton in it, I'll bring down the sheep
that it was cut from, and make him swear to
his own wool! 'Twon't wear out either—
wore a pair of pants of that stuff for five years,
and they are as good now as when I first put
'em on! Take it at thirty cents and I'll say
you don't owe me anything. Eh? too dear?
Well, call it twenty-eight cent. What d'ye
say? Shall I tear it? All right, it's a bargain."

I could feel Jonah's hand playing about the
bedclothes for an instant, then rip! I tear went
something or another, and I hid my head un-
der the blanket, perfectly convulsed with
laughter, and sure that Jonah had torn the
sheet from the top to the bottom. When I
woke up in the morning, I found—alas! un-
kindest cut of all—that the back of my night-
shirt was split from tail to collar-bone.

A HARD CROP, BOSS, TO MAKE
MONEY OF.

Texas, it seems, among its other advantages
is well adapted to the raising of tobacco, but
even there it is not a sure thing. The follow-
ing story of an ancient African cultivator will
show:

"Ye see, boss, ye can't plant it right out
like corn; it's got to start early; and back in
Virginny, whar I come from, we had to be
mighty particular about the start, but boah
it's got more there. Ye first make the bed;
burn a big brush heap on a spot o' good
ground, an' dig it up all loose and nice, and
throw it up in rows like this. (About three
feet apart.) Den ye draw your plants an' set
'em out; stob down a stick, like this, as deep
as y'r hand; set de plant dar down and let
the dirt come in on it real easy. If it's blaz-
in' hot ye've got to cover the plant two days
and one night; soon as it begins to grow an'
spread out ye've got to plow it out and skim
down the hill all around it. Den ye got to
look out an' keep all de weeds an' grass out,
an' be sure and pull off dem little leaves dat
lay on de ground, or dey'll make de whole
leaf flat down an' be musty. When it gets
just as high as de bend below de knee, den
ye got to look out agin an' be lively to clip
it off a little below, an' top it, leaving only
ten or twel' leaves.

"Den y'r real trouble comes, an' den ye
got to look out agin for suckers an' worms.
De sucker come right under de leaf, like
little knobs, an' every one of 'em got to be
pulled off, or de'll take all de strength o' y'r
terbacca. Den de worms keep a comin', an'
keep a comin'. Ye mustn't knock 'em off
either; mus' catch 'em an' mash 'em. An'
den ye got to keep a wormin' an' suckerin',
right along till it's done ripe.

"Den ye got to look out agin, for ye got
to cut it, an' split it, an' hang it, an' dry it
'zackly right, or ye'll lose all your work, sure.
Ye lay it on de hill to wilt, den hang it up on
split sticks; den watch it two weeks in de
sun, and don't let a drop o' rain touch it, or
it'll make it all flab down an' be musty agin,
an' den it'll gag in a man's throat, an' make
too much spit when he's a chawin' on it. But
if a leetle rain does strike it, ye got to open de
sticks an' let de air through, an' dat helps it
agin.

"Den ye take it an' heat it, to dry de stems,
an' dar ye got to look out agin an' not smoke
it with a bad kind o' wood, an' give it a fusty
smell. Den ye strip it, and divide it, an'
pack it for market, an' ye're done at last, an'
it's about time to go to work on another crop.
Mighty hard crop, boss, to make money
outen."

A WESTERN COURT SCENE.

Judge B—, of Missouri, was in many re-
spects a remarkable man. He stood six feet
two in his boots, and was as fond of a frolic as
the most rattling lad in the country. He
could drink more liquor, lift a heavier "bag
o' meal" and play a better game of "poker"
than any man in the circuit.

It happened one day, while he was holding
court that Mr. Dewzenbury, a rough-looking,
but independent customer, came into the court

room with his hat on his head. This the
judge considered an indignity offered to the
court, and forthwith ordered Mr. D. to take
off his hat.

To this Mr. Dewzenbury paid no attention,
which being observed by "his honor," he
ordered the sheriff to "take that man's hat
off."

"Take your hat off," cried the sheriff.
Mr. Dewzenbury remained motionless, and
the judge proceeded to business. At last,
raising his eyes, his honor again discovered
the incorrigible standing with his hat on his
head.

"Sheriff," cried the judge, "take that
man's hat off."

The Sheriff approached, and repeated the
command of the judge.

"I'm bald," said Mr. D., "and can't com-
ply."

"You can't," exclaimed the judge, waxing
angry; "then I fine you five dollars for con-
tempt of court."

"What is that you say, judge?" replied
Mr. D., as he walked deliberately up to the
stand of the judge.

"I fine you five dollars, sir, for contempt of
court."

"Very well," said Mr. D., as he carefully
put his hand into his pocket, and pulled out a
fifty-cent piece. "Very well, here is the
money," handing the judge the half dollar;
"this squares us, judge. You owed me four
dollars and a half when we quit playing
poker last night, and this half makes us
even."

The bar roared, the crowd smiled, and the
judge pocketed the change, without uttering a
word.

THE HUSBAND OF THE PERIOD.

Really, the husband of the p riod is not
quite so attractive and lovable in some respects
as he might be, and as his wife would like
him. He has not kept his first estate. He
is a harder, drier, more worldly creature than
she took him to be. He thinks more of soup
than of sentiment, and digestion occupies a
larger place than music or society in the
economy of his life. But in spite of all abate-
ments, he is essentially true, and prevailingly
kind. He thinks more than he says, and often
feels deeply when he says nothing. He puts
his love into labor, and expresses his confidence
and tenderness in wise provisions and unsenti-
mental bank notes. The old ardor is not ut-
terly gone, though it no longer flashes into
exclamations of endearment; and it only needs
the breath of a real occasion to fan what se-
med the dead embers of affection into a brilliant
flame. Scarcely a day passes that we do not
hear of some beautiful instance of devotion
and self-sacrifice on the part of those whom it
is too much the fashion to ridicule for selfish-
ness and assail for infidelity. The gallant and
heroic conduct of the husbands on board of the
ill-fated Atlantic, who refused to save them-
selves by leaving their wives and children to
go down in the wreck, is a splendid illustra-
tion of the fidelity and honor of a class—
larger than is imagined—who prefer death to
separation from those who are the light of
life and its joy. The husband of the p riod
might be materially improved, both in char-
acter and manners, but, on the whole, he is
about as good a man as can be found,
and the recent disaster has brought out his
real character in an expected light.

LEAPING BY MACHINERY.

Among the sensational amusements now
going on in New York city, the performances
of a young feminine gymnast, Lulu by name,
at Niblo's Garden, are noticeable. The de-
liberate attempts at neck-breaking which she
nightly undertakes attract immense audiences
of ladies and gentlemen, who enjoy the sen-
sation amazingly, and recommend it to their
friends as a worthy and thrilling sight.

The astounding feat consists in what appears
to be a direct leap, thirty feet high from the
stage floor, and the grasping of a pair of bars
at that elevation, directly over the heads of
the audience. We need hardly say that the
flight is assisted by mechanism.

The performer, costumed in stage tights,
totally unembarrassed by petticoats, exhibit-
ing all the charms of her well proportioned
physique, stands upon a small iron step, which
forms the extremity of a lever that projects
up through the stage floor. Below the stage
and connected with the lever is a weight of
4,000 pounds and a trigger arrangement. At
the appointed moment, the gymnast places
herself upon the step, assumes the required
position, an attendant taps the floor as a sig-
nal, the trigger below is moved, and the gym-
nast shoots up like an arrow through the air
to the bars above. It is a dreadful trick, for
the least variation in the force of the mechan-
ism, or the most trifling deviation in her
course through the air, would drive the gym-
nast away from the friendly bars and send
her headlong upon the iron chairs below. We
sometimes marvel at the strange taste of the
Spaniards who still find enjoyment in the
gory spectacle of the bull fight. But what
shall we say of the sensibilities of Americans,
whose popular evening entertainments depend
for their chief zest upon the antics of a com-
pany of half nude ballet dancers coupled with
the fearful risking of human life by methods
such as we have described?—Scientific Ameri-
can.