

The Home Circle.

GROWING OLD TOGETHER.

Do you know I am thinking, to-morrow We shall pass on our journey through life, One more of the milestones that brings us Still nearer the goal, my good wife.

We are old, wife: I know by the furrows Time has plowed in your brow once so fair; I know by the crown of bright silver He has left for your once lovely hair;

Your way has been humble and toil worn, Your guest has been Trouble, good wife; Part sunshine, more trials and sorrows, Have made up your record through life.

In life's winter, sweet wife, we are living, But its storms all unheeded will fall; What care we, who have love and each other, Who have proved, each to each, all in all,

Some children are still left to bless us, And brighten our hearts day by day; If hope is not always fruition, We will strive to keep on the right way.

HABITS OF READING.

BY REV. F. E. HALE.

All young people read a good deal now; but I do not see that a great deal comes of it. They think they have to read a good many newspapers, and a good many magazines.

On the other hand, it is certain that people who only read the current newspapers and magazines get very little good from each other's society, because they are all fed with just the same intellectual food.

I see no objection, however, to light reading, desultory reading, the reading of newspapers or the reading of fiction,—if you take enough ballast with it, so that the light kites, as the sailors call them, may not carry your ship over in some sudden gale.

Now a great deal more is possible under this rule than you boys and girls think at first. Some of the best students in the world,—who have advanced their affairs farthest in their particular lines—have not in practice studied more than two hours a day.

Mr. Hale means by 'grave reading,' or improving reading? Does he mean only the stupid books that 'no gentleman's library should be without'? I suppose somebody reads them, at some time, or they would not be printed; but I am sure I do not know when, or how or where to begin.

THE VIOLIN AND FIDDLE.

Half a century ago, or less, the somewhat facetious Dr. Pond dwelt in the quiet and out-of-the-way village of A. The doctor's ideas were liberal—much more so than those of many of his congregation; nevertheless, he kept on the even tenor of his way.

the doctor's, and requested to see him. When he entered the room where she was seated, he perceived at a glance that something was amiss, and before he had time to extend to her the usual "How d'yo do?" she said.

"I think, Dr. Pond, that a man of your age and profession might have had something better to do, when you were in New London last week, than to buy Enoch a fiddle! Oh, dear, what is the world coming to, when ministers will do such things?"

"Who told you I had a fiddle?" inquired the doctor.

"Who told me? Why, everybody says so, and some people have heard him play on it as they passed the door. But sin't it true, Doctor?"

"I bought Enoch a violin when I went to New London."

"A violin? What's that? 'Did you never see one?'"

"Never."

"Enoch!" said the doctor, stepping to the door, "bring your violin here."

Enoch obeyed the command, but no sooner had he entered with his instrument than the old lady exclaimed,—

"La! now; there, why it is a fiddle!"

"Do not judge rashly," said the doctor, giving his son a wink; "wait till you hear it."

Taking the hint, Enoch played Old Hundred. The lady was completely mystified; it looked like a fiddle, but who had ever heard Old Hundred played on a fiddle? It could not be. So, rising to depart, she exclaimed—

"I am glad I came in, to satisfy myself. La me! just think how people will lie!"

JONATHAN'S HUNTING EXCURSION.

"Did you ever hear of the scrape that I and Uncle Zeke had duckin' on't on the Connecticut?" asked Jonathan Timbertoes, while amusing his old Dutch hostess, who had agreed to entertain him under the roof of her log cottage for, and in consideration of, a bran new tin milk-pan.

"No, I never did—do tell it," was the reply.

"Well, you must know that I and Uncle Zeke took it in our heads, one Saturday afternoon, to go a gunning arter ducks in father's skiff; so we got in and sculled down the river. A proper sight of ducks flew backwards and forwards, I tell ye—and bimeby a few of 'em lit down by the marsh, and went to feeding on muscles. I caught up my powder horn to prime, and it slipped right out of my hand and sunk to the bottom of the river.

The water was mazin'ly clear and I could see it on the bottom. Now, I couldn't swim a jot, so I sez to Uncle Zeke, "Your a pretty clever fellow, just lend me your powder horn to prime;" but of course the old stingy critter wouldn't. "Well," sez I, "you're a pretty good diver, an' if you'll dive and git mine, I'll give you a primin'." I thought he'd leave his powder horn, but he didn't; but he stuck it in his pocket, and down he went—and there he stayed!"

Here the old lady opened her eyes with wonder and surprise, and a pause of some minutes ensued, when Jonathan added—"I looked down, and what do you think the critter was a doin'?"

"Lawk!" exclaimed the old lady, "I'm sure I don't know."

"There he was," said our hero, "settin' right on the bottom of the river, pourin' the powder out of my horn into hizen!"

WHY DID JACOB WEEP?

"Jacob kissed Rachel, and lifted up his voice and wept."—Scripture.

If Rachel was a pretty girl, and kept her face clean, we can't see that Jacob had much to weep about.—N. Y. Globe.

How do you know but that she slapped him in the face?—N. O. Delta.

Gentlemen, hold your tongues. The cause of Jacob's weeping was the refusal of Rachel to allow him to kiss her again.—Flag.

It is our opinion that Jacob wept because he hadn't kissed Rachel before, and regretted the time he had lost.—Age.

Green—verdant, all of ye. The fellow boohood because she didn't kiss him in return.—Dancheater Advertiser.

Fshaw! none of you are judges of human nature. Rachel was the first girl that Jacob kissed, and he got so scared that his voice trembled, and tears came trickling down his cheeks.—Auburn Advertiser.

Jacob was a man that labored in the field. When he kissed Rachel, he had just returned from his labors, and had not washed his lips. After he had soiled Rachel's cheek, he wept for fear she would think he was one of the "free-soilers."—Detroit Free Press.

No, gentlemen, none of you are correct. The reason why Jacob wept was, he was afraid Rachel would tell his mamma.—Jersey Telegraph.

The reason why Jacob wept was because Rachel would not let him stop kissing her when he once began.—Penn. Register.

May be she bit him.—Yazoo Whig.

May it not be that it was his first attempt at kissing? If so, she ought to have bit him.—Nassau Enquirer.

What a long list of innocents! We know, for we have tried it on. There were no tears shed, and the good book does not say there were. It was only his mouth that watered, and the lifting of his voice forced it out of his eyes.—People's Paper.

Jacob wept! Yes, tears of joy! for well he knew he might; when Rachel, beauty, all confessed, stood 'fore his ravished sight.—Louisville Democrat.

Wrong, wrong, one and all of ye! Rachel was preserved by the Lord expressly for Jacob, and the taste of a good pickle always fetched the brine to Jacob's eyes.—Land and Law Advertiser.

None of the above reasons seem satisfactory to us. Jacob wept because there were so few Rachels to kiss. Had there been half a dozen more, Jacob would have laughed and "smacked" away.—Liquor Men's Advocate, Pittsburg.

He wept at his rashness in rendering himself liable to a breach of promise case. He didn't want to be hauled into court, and cried about it.—Somerville Journal.

Our "cherub," who is a flippant young man, and parts his hair in the middle and affects girls, handed us the above list with the annexed lines in pencil, assuring us that he knew all about these things.

Wrong, gentlemen! you all are wrong! Wouldst know why wept the lad? He wept—alas, alas! that this Should dash aside the cup of bliss We hope to quaff with love's first kiss!—Because her breath was bad.

—Chelsea Public.

Ye no read Scripture aright. Jacob had been driven from his father's house, and after so long absence, at this first sight of a pretty woman, he kissed her and wept for joy.—Haverhill Gazette.

Joy declares that he can do his own tear-shedding. Jake hurt himself lifting a voice that had been shattered while crying for milk before he was able to digest solid food.—Portsmouth Chronicle.

What a string of verdants! Jacob wept "because he couldn't help it."

Sawdust and Chips.

A common Social Vice.—Advice.

Best Thing Out.—An aching tooth.

The Form of a Kiss.—A lip-tickle.

A Disagreeable Uncle.—A carbuncle.

Flirtation.—Attention without intention.

Railroads have now three gauges—a broad gauge, a narrow gauge, and a mortgage.

FAMILY JARS.—Somebody says there are two kinds of family jars—into one you put your sweetmeats; into the other you put—your foot.

"I can't find bread for my family," said a lazy fellow.—"Nor I," replied an industrious baker; "I am obliged to work for it."

A western editor, in acknowledging the gift of a peck of onions from a subscriber, says: "It is such kindnesses as these that bring tears to our eyes."

A Frenchwoman once said that she never loved anything. "You loved your children?" suggested a friend. "When they were little," she replied. "And you love diamonds?" "When they are large."

"Why, Ichabod, I thought you got married mo'n a year ago?" "Well, aunt Jerusha, it was talked of, but I found out that the girl and all her folks were opposed to it, and I jest give 'm all the mitten, and let the thing drop.

In New Hampshire the following is posted on a fence: "Nottis—Know how is allud in these meddeos, eny men or women letten there kows run the rode, wot gits into my medders aforesed shall have his tale cut orf by me, Obadiah Rogers."

A clergyman in marrying a couple failed, at the usual part of the service, to obtain any indication from the bridegroom as to whether he would accept the bride as his helpmeet. After a considerable pause, the bride, indignant at the stolidity of her intended husband, pushed down his head with her hand, at the same time ejaculating, "Canna ye boo, ye brute?"

A CHILD'S REASON.—A friend, visiting in a minister's family, where the parents were very strict in regard to the children's Sabbath deportment, was confidently informed by one of the little girls that "she would like to be a minister."—"Why?" inquired the visitor, rather puzzled to understand what had given the child so sudden an admiration for that calling. She was quickly enlightened by the prompt reply, "So I could holler on Sunday."

Clerical Gentleman (who objects to smoke and means to make an example): "May I inquire your name, sir?" Commercial Traveler: "To be sure you may. I'm Davis from Bradford, in the stuff trade. What line might yours be?" Clerical Gentleman (with irony): "The spiritual, sir." Commercial (not noticing the irony): "Is it though? What an awful price you've got gin-up the last fortnight!" The clerical gentleman discovered he had a friend in another car.

Prepious boy, munching the fruit of the date tree: "Mamma, if I eat dates enough will I grow up to be a almanac?"

Some ingenious observer has discovered that there is a remarkable resemblance between a baby and wheat, since it is first cradled, then thrashed, and finally becomes the flower of the family.

Two Irishmen were working a quarry, when one of them fell into a deep hole. The other, alarmed, came to the margin of the hole and called out: "Arrah, Pat, are ye kilt entirely? If ye're dead, spake." Pat answered him from the bottom of the hole: "No, Tim, I'm not dead, but I'm spacheless."

The following notice is posted conspicuously

in the office of a renowned poet:—"Shut the door; and as soon as you have had your say, please to serve your mouth in the same way."

A Chinese lawyer in San Francisco is named "Ah Chin." If his parents had ever dreamed that he was going to become a lawyer, they would doubtless have called him "Ah Check."

A gentleman gave a letter of introduction to a student of music about to visit Leipsic, who wished to put himself under the instruction of Professor —, a famous teacher of music in that city. Upon the student's return home the gentleman asked, "How did you like Professor —?" "Oh, wonderfully! He gave me five lessons; but he is a very singular man. He kept praying nearly all the time he was teaching me. "Praying! Why, what do you mean?" "Well, while I was playing, he clasped his hands, lifted his eyes to the ceiling, and kept saying, 'Good Lord, what sin have I committed to deserve this punishment?'"

Grains of Gold.

Spurgeon defines a gentleman as "one who can serve God, and at the same time paddle his own canoe."

Education is a better safeguard of liberty than a standing army. If we retrench the wages of the school-master, we must raise those of the recruiting sergeant.

Chastise your passions that they may not chastise you. No one who is a lover of money, a lover of pleasure, or a lover of glory, is likewise a lover of mankind.

SECRETS.—To tell your own secrets is generally folly, but that folly is without guilt; to communicate those with which we are entrusted is always treachery, and treachery for the most part combined with folly.

Women, above all other educators educate humanely. Man is the brain but woman is the heart of humanity; he its judgment, she its feeling; he its strength, she its grace, ornament, and solace. Even the understanding of the best woman seems to work mainly through her affections.

The safety and progress of humanity depends upon each man's filling his appointed place—no matter how humble it seems—well. We are all workers—each class is dependent on the other. The rude fisherman of the Northern Sea, as a great English writer has finely said, collects the oil which fills the scholar's lamp in the luxurious capital three thousand miles away.

To comprehend a man's life it is necessary to know not merely what he does, but also what he purposely leaves undone. There is a limit to the work that can be got out of a human body or a human brain, and he is a wise man who wastes no energy on pursuits for which he is not fitted; and he is still wiser who, from among the things that he can do well, chooses and resolutely follows the best.—Gladstone.

Wherever unselfish love is the mainspring of men's actions; wherever happiness is placed, not on what we can gain for ourselves, but on what we can impart to others; wherever we place our highest satisfaction in gratifying our fathers and mothers, our sisters and brothers, our wives and children, our neighbors and friends—we are sure to attain all the happiness which the world can bestow.

HAPPINESS.—That all who are happy are equally happy, is not true. A peasant and a philosopher may be equally satisfied, but not equally happy. Happiness consists in the multiplicity of agreeable consciousness. A peasant has not capacity for having equal happiness with a philosopher. This question was very happily illustrated by the Rev. Robert Brown:—"A small drinking glass and a large one may be equally full, but the large one holds more than the small."

LESSEN YOUR WANTS.—More of the true enjoyment of life lies in this maxim than is generally thought. We create many of our necessities; and with the growth of luxury new wants come in, not by ones, or by tens, but by hundreds. The savage completes his personal decoration in a few moments beside a spring; the toilet of the modern exquisite has almost as many implements as the case of a dentist. Some of the greatest works have been written in a garret, from an old ink horn, with two or three goose quills. Wollaston made his great optical discoveries by means of a few shillings' worth of broken glass and cheap tools. The same is true of books. Great libraries do not make great scholars.

SERVILE PEOPLE.

Some men are afraid of making enemies, and this is well. But when this fear amounts to servility, it is not well. As a general rule, the man who has no enemies is a mere drone in the great hive of created intelligence. He is a milk-and-water man, who contents himself with doing no harm, while it is notorious that he is doing no good. Such men are time-serving fence-riding go-betweens, who creep after men of position and property, and hypocritically bow to men of humble walks of life. They take no part in public sentiment, and smile and smirk upon all they come in contact with. They usually glide through life undisturbed, and sink into obscure graves.

Their houses are narrow, and though their heads are not brainless, their lives are useless. It is better far to do some harm occasionally, than never do any good.

YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST

Are requested for

WILLIAM HAMILTON, JR.,

AS

ALDERMAN,

FOR THE WARD OF ST. LAWRENCE

FOR 1873.

St. Andrew's Ward!

YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST

IS RESPECTFULLY REQUESTED FOR

WILLIAM THOMAS,

As Alderman for 1873.

TO THE ELECTORS OF

ST. PATRICK'S WARD.

GENTLEMEN—

For several years past I have been solicited by many prominent electors of the Ward and other citizens, to become a candidate for civic honors, I was, under the requirements of my business, obliged in the past to decline the honor so kindly proffered me. The request having been this year again renewed and urged, I have yielded to the desire of my fellow-citizens, and now declare myself in obedience to their wishes a candidate for their suffrages for the office of Alderman at the approaching Municipal Elections for the city. I have a considerable stake in the Ward, and feel a deep interest in everything calculated to advance the prosperity of the city of Toronto, in which for the last twenty-five years, from boyhood, I have lived. Longing, therefore, I make none. I will merely say, that if elected, I shall exert myself to discharge the duties of the office efficiently—at all events, honestly; and that I hope, at the end of my year of office, to be enabled to exhibit a stainless record, one on which to base my claims to a continuance of your support and confidence. I am, Gentlemen, Your obedient servant,

31-td

JOHN MALLON.

TO THE ELECTORS

OF

ST. PATRICK'S WARD

Your vote and interest are respectfully solicited for

JOHN BALL

AS ALDERMAN FOR ST. PATRICK'S WARD FOR 1873.

The Election will be held Jan. 6, 1873.

TO THE ELECTORS

OF THE

Ward of St. David.

GENTLEMEN,

Having been urgently requested by a large number of influential friends and ratepayers to allow myself to be put in nomination for the office of Alderman for your Ward, and having ample time at my disposal to devote to the duties, I have acceded to their request and now beg to announce myself a candidate for municipal honors. If elected, I will do my utmost to fill the office with credit to myself and benefit to the City, and more particularly to the Ward of St. David.

Yours obediently,

THOS. DAVIES.

St. Patrick's Ward.

TO THE ELECTORS OF ST. PATRICK'S WARD.

Your vote and interest are respectfully solicited for re-election as ALDERMAN for the year 1873.

JOHN KERR,

St. Andrew's Ward.

Your vote and influence are respectfully solicited for

FRANK RIDDELL, AS ALDERMAN FOR 1873.

The Election will take place on the first Monday in January, 1873.

G. W. HALE,

DENTIST, No. 6 TAMPERANCE ST., TORONTO, First house off Yonge St., North Side.