

The Home Circle.

BEAUTY.

A lovely babe lay in its mother's arms. She looked fondly upon it, and breathed a prayer that it might be preserved from all evil; that its path through life might be a happy one, and lead to heavenly bliss. Suddenly appeared to her a radiant being who, tenderly regarding the infant, spoke thus to its wondering parent: "I am thy child's good guardian; a touch upon her brow, and I will confer whatsoever gift of mind or person thou mayst desire in her behalf. Speak, then, but not too hastily, and let me hear what attraction thou wouldst wish thy offspring to possess!"

Without hesitation replied the mother,—"Give her beauty, O angel! I ask no better favor."

"Meaneest thou beauty of body, of mind, or of heart? Only one kind shall I bestow. Ere thou decidest I will place before thee three visions. The first is that of a woman with face and form so fair that, wherever she moves, men gaze longingly to possess her, while women's eyes speak envy. Flattery, adulation, even worship, are accorded her; rich and great alike do homage; and so she becomes vain, imperious, exacting, frivolous: she trifles with the purest, deepest impulses of others; tramples ruthlessly on crushed, wounded hearts; wins love not to cherish it, but laugh it to scorn. All this, while her face is still beautiful, her form the embodiment of grace. With the fading of her charms comes retribution; for the gray hairs, the wrinkles, the feeble step, that Time at length forces upon her, other women now pity, and men ignore. Ah! how gladly would this aged coquette—too late—receive the love of one true heart! How eagerly does she pursue the fleeting phantom of pleasure—she, once, so coy and hard to please, when all the enjoyments of life wooed her acceptance! Vanity in youth—loneliness and discontent in old age; these are born of mere beauty of the face. Shall it be thy child's portion?"

"Nay," said the mother, shuddering as she spoke. "If such are its penalties, I desire not the gift."

"Here is another picture. A woman, plain in attire and face, sits writing all alone. Her eyes glow with the fire of inspiration, her hand moves over the paper in nervous haste, recording the thoughts of her gifted mind. Hour after hour passes; she still writes on, tossing to one side the finished pages impatiently, for, with her best effort her pen does not keep pace with her rapidly-producing brain. At length, however, her work is done. Next behold this same woman in an assemblage of the most gifted persons of the age, she, the syncope of all eyes. Her work has been successful, and the world pays tribute to her genius. The words that fall from her lips are heard with attention; her most crudely expressed idea is received as the outpouring of an heaven-sent talent. Is she happy? Yes; for the moment, supremely so. While yet she stands on fame's high pedestal, far above the admiring multitude, gratified pride supplies to her the place of personal friendships or loves, and she feels not their need. But the world is fickle; another star dawns on the literary horizon; the pedestal is wanted for a new image, and the old is overturned. Fallen from such ambitious height, how can this woman of genius be contented in a humbler station? If actual unhappiness be not her portion, at least an ever-present sense of something missing from life's completeness she will experience, and, however much she cultivate her mind and find delight in the treasures of learning laid up, yet if her heart be unsatisfied she can never be thoroughly content. Dost thou desire such a life for thy child?"

"Set before me, O angel, the third vision ere I decide!"

"It is the heart, not the woman, I wish thee now to observe; a heart full of generous impulses, good desires, loving thoughts; it overflows with tenderness for others, with sympathy for their joys and sorrows, patience for their shortcomings; it is an altar on which ever burns the holy fire of charity, sending forth its genial warmth to all who approach. Like the widow's cruise, its stores never fail; to every soul, hungry for encouragement and strength, this heart has something to give. Blessed with such a possession, the woman of beautiful face need not dread the loss of outward charms. If the woman of genius have such a heart, whether her efforts win approbation or the reverse, within herself she will find a well-spring of happiness whose pure waters of joy have nothing in common with the worldly stream of self. And one, possessed of nothing more than this true, loving heart, even though homely and ignorant, will draw to herself other hearts, and win the great boon of love. Choose what beauty shall be given to the child."

"Ah!" said the mother, "Give her, O angel, that which in itself, I perceive, combines all other beauties."

"Thou meanest the beauty of the heart," and the guardian spirit gently touched the brow of the unconscious babe, saying, "inasmuch as thy mother hath so well chosen, Heaven's blessing shall attend thee through life; thou shalt be a savior of souls, and at the Judgment Christ will place thy loving heart away among the choicest treasures of his kingdom."

FRANKNESS.

Frankness is supposed to be a common virtue. It is most uncommon. It is indeed an uncommon thing. It requires truth, simplicity, love, and genuine goodness. Men speak plainly, when they do speak, but they are not open and free. Many speak truth very plainly when angry; many speak pleasing truth—frankly. But few there are whose souls are so nicely balanced in the atmosphere of love, that they speak whatever needs to be said, to each and all, plainly, gently, fully. The dearest friends live together for years without daring to speak things which they know, and which each party knows that the other knows. Parents live with a reserve, years long, toward their own children. Children carry untouched, unsyllabled thoughts and feelings which take hold of their being. Friends meet and part, day by day, friends so true that they would almost die for each other, or what is harder than that, live for each other—and never speak of what each knows is passing in the other's mind. It is very strange to see people come up in conversation to topics that, by a kind of tacit free masonry, are sacred, and without word or look, one glide on one side, and the other upon the other side, and meet beyond, going down the common channel again. Was there ever a thoughtful, sensitive person, that dared to be open, transparent, frank?

A NOBLE ART.

Once I remember among my friends a lady who had known many afflictions, cares and heartgriefs, and yet, whose brightness of demeanor and cheerfulness were unflinching, whose very presence was a sunbeam. This lady often talked of her art. When praised for any course of action, she would reply, with touching simplicity: "Yes, I learned that from my art."

As a child, I often wondered what this art could be; growing older, I set myself to find out. It was not the music, passionately fond as she was of that divine art, and on so lofty a pedestal as she placed it; for, being somewhat at home with its magic realms myself, I knew that she was not sufficiently skilled therein to designate it as her own; nor was it the art of painting, nor was it of sculpture.

"Miss Margaret," I enquired one day, "What is your art?"

A sweet smile flitted over her face, as she touchingly asked for reply, "And have I so poorly exemplified it all these years that you need ask?"

"I am sure now," cried I, "that it is after all, what has often suggested itself to my mind, the art of making the most of life."

"You are right," she answered, well pleased; "and this I consider the greatest of arts—all others are sent to earth to aid us in perfecting it."

This made a deep impression upon me, one that I have never forgotten.

Since then I have become an observer in life, and have frequently had occasion to marvel how few comprehend or endeavor to live by this art. Many fields of science and art are open to those whose talents guide them into such directions; but this one field is open to all, and they who best make use of their own individual talents are best fitted to enter nobly upon it. To make the most of life, we must court the sunshine. There is sorrow enough given into every human life without our needing to cling to every little separate grief, and gloat over its memory. By holding fast to the sunbeams that stray across our path, we can accomplish marvels in the way of lighting up the dark places of life. There is much to enjoy, much to make one happy in this beautiful world, despite its cares and bitterness, and our highest duties to ourselves, as well as to those who surround us, is to make the most and best of life, and to be as happy as we can.

The next stage of existence lies stretched before us as an unknown sea; that it will be fuller, grander, more complete than this, every instinct of our nature teaches us to believe—otherwise we know nothing of its requirements. The present, however is ours: we know its duties and needs; we know that the more we struggle to fulfill those the stronger we grow, the more good we can accomplish. We know, too, that the good God never gave us intellect without purposing that we should use it and make the best of it, as of all else with which he has endowed us. Undoubtedly, therefore, they who best grasp the "art of making the most of life," will be best fitted for the requirements of another state of being when called to enter upon it.—*Home Magazine.*

CURIOUS STORY ABOUT A HAWK.

The Baltimore *American* relates a curious incident which occurred a few days since, a short distance from that city:—"One of our well-known merchants had gone out on a visit to a friend at whose house there was a bright little boy, and one day, to please the child, he manufactured a very large paper kite, and as the wind was strong enough the kite was raised at once. After it had gone up nearly half a mile, a large crowd of country people collected to admire it, as such a magnificent toy had never been seen in that section before. While the spectators were admiring it, a very large hawk was seen to fly out of a neighboring grove and go directly to-

ward the kite. The hawk approached within a few feet of the strange looking object and then circled about under it perhaps five minutes, when he flew just above it and again circled round several times. Suddenly he hovered directly over the kite, and after looking at it intently for a short time, darted downward, and striking the paper, passed directly through the other side. After this strange experience, which no doubt puzzled the hawk vastly, he flew off a short distance for reflection, but still keeping the kite in view. Not being disposed to give up so, he quickly returned to the charge, and this time fastened on to a string of rags that were used as a tail to the kite, which he tore and scattered in the air in a saucy manner. Finding, however, no resistance on the part of the kite, he became disgusted or scared, and flew away towards the woods from whence he came. The gentleman says that whenever the hawk made an attack he would retreat a little, as if he expected the strange bird was going to return the assault.

ESSAY ON LUCK.

We are all children of chance. Some of us are kindly favored by fortune; some seem to be the victims of fate; and others neither the one thing nor the other—knocked about from pillar to post, with here a streak of fat luck, and there a streak of the leanest kind. But, brethren, every one of us is lucky in one respect, that is, in getting into this living and breathing world. Our being born is but the result of accident, after all, philosophize as you may upon the subject. What a glorious escape have we made from remaining forever in the womb of nonentity! Let us congratulate one another, then, that we have the lot of living, moving, and having a being on this terraqueous globe.

Many of you imagine that you are born to ill-luck, and seem to strive your prettiest to foster your ridiculous fancies. You will have it that others reap richer harvests from the fields of chance than yourselves; that, when it rains bean-porridge your dishes are always bottom upwards; when it snows Genesee flour, the wind blows it to your neighbor's door; and when it hails hulled corn, you have no milk to eat it with. You find a pistareen in the street: "Just my luck!" you exclaim, as you pocket the disappointment, "if anybody else had found it, it would have been a quarter, sure!" If you feel for a knife in the dark, among a peck of knives and forks, you are certain to get hold of a fork. Whatever you do, and wherever you go, everything works against you, according to your thinking; but, in accordance with my humble opinion, you work against things more than things labor against you. You labor under a mistaken idea if you think to the contrary. The man who petitioned to have the lamp-posts removed because they interfered with him in his nocturnal perambulations, considered himself a victim of ill-luck. He might have been so; but the poor lamp-posts have more reason to complain of hard rubs than himself.

I have to write, for your edification, and perhaps amusement. I am lucky when by chance I have a good article, and get half a hatful of genuine coppers in return, but, as I always expect more or less bad ones in the heap, I am never disappointed. I bag the lot, without pausing to questionize as to whether any other writer would have been cursed or blest with the same luck, had he been in my boots. So should you take matters easy; for, recollect that fortune never picks out a particular individual to smile upon, nor selects a certain portion upon which to cast her spiteful frowns. The fact is this, my friends: rather than depend upon labor, you are too apt to rely upon luck; and when the latter betrays your confidence, you owe it a grudge that time can never pay.

To test your luck, don't throw dice nor buy lottery tickets; but put your hand to the plough, and hold on; or drive the cattle, and let somebody else hold—but be sure that you do one or the other, and the end thereof shall be fortune. Expect a bar of iron to melt with the breath of a southern wind—a seaman's whistle to calm the excited ocean—a town on fire to be extinguished with a woman's tears—the stars to be blown out with a September gale. You may expect these to happen, if you like, but don't suppose that good luck will keep company with a loafer who is too lazy to work, and so depends upon the precarious crumbs of chance. If you firmly believe in an unalterable decree of luck, you will have more of the bad sort plastered to your remembrance than were ever feathers attached to a fresh coat of tar. Mondays and Fridays will enter into a conspiracy against you; all your new moons will be seen over the left shoulder; squirrels will run across the road before you, from the right to the left; you will spill more salt at the table than any other one, and the clouds will be certain to take the opportunity to rain when they catch you without an umbrella.

A murmur on all your superstitious notions about luck. One mortal is just as liable to mishaps as another. Keep clear of the fire, and you will escape being burned; go not near the water, and there is no danger of getting drowned; look not for the apparitions of ill-luck, and you will see but few of them, at the most, and they, like all other ghosts, possess more power to scare than harm. So mote it be!

A YANKEE TRICK.

A Kentuckian and a Yankee were once riding through the woods, the former on an inferior animal. The latter wanted to make a "swap," but he did not see how he was to do it. At last he thought of a plan. His horse had been taught to sit down like a dog whenever he was touched with the spurs. Seeing a wild turkey, the Yankee made his horse perform this trick, and asserted that he was pointing game, as was his custom. The Kentuckian rode in the direction indicated by the horse's nose, and up rose a turkey. This settled the matter; the trade was made, and saddles and horses were exchanged. After a time they came to a deep, rapid stream, over which the black horse carried his rider, with ease. But the Kentuckian, with the Yankee's old beast, found great difficulty in getting over, and when he reached the middle of the stream he was afraid the horse would allow himself to be carried away, and endeavored to spur him up to a more vigorous action. Down sat the old horse on his haunches.

"Look here!" shouted the enraged Kentuckian to the Yankee on the other side of the stream, "what does all this mean?"

"I want you to know, stranger," cried the Yankee, preparing to ride away, "that horse will punt fish just as well as he will fowl."

PLEASURE AND PROFIT.

Pleasure is generally work. We seek relief from the daily routine of life when we seek pleasure; we merely wish to change for a time our employment. The change of itself is the attraction. The man who gets his living by hunting sees no particular sport in it, for to him it is business; when he wishes rest he puts his gun away and with it all thought of game. The professional man, confined to the city nine months of the year, no sooner gets into the country than he hangs his equipments over his shoulder and starts, with gun in hand, for the woods.

A red squirrel will kindle his enthusiasm at once, and he will blaze away with a keen sense of pleasure. We go to the theatre for amusement. A great play is on the boards, this is its fifth week perhaps. We enjoy it intensely, we live amid the life-like scenes, and go home refreshed. To us the theatre is the fairy palace where we procure a new stock of cheerfulness for our every-day life. We forget the actor. That play has become a nuisance to him; thirty-two times he has struck the same attitudes, and he is heartily tired. He wishes people would get sick of the play, so that he may have a change again. When he has a "night off," it is a pleasure to him to sit at home with his family, in quietness, away from the glare and glitter of the theatre. Thus it is in everything, even in that noble institution—marriage.

When a man is "courting," "courting" is a pleasure; but after he is married he cares nothing about it; it is supposed to be his business then, so he slights it as much as possible. Boys work about as hard for pleasure as any other class of human beings. Ask a boy to cut a half-cord of wood and he will think it is mighty rough; but he will kick football until he is one pond of perspiration and every bone aches, and call it "glorious fun!" It's all in the name. If footballs had to be lugged into the house for firewood, you would see every boy with axe in hand chopping wood for dear life, and shouting "bully!"

Work is a word of terror generally. Suppose young ladies were by law compelled to do so much work every day, said work or labor to consist of carrying a steel trap covered with newspaper, and placed at the base of the spinal column of the wearer, do you think they would do it or endure it? Not much, my innocent friend. They'd rebel and cry, "Tyranny! O monstrous brutes!" But they do it now for pleasure or appearance, or both. Suppose again that gossip women were obliged to call at so many houses every other day and retail just so many stories about their neighbors, do you imagine they'd do it? No, they'd die first, and proclaim themselves martyrs to unjust laws with their last breath. You see, having received the name *work* it is no longer a pleasure.

I might multiply illustrations indefinitely, but perhaps without profit. This day's profits are great, as the ascending cashier of a bank said, not long ago. These prophets are humbugs as Mr. Foggy said after hearing female stump speakers at Tremont Temple. Of course 'twas Mr. Foggy. Every one who doesn't run wild with the lunatics of the nineteenth century, is a Foggy. When people go in for profits they rarely think of loss, but less often think of them. I once heard of a man who married a woman by the name of Loss.

She was rich, but he didn't know it, so he must have loved her. After the knot had been tied, he became aware of his prize, and said to a friend, "My Loss column gives me great profit this year." Profits rarely come in that way, however. There was another man who profited by his wife's instructions. Whenever he saw her hand near a billet of wood he'd start and run. Once he was asked why his calves grew so big. "Exercise—my profit in my marriage investment," he replied, glancing downward proudly, and then starting back, made ready for a plunge out the front door. He was so used to running—poor man.

Cards, Programmes, Bill-Heads, and Mammoth Posters, (illuminated or plain), executed at this office, 124 Bay St.

Grains of Gold.

Proud looks lose friends, but courteous words win them.—*Ferdin.*

There can be no greater injury to human society than that good talents among men should be held honorable to those who are endowed with them without any regard as to how they are applied. The gifts of nature and accomplishments of art are valuable, but only as they are exerted in the interests of virtue or governed by the rules of honor.—*Steele.*

The utmost we can hope for in this world is contentment, if we aim at anything higher we shall meet with nothing but grief and disappointment. A man should direct all his studies and endeavors at making himself easy now and happy hereafter.—*Addison.*

Great vices are the proper objects of our detestation, smaller faults of our pity; but affectation appears to be the only true source of the ridiculous.—*Fieldding.*

Some men of secluded and studious life have sent forth from their closet or their cloister rays of intellectual life that have agitated courts and revolutionized kingdoms; like the moon who, though removed far from the ocean, and shining upon it with a serene and sober light, exerts a power which incessantly distorts the world of waters.

No man's spirits are very much hurt by doing his duty. On the contrary, one good action, one temptation resisted and overcome, one sacrifice of desire or interest purely for conscience sake, will prove a cordial for weak or low spirits, beyond what either indulgence, or diversion, or company can do for them.—*Addison.*

Doing good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life.—*Sidney.*

Wisdom does not show itself so much in precept as in life—in a firmness of mind and a mastery of appetite. It teaches to do as well as to talk, and to make our words and actions all of a color.—*Seneca.*

Satire is a sort of glass wherein beholders generally discover everybody's face but their own, which is the chief reason for that kind of reception it meets in the world, and that so very few are offended with it.—*Swift.*

He who in questions of right, virtue or duty sets himself above all possible ridicule is truly great, and shall laugh in the end with truer mirth than ever he was laughed at.—*Lavater.*

A sailor, explaining a quadrille to his messmate thus described the third figure: "You first leave ahead," said he, "and pass your adversary's yard-arm, regain your berth on the other track in the same order, take your station with your partner in line, back and fill, and then fall on your keel, and bring up with your partner; she then manoeuvres ahead, off alongside of you; then make sail in company with her until nearly astern of the other line, make a stern board, cast her off to shift for herself, regain your place in the best way you can, and let go your anchor."

A Vienna paper relates an amusing incident which occurred to a great lady just recovered from a long and severe illness. Seated in her boudoir, she was looking over the cards of condolence that had been left for her while sick. Among the names of Counts, Barons, and other aristocratic sympathizers emblazoned with coronets and coats-of-arms, she came across a simple card with the plain inscription of "Herman Berger." In vain the lady asked who Herman Berger was. None of her servants could give her any information other than that the individual had been a remarkably handsome young man. The lady's curiosity became excited and she gave orders to admit the person if he should call again. The order was punctually obeyed, and on the next day she received a really charming young man, dressed in exquisite style, who evidently appeared greatly embarrassed at the honor of a *tele-a-tele* with the still charming, though somewhat faded beauty. "I can hardly find words," said the lady with a blush, "to thank you for the sympathy which you have manifested for a stranger." "I beg your pardon, gracious lady," stammered the dandy, "but I am the agent for Messrs. A. B., the undertakers!"

THEOLOGICAL ACUTENESS.—A clergyman at Thornhill, Dumfriesshire, was lately examining the parish school. In the course of the examination the Bible class was brought forward. After many questions had been asked and answered, greatly to the satisfaction of the minister, he proposed that any boy might ask one question, as he then might have an idea what particular information they wanted. A pause ensued. At last a bright-looking boy said: "Sir, I would like to ask one." "Well, my little man," said the minister, "what is the question you are to ask?" "Sir," said the boy, "what was the use of Jacob's ladder when the angels had wings?" The minister felt taken aback, took out his snuff-box, and looked at the boy, "I think, my little man, that is just the very question I should have asked of the class, and I will give sixpence to any boy in the class who will answer it." After a somewhat long pause, one little fellow, third from the bottom, held out his hand. "Well," said the minister, "can you answer that question?" "Yes, sir." "Well, what was the use of the ladder when the angels had wings?" "Oh, sir, the angels were poukin' (moulting) at the time and couldn't flee." The minister is taking an interest in that boy.