

The Home Circle.

NEARING THE SHORE.

As she stands in a worn arm-chair; White as snow is his thin soft hair; Furrowed his cheek by time and care; And back and forth he sways; There's a far away look in his dim eye, Which tells of thoughts of the long gone-by, For he sits once more under a cloudless sky, And in childhood merrily plays. He rests his cheek on the head of his cane, And, happily smiling, dreams again Of that home, the brook, the meadow, the lane, Dreams all with a vision clear; Then childhood yields unto manhood's place, Then he looks once more in his bright, bright face And down the starry eyes he can trace A love remembered and dear. Then he walks and sighs: "It seems but a dream That comes to me now like a golden gleam, Or the shimmering glow of the sun's last beam. But 'tis pleasant to think it o'er— That youth was so sweet, but now is past; These days of love were too precious to last; But over yonder their pleasures are cast, And I nearing the shore." He is gliding on in his little boat; For the calm still water they peacefully float; But echo full of brings a well-known note From the land he has left behind. The time will row back for him no more; And he knows, when the voyage of life shall be o'er, And he gazes away to that other shore, That his dream beyond he shall find. The seeds of youth, which in youth we sow, Adown through the aisles of the future will grow, And shed on age a beautiful glow, As they come in memory's gleams. Loved faces will come to dimming sight, Sweet words will echo in day-dreams bright, And circle old age with their halos of light, As they mingle in beautiful dreams.

THE UNDECIDED MAN.

My indcision—people say— Has always been my bane, I'm small and modest in my way, Although a little vain. For fancy lures me here and there, Nor lets me form a plan— I'm swayed by every passing air— An undecided man!

When with my wife I shopping go, My misery is keen: I first say "yes," and then say "no!" And don't know what I mean! And what I purchase in the end, Within a few days span I much regret, you may depend— An undecided man!

"What suit to-day" and then I pause Irresolute awhile— I grope and rummage in the cause— But cannot find my style. A score of ties of every kind Most dubiously I scan Before I'm suited to my mind— An undecided man!

Which road to take? How far to go To walk, to drive, to ride? To hunt or shoot? To bathe or row I never can decide. E'en now I fear I've penned too much (But publish if you can!) Nor spurn my lay, because I'm such An undecided man!

WHY MEN NEED WIVES.

What does a man need a wife for? It is not merely to sweep the house and make the beds, and darn the socks, and cook the meals, chiefly that a man wants a wife for. If this is all, when a young man calls to see a lady, send him into the pantry, to taste the bread and cake she has made; send him to inspect the needle-work and bed making; or put a broom into her hands, and let him witness its use. Such things are important, and the wise young man will quietly look after them. But what the true man most wants a wife is her companionship, sympathy and love. The way of life has many dreary places in it, and man needs a companion to go with him. A man is sometimes overtaken with misfortune; he meets with failures and defeats; trials and temptations beset him; and he needs one to stand by and sympathize. He has some stern battles to fight with poverty, with enemies and with sin, and he needs a woman that, while he puts his arm around her, and feels that he has something to fight for will help him fight; that will put her lips to his ear and whisper words of counsel, and her hand to his heart and impart new inspirations. All through life—through storm and through sunshine, conflict and victory, through adverse and favoring winds—man needs a woman's love; the heart yearns for it. A sister's or a mother's love will hardly supply the need. Yet many seek for nothing further than success at house work. Justly enough, half of these get nothing more. The other half, surprised above measure, have gotten more than they sought.

Their wives surprised them by bringing a noble idea of marriage and disclosing a treasury of courage, sympathy, and love.

THE DRIVER'S STORY.

"Ah, sir, this is going to be a hard winter," said a great burly car driver to us the other evening; "and I saw yesterday what such as you don't see very often, and hardly believe when it's told to ye. One of the men that drove on this line nigh three years ago sent his little gal to ask me to come and see him, and I laid off last evening and went. Now I heard how he was sick with consumption, but I didn't now how sick until I got there. "As sure as I live, sir! there was that fellow what one year ago was as strong and hearty a young man as you ever saw, with his legs no bigger than my wrist—and him a lyn on the floor and heavin and chokin all the night and day. "Bye and bye, after lookin at her and them round the room at the children, his lip commenced to tremble and the tears to fill his eyes, in spite of his tryin' to smile; and altho' I think I am as hard-hearted as any man, I couldn't stand it and just bust out cryin'."

"He told me he hadn't sent for me till he had to, and on looking round, sir, I saw there wasn't any furniture left; and altho' a year ago he had his little room fitted up comfortable like he had sold even his straw tick and was lyin' on the floor. "I wouldn't care to live, Jim," said he (speakin' very hoarse and troublesome like), "but for my poor wife and children; for altho' I'm in this way I like to see 'em round, and I shan't trouble 'em much longer." And here he looked at his wife and smiled when she cum and, takin' hold of his hand, told him not to talk like that, but to pluck up hopes for her sake and the little ones. "Well, it seems he hadn't anything to eat that day, and I gave him two dollars (all I had) and sent for some bread, and a bundle of straw, and best of all for him, I do believe, I got his babies a stick of candy and a whistle, and left 'em almost happy. My old woman has been over to-day to take them an old bedstead we ain't usin', and I've collected eight dollars for 'em from the drivers, and we're thinkin' of getting up a ball, hopin' to make enough to send him to a hospital and give his wife a start. So they're not so bad off now as they might be. But there's lots just like 'em sir, lots just like 'em, and there's goin' to be more afore the winter's through."

"Hold on till I slow up a bit, sir. There! Good night, sir; good night." And we walked away pondering on the terrible words of the kind-hearted man—"There's lots more just like 'em."

ECONOMY.

There are two important things to be accomplished before we can hope to see any radical reform in this matter. The will must be aroused, and the desires elevated. If we convince a well-intentioned child that his task is hard and yet possible, we have gone far toward arousing his will to accomplish it. We must thus, in urging economy, admit that it is hard, embarrassing, perplexing, onerous, but never deem it impracticable. A calm survey of one's expenditures compared with income, a wise balancing of ends to be gained, a firm and calm determination to break with custom wherever it is opposed to good sense, and a patience that does not chafe at small and gradual results, will do much toward establishing the principle of economy and securing its benefits. Economy has, however, deeper roots than even this—in the desires. It is these, after all, that control our expenditure. As a general thing we may be sure that we shall spend our money for what we most earnestly crave. If it be luxury and display, then it will melt into costly viands and soft clothing, handsome dwellings and rich furniture; if, on the other hand, our anxieties are for higher enjoyments or benevolent enterprises, our money will flow into those channels. Every one, then, who cherishes in himself or excites in others a purer and nobler desire than existed before, who draws the heart from the cravings of sense to those of soul, from self to others, from what is low, sensual and wrong, to what is pure, elevating and right, so far establishes on the firmest of all foundations the wisest economy.

THE TEMPLE OF DIANA.

The Temple of Diana, about which there has been so much contention among the learned for so many generations, is now proved to be octastyle, that is, having eight columns in front. It has eighteen columns on the sides, and the intercolumns of the latter are chiefly three diameters, making the temple diastyle. The statement of Pliny as to its having 100 columns (externally) is correct, and as many as twenty-seven of these might have been the contributions of kings. Of the position of the thirty six columns calata (sculptured columns), further proof may be obtained before the excavations are completed. Allowing for the projection of the sculpture on these columns, which, in the fragments lately found, is as much as thirteen inches, the diameter of the column was about 5 feet, 10 inches. The dimensions of the temple given by Pliny, viz., 226 feet by 426 feet, were evidently intended to apply to the raised platform upon which the

Temple was built. The actual width of the platform, measured at the lowest step, was 238 feet 3/4 inches English. The evidence as to its length is not at present so conclusive, and the dimensions given on the plan may have to be corrected when the western and eastern extremities have been more thoroughly explored. The dimensions of the Temple itself, from plinth to plinth, "out to but," are 163 feet, 9 1/2 inches by 308 feet 4 inches. The height of the platform was 9 feet 5 1/2 inches. The interior appears to have been adorned with two tiers of elliptical columns, Ionic and Corinthian, fragments of these having been found near the walls of the cells.

A WHOLE DAY TO DO NOTHING.

"If I only could have the whole day to do nothing—no work and no lessons; only play all day—I should be happy," said little Bessie. "To-day shall be yours," said her mother. "You may play as much as you please; and I will not give you any work, no matter how much you want it."

Bessie laughed at the idea of wishing for work, and ran out to play. She was swinging on the gate when the children passed to school; and they envied her because she had no lessons. When they were gone, she climbed up into the cherry tree, and picked a lapful for pies; but when she carried them in, her mother said,—

"That is work, Bessie. Don't you remember you cried yesterday because I wished you to pick cherries for the pudding? You may take them away. No work to-day, you know." And the little girl went away, rather out of humor. She got her doll, and played with it awhile, but she soon got tired. She tried all her toys; but they didn't seem to please her any better. She came back, and watched her mother, who was shelling peas.

"Mayn't I help you, mother?" she asked. "No, Bessie; this isn't play." Bessie went into the garden again, and leaned over the fence, watching the ducks and the geese in the pond. Soon she heard her mother setting the table for dinner. Bessie was quite cheerful during the meal; but when it was over and her father away, she said wearily,—

"Mother, you don't know how tired I am of doing nothing. If you would only let me wind your cotton, or put your work-box in order, or even sew at that tiresome patchwork, I would be so glad!"

"I can't, little daughter, because I said I would not give you work to-day. But you may find some for yourself, if you can." So Bessie hunted up a pile of old stockings, and began to mend them; for she could darn very neatly. Her face grew brighter; and she presently said,—

"Mother, why do people get tired of play?" "Because God did not mean us to be idle. His command is, 'Six days shalt thou labor.' He has given all us work to do, and has made us so that unless we do the very work that he gives us we can't be happy. He has very hard work who has nothing to do."

OUR BOYS.

Dio Lewis has written a work for "Our Girls," and numerous others have criticised the "Girls of the Period," but no one to my knowledge has yet told us what to do with our boys.

All the way from the cradle up to womanhood, a girl seems to fall naturally into the place assigned her, and never appears to feel awkward or in the way. But there is a period in the life of a boy, when neither he, his guardian, or friends, know where he belongs, nor how he should be treated. A girl glides naturally along from childhood to womanhood; and sometimes in this fast age so rapidly that you almost conclude that the period of girlhood is left out entirely. With boys it is very different. There is a time in a boy's life when he seems to feel that he is out of place everywhere. And at this very time, when he needs sympathy the most, as a rule, he gets the least of it. He is too big to be petted like a baby, and not large enough to be treated as a man. He is too boisterous to be in the parlor; the cook sends him out of the kitchen because he asks too many questions; the father is too much engaged in business to notice him, or give employment or direction to his active, inquiring mind; the mother is too busy preparing dainties for his stomach, or hounding for his sister's dress, to pay much attention to her son's brain or heart, and, as a natural consequence, he goes into the street. The education he receives there is soon made manifest.

To me there comes a question, deep and momentous,—What shall I do to save my boy from the snares that are laid for his feet?

One thing I have determined on, and that is, I will never knowingly, by word or deed cause him to feel that he is in my way, in the house he calls home. Not even though my carpets be soiled by muddy boots, and my best furniture marked by finger marks. It were better that my carpets be soiled and worn, and my best furniture be scratched or broken, than that the immortal soul which God has entrusted to my keeping, should become scarred and marred by the violence which is found in our streets and public places of resort. Soiled and worn furniture may be repaired or replaced by new; but the soul once scarred and disfigured by sin can never be what it might have been, had it been

shielded a little more carefully during these few years of youth when it was so pliable to every touch.

OUR SOCIAL LIFE.

Some people never make acquaintances, but shut themselves up from their kind as does an oyster in his shell; while others—and by far the happier—are never at a loss for cheerful companionship. It is not hard to make acquaintances if we set about it the right way; but it is useless to hang back and wait every door to be opened; we must push them on ourselves. Said a lady to us the other day: "I never make acquaintances in travelling; I wish I could." Said another: "I get acquainted with everybody. I talk to the women who sweep the ferry-boats, and to any decent person who happens to sit by me in the cars. I find every human heart is human, and that I can learn something I didn't know before from every new acquaintance, or communicate information that may be valuable to her." We are most of us too apt to stand on our dignity and wait for advances from others; to indulge a captious disposition, and criticise where we should commend. The cultivation of a genial, charitable, benevolent spirit, will not injure any of us, and will certainly benefit the community in which we live, and add constantly to the number of our friends.

SIZE OF MODERN AND ANCIENT MEN.

The heroes of antiquity are esteemed god-like in their stature. In every exhibition of arms and armor thrown open to the observer, from the tower of London to that collection exhibited in Somerset House by the Society of Antiquaries, and which has just been closed, abundant evidence is afforded that the men of the earliest times were smaller in limb and shorter in stature than the men of the present day. The ancient British and Roman arms exhibited in Somerset House could have been effectively wielded only by a smaller race of men than that of our time. The handles of the swords and daggers were so small to afford a firm grasp to the hand of the Englishman, and even few woman's hands would have fitted it between the guard and the extreme end of the hilt. In armor again, it is a remarkable fact, that none but the smallest and slimmest men amongst us could squeeze ourselves into the corselets worn by such heroes as "flattered by the Volcians at Cressy and Poitiers. Darnley's cuirass at Holyrood Palace can not be got outside of a man of five feet eight, and of proportionate build. Wallace's sword, a huge iron contrivance which few of us could swing, and which it is certain the hero of Scotland never wielded, has been found to be no more genuine than the poker still shown as Baillie Nicol Jarvie's at the Clachan of Aberfoyle, and has been withdrawn from exhibition at Dumbarton Castle; and the armor of the Black Prince is too small for an average guardsman. It seems, then, that England, instead of producing a race inferior to that which flourished in the historic times, now breeds men of grander and more athletic frame than she has hitherto done. In the light of this fact we must revise our early historic impressions. Richard Cœur de Lion the Prince of Crusaders, and the fear of Saladin, we must now be compelled to regard as, after all, only a light weight; Edward the First, that Longshanks who was the "Hammer of the Scotch nation," as being considerably short of the standard of our own Horse Guards, and the famous and splendid Black Prince as a zero of skill and energy, but of very ordinary form and with a constitution so delicate, that after a few years' campaigning in France, and a disastrous raid into Spain (where he suffered severely from the heat) he pined and faded and drooped into an early and premature grave. So much for medieval giants.—Land and Water.

A CORNER ON PRAYERS.

The latest strike in Germany is that of the street beggars. It was not against pauper competition, however, but to get up a corner on prayers. From time immemorial, at stated intervals, the mendicants of Treves assemble in the market-place, and marching through the principal streets, implore the blessing of all the saints upon the city, concluding with a grand benediction in chorus. In return, the citizens, from time out of mind, have been accustomed to bestow a kreutzer on each beggar. A few days since, they assembled as usual for this ceremonial. But instead of going through with it, the beggars, from the sturdiest, agreed that a single kreutzer was not enough, and that not a prayer would they say for less than two kreutzers. The good townfolk, fearing that the blessings of Heaven might be withheld, yielded to the strikers, paid the amount, and the ceremony proceeded as of old.

AN UNEXPECTED BILL.

A few days since, a well-dressed couple, in the prime of life, stopped at a hotel in a neighboring town, and sending for a Justice of the Peace, informed that functionary that they wished to be married. The Justice said, "All right," and inquired their names. After being told, it struck him he had performed the same service for the lady some years before. Upon inquiring if such was not the case, the lady said she had been married previously. "Have you a bill from your former husband?" asked Mr. Justice.

"Yes," she replied, "I have a bill." This being satisfactory the ceremony was performed, and the couple were declared man and wife. As they were about departing, the Justice, who had never seen a "bill of divorce," and having a strong desire to behold the document, thought this an excellent opportunity to satisfy his curiosity. He therefore said to the lady,— "Have you the bill with you?" "Oh yes," she replied. "Have you any objections to allowing me to see the bill?" said our friend. "None whatever," she replied; stepping to the door, and calling to a little boy some three or four years of age, she said,— "Here, Bill, come here quick, here is a gentleman that wishes to see you." The gentleman winked.

"I'LL TELL YOU."

An amusing incident of childish humor is to be narrated by a Mr. Campbell, of Jura, the subject of it being his own son. It seems the boy was much spoiled by indulgence; in fact, the parents were scarcely able to refuse him anything he demanded. He was in the drawing-room, on one occasion, when dinner was announced, and on being ordered up stairs to the nursery, he insisted on going down to dinner with the company. His mother at first refused, but the child persevered and kept saying, "If ye dinna let me, I'll tell you." His father then, for the sake of peace, allowed him to go into the dining room. He sat at the table beside his mother; and when he found every one getting soup, and himself omitted, he demanded "soup," and repeated, "If I dinna get some I'll tell you." Well, soup was given and various other things yielded to his importunities; to which he always added, the usual threat of "telling you." At last when it came to wine, his mother stood firm, and positively refused to let him have some. He then became more vociferous than ever about "telling you," and as he was still refused, he declared, "Now I'll tell you," and at last roared out, to the great amusement of all present, "My new breeks were made out o' the auld curtain!"

In Paris and indeed throughout France the work of organization which we have often reviewed has continued steadily among the trade societies notwithstanding the agitation and confusion which naturally results from the political crisis. Jewellers, instrument makers, stone cutters, marble cutters, shop boys and messengers, pocket book makers, coloured paper printers, nailmakers and various co-operative societies have held numerous meetings. The Paris opticians have been particularly energetic in starting a union.

Belgium.—Perhaps the most important incident which occurred during the month of October in the foreign labour market, is the strike in the central iron district of Belgium. The number of men on strike amounted to about twelve hundred. The workmen employed by the anonymous society of Haine St. Pierre seem overworn to have returned to their work, but the nine hundred men who were employed at Crocyere stood out obstinately though some three hundred among them were foreigners. Instead of remaining idle, at Crocyere all these men immediately started on the tramp in search of work in other parts of the country, and they so far succeeded that according to a recent report we have received, only a hundred and thirty remained without employment. The mechanics and engineers who have achieved this result are much indebted to the help which has been forwarded them, not only from all parts of Belgium but from England and Switzerland. The English iron founders sent the strike committee £25; the Jurassian £2, and from workmen's societies of Geneva and Neuchatel they obtained upwards of £10. This assistance was most welcome as a proof of the solidity which united the working classes of Europe. At the same time a movement has been started to found in each trade of Belgium what is entitled a "Union of Manufactures." We have the rules of this organization before us and they seem to be drawn up in a broad spirit with a view to their general application and avoiding all details which might excite the susceptibilities of individuals. One of the duties of each local group will be to report constantly on the moral and material condition of the workmen in its neighborhood; and these reports will doubtless be of great use to all who are interested in collecting statistics of labor. A half-yearly congress is to be held by the society. Women, men, and children, are admitted members on the payment of a penny per week, and a half-penny for the children. No strike is to be attempted by any section without having previously obtained the sanction of the whole society; but when this approval has been accorded, then every locality is bound to assist those who are on strike.—Exchange.

The Dromedary, the Himalaya and the Tamar are the three ships which are to be sent by the British Government to the Gold Coast, with stores and reinforcements for Sir Garnet Wolseley. The Joseph Dodd has lately sailed laden with 200 tons of railway plant, 50 tons of ammunition, 800 casks of salt beef, 1,200 casks of salt pork, 3,000 cases of Australian preserved meat, 8,000 casks of rice, and 600 barrels and bags of biscuits, besides miscellaneous provisions and other stores. Her captain had great difficulty in engaging his crew, about twenty-five hands.