

## The Home Circle.

## THE TABLE SPREAD FOR ME.

Though others may in splendour shine,  
And pleasure's pathway roam,  
I've broke the spell and built my shrine  
Of happiness at home.  
My toil is done—with brighter smile  
My truest friends to greet,  
I daily hasten homeward, while  
My heart outruns my feet.

A faithful form is waiting there,  
A little table spread,  
Two cherubs bright with golden hair,  
Run at my softest tread.  
I gaze into my Mary's eye,  
So happy and so free,  
And bless her whilst I'm sitting by  
The table spread for me.

Friend after friend may pass me by  
With curling lips of scorn,  
Because they shun industry's eye,  
And clothes by labour worn;  
They are not worth the passing thought,  
That rises in my breast,  
Their fickle lips are only bought  
By Fashion's courted guest.

Storm after storm may gather fast,  
And shadow all the earth;  
Their darkest cloud can never cast  
A shadow on my hearth;  
For though the winds without may sigh  
Like voices from the sea,  
I'm happy whilst I'm sitting by  
The table spread for me.

To prove the good and hold it fast,  
I learned in early youth;  
Its due reward I claim at last,  
And feel its lasting truth;  
An honest heart, or honest hand,  
Need never feel the shame  
That burns the cheek of those who stand  
On friendship's hollow name.

To find the bread that labour knows,  
Along the tide I drift,  
And thank the Giver who bestows  
Contentment with the gift;  
And though deep cares upon me lie,  
And sorrows there may be,  
I'm happy whilst I'm sitting by  
The table spread for me.

## —DOMESTIC HARMONY.

Nothing is much harder to preserve or easier to lose, than perfect matrimonial harmony. A firm determination never to differ in will, and to consider mutual love a thing of inestimable value, does much towards producing a perfect understanding between man and wife. Opposition in a single instance will hardly of itself produce alienation, yet every one has their pouch into which all these little oppositions are put; while that is filling the alienation is insensibly going on, and when filled it is complete. It would puzzle either to say why, because no difference of opinion has been marked enough to produce a serious effect by itself. But man finds his affection wearied out by a constant stream of little checks and obstacles. Other sources of discontent, very common indeed, are the little cross purposes of husband and wife, in common conversation, a disposition in either to criticise and question whatever the other says, a desire always to demonstrate and make him feel himself in the wrong, especially in company. Nothing is so goading. Much better, therefore, if our companion views a thing in a different light from what we do, to leave him in quiet possession of his views. What is the use of rectifying him if the thing be unimportant? Let it pass for the present, and wait a softer moment and more conciliatory occasion for reviving the subject together. It is wonderful how many persons are rendered unhappy by inattention to these little rules of prudence.

## MODEL MOTHERS.

Models are of the first importance in moulding the nature of a child; and if we would have fine characters, we must necessarily present before them fine models. Now the model most constantly before every child's eye is the mother. "One good mother," said George Herbert, "is worth a hundred schoolmasters." In the home she is loadstone to all hearts and loadstar to all eyes. Imitation of her is constant—imitation which Bacon likens to a "glob of precepts." It is instruction. It is teaching without words, often exemplifying more than tongue can teach. In the face of bad example the best precepts are of but little avail. The example is followed, not the precepts. Indeed, precept at variance with practice is worse than useless, inasmuch as it only serves to teach that most cowardly of vices—hypocrisy, and the lessons of the parent who says one thing and does the opposite are quickly seen through.

## WOMAN'S LOVE.

Oh, the priceless value of the love of a pure woman! Gold cannot purchase a gem so precious. Titles and honors confer upon the heart no such serene happiness. In our darkest moments, when disappointment and ingratitude, with corroding care, gather thickly around, and even the gaunt form of poverty menaces with his skeleton fingers, it gleams around the soul with an angel's smile. Time

cannot mar its brilliancy; distance but strengthens its influence; it follows the prisoner into the dark cell, and in the silence of midnight it plays around his heart, and in his dreams he folds to his bosom the form of her who loves on still, though the world has turned coldly from him. The couch made by the hand of the loved one is soft to the weary limbs of the sick sufferer, and, and the potion administered by the same hand loses half its bitterness. The pillow carefully adjusted by her brings repose to the fevered brain, and her words of kind encouragement sustain the sinking spirit. It would almost seem that God, compassionating woman's first great frailty, had planted this jewel in her breast, which heaven-like influence should cast into forgetfulness man's remembrance of the Fall, by building up in his heart another Eden, where perennial flowers forever bloom, and crystal waters gush from exhaustless fountains.

## THE SWEETNESS OF HOME.

He who has no home has not the sweetest pleasure of life; he feels not the thousand endearments that cluster around that hallowed spot to fill the void of his aching heart, and while away his leisure moments in the sweetest of life's joy. Is misfortune your lot, you will find a friendly welcome from hearts beating true to your own. The chosen partner to your toil has a smile of approbation when others have deserted, a hand of hope when all others refuse, and a heart to feel your own sorrows as her own. Perhaps a smiling cherub with prattling glee and joyous laugh, will drive sorrow from your careworn brow, and enclose it in the wreaths of domestic bliss.

No matter how humble that home may be, how destitute its stores, or how poorly its inmates are clad; if true hearts dwell there, it is yet a home—a cheerful, prudent wife, obedient and affectionate children, will give possessors more real joy than bags of gold or windy honors.

The home of a temperate, industrious and honest man will be his greatest joy. He comes to it weary and worn, but the music of the merry laugh and the happy voices of childhood cheer him. A plain but healthful meal awaits him. Envy, ambition, and strife have no place here, and with a clear conscience he lays his weary limbs down to rest in the bosom of his family, and under the protecting care of the poor man's friend.

## WOMAN'S INFLUENCE OVER MAN.

The instant a woman tries to manage a man for herself she has begun to ruin him. The lovely creeper clings in its feebleness with grace to the stately tree; but if it outgrows, as if to protect or conceal its supporter, it speedily destroys what it would otherwise adorn. When the serpent had persuaded Eve that she should induce her husband to take her advice, and become as knowing as herself, she no longer felt herself made for him, and both for God, but rather that he was made to admire her. When she prevailed, they soon bickered about their right places, no doubt, for God's law was lost sight of by both. One grand purpose of woman's power over man's heart, now that both are fallen, is the maintenance of man's self-respect. A man who loves a true-hearted woman aims to sustain in himself whatever such a woman can love and reverence. They mutually put each other in mind of what each might be to the other. To the formation of manly character, the love and reverence of the virtuous feminine character is essential. One must see in the other's love the reflection of the character desired. Hence the pertinacity of true love and reverence often recovers a character that would otherwise be lost for ever. If once mutual respect depart, then farewell the love that can alone rectify what is wrong; then farewell the heart-rest, without which life becomes a delirium and an agony. If it be the faculty of woman to love more tenaciously than man, her might surpasses his so far as she is wise in showing it. In expressing love, without at the same time indicating her faith in the inherent dignity of man, however obscured, she only repels him to a worse condition, by exciting a reckless sense of his own worthlessness, together with a hatred of her forgiving patronage. When man hates himself, what can he love? Give him time, and he will love the soul that clings to him to save him.

## THE DIFFERENCE.

Compared with fickle man, woman is absolute fixedness and fidelity. Love to her means loyalty, engrossment, dedication. She is liable to deceive herself; she is far more likely to be deceived. But when she gives, without reserve or stint, the wealth of her affection, she plays the prodigal to the last, unless his conduct stirs her to count the cost. The law of her being is not to swerve where her heart leads the way; nor will she, save exceptionally. Too often, however, her faithful is driven back by him who summoned it from the first—driven back by neglect, indifference, rejection; and, to shield himself, he calls his coldness or his cruelty her inconstancy. He is ingenious and industrious in hiding his transgressions with perfidious labels advertising her ingratitude, insensibility and heartlessness. She is ungrateful because she will not accept mere material support as the highest and fullest giving; insensible because she refuses to see in empty forms the

spirit that is withheld; heartless, because she declines to surrender, through all life, much for little—something for nothing. To man, love has no such sacredness as it has with women. To him it is the apogee of egotism; it is selfishness glossed with sentiment. He loves to be loved. She loves to love. Hence, thrown together under favorable circumstances, without conspicuous impediments, they are in peril of gratification as the tinder is in peril from contiguous sparks. Impulsibility and passiveness are in him; impulse and activity are in her. He analyzes love—not difficult as it exists in the sterner bosom—and, to a certain extent, masters it. To her it is the one thing above all others that defies analysis; and she yields to it in delicious abandonment. Experience has made him wise in the emotions. She is but slightly experienced, if at all; and were she thoroughly so, where is the wonderful woman to whom every experience is not a new revelation, a startling divination? Love is woman's teacher, developer, comforter; and, while it is nourished by reciprocity, it will not dim nor lessen. Woman cannot wholly absorb man. He is truant almost always. She who would keep him must stay near, watch close. Nearness has vast influence with him. Distance and time provoke him to apostasy, and under amorous provocation he is extremely malleable. Ardent as his attachment may be, separation is likely to cool it. The lover is a practical fellow, taken from under the microscope of romance. His passion is a pastime. He experiences it usually when he is otherwise engaged. It comes upon him from a lack of something to do. He never falls so deeply in love that he cannot easily climb out to look at the next woman who may come along. His wildest transports—mostly confined to novels—are a species of business. While representing them he is constantly thinking how they impress his partial audience of one. The lover, occupied in prosaic affairs, surrenders his sentimental role. He puts on the pensive robe and the insignia of heart-break only in his leisure; and then alone is he dangerous.

## MEMORY OF THE DEPARTED.

I may safely say that there are very few in the world but what have lost some friend or relation. And as we return from the toils and labor of the day, and sit in the ever beautiful summer twilight, our thoughts will fly swiftly backwards to the days when some who have now passed away were among the living, and the sunshine of prosperity shone in their pathway; and we think how we laughed with them in their joy, and shed tears and sympathized with them in their sorrow. And, as we think, thoughts come crowding each other thicker and closer; the great tear drops slowly chase each other down our cheeks, and our hearts will grow sorrowful.

But again we think how sweetly they lived, and died an ornament to the army of the Lord; we are stimulated by their example and their labors, and it cheers our fainting, drooping hearts, and we resolve to go on and live better. Aye, I tell you the memory of the departed is a blessing to the soul!

How sweet a lesson we can learn from little things in themselves, and yet forming events in our history, the memory of which will never fade!

How sweet, sometimes, at the close of a summer's day, to wander through some old churchyard, where the tombstones are overgrown with moss, and the halo of olden times hang sacredly around the place; and, as we pass along, stooping every now and then to read some time-worn, half-effaced inscription of some friend's tombstone, we meet with some simple line that strikes right through the outer crust of humanity, reaches our heart, and makes an impression that no after years of "toil and endeavor" can ever efface.

And how we love to linger around the grave of the little one that was the angel of our boyhood days, and water it with our tears, and sit beside it and muse upon the past! and is it not, I ask, a blessed thing, the memory of that one departed? "Ah! yes," you matter-of-fact man may say, "that it is all very nice to put it in print, but such feelings never trouble me."

Well, I pity you; for any man that can't feel it must have a desolate heart indeed. Why, the moments or days we spend in such holy reflection are never lost. Such thoughts are not always with us, and no tears will never flow half so freely in after life. Although friends may fail us, and the world trample upon us, the memory of the departed is a blessing forever.—Irving.

## PLAYING INDIAN.

A New York man is very much annoyed because his boys have read so many Indian stories that they have gone mad with excitement to play Indian, and to go out on the prairies hunting for the real noble men. The man was taking a nap after dinner in his easy chair, when he was awakened by an alarming noise and a strange sensation in his head. He jumped up suddenly and found that one of his boys, dressed in a red table-cloth, and with his nose decorated with blue paint, was trying to scalp his father with a carving-knife, while the other boy, attired in a blanket shawl and red feather, flourished and emitted war-whoops from behind a thicket composed of two chairs and a card table. The man determined to put a stop to this kind of thing. So next day, while the boys were playing with

bows and arrows in the garden, he dressed himself in Indian costume, and jumped over the fence with a wild unearthly yell, for the purpose of frightening these children. The oldest boy, however, stood his ground, and drawing an arrow to the head, in which was inserted a tenpenny nail, he buried it in the chieftain's leg before he took to flight. That night the father walked upstairs on a crutch, and flogged the family all around before going to bed. He is thinking now of some other way to effect a cure of the sanguinary dispositions of his offspring.

## A WORD TO FATHERS.

We have read a story of a little boy, who, when he wanted a new suit of clothes, begged his mother to ask his father if he might have it. The mother suggested that the boy might ask for himself. "I would," said the boy, "but I don't feel well enough acquainted with him." There is a sharp reproof to the father in the reply of the son. Many a father keeps his children so at a distance from him, that they never feel confidently acquainted with him. They feel that he is a sort of monarch in the family. They feel no familiarity with him. They fear and respect him, and even love him some, for children cannot help loving somebody about them; but they seldom get near enough to him to feel intimate with him. They seldom go to him with their wants and trials. They approach him through the mother. They tell her everything. They have a highway to her heart on which they go in and out with perfect freedom. In this keeping-off plan fathers are to blame. Children should not be held off. Let them come near. Let them be as intimate with the father as with the mother. Let their little hearts be freely opened. It is wicked to freeze up the love fountains of little ones' hearts. Fathers do them an injury by living with them as strangers. This drives many a child away from home for the sympathy his heart craves, and often improper society. It nurses discontent and mistrust, which many a child does not outgrow in his lifetime. Open your hearts and your arms, Oh fathers! Be free with your children; ask for their wants and trials; play with them; be fathers to them truly, and they will not need a mediator between themselves and you.

## A MATRIMONIAL SERENADE.

Bill Stoker resided in the town of C—, on the coast of Maine. He was known as a man of few words, and a crusty old bach. Finding an ancient maiden lady suited to his years, Bill quietly married and took her home. There were game young men in C—, and ere the news was fifteen minutes old, bells, tin pans, raucous horns, and such like euphonious instruments, were heard approaching Bill's cabin from all directions. It was late in the evening when the news got out. An old forty-pounder, dragged from the fort hard by, with its shocking explosions, capped the climax of the horrible din, while rattling glass indicated mischief, as well as fun. However, a treat they must have. But hour after hour passed, and the house gave no more sign of life than a last year's tombstone. Of a sudden Jack Whipple started for the nearest apothecary's shop, saying,—

"I'll start 'em!"  
Back in a trice, he began blowing asafetida smoke through the keyhole! Meantime bang, toot, toot, toot, rattle, rattle, rattle, went gun, horns and pans, as though no side-play were being enacted. At last the door opened, and Bill Stoker appeared. All was hushed as the grave.

"Gentlemen," said he, addressing the crowd, "your music is charming, but d— your perfumery! Here is a V, I'm beat."

## A SWALLOW-TAILED CATASTROPHE.

A judicial separation has been claimed by a French lady in consequence of an injury sustained by her at the hands of her husband, during the marriage ceremony itself. This very early check to matrimonial felicity came about owing to the following circumstances: The period of courtship had been no means wanting in vicissitudes. The young lady several times named the day, and as often changed her mind. Her betrothed had, of course, ordered his wedding coat on the first assurance of the success of his suit, and it hung over a chair in his dressing room during all the vicissitudes of the fiancée. The spectacle at length became too trying to the perplexed lover, who, one day, after having experienced more than usually severe treatment, impatiently told his valet to look up the wedding garment, but to take care that the moth did not get into it. "No fear, sir," replied the servant, "I have an infallible receipt against any such intruders." At last Mademoiselle once more consented to be led to the altar, and remained in the same mind for some days, during which the lover was summoned to her father's country place, whither he repaired, having his servant, and having himself carefully packed the coat in his portmanteau. As the bride knelt by her bridegroom while the ceremony was in progress, she asked him to take charge of her smelling-bottle, which he put into his pocket. After the utterance of the irrevocable vow, however, the bride felt in need of the *facon*. Monsieur put his hand in his pocket, and drew out something which he tenderly held to her nose. It was the blackest and most fragrant of short pipes!

## Grains of Gold.

Far more labor and talent have been sacrificed to error than to truth.

Ingratitude is a kind of mental weakness. We have never seen an able man who was ungrateful.

It is better to be dull, with an ardent desire to learn, than clever with no disposition to improve.

The greatest pleasure wealth can afford us is that of doing good. It is a happy thing where man's pleasure is also his perfection.

True glory consists in so living as to make the world happier and better for our living in it.

If a man has a right to be proud of anything it is of a good action, done as it ought to be done—without any base interest lurking at the bottom of it.

No preacher is listened to but Time; which gives us the same train and turn of thought that older people have tried in vain to put into our heads.

Corruption among those whose duty is to watch over the interests and safety of the community is productive of far greater evils than any other crime or extravagance can give rise to.

TWO EVENTFUL PERIODS.—There are two eventful periods in the life of a woman—one, when she wonders whom she will marry; the other, when she wonders who will marry her.

Learning, like money, may be of so base a kind as to be utterly void of use; or, if sterling, may require good management to make it serve the purposes of sense or happiness.

Misery assails riches as lightning does the highest towers; or, as a tree that is heavy laden with fruit breaks its own boughs, so do riches destroy the virtue of the possessor.

FAITH AND WORKS.—Men will never know us by our faith, for that is within us; they know us by our works, which are visible to them.

GRATITUDE AND FORBEARANCE.—The heart that is at once softened by gratitude and the fear of joy will show its thankfulness in this, at least, that it will be milder to others.

Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. Beauty is God's handwriting—a wayside sacrament; welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thanks Him for it, the fountain of loveliness; and drink it in, simply and earnestly, with your eyes; it is a charmed draught, a snap of blessing.

If you are a wise man you will treat the world as the moon treats it. Show it only one side of yourself, seldom show yourself too much at a time, and let what you show be calm, cool, and polished. But look at every side of the world.

It is one thing to moralize, another thing to act. There are men who can utter the most refined and elevated sentiments, and at the same time be guilty of crimes of the deepest dye. These are the most dangerous of mankind.

Women should be acquainted that no beauty hath any charms, but the inward one of the mind, and that a gracefulness in their manner is much more engaging than that of other persons. That modesty and meekness are the true and lasting ornaments, for she that hath these is qualified as she ought to be for the management of a family, for the education of her children, and for affection for her husband, and submitting to a prudent way of living. These only are the charms that render wives amiable, and give them the best title to our respect.—*Forlucce*.

Candor consists in giving a fair and deliberate hearing to opinions, statements, and arguments, and weighing fairly and honestly their tendency. It is, therefore, opposed to prejudice, blind attachment to preconceived opinions, and that narrow, disputatious spirit which delights in captious criticism, and will hear nothing with calmness that is opposed to its own views—which distrusts or misrepresents the sentiments of its opponents, ascribing them to unworthy motives, or deducing from them conclusions which they do not warrant. Candor, accordingly, may be considered as a compound of justice and the love of truth.

## SWISS MECHANISM.

An Albany jeweler has a very costly and unique tobacco box, imported from Switzerland. It is the handiwork of an old man now seventy years of age, who has spent his whole life in the manufacture and perfection of mechanical novelties. On the cover of the box in question is a bas-relief about the size of a silver dollar, representing in enamel the beauties of Lake Geneva. You touch a spring just below it, when lo! the lake flies back and a beautiful tiny bird appears and fills the air with sweet music. The movements of this songster are marvellously true to life; its little bill opens and shuts as he sings, his head is tossed on one side, and his wings gently flutter with excitement. When the song ends, the bird bows and disappears, and Lake Geneva returns to its place. The name of the bird is not given, but he unites with the voice of the nightingale the personal appearance of the most gorgeous humming-bird. The residence in which the vocalist nestles, when not before the public, is a palace of gold, exquisitely wrought.