

The Home Circle

AT THE GATE.

BY M. A. MAITLAND.

Open the casement wide, mother, Open the casement wide;

I'll lean my head upon your breast, You know I am not strong;

I've thought of what my father said, And often laid the plan

And oh! I'm loath to part from you, And leave this world so bright,

And Harry will come by and by, He'll learn to read and pray;

He shall have all my toys, mother, My kite, and top, and ball,

Now lay me down to rest, mother, And kiss me yet once more;

THE DISARMED ROBBER.

In early life, says a correspondent of the "New York Sun," Samuel J. May was settled over a small parish in Brooklyn, Conn., and rode in a one-horse chaise about the country.

"Good morning, my friend: have an empty seat—will you not share it with me?" They had a long ride, and a long talk.

The man declined the invitation with apparent confusion, and when they alighted from the vehicle, said he would like to speak with Mr. May a few moments.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. May, very pleasantly: "I know that. I was warned against foot-pads on the road this morning, and felt sure you were armed when I asked you to ride with me."

The promise was kept. There had been a correspondence between them for more than thirty years when Mr. May told us the story. No one but their maker knew their secret.

LINCOLN AND THE WIDOW.

One afternoon in the month of October, 1864, while the Union armies were operating around the capital of rebellion, a poorly, but neatly clad, woman, in mourning habiliments, was observed to step on board the steamer Expiro, which at that time was engaged in conveying soldiers from Washington to City Point on the James.

Pennsylvania. At the breaking out of the rebellion, her husband and two sons enlisted in the army, and after severe services were one by one killed, or died of wounds received in battle.

The grief of the mother was insupportable, and, in consequence thereof, the boy, upon learning the fact, regretted his hasty action. But it was too late; he had enlisted for three years or during the war.

Jostled by the crowd, completely broken in spirit, and with the saddest of hearts, she turned her face homeward.

In the crowd on the portico of the White House the next morning she waited. Long hours she waited. She was finally observed. Some strange influence prevailed, and she was ushered past gaily-dressed army officers and richly-dressed civilians, and admitted to the private office of the President.

When the steamer made her return trip the next day, there was no happier passenger than the old woman. She was accompanied by her soldier-boy, and many were the blessings that she showered upon the head of the kind-hearted President Lincoln.

TOO MUCH FOR MIDGET.

Timkins, Taxbox, and Midget were a convivial trio. They were married men, and yet they spent many of their evenings at the tavern, thus leaving undone duties which ought to have been done, and doing a great many things which ought never to have been done.

"Hole on," said Timkins. "Let's be till 'morrow. When we get home our wives'll be sure to tell us to do some onaccountable thing, and if any one of us refuses to do the first thing his wife tells him to do after he gets into the house, he shall pay the whole bill for the party."

"This was agreed to, and it was further stipulated that each should give a true account of the result at their next meeting. On the following evening the friends met again. Timkins led off.

"Well, boys," said he, "I had a tough one, but I did it. It was dark as pitch in the house when I got home, and as I was lumbering through the kitchen, I stumbled against the stove, and knocked the tea-kettle off onto the floor. That started my wife, and she sang out to me—'Say, you brute, tip over the cooking stove, and done with it!' No sooner said than done. I gave the old thing a hit, and over it went. My eyes!—didn't my wife come put of 'bed then, but I did it."

"Good for you, Tim; but I'm even with you, though my job wasn't quite so tough. When I got home I had to get into the house through the buttry window, as usual, and I've no doubt that I made considerable of a clatter among the tin pans. If my wife had been asleep she woke up. That's right! she called out, at the top of her voice. 'Tip things over, won't you! Don't miss the cream pot. Upset that! too!' I knew the pot must be nearly full of cream, but I'd got the order, and was bound to obey, and over went the next churning on the floor. What befell me shortly afterward, and what particular language Mrs. Taxbox used on that occasion, I won't say—but I'd obeyed orders."

Midget came next, and he approached the subject of his narrative with downcast looks. "Well, boys," he said, "I's pose I've got to foot the bill. Unfortunately my wife asked too much of me. When I got home I found the back door left unlatched, and I went into the house without making much noise; but in going up stairs, I stumbled, and the racket

of my fall was quickly echoed by Mrs. Midget's voice, pitched in a most snappish and promptory key. 'There, Midget,' she cried, 'tumble again! Tumble and break your worthless neck!' Says I, 'That's too much for Midget! I'd rather pay the bill at the tavern.' And so, boys, I'll settle up.—New York Ledger.

HOW TO ENJOY THE COUNTRY.

It is frequently remarked that women living in the country take less exercise, and suffer more from ill health, than women living in cities. This is in a measure true, and the one fact is undoubtedly, in a great degree, the result of the other.

To enjoy the country, or get the best out of it, suitable dress is indispensable. Early morning, through the hot weather, is the best possible time to take walks, to go fishing and boating, to pick fruit, even to play croquet; but in the early morning the grass is wet, and ordinary skirts after having been drawn through it, and then on the ground, are only fit for the wash-tub.

The earth is wonderfully beautiful. Let us enjoy it instead of making its characters of blue and gold mere whispering galleries, reverberating to the sounds of unnecessary woe.

THE KIND OF MAN THAT WAS WANTED.

A first-rate story is told of a very prominent man, who lived in Detroit forty years ago (so a correspondent writes us), and who at that time owned more steamboat stock than any other man in the western country, besides other wealth to a large amount.

Like most of the pioneers who acquired great riches, he was very ignorant in all that books taught, but his learning was more like wisdom, and in common with many who have lived and passed away, but left their mark behind them, he knew what tree would make shingles by looking at it.

He had, at the time of our story, just completed a splendid new warehouse at Buffalo, and wanting a suitable clerk to take charge of it, he advertised for one in the papers. The next morning early a candidate for the position presented himself, a rather too flashy young man in appearance, but the following conversation occurred:

"Young man, when you make a mistake in any of your books, how do you correct it?" The young man explained in a very profuse manner, how he should proceed to make it all right.

"A good way, no doubt, to do it," replied the old gentleman, "but I shan't want you." Very soon another aspirant put in an appearance. A similar question was asked him, and in a long and eloquent manner he pointed out the remedy in all such cases.

All the reply was: "young man, I shan't want you."

Some three or four others dropped in during the day, and to each one the same question was put, and they all had some smart way of covering up errors in their books.

The old gentleman was entirely ignorant himself of the art of book-keeping, but he had wisdom in all things, which is more than a match for learning.

Just at the close of the day a plainly dressed man, with a bright eye and a brisk step, called for the situation.

"Take a seat," said the old gentleman, "I want to ask you just one question. When you make a false entry on your books, how do you go to work to correct it?" Turning upon his questioner a cold sharp look, the young man replied: "I don't make them kind of mistakes, sir?"

HOW TO BE A MILLIONAIRE.

Tom thought it very smart to carry his money loose in his pocket, and take out quarters with an air which said: "I have thousands in my pocket." He always crumpled his bills into his pocket for gun wadding, and apparently took no care of his money. It was not that money was so abundant with him, but he wished others to suppose that it was; that it was quite beneath his genius to care for such trifling amounts. Do you suppose that Tom received anybody, or made any one respect him more on this account? He might make stable boys stars occasionally, but all people accustomed to handling money knew at a glance that he was possessed of a very shallow purse and shallow brain.

No business man ever desires such a boy about his establishment. No gentleman but would wish his boy to shun such an associate. "Straws tell which way the wind blows; and the way a boy takes care of his money surely foretells his future fortune.

Successful business men did not carry their money in their jackets when they were boys. They were prudent of even the pennies. Some one asked Mr. Astor, in his old age, to tell him the secret of his success in making money.

"Very willingly," said the old gentleman; "Just draw up your chair, and we will put out the lights, as we can talk just as well in the dark."

"O, I see!" said the man. "The secret is saving what others waste."

"Yes, the way to gain a million dollars is to begin by saving the cents. They will soon turn to dimes, and the dimes to dollars."

If you desire to become a millionaire buy you a good strong purse large enough to hold the pennies, and let frugality furnish you a pair of strong strings for it. Then, with industry and perseverance, you may soon be able to make a good beginning for a comfortable fortune.

COURTSHIP.

Courtship is the last brilliant scene in the maiden life of a woman. It is, to her, a garden where no weeds mingle with the flowers, but all is lovely and beautiful to the senses. It is a dish of nightingales served up by moonlight to the mingled music of many tenderesses and gentle whisperings—and eagerness that does not overstep the bounds of delicacy, and a series of flutterings, throbbings, high pulses, burning cheeks, and drooping lashes. But, however delightful it may be, courtship is, nevertheless, a serious business; it is the first turning point in the life of a woman, crowded with perils and temptations.

There is as much danger in the strength of love as its weakness. The kindled hope requires watching.

The rose tints of affection dazzle and bewilder the imagination, and while always bearing in mind that life without love is a wilderness, it should not be overlooked that true affection requires solid supports, discretion tempers passion, and it is precisely that quality which, oftener, than any other, is found to be absent in courtship. Young ladies in love, therefore, require wise counsellors. They should not trust too much to the impulses of the heart, nor be too easily captivated by a winning exterior. In the selection of a husband, character should be considered more than appearance. Young men inclined to intemperate habits—even but slightly so—rarely make good husbands to the end; they have not sufficient moral stamina to enable them to resist temptation even in its incipient stages, and, being thus deficient in self-respect, they cannot possess that pure, uncontaminated feeling which alone capacitates a man for rightly appreciating the tender and loving nature of a true woman. The irreligious man is like a ship without a rudder, and he never can make a good husband, for a house darkened by cold skepticism or an indifference to religion and its duties is never at home—it is merely a shelter; there is but a little warmth in the atmosphere of the rooms, and every object in them looks chill and chilling. The indolent man, likewise, cannot be expected to make a good husband, for he neglects his time and wastes his estate, allowing it to be overrun with thistles and brambles, and subsist on the industry of others. Every precaution, then, is necessary in the selection of a husband.

Sawdust and Chips.

A man should never glory in that which is common to a beast, nor a wise man in that which is common to a foolish one, nor a good man in that which is common to a wicked man.

NOT TO BE OUTDONE.—When Dr. Johnson courted Mrs. Porter, he told her "that he was of mean extraction; that he had no money, and that he had an uncle hanged." The lady, by way of reducing herself to an equality with the doctor, replied "that she had no more money than himself, and that, though she had no relations hanged, she had fifty who deserved hanging."

Shoot a cannon ball against a column of smoke, and it shatters the column, but only for an instant, when it re-unites. So it is with death. It dissolves the theory we call life, for a second, to be re-united elsewhere for ever.

It was a beautiful idea in the mind of a little girl, who, on beholding a faded rose around which three little buds were just unfolding, exclaimed to her little brother, "See, Willy, these little buds have awakened in time to kiss their mother before she dies."

A READY ANSWER.—A famous Prussian general was inspecting some military stables. "What do I see there?" he said, in tones of thunder, to a sergeant; "cobwebs?" "Yes, sir," was the respectful reply; "we keep them to catch flies and prevent their tinging the horses."

The fruits of the earth do not more obviously require labor and cultivation to prepare them for our use and subsistence than our faculties demand instruction and regulation in order to become upright and valuable members of society, useful to others, and happy to ourselves.

The air to hum on passing a laundry where the girls are at work—Wring out, wild belles!

By love's delightful influence the attack of ill-humour is resisted, the violence of our passion abated, all the injuries of the world alleviated, the bitter cup of affliction sweetened, and the sweetest flowers plentifully strewed along the most thorny paths of life.

A sneer is the weapon of the weak. Like other evil weapons, it is always cunningly ready to our hands, and there is more poison in the handle than in the point. But how many noble hearts have withered with its venomous stab, and fostered with its subtle malignity.

HOW TO CALCULATE OUR AGE.—There is no such thing as time. It is but space occupied by incident. It is the same to eternity as matter is to infinite space—a portion of the immense occupied by something within the sphere of mortal sense. We ought not to calculate our age by the passing years, but by the passing of feelings and events. It is what we have done, and what we have suffered, makes us old.

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