The Kome Circle.

AT THE GATE.

BY M. A. MAITLAND,

Open the casement wide, mother. Open the casement wide; Lay by your work a little while, And sit here by my side. I love the sconted air that comes Up from the new-mown hay: And there is something, mother dear . That I would like to say.

I'll lean my head upon your breast, You know I am not strong; And let me clasp your hand, mother, I shall not hold it long. I thought that in the years to come, Your form should lean on me ; But now I know, my mother dear, That this can never be.

I've thought of what my father said, And often laid the plan Of all that I should be and do, When I was grown a man, I've thought how nobly I would strive, How bravely I would toil-How gladly I would bear the load. That you might rest awkile.

And oh ! I'm losth to part from you, And leave this world se bright, But something whispers to my heart That I must go to-night. You will not fret for me, mother? It will be hard to bear; But then-'twill not be very long Till we shall most—up there !

And Harry will come by and by. He'll learn to read and pray: Mothinks 'twould not be perfect bliss If one should be away. He is too young to miss me much: He is too young to weep: But you will sometimes speak of me, And show him where I sleep.

He shall have all my toys, mother, My kite, and top, and ball, The knife that Uncle Jacob bought. Give little Hal them all. And he will learn to feed my birds, And weed my garden plot; And sometimes water, for my sake, That blue forget-me-not.

Now lay me down to rest, mother, And kiss me yet once more; "Tis growing very, very dark-The day will soon be o'er. There, take my hand, I cannot see, My eyes have lost their sight: I scarce can speak,—bend down your ear, Sweet mother—say—good-night. -St. Catharines Daily News.

· 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. Having prepared for a day's journey for an exchange, he was advised by a neighbor not to go alone, as foot pads infested the road he was to take. He heeded not the advice, and, when a few miles out of the village, he saw a man jump over a low fence, out of a thick wood. When he overtook the man he stopped and said, cheerily,

Good morning, my friend: have an empty seat-will you not share it with me?"

They had a long ride, and a long talk. Mr. May gave his passenger a great deal of good moral advice by the way. As they neared the point of Mr. May's destination, he said,-

"I am a minister, and shall preach in the next village to-morrow; if you would like to hear me, I am sure the friends who are expecting me will entertain you."

The man declined the invitation with appar ent confusion, and when they alighted from the vehicle, said he would like to speak with Mr. May a few moments. Grasping his hand. and looking him squarely in the face, he said,

"I must not part without confessing that when I sprang into the road, I intended to blow your brains out, steal your horse and carriage, watch and coat, and escape." : :::::

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

"You are a noble, brave Christian man, said the robber with great feeling. "Your counsel to-day has sunk deep into my heart. and I hereby promise you solemnly I will henceforth lead a temperate and blameless

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. The repentant man prospered, and, if he is living, will add but one more to the thousands who weep for his benefactor.

LINCOLN AND THE WIDOW.

One afternoon in the month of October. 1864, while the Union armies were operating around the capital of rebeldom, a poorly, but neatly clad, woman, in mourning habiliments; was observed to step on board the steamer Exprero, which at that time was engaged in conveying soldiers from Washington to City Point on the James. My curiosity was immedistely excited as to the business of this lone woman, the only one of her sex on a boat evercrowded with jubilant soldiers en route to the front, and before we had steamed many miles down the Potomac I was engaged in the back door left ahlocked, so I got into the

conversation with her.

She resided in the interior of the State of

Pennsylvania. At the breaking out of the rebellion, her husband and two sons enlisted in the army, and after severe service were one by one killed, or died of wounds received in battle. A younger and only son, about seventeen years of age, survived to cheer and comfort this poor widowed and heart-broken woman. Notwithstanding the sad fate of father and brothers, this youth, without his mother's consent, was induced to enlist, and hefere she was aware of it he had donned the uniform of the United States, and was sent to the front.

The grief of the mother was incomparable, 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. To obtain a discharge for her boy was now the only ambition of her life. She applied to the influential men of her town, but it availed nothing. To the capital of the State she went and told her story to the magnates there; but the appeal of a poor women could accomplish nothing in such exciting times, when a nation was struggling for existence. No encouragement could be offered her, and back to her lonely village. home she repaired. Friends now advised her to apply to the Secretary of War at Washington. So with this only remaining hope, and almost prostrated with grief, she started for the capital of the nation. But the Secretary of War could not be interviewed. He had long since ceased to entertain any petitions of a private character. His whole energies were bent on a vigorous prosecution of the war.

Jostled by the crowd, completely broken in spirit, and with the saddest of hearts, she turned her face homeward. But a thought occurred to her. Perhaps the President would see her, and hear her story.

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. With his time constantly occupied with the affairs of a great nation, and at its most critical period, where persons of wealth and influence were often denied admission, this noble-hearted man of the people admitted this old woman, one of the most humble of the 35,000,000 of people, and listened to her story. The result of her interview she carried in her pocket. It was an order to the Commanding General for the discharge of her boy.

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. One night the trio sat at the festive board of Pimple's tavern until very near to midnight, at which hour they were about as drunk as men could be and not be dead. A dispute arose touching the payment of the bill for the evening's entertainment.

"Hole on." said Timkins. "Let'r be till t'morrer.: When we get home our wives'll be sure to tell us to do some onaccountable hing, and if ary 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 mo- Say, you brute, tip over the cooking stove, and done with it!' No sooner said than done. Tgave the old thing a h'ist, and over it went. My eyes !-didn't my wife come out of hed the But I did it."

Tarbox next gave his experience: "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 buttery window, as usual, and I've no doubt that I made considerable of a clatter among the tin pans. If my wife had been saleep 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 5 too P . I know the pot must be nearly full of gream, 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. Taxbon 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. foot the bill. Unfortunately my wife asked too much of me. When I got home I found house without making much noise; but in going up stairs, I stumbled, and the racket

of my fall was, quickly schood; by Mrs. Midget's voice, pitched in a most snappish and premptory, key. 'There, Midget', she cried, tumble again ! Tymble and break your worthless nesk!' Says I, 'That's too much for Midget! I'd rather pay the bill at the tavern.' And so, boys, I'll settle up."-Yew 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. The beauty of the country is its "out of doors," and those who have never been taught to appreciate and enjoy natural objects see nothing but its disadvantages, and refuse to even make themselves acquainted with its uses.

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. A morning dress in the country should be adapted to two thingsworking and walking-and should therefore be either cut in the gymnastic style, or made of material that can be easily washed. The gymnastic dress has the advantage of reserving all strength, none being expended in carrying or lifting the weight of clothing. It is therefore, admirably adapted to ladies who "do," or as sist in "doing their own work." This, indeed is what every lady resident in the country should do. Useful occupation adds the greatest possible zest and charm to country life, and is a more powerful restorative than medicine to the exhausted nervous and intellectual

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

"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. d in a long and elequent manner 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 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, "] 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?"

Ah I my dear sir, you are just the man I have been looking for all day," and in a few moments after, the man who corrected his blunders by not making them, was installed in the office.

HOW TO BE A MILLIONNAIRE.

"Tom thought it very smart to Bearry his money loose in his pocket, and take out quarters with an air which said : "F have thousands in my pocket?" He always crumpled his bills into his pocket fit for gun wadding and apparently took no care of his money. It was not dist 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 smounts. Do you sup posed that Tom deceived anybody, or made any one respect him more on this vaccount? He might make stable boys stare occasionally. but all people societomed to handling money knew at a glance that he was possessed of a wery shallow purse and shallow brains. or conet solves.

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 fortells 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 millionnaire buy you a good strong purse large enough to hold the pennies, and let frugality furnish you 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 tendernesses 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 in 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 re-

quires watching.

The rose tints of affection dazzle and bewilder the imagination, and while always bear ing 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 stamins to enable them to resist temptation even in its insipient stages, and, being thus deficient in self-respect, they cannot possess that pure, uncontaminated feeling which alone capicitates a man for rightly appreciating the tender and loving nature of a true woman. The irriligious 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 hysband, 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 hall 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 tessing the horses, at it is a trained as the reads as visit

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 bur-solves.

The air to hum, on passing a laundry where the girls are at work Wring out, wild on the same of

By love's delightful influence the attack of ill-humour is resisted, the violence of our passion abated, all the injuries of the world alloviated, the bitter cup of affiction 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 is venomous stab, and fostered with its subtile 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 mortrl 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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