

The Home Circle.

A FATHER'S PRAYER.

Sleep, lovely one! beside thy peaceful bed,
A father prays for blessings on thine head.
The world shut out to the propitious skies,
Oh! may a father's prayers prevailing rise!
May'st thou be blest, my child! the dawn that
beams

In thy young glance is sweet—may living
streams

Of heavenly light around thy manhood play,
And bless thee with a bright and glorious day;
May'st thou be blest, my child! Not what the
vain

Call blessing when they wealth or greatness
gain,—

Not as the high, the proud—on earth the worst,
With all the objects of their cravings curst;—
But virtuous, honest, pious, just and true,
These be the riches heaven reserves for you.
Firm, to contest, but patient to endure,
May thy right hand be strong, thine heart be
pure,

A mind as strong as upright, may'st thou
claim,
As mark'd my friend's, my father's honoured
name.

May'st thou—as happy in the nuptial vow—
(And when called to separate, as I have been)—
Rejoice in thy young race, as I do now.
May'st thou be blest, my child! when fear
alarms

Thy refuge now is a fond father's arms.
When joy makes light thy footsteps, thou
dost roam,

But to return more fondly to that home,
And with endearing innocence entwined,
Thy playful limbs, thy happy heart with mine,
More warm—more pure—more sacred be the
part,

That cheers and animates thy manly heart!
A safer refuge, holier home be given
When thy young thoughts expand from earth
to heaven,

Then may'st thou breathe, amid devotions
flame,
A name thine infant lips have ne'er presumed
to name.

A STORY ABOUT HONESTY.

One evening a poor man and his son, a little
boy, sat by the wayside, near the gate of an
old town in Germany. The father took a loaf
of bread which he had bought in the town,
and broke it, and gave half to his son.

"Not so, father," said the boy; "I shall
not eat until after you. You have been work-
ing all day, for small wages, to support me,
and you must be very hungry. I shall wait
until you are done."

"You speak kindly, my son," replied the
father. "Your love for me does me more
good than my food; and those eyes of yours
remind me of your dear mother, who has left
us, and told you to love me as she used to do;
and, indeed, my boy, you have been a great
strength and support to me. But now I have
eaten the first morsel to please you; it is your
turn now to eat."

"Thank you, father, but break this piece in
two and take a little more; you see the loaf
is not large, and you require more than I do."

"I shall divide the loaf for you, my boy,
but eat it, I shall not eat. I have abundance;
and let us thank God for his goodness in giving
us what is better still, cheerful and contented
hearts. He who gave us the living bread to
nourish our immortal souls, shall He not give
us all other food which is necessary to support
our mortal bodies?"

The father and son thanked God, and they
began to cut the loaf, to begin their frugal
meal. But as they cut one portion of the loaf
there fell out several large pieces of gold of
great value. The little boy gave a shout of
great joy, and was springing forward to grasp
the unexpected treasure, when he was pulled
back by his father.

"My son! my son!" he cried, "do not
touch that money; it is not ours."

"But whose is it, father, if it is not ours?"

"I know not to whom it belongs, but prob-
ably it was put there by the baker through
mistake. We must inquire. Run—"

"But, father," interrupted the boy, "you
are poor and needy, and you have bought the
loaf, and then the baker may tell a lie, and—"

"I will not listen to you, my boy; I bought
the loaf, but I did not buy the gold in it. If
the baker sent it to me in ignorance, I shall
not be so dishonest as to take advantage of
him; remember Him who told us to do to
others as we would have others do to us. The
baker may possibly cheat us; I am poor, but
that is no sin. If we share the poverty of
Jesus, God's own Son, oh! let us share his
good and his trust in God. We may never be
rich, but we may always be honest. We may
die in starvation, but God's will be done,
should we die in doing it. Yes, my boy, trust in
God, and walk in his ways, and you shall never
be put to shame. Now run to the baker, and
bring him here, and I will watch the gold until
he comes."

So the boy ran after the baker.

"Brother workman," said the old man,
"you have made some mistake, and almost
lost your money," and he showed the baker
the gold, and told how it had been found. "Is
it thine?" asked the father. "If it is, take it
away."

"My father, baker, is very poor, and—"

"Silence, my child; put me not to shame
by thy complaints. I am glad we have saved
the man from losing his money."

The baker had been gazing alternately at
the honest father and eager boy, and the gold
lay glittering on the green turf.

"Thou art, indeed, an honest fellow," said
the baker; "and my neighbor, David, the
flax-dresser, spoke the truth when he said
thou wert the most honest man in town. Now
I shall tell thee about the gold. A stranger
came to my shop three days ago, and gave me
that loaf and told me to sell it cheaply, to
give it to the most honest poor man whom I
knew in the city. I told David to send thee
to me as a customer this morning; as thou
wouldst not take the loaf for nothing, I sold it
to thee, as thou knowest, for the last penny
in thy purse; and the loaf with all its treas-
ure—and certainly it is not small!—is thine,
and God grant thee a blessing with it!"

The poor man bent his head to the ground,
while tears fell from his eyes. His boy ran
up and put his arm around his neck, and said:
"I shall always, like you, my father, trust
God, and do what is right, for I am sure it
will never put us to shame."

AN INCIDENT ON BROADWAY.

One of those sunny March afternoons, when
the sky is blue and soft as sapphire, and the
air full of balm—the spire of Grace Church
tipped with sunset gold, and the plate glass
palaces along Broadway all in a glitter as they
reflected the silken robes of the hurrying
throng—that is our scene and time.

She was just released from her weary day's
work in the stifling book-binding—the care-
worn, threadbare woman, and she breathed
the fresh air greedily, as she edged her way
meekly among her scornful sisterhood. Sudden-
ly she paused in front of a fruit-stand, the
tropical gleam of golden oranges reminded her
of the little white face that was wasting away
on the lonely pillow at home, and she fingered
her purse longingly.

"Have you any one-cent oranges, sir?"
"We don't deal in one-cent customers—
better go about your business, woman," said
the man contemptuously.

Oh, the heart sickness of poverty.

She had proceeded but a few steps before
she again stopped, involuntarily before a dis-
play of cut flowers. It was not dazzling
camellias nor the imperial pink azaleas that
attracted her eye; it was the knot of wild
violets blue and dewy, like those that grew
under the old apple tree at home when Willie's
eyes would sparkle at the sight of those
violets!

"How much are those violets?" she asked
with trembling eagerness.

"Shilling," said the dealer shortly; he did
not believe the faded looking woman would
be a customer, and he was vexed at being in-
terrupted in eulogizing to a splendidly dressed
lady some rare hot house blossoms.

She turned away with a weary sigh, but the
lady had noticed her wan face with pitying
kindness.

"Give me the wild flowers," said she; and
then touching the woman's shoulder, she
added, "Take these violets—you seem to
wish for them so much!"

The pale face lighted up. Ah, it was worth
a shilling to call forth such a smile!

"Thank you, lady, it was for my little boy
and he is dying!"

"Dying—it was a strange fancy to the
jewelled child of luxury. She could not
imagine it in the glow of sunshine and vitality
that surrounded her, and yet it struck a warn-
ing chill to her heart. Dying! to think that
people could die!

"Oh, mother, they are so beautiful. Put
them where I can look at them all the time—
they make me think of lovely green woods!"

And when midnight came, the little child
set out on his far journey to the many man-
sions of his father's house, smiling upon the
violets with his last earthly glance. The
broken-hearted mother could shroud him in
no glistening satin or costly lace; but when
the little pine coffin came, she sprinkled the
blue eyed fragrant blossoms upon his breast,
and so laid him to his everlasting slumbers.

Did the Recording Angel write down no
history of that brief incident in his book of
life? Ah, the day will come when riches
are no longer of any avail, and that one deed
of kindness will be more precious to the
daughter of wealth than all Golconda's dia-
monds.

He needs no more weary watching now,
that sick and suffering child; he is gathering
the violets that grow along the rivers of Para-
dise!

ASTRONOMERS AT VARIANCE.

Recent observers having been unable to find
more than four of the satellites of Uranus,
many astronomers have discarded Sir William
Herschel's observations upon the other four.
But Mr. Proctor defends Herschel's claims,
because it has never happened that while he
expressed certainty about a matter of observa-
tion, he has been shown to be in error. Her-
schel distinctly stated that he had not kept
back the announcement of satellites on account
of any doubts, but because he hoped to deter-
mine the elements of the orbits.

Sincerity is speaking as we think, believing
as we pretend, acting as we profess, perform-
ing as we promise, and being as we appear
to be.

READING FOR CHILDREN.

Notwithstanding the enlarged ideas [which
are fostered by our present system of educa-
tion, there still exists a class of people who
always say to a child who sits poring over a
fairy story, "Why don't you read something
more sensible?" Everything, even the child's
mind, must be adjusted to their own, and they
reason always on the basis that because any-
thing is good for them, it must be good for the
child. From this notion proceed grave errors
in the home education of children. Through
a certain series of mental stages each human
being must pass, in his progress from infancy
to manhood, and the mental food which is
good for him at one stage is not suitable at
another. None the less true is it that in each
stage he craves and must have plentifully the
food adapted to that stage if we would see
him rightly and truly developed. Then let
your boys and girls read the kind of books
they most enjoy, only seeing to it that they
have the best of their kind. Recognize that
they have their own life to live, and that they
cannot by any healthful process dispense with
any of the stages of its development. The
fairy stories may seem foolish to us, though
that is often because we do not see deeply
enough into them to discover their truth, but
they are by no means foolish or useless to
children. Let them enjoy them, unmolested
by derogatory remarks from their elders.
They are not, as many suppose, an evil to be
tolerated; they supply a positive need for the
mind, and as such should be procured for the
child when he wants them, and as long as he
wants them, for that stage of development.
Modern science, modern progress cannot alter
the nature of the man. Soon enough he will
come to geology, chemistry, and political
science—while he is a child let him read what
he as a healthy developing child craves.

Sawdust and Chips.

THE OLDEST REVOLVER.—The Earth.

It is no sign because a man makes a stir in
the community that he is a spoon.

MUSICAL PROBLEM.—If a man blows his
own trumpet, can his opinions be sound.

To cure deafness in a man, begin to whisper
to him about a chance to make his fortune.

An Alabama newspaper speaks of a colored
orator there having "dislocated his shoulder
in a peroration."

A PROVIDENT AND YET IMPROVIDENT MAN.
—The baker; he kneads much, but sells every-
thing he kneads himself.

M. Offenbach's new opera, "Le Corsair
Noir," will be produced during the autumn at
the Theatre des Varieties in Paris.

"These apples are not fit for a hog to eat,"
said a kid-gloved dandy to an apple-woman.
"You just try one and see," she retorted.

A deserted damsel struck her lover with a
poker, exclaiming, with sobs, "You have
broken my heart, and I'll break your head,
sir."

Madame Miolan-Carvalho will soon reappear
at the Opera Comique in Paris, in Herold's
"Pre aux Clercs," in which a new tenor, M.
Duchesse, will make his debut.

"Vitals cooked" is the appalling announce-
ment placarded in the window of a New York
eating-house. Upon this a wag remarked,
"That is probably where the good livers go."

Five of the sweetest words in the English
language begin with H, which is only a breath:
Heart, Hope, Home, Happiness, and Heaven.
Heart is a hope-place, and home is a heart-
place, and that man sadly mistaketh who
would exchange the happiness of home for
anything less than heaven.

A young lady, who is learning to play on
the piano, wrote the following note to her
music teacher, a few days ago:—"Dear Mrs.
—, I wish to be Xoured from Takin a Lesson
until a Weak from 2 Day as wee will Bee Co
Buizy and I wont have time 2 Praktess."

SPITEFUL.—An unamiable remark is reported
as being made by an ex-belle concerning a
youthful beauty whose grace had become the
talk of the day. "She reminds me of a comb
when she laughs," said the ex.—"Wherefore,
my dear X.?"—"Because she shows all her
teeth."

A lady in Paris recently gave a concert at
her house. "Do you like Rossini?" said she
to one of her male guests.—"Rossini—indeed
I do; he is my favorite composer."—"Are
you familiar with his 'Barber of Seville'?"
—"Oh dear, no," was the reply; "I always
shave myself."

UNSETTLED.—"How is your wife to-day?"
said a friend to a French gentleman.—"Oh,
moche do sem," said he, "she is no better, and
I um 'fraid very little was. If she is gon to
die, I wish she would do it soon. I feel so
unhappy—my mind is so moche unsettled. Ven
she die, I shall not be so moche dissatisfied."

THE POET'S RETORT.—James II., when Duke
of York, made a visit to Milton out of curi-
osity. In the course of conversation the duke
said to the poet that he thought his blindness
was a judgment upon him because he had writ-
ten against Charles I., the duke's father.—
Milton replied, "If your highness thinks that
misfortunes are indexes of the wrath of hea-
ven, what must you think of your father's
tragic end? I have only lost my eyes—he
lost his head!"

Queen Elizabeth, seeing a certain baronet in
her garden one day, looked out of the window

and asked him: "What does a man think
of when he thinks of nothing?" The baro-
net, who had not received the Royal
favour, which he had been led to expect,
blurted out: "Madame, he thinks of a
woman's promise." The queen was completely
nonplussed, and was heard to retort: "Well,
Sir Edward, I must not confute you. Anger
makes men witty, but it keeps them poor."

Here's an expression which needs not to be
explained:—

"Charlie! what is osculation?"
"Osculation, Jenny dear,
is a learned expression queer,
For a nice sensation.
I put my arm thus, round your waist,
This is approximation;
You need not fear—
There's no one here—
Your lips quite near—
I then—"
"Oh, dear!"
"Jenny, that's osculation."

Jarvis, the bacchanalian artist, was once
employed by a gentleman to paint his wife—a
miracle of plainness—under the stipulation
that a pint of wine at a single sitting must be
the extent of his potations. Jarvis assented,
and in a short time produced a perfect fac-
simile of the lady. On exhibiting it to the
husband he seemed disappointed. "Couldnt
you have given it," said he to the painter, "a
little less—that is, couldn't you give it now, a
little more—?" "If you expect me," said
Jarvis, seeing the husband's drift, "if you
expect me to make a handsome portrait of
your wife, I must have more than a pint of
wine at a sitting. I couldn't get up imagina-
tion to make her even good looking under a
quart at the very least."

Grains of Gold.

Whilst we live let us live well; for be a
man ever so rich when he lights his fire, death
may, perhaps, enter his door before it be burnt
out.

No man can ever borrow himself out of debt.
If you wish for relief you must work for it.
You must make more and spend less than you
did while you were running in debt.

A lazy boy makes a lazy man, just as a
crooked sapling makes a crooked tree. Those
who make our great and useful men were
trained in their boyhood to be industrious.

It is no disgrace not to be able to do every-
thing; but to undertake, or pretend to do,
what you are not made for, is not only shame-
ful, but extremely vexatious and troublesome.

Women are formed for attachment. Their
gratitude is unimpeachable. Their love is an
unending fountain of delight to the man who
has once attained and knows how to deserve it.

It is the highest privilege, duty and pleasure
of great men and whole-souled women to earn
what they possess, to work their own way
through life, to be the architects of their own
fortunes.

America's greatest thinker, Emerson, says,
"Life is hardly respectable if it has no gener-
ous task, no duties or affections that constitute
a necessity of existing. Every man's task is
his life-preserver."

Success rides on every hour; grapple it,
and you may win, but without a grapple it
will never go with you. Work is the weapon
of honor, and he who lacks the weapon will
never triumph.

Mr. Beecher says: "Consider morbid, self-
distrust as an intruder that has no business in
your brain. Treat it as would insects or ver-
min that infest your dwelling. Hunt it, crush
it, give it no quarter."

Let not God's ministers ever subject them-
selves to the imputation that they have not
lifted up their voices and cried aloud, and told
the rich and the great, and all those in autho-
rity, what are the duties of their station.

One good mother is worth a hundred school-
masters. In the home she is a "loadstone to
all hearts, and loadstar to all eyes." Imita-
tion of her is constant—imitation, which
Bacon likens to "a globe of precepts." But
example is far more than precept. It is in-
struction in action.

A loving heart and a pleasant countenance
are commodities which a man should never
fail to take home with him. They will best
season his food and soften his pillow. It were
a great thing for a man that his wife and chil-
dren could truly say of him, "He never
brought a frown or unhappiness across his
threshold."

Wherever unselfish love is the mainspring
of men's actions; wherever happiness is placed
not on what we can gain for ourselves, but on
what we can impart to others; wherever we
place our highest satisfaction in gratifying our
fathers and mothers, our brothers and sisters,
our wives and children, our neighbors and
friends, we are sure to attain all the happiness
which the world can bestow.

People always fancy that we cannot become
wise without becoming old also; but in truth,
as years accumulate it is hard to keep as wise
as we were. Man becomes, in the different
stages of his life, indeed, a different being;
but he cannot say that he will surely be better
as he grows onward, and in certain matters
he is as likely to be right in his twentieth as
in his sixtieth year.

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE, TORONTO
TIME.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

MAIN LINE—GOING WEST.

	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Suspension Br.	7.00	12.40	4.40	9.50
Hamilton	7.20	9.00	2.10	6.20
			11.30	2.55
Paris	0.00	10.25	3.23	7.50
London	6.45	12.50	5.25	0.00
			2.45	5.45
Chatham	1.05	3.30	7.50	0.00
Windsor	4.20	5.15	9.20	0.00
			6.45	9.25

MAIN LINE—GOING EAST.

	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Windsor	4.20	7.45	8.25	11.30
Chatham	6.05	11.20	9.55	1.10
London	6.00	8.40	0.00	12.35
			3.55	11.25
Paris	7.40	10.20	0.00	2.10
Hamilton	9.10	11.35	0.00	3.35
Sus'n Br	10.53	1.00 p.m.	5.35	9.30
			4.00	

TORONTO TO HAMILTON.

	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Toronto - Leave	7.00	11.50	4.00	8.10
Hamilton - Arrive	8.45	1.40 p.m.	6.00	9.50

HAMILTON TO TORONTO.

	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Hamilton - Leave	9.10	11.30	3.35	7.40
Toronto - Arrive	11.00	1.15 p.m.	5.30	9.30

GRAND TRUNK EAST.

DETROIT TO TORONTO.

	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Detroit - Leave	6.50	4.00	6.30	0.00
Port Huron	9.25	7.00	9.00	0.00
Sarnia	10.20	0.00	9.45	0.00
London - Leave	11.20	7.30 a.m.	2.45	p.m.

	p.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Stratford - Leave	1.50	0.00	1.25	9.15
Guelph	3.45	7.30	3.10	11.05
				p.m.
Toronto - Arrive	6.00	10.15	5.25	1.05

TORONTO TO MONTREAL.

	p.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Toronto	6.22	0.00	5.37	1.05
Whitby	8.00	0.00	7.07	8.55
Oshawa	0.00	0.00	7.15	9.07
Bowmanville	0.00	0.00	7.35	9.35
Port Hope	9.25	0.00	8.30	10.30
Cobourg	9.40	0.00	8.55	10.45
	9.55	0.00	9.15	11.00
Belleville	11.30	0.00	11.15	1.00

	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Napanee	12.15	0.00	12.00	2.05
Kingston	1.10	0.00	1.35	3.15
Brockville	3.00	0.00	3.35	5.15
Ottawa	10.00pm	0.00	12.00	noon

	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Prescott Jn	3.00	0.00		
Leve	3.35	0.00	4.10	5.45
Cornwall	5.50	0.00	6.25	7.45
Montreal - Arrive	8.00	9.10	9.30	10.30

GOING WEST—MONTREAL TO TORONTO.

	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	a.m.
Montreal - Leave	8.00	5.00	6.00	9.00
Cornwall	11.00	0.00	9.15	11.40
				a.m.
Prescott Junction	1.10	0.00	11.25	1.30
Ottawa - Arrive	3.45	0.00	0.00	6.15

	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Kingston	4.05	0.00	2.00	4.00
Cobourg	8.25	0.00	6.15	