

The Home Circle.

SHE WAS ONLY A BABY.

She was only a baby,
A wee little thing,
When she came to our cottage
One morning in Spring;
So cunning and sportive,
But frail as the flower
That blooms in rich beauty,
And dies in an hour;
So pure and so gentle
She seemed every day,
That we thought her an angel
From glory astray.
Chorus.—Then aching hearts whispered,
She'll leave us ere long
To sing up in heaven
The angels' sweet song.

She was only a baby—
And babies they say,
Are good for just nothing
But crying and play;
Yet there seemed to be something
About our frail one,
That all our affections
And every heart won;
For all who beheld her
Must truly did love
Our sweet baby, Della,
That fair little dove.
To the distant prairie,
Her home far away
They bore our sweet Della
One fair autumn day.
And the same gentle smile
Wreathed her lips, as of yore,
When we parted with Della
To meet nevermore.
Our aching hearts whispered:
She'll leave us ere long
To sing up in heaven
The angels' sweet song.

And we never saw Della,
For in the far West,
They made her a coffin,
And laid her to rest;
The angels had spared her
Too long from their home,
And gently they called her:
Dear Della, now come;
Then smiling so sweetly
On friends gathered round
She fell into slumber,
And heaven's bliss had found.

HELP FATHER.

"My hands are so stiff I can hardly hold a pen," said farmer Wilber, as he sat down to "figure out" some accounts that were getting behindhand.

"Could I help you, father?" said Lucy, laying down her crocheting work. "I should be glad to if I only knew what you wished written."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if you could, Lucy," he said, reflectively. "Pretty good at figures, are you?"

"It would be a fine story if I did not know something of them after going twice through the arithmetic," said Lucy, laughing.

"Well, I can show you in five minutes what I have to do, and it'll be a powerful help if you can do it for me. I never was a master hand at accounts in my best days, and it does not grow any easier, as I can see, since I put on specs."

Very patiently did the helpful daughter plod through the long, dull lines of figures, leaving the gay worsted work to lie idle all the evening, though she was in such haste to finish her scarf. It was reward enough to see her tired father, who had been toiling all day for himself and the other dear ones, sitting so cozily in his easy chair, enjoying his weekly paper, as it only can be enjoyed in a country home, where news from the great world beyond comes seldom and is eagerly sought for.

The clock struck nine before her task was over, but the hearty "Thank you, daughter, a thousand times," took away all sense of weariness.

"It's rather looking up, where a man can have an amanuensis," said the farmer. "It is not every farmer that can afford it."

"Not every farmer's daughter that is capable of making one," said mother, with a little pardonable maternal pride.

"Nor every one that would be willing, if they were able," said Mr. Wilber—which last was a sad truth. How many daughters might be of use to their fathers in this and many other ways, who never think of lightening a care or labor! If asked to perform some little service, it is done at best with a reluctant step and an unwilling air which robs it of all sunshine or claim to gratitude.

Girls, help your father; give him a cheerful home to rest in when evening comes, and do not worry his life away by fretting because he cannot afford you all the luxuries you covet. Children exert as great an influence on their parents as parents do on their children.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

If there be any bond in life which ought to be sacredly guarded from everything that can put it in peril, it is that which unites the members of a family. If there be a spot upon earth from which discord and strife should be banished, it is the fireside. There centre the fondest hopes and the most tender affections.

How lovely the spectacle presented by that family which is governed by the right spirit! Each strives to avoid giving offense, and is studiously considerate of the others' happiness. Sweet, loving dispositions are cultivated by all, and each tries to surpass the other in his efforts for the common harmony. Each heart glows with love; and the benediction of heavenly peace seems to abide upon that dwelling with such power that no black fiend of passion dare rear his head within it.

Who would not realize this lovely picture? It may be realized by all who will employ the appointed means. Let the precepts of the Gospel be applied as they are designed to be; and they will be found to shed a holy charm upon the family circle, and make it what God designed that it should be, the most heaven-like scene on earth.

STRONG MEN.

Strength of character consists of two things—power of will and power of self-restraint. It requires two things, therefore, for its existence—strong feelings and strong command over them. Now we all very often mistake strong feelings for strong character. A man who bears all before him, before whose frown domestics tremble, and whose bursts of fury make the children of the household quake, because he has his own way in all things, we call him a strong man. The truth is, that he is a weak man; it is his passions that are strong; he, mastered by them, is weak. You must measure the strength of a man by the power of the feelings he subdues, not by the power of those that subdue him. And hence composure is often the highest result of strength. Did we ever see a man receive a flagrant injury, and then reply quietly? That is a man spiritually strong. Or did we ever see a man in anguish stand as if carved out of a solid rock, mastering himself? or one bearing a hopeless daily trial remain silent, and never tell the world what caulked his home peace? That is strength. He who, with strong passions, remains chaste; he who, keenly sensitive, with manly powers of indignation in him, can be provoked and yet restrain himself and forgive, those are the strong men, the spiritual heroes.

LOVE.

Love is the well-spring of all good. It is the overflowing fountain of every God-like act. Love is the soul of virtue. It is the spirit of every high and holy enterprise calculated to bless man. Love is of God. It is the image of God—"God is love." It acts the part of God in the lives and hearts of men. Love is the germ of moral excellence; the fulness and completeness of all the excellence of God. Where love abounds, everything that is lovely will be found. It is only love that is needed to dry up the fountains of misery and change the dwellings of men throughout all nations of the earth into a vast paradise of joy.—*Rev. R. P. Stilwell.*

PROFANITY.

Why will men "take the name of God in vain?" What possible advantage is to be gained by it? And yet this wanton, vulgar sin of profanity is evidently on the increase. Oaths fall upon the ears in the cars and at the corners of the street. The *North American Review* says well:

"There are among us not a few who feel that a simple assertion or plain statement of obvious facts will pass for nothing, unless they swear to its truth by all the names of the Deity, and blister their lips with every variety of hot and sulphurous oaths. If we observe such persons closely, we shall generally find that the fierceness of their profanity is in inverse ratio to the affluence of their ideas.

"We venture to affirm that the profanest men within the circle of your knowledge are all afflicted with a chronic weakness of the intellect. The utterance of an oath, though it may prevent a vacuum in sound, is no indication of sense. It requires no genius to swear. The reckless taking of sworn names in vain is as little characteristic of true independence of thought as it is of high moral culture. In this breathing and beautiful world, filled, as it were, with the presence of the Deity, and fragrant with its incense from a thousand altars of praise, it would be no servility should we catch the spirit of reverent worshippers, and illustrate in ourselves the sentiment that the 'Christian is the highest state of man.'"

OUT OF DARKNESS INTO LIGHT.

There is one great principle which characterizes our times more decidedly than any period of the past. Mind is advancing in all that can promise glory and happiness. It is soaring high into the realms of the material universe, and unfolding its God-announcing wonders; it is piercing deep into the dark recesses of our little world, and reading power, and wisdom, and goodness in the hand-writing traced by the finger of God upon the tablets of his own workmanship; it is dissevering matter, and displaying the magical properties of its component parts; it is subduing the long-established tyranny of the old elements, and compelling them to yield their power subservient to the good of man; mind is, in short, obtaining a glimpse of the true God through the media of His Word and His

Works, and unraveling the mysteries of the nature of man, developing the transcendent powers with which he is endowed, unfolding the laws to which he is subject, physically and spiritually; and, more than all, if anything can be more, is abandoning error—ay, breaking the thralldom of sin, and becoming free to take a high stand in the moral grades of the universe. Thus progress is onward. Heaven says, "Come up higher," and obedient man would obey. Let us keep "right on," in the right direction, guided by His light, and we shall surely reach the haven of eternal peace.

INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

Some years since a temperance man moved with his family from South Carolina to the West. The scarceness of the population and the continual travel past the place rendered it a necessary act of humanity in him frequently to entertain travelers who could not go farther. Owing to the frequency of these calls, he resolved to enlarge his house, and put up the usual sign.

Soon after this, an election came on; the triumphant party felt that it was a wonderful victory, and some young bloods of the majority determined, in honor of it, to have a regular "blow out." Accordingly, mounted on their fine prairie horses, they started on a long ride. Every tavern on their route was visited, and the variety thus drunk produced a mixture which added to the noise and boisterousness of the party. In this condition they came, about a dozen in number, to our quiet temperance tavern. The landlord and lady were absent—the eldest daughter, fourteen years of age, and five younger children, were alone in the house.

These gentlemen (for they called themselves such) asked for liquor.

"We keep none," was the reply of the young girl.

"What do you keep tavern for then?"

"For the accommodation of travelers."

"Well, accommodate us with something to drink."

"You will see by the sign that we keep a temperance tavern."

"A temperance tavern?" (Here the children cluster around their sister.) "Give me an axe, and I'll cut down the sign."

"You will find an axe at the wood-pile, sir."

Here the party, each one with an oath, made a rush to the wood-pile, exclaiming:

"Down with the sign!" "Down with the sign!"

But the leader, in going out, discovered in an adjoining room a splendid piano and its accompaniments.

"Who makes this thing squeak?" said he.

"I play sometimes," said she, in a modest way.

"You do? Give us a tune."

"Certainly, sir," and taking the stool, while the children formed a circle close to her, she sung and played "The Old Arm Chair." Some of them had never heard the piano before; others had not heard one for years. The tumult soon hushed, the whip-and-spur gentlemen were drawn back from the wood-pile, and formed a circle outside the children.

The leader again spoke: "Will you be so kind as to favor us with another song?"

Another was played, and the children becoming reassured, some of them joined their sweet voices with their sister's.

One song would touch the sympathies of the strangers, another melt them in grief; one would arouse their patriotism, another their chivalry and benevolence, until, at length, ashamed to ask for more, they each made a low bow, thanked her, wished her a good afternoon, and left as quietly as if they had been to a funeral.

Months after this occurrence the father, in traveling, stopped at a village, where a gentleman accosted him:

"Are you Col. P—, of S—?"

"I am."

"Well, sir, I was spokesman of the party who so grossly insulted your innocent family, threatening to cut down your sign, and spoke so rudely to your children. You have just cause to be proud of your daughter, sir; her noble bearing and fearless courage were remarkable in one so young and unprotected. Can you pardon me, sir? I feel that I can never forgive myself."

CONSCIENCE.

I remember reading, when a very little boy, about a child who was in the habit of going to an upper room or loft where there was a store of apples. She went from time to time to steal the fruit, but she met with something that greatly troubled her. There happened to have been placed in that store room an old oil-painting. It was a large face, the eyes of which, go to what part of the room the little girl might, seemed to follow her, and they appeared to be saying to her, as she stooped down to take up the apples, "Ah, I see you! It is very naughty. You are sure to be found out." This so annoyed the little culprit, from time to time, that she was determined to put a stop to the threatening of those staring eyes; so she procured a small knife, or pair of scissors, and struck them out. Ah, but there were still the two large holes in place of them, and she never could look at them without thinking of the eyes, and what they used to say to her. She had put out the eyes, but she had not, nor could she, get rid of her conscience. Moreover

the very means she had used for sinning without rebuke only served to discover her guilt, for, when what had befallen the painting came to be found out, it led to such enquiries as at last to reveal the whole truth.

THE FIRESIDE.

It is as the focus of home fellowship and intercourse that we speak of the fireside—as the spot consecrated to the freest action and utterance of family sympathies and affections where conjugal, parental, fraternal and filial anxieties, hopes, fears, joys, sorrows, loves, resentments, confessions, forgiveness, are wont to be exchanged. There is no other place in which can be realized more thoroughly the weaving into one of several lives, each imparting and receiving something from the rest. No other is so sacred to the memory of those who have been summoned thence into the wide world, who are, perhaps, afar off, or on the sea, or doing their allotted work amongst strangers, or removed to those more inaccessible shores where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." Elsewhere the absent may be forgotten, but seldom, for long together, at the fireside. It is crowned with associations which touch the heart at some point or other of its surface, and make it thrill with affectionate emotion, in which every member of the family gathered around the hearth can take an appropriate share. No lessons leave a more abiding impression than those which gently drop into the mind at the fireside. No fun is more tickling, or leaves behind it less regret. No history is purer, as a whole, than fireside history, and none live longer or more lovingly in remembrance. He who cannot look forward with yearning desires to fireside enjoyment, as the staple enjoyment of life, is greatly to be pitied, and, if the cause be in himself, greatly to be blamed.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

There is many a rest in the road of life,

If we only would stop to take it,

And many a tone from the better land,

If the querulous heart would wake it!

To the sunny soul that is full of hope,

And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,

The grass is green and the flowers are bright,

Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope though the clouds hang low,

And to keep the eyes still lifted;

For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through

When the ominous clouds are rifted!

There was never a night without a day,

Or an evening without a morning;

And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,

Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,

Which we pass in our idle pleasure,

That is richer far than the jewelled crown,

Or the miser's hoarded treasure.

It may be the love of a little child,

Or a mother's prayers to heaven,

Or only a beggar's grateful thanks

For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life

A bright and golden filling,

And to do God's will with a ready heart,

And hands that are swift and willing,

Than to snap the delicate, slender threads

Of our curious lives asunder,

And then blame heaven for the tangled ends

And sit, and grieve, and wonder.

HOW SETH WON HIS WIFE.

Seth Hawkins was a fine specimen of manhood as could be seen—tall, broad-shouldered, well-proportioned, with eyes of the deepest blue, light hair, and ruddy countenance, which betokened a familiarity with out-door occupation. Suffice it to say he was a farmer, and well-to-do in this world's goods, but afflicted with a disease called bashfulness.

He was deeply in love with a pretty, sparkling roguish-eyed lass, whom we will call Sally T—.

He could talk politics, farming, and upon all the useful topics of the day, when not in Sally's company, but when he really became seated in her presence, his courage left him, and he left all the talking to be done by Sally, answering only in monosyllables.

The latter guessed how matters stood with him, and, in a spirit of mischief, increased his embarrassment by several little remarks which almost drove him to distraction, and made him think his case hopeless.

He had courted Sally a long time, but had never found sufficient courage to know his fate.

One pleasant Sunday evening, he again sallied forth, determined to know the worst, and to ask Sally to be his. He found her sitting by a bright blazing fire, in the kitchen, and looking prettier than ever, with her rosy cheeks and laughing eyes. Her mother sat in an old-fashioned rocking chair, reading her bible, while a candle, sitting on a stand close by, served to light the apartment.

She seated him in a chair close to the fire, and after making a few remarks, to which he gave the usual monosyllabic answers, he looked up, and she immediately turned her head with a smile.

He felt the blood rush to his head and face, as he scanned his person over to discover the object of Sally's mirth, when, lo! on turning his head half around, he discovered some white cloth behind him.

Now the question was what could it be?

He awaited another opportunity, and when Sally was not looking put his arm behind him, and slipping his arm under the edge of his jacket, proceeded to push it down into the back of his pants.

He felt a relief, and on looking up, perceived that Sally was convulsed with suppressed laughter.

He looked around again, and, and to his utter astonishment, found that, instead of the cloth disappearing, it seemed larger than before.

The perspiration started in every pore, and, with a quick, nervous push, he made another effort to get it out of sight.

Another opportunity soon presented itself, when he made a finish of it, and with perspiration standing in drops all over his forehead, he felt almost out of patience with Sally for building such a hot fire.

At the moment of its disappearance, Sally, who had been watching things on the sly, burst into a loud peal of laughter, and rushed into the room adjoining, giving the door a violent slam, which caused the old lady to look with astonishment, and Seth to seize his hat and rush from the house, toward home, as fast as his legs could carry him, and in anything but a happy frame of mind.

Sally soon made her appearance again and her mother remonstrated with her upon her unchristianlike conduct on a Sabbath evening.

Sally bore it with as much composure as possible, but said nothing to her mother of the cause of her mirth.

Pretty soon the old lady made preparations for bed, and soon began to search for her night gown; but failing to find it, came out of the bed-room, saying:

"Sally, where is my night dress? I left it somewhere, and can't tell for the life of me where."

"Why, Seth Hawkins wore it home!" she replied.

"What! wore it home!"

Amid tears and laughter, Sally explained the events of the evening to her mother.

The next afternoon a boy rapped at the door, and presented a package for Miss Sally, which she soon opened, and found the unlucky night dress, nicely washed and ironed, with the following words written on a paper in pencil:

"I am much obliged for the use of it.—SETH."

The next time they met, he found that his bashfulness had disappeared, and before leaving Sally, he had gained her consent to be his little wife.

Years have elapsed since that eventful night, but he is never weary of telling his children how he won their mother through the old lady's night dress.

THE "BOO-HOO" PARTY.

There are two parties in every community—say, in every family. There are the "boo-hoos," or "cry-babies," always snivelling, snarling whining, grunting, groaning, muttering, scolding, and "going on like all possessed." They are "out of office," and want to be in. They see nothing but certain destruction ahead, when others are at the helm. Governments are corrupt and oppressive. "The constitution is violated—by bad whiskey and tobacco. Religion is only a cloak to cover up hypocritical wickedness. Reformers are only seeking self-aggrandizement. Teachers are only chattering pedagogues. Mechanics are only bungling imitators. Artists mere 'copyists.' Poets are plagiarists. Merchants deal in shoddy. Grocers water their liquors and corporations their stocks. Steamboats and locomotives are only "infernal machines," intended to kill somebody. Lawyers are only "shysters." Doctors are "quacks." Surgeons are "butchers." Clergymen, only "poor parsons." (Of course these objectors themselves are all right—the very pink of perfection—so amiable, so meek, and so modest! "Born great and good, how can they help it?")

And why should they not set themselves up as "bright and shining lights," before which all other lights are dim?

How different the joyous, hopeful, trusting spirit which looks on the bright side of life! One who blends justice with mercy, affection with chastity, economy with generosity, dignity with modesty, is a gem, especially if these qualities be combined with energy, enterprise, and executive power. There would be no finding fault, without good cause, in society composed of characters. No croaking, no backbiting or slandering, but all would live in accordance with the Christian principles of FAITH, HOPE, and CHARITY.

Reader, where do you stand on this question? Are you among the boo-hoos? or are you among the hopefuls?

WHITE HART, corner of Yonge and Elm streets, is conducted on the good old English principle by Bell Belmont, late of London, England, who has gained the reputation, by strict adherence to business, of keeping the best conducted saloon in this city. The bar is pronounced by the press to be the "prince of bars," and is under the entire management of Mrs. Emma Belmont, whose whole study is to make the numerous patrons of this well-known resort comfortable. Visitors to this city will not regret walking any distance to see this—the handsomest bar in the Dominion.

Adv Books, Pamphlets, Posters, Handbills, and Job Printing of every description, executed at the ONTARIO WORKMAN office.