

The Family Circle.

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CIRCLE CHAT.

A SET OF CRITICS.

Standing on a lofty plane, far above the busy throngs of mankind, noticing minutely the conduct of each, and tracing the circumstances leading to and surrounding their acts, we see them all so nearly alike there is perhaps nothing that would strike a liberal critic more forcibly than the opinions each one of this hurrying crowd has of the rest, and more particularly of those immediately surrounding himself. Behold a set of critics, each judging others through his own narrow vision!

We see among them, as we look charitably down, strange people here. First those, (and may be all are in the group), who see little in their neighbors to admire, but eagerly peruse the newspaper reports of those in distant lauds doing no greater deeds, yet honoring them, because they never saw the insignificant forms or common-place look of these actors, and because, they never, through jealousy, have felt that it lowered themselves to appreciate the qualities of others, far away.

But the manner of criticism by "friends" of one another is, perhaps, more interesting. Who of us ever was personally acquainted with anyone whom we could praise without qualification? Wasn't there some point or points of weakness discernible to us in the character or disposition of the best and most brilliant of our acquaintances? Didst never pause to search for the reason in yourself? No two of us form the same impression of a third simply because we judge through our own weaknesses. Beauty is in the observer's eye and not in the object.

Here we see a person of a scientific turn, and only does he discern the knowledges of science in persons with whom he comes in contact; there one of a literary turn appreciates only the knowledge of authors, and so with the artist, the musician and all the rest.

But listen to the sarcasm of the young, who for no other offence than a physical difference plague their companions continually, and trace onward the criticism of older ones to the same spirit. See the youth of one trade come into the the workshop of other artisans, and listen to the comments on his ignorance.

How glad the gossip is at hearing of another's errors! As she or he (for they're not all women) pours the story into your ear, you may be forgiven if you guess that some of the evil, which prompted the erring one, lies hidden in the heart of the one who is telling you.

Those who have the most knowledge appreciate the most, and are the most liberal; and the best, morally, are the most charitable. Then, to cultivate this liberality and charity is to elevate yourself mentally and morally. So let us urge those who would improve themselves, to be careful how they criticise.

Disparage and depreciate no more, but rather exhibit a warm heart and broad intellect by loving all exactly as God, in His wisdom, has made them.

OUT OF EMPLOYMENT.

In society at present there is, perhaps, no more pitiable object than the young men of a family with aristocratic notions but little money, who has been held above learning a trade or spending his youth behind a counter, has been too dull or disinclined to enter a profession, and who has no "friend at court" to assist his getting a government situation. What can he do? There are a host of such young men after "soft snaps," and the records of applicants to institutions of every kind where those easy situations are supposed to be, are constantly filled with hundreds of names to await consideration in due course, while there is not yet a chance of an opening. Being thrown upon one's own resources under these circumstances, with such false ideas of gentility, of mature development, is a terrible condition indeed. Yet there seems no remedy but the laws of nature which govern all acts, and punish all who offend against them. The world is too full and too busy for idlers; and the diligent, as they deserve, reap a rich reward.

A correspondent of the *London Times* tells of an American lady whose chief purpose in visiting London, on her way to Italy, was that of placing a costly wreath upon the grave of George Eliot. On going to the cemetery, however, she could find no one to tell her in what grave the great authoress was laid. Was it not natural that she should remark, as she said? "A prophet is, indeed, not without honor save in his own country."