The Mome Circle.

OUTSIDE THE FOLD.

I am waiting, ever waiting, for the days that never come ;

I am sitting, worn and weary, 'midst Life's shadows drear and dun;

Memory o'er the past is mourning, and the Future's all untold;

Earth has grown so strangely gloomy. Take me, Lord, within the fold.

Evening shadows gather round me, darker shadows shroud my soul; There is but one rift of sunlight streaming from

that far-off goal; Shall I ever reach that portal? walk within

those streets of gold?

For I'm weary-watching-waiting. Take me Lord, within the fold.

Through the night I dream of Heaven and my loved ones waiting there;

But, alas! it is but dreaming, for I wake to anxious care.

There I know there comes no sighing-only peace and bliss untold,

Lead me in those sun-lit pastures. Take me, Lord, within the fold.

Is there room for one poor wanderer, who has, wanton, strayed away? And forgiveness for a lost one, wandering far

ther every day? Tender Shepherd, wilt thou hear me? I am

lonely; I am cold, Will those sheltering arms support me. Take me, Lord within the fold.

Hark! I hear the kindly welcome. Can I dare to enter in?

I who am so prone to evil-I who blindly grope in sin? Now the peans of the blessed vibrate on the

harps of gold :

I can hear the angels singing. Take me, Lord, within the fold.

DOMESTIC DIFFICULTIES.

The most prolific source of matrimonial misery is an agreement between married individuals to disagree. It is the solemn compact they make at heart from the time that they promise in the sight of God, and in the presence of men, to love, cherish, and obey each other until death divides them.

Human selfishness is the great root of all family evils, and the young shoots of discord spring from it in all directions. They are as rapid of growth, and as thorny to the touch, as young locosts: they overshadow and destroy all the bright blossoms and tender buds that might have bloomed where they thrive, flourish and cumber the ground.

Husbands and wives can yield to each other's wishes, in most cases, without sacrificing either their dignity or self-respect. They can conform to each other's ways of thinking and doing without limiting their own extent of earthly enjoyment one atom. They can be happy as well as miserable. They can live in peace with themselves and with the world, as well as to be in constant domestic and social warfare. It requires no greater effort to smile than it does to frown, and pleasant words are easier spoken than harsh and angry

People palliate their differences by such foolish excuses as incompatibility of temper uncongeniality of disposition, difference of taste and habits, etc., while the simple truth is, that all of their domestic difficulties are caused by nothing more nor less than their own separate and individual selfish-

Even, if in rare cases, it be impossible for them to think and believe exactly alike, they can so far humor each other's wishes as to be comparatively happy. And there is on earth ! no more beautiful sight, than two persons trying to live in love and harmony together, as man and wife should live and love, respecting each other's opinions, and striving to make each other happy.

THE GIFT OF TACT.

What a wonderful oil upon the machinery of human affairs tact is. To know just what to say, and when to say it and to whom to say it; to know when to be silent, and when deferentially to listen, is a great gift. No one can fully appreciate this quality, who has not had the misfortune of living with a blundering person, who never moves or speaks without unintentionally wounding or offending somebody. Contiguity with such a one is fearful to the nerves, and temper too. We doubt whether tact, in any considerable degree, can be acquired. It is born with some and is natural to them as the color of their eyes or hair. We have seen little children who were perfect in it, without the slightest idea, of course, of the diplomacy they were enact. ing.

POETRY.

Poetry is the interpreter of the soul, and translates all thought into one language. While we cat the fruits of autume, it reminds us of the blossoms of spring; and while we

the rose in the wreath of the bride, and the chaplet of the dead; the mirth and music of the marriage, and the awe and silence of the burial. It is the voice of peace, the song of love, and the sigh of sorrow. It sparkles in the smile of hope, and glitters in the tear of regret. It is seen in the downcast eyes of modesty, or in the ingenious expression of manhood. It is heard in the song of a robin, seen in the shape of a dove, or felt in the down of a swan. It is the truly beautiful, and the beautiful truth.

VALUE OF AMUSEMENTS.

The world must be amused. It is entirely false reasoning to suppose that any person can devote himself to labor without any adequate relief. He must be amused. He must enjoy himself. He must laugh, sing, dance, eat, drink, and be merry. He must chat with his friends, exercise his mind in excitingly gentle emotions, and the body in agreeable demonstrations of activity. The constitution of the human system demands this. It exacts variety of influence and motion. It will not remain in health if it cannot obtain that variety. Too much nerriment affects it as injuriously as too much sadness; too much relaxation is as pernicious as none at all. But to the industrious toiler the sanshine of the heart is just as indispensable as the material sunshine is to the flower; both pine away and die if deprived of it.

SUNBEAMS.

Of course you have noticed what a different aspect everything wears in the sunshine from what it does in the shadow? And did you ever think what an analogy there was between the sunlight of the cloudless skies and the sunshine that beams into the darkened chamber of the human soul? How bright and beautiful are the golden beams that break at last through the riven clouds to lighten up the world again after a succession of dark and stormy days! How peaceful and happy are the blissful words of hope and cheer that touch the joy after a long period of sorrow and despondency, when uttered by some disinterested friend. There are none living that do notin a greater or less degree, have an influence over the earthly happiness of others. The sense of contributing to the pleasure of others augments our town happiness. Unselfishness, Christian charity and loving kindness, are the sunbeams of the soul.

THE WORLD WITHOUT SUNDAY.

Think how the abstraction of the Sabbath would hopelessly enslave the working-classes, with whom we are identified. Think of labor thus going on in one monotonous and eternal cycle, limbs forever on the rack, fingers forever straining, the brow forever throbbing, the shoulders forever drooping, and loins forever aching, the restless mind forever schem-

Think of the beauty it would efface, the merry heartedness it would extinguish, of the giant strength it would tame, of the resources of nature it would crush, of the sickness it would bring, of the projects it would wreck, of the groans it would extort, of the lives it would immolate, and of the cheerless graves it would prematurely dig! See the toiling and moiling, sweating and fretting, grinding and heaving, weaving and spinning, sewing and gathering, moving and repairing, raising and building, digging and planting, striving and struggling; in the garden and in the field, in the granuary and in the barn, in the factory and in the mill, in the warehouse and in the shop, on the mountain and in the ditch, on the roadside and in the wood, in the city and in the country, out at sea and on shore. in the day of brightness and of gloom. What a picture the world would present if we had no Sabbath!

JAPANESE FANS.

Many of these fan-pictures are illustrations of national classics, fairy tales, and historic logends. On this neutral-tinted reverse, for instance, a curved line dashed across tha disk is a slack-rope; on it is a nondescript dancing, and below a half-kneeling figure, represents the juggler or showman. He is gestulating wildly with his fan, his mouth is wide open with well-simulated astonishment at the antics of the creature on the slack-rope. The performer is like a badger, yet it resembles a ten-kettle. Its body is the kettle; one cunningly curved paw is the spout; another. which swings the inevitable umbrella, is the handle; and the tail and hind legs form the tripod on which the kettle sits. The story of The Accomplished Teakettle is very old, and numberless versions of it form a staple dramatic, poetic or artistic diversion of the Japanese. Briefly, it is related that a company of priests. who dwelt by themselves in a temple, were affrighted by their tea-kettle suddenly becoming covered with fur and walking about the room. It bothered them very much with its pranks, being part of the time a useful and sober culinary utonsil and partly a mischieva box, they sold it to a travelling tinker for a inhale the odorous breath of May, it foaetells But the tinker, though sorely affrighted when trifle, thinking themselves well rid of it. the frosts of December. It makes the marble he found what a bargain he had gotten, of the sculptor breathe, the canvass of the shrewdly put his bewitched tea kettle to good painter speak, and the anvil of the artizan account. He travelled far and wide exhibitring a chime. It is the handnisid of religion; ing his wonderful beast, which dilligently per-

nobles came in throngs to see his show; and so he made himself very rich by his unique entertainment. The lucky tinker and his accomplished toa-kettle furnish forth adventures for the Japanese play-goor as numerous and various as those of our own Humpty Dumpty, dear to the heart of every Englishspeaking child. On the reverse of another fan you discover an illustration of fairy lore. A hare and a badger, grotesquely dressed in waterman's garb, are each paddling about in boats on a small sheet of water. They glare at each other defiantly, but the hare, notwithstanding he keeps his simple expression, seems to have the advantage of the other. The hare and the badger, in the story of The Crackling Mountain, were old fees, and had many a tussle, in which the hare generally got the better of his adversary. Finally the hare. having built a wooden boat, set off on a voyage to the capital of the moon, inviting his enemy to accompany him. The wary badger refused, but building a boat of clay, he followed the hare. The waves washed the clay so that it began to dissolve; then the hare, padling his craft full upon the luckless badger, crushed his sinking boat, and the wicked animal perished miserably in the waters. In these fauciful pictoral conceits the Japaneso greatly excel. Hoksai, a Japanese artist. says an intelligent writer on Asiatic art, has modestly protested that it is more easy to to draw things one has never seen than to represent objects with which everybody is familiar. But these fantastic creations of the imagination are all so carefully and characteristically limned that they deceive by their realism. You think that these odd creatures must have been studied from life. You pay an unconscious tribute to the artist's wise interpretation of nature; for his fundamental idea is natural .- Scribner's.

VENTRILOQUISM.

The art is easily learned, says a Chicago writer, and boys might find some amusement in trying to acquire it—though we fail to see any beneficial results arise from the knowledge. In the first place, speak any word or sentence in your own natural tone! then open the mouth and fix your jaws fast, as though trying to hinder any one from opening them further or shutting them; draw the tongue back in a ball; speak the same words, and the sound instead of being formed in the mouth will be formed in the pharynx. Great attention must be paid to holding the jaws rigid. The sound will then be found to imitate a voice from the other side of the door when it is closed, or under a floor, or through a wall. To imitate a sound behind a door partly open, the voice must not be altered from the original tone or pitch, but be made in another part of the mouth. This is done by closing the lips tight and drawing one corner of the mouth downwards or toward the ear. Then let the lips open at that corner only, the other part to remain closed. Next, breathe, as it were, the words distinctly, but expel the breath in short puffs at each word, and as loud as possible. By so doing, you produce the illusion in the minds of your listeners that they hear the same voice which they heard when the door was closed, but more distinctly and nearer on account of the door being open. The lips must always be used when the ventriloquist wishes it to appear that the sound comes through an obstacle, but from some one close at hand. .

THE LIFE OF MAN.

How graphically the varied aspects of the leaf picture the various seasons of man's life. The tenderness of its budding and blooming in spring, when that rich golden green glints on it that comes only once a year, represents the bright beauty and innocence of youth, when every sunrise brings its fresh, glad hopes, and every night its holy, trustful calm. The dark greeness and lush vigor of the summer season portray the strength and self-reliance of manhood; while its fading hues on the trees, and its rustling heaps on the ground, tipify the decay and feebleness of old age, and that strange, mysterious passing away which is the doom of every mortal. The autumn leaf is gorgeous in its color, but it lacks the balmy scent and dewy freshness of hopeful spring; and life is rich and bright in its meridian spleudor; deep are the hues of maturity, and noble is the beauty of success; but who would not give it all for the tender sweetness and promise of life's morning hours? Happy they who keeps the child's heart warm and soft over the sad experiences of old age, whose life declines as those last September days go out with the rich tints of autumn and the blue sunny skies of June !

A TRUTHFUL ROMANCE.

All readers of "East Lynne" will remember how, startlingly romantic it seemed to them that the hero of the book, and his two wives, should unconsciously dwell together under the same roof. Real life, however, proous badger. Catching it and shutting it up in | duces a more practical situation with much the same materials. A married pair, after living together for nine years, and having three children, discovered there was nothing congenial between them, and were divorced. the children remaining with the father, the mother being permitted to see them at her'

formed on the slack-rope. Princes and father, who shortly afterwards died, hopelessly evil "-that is to say, that which is no good. bankrupt. The woman who, previously, as the child of luxury and the wife of opulence. had never known what it was to want for a single thing, suddenly found herself thrown out upon the world, and forced to seek a livelihood as best she could. At first she undertook sewing for shops, then attending stores, and finally keeping a very plain boarding-house, in none of which did she succeed. One day when almost driven to despair, sho mustered up courage and went to her former home, and asked the one who had succeeded her as mistress of the house, if she would not befriend her ever so little, as she was on the point of starving, as her wan and haggard condition too plainly showed. Women's cars and hearts are always open to the sufferings of their fellowbeings. The unfortunate was invited to remain until the husband returned. which she reluctantly did, and when he came the matter was thoroughly discussed. It was mutually agreed for wife No. 1 to remain and make her home in the house over which she once ruled as mistress. And there she is to be found to-day, seemingly satisfied with the change, and apparently not caring that the love that was once pledged solemnly before God to her alone, is now bestowed upon another.

A DUEL.

Every representative of animal life acknowledges the antagonistic principle. Fancy humming-birds fighting a duel! Yet a very serious affray took place between two of these little creatures lately. The battle lasted seventeen minutes. The tiny antagonists would dart at each other most viciously; would soar twenty feet or more in the air, and then return to the flowers in the beds for a moment or two were the warfare raged most bitterly. Occasionally the larger would pin the smaller to the ground, when the latter would strike vigorously at the throat of his foe Finally the larger bird apparently became very much enraged, and made an energetic spurt. The other fell to the ground, its wings fluttered, the body quivered, one quick gasp, and the ruby-throated little one was dead. The victor flew to a dead twig on a neighboring shurb, smoothed its ruffled plumage as a nove would and twisted its neck from side to side, then for a moment hovering over the lifeless body of its enemy as if to be certain life was extinct, it flew swiftly away.

LITTLE ABE AND THE BIG LAWYER.

Little Abe, as he is familiarly called, is a practising lawyer of N-, very diminutive but distinguished for his 'deep research and great experience in criminal law cases.

On one occasion, after having apparently vanquished a colossal opponent in an important case by the delivery of a splendid argument to the jury, he thereby provoked the ire of his legal brother of vaster proportions, who rose to deliver his response with all the importance and observation of a person upon whom nature had been so prolific, with the intention of annihilating with one fell swoop his little antagonist 'by sarcastic allusion to Abe's size. In order to accomplish this design, he maliciously quoted these lines: "And still they gazed, still the wonder grew.

That one small head should carry all he knew.

But his plan did not have the result anticipated, for little Abe arose, and thus respond-

"Yet, of the two, it is the greatest riddle, That head so big should carry very little."

Not silenced by this rebuke, and nettled by the smiling visages in close proximity to him. the man of vast proportions again arose, and in his most pompous manner addressed himself to little Abe once more.

"Sir, what do you mean? Don't you know that I could put you in my pocket?"

"Udoubtedly you could," was Abe's response.

"Thus become a melancholy dread, For having in pocket, what's wanting in head; And people their wonder would scarcely restrain, At finding, at last, you really had brain." The big lawyer wisely sat down.

"SPONGERS." Unfortunately, a large class of people merit

this name, and are not troubled with consci-

ousness of deserving it, either. The social sponge is generally a pleasant, affable person, always ready to do you, his "most valued and esteemed friend," a good turn, provided he only can manage it at some one else's expense, and without pecuniary or other inconvenience to himself. He does this upon principle for, argues he, "one good turn deserves another," and this good turn when rendered he carefully posts to your debt with interest compound and double compound, and fails not to remind you ever and anon that the bal. anceof your account is on the wrongside. As we have said, our friend is not over particular in what way he obtains the needful; and if you gave him the opportunity he would not scruplo to use the engine of the law to pump it out of vou. Beware, therefore, of supplying the handle to the pump for the law to work the golden stream full upon his absorbing self. Our condiging friend views everything in an eminently practical manner. Number one is with him the first law of nature. Take all you have got my come to me as if you can get, and give as little as possible years ago, I struck hing of that kind once before, but it long ago, I have enconvenience. The wife went home to her fast that which is good, eschew that which is tirely forgotten.

These are favorite axioms of his. You are generous; well, doesn't he praise you for it, and laud you to the skies as a jolly good fellow? He robs you right and left-not in a legal sense to the sure, but he robs you none the less; you abuse him proportionately and he cries "quits." Clearly nothing more than an ordinary business transaction; who, then, can say that our friend is not an eminently practical man? As for him, he gives away nothing, and is serenely happy in his selfishness. Well, porhaps it is better to be like him than to give just for the sake of display that which you begrudged. But, oh! take care, you hard-hearted, selfish, despicable Sponge, lest the time should come when the press of circumstances will squeeze your illgotten gains out of you. You may then as lief expect the earth to split in twain as that any of your former well sucked friends will extend you a helping hand.

Sawdust and Chips.

A pocket bootjack has been invented. You put your foot into your pocket, give a spring into the air and off comes your boot.

A hotel in Grape street, Syracuse, before which there is a large watering trough, has a sign bearing the suggestive words, "Milkman's Retreat."

"Why should we celebrate Washington's birthday more more than mine?" asked a teacher. "Because he never told a lie!" shouted a little boy.

An Irishman being told that the price of bread had lowered, exclaimed, "That is the first time I ever rejoiced at the fall of my best friend."

The editor of an Illinois paper thinks fishing, as a general rule, dosen't pay. "We stood all day in the river last week," he says, "but caught nothing—until we got home."

Young man, when you have tew search Webster's Dickshionary tow find words big cnuff tew convey yure meaning yu kan make up yure mind you don't mean much. Said a consciencious auctioneer: "Ladies

and gentlemen, there is no sham about these carpets; they are genuine tapestry carpets-I bought them off old Tapestry himself."

It is sad, but true, that the initials of Sons of Temperance spell "sot," and those of the Independent Order of Good Templars stand for "I once got tight!"

A piece of glass an inch long was taken from the head of a Rochester man recently, in whose skull it had been imbebbed for twenty years. He had complained occasionally of a pane in his head.

There are experts on all manner of subjects in these days of litigation. A woman testified at Norwich, the other day, in a turkey case, and declared she knew these turkeys by their walk, their countenance, and their manner of roosting."

A certain dentist in Hamilton one day presented his bill, for the tenth time to a rich skinflint. "It strikes me," said the latter, 'that this is a protty round bill." "Yes," replied the dentist, "I've sent it round often enough to make it appear so, and have now called to get it squared."

A professor, in explaining to a class of young ladies the theory according to which the body is entirely renewed every seven years, said :-"Thus, Miss B., in seven years you will in reality be no longer Miss B." "I really hope I shan't," demurely responded the girl, casting down her eyes.

Blanche (to her brother): "you wouldn't bet heavily-have you lost much?" Charlie: "Yaas! Bet half a dozen pairs of gloves with "Yaas! Bet half a dozen pairs of gloves with
Mrs. Furlong." Blanch: "Nonsense, that's
nothing." Charles, v? beg y' pardon—
I'm thinking how this to go and buy the
gloves without this self-respect.
Why the women with the and a half!

It is pleasant to the gs put strongly
'and pointedly. Some ked Col. Howard

of Georgia, lately, if a nought that a certain Radical in that State would steal. "Steal!" responded the Colonel; "why, by Jove, if he were paralyzed and hamstrung, I wouldn't trust him by himself in the middle of the desort of Sahara with the biggest anchor of the Great Eastern. Steal's I should think he would."

The following ane was outlined its early youth, but it and ds well: John Phonix tells the story the was one day lcaving San Francisco steamer. Every-body else was taking le friends—but he did not know a soul in towd Ashamed of his loneliness, as the sheered off, he called out in a loud voice, "Good-bye, Colonel!" and to his great delight, every man on the wharf took off his hat and shouted, "Colonel, good-bye!"

There is a droll story of how a man lost a wager in Sparta. Stopping into a tavern he offered to bet ten to one that he could, blindfolded, tell the name of any liquor or wine in the house, or any mixture of liquors by the taste or smell. All went well with him at first. He named all the celebrated brands correctly. Then they handed him a glass of water. He tasted, he letely nonplussed he gave it up so it, boys," he said, "you have got me as if