

The Home Circle.

HUMAN LIFE

A little child with her bright, blue eyes,
And hair like golden spray,
Sat on the rock by the steep cliff's foot
As the ocean ebbed away.

And she longed for the milk-white shining foam,
As it danced to the shingles hum,
And stretched out her hand, and tottered fast,
To bring the white feathers home.

And still as she strayed the tide ebbed fast,
And the gleaming foam laughed on,
And the white fluff shrunk from the tiny feet,
And the little fat hands caught none.

She sat wearily down by the steep cliff's foot,
Till the waves seemed to change their mind,
And the white foam flowed to her as she sat,
As though 't would at last be kind.

And the fluff played over her soft, white feet,
And the feathers flew up to her chin,
And the soft, loving waters kissed her lips,
And I carried my dead child in.

TIDE MARKS.

It was low tide when we went down to
Bristol, and the great, grey rocks stood up
bare and grim, above the water; but high up,
on all their sides, was a black line that seemed
hardly dry, though it was far above the water.

"What makes that black mark on the
rocks?" I asked of my friend.

"Oh, that is the tide-mark," she replied.
"Every day, when the tide comes in, the
water rises and rises until it reaches that line,
and in a great many years it has worn away
the stone until the mark is cut into the rock."

"Oh," thought I, "that is all, is it?" Well,
I have seen a great many people that carried
tide-marks on their faces. Right in front of
me was a pretty little girl, with delicate fea-
tures and pleasant black eyes. But she had
some queer little marks on her forehead, and
I wondered how they came to be there, until
her mother said:

"Shut down the blind now, Carrie, the sun
shines right in baby's face."

"I want to look out," said Carrie, in a very
peevish voice.

But her mother insisted, and Carrie shut the
blind, and turned her face from the window.

O dear me! what a face it was! The black
eyes were full of frowns instead of smiles, the
pleasant lips were drawn up in an ugly pout,
and the queer little marks on the forehead
had deepened into actual wrinkles.

"Poor little girl," I thought, "how badly
you will feel when you grow up, to have your
face marked all over with the tide-marks of
passion;" for these evil tempers leave their
marks as surely as the tide does, and I have
seen many a face stamped so deeply with self-
will and covetousness that it must carry the
marks to the grave.

Take care, little folks! and whoever you
give way to bad temper, remember the "tide-
marks."

NECESSARY RULES OF SLEEP.

There is no fact more clearly established in
the physiology of man than this, that the
brain expands its energies and itself during
the hours of wakefulness, and that these are
recuperated during sleep. If the recuperation
does not equal the expenditure, the brain
withers—this is insanity. Thus it is that, in
early English history, persons who were con-
demned to death by being prevented from
sleeping, died raving maniacs; thus it is,
also, that those who are starved to death
become insane. The brain is not nourished,
and they cannot sleep. The practical in-
ferences are three:—1st. Those who think most,
who do most brain-work, require most sleep.
2nd. That time "saved" from necessary sleep
is infallibly destructive to mind, body, and
estate. Give yourself, your children, your
servants—give all that are under you the full-
est amount of sleep they will take, by com-
pelling them to go to bed at some regular hour,
and to arise in the morning the moment they
awake; and within a fortnight, nature, with
almost the regularity of the rising sun, will
unpose the bonds of sleep the moment enough
repose has been secured for the wants of the
system. This is the only safe and sufficient
rule. And as to the question, how much sleep
any one requires, each must be a rule for him-
self. Great nature will never fail to write it
out to the observer under the regulations just
given.

HIDDEN MANHOOD.

Harriet Martineau tells how, when she had
grown to be quite a girl, a little one was born
into her home; and as she would look and
ponder, not knowing what was to become of
it, she got a great terror into her heart that
the babe would never speak or walk, or do
anything that she could do, because, she said,
how can it, seeing that it is so helpless now?
But she found, when the right time came,
that the feet found their footing and the
tongue its speech, and everything came on in
its right time; and then, instead of the babe,
she had a noble and beautiful brother, who
was able to take her part, and teach things to
her, who had taught him. So the babe became
an illustration, when it came to manhood,
of a very common latent fear in the hearts, not
of sisters so much as of fathers and mothers,
that the life that has come to them, and is
their life over again, will not scramble or grow
or wrestle into its own place, as theirs has

done. They have no adequate belief in the
hidden manhood or womanhood that is folded
away with the small, frail nature, and that
that man will walk among men, and talk with
men, as a man; and so they spend the better
part of their time in trying to order afresh
what our wise mother Nature has ordered
already.

MIXED.

"What's the matter, Bob?"
"Sam, who am I?"
"Why you are yourself,—Bob Harrison,
ain't you?"

"No far from it."
"Why what's the matter?"
"Well, sir, I'm so mixed up, I don't know
who I am."

"Don't take it so hard to heart."
"I ain't, I'm taking it in my handkerchief."
"Well, sir, what's the matter?"
"Why I'm married."

"Married? Ha! Ha! Ha! Why, sir, you
should be happy."
"Yes but how many are so?"

"Well, sir, as I said before, don't take it so
hard; tell us about it."
"Well, Sam, I'll tell you how it is. You
see I married a widder, and this widder had a
daughter."

"O yes! I see how it is. You have been
making love to this daughter."

"No; worse than that! You see my father
was a widower, and he married that daughter;
so that makes my father my son-in-law, don't
it? Well, don't you see how I am mixed up?"

"Well, sir, is that all?"
"No, I only wish it was. Don't you see my
stepdaughter is my stepmother, ain't she?
Well, then, her mother is my grandmother,
ain't she? Well, I am married to her, ain't
I! So that makes me my own grandfather,
doesn't it?"

MYSTERIOUS INFLUENCES.

Persons sometimes feel remarkably well—
the appetite is vigorous, eating is a joy, diges-
tion vigorous, sleep sound, with an alacrity of
body and an exhilaration of spirits which alto-
gether throw a charm over life that makes us
pleased with everybody and everything. Next
week, to-morrow, in an hour, a marvellous
change comes over the spirit of the dead; the
sunshine has gone, clouds portend, darkness
covers the face of the great deep, and the whole
man, body and soul, wilts away like a flower
without water in midsummer.

When the weather is cold and clear and
bracing, the atmosphere is full of electricity,
when it is sultry and moist without sunshine,
it holds but a small amount of electricity, com-
paratively speaking, and we have to give up
what little we have, moisture being a con-
ductor; thus in giving up instead of receiving
more, as we would from the cool pure air, the
change is too great and the whole man languishes.
Many become uneasy under these
circumstances; "they cannot account for it;
they imagine that evil is impending and resort
at once to tonics and stimulants. The tonics
only increase the appetite, without impacting
any additional power to work up the additional
food, thus giving the system more work to do,
instead of less. Stimulants seem to give more
strength; they wake up the circulation, but
it is only temporarily, and unless a new supply
is soon taken, the system runs further down
than it would have done without the stimulant;
hence, it is in a worse condition than if none
had been taken. The better course would be
rest, take nothing but cooling fruit and berries
and some acid drinks when thirsty, adding, if
desired, some cold bread and butter; the very
next morning will bring a welcome change,—
Hall's Journal of Health.

AN EXTRAORDINARY FAST.

Perhaps the longest fast on record is that of
a hog on the farm of David Hughes, near
Olivesburg, Richmond Co., Ohio. We quote
from the *Ashland (O.) Times*.

The hog belongs to David Hughes, who lives
four miles southwest of Olivesburg, on the road
leading to Mansfield. Mr. Hughes missed the
hog, as near as he can recollect, about the
twelfth or twentieth of last October. It was
in good order at that time, and would weigh
in the neighborhood of two hundred pounds.
There was an old straw stack near the barn,
under which the hogs were in the habit of
going, and it is supposed that this one, born to
fame, was under at the time they threshed,
and hence got so completely covered up that
it could not get out. The straw stack was a
very large one, and during the winter and
spring Mr. Hughes permitted his cattle to run
to the stack. They had gradually eaten and
worked it away, and on the last of June had
so far reduced it as to release the unfortunate
hog. It made its appearance through a very
small opening, after a fast of nearly nine
months, in which time it had neither food nor
water. How it succeeded in retaining the vital
spark, we are not able to say, but must confess
that it is a story almost too incredible to ask
any one to believe. Yet we have it on the best
authority, and from men who are reliable.
Our reporter says that he saw the hog, and
from general appearances he would conclude
that it would have to be fed about two months
in order to make a good skeleton. It must
have been poor as the Irishman's mule, and he
was so poor that they had to wrap buffalo
robes around him to keep the corn-fodder in.

KEEP STRAIGHT AHEAD.

Pay no attention to slanderers and gossip-
mongers. Keep straight on in your course,
and let their backbiting die the death of
neglect. What is the use of lying awake
nights brooding over the remark of some false
friend, that runs through your brain like
forked lightning? What's the use of getting
into a worry and fret over gossip that has been
set afloat to your disadvantage by some
meddlesome busybody, who has more time
than character. These things can't possibly
injure you, unless, indeed, you take notice of
them, and in combating them, give them
standing and character. If what is said about
you is true, set yourself right at once; if it is
false, let it go for what it will fetch. If a boe-
stings you, would you go to the hive and de-
stroy it? Would not a thousand come upon
you? It is wisdom to say little respecting the
injuries you have received. We are generally
losers in the end, if we stop to refute all the
backbitings and gossipings we may hear by
the way. They are annoying, it is true, but
not dangerous so long as we do not stop to
expostulate and scold. Our characters are
formed and sustained by ourselves, and by our
own actions and purposes, and not by others.
Let us always bear in mind that "calumnia-
tors may usually be trusted to time and the
slow but steady justice of public opinion."

FINISHING THE WORK.

BY LORD K. NICHOL.

Ever in life is a work to do,
Long enduring, and ne'er gone through:
Seeming to end, and begun anew.

Knowledge hath still some more to know;
Wealth hath greater to which to grow;
Every race hath farther to go.

Say not, e'en at thy latest date,
Now I have nought but to rest and wait;
Something will take thee without the gate.

What if thine earthly task be o'er,
Still is another for thee in store,
Heavenward walking, and heavenly lore.

Graces to nurture; snares to shun;
Sins to get rid of, one by one—
This is a work which will ne'er be done.

Only One, when he bowed the head,
Where on the cross He for thee had bled,
Rightly then, "It is finished," said.

Well on thy bed of death for thee,
If ever said, it may fitly be,
"Christ hath finished my work for me."

HE TOOK IT.

An honest, thrifty, well-to-do German in a
Connecticut city, applied to a wealthy land-
lord who rents a great many houses. "The
house is to let, certainly," said the owner,
"and if on inquiry I find you to be a responsi-
ble and suitable man for a tenant, you shall
have it." "Vera good, Mr. H—, you
make just as many questions as you mind, I
takes the house when you gets ready." Two
days afterwards the house-owner called upon
the German. "Well," he said, "I've inquired
pretty generally respecting your character and
means, and as an honest, respectable man of
abundant property, you can have the house."
"Vell den," said Hans, "I takes the house.
And I wants to tell you I've asked all about
you among de peoples, and dey all say you is
the meanest landlord in de town. But I takes
the house all de same."

MASTER AND MAN IN JAPAN.

No feature of Japanese society is more
curious than the relations between master
and man. The master admits his servant—
provided, of course, that he be of the mili-
tary class—to his intimate society; but the
servant never assumes a liberty. He takes
his place at dinner with the utmost humility,
and having done so, bears his share of the
conversation, addressing freely not only his
master, but even guests of the highest
rank. The master will pass his own wine-
cup to his man, as if he were an honored
guest, and for a while they would appear,
to any one not acquainted with a language
most fertile in subtle distinctions, to be
upon perfectly equal terms. Yet the mo-
ment the feast is over the man retires with
the same profound obeisances and marks of
deference with which he entered, and im-
mediately relapses into the servitor;
nor will he in any way presume upon the
familiarity which, having lasted its hours,
disappears until occasion calls it forth again.
Feudalism strips service of servility, and
although the feudal system is a thing of the
past, its traces must long remain.

A policeman was seen the other day during
a rain storm with an umbrella, trying to arrest
the rain.

THE WHITE HART, corner of Yongo
and Elm Street, is conducted on the good
old English system, which gives the greatest
satisfaction to its patrons. The bar is most
tastefully decorated, and the surroundings are
all that could be desired. A spacious billiard
parlor, and attentive waiters, render the
WHITE HART a popular place of resort. adv.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

The Birmingham, Eng., *Gazette* says that
the china and earthenware manufacturers in the
Staffordshire potteries have added ten
per cent. to their prices.

A ghastly case of juvenile insanity has
been presented to notice at the late Gloucester-
shire (England) Assizes, where a lad of
fourteen was charged with drowning a poor
imbecile boy, a fellow-inmate of the Stroud
Workhouse.

Justin McCarthy has seen Tichborne and
deposes that his colossal arms are terminated
by small and well-shaped hands. Moreover,
he confesses that "the claimant" is a very
different looking person from the vulgar and
sinister looking ruffian he expected to see.

A penalty of exactly £1,000,000 was
lately incurred by a Manx fisherman who
had brought 50,000 herrings to Liverpool
and suffered them to go bad before selling
them. The magistrates before whom the
case was tried contented themselves with
imposing a fine of £10 and costs.

So extensively is the adulteration of tea
now carried on in China, that Mr. Medhurst,
the British Consul at Shanghai, recently
wrote that 53,000 pounds of willow leaves
were in course of manipulation at one port
alone, to be mixed with tea for shipment,
at the ratio of from 10 to 20 per cent.

Mr. John Hutchinson, R.S.A., of Edin-
burgh, has just completed a bust of Sir
Walter Scott for St. Louis, Missouri. The
work was commissioned by the Caledonian
Society, a body of patriotic Scotchmen in St.
Louis, and it is to be placed in the public
library of the town as a permanent memorial
of the Scott centenary celebration.

At Callington, in Cornwall, Mr. Nicholas
Rosevere, a member of the local rifle
corps, has been accidentally shot dead. He
went behind the butt to keep score tempo-
rarily, while some recruits were practising,
when one of them fired at a moment when
Rosevere was exposed, and the ball passed
through his body diagonally. He only lived
a few minutes.

A French paper reports that "An Ameri-
can travelling circus was established at
Amiens a few weeks back, and made a pro-
cession through the town, when the musi-
cians, costumed like Prussian soldiers, played
the 'Marseillaise.' The utter bad taste
of this proceeding raised the just indigna-
tion of an excited crowd, and the company
was forced to make a precipitate retreat
from the town."

The Rev. Thomas Binney has set himself
to attack the modern practice of clergymen
wearing beards and moustaches. He puts
his principal objection thus:—"While beard
and moustache interfere with distinct utter-
ance, impeding clear and effective speech,
both together, or even one or the other sepa-
rately, obstructs the play and expression of
the mouth, and thus hides and hinders the
manifestation of feeling."

Japan, says the *Evangelist*, is the topic of
the Concert of Prayer for September; and
surely a country more interesting and adapted
to elicit that faith which must always ac-
company prevailing prayer, it would be im-
possible to find the world round. Great
and imminent problems are concentrating
there, the solution of which may in a single
day assure or greatly retard the progress of
the Gospel among a population of thirty-five
millions.

The pensioned General Tshernjzoff has
been murdered at Sebastopol in the most
atrocious manner, as is suspected, by a gang
of workmen whom he employed at his house
and allowed to sleep there on the night pre-
vious to their leaving. The valet de cham-
bre, or steward, a foreigner, is suspected to
have led the murderous attack. The mutilated
body was found four days after in a
drawwell belonging to the house. The head
had been tied to the heels, and the corpse put
in a sack, with a two-pound (stone) weight.
The wounds about the neck and head were
of the most horrible description. Nothing
has transpired about the apprehension of the
murderers, who were understood to be leav-
ing for Odessa before the murder took place.

The *Levant Times* describes a recent elopement
at Kustendjie. The young Lochinvar
of the occasion was a young Jew who had
lately turned Mussulman, and the fair dam-
sel was a daughter of Israel, who disguised
herself in Turkish female costume and joined
her lover in the Tartar quarter, where an
araba with a pair of greys was waiting for
the adventurous couple. As the parents of
the heroine were English subjects, the Brit-
ish Consul was called on to interfere, and a
search was made for the fugitives in all parts
of the town, but without success. News of
the elopement was at once telegraphed to
Tonleha and Babadag, but the course of true
love appears to have run smooth for once in
a way, and there were no tidings of the mis-
singing pair.

A strange occurrence has just taken place
at Antwerp. As the chaplain of the prison,
M. Van Arsen, was leaving the Church of
St. Carlo Borromeo, a man came up and asked
him if he would buy a poignard which he
had out. The priest, greatly surprised, re-
plied that he could not find any use for the
weapon, on which the other said, "Then I
will give it to you for nothing," and in the
calmest manner imaginable, and without
any excitement, plunged the blade deep into
the clergyman's breast. He next drew out
the implement, and took to flight into the
church. But on the wounded man uttering
a loud cry, some passers by pursued the
fugitive and took him into custody. He
turned out to be a man of dissolute charac-
ter named Kums, aged 42, and could not as-
sign any motive for this extraordinary ag-
gression. Hopes are entertained of M. Van
Arsen's recovery.

The Chevalier Peter de Clausen, inventor
and improver of machinery for lace making
and cotton spinning, died recently, at an
advanced age, at the City of London Lunatic
Asylum, at Stone, near Dartford. His in-
ventions were exhibited and attracted much
attention at the Great Exhibition, and were
largely patronized by the trade, more parti-
cularly in Coventry and its vicinity, and he
was apparently on the high road to prosper-
ity, but unfortunately his pecuniary affairs
became complicated, resulting in bankruptcy
to the extent of upwards of £70,000. This
calamity affected his brain, producing in-
sanity and necessitating his confinement in
a private lunatic asylum, from which, upon
the opening of the City Asylum, in 1866,
he was removed, and was the first patient
received into that institution, where he was
maintained at the expense of the Corpora-
tion until his decease.

AMERICAN.

Chicken pie festivals are the latest and
best state importation from the west.

The Welsh are erecting many substantial
churches in the mining regions of Pennyn-
vania.

An Iowa lady has invented an apparatus
for raising bread, which will do the job in
five minutes.

The chief engineer of the Erie fire depart-
ment sent in his resignation immediately after
the Reed House burned.

An Indiana maiden of sweet eighteen
offers to wager \$50 that she can walk forty-
five miles in ten hours.

A pious young man in Eldora, Ia., recently
stole a horse, which he traded away for \$10
in money and two bibles.

Frederick Kapp, a former New York law-
yer, but now a member of the German par-
liament, says the United States is a sham re-
public.

A New York letter writer says that in one
Broadway business house there are not less
than nine divorced husbands, two of whom
are members of the firm.

A Chicago reporter announces that "the
receipt of another ship-load of blackberries
from St. Joe on yesterday created a percepti-
ble ripple in the tooth-pie trade."

Rochester, N.Y., has a female impostor
operating at Brockport, where she obtained
fifty dollars under pretense of being an agent
for the Church home in the former city.

Chicago housekeepers are on the war
path. Telegraph despatches are flying to
San Francisco, and their burden is: "For
pity's sake, send us some Chinese do-
mestics."

A sharp boy in Hartford caught some
pigeons with horse-hair snares, but as the
snares were all attached to a soap-box
cover, the birds took the establishment away
with them.

In a paragraph on vacations, the *Christian
Union* says:—"It strikes us that society is
so arranged that the American young lady
has a pretty easy time of it, compared with
her brother."

The New York *Independent* is sharply
after the New York manufacturing company
engaged in producing idols for the Hindoo
market, to be worshipped by the heathen in
his blindness.

Saratoga gossip says that Cornelius Vander-
bilt has won \$5,000 this summer by playing
euchre and whist, and is more delighted than
if he had drawn another railway in a Wall
street lottery.

The jury system is unpopular in Califor-
nia. An ex-convict is in pursuit of the
twelve men who convicted him, has "tal-
lied" ore, and proposes to shoot the remain-
ing eleven on sight.

Julia Schenck, the daughter of the Ameri-
can minister at the English court, is a better
diplomatist than her father. She has nego-
tiated a treaty of alliance with Mr. Sturgis,
a well-known London millionaire.

Since Mr. Beecher's manifesto in favour of
billiards, the Cincinnati saloon-keepers have
adorned the walls of their portrait galleries
with pictures of the famous divine, and one
establishment has been re-named
"Beecher Hall."

New York is amazed at the new disclo-
sures made of the character of some of its
policemen. Evidence has been received that
two officers have committed at least fourteen
burglaries, and stolen property valued at
more than \$20,000.

Prof. Foster, of Chicago, says some an-
cient human skulls have been dug out of
the mounds not far from that city which are
bird-shaped, retreating so rapidly from the
superior arch (that of the eyebrows) as to
leave no forehead whatever.

Some Teutonic printers in St. Louis have
rigged a telegraph wire from their high
quarters to the back door of a lager beer
cellar, and are enabled to "list" a supply
of their favourite beverage without the dis-
comfort of a journey down stairs.

The *Moravia News*, N.Y., contains the
following advertisement:—Lost.—A small
gold gentleman's ring, between Saturday
evening and Monday on the road near Mont-
ville. The person finding such an article
can return it to its owner by calling at this
office and paying charges.

An entire coloured prayer meeting, from
person and denouns down, was arrested one
recent Sunday evening in Richmond, Va.,
and carried to the station on a charge of
disorder. The congregation could not be
accommodated in the cells, and the judge
promptly discharged the whole lot.

A gentleman in New York states that he
should have embarked on the ill-fated *Mer-
cator* on the night of the disaster, but for a strong
impression that something would happen to
the boat. He even went as far as to send
his luggage to the pier, but his fears pre-
vailed, and he fortunately stayed in New
York.

The New York *Commercial Advertiser* is
unkind. In speaking of the fact that Walk-
ham has raised \$200,000 for supplying the
town with water, it says: "All the inhabi-
tants are wondering how the derved thing
will taste." Now, says the *Buffalo Courier*,
we are credibly informed that there are sev-
eral gentlemen in the town who remember
how water used to taste when they were
boys.

A Utica man has invented a travelling
trunk with this improvement: Taking hold
of the handle and lifting one end from the
floor, a sharp pull draws out a hand-bar
similar to those by which a hand-cart is
drawn or propelled, and at the same time two
strong wheels drop beneath. The trunk is
at once a box on wheels, and the traveller
can draw it away independent of porters or
expressmen.

An attempt was made to burn the Alle-
gany Co. county house a few nights ago.
One of the inmates set fire to the bed, and
it had got under pretty good headway before it
was discovered. The *Angelic Reporter* says
the incendiary has never been considered in-
sane and was probably instigated by motives
of "pure cussedness." She declared that
she had been awaiting an opportunity to burn
the house for two years past.

The Petersburg *Index* gives a receipt for
the making of a Dolly Varden pie:—Take
about four yards of light dough, gather it up
in tucks and flounces, crisp the edges, and
fill up with fruit, then lay on the overkirt,
fasten it with buttons of dough, connected
with frills of the same, and you will have a
tasteful and elegant pie; only you must eat
it, not wear it.