### The Some Circle.

#### A CHILD'S THOUGHT.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

"Last night, mamma, I saw God," Spoke my child undoubtingly, Lifting serious eyes to me, With no question in his mood, "Where my darling?" startled I, "Why the dark came all too soon, And up yonder in the ky He was hanging out the moon."

When our twilight steals apace, Earlier than our spirits crave; When across a dear one's face Creeps the shadow of the grave And we murmur "All too soon Comes the dark of turf and clod;" Somewhere, hanging out the moon. If we seek Him, there is God.

Child-eyes see with clearer sight Than these tired eyes of ours; And when God sends down a night Full of dew to fainting flowers, Full of tender moonbeams soft Trembling through the shadows dim, They look trustfully, and oft Through the folding clouds see Him. -Hearth and Home.

#### OCTOBER.

There comes a month in the weary year-A month of leisure and healthful rest: When the ripe leaves fall, and the air is clear October: the brown, the crisp, the blest.

My life has little enough of bliss: I draw the days of the odd eleven, Continuing the time that shall lead to this-The month that opens the hunter's heaven.

And oh! for the morning crisp and white, With the sweep of the hounds upon the

The bare-roofed cabin, the camp-fire's light, The break of the deer and the rifle's crack.

Do not call this trifling? I tell you, friend, A life in the forest is past all praise, Give me a dozen such months on end-You may take my balance of years and days.

For bricks and mortal breed filth and drine. And a pulse of evil that throbs and beats And men alow withered before their prime With the cures paved in on the lanes and

And lungs are choked, and shoulders are bowed

In the smothering reek of mill and mine; And Death stalks in on the struggling crowd. But he shuns the shadow of oak and pine.

And of all to which the memory clings, There is naught so sweet as the sunny spots Where our shanties stood by the crystal out works, or works without faith, will not

The vanished hounds, and the lucky shots. -From the Aldine for October.

### HINTS, ON NURSING.

A sick room or nursery should be provided, in which especial care has been taken to have sick. In health, we do not regard a hundred little things which are an annoyance when we avoided, for strange figures or shapes are conjured up by a morbid sight and imagination, from suggesting papering.

A creaking or rattling window-blind, from the very monotony of its sounds and the inability of the sick man to turn from it, will produce a high state of nervousness. So also ing to the necessary family duties, should be guarded against if possible; the smell of the kitchen should never enter a sick-room.

Do not call these mere trifles—they are not. Do you care to "put yourself in his place," and but their importance? I could wish you no wome misery than to be helplessly laid on a sick bed and obliged to endure some of these "trifles," as you may call them. I have known of strong-minded men who have cried like babies because some one has forgotten to close the door tightly, and its chucking together in a current of air had soon become so wearisome that all self-control was gone.

The dress of the nurse should be so simple and plain, as not to attract attention except for its entire nextness and becoming appearance. A plain material which will not rustle when moving about the room is the hest. Do not enter the room with an air auggestive of your atrength and health, inducing a comparison with his weakness in the mind of the patient. Be in harmony with the condition of the sick, thereby creating a feeling of support for his feebloness. Do not sit in a rocking chair-in fact, I would not have one in the room unless the patient could use it—and in Switzerland, he and Sir Michael met at the commence to swing yourself back and forth in church of Friburg, in which building the it; it may annoy more than you think. Of lorgan is, of such world-wide celebrity that few course no one would think of wearing heavy persons—especially those who lay claim to boots or shoes in such a place. Slippers are any musical taste,—leave the town without Beary enough for the little walking which is going to hear it. At the time referred to, the Becomery.

charge. Be quick to notice whether what to permit any stranger to place his fingers

Do not expect to be told, but understand the slightest pretension to the designation of without any hints. . Recall to mind your own experience, and avoid causing any discomfort. Never contradict or enter into an argument as to the right or wrong of any whim which you may encounter. You must possess rare tact to out-talk without irritating, for remember that reason seldom enters into the vagaries of the sick. They want because they want, just as a child does. It is almost impossible to convince a person who in health possesses a strong mind and is used to self-judgment, that his various desires are whimsical, and therefore it is of little consequence whether they are filled or not. Some diseases seem to, and in fact do, set the mind in a greater state of activity than when in health.

The appetite is often very fickle, requiring great care and art to please it. In some cases the more simple, and therefore the more apt to be forgotten foods, will usually be most acceptable. Fancy things are likely to be stale and insipid. Do not previously inform your patient that you will have some eertain thing prepared for him in such a time. Make a pleasant surprise by offering a tempting dish of something which has not been anticipated for hours.

Finally, never lose your patience and exhibit a feeling of irritation at any treatment or lack of appreciation of your services. When health returns you will experience a pleasure in thinking that you have contributed in restoring it.

Pay attention to the instruction given with the medicines, and be sure that no mistakes occur at your hands. Familiarize yourself with the nature of the medicines which you give, and endeavor to ascertain whether they are effective. In this way you can assist the doctor, who, necessarily spending a short time at the bedside of his patient, must depend upon you for information as to the condition of your mutual charge.

#### FAITH AND WORKS.

Two gentlemen were one day crossing the river in a ferry-boat. A dispute about faith and works arose; one saying that good works were of small importance, and that faith was everything; the other asserting to the contrary. Not being able to convince each other, the ferryman, an enlightened Christian, asked permission to give his opinion. Consent being granted, he said .--

"I hold in my hand two oars. That in my right hand I call 'faith ;' the other in my left, works.' Now, gentlemen, please to observe, I pull the oar of faith, and pull that alone. See! the boat goes round and round, and makes no progress. I do the same with the oar of works, and with a precisely similar rosult-no advance. Mark? I pull both together; we go on apace, and in a very few minutes we shall be at our landing place. So, in my humble opinion," he added, "faith withsuffice. Let there be both, and the haven of eternal rest is sure to be reached."

### A BLUSH.

What is there more mysterious than a blush, that a single word, or look, or thought should send that inimitable carnation over the cheek nothing which may irritate the senses of the like the soft tints of a summer's sunset? Strange is it, also, that the face only—that the human face is capable of blushing—that the are ill. A conspicuous or peculiar pattern of hand or foot does not turn rod with modesty paper upon the walls should be particularly or shame any more than the glove or the sock that covers them. It is the face that bears the angel's impress; it is the face that is the heaven. The blush of modesty that tinted woman's face when she awoke in Eden's sunny land, still lingers with her fair daughters. The face is the tablet of the soul, whereon it writes its actions. There may be traced all will a rustling window-shade which slips in the intellectual phenomena with a confidence and out through a partially opened sash. Fa- of moral certainty. If innocence and purity miliar noises of the active household attend- look outward from within, none the less do vice, intemperance and debauchery make their indellible impression upon it. Idiocy, rage, cowardice and passion leave their traces deeper. even, than the virtues of modesty, truth, chastity and hope. Even beauty grows more beautiful from the pure thoughts that arise

## AN ANECDOTE OF MENDELSSOHN.

Great as Mendelssohn was as a composer, I believe he was far greater both as a pianist and an organist. Under his hand each instrument 'discoursed" after a manuer as original as it was captivating. Scarcely had he touched the key board than something that can only meal is finished. be explained as similar to a pleasureable electric shock, passed through his hearers and held them suell bound,—a sensation that was only dissolved as the last cord was struck, and when one's pent-up breath seemed as if only able to recover its usual action by means of a

An anecdate relative to this feeling I may here introduce as told me by Sir Michael Costs. On one occasion of Mendelssohn being custodian was somewhat of a bear and most Learn to think for, as well as of, your determinedly refused, either for love or money, you do, or do not do, annoys in any manner. upon the keys although he himself had not have cost many a parent the purity of his Jerrold, laughing.

an organist; and so far from showing the capabilities of the instrument, induced very many to go away under the impression that they had been "sold," and that all Murray and other guide books have stated was nothing better than "a delusion and a snare." Mendelssohn was resolved, by hook or by crook, to ascertain what the Friburg organ was made of. For this purpose he drew the custodian out, working upon his weak points of character -for the old man really loved the organ as if it had been his child—but as to getting his consent, that seemed to be beyond the probability of realization. Every one, whoever had the good fortune to be acquainted with Mondelssohn, must have been attracted by his winning manners, his courteous bearing, and his manifestation of decided character. Whether he won upon the old man by one of those peculiarities of his "native worth," in particular, or by their combination, can only be inferred. Suffice it to say, that after long parley he was permitted to try one range of keys. One hand he employed at first quietly using the other in drawing the stops, and when he had thus got out as many as seemed applicable for his purpose, he made a dash which completely staggered the old man, and began to play as only he could play. The old man gasped for breath. He clutched the rail against which he was standing, and for an instant seemed as if he would drag this bold intruder from his seat. That impulse was. however, only momentary; for he soon stood as it were, spell-bound, until a break in the gushing harmony enabled him to make an effort to ascertain who the master-spirit was that made the organ speak as he never heard it speak before. Sir Michael Costs, at first smile at the old man's astonishment, or let in one place, cating nothing. Again and again arm and gasped out, "Who, in heaven's name is that man?" But when he answered slowly and deliberately, "Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy," he staggered as if struck by a tremy organ!" he sorrowfully said. But as Mendelssohn began again to play, he gave an impatient sign that he should not be disturbed. again, as if some mighty spirit had entranced him. The object gained, Mendelssohn spoke a few kind words to the old man, and so departed, leaving an impression upon his mind and heart that without doubt, during the time that he was spared, was never for an hour obliterated .- Tinsley's Magazine.

### AN OPEN SECRET.

A writer questions the possibility of so training a family of healthy children that their manners at table will be good in the absence of company, and referring to a recent editorial article on the subject wants to know whether its writer speaks from experience or merely gives vent to an untested theory. The subject is an important one in itself, and it involves also the whole question of family government.

That it is possible, and not only possible but extremely easy to teach young children perfectly good manners, we know very well from personal experience; and the only thing about the matter at which we are disposed to wonder at all is the extreme case with which it may be accomplished.

A young child, whether it be healthy or otherwise, imitates the people with whom it associates in everything. All its performances are copies. If you speak gramatically your child will learn to do the same thing. If you have a drawl or a nasal twang in your speech he will imitate it. And so it will be with everything else. What the boy sees older people do he will do, whether he be told to do so or not. Indeed precept is almost wholly worthless in the training of children, because they forget the precept as soon as they hear it. or remembering do not know how to apply it. It does no good to tell a boy that the "verb to be takes the nominative case after it," but we know a sturdy little follow who never yet said. "it's me," and that because he has always heard his parents say "it is I." He has never been told how to behave himself at table : but as his parents are always careful to be courteous and polite not only to each other but to him as well, he has unconsciously absorbed the habit of courtesy, which no amount of direct teaching would have given him. If he is still at table when his parents leave they ask him to excuse them, and he very naturally does likewise if he is compelled to leave before the

And his is not a solltary case by any meaus, nor is he a morbidly good boy either. He simply imitates the people around him as all children and, in a smaller degree, all grown folk do.

The whole secret of child-training lies in this are the children of ill-mannered parents, except in those cases, which are unfortunately common, where the children associate more constantly with servants than with their parents. If the child associates with servants, its manners, and its morals too, will be those of servants, and in the present state of our civilization these are certainly not as good as we could wish. For ourselves we have no patience with domestic arrangements which have no place for the little people at the family table and in the family circle. Self-indulgent "nerves"

child. We may as well speak plainly on this subject, as we do on all others. No father has a right to consult his own comfort at the expense of his child's well-being, and the father or mother who turns little receptive souls over to the ignorance, and worse, of hired nurses, is guilty of a grievous wrong-doing. Your child has aright to your society. He has a right to sit at your table when you do even though his presence crowds the table uncomfortably. He has a right to be with you in the parlor when you sit there, and he has a right to the very best example you know how to set him. You exact of him obedience and respect, which is well enough; but it is of far more importance that you recognize his rights than that he recognize yours. He will be noisy now and then; but he has a right to be so, and you may easily enough restrain his turbulence when necessary-not by stamping your foot and crying out, "Stop that noise instantly, sir," but by telling him a story or otherwise recognizing him as a rational being, capable of being interested. Make your child your companion, and then behave yourself well, and there will be no trouble about his manners.-Hearth and Home.

#### A CAT STORY.

The Christian Union, whose editors are all honorable men, vouches for the truth of this story: It concerns a terrier and a cat. The dog's part was chiefly passive, but he must have possessed remarkable qualities to awaken the affection which the cat had for him; so we record with honor the name of Pip. We do not know the cat's name, which is a pity, for she deserves whatever immortality a newspaper can bestow. Thus, then, it fell out: scarcely knowing whether it were better to Pip fell sick, and for several days lay languidly events take their course, or to enlighten him the cat brought to him bits of food given to at once decided upon the former course; but her, and tried to coax him to eat, but in vain. at this moment the old man seized him by the At last, one day, a woman sitting in the room where they were saw the cat, who had been watching Pip with evident anxiety, dart suddenly out of the window and rush across the street. In a moment she came back carrying mendous blow. "And I refused him to touch something in her mouth, which she brought to Pip and laid it down. Pip got up, sniffed at it, then turned away and lay down again. The cat dragged it close to him, and thrust it under and listened and listened as he never listened his nose. Thus persuaded, he tasted it, and ate half of it. Puss then carried the remainder to a grass plot, and herself fell to work on it with a good appetite. It proved, on examination, to be a hot mutton chop. The person who watched the affair went to the house across the way, and asked in the kitchen if they had had mutton chops that day. "Yes," was the answer, "and as the dish stood before the fire, in rushed your cat, and before we could stop her she carried off one of the chops!" We are happy to add that Pip got well.

# HUMORS OF THE TELEGRAPH.

Not long since a countryman went into a telegraph office in Bangor, Me., with a message, and asked that it be sent immediately. The operator took the message as usual, put his instrument in communication with its destination, ticked off the signals upon the key, and then, according to the rule of the office, hung the message-paper on the hook with others that had been previously sent, that at night they might all be filed for preservation. The man lounged around some time, evidently unsatisfied. At last his patience was exhausted, and he belched out,-

"Ain't you going to send that despatch?" had sent it.

"No, yer ain't," replied the indignant man there it is now on the hook."

So far as the exact language was concerned, the man was right. Still more ludicrous mistakes sometimes occur. Thus the German papers reported that at Carlsrube, toward the close of the late war, an aged mother went to the telegraph office carrying a dish full of sauerkraut, which she desired to have telegraphed to Restadt. Her son must receive the kraut by Sunday. The operator could not convince her that the telegraph was not capable of such a performance.

"How could so many soldiers have been sent to France by telegraph?" she asked, and finally departed grumbling.

Almost every operator meets with equally amusing instances. One recently related the following incident :-

"A gentleman came to my office to send a message, and after writing it, waited, as people often do at small offices, to see it sent. called 'Office,' and the operator at the other end of the line came to the key and said,-"'Busy-wait a minute."

"So I leaned back in my chair to wait, when

the gentleman said.-"'Have you sent it?'

"I said,-

"'No; they say they are busy-to wait a one thing—example. Ill-mannered children minute; whereupon he said, looking surpris-

> "''Why, I didn't hear them;' and then added, brightening up as though he had thought of the reason, 'but I am little deaf in one ear.' "I think I managed to keep a straight face till he left, but it was hard work."

One of a party of friends, referring to an exquisite musical composition, said: "That song always carries me away when I hear it." "Can anybody whistle it?" asked Douglas

#### THE BEST PHYSICIAN.

The celebrated Dr. Sydenham had a patient whom he long prescribed for. At last Sydenham acknowledged that his skill was exhausted -that he could not pretend to advise him any

"But," said he, "there is Dr. Robinson, who lives at Inverness, who is much more skilled in complaints of this kind than I am: you had better consult him. I will provide you with a letter of introduction, and I hope you will return much better."

The patient was a man of fortune, and soon took the road; but travelling was a very difforent undertaking then to what it is now, and a journey from London to Inverness was not a trifling one. He arrived, however, at the place of destination; but no Dr. Robinson was to be found, nor had any one of that name ever been in the town. This, of course, enraged the gentleman very much, and he took the road back to London, raging, and vowing vengeance on the doctor. On his arrival, he vented all his rage on the latter, and abused him for sending him on a journey of so many miles for nothing. When his fury was a little abated, the doctor said,-

"Well, now, after all, is your health any

"Better!" said he, "yes, sir, it is better. I am, sir, as well as ever I was in my life ; but no thanks to you for that."

"Well," said the doctor, "you have still reason to thank Dr. Robinson. I wanted to send you on a journey with an object in view. I knew it would do you good. In going, you had Dr. Robinson in contemplation; and in returning, you were equally busy in thinking of scolding me."

### Sawdust and Chins.

Why are darned stocking like dead men ?-Because they are mended.

You can use a postage stamp twice. The first time it will cost you 3 cents, the second time \$50.

The dying words of a Deleware woman were: "Henry, if you marry again, remember that it only takes a cupful of augar to sweeten a quart of gooseberries."

A Georgia paper recently contained the following item in its society gossip: "The amiable and delicious Miss Pilkington, whose charms of mind and person have turned the heads of our gallants, now does her hair in braids, and patronizes this paper exclusively in her personal make-up.

A Toronto man, who had tarried late at a wine supper, found his wife waiting his return. in a high state of nervousness. Said she, "Here I've been waiting, and rocking in the chair, 'till my head spins like a top!" "Jess so, wife, where I've been," responded he ; "it is in the atmosphere!"

"Yes, take her and welcome," responded an Illinois farmer, when a young man asked for his blushing daughter. "She's run away with a school-master, eloped with a showman, shot a wildcat, and whipped her mother, and the sooner you take her the better.'

The subject of impressions at first sight was being talked over in a family circle, when the mother of the family said, "I always form an idea of a person on first sight, a" generally find it correct." "Mamma," said her youthful son. "Well, my dear, what is it?" "I wan't to know what your opinion of me

was when you first saw me."

Excited Wife (to her husband) :- " Do you you not admit that woman has a mission?' Cool husband:—"Yes, my dear, she has submission." Great confusion in the domestic circle, and the husband calls on the family surgeon for a plaster for his bead, "wounded by accidentally hitting it against the edge of an open door.

How You CAN TELL. -An important discovery has lately been made by the means of which every man can be his own "Old Probabilities." This is how it is to be done:-If you wish to know whether it is going to storm or not all you have to do is to find the storm vortex and see which side of it is the most moist. Multiply this by the square of the latent heat, subtract the time of day, and divide by the weathercock, -the result will be the ratification, plus the themometric evolution of the North Pole-and then a wayfaring man, though a natural know-nothing, can tell what will follow.' How wonderful. and yet how simple, is the economy of na-

A newly married man took his bride on a tour to Switzerland for the honeymoon, and when there induced her to attempt with him the ascent of one of the highest peaks. The lady, who at home had never uscended a hill higher than a church, was much alarmed, and had to be carried by the guides with her oyes blindfolded, so as not to witness the horrors of the passage. The bridegroom walked close to her, expostulating with her as to her fear. He spoke in honeymoon whispers, but the rarefaction of the air was such that every word was audible. "You told me, Leonora, that you always felt happy, no matter where you were, so long as you were in my company, Then why are you not happy now?" Charles, I did," replied she, sobbing hysterically; "but I never meant above the snowline."