

The Home Circle.

WE CAN MAKE HOME HAPPY.

Though we may not change the cottage
For mansions tall and grand,
Or exchange the little grass plot
For a boundless stretch of land,
Yet there's something brighter dearer,
Than the wealth we'd thus command.

Though we have no means to purchase—
Costly pictures rich and rare;
Though we have not silken hangings
For the walls so cold and bare,
We can hang them o'er with garlands,
For flowers bloom everywhere.

We can make home very cheerful,
If the right course we begin;
We can make its inmates happy,
And their truest blessings win;
It will make a small room brighter,
If we let the sunshine in.

We can gather round the fireside
When the evening hours are long;
We can blend our hearts and voices
In happy, social song;
We can guide some erring brother—
Lead him from the path of wrong.

We may fill our home with music
And with sunshine brimming o'er,
If against all dark intruders
We firmly close the door;
Yet should the evil shadow enter,
We must love each other more.

There are treasures for the lowly,
Which the grandest fail to find;
There is a chain of sweet affection
Between friends of kindred mind;
We may reap the choicest blessings
From the poorest lot assigned.

DON'T SIT AROUND WAITING FOR LUCK.

Ho! ye who listless and moping
Sit dismally twirling your thumbs,
And gloomily waiting and watching
For something that thus never comes;
You might just as well, foolish mortals,
Expect you'll by lightning be struck;
One will happen as soon as the other!
Don't stand around waiting for luck.

There's a saying—a good and true one—
(Take heart, you poor one who delve
With a stout courage so brave) that "Heaven
Will help those who first help themselves."
And you'll find, if you wish for good fortune,
A pretty good way is to tuck
Up your shirt sleeve and start out and find it,
Don't sit around waiting for luck.

You may pine and mope on forever—
Find fault and deplore your hard fate—
But you'd better remember the proverb
And act on it ere it's too late;
You may pout and grumble forever—
Just so long you will find you are stuck
In the mire of sloth and abasement—
Don't sit around waiting for luck.

There is wealth to be had—go and seek it!
And with it get honor and fame;
By the sweat of your brow you can gain them,
And carve for yourself a proud name;
But to do this takes tact and ambition,
Persistence, hope—and some pluck,
Are you ready?—then lose not a moment!
Don't sit around waiting for luck!

HAPPINESS.

Plato declared happiness to consist in the contemplation of abstract ideas of beauty and excellence. This may be a good definition of the word, as understood by men with such minds as this great philosopher had, but it would apply to but few persons. Indeed nine-tenths of the race would be miserable in any such pursuit or mental occupation. A young lady defined happiness to consist in the possession of a true and beautiful lover, and no doubt she spoke the truth as far as she could speak it; but her grandmother at seventy would give quite another definition. To her it would consist in the contemplation of a well spent life, and the hope of joy in the world to come. The truth is, each individual will define happiness in his own way. One man finds it in the pursuit of wealth, another in the pursuit of culture, another in the possession of religion. The philanthropist finds it in doing good. The hungry man seeks it in food, the cold man in warmth and shelter, the man of poverty seeks it in wealth. Probably, however, perfect health is the fountain-source of more happiness than any other. With a good digestion, tough skin, and a sound mind in a splendid body, who could not be happy? There are probably more happy men and women than unhappy ones—far more joy than sorrow.

Many people think they are unhappy when they are not. Real unhappiness cannot exist without a cause. It is a shame and a disgrace to complain of being unhappy when you are lazy and unoccupied. Such people are like the fox who had a deep wound somewhere on his body, but he could not tell where. Let them be ashamed to own it, unless they can show good reason.

Happiness consists in loving and being loved. There is enough to love in the world, but to be loved we must deserve it. We may be admired for our beauty or talent, courted for our influence or wealth, but we can only be loved as we are good. Therefore, happiness consists in goodness. The sacred writer had it right when he said, "The kingdom of heaven is within you."

WHAT IS TROUBLE?

A company of Southern ladies were assembled in a lady's parlor, when the conversation chanced to turn on the subject of earthly affliction. Each had her story of peculiar trial and bereavement to relate, except one pale, sad-looking woman, whose lusterless eye and dejected air showed she was a prey to the deepest melancholy. Suddenly arousing herself, she said in a hollow voice,—

"Not one of you know what trouble is."
"Will you please, Mrs. Gray," said the kind voice of a lady who well knew her story, "tell the ladies what you call trouble?"

"I will if you desire it," she replied, "for I have seen it. My parents possessed a competence, and my girlhood was surrounded by all the comforts of life. I seldom know an ungratified wish, and was always gay and light-hearted. I married, at nineteen, one I loved more than all the world besides. Our home was retired, but the sun never shone on a lovelier one or a happier household. Years rolled on peacefully. Five children sat around our table, and a little curly head still nestled in my bosom. One night about sundown one of those black storms came on which are so common to our Southern climate. For many hours the rain poured down incessantly. Morning dawned, but still the elements raged. The whole Savannah seemed afloat. The little stream near our dwelling became a raging torrent. Before we were aware of it our house was surrounded by water. I managed with my babe to reach a little elevated spot, on which a few wide-spreading trees were standing, whose dense foliage afforded some protection, while my husband and sons strove to save what they could of our property. At last a fearful surge swept away my husband, and he never rose again. Ladies, no one ever loved a husband more, but that was not trouble.

"Presently my sons saw their danger, and the struggle for life became the only consideration. They were as brave, loving boys as ever blessed a mother's heart, and I watched their efforts to escape with such agony as only mothers can feel. They were so far off I could not speak to them, but I could see them closing nearer and nearer and nearer to each other, as their little island grew smaller and smaller.

"The sullen river raged around the huge trees; dead branches, upturned trunks, wrecks of houses, drowning cattle, masses of rubbish, all went floating past us. My boys waved their hands to me, then pointed upward. I knew it was a farewell signal, and you, mothers, can imagine my anguish. I saw them all perish, and disappear and yet—that was not trouble.

"I hugged my babe close to my heart, and when the water rose to my feet I climbed into the low branches of the tree, and so kept retiring before it, till an all-powerful hand stayed the waves, that they should come no further. I was saved. All my worldly possessions were swept away, all my earthly hopes blighted—yet that was not trouble.

"My babe was all I had left on earth. I labored night and day to support him and myself, and sought to train him in the right way; but as he grew older evil companions won him away from home. He ceased to care for his mother's counsels; he would sneer at her entreaties and agonizing prayers. He left my humble roof that he might be unrestrained in the pursuit of evil; and at last, when heated by wine, one night he took the life of a fellow-being, and ended his own upon the scaffold. My heavenly Father had filled my cup of sorrow before; now it ran over. This was trouble, ladies, such as I hope His mercy will save you from ever experiencing."

There was not a dry eye among her listeners, and the warmest sympathy was expressed for the bereaved mother, whose sad history had taught them a useful lesson.

NOTHING GREAT BUT GOD.

When Massillon pronounced one of those discourses which have placed him in the first class of orators, he found himself surrounded by the trappings and pageants of a royal funeral. The temple was not only hung with sable but shadowed with darkness, save the few twinkling lights on the altar. The beauty and the chivalry of the land were spread out before him. The censors threw out their fumes of incense, mounting in wreaths to the glided dome. There sat majesty, clothed in sackcloth and sunk in grief. All felt in common, and as one. It was a breathless suspense. Not a sound stole upon the awful stillness. The master of mighty eloquence arose. His hands were folded on his breast. His eyes were lifted to heaven. Utterance seemed denied to him; he stood abstracted and lost. At length, his fixed look unbent, it hurried over the scene, where every pomp was mingled and every trophy strewn. It found no resting-place for itself amidst all that idle parade and all that mocking vanity.

Again it settled; it had fastened upon the bier, glittering with escutcheons and veiled with plumes. A sense of the indescribable nothingness of man as "his best estate" of the meanness of the highest human grandeur now made plain in the spectacle of that hearse mortal, overcame him. His eye once more closed; his action was suspended; and, in a scarcely audible whisper, he broke the long-drawn pause, "There is nothing great but God."

THE CHRISTIAN MAN OF BUSINESS.

It would be a great safeguard to young men engaging in business if they would resolve that, however trade may prosper and wealth pour in, these shall not absorb the whole attention; that reading and intellectual pleasures shall have their own place; that a book shall not be a burden in their hands, nor time considered lost which improves their mind, though it appear not in the balance sheet. It speaks well for anyone largely and successfully engaged in business when his appetites and habits remain simple to the last; when his parlors exhibit something better than showy furniture; when his family pleasures are found not in gross, wordly amusements, not in the crowded party with its excesses; not in lavish display, but in the cultivation of refined and intellectual tastes—in music, in the instructive and scientific lecture, and in philanthropic and Christian labors. All these last tend to break the alavery of Mammoth, and to keep one from the evil of the world's business.

But the great safeguard lies in watchful attention to all religious duties. Many harassed with business, say that they have no time for visiting the sick and needy, none for the religious instruction of their households, none for family devotion, and scarcely any for private prayer, and that they have to devote such upon others or neglect them. What a sad confession! No time to imitate that Lord who went about doing good, no time to save their children from damnation, no time to worship God; time only to make money, which, so made, has no blessing in it; time only to gain the world, and to lose the soul. By and by God may say, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee; then, who shall those things be that thou hast provided!"

Let us picture the Christian man of business. He has, as the foundation of all, a supreme love to God, and a deep conviction that religion is the principle thing, the oxygen which is let down into the mine ere the miner descends to dig in it, rendering it safe for him to work; he resolves that it is necessary for him to be religious, though it is not to be rich; he makes time on his busiest days for family and private devotions; he lives with his household as its head, not as its slave, toiling for its support. He will himself know something personally of the luxury of doing good; he will seek a blessing on every day's transactions, give thanks for success, and be content with honest gains, and not cast down by losses; he will not obtrude his Christian way of doing business, pharisaically, upon others, as a model; he will honor God and bless his fellow-men with offerings laid aside as God hath prospered him; and this would be the Christian man of business, and this the way for him to be kept from the evil that is in the world. Ah! how many a toil-worn worldling and worldly Christian will look wistfully at such a standard and wish he could attain to it! What more pitiable object is there than the man who reverses all this; who toils for wealth as if it was the principal thing; who is absorbed in money-making until his head aches, and sometimes until his brain softens, leaving him a drivelling idiot; who is a stranger almost to his home; who eats his meals at unwholesome hours, and makes up for the privation by luxury and excess; neglects his children, has few intellectual pleasures, little time for religious duties, and dies with schemes half accomplished, or but just completed, to go and stand before his Judge! If God had put such a lot on man, it would have been deemed cruelty. Man chooses for himself, though God pleads with him to spare himself and accept a happier lot.—*Rev. W. H. Lewis, D. D.*

THE OCTOPUS OR DEVIL FISH.

For further elucidation of the habits and character of this marine monster, described by us on page 131 of our current volume, we extract the following from the pages of *Land and Water*, to which it was furnished by Mr. Henry Lee, of the Brighton aquarium England:

"A crab was so fastened that the string could be withdrawn, and was lowered near to the great male octopus. He was sleepy, and required a great deal of tempting, but the sight of his favorite food overcame his laziness, and he lunged out an arm to seize the precious morsel. It was withdrawn from his reach; and so, at last, he turned out of bed, rushed at it, and got it under him against the plate glass, just as I desired. In a second the crab was completely pinioned. Not a struggle was visible or possible; each leg, each claw, was grasped all over by suckers—unfolding in them—stretched out to its full extent by them. The back of the carapace was covered all over with the tenacious vacuum disks, while the black tip of the hard, horny beak was seen for a single instant protruding from the circular orifice in the centre of the radiation of the arms, and next had, crunched through the shell, and was buried deep in the flesh of the miserable victim.

The action of an octopus when seizing its prey for its necessary food is very like that of a cat pouncing on a mouse, and holding it down beneath its paws. The movement is as sudden, the snuff as brief, and the escape of the prisoner, even less probable. The fate of the crab is not really more terrible than that of the mouse, or of a minnow swallowed by a perch; but there is a repulsiveness about the form, color, and attitudes of the octopus which invests it with a kind of tragic horror.

AN AMAZONIAN NUN.

A nun, named Monja Alvarez, whose romantic adventures, published in an old Spanish volume, would scarcely be believed, were they not confirmed by other documents, was a most extraordinary wanderer. Having been placed in a Dominican convent, she escaped, in the dress of a man, when fifteen years old, and entering the service of a gentleman as his page, traversed the greater part of Spain, meeting with adventures as amusing as those of Gil Blas. But an irresistible desire for more distant travel led her to embark, in 1603, on a flotilla destined for Peru. Here she enlisted in the army destined for Chili, fought bravely against the Araucanes, gaining the rank of standard-bearer, and afterwards that of captain. A sad incident stopped her course for a while, for she had the misfortune to kill her own brother without knowing him. After this she shut herself up in a convent again. But such a life was little suited to her taste. She again joined the army, and fought in many distant parts of South America, which the Spaniards were desirous of subjugating.

Once she was taken prisoner by the Dutch, and when released, returned to Cuzco, where a new adventure awaited her. Being at a gaming-table, her neighbor, an arrogant Spaniard, abstracted some of her money when her eyes were turned away. She detected him, drew her sword, and attacked him. He was well covered by his cuirass, so that her blows glided over him without injury, while she was wounded in the breast, and fell bathed in blood. But reuniting her failing powers, she rose, rushed after the culprit, and, as the soldiers said, made him swallow her sword. He was dead. Appealing to the bishop for protection, she told him her secret, and he remitted her once more to the Convent of St. Claire.

Longing for new adventures, she obtained permission to return to Spain, bade adieu to her companions, and following the course of the Rio Magdalena, embarked at Carthagena, and landed at Cadiz in 1624. Her reputation had preceded her, and every one wished to see so remarkable a woman. Going to Madrid, she was presented to Count Olivarez, and following in the suite of the Count de Javier, who was going to Rome for the Jubilee. She crossed through France, but in Piedmont was thrown into prison as a spy; and when her liberty was restored, it was only on condition that she should return to Spain. In the deepest destitution, she retraced her way on foot, and was obliged to beg. While endeavoring to see the king, she was attacked by brigands; but at length the Marquis de Montes-Claros presented her at the Court of Madrid, when she obtained a pension, a recognition of her title of standard-bearer, and permission to wear men's clothes.

Still determined to reach Rome, she embarked and landed at Genoa, when she again got into difficulties through a quarrel with an Italian soldier; but at length she had the honor of kissing the foot of Urban VIII. He listened to her story with interest, and she was soon surrounded by a circle of the nobility, who received her with pleasure. She was then nearly forty years of age. Little is known of her after, though some say she made another voyage to America, and died when about sixty. She was very tall and manly in appearance, with strongly marked but plain features, and her whole air was resolute and soldier like.

SLEEP.

Sleep well. If Benjamin Franklin ever originated the maxim, "Six hours of sleep for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for a fool," he ought uniformly to have practised by the rule of the last number. Young man, if you are a student, or engaged in any severe mental occupation, sleep just as long as you can sleep soundly. Lying in bed from laziness is another thing entirely.

Sleep is a thing that bells have no more business to interfere with than prayers and sermons. God is re-creating us. We are as unconscious as we were before we were born; and while He holds us there, feeding anew the springs of life, and infusing fresh fire into our brains, and preparing us for the work of another day, the pillow is as sacred as a sanctuary. If any fanatic has made you believe that it is good for you to be violently wakened from your sleep at an early hour, and to go into the damp, raw air morning after morning, with your fast unbroken and your body unfortified by the stimulus of food, forget him and counsels, and take the full measure of your rest. When you get your breakfast done, take your exercise if you have time, or wait until a later hour in the day. Just as much labor can be accomplished in ten hours as in fourteen, with more efficiency and less fatigue, when rest and bodily exercise are properly taken.

THE POWER OF A DOLLAR.

IT MEANS A HOME.

In this land of equal opportunities for all, every man of middle age, and of steady industry, and economical habits, ought to be the owner of a comfortable home. It is not a difficult task; it depends simply upon the habit of saving. If you are a laboring man, listen and I will tell you how it can be done. Just save your money, and make a weekly deposit in the savings bank. A dollar a week, deposited in the savings bank, amounts in forty years, to \$8,413.12; in twenty years it amounts to \$1,977.84. There is no difficulty in getting the dollar every week; the great trouble is to get it into the bank; to establish the habit of giving regularly with your earn-

ings, and depositing them where they will earn something.

If you once form the habit of depositing a dollar every Saturday night, it will soon get to be not only an easy but a pleasant thing to do, and it will not be long before you will find that you can spare two dollars a week, then three or four dollars a week, and at the end of the very first year, you will be surprised and delighted to find that you have made a good beginning toward a home.

Again, you will find that in saving a dollar to-day, you will learn how to save another one to-morrow, and thus the art of saving will soon become easy to you.

Many men are always groaning because they are not "lucky" enough to get rich. There is no "luck" about it; luck has nothing whatever to do with it; it is simply a question of earning money, by steady industry; of saving money by persevering economy; and of putting your money where it will increase by drawing interest.

And this is just where the Saving's Bank helps you; a savings bank is simply an association of men who put their money together, and then loan it in large amounts and divide the interest between them. One laboring man, with his lone dollar, or fifty dollars, or his hundred dollars cannot do it alone; but if a hundred or five hundred poor men club together and put their money together, they can then loan their money to better advantage, and share the interest alike. The savings bank, then, is a great advantage to the laboring man, because it gives him a chance to place every spare dollar of his earnings where it will increase from year to year, and thus help to buy him a home. Owning a home, then, depends on these conditions:

- 1st. Industry: Turning time into money.
- 2d. Economy: Spending your money for what you do need, and not for what you think.
- 3d. Interest: Placing your single dollars where they will come back to you with mates, which they have earned themselves while there.

And thus you may, if you will, realize the power of a dollar.

JEWELS.

It is said that Agnes Sorel, the favorite of Charles VI. of France, was the first noblewoman who wore a diamond necklace; the art of cutting and polishing diamonds being almost unknown till her time. It is said this necklace, or carcanet, as it was called, was so heavy and uncomfortable that Agnes Sorel only wore it on state occasions. She, however, popularized this style, and diamonds soon became all the rage, and commanded fabulous prices. As there can be nothing permanent in the world of fashion, brilliants were, in time, superseded by artistically wrought gold and jewelry. Catharine de Medicis and Diana de Poitiers brought pearls into vogue, and diamonds were quite discarded until Mary Stuart's marriage with Francis I. of France, when she brought some remarkable gems from England; but after that unfortunate queen's return to Scotland, subsequent to her young husband's death, pearls retained their supremacy. On the occasion of Marie de Medicis's coronation, all the ladies at the court wore elegant head-dresses of pearls. Under the reign of Louis XIV. precious stones were brought in large quantities from Persia and India, and were more generally worn than ever before. Even the waists and sleeves of dresses were trimmed—if that term may be properly used—with turquoise and ruby passementerie, sigrettes of diamonds, not to speak of the enormous and dazzlingly brilliant stomachers then in vogue. Diamonds were displayed in almost incredible profusion, as buttons and studs and pins; on the lids of snuff-boxes and jewel-cases; on the handles of whips, parasols and swords, and the heads of canes; and, above all, on the laced coats of the courtiers.

DELICIOUS.

Gentlemen, there is one thing about drinking. I almost wish every man was a reformed drunkard. No man who hasn't drunk liquor knows what a luxury cold-water is. I have got up in the night in cold weather, after I had been speering around, and gone to the well burning up with thirst, feeling like the gallows and the grave, and the infernal regions were all too good for me, and when I took up the bucket in my hands, and my elbows trembling like I had the shaking ague, put the water to my lips, it was the most delicious, satisfying, luxurious draught that ever went down my throat. I have stood there and drank, and drank, until I could drink no more, and gone back to bed thanking God for the pure, innocent and cooling beverage, and cursing myself from my inmost soul for ever touching the accursed whisky. In my torture of mind and body I have made vows and promises, and broken them within a day. But if you want to know the luxury of cold water, get drunk and keep at it until you get on fire, and then try a bucketful at the well in the middle of the night. You won't want a gourd full—you'll feel like the bucket ain't big enough, and when you begin to drink an earthquake couldn't stop you. I know a hundred men who will swear to the truth of what I say; but you see it's a thing they don't want to talk about; it's too humiliating.

The best iron tonic for fashionable ladies—the flat iron.