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THE FAMILY CIRCLE

HEALTH AND INSTRUCTION AMUSEMENT CHOICE LITERATURE

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NO. 11.

Somebody's Child.

ANON.

Just a picture of somebody's child,
Sweet face set in it's golden hair,
Violet eyes and cheeks of rose,
Rounded chin, with a dimple there.

Tender eyes where the shadows sleep,
Lit from within by a secret ray,
Tender eyes that will shine like stars,
When love and womanhood come this way.

Scarlet lips with a story to tell;
Blessed be he who shall find it out!
Who shall learn the eyes' deep secret well,
And read the heart with never a doubt!

Then you will tremble, scarlet lips!
Then you will crimson, loveliest cheeks!
Eyes will brighten and blushes will burn
When the one true lover bends and speaks.

But she's only a child now, as you see;
Only a child in her careless grace;
When love and womanhood come this way
Will anything sadden the flower-like face?

(Written for THE FAMILY CIRCLE.)

WOUNDED HEARTS.

A TALE OF PASSION AND PAIN FROM REAL LIFE.

BY JOE LAWNBROOK.

CHAPTER VII. (Continued.)

For a moment I stood nonplussed.

The next I thought myself to treat the subject lightly, and appeal to his knowledge of human nature as an excuse for my conduct. But his wrath was not thus to be appeased.

The saying that love is blind may be true, but it is doubly true that in a case of indignation of which love is the prompter, that such indignation is, if possible, more than blind.

Though of about equal size and weight with my opponent I stood as a mouse might stand before a cat as he faced me in the towering strength of his passion.

Amid the evident difficulty of the circumstances a courage supported me, prompted by a sense of right, which I felt wronged because of his not knowing.

"Will you listen to an explanation?" I asked, forcing a composure, which I'm afraid was ill assumed.

"My eyes never deceive me."

"I don't believe they did; but still you are not acquainted with all the facts."

I believe my manner, more than my words, won him, and his violentness changed to calmness as a shower might suddenly cease. He seemed all eagerness now to know what I would say.

We walked along the river's bank together, and I calmly recited in detail every incident of the friendship that had existed between Jessie Harle and myself to the man, who, of all others, had a right to know.

He felt the force of my confession, and my sincerity appeased his wrath. No weapon, be it ever so well wielded, can possess the power that lies in simple truth.

How forcibly I remember that night! How well I recollect my conviction of Walter Marston's intense love, which gleamed before me and shot into my very heart. I felt that he loved her as never woman was loved. By a magnetic influence I was drawn into the knowledge of his tender yet fervent affection.

"No man," I reflected, "has as good a right, be his circumstances what they may, to possess such a treasure for a wife, as the man who loves her tenderly, protectingly and devotedly."

In my own eyes I felt myself a very hero for the sacrifice I was making; and yet why was it a sacrifice? It should not have been. If I deemed it a sacrifice I must have loved her.

Thus I thought that night when I had left my noble opponent, and had sought my own bed-chamber. My head ached and my heart sank like lead in my bosom. I was engaged. I was doubly bound to Nellie Elson. Her birth was on an equal level with my own, and Jessie Harle was penniless. I had given my promise: Of my own accord—nay, more, by my desire I had bound myself to her forever.

But why despond about the past? I had given up the foolish hope of Jessie, and in doing so had acted nobly by a deserving man.

I clenched my teeth and set all my determination on pursuing the course I had started.

With a firm voice I said aloud, "I have done my duty; I have given her up, and that's the end of it."

Oh, Heaven! that that had been the end.

CHAPTER VIII.

Deep down in memory's furthest nook
The shadows of these days lay dead,
When sunken hope and faded look,
By sights revived, in life were spread.—ANON.

Not many days had passed after the incidents narrated in the previous chapter had transpired before I was summoned to the residence of William Elson.

Since the opening of our story Mr. Elson had lingered on, sometimes well enough to be driven about the country, but oftener being confined to his bed. He had sent for me now, as indeed he often would, and I had become accustomed by this time to his wife's icy manner, and went and talked with the husband with a composure not calculated to develop any warmth toward me on her part, unless indeed it were the warmth of wrath.

Nellie would keep pretty much out of the way on the occasions of such visits, as behooved her retiring nature, but slyly take pains to meet me in the grounds as soon as I was fairly out of her respected mother's sight.

On the occasion of this visit a strange incident occurred. Shortly after I had sat down by the bed-side a servant announced "the gentleman who had called last Saturday," Mrs. Elson, who sat directly opposite me, turned pale, and in her voice I detected a forced rigidity as she told the servant to say she was indisposed.

The room in which we sat looked towards the south—in fact, by the doctor's orders Mr. Elson always occupied a front chamber—and I watched the man closely who had thus been turned away as he came along that part of the walk which could be seen from the window.

It was Charles Sweeman, the miller.

What could he want here? There was a mystery I could see somewhere, and I felt a satisfaction in seeing that Mrs. Elson appeared to be at fault. Her agitation was not to be concealed.

When I took my leave I felt a desire to be alone to meditate upon the occurrence and try to connect some scattered ideas I had formed of the relation the miller bore to Mrs. Elson.

Had Arthur Drammel anything to do with it? Perhaps he had; and if so I had now the clue I had long been wanting.

As thus I meditated while taking my way slowly down the hazel-bordered lane, I suddenly looked up, and coming down a little sidepath Nellie Elson appeared like a fair nymph among the hazels. All the merriment of her soul sparkled out of her bright eyes, and as I looked upon her tall majestic figure I felt a pang of regret that I had ever been unfaithful to her.

But of course I had given up Jessie Harle now and I felt easier this morning in Nellie's company on that account. My future seemed cleared up now, and I rejoiced at the prospect that morning while in her company.

When I left her another incident was awaiting me. I had not seen Werbletree for a year, and above all other times and places I never expected to meet him that morning as I emerged from the grounds of Hazelgrove.

But there he was with the same gruff-looking face and heavy beard, leaning on the fence and waiting as if knowing I was coming.

I saluted him with surprise.

"How are you, Mr. Lawnbrook?" he said, slowly, and the manner of his dwelling on my name and the tone in which he pronounced it startled me.

"Shulton is well represented in these parts," I suggested.

"Did you see Sweeman come in here?"

"No; but I knew he'd come."

Then I was right. Werbletree was still searching out the mystery and was here for that purpose.

"You know the folks here—the Elsons?" he queried.

"Yes," I reply, simply.

"That's good. You may help me yet."

"I will if I can, most readily; but tell me all you've found out so far."

I was eager to know all he knew about it, but that he was resolute in keeping to himself for a time at least.

"You'd better come to Shulton with me," he said in answer to my inquiries and entreaties. "You better come to Shulton with me. I may want you for a witness."

I expressed readiness to go, and he was pleased.

We walked on together then for a time in silence, and even in my eagerness, his manner taught me that he had reasons for not wishing me to know of his devices to discover the relation between the boy Drammel and his master, nor to what extent he had succeeded.

How strange the dignity or other manner of a man's bearing affects the intimacy of associates. I would have given anything to have known what had brought the miller to Hazelgrove, even as I walked along beside probably the only man who knew, and yet I ventured not to ask him. Thus we walked on side by side, speaking occasionally of things remote from our thoughts for I felt that he, as well as I, was thinking of the miller and his boy.

He took dinner with me that day, and towards evening, of his own accord, he touched on the question again.

"Did the miller seek an interview with Mrs. Elson?"

"He did," I replied, "but she feigned indisposition."

"And he didn't see her at all?"

"No."

"Do you think he's been there before?"

"Yes; he was announced as the gentleman who called last Saturday."

"Umph! I guess we'd better not leave these parts yet awhile. He'll likely prow around here till he sees her."

CHAPTER IX.

"I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
As full of peril, and adventurous spirit
As to o'er walk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear."

—Shakespeare.

Once more I was to return to Shulton and a hope of finding my brother revived, as I looked on this prospect. I have purposely omitted relating the circumstances of many a fruitless journey after this object lest I might tire my readers with portions of my biography interesting to myself alone, and totally foreign to the purposes of this narrative. My father's request and my impetuous promise smoldered, almost sinking into nothingness in my breast. But now the flame again began to rise; and as I look back upon it now I sometimes think that a presentiment informed me that I was drawing near a clue to his whereabouts.

After tea, just as the sun was quietly throwing its final brilliant rays over the land from the westward, at Werbletree's suggestion we started out again toward Hazelgrove. I knew he was in hopes of seeing Sweeman there; but I did not even venture to ask him that. We stealthily walked into the grounds and hid ourselves among the hazels, but our waiting was in vain, and as the hours of comparative quietness crept on I grew impatient with the monotony.

At length he opened a conversation upon a point that caught my interest and made me feel easier in his company ever after.

"Did you ever have a brother?" he questioned.

"Yes; I believe I did."

"When did he die?"

"I don't know that he's dead yet."

As I spoke I noticed a strange look sweep over his face, which, much as I pride myself on my knowledge of human nature, I failed to interpret. How much did he know concerning Zhake? It crossed my mind that he had known him and was the only one who could inform me concerning him.

"That seems strange," he said slowly, after a pause.

"You think so," I returned, watching him closely, and feeling an inward sense of pride at my speech, which was thrown out partly as a mere exclamation and partly as a query.

"Well, anyone would think so, I guess."

The composure with which he uttered, or rather drolled out, this sentence again threw me off my guard, or at any rate led me into the belief that he was in ignorance of the real facts, even if he knew something of Zhake. So I coolly related all about it even down to the facts of the death-bed scene and my promises. I was bound I would give him every chance that lay in my power if he indeed felt an interest in the discovery, as I, rightly or wrongly, believed he did.

He listened with wrapt attention.

By appointment I saw Nellie Elson the second day after I met Werbletree at Hazelgrove, and I tried by Werbletree's directions to find out what she knew of the man Sweeman. "He has often tried to gain admittance to the house," she answered, "and even once followed us to New York. That was the winter before last."

"And you have no idea what he wants?"

She had not, and as our conversation proceeded I learned that Mrs. Elson was generally agitated when he came, but would never see him. One time, in the previous summer, he stayed around Hazelgrove for several days. He always seemed to know when Mr. Elson was at his worst, and came then. A few days before he had come to the house on this last time, he stopped the coachman when Mrs. Elson and Nellie were being driven to the city and banded a note to Nellie showing by a curious inclination of his head that he desired her to pass it to her mother. Mrs. Elson caught the

note with a defiant look, as she tore it in pieces before him, and bade the coachman drive on. She gave vent to exclamations of anger at him, calling him a robber, but refused to inform the authorities of his acts.

Werbletree became satisfied at last that the miller had gone from the vicinity, and no doubt returned to Shulton, and he was determined to follow him.

And so we went to Shulton.

More than a year had passed since I had taken that journey before, and a crowd of thoughts of intervening incidents filled my mind as the stage coach at the end of our trip conveyed us along the self-same road into the picturesque little village.

We crossed to Delby's tavern, as I had done that well-remembered April evening. I followed Werbletree in the same passive state of mind that I had felt and exhibited throughout my adventures with him. As a son would depend on a father I felt a dependence on him which would have led me after him anywhere.

He seemed to lay his plans in a mysterious manner now, and I saw him at times confer with employees of the mill. But all the time he worked more and more into my friendship, as we took walks about the vicinity on several occasions, mostly after night, without anything worthy of note transpiring. I had told him, of course, all I had learned from Nellie Elson concerning Sweeman's attempts to interview her mother. He betrayed no sign of surprise at his having pursued her to their city home. In fact he never betrayed surprise at anything.

One night—a night that will ever stand out as a never-to-be-erased imprint on my memory—we sat together upon a hill overlooking the miller's house. This was a favorite watching place of his; but I confess I had become tired of the monotony of sitting there night after night without a single incident transpiring. On the night in question I had more to excite me than I bargained for.

The moon had been cloud-covered for a time, and as it peeped out to shine above the cloud's edge half-hidden we could see a man carrying what I judged to be a dark-lantern in his hand, coming from the mill. We watched him until he entered the house, and then at a motion from my friend we both arose and walked closer to the house. We were standing on the side on which Arthur Drammel's chamber was and the window blind, I believe, by Werbletree's management, was hung slightly slanting so that we could see into the room without difficulty.

I had become all excitement in an instant; but my friend remained cool.

Seeing my agitation he tried to encourage me. "Keep your eyes open," he said, directing my eyes to the new-comers' movements, who we could see now in Arthur's chamber; and this speech brought vividly before me what he had said when I met him at Hazelgrove. The words had haunted me ever since, and I felt them now with double force.

"You better come to Shulton with me; I may need you for a witness."

(To be continued.)

[Written for the Family Circle.]

Dawn.

A SONNET, BY ROBERT ELLIOTT.

The bright sun never saw a scene so fair
 Since on the hills of Eden shone his light,
 The weary breezes in their long-drawn flight
 Ne'er drew a breath from founts of purer air.
 One sight of this would make a churl aware
 Of things, that being holy, will delight
 The heart of man, while last the day and night,
 And life for pleasure's has a thought or care.
 A mist is resting on a singing stream,
 The eastern clouds like curtains are uproll'd
 The morning star sends down a fitful gleam,
 Then fades away and all the night is gone,
 And heralded by orisammes of gold,
 Bright o'er the sapphire heavens breaks the dawn.

[Written for the Family Circle.]

BARBARA WINTHORNE.

A Story for the Young.

BY EDITH PATERSON.

"Saturday! No school thank goodness!" cried Barbara Winthorne springing out of bed one bright September morning.

"Oh what a glorious—*jewel* of a day?" she ejaculated, standing at the open window that look'd out upon stretching fields and rich woodlands. She herself, though she did not know it, was like a bright sunbeam in her white night dress, with her wavy brown hair tumbling down her back in wild confusion, her cheeks all aglow with the healthy sleep-flush and her eyes like twin stars. No beauty was Barbara; only a well grown, healthy girl; but such a generous, warm hearted girl, one could not help loving her, and most people forgot all about her freckled face, and large mouth, and would have stared in amaze if anyone had hinted that she was plain.

"I'll go for Mattie Carew after breakfast, and we will go for a regular tramp with the dogs; 'Over the mountains and far away,'" cried she with a joyous laugh. Hastily dressing, she ran down stairs. Late as usual! Prayer over and breakfast begun. She went in feeling guilty; punctuality—I am grieved to say—not being one of Barbara's virtues.

Kissing her father and mother, with a bright "good morning Ned" to her brother, she took her place at the table.

"Barbara dear you must rise earlier in the mornings," said Mrs. Winthorne gently. She was a pale, fragile woman and always spoke in a soft, plaintive voice.

"Yes mother—at least I will try."

"And if at first you don't succeed, try, try again;" quoth Ned mischievously.

"Now Neddy don't try to be smart" answered his sister good-humoredly.

"But seriously I consider that a most excellent precept; all the great achievements of the world hinge upon that 'try, try again.'"

"Ned!" cried Barbara laughingly.

"Pray roaster Ned," said his father smiling; "may I enquire if you have ever taken that most excellent precept to heart and acted upon it?"

"Certainly sir; I am known as one of the most persevering chaps in our form at college; or I shouldn't have presumed, to lecture Bab," answered Ned with unabashed effrontery.

Every one laughed at this prompt reply, for Ned, being an only son was rather spoiled when at home. He was a fine lad of sixteen, three years Barbara's senior, and was a student of Upper Canada College.

"I should imagine you were not remarkable for modesty at any rate" said his father dryly.

"No sir, *cheek*, as our American friends express it, is the best passport in the world; modesty is out of date."

"Indeed I trust it is not," interposed Mrs. Winthorne deprecatingly.

"Not for women, mother," he cried quickly, "I hope it will never go out of date for women."

"I hope not," answered she plaintively.

"Well my boy," said Mr. Winthorne, as he arose from the table after a little more conversation on the subject. "you seem to have acquired a considerable knowledge of the world for a lad of your age."

"This is an enterprising generation, sir," replied Ned pompously, and with a laugh they all arose from the table.

Mr. and Mrs. Winthorne were that morning going a short journey by rail and expected to return by six in the evening. So Barbara did not start for her walk till they were gone; she took baby Louie into the garden and played with her till nurse came to take baby for her walk. When she had bidden her parents good bye, she put on her hat and went for Mattie and the two girls went for a long, delightful ramble over the hills, through woods and meadows; both so happy and light-hearted. Alas! it was long ere Barbara was as happy as on that bright September morning.

It was late in the afternoon when she reached home. After eating lunch she went in search of Lonie and carrying her to the drawing room, played with her till baby got tired and fell asleep with her little dark head pillowed on Barbara's breast. After nurse had carried her up stairs, Barbara

still sat by the open window waiting for the travellers, for it was close on six. Time passed on; still they did not come; nor did Ned come in to dinner. She did not feel anxious, for Mr. and Mrs. Winthorne had often taken this same journey and had frequently delayed till the late train and sometimes even remained away all night. So wondering at Ned's absence, she took dinner by herself and then studied her lessons. Still she was feeling anxious. A presentiment or coming evil seized on her.

At last, as the clock struck ten, the door opened and Ned came in. His face was ghastly pale and swollen with weeping.

"Oh Ned! what has happened?"

"There has been an accident—the train—" he answered as calmly as his quivering lips would allow.

"Father! mother!" cried Barbara with a bitter wail.

And he answered simply—

"Hush dear! They are bringing them home."

We will not dwell upon the sorrowful time that followed—the grief and desolation of the orphans when their parents were laid in the quiet graveyard. The old home was broken up and they three stood alone upon the threshold of life without one relative in the world, and alas! very little money; for Mr. Winthorne, though considered a wealthy man, had died, leaving his children barely provided for.

In this hour of adversity, an old friend of their mother's came and offered a home to Barbara and Louie until Ned was in a position to keep them. He had long wished to go to Manitoba, and Mr. Roslin—their guardian, approved of the idea. He wrote to a friend of his at Winnipeg soliciting his interest for Ned Winthorne. A favorable answer came and Ned started to try his fortune in the West, while his sisters went to their guardian's home in Toronto. And now began the hard realities of life for Barbara. Hitherto, life had been an eternal spring-time of love and happiness; now the spring had passed; summer had sighed itself away, and drear autumn had come.

Upon their entrance into their new home, they received a kind if not an affectionate welcome from Mrs. Roslin and an enthusiastic one from the children of whom there were five, Jack, Gertrude, Willie, Robbie and the baby, the latter about two months younger than Louie Winthorne who was eighteen months.

None of the little Roslins were pretty. Gertrude was a pale thin child of eleven with a rather vindictive expression about the eyes and mouth.

Another inmate of the house we must mention before proceeding with our story. This was Fred Mackenzie, a young half-brother of Mr. Roslin. A light-hearted, handsome youth of eighteen and a favorite with all in the house. He and Barbara became friends immediately; and indeed, but for him her life would have been unendurable in the time that followed.

"We will be happy here my pet," murmured the girl as she put Louie to bed that first evening. "They will be kind to us I'm sure" and baby laughed assent and putting her arms around sister Bab's neck, kissed her in her pretty baby way.

Barbara thought it no hardship to be put into a poorly furnished garret; she scarcely thought about it at all; all she wanted was kindness and a little love, especially for her little sister; it would break her heart to see Louie harshly treated. As time passed on and the novelty of their position wore off, she discovered that her path was not to be one of roses. Mrs. Roslin was one of those women who have no affections outside their own families. She was a weak minded woman too; no more capable of managing her household than was Gertrude. Her servants were continually leaving; and so, most of the time there was but one in the house, though they were supposed to keep three.

Barbara being a strong, helpful girl with a natural aptitude for work, willingly offered her services when one of the servants left shortly after her arrival. But she soon discovered Mrs. Roslin's difficulties with her domestics and foresaw that her services would be frequently in requisition. However, she owed a debt of gratitude to Mr. Roslin and she resolved to repay it by doing cheerfully whatever was required of her. Secretly, she did not wonder at the servants leaving; for Mrs. Roslin was a hard mistress, imposing far more upon them than they could manage. The standing

grievance, though, was the children's impudence; servants rebelled against it, while their weak mother upheld and encouraged their impertinence. Mrs. Roslin saw the advantage of having one like Barbara to assist in the housework; she was better than a servant, for she could not leave whether she liked it or not, and then—there was her gratitude, a great debt which she resolved Barbara should pay to the last penny. She dispensed then, with one servant and our heroine became virtually the nursemaid, though outwardly one of the family, and, as the children recognized her true position, she came in for all the impudence formerly bestowed upon the unfortunate servant; even from Mrs. Roslin she received many an insulting speech, that lady having conceived a great dislike to Barbara and Louie, and seeing how any harshness to her little sister wounded the elder girl, she punished the poor child severely for little faults, which, coming from such a baby, were no faults at all. Her own children were never punished. It may be imagined how Barbara's heart ached with indignation and pain, when she saw little Louie who had been so petted at home, scolded, whipped and often sent supperless to bed, when the poor little thing had done nothing to merit such treatment. Her heart burned with fierce anger at the sound of the baby voice calling her and the sobbing cries that came from the sore baby heart up in that cold, dark garret, when sister Bab did not come. Barbara down stairs, giving the children their tea, was powerless to go to her sister. If she started to go, Mrs. Roslin called her back and bade her cut some bread for Robbie, pour out some milk for Willie and "for mercy's sake feed the baby and not let her choke herself." Barbara performed these duties as cheerfully as she could; but the bitter tears would have their way, and rolled silently down her cheeks, perceiving which, Gertrude and the two older boys amused themselves by pinching her arms as she passed their chairs. For a moment, abandoning the strong control she had hitherto kept over herself she permitted a great hatred of Mrs. Roslin, to swell her heart, with an inclination to defy her, to box those hateful children's ears and rush away to her lonely, hungry darling up stairs. But her better nature triumphed and she once more grasped the reins of self-control, gaining a victory which left its impress upon her character and stamped her a heroine, for what heroism is greater than that which can triumph over the evil passions of the heart? She asked leave to go, but Mrs. Roslin refused.

"Louie must be punished, she was growing bold and mischievous," and the poor girl, choking down her tears, tried to shut her ears to that piteous cry of "Babbie, Babbie," and went on with her work of clearing away the tea things. Sometimes on occasions like this, she heard the front door open and shut and soon afterwards a light step ascending the stairs; then Barbara's heart grew lighter, for Louie's voice was silent now. When Mrs. Roslin took the children to the library for the usual half hour before dinner, she ran lightly up stairs to find, as she expected, Fred, seated on the rocking chair with Louie wrapped in a blanket, sound asleep in his arms.

"How good you are Fred," she whispered gratefully, kneeling beside him to kiss baby's flushed face.

"It is a great shame to treat her so, and you made little better than a servant," said Fred indignantly. "I've half a mind to speak to my brother, only I hate complaining of his wife. Robert is such a dear, blind, generous fellow and such a believer in Susy's perfections, that I hate to annoy him, or I would tell him how you and Louie are treated."

"Oh! please say nothing. He has been kind to us. Don't make trouble between them on our account. If she would be kind to Louie, I would bear anything myself."

"Poor wee Louie!" Fred murmured tenderly.

As time passed Barbara's difficulties increased rather than diminished, and she wondered sorrowfully how it would all end. Ned's letters were her chief comfort, he wrote often, and hopefully of the future, when his dear sister would go to the home which he was making for them.

Her life was now one of constant toil for others; her greatest trouble was, that she could spare so little time to her sister, who—poor little maid—was left much to herself, Mrs. Roslin's dislike having turned the children against her and made them cruel to her.

Often, Gertrude, bidding her hold out her hand and she would give her something nice, would pinch the tiny fingers

till Louie's shriek of rage and pain would cause Barbara to rush in terror to the spot, thinking something had happened to her sister.

One day, more than a year after their entrance into the Roslin family, Barbara was dusting the nursery when Fred Mackenzie entered,

"I've news for you," he said smilingly.—"I am going away for good."

"Going away! oh Fred! how shall I bear my life when you are gone," she cried sorrowfully.

"Poor Bab! you must be patient a little longer; soon Ned will send for you and Louie to keep house for him at Winnipeg. By the way, you do not ask me where I am going."

"Where?" she asked, forcing a smile.

"To Winnipeg."

"To Winnipeg! then you will see Ned?"

"Certainly; have you anything to send?"

"I'll give you a parcel for him. Oh! I wish I could see him."

"So you will soon."

"Fred," she said, with a sob in her voice—"you must not tell him that we are unhappy here. He would be wretched if he knew."

"So you mean to say he knows nothing of what you have to put up with?" asked Fred in surprise.

"No; I have managed to keep it out of my letters. He thinks we are very happy. He loves Louie so, it would break his heart to think that she was harshly treated."

Fred was silent a moment, then taking her hand, said tenderly:

"My brave little Barbara! I never knew what a real heroine you were until this moment."

When Fred was gone her last ray of sunlight faded into utter darkness and life seemed hard indeed. Barbara was no saint and had it not been for her great love for Louie I know not what wild thing she might have done in her misery. This mighty affection for one weaker than herself upheld her, giving her the strength and endurance of a martyr. Without it, her trials might have worked great injury to her character.

"Mrs. Roslin, if you do not want me, I should like to go up and sit with Louie till she goes to sleep; she is not well." It was one evening, six months after Fred's departure. She had just put the three younger children to bed; though they were not asleep.

"No, you've got to stay here and tell Robbie and Willie a story," cried Gertrude rudely, before her mother could speak.

"Yes, tell us a story—a story" echoed the children, sitting up in bed.

"There's nothing wrong with Louie, and the children will not go to sleep if you do not tell them a story," said Mrs. Roslin calmly.

"Louie is ill and I *must* go to her," said Barbara resolutely, making for the door.

"No—tell us a story," shrieked the boys.

"You shan't go," cried Gertrude springing forward, seizing her arm with one hand and pinching it with the other. Freeing herself Barbara administered a sound box on Gertrude's ear and rushed from the nursery, up to her own room, where she bolted herself in and sank sobbing by Louie's bed. She was left in peace for that evening.

Next morning she became thoroughly alarmed for her sister. The child was feverish, with a bright glitter in her eyes and an incessant craving for water. She immediately informed Mrs. Roslin, who, becoming alarmed for her own children, ordered Barbara to keep away from them, and sent off for the doctor. He pronounced it scarlet fever of the worst type.

Mrs. Roslin, upon his refusal to allow the child to be removed from the house, immediately packed up and left with her whole brood, taking up her residence with an unmarried sister till some arrangement was made. Thus Barbara, the sick child and one servant were left in possession of the house. Mr. Roslin, at the entreaty of his wife, relinquished his intention of sleeping there. So no one entered the house but the doctor, during Louie's illness.

Day and night Barbara watched by the sick child, who indeed, would hardly let her out of her sight. Jane, the

servant, was a kind-hearted person and did all she could to help the young girl whom she sincerely pitied. At last the doctor gently told Barbara there was no hope for Louie; he could not save her. Her heart-broken agony was terrible, she told herself that it was not true, "her pet, her baby would not die. God would save her surely—surely."

So watching and praying by her dying sister, she spent two more nights. The third night the doctor left the house about half-past ten, as he could do no good by remaining. Jane was so tired that Barbara refused her offer to sit up. When she had gone, the girl sat alone in the dim fire-lit room, the child, wrapped in a shawl, lay upon her knee, and in dumb misery she bent over the little pale face, watching it with haggard eyes, wildly yearning for the sound of the lisping voice that would never speak her name again. How long she sat thus, she never knew; the fire had burnt out and gray dawn was stealing across the sky, when the sound of the door bell echoed through the silent house, and then Jane's footsteps descending the stairs. Barbara heard, without heeding the sounds. Presently there was a low knock at her door, and someone entered. She raised her head, and saw Fred Mackenzie coming towards her followed by Jane. She strove to speak, but her voice died away in a faint whisper.

"Poor Barbara!" he murmured, and stooping, laid his hand on Louie's face; it was icy cold. She must have been dead for some time.

"Barbara dear, let me lay her on the bed," he said, gently raising the little lifeless form as he spoke. While she, staggering blindly to her feet, pressed her hands wildly to her face, and then fell on her knees by the bed, where he had laid the dead child.

"Louie, Louie!" she cried and the work of pathetic entreaty in her voice cut Fred to the heart.

"She is dead," he told her, and led her, unresistingly, from the room. Fred had been in New York on business, and having heard from his brother of Louie's illness, and that Barbara had been left alone with the dying child, he had hastened to Canada; for he loved little Louie dearly, and besides he was full of pity for Barbara. He had arrived by the midnight train and had gone almost immediately to the house. Hence his unexpected appearance.

About a year after Louie's death, Barbara joined Ned in Manitoba; and if any reader is curious as to the history of her after life, I can only say, that Barbara *Winthorne* is no more; but in a pretty little Western homestead not far from the city of Winnipeg lives a bright, cheery-hearted matron, with five noisy, rollicking boys and one dark-eyed little maiden whom they call Louie, and upon whom Barbara's gaze lingers more often and more lovingly than upon any one of her handsome boys.

Ned too is happy; for is he not the adored Uncle and playfellow of six beautiful children; and the much-loved brother of Fred and Barbara Mackenzie.

A Righteous Jersey Judgment.

Mrs. Mary Quinlan, of Jersey City Heights, has a husband who is a good patron of a beer saloon. She tried to persuade the owner to refuse to supply Quinlan with liquor, but he declared to her that Quinlan should drink at the bar as long as he could pay. One Sunday Mrs. Quinlan walked into the saloon. Her husband and two friends stood at the bar. Empty beer glasses stood before them.

The wife invited the men to drink, and Klein filled the glasses again and they all drank. No money was forthcoming, and Klein, growing anxious, asked who was going to pay.

"My husband," responded Mrs. Quinlan. "I have as good a right to spend his money for rum as he has."

There was an uproar, and Klein took hold of the woman to put her out. She threw three beer glasses at his head, one after the other. He dodged successfully, and the three glasses crashed through the front window. Klein subsequently demanded that she pay half the cost of replacing the broken window, but she refused, and he had her arrested for malicious mischief. Justice Stetsing, before whom she was arraigned, discharged her when he heard the story, and told her if Klein furnished her husband with any more Sunday beer to notify the court.

SELECTED.

Wield the Right.

BY JAMES J. MAXWELL.

Human lives are shadows drifting
On the turbid sea of life;
Ever changing, ever shifting,
As the year 's with seasons rife:
Drifting onward, idle-handed,
To the ocean's farther shore,
Where a thousand barks have stranded,
And are lost forever more.

O, how many hearts are bleeding
Just for one misstep in youth!
Turning from a mother's pleading,
Walking blindly from the truth.
Surely many lives are wasted
In a worse than useless strife;
And a thousand buds are blasted,
In the April of this life.

Shall we thus be swiftly guided
Down the darkly-rushing flood,
While our hearts, by sin divided,
Basely turn away from God?
We are turning from the Fountain,
Feeling when no sound is heard;
Like the hart upon the mountain,
When the forest leaves are stirr'd.

Comes there not a voice of power,
Whisp'ring softly in thine ear,
In the silent midnight hour,
When no other voice is near?
Tells it not of angels bending
Lowly o'er us in our sleep,
With a tenderness unending,
As they nightly vigils keep?

Shall we yield in life's young morning,
Ere the tender thoughts decay?
Or despise the spirit's warning,
And in hardness turn away?
Never! "while our hearts are beating
Funeral marches to the grave,"
Never while our time is fleeting,
And we have a soul to save!

Hopes are born but to be smitten;
Lilies bloom but to decay;
Death on every leaf is written—
Are we favored more than they?
Let our work be never ending,
Faithful still to wield the right:
Heart, and will, and spirit blending,
Onward, upward with the fight.

Killed by Whisky.

A letter from Hornellsville, N.Y., Says: "The curse of intemperance was forcibly illustrated in the death of Eli Carter. He was a farmer, twenty-five years of age, with a wife and three children, and had but recently taken possession of a small farm in which he had invested his all. Yesterday he drove to Hornellsville with a load of bark, and having sold it proceeded, in company with his hired man, Ira Dickinson, to visit numerous drinking places where they imbibed freely of whisky. Carter soon became very much intoxicated and was dumped into his wagon and covered over with a horse blanket, while Dickinson, who was comparatively sober, proceeded to drive him home. Nothing unusual was noticed in Carter's conduct till the wagon was within a short distance of his widowed mother's farm house, when Dickinson was startled by his hard breathing and groans. He at once raised the suffering man's head and held it on his knee till the house was reached, when he called for assistance. The mother responded, but only to see her son gasp and fall dead from the effects of whisky. Coroner Parkhill was summoned and assisted in a post mortem examination, which established the fact that death had been caused by drink."

School Emulation.

What could be more besplitting, in its permanent effect, than such a narrow system on the mind of the pupil? A boy of nineteen knows so little of the vast extent of the world and life and its duties and chances that he blows his brains out because he fails to get an average number of marks in a paltry school-room! What kind of a generation is this which trustees, teachers and parents are training to control the world thirty years hence!

The worst element in this wholly fictitious system is the introduction of the stimulant of notoriety into the schools. The poor little Elner boy who died the other day reciting his lesson in his delirium and scribbling problems on his pillow, was urged on for mouths by the hope of seeing his picture in some school journal. With others it is a medal, a premium, or the publication of a high average. One girl, to get a prize for regular attendance, went to school while her mother lay dying, and at last dead, at home; aye, and was given the prize, too, with high commendation. It is not the thorough, quiet comprehension of their studies, or the gradual increase of mental power, or the development of high principles or finer feelings and the establishment of solid character, which is the aim of education with either teacher or pupil, it is these trivial distinctions, the mere getting through the school at a certain time.

Who shall interfere? The little fellow who died of over work recently in this city had an intelligent teacher and a father and grandfather who were physicians. All these protested vehemently against the system—after he was dead. Our Readers need not suppose that these cases will work any reform. Americans are apt to follow their leaders like sheep; but in no path do they go with wide open eyes to such ruinous conclusions as in this of popular education. Perhaps when the children now being trained so unwisely become in their turn parents and teachers, the reaction will come, and we shall have common sense in our school-rooms at least.—*New York Tribune.*

The Haunted House.

Old Aunt Hulds was prone to tell, with half-frightened look and bated breath, of the "terrible secret of the old Benson well," and of the unpardoned soul that was doomed to "hant the arth tell the Angel Gabriel should blow his horn."

What is the secret of that overwhelming depression that weighs upon one's being when in the presence of an old deserted house? It overpowers you. You may strive to laugh it down, but the echo of that laugh is a weird reproof and mockery. You may strive to reason it away; but it is not obedient to the intellect; it is not the slave of reason. Come with me to that old house in the shadows of the twilight, and see how quickly are the smiles of ridicule dispelled.

I sought this ruin upon an autumn evening; I picked my way through its wilderness of weeds, following the beaten path of some prowling tenant that had his chosen path to door and cellar-way. I saw the yawning roof; I saw the yellow leaves of twenty years that had been whisked in at gaping sashes, and had been whirled by the blustering wind into great piles in the damp corners. I looked out upon the high weeds and mildewed lilacs that swayed against the window-sills. The drop of the squirrel's nut rattled on the rafters overhead, and every sheltered corner was festooned with heavy cobwebs laden with the dust of generations. I saw the chimney-place, the old brick oven with its empty void, and in the fire-place below an ashy ember of an old back-log lying upon the hearth that once was radiant in its glow. Here were worn hollows in the floor that seemed to speak—mprints of the old arm chair that told whole volumes of past cozy comfort at this fireside; here a nick in the plastered wall, and a round spot above, which, with the testimony of the dents in the floor beneath, told plainly of the evening pipe and the figure in the tilted chair. There was a cupboard door with its worn spot about the knob; here a rusty nail with the shadow of its hanging coat still plainly visible upon the wall—a hundred things and each seemed trying to tell its story in some mysterious language of its own.

I sought out its nooks and cupboards, and I remember at length finding myself lost in a ceep day-dream merely at the sight of a mildewed fragment which I had kicked upon the

floor. It was nothing but a musty bit of leather—nothing but a little baby shoe turned up from a pile of rubbish on the closet floor.

There was an oppressive suggestive stillness that found my ear ever on the alert for some half-expected whisper from every gloomy corner, and that riveted my restless eyes as though seeking for an answering look from every dark recess. Why do you peer so slowly and cautiously into the shadows of the dark closet? Why do you so often turn and glance behind as you pass along its gloomy passages? What is it you seek? And as you reach the top of these tottering stairs, why that quick and sweeping glance? Why that shudder but half concealed? Yes; it is damp. The air is heavy with the emanations of mould and rotting timbers. But it is not the chill that brings the shudder; it is not the dampness. The soggy floors break and crumble beneath your feet, and you draw your wraps close about you as you pick your way through its dank and musty halls so clammy cold. The doors have fallen from their hinges, and lie in shapeless heaps among the rotten timbers of the floor. The toppling rafters and sagging beams are tumbling from their moorings, and are damp with slime mildew, and peopled with destroying worms. Snails and lizards, are crushed beneath your footsteps, and as you hurry towards the door, the coils of a skulking snake disappear before you among the dark holes in the timbers.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Strange Wedding Fees.

We knew a clergyman who once received from a wealthy groomsmen a bright penny, enclosed in a dozen wrappers. He always persisted in believing that the intention was to give him a twenty-dollar gold piece. We were not so credulous. A clergyman who was formerly located in Hartford, Conn., but now in New York, married, not long ago, a couple who at once started for Europe. The bridegroom was a man of wealth, and before he presented himself at the bridal altar he placed a one hundred dollar greenback in his vest pocket to give the parson for the marriage fee, and did pay it to him, as he supposed. While crossing the ocean he discovered, greatly to his astonishment, the bill in the pocket where he had placed it, and could account for its presence there only on the theory that he must have had another bill of a different denomination, which he had donated to the clergyman by mistake. On getting back to this country he determined to solve the mystery, and waited upon the reverend gentleman, who did not recognize him, and inquired if, on a certain date, he did not marry a certain couple. The clergyman remembered the occasion perfectly.

"I know I am about to ask an impertinent question," said the visitor; "but I should like to be informed what fee you received for performing the ceremony?"

The clergyman recognized the man as the one he had married, and said that he would of course gratify him since he was so anxious to know.

"I received," he then went on to say, "a very small quantity of fine-cut chewing tobacco folded in a very small piece of paper."

That was enough. The only thing remaining to be done was to apologize for the curious blunder, laugh heartily, and make the one hundred-dollar deposit good.

An old uncle once brought his niece to a rectory on a cold rainy day to be married, and then after the ceremony was over he fumbled about for a two dollar bill, and not being able to find it said, as he handed the parson a five dollar bill:

"Take the change out of that for a \$2 job. It's kind o' wet and cold-like to-day, and I guess two dollars will be about the thing."

Of course the amount of a marriage fee is a delicate question, which clergymen are generally too modest to determine, much more to ask; but we never heard it disposed of so neatly as this:

A Quaker married a woman of the Church of England. After the ceremony, the vicar asked for his fees, which he said were a crown.

The Quaker astounded at the demand, said if he would show him any text in the Scriptures which proved his fees were a crown he would give it to him.

Upon which the vicar directly turned to the twelfth chapter of the Proverbs, and fourth verse, where it said: "A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband."—*Ex.*

Which Shall Go First?

Which of us, darling, shall know some day,

The pain of the parting hour,

Then one shall go, and the other stay,

Compelled by death's dread power?

We know not to which the summons will come,

Nor which will be left alone,

Longing for loving hands to clasp,

And lips to meet our own.

How long could I linger if you should go?

How the days should lengthen and wait,

And the time pass weary and dreary and slow

With its burden early and late!

Could I ever forget? Would some moments bring

A Leathean draught to me?

To lighten or deaden the terrible sting

Of my loss and misery?

How I'd long for the gentle, caressing touch

Of your fingers over my hair;

Of the loving tone and tenderness

That help me all trials to bear.

Oh, I'd pray for the terror of parting to pass,

And for death to first call upon me,

But I cannot wish, darling, that I should go

And leave all the sorrow for thee.

But when one goes, if the other knows

That the gates have shut them in,

Safe from the sorrow that waits for those

Who die in the toil of sin,

And the other is treading the narrow path

That leads to the blessed gate,

They can toil and struggle and love on still

And safely hope and wait.

Sergeant Ballantine in Custody.

One night late—it might be early morning—I was in Piccadilly, and, attracted by a gathering of people, I came upon a policeman struggling with a drunken, powerful woman. She had either fallen or been thrown down, and he had fallen upon her. There were expressions of indignation passed by the persons around, and a row seemed imminent. I touched the officer lightly upon the shoulder, saying, "Why do you not spring your rattle? You will hurt the woman." He jumped up, and seizing me by the collar, said, "I take you into custody for obstructing me in the execution of my duty." I remained perfectly passive, and in the meantime another constable had come up and seized the woman, whom he was handling very roughly. At this moment Sir Alexander Cockburn, then Attorney-General, who was returning from the House of Commons, appeared upon the scene, and seeing a woman, as he thought, ill-used, remonstrated in indignant language with the officer, upon which the constable who had hold of me stretched out his other arm—whether reaching Sir Alexander or not I could not see—and said, "I arrest you also." "Arrest me?" exclaimed the astonished Attorney-General, "what for?" "Oh," said my captor, "for many things. You are well known to the police." I cannot surmise what might have become of us. Possibly we should have spent the night in company with the very objectionable female on whose behalf we had interfered. Some people, however, fortunately recognized us, and we were released. I took the number of the officers, and, being determined to see the end of the affair, went next morning to the court where the charge ought to have been made, and heard that the woman had affected her escape, which, considering I had left her in charge of half a dozen officers, and that she was very drunk, was a remarkable feat of prowess. With concurrence of Sir Alexander Cockburn I wrote a full account to Mr. Mayne (I forget whether at that time he was knighted), and after a day or two received an answer from some subordinate treating my letter with great coolness, and saying that if I had any complaint to make I might go before a magistrate. To this communication I replied by a private note to the Commissioner to the effect that I should select my own mode of ventilating the matter. A very courteous reply, promising thorough inquiry, resulted from this further step. I never heard any more about it, and am sorry to say was not patriotic enough to take any further trouble in the matter.—*Some Experience of a Barrister's Life, By Mr. Sergeant Ballantine.*

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

Is published on the 15th of every month, at the London East Printing and Publishing House, London East, Ont., by Messrs. Lawson & Jones.

During the past month voluntary testimonials have been literally showered upon us from every quarter of Ontario and many points in Quebec, Manitoba, Michigan and New York, declaring the FAMILY CIRCLE to be the best magazine for the hearth and home in the Dominion.

Our liberal cash commission to agents is being taken advantage of by persons in many localities and long lists of names are continually being received. We have still room for more agents, and will send our terms free on application. From present appearances we are not likely to fall far short of our object, viz.: To have the FAMILY CIRCLE looked for by every household in the Dominion as a most welcome guest appreciated alike by parents and children.

Subscribers changing their address during the summer months can have the FAMILY CIRCLE mailed to them by giving us due notice.

PERIODICALS.

The May number of *Good Health*, just received, presents an interesting variety of valuable articles on subjects pertaining to health and temperance. *Good Health* has long been the leading health journal in the country, and seems destined to maintain its position at the head of this kind of literature. Published at Battle Creek, Mich., at \$1.00 a year.

We have received the March number of the *Original English Chatterbox* from the American publishers, Messrs. Estes & Lauriat, Boston, Mass. This children's magazine has a world-wide reputation, and more than a million children in England and America read its charming stories. It contains 32 pages, and 16 full-page illustrations each month. Subscription \$1 per annum. New subscribers are given a beautiful engraving.

The *Oriental Casket* is a new magazine published by L. Lum Smith, Philadelphia, and edited by Emerson Bennett. The April number has been received, and will, no doubt, vastly gain for it public favor. It is, indeed, a repository of literary gems.

RESPONSES TO READERS.

H. K.—We have on hand some copies of the June, 1881, number of the FAMILY CIRCLE containing the poem on the Wreck of the Victoria.

GEORGE H.—Subscriptions can commence with any month, and those wishing to commence with the May number will have that part of the continued story published in the March and April numbers mailed to them.

A. M. L.—Pimples can be removed from the face generally by the free use of glycerine and rose water in equal parts before going to bed.

SUBSCRIBER.—The development of thorough masculinity is nature's recipe for the growth of hair on the face. It is as natural for a man to have abundance of it as for a well-sexed woman to be entirely without it. Persons, however, have used cold sage tea to promote its growth with good effect.

MELINDA.—Don't let your feelings get the mastery of reason. You evidently see the right path. Stick to it with courage.

SUBSCRIBER T.—You should exert yourself to gain the old lady's favor. Every effort proving futile, however, we can see nothing wrong in your determination.

ARRRER M.—If you expect us to answer you by mail you should enclose stamp. If we undertook to answer all the letters received and stamp them ourselves we should count the expense by dollars not by cents.

HEALTH AND DISEASE.

The Praise of Good Doctors.

A SONG.

The best of all the pill-box crew,
Since ever time began,
Are the doctors who have most to do
With the health of a hearty man.

And so I count them up again
And praise them as I can;
There's Dr. Diet,
And Dr. Quiet,
And Dr. Merryman.

There's Dr. Diet, he tries my tongue,
"I know you well," says he:
"Your stomach is poor, and your liver is sprung,
We must make your food agree."

And Dr. Quiet, he feels my wrist,
And he gravely shakes his head.
"Now, now, dear sir, I must insist
That you go at ten to bed."

But Dr. Merryman for me
Of all the pill-box crew!
For he smiles and says, as he fobs his foe:
"Laugh on, whatever you do!"

So now I eat what I ought to eat,
And at ten I go to bed,
And I laugh in the face of cold or heat;
For thus have the doctors said!

And so I count them up again,
And praise them as I can:
There's Dr. Diet,
And Dr. Quiet,
And Dr. Merryman!

—Samuel W. Duffield.

Milk Vs. Beef.

Mrs. I— writes to us asking the difference in nutriment of a pound of beef and a pound of milk, to which we reply: A quart and a half of good, fresh, new milk is equal to a pound of beef in its nourishing qualities. If the milk costs four cents a quart and the beef sixteen cents a pound, then the milk is much the cheaper food. It is also cleaner and handsomer in its appearance, and there is a decided saving in preparing it. Milk needs no cooking. It costs something to cook beef, and there is considerable waste in the process. Whoever has observed a steak broiling and not noticed how the fat falls into the fire and burns in a blaze? Then the milk, if fresh and pure, is more healthful for the consumer. All flesh meat contains more or less effete matter, and some of this is deadly poison, if we may believe the chemists. If we were to take it in large quantities we should suffer more than we do. We do not know how many of the minor ills of life come from this source. Milk, brown bread and fruit form almost an ideal diet. Milk is best when new and fresh, and from healthy, properly-fed cows. It is a stepping-stone from a diet composed of animal food to a vegetable diet. The extent to which milk and its products are used as a food, may be imagined from the fact that there are 13,000,000 cows in the United States.—*Herald of Health*.

Lung Gymnastics.

No part of the body is more susceptible of development by judicious and appropriate exercise than the lungs. The amount of air which passes to and fro in the respiratory process is ordinarily but about two-thirds of a pint; and in cases of disease is much less, often being reduced to less than one-third of this amount. By the daily exercise of the lungs in such a manner as to develop the chest, the breathing capacity may be greatly increased. We have frequently seen the chest expanded three or four inches by a course of appro-

private training. One of the best exercises for this purpose is forced respiration, which consists in breathing as freely as possible, making strong efforts to fill the lungs, and emptying them as completely as possible. This exercise should be taken slowly from five to thirty minutes at a time, and should be repeated several times a day.—*Good Health.*

The human body is seven-eighths water. The blood is mostly water. All the tissues owe their softness to it, and even the bones have a share of this fluid. No organ of the body could perform its duty, nor could life be sustained without it. Alcohol burns up the water, and diseases and destroys the body.

People with tender skins often suffer, especially during the warm months of summer, with irritating rashes on the skin, akin to the prickly heat of tropical countries, the shoulders and arms are very commonly the seat of the annoyance. The starch-bath will be very soothing in such cases; to a couple of pailfuls of tepid water add about two ounces of powdered starch, previously well mixed with boiling water. The skin should be dried with a soft towel, and during the time the irritation continues care should be taken to avoid all excess in eating or drinking, to wear the lightest of clothing consistent with warmth and comfort, to avoid exercise in the heat of the day, or anything likely to bring on perspiration.

DO NOT DUST.—Who would believe it? The duster—that peaceful emblem of domestic toil—may under certain circumstances, become more dangerous to handle than a six-shooter.

We're in dead earnest. An eminent scientist declares it to be a fact.

Do you know just what you are doing when you brush away dust? You disseminate in the air, and consequently introduce into your own interior, into the tissues and respiratory organs, all sorts of eggs, spores, epidemic germs and murderous vibiones which dust contains.

One movement with a feather duster may be enough to poison both you and your neighbors—to inoculate you all with typhus varioloid or cholera—strange as it may appear.

Instead of a feather duster take a cloth and wipe away the dust instead of stirring it up. In short wipe—never dust!

The Skin and Sensibility.

We all know how fine, delicate and sensitive is the skin of women in general, and particularly of those who live in idleness and do no manual work; how their sensitive, nervous plexuses are in a manner exposed naked to exciting agencies of all sorts, and how from this very fact, this tactile sensibility, incessantly awake, and incessantly in vibration, keeps continually their minds informed of a thousand sensations that escape us men, and of tactile subtleties of which we have no notion. Thus in idle women of society, and men with a fine skin, mental aptitudes are developed and maintained in direct ratio of the perfectionment and delicacy of the sensibility of the skin. The perfection of touch becomes in a manner a second sight, which enables the mind to feel and see fine details which escape the generality of men and constitutes a quality of the first order, moral tact, that touch of the soul (toucher d'ame), as it has been called, which is the characteristic of organization with a delicate and impressionable skin, whose sensorium, like a tense cord, is always ready to vibrate at the contact of the slightest impression.

Inversely, compare the thick skin of the man of toil, accustomed to handle coarse tools and lift heavy burdens, and in whom the sensitive plexuses are removed from the bodies they touch by a thick layer of epithelial callosities, and see if, after an examination of his intellectual and moral sensibility, you are understood when you endeavor to evoke in him some sparks of those delicacies of sentiment that so clearly characterize the mental condition of individuals with a fine skin. On this point experience has long ago pronounced judgment, and we all know that we must speak to every one in the language he can comprehend, and that to endeavor to awaken in the mind of a man of coarse skin the delicacies of a refined sentiment is to speak to a deaf man of the deliciousness of harmony, and to a blind man of the beauties of colors.—*Lays' "The Brain and its Functions."*

THE PARLOR AND KITCHEN.

LATEST FASHIONS.

Lace-fingered gloves are new.

Dolly-Varden styles are revived.

Velvet will be popular this season.

Velvet ribbon trims straw bonnets.

New bracelets represents gold beads.

Florentine lace trims underclothing.

Brocaded nuns' veiling is fashionable.

Muslin embroidery is used on bonnets.

Velvet crowns are on Continental hats.

Checked silks watered are very stylish.

Large ribbon bows are worn at the throat.

French dresses have tucks sewed by hand.

Gold-washed buttons are used on new dresses.

Wide stitching is on the back of ladies's kid gloves.

Trained dresses are not seen at fashionable openings.

Dark colors are preferable to white for children's dresses.

Shirred bands, held by narrow ribbons, trim the neck of dresses.

Intense colors and æsthetic styles are avoided by fashionable women.

The combination of black and white, worn twenty years ago, are revived.

Turbans are small and soft-crowned, and are worn far back on the head.

Black straw broad-brimmed hats, trimmed with full black ostrich tops and garlands of gray flowers, long black Jersey gloves, and black silk hose, will be worn with summer toilets of white or pink.

Bustles are worn quite a little below the waist line in the back and do not reach over the hips as in the past, the bouffant effects here being produced entirely by the pannier draperies, to which are added huge sashes of moire, satin or silk, which are draped and tied above the low-set bustle, the ends falling very often to the foot of the skirt in the back.

USEFUL RECIPES.

PANCAKES.—One quart sour milk, one quart sweet milk or water, one teaspoon soda; mix stiff enough for a batter.

APPLE DUMPLINGS.—Make paste like pie crust or biscuit; slice apples, put in a tin with one cup water and bake or steam.

FRIED PUDDING.—Take fruit cake and put in a dish, then pour over it a sauce—one quart water thickened with flour, a piece of butter, sugar, vinegar and essence.

TAPIoca PUDDING.—Soak two tablespoons tapioca overnight in one-half cup water; then put one quart milk in a basin in a kettle of water; let the milk come nearly to a boil; then beat three eggs in one-half cup of white sugar and put with the tapioca; stir in the milk till as thick as cream before taking it from the water.

MINUTE PUDDING.—One and a half quarts milk stirred quite thick with flour, then stir in three eggs.

RIce CAKE.—Three eggs, one cup white sugar, one cup rice flour, beat twenty minutes; lemon essence.

POT PIE.—One quart sour milk, piece of butter size of an egg, three eggs; mix soft; cook forty minutes.

AUNT SALLIE'S COFFEE CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of lard, nearly a cup of boiling water poured on two tea spoons soda, one tablespoon of ginger, one tablespoon of cinnamon, flour enough to roll thin and bake in a quick oven.

STIRRED CAKE.—Three eggs, one cup very sour milk, three-quarters of a cup butter, one cup sugar, one teaspoon soda; mix quite stiff.

LEMON CHEESE.—Grate the rind of three lemons and squeeze the juice, add to this one pound lard sugar, one half pound butter, six eggs beaten, leaving out the whites of two, stir till it boils.

MUFFINS—two and a-half cups flour, two eggs, one teaspoon sugar, piece of butter size of an egg, three-fourths of a cup sweet milk, four even teaspoons baking powder.

ORANGE CAKE.—Two cups sugar, two cups flour, one-half cup cold water, yolks of five eggs, whites of four beaten to a stiff froth, pinch of salt, one teaspoon soda, two teaspoons cream tartar.

GINGER BREAD.—Two eggs, one-half cup sugar, one-half cup shortening, one cup molasses, one teaspoon ginger, one teaspoon soda.

FRIED CAKES—Three eggs, one cup sugar, one cup butter, three cups flour, one cup water, one cup of raisins rolled in flour, one teaspoon soda, two teaspoons cream tartar.

SPICE CAKES.—one-half cup molasses, one-half cup sugar, three and a-half tablespoons melted butter, two-thirds of a cup cold water, lump of alum size of a chestnut in the water one teaspoon soda, three teaspoons ginger.

GINGER CAKE—One cup butter, one cup sugar, one cup molasses, one and a-half teaspoons soda, two teaspoons ginger, one teaspoon vinegar

JELLY CAKE.—Two eggs, one cup sugar, two tablespoons butter, three tablespoons water, one teaspoon soda, two teaspoons cream tartar.

JOHNNY CAKE—One quart sour milk, one-half quart water, one-half cup sugar, one and a-half teaspoons soda.

COFFEE CAKE.—One cup of strong coffee, prepared as for drinking, one cup of sugar, one cup of butter, or lard and butter mixed, one cup of raisins, one and a half teaspoons of baking soda, add flour enough to make it as stiff as stirred cake. This quantity will make two nice sized cakes.

VINEGAR PIE—one-half slice bread crumbed, one cup vinegar and water in equal parts, two even teaspoons flour, one-half cup sugar; essence.

LEMONADE.—Four pounds sugar, four quarts water boiled and poured on the sugar, four ounces tartaric acid, one ten cent bottle lemon essence.

Rust may often be removed from steel tools by immersing them in kerosene oil for a few days. This loosens the rust so that it may be rubbed off. Where the rust is not very deep-seated emery paper will do, but if of long standing the tools must be refinished.

The simplest and cleanest substance for cleaning silver articles is, according to Professor Davenport, hyposulphite of soda. It acts quickly, and is inexpensive. A rag or brush, moistened with a saturated solution of the salt will cleanse even strongly oxidized silver surfaces in a few seconds, without the application of any polishing powder.

BLUE AND BLACK INDELIBLE INK—Dissolve in a solution of iodide of potassium in as much more iodine as it contains, and pour this solution into one of yellow prussiate of potash, containing as much of the solid prussiate as the whole amount of iodine. Soluble Prussian blue precipitates, and iodide of potassium remains in solution. After filtering, the precipitate is dissolved in water, and forms a blue ink, which cannot be removed from paper without destroying it.

Economical Hints.

A strip of thick paper laid over the edge of each stair under the carpet will preserve a stair carpet from wearing through one-third longer than otherwise.

Clean brass kettles before using, with salt and vinegar, to avoid being poisoned by the verdigris.

Gum tragacanth dissolved in water makes a good and cheap paste which will keep when it is sealed up.

The flavor of common molasses is much improved by boiling and skimming before using.

Damp tea leaves scattered over the carpet before sweeping, improve the colors and give it a fresh clean look.

When you want a dust pan, have it made to order, with the handles turning down instead of up, so as to rest on the floor, and tip the dust pan at the proper angle for receiving the dust. It is a great convenience, as you do not have to stoop and hold it while sweeping.—*Household*.

OUR BIOGRAPHICAL BUREAU.

WALT WHITMAN.

[Written for the Family Circle.]

BY R. M. DUCKE, M. D.

Few men of all those who have ever lived have excited in their contemporaries such strong and such diverse feelings as Walt Whitman. By the majority of those who know anything about him he is regarded with a mixture of aversion and dread. By these people his writings are considered immoral, irreligious and indecent, and again and again reviewers of this class have pronounced the man himself unfit to be admitted into decent society. On the other hand W D O'Connor, J hn Burroughs, Frank W. Walters and many others, who have known both the man himself and his writings long and intimately are as extreme in their admiration as are the former class in their denunciations. O'Connor has identified him with Christ, Burroughs declares his belief that he is the initiator of a new and higher phase of society, Walters and many more pronounce him the chief poet of the modern world, while others consider him the founder of a new religion more spiritual and elevating than Christianity itself. Then personally, while on the one hand there are undoubtedly thousands of men and women, in the States and Canada who would on no account suffer Walt Whitman to enter their homes, so strong is their feeling against him, on the other hand I do not believe it is an exaggeration to say that there are hundreds who would not only freely sacrifice all they possess but cheerfully endure any suffering for his sake. The man of whom all this can be said must possess extraordinary qualities of some kind.

Walt Whitman was born on 31st of May, 1819, at West Hills, Suffolk County, Long Island, New York State. His ancestors on his father's side were farmers owning land outside the village of West Hills. His mother's ancestors, the Van Velsors, were farmers and stock-raisers, they owned a large farm a mile and a-half from Cold Springs, also in Suffolk County. The Whitmans were, and are, a large, long-lived race of stern, rather silent men of indomitable resolution, hospitable and warm-hearted, fond of children and animals, good neighbors. The Van Velsors seem to have been more liked though they could not be more respected than the Whitmans, and Louisa, the daughter of Major Van Velsor, wife of Walter, and mother of Walt Whitman, is universally pronounced by those who were personally acquainted with her to have had an extraordinary affectionate and intuitive nature, and she seems to have been universally beloved and revered by all who knew her. When Walt Whitman was still a child his parents removed to Brooklyn. He went to the Common School there, and at thirteen years of age entered a printing office and learned to set type. At the age of seventeen and eighteen he taught country school on Long Island and shortly afterwards established and edited the "Long Islander," a weekly paper, at Huntington, L. I. When about twenty he returned to Brooklyn and New York, and for the next ten years he lived in those cities, working in printing offices and writing for newspapers and magazines. In 1849 he started on an expedition through the States, crossed New York and Pennsylvania and passed down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, travelling very deliberately and making many pauses and detours. He lived over a year at New Orleans, and edited a paper there. Returning he ascended the Mississippi and kept on north until he reached the Straits of Mackinac, then descended the lakes to Niagara, and from there crossed New York State and so returned in 1851 to New York City, which was again his home for the next ten years.

About this time (1851 or 52) he began to think of "Leaves of Grass," that is to say the feelings and thoughts (dim and formless at that time) which eventually took shape in "Leaves of Grass" began to present themselves in his mind. From time to time he wrote and actually composed several volumes, which he successively destroyed, before he succeeded in expressing what he wanted to say. By the summer of 1855 he had written twelve poems which satisfied him, and these he printed in a small book. In 1856 the second edition was issued by Fowler & Wells of New York. It

consisted of thirty two poems, the twelve of the first edition and twenty new ones. By this time the plan of his work had taken complete shape in his mind. He saw clearly what he had to do and how it was to be done. The rest of his life has been occupied constructing the edifice upon the lines now traced. The first edition had been laughed and sneered at by the press, the second was received with shouts of execration, so loud indeed, that the publishers becoming alarmed, withdrew from their agreement, and the book went out of print. It does not appear that Walt Whitman was surprised or in any way disturbed by this clamor. At this time he was occupied building moderate priced houses in Brooklyn and selling them as finished. After the collapse of the second edition he went to the extreme eastern end of Long Island and spent three months there entirely alone. I have heard him speak of these three months as the happiest of his life. When he returned to New York his resolution was taken to devote his life to his poetical enterprise, and from that resolution he has never for a moment swerved. It is worth notice here that (unlike such poets as Pope and Byron who repaid their critics with a still severer criticism, and for every taunt received sent back a more bitter taunt) the pieces written during and immediately after the storm of vilification of 1856-57 are (if possible) more imbued with tolerance and charity towards man, and unflinching trust in God than any he had hitherto written. His faith in his mission was not for a moment shaken, his love for mankind not for an instant chilled. The poems composed at this time (such as "Starting from Pamonock," "Whoever you are Holding me now in hand," and many of the pieces of "Callamus,") make larger claims and are more sympathetic than any he had written before. In 1860 Thayer & Eldridge, of Boston, published the third edition, which contained the thirty-two poems of the second edition and one hundred and twenty-two new ones. The next year the war broke out and the book trade was ruined. Thayer & Eldridge failed, and Leaves of Grass again went out of print. In 1862 Walt Whitman went to the seat of war and devoted himself to nursing, attending, and cheering up the sick and wounded men on the battle-field and in the hospitals. What he was to these wounded, sick and dying soldiers no tongue can tell. It was not so much that he spent all his time and strength caring for them, watching by them, doing all that a sister or mother could do for them—not so much that he amused them or occupied their minds with various devices in their weary hours of waiting for recovery or death, that he read to them, comforted them, prayed with them—not so much that he, who might have been rich and well and enjoying all the good things of life, gave up all these, became poor, spent his days and nights attending fevers and dressing fetid wounds, and at last, worn out, became himself sick for their sakes. It was not so much all these as the passionate affection he felt for them and inspired in them which gave his ministrations a character apart, which made them stand out by themselves, and which made O'Connor (who knew him well at that time) compare him to the Divine Comforter of the Gospels.

Three years of this hospital work changed Walt Whitman from a young to an old man, broke down one of the finest constitutions in the world, and left him, who had been the very type of health and vigor, a half paralyzed semi-invalid for the rest of his life.

The fourth edition of "Leaves of Grass" was published in New York in 1867, and included "Drum Taps" and the poems on the death of Lincoln; the fifth edition was issued in Washington in 1871; the sixth (called the centennial edition) was published by the author, in Camden, N.J., in 1876, and the seventh edition (the completed work as planned by its author twenty seven years ago) has lately been brought out by James R. Osgood & Co. of Boston. (The sale of this edition is at present suspended on account of a notice having been served on the publishers that should they continue to sell it they would be prosecuted under the Massachusetts Act for the suppression of obscene literature.)

At the close of the war Walt Whitman was appointed to a clerkship in the Department of the Interior in Washington. From that position he was shortly afterwards discharged by the secretary, Hon. Mr. Hanlan, for having been the author of "Leaves of Grass." He was at once appointed to an equally good position in the office of the Attorney General

which he held as long as his health permitted. Since 1873 he has lived in Camden, New Jersey. Of late years his health has been better and he has made several quite long journeys, one to the Rocky mountains in 1879, and one to Canada, including the St. Lawrence and Saguenay, in 1880.

Walt Whitman is now sixty-three years old, but at first sight looks much older; he has never been married; he is six feet in height, weighs two hundred pounds; his hair and beard are quite white, his features are large and massive, but so proportioned as not to look heavy; his face is by far the noblest I have ever seen. He walks lame from his paralysis, but for all that his figure is as erect as ever. In manner he is quiet, never gets excited, is always in good humor, and keeps cheery even when sick (as he often is.) He has a good word to say of everyone, never manifests, or seems to have, any ill feeling toward any person or thing. Of those who speak ill of him and of his book, he says, that they are quite right; that from their point of view he and his book are bad, and that from any point of view he himself is not half as good as he should be. Those who come into personal contact with him nearly always like him. He is fond of children and they invariably take to him. He always dresses in very plain clothes, which are often old and even torn, but are always spotlessly clean; this cleanness is, and always has been, an especial feature of the man; it belongs to his clothes, his person, his eating and drinking, his language, thoughts, and to his moral and spiritual nature. No one can be much with him or read his book long without feeling the strongest assurance of his extreme purity.

In conclusion, a few words about "Leaves of Grass." This is not a book or poem in the usual sense. It is something far more than that, and far less also—far less because it does not contain what is usually meant by poetry or literature—far more because it contains something far more valuable than this. "Leaves of Grass" is a picture of the world from the standpoint of probably the highest spiritual nature that has yet appeared among men. The book is on this account inconceivably valuable to those who can use it, that is to those who can sympathize with its lofty ideals and aspirations, and whose every day life may be influenced by these. To those who cannot enter into its religious exaltation the book seems nonsense and worse than nonsense.

To those who think of reading the book I would say: don't expect to understand it or care for it at first, read it slowly and not long at a time, no previous education will help you to understand it, but if you have the necessary moral qualities in yourself the meaning will come to you at last and you will have gained something which will be to you beyond all price. Do not mind those who say that the book is immoral, irreligious, indecent, if it is so to you be sure that these qualities are in yourself and not in the book, and in that case the proper thing for you to do is to find no fault with others, but to set to work zealously and try, with Gods help, to reform yourself.

I have given no extracts from "Leaves of Grass" because they are no use, to know anything at all about this book the whole of it must be read, and that not once only, but many times.

A Minneapolis Song.

"Love me little, love me long,"
Sang the dusty miller
To his wheat art, and his song
Did a ruzize and thrill her.

Bid me barley hope. Oh, give
Me one grain of comfort;
I would oat on thee and live
Holding on to some fort.

"In your ryes now love looks shine,
There lies cereal pleasure,
Oh! hominy joys are mine,
Filling up my measure."

Came the maiden's corn-full laugh
At the miller's fawning;
"You can't winnow girls with chaff—
Sir! to you good morning."

LITERARY LINKLETS.

Mr. James, Jr., sailed for England on the first of May.

Libel suits are good advertisements; "Cape Cod Folks" has reached its eleventh edition.

Mrs. Kemble's "Records of Later Days" and "Notes upon Some of Shakespeare's Plays" are soon to appear in England.

Messrs. John Hay and J. G. Nicolay are writing a six-volume life of Abraham Lincoln, two of which, it is said, are finished.

Mr. Longfellow read the proofs of his last poem—which appears in the *May Atlantic*—but a day or two before his final illness.

"Mount Royal" will be the name of the next work of Miss M. E. Braddon. The scene is not laid in Canada but in Cornwall.

Mr. Dolby, who was the much-laughed-at manager of Dickens' lecture tour in America, is to publish Dickens' letters to him.

Mr. McDowell, editor of the *Dumfries and Galloway Standard*, is the oldest editor in Scotland. He is bringing out a new edition of a volume of poems.

Walt Whitman says of Longfellow: "I should have to think long if I were asked to name the man who has done more, and in more valuable directions, for America."

Mrs. Blanche Willis Howard, author of "One Summer," has established her home in Stuttgart, and has with her Lawrence Barrett's three daughters, who are finishing their education there.

It is remarkable that Bulwer, Dickens and Thackeray were alike unhappy in marriage. Thackeray's wife was insane nearly all her married life. In all cases the wives survived the husbands.

The singular occurrence of the deaths so closely following one another, of three of the most renowned men of our time—Longfellow, Darwin and Ralph Waldo Emerson—is a topic of literary gossip.

Figaro says that there is in Paris a writer who does the descriptive part of novels for novelists whose genius does not lie in that line of writing. From him they purchase, cash down, every kind of description of Paris scenery.

Mozart's "Requiem" was the last composition to come from the hands of that distinguished and great composer. It was literally written while he was on his death-bed. He told his wife, "I am writing the 'Requiem' for myself."

The *Tribune* says: "Mr. Longfellow was born in a wooden house in Portland, which is still standing, and which is known to all the children of the city as the first abode of their favorite poet. One day recently a teacher in one of the public schools, after giving divers moral lessons on Longfellow's beautiful life, asked her pupils if any of them knew where the poet was born. A little hand went up in a hurry, and a small voice piped forth, 'in Patsey Connor's bedroom'—Master Connor being now one of the occupants of the old Longfellow house."

Mr G. W. Greene and Mr. Francis H. Underwood are disputing as to which of them has the better right to be Longfellow's biographer. Mr. Greene writes to the *Providence Journal* to say that some six years ago he and Longfellow agreed to be each other's biographers, and that from that time he had kept the intention in view. Mr. Underwood replies that within two weeks before his death, Mr. Longfellow said that he should like Mr. Underwood to write a sketch of his life. In this connection it is worth remembering that Longfellow's last book, "Ultima Thule," was dedicated to Mr. Greene.

A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown, once sent Dumas the manuscript of a new play, asking the great dramatist to become his *collaborateur*.

Dumas was for a moment petrified, then seized his pen, and wrote: "How dare you sir, propose to yoke together a horse and an ass?"

The author by return of post—"How dare you, sir, call me a horse!"

Dumas by next mail—"Send me your play, my young friend."

Whittier's Poem on Longfellow.

With a glory of winter sunshine
Over his locks of gray,
In the old historic mansion
He sat on his last birthday.

With his books and his pleasant pictures
And his household and his kin,
While a sound as of myriads singing
From far and near stole in.

It came from his own fair city,
From the prairie's boundless plain,
From the Golden Gates of sunset,
And the cedarn woods of Maine.

And his heart grew warm within him,
And his moistening eyes grew dim,
For he knew that his country's children
Were singing the songs of him.

The lays of his life's glad morning,
The psalms of his evening time,
Whose echoes shall float forever
On the winds of every clime.

All their beautiful consolations,
Sent forth like birds of cheer,
Came flocking back to his windows,
And sang in the Poet's ear.

Grateful, but solemn and tender,
The music rose and fell
With a joy akin to sadness
And a greeting-like farewell.

With a sense of awe he listened
To the voices sweet and young;
The last of earth and first of heaven
Seemed in the songs they sung.

And waiting a little longer
For the wonderful change to come,
He heard the Summoning Angel
Who calls God's children home!

And to him, in a holier welcome,
Was the mystical meaning given
Of the words of the Blessed Master;
"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven!"

Longfellow's Courtship.

About the year 1837, Longfellow, being engaged in making a tour of Europe, selected Heidelberg for a permanent winter residence. There his wife was attacked with an illness which ultimately proved fatal. It so happened, however that some time afterward there came to the same romantic place a young lady of considerable personal attractions. The poet became attached to her; but the beauty of sixteen did not sympathize with the poet of thirty-six; and Longfellow returned to America, having lost his heart as well as his wife. The young lady, also an American, returned home shortly afterwards. Their residences, it turned out, were contiguous, and the poet availed himself of the opportunity of prosecuting his addresses, which he did for a considerable time, with no better success than at first. Thus foiled he set himself resolutely down, and instead, like Petrarch, of laying siege to the heart of his mistress through the medium of sonnets, he resolved to write a whole book; a book which would achieve the double object of gaining her affections, and of establishing his own fame. "Hyperion" was the result. His labor and his constancy were not thrown away; they met their due reward. The lady gave him her hand as well as her heart, and they went to live at Cambridge, in the same house which Washington made his headquarters when he was first appointed to the command of the American armies.

GOLDEN GEMS.

A Child's Kiss.

Give me a kiss from your sweet, red lips,
Wee little maiden fair;
Fling me a kiss from your finger tips—
Something to banish care.
To make me forget this worry and pain,
To make me a child, like thyself, again.

Climb in my arms, like dewdrops sweet:
Creep in my world worn heart,
Trample its woes with your dimpled feet,
Gather the tears that start;
Weave the charm of thy sinless life o'er mine,
Till my record shall read as pure as thine.

Live well that you may die well.
Duty smiles on those who follow her.
Home is the seminary of all other institutions.
He wins at last, who builds his trust.
In loving words and actions just.

A woman who is not proud of her sex is a queen who does not deserve a crown.

Judgment and reason have been grand jury men since before Noah was a sailor.

Where is any author in the world teaches such beauty as a woman's eye!

He who obeys with modesty appears worthy of some day or other being allowed to command.

In this age almost every person is a reader and receives more instruction from the press than the pulpit.

House-keepers who will worry will always find enough to worry about.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear Lord who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

—[Coleridge.

Power, in its quality and degree, is the measure of manhood; scholarship, save by accident, is never the measure of a man's power.

"This earthly life, when seen hereafter from Heaven, will seem like an hour passed long ago, and dimly remembered."—*Longfellow*.

There is something higher than looking on all sides of a question. It is to have the charity to believe there may yet be another side.

Every good principle is more strengthened by its exercise, and every bad appetite is more strengthened by its indulgence than before.

The weakest reasoners are generally the most positive and often in good faith produce imaginary facts as arguments to support their conclusions.

We talk of forgetting. As a matter of fact, we never forget anything. An impression made upon the mind remains there forever.

Woman Versus Lady.

An English Colonel, says London *Truth*, was so indignant at his wife's being called a "woman" by a policeman that he took his number and reported him to the Chief Commissioner. But what nature of being has this irascible warrior married if his wife is not a woman? "Wait, woman," were the words of the policeman. What ought they to have been? "Wait, lady?" Let us have done with this miserable nonsense. I have no sympathy with the fashionable preacher, who in his sermon said, "Who were last at the Cross? Ladies. Who were first at the Sepulchre? Ladies." In Ireland they are more sensible. A sentry was on duty, when a lady wished to pass him. He told her that no one might go by. "You do not know who I am," she said; "I am the Colonel's lady." "Very sorry, ma'am," replied the sentry, "but I could not allow you to go by if you were the Colonel's wife."

A Woman's Work.

One hand on the glory supernal,
One hand on this world of unrest,
Her heart for the pity eternal
A faithful and sheltering nest.
No serge of the cloister enfolds her;
But happy, and hopeful, and sweet,
She brightens the eye that beholds her
In mart, or on roadside or street,

She shines for the darkened who need her,
She speaks for the sorry and sore:
Art, science and nature all feed her,
That more she may give from her store.
Courageous against all oppression,
She fearlessly stands for the right,
Her pure accents calling truth's legions
To quit them like men in the fight.

While oft in the sunset's red gloaming
She murmurs a lullaby low,
Or charms back the wanderer roaming,
With word-magic loving and low;
Her white hands fierce fever-heat soothing,
And rev'rently robing the dead,
Or deftly the bright needle using,
And moulding the sweet daily bread.

For this is the true woman's mission,
Its field is humanity wide;
To see with loves clarified vision
Man's needs and their cure side by side.
As free as the winds or the angels,
All fetters and meanness above,
To hearths and to homes God's evangel,
Our calling, His calling, is *love*.

Love as an Agent.

The force of love is always greater than that of sternness. Antagonism creates antagonism. If you attempt to drag me by force it is my nature to resist you, and I will pull against you with all my might; but if you try to attract me by kindness it is equally in my nature to yield to its influence, and I will follow you of my own free will. What the hammer will not weld together without fiery heat and prolonged labor the magnet will bring together in a moment. So, in dealing with men, the mightiest influence is love. If the pastor is "under the juniper tree," and bewailing his want of success, wondering why inquirers rarely come to him, and crying, like Isaiah, "Who hath believed our report?" let him examine and see whether he has not been attempting to move men by sternness rather than by love. Let him ask himself if he has not been dealing in side subjects, away from the great centre, and forgetting the attraction that is always in the cross. Let him inquire whether he has given due prominence in his discourses to the love of God, and whether he has not been going about among his people cold and stern and repulsive, rather than tender, loving and winsome in his gentleness. I say the same thing to the Sunday School teacher, who is sad at heart because he seems to see his scholars indifferent, or even perhaps antagonistic, to all his appeals. Have you tried them, my brother, with the still, small voice of gospel love? Perhaps you have been dealing too extensively in the whirlwind, the earthquake and the fire. Need I add that the same principle applies to parents in the training of their children in the nurture and the admonition of the Lord. You say you have tried everything with your sons and daughters; let me ask you if you have tried gentleness, and let me beseech you to make the experiment of that.—*Rev. Dr. W. M. Taylor*.

"Kind words can never die," nor can they ever fail of doing good. Let us have more of them in the church, in society, in the home. Recognize every honest, faithful effort, and reward it with an approving word, if nothing more. It is not enough to refrain from opposing or finding fault. We should give positive encouragement. A word may stimulate to perseverance in a good work, and the want of that word may cause dependency and failure. —

GEMS IN JEST.

A Winter Tale.

A boy once took it in his head
That he would exercise his sled.

He took that sled into the road,
And, Lord a massy! how he slode.

And as he slode he laughing cried:
"What fun upon my sled to slide."

And as he laughed, before he knewed
He from that sliding sled was slude.

Upon the slab where he was laid,
They carved this line, "This boy was slade."

Even a blind man can see a joke.

How to KEEP DRY.—Eat freely of red herrings and salt beef, and don't drink.

It may be the powder on the cheeks of fair maidens that blasts the hopes of so many young men.

"Inconsistent with strict veracity" is the way they put it in England, instead of calling a man a liar.

We can't understand why it was so awfully dark in Egypt when there were so many Israel-lights there.

"Fruit Jars," he said, as he looked at a sign; and then continued, "yes, it does, unless it is real ripe."

A man never looks so much like a red-handed villain as when he is told by a photographer to "look pleasant."

The Cat is the greatest American prima donna. If boot-jacks were boquets her nine lives would be strewn with roses.

The difference between a thief and a defaulter is, that the defaulter steals enough to hire lawyers to defend him, and the thief doesn't.

"John," said a teacher, "I'm very sorry to have to punish you." "Then don't; I'll forgive you this time," responded John.

Human nature, says a writer, is fond of the mysterious. This explains why the present generation takes so kindly to mince pie.

"Sambo, what am your 'pinion ob rats?" "Wal, I tink de one with de shortest tail will get in de hole de quickest. Yah, yah."

Said the lecturer: "The roads up these mountains are too steep and rocky for even a donkey to climb; therefore I did not attempt the ascent."

"Why is a Fool in high station like a man in a balloon?" Because everybody appears little to him, and he appears little to everybody."

The Detroit *Tribune* warns the Boston girls who have taken to wearing helmet hats that if they imitate the Boston police they will never catch a man.

In a German village the following official notice was posted: "Those who catch frogs' legs must first kill them. Those who kill them alive will be fined."

A middle-sized boy, writing a composition on "Extremes" remarked that "we should endeavor to avoid extremes, especially those of wasps and bees."—*Waif*.

Aunt—"Has any one been at these preserves?" Dead silence. "Have you touched them, Jimmy?" Jimmy, with the utmost deliberation—"Pa never 'lows me talk at dinner."

YOUTHFUL ARTIST, to countryman: "Might I go over there and paint those trees?" Countryman: "Paint the trees, maister! Don't thee think they look very well as they are?"

"What pretty children and how much they look alike," says C., during a visit at a friend's house. "They are twins," his friend explains. "What, both of 'em!" exclaims G., greatly interested.

Silver dollars with holes in them are painfully numerous, but they are not half so painfully numerous as holes without any silver dollars in them.

Punched coin has been driven out of circulation, except when you are in a hurry and the grocer knows you to be a man who don't count your change.

The speaker had failed to awaken a very deep interest in his hearers, but when the small boy had stolen quietly out after leaving red pepper on the stove, there wasn't a dry eye in the house.

New style of Western joke: "Suppose there was a man named Icular and he had a dog. When they were together they could not lie down because they would have to remain purp-and-Icular.

A Jerseyman was once thrown one hundred and fifty feet by an express train; when he picked himself up, he looked around for his hat, and remarked: "Well, if I don't find that er hat I'll make the company pay for it."

"Poor fellow! he died in poverty," said a man of a person lately deceased. "That isn't anything!" exclaimed a seedy bystander. "Dying in poverty is no hardship; it's living in poverty that puts the thumb-screws on a fellow."

A gentleman was promenading the street with a bright little boy at his side, when the little fellow cried out, "Oh pa, there goes an editor." "Hush, hush!" said the father, "don't make sport of the poor man—who knows what you may come to yet."

A railroad conductor was recently chosen deacon of a church. When it became his duty to take up a collection, he surprised the congregation by starting out with the characteristic ejaculation: "Tickets, gentlemen!" The contribution that day was large.

"Lay off your overcoat or you won't feel it when you go out," said the landlord of a Western inn to a guest who was sitting by the fire. "That's what I'm afraid of," returned the man. "The last time I was here I laid off my overcoat. I didn't feel it when I went out, and I haven't felt it since."

Gus De Brown, who has prolonged his call considerably after 10.45 p. m.: "So you don't admire men of conservative views like myself, Miss Angel?" Miss A., with vivacity: "No, indeed, I prefer people who have some go in them." De B. reaches for his hat.

Said Kate to her new husband, "John, What rock does true love split upon?"
Quoth John, and grinned from ear to ear,
"The rock of yonder cradle, dear."

Pat was reading a letter from Australia when he suddenly came to "Reply by return mail." "Shure," he exclaimed, "how can I reply when he hasn't sent never his address, the careless spalpeen? What shall I do now? Och, shure, I'll write and ask him what his address is, begor?"

In response to a toast to the fair sex a speaker became poetical and mixed his quotations thus:

"Oh, woman, in thine hour of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
But seen too oft familiar with thy face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

A story is told of an old gentleman who always took notes of his minister's sermon, and on one occasion read them to the minister himself. "Stop! stop!" said he, at the occurrence of a certain sentence; "I didn't say that." "I know you didn't," was the reply; "I put that in myself to make sense."

Such a Thick-Head.

Country woman (to parson, who had called to ask why Johnny, the eldest, had not been lately to school.) "Why he was thirteen years old last week, sir! I'm sure he've had school enough. He must know a'most everything now!" Parson.—"Thirteen, Mrs. Napper. Why, that's nothing. I didn't finish my education till I was three-and-twenty!"

Country woman.—"Lor, sir! You don't mean to say that you were such a 'thick-head' as that!"

Some New Geography.

[Detroit Free Press.]

- "Of what is the surface of the earth composed?"
 "Of corner lots, mighty poor roads, railroad tracks, base ball grounds, cricket fields, and skating rinks."
 "What portion of the globe is water?"
 "About three-fourths. Sometimes they add a little gin and nutmeg to it."
 "What is a town?"
 "A town is a considerable collection of houses and inhabitants, with four or five men who, "run the party" and lend money at fifteen per cent. interest."
 "What is a city?"
 "A city is an incorporated town, with a Mayor who believes the whole world shakes when he happens to fall flat on a cross-walk."
 "What is commerce?"
 "Borrowing \$5 for a day or two and dodging the lender for a year or two."
 "Name the different races?"
 "Horse race, boat race, bicycle race and racing around to find a man to indorse your note."
 "Into how many classes is mankind divided?"
 "Six; being enlightened, civilized, half civilized, savage, too utter, not-worth-a-cent and Indian agents."
 "What nations are called enlightened?"
 "Those which have the most wars, the worst laws, and produce the worst criminals."
 "How many motions has the earth?"
 "That's according to how you mix your drinks and which way you go home."
 "What is the earth's axis?"
 "The lines passing between New York and Chicago."
 "What causes day and night?"
 "Day is caused by night getting tired out. Night is caused by everybody taking the street car and going home to supper."
 "What is a map?"
 "A map is a drawing to show the jury where Smith stood when Jones gave him a lift under the eye."
 "What is a mariner's compass?"
 "A jug holding four gallons."

By Way of Explanation.

This term appeared in *The Transcript*: "A \$1,000 cow with a pedigree as long as an Italian count, inclosed in a water tight bag and attached to the forehead just below the horns, was a passenger on a steamer at New York this week." Some people might be misled by it. They might say that the pedigree was enclosed in the bag and attached to the count's forehead, just below the horns; others might construe it to mean that the count was inclosed in the bag and attached to the cow's forehead just below the horns; others might think that the count was put in the bag and attached to the forehead of the pedigree. All this is wrong. The idea is this: The cow had had a pedigree as long as that of an Italian count. Inclosed in a water-tight bag and attached to the forehead (probably the cow's forehead), just below the horns, was a passenger. Must have been a mighty uncomfortable position for him, too.—*Star*.

WHY SHE DOESN'T COUNT THE YEARS.—In the green room of a Parisian theatre the conversation turned upon the delicate subject of age. Presently a gentleman visitor ventured upon the indiscreet query: "Now, what age are you, my dear friend?" addressing his remarks to Mlle. X., who certainly can no longer be considered in her first youth. "What a question, indeed!" said the lady; "how can that possibly interest you?" "Simple curiosity," responded the visitor. "Well, then, I will be frank with you. Really, I do not know. One counts one's money, one's jewels and one's deeds of value, because it may happen they could be lost or stolen, but as I am absolutely certain that no one will take a year from my age, and that I shall never lose one, why, where is the use of counting."—*London Era*.

A temperance lecturer exclaimed, "Why men drink is what staggers me!" at which a toper in the audience responded, "What we drink is what staggers us, old fellow!"

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

OUR PUZZLE PRIZE.

The young folk's interest in our puzzle department increases greatly. Several have answered all the puzzles, and the prize this month had to be awarded to the one writing us the neatest and best letter. Some, however, mistake the nature of a diamond puzzle; it is not necessary that any but the central word read both ways. Mary L. Sheppard, Berlin, Ontario, has been awarded the prize, though others are almost as deserving.

Correct answers have been received from Laura Tretheway, Stratford; Jennie Gill, London; Lizzie Kinuisten, Parkhill; Delie Sawyer, Kentley; James Wilson, Walkertown; Hartley J. Doane, Thornton; Charlie West, Toronto; Jennie Smith, Ottawa; George H., Woodstock; James Edmunds, Montreal; W. Cunningham, London East; Lillie Mary McRae, Glencoe; Rosilina Salter and Walter Cope, London East.

This month a prize will also be given for the best set of answers, and in writing our young friends will remember:

1. To write only on one side of the paper.
2. To send their letters before the 5th of June.
3. To address Puzzle Editor, Family Circle Office, London East.

MAY PUZZLES.

1

SQUARE WORD.

My first could never mean to team,
 My next an English river's name,
 My third's a little bay or stream,
 My fourth full oft' denoteth tame

2

DECAPITATIONS.

I

I am a place of abode; behead me, and I am a river in England; behead me again, and I to am employ.

II

I am an auxiliary verb; behead me, and I am the entrance to a house; behead me again, and I am the whole.

LAURA TRETHEWAY.

3.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A consonant.

A drunkard.

To walk leisurely.

A city in Ontario.

Holes in cloth.

Part of the verb to eat.

A vowel.

4.

If 'fore a solid mass you place
 A monarch with a crown,
 You'll easily find that you can trace
 A large Canadian town.

5.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of ten letters.

My 7, 6, 4 is a part of the body,

My 10, 2, 3 is having conquered,

My 1, 9, 10 is not high,

My 5, 2, 4 is a mist,

My whole is a late American poet.

ANSWERS TO APRIL PUZZLES.

I. Square Word:—W E S T
 E V E R
 S E R E
 T R E E

2. Diamond Puzzle:— A
 A P E
 A P R I L
 L I E
 L

3. Letter Charade:—Family Circle.

4. Decapitation:—Start, tart, art.

5. Charade:—Table-Cloth.

Iron—Silver—Gold.

THREE RULES.

Question: What is the iron rule?

Answer: The rule of savage men:
If evil is done unto you,
Evil do thou again.
That is the Iron Rule.

Question: What is the Silver Rule?"

Answer: The rule of worldly men:
If good your neighbor does to you
Do good to him again.
That is the Silver Rule.

Question: What is the Golden Rule?

Answer: The rule of righteous men:
If evil is done unto you,
Return you good again.
This is the Golden Rule.

—*The Children's Hour.*

Choosing a Successor.

Feeling extremely ill one day, William Thompson, the renowned Maori chieftain, being at the time advanced in years, deemed it incumbent upon him to settle the succession to his supreme authority over the Maori nation. He had two grown up sons—fine spirited fellows—and, with the shrewdness that characterized him throughout life, he hit upon the following test of their respective capacities for rule, resolving that his choice between them should be determined by the result of his quaint experiment. As he was lying on a couch by the open door of his house, he summoned them to his bedside, and addressing the elder of the two exclaimed, "Shortland, take down my gun and shoot that white man standing by the hut over there." The heir apparent was in the act of obeying his father's orders, when Thompson's second son stepped forward, caught his brother's arm and remonstrated with him, saying, "Why should you kill the man? What harm has he done to you, or, for that matter, to any of us?" "Thou hast said well, my son," ejaculated the dying chief. "In thee I discern the true qualities requisite in rulers of men—intelligence, prudence and the love of justice. When I am dead, thou shalt govern in my stead." And so it came to pass; for, a few hours later, Thompson formally presented his second son to the elders of his nation as their future chief, and upon his death, which occurred shortly afterwards, no attempt was made to dispute his choice of a successor.

WRITE WRITTEN RIGHT.

Write we know is written right
When we see it written write;
But when we see it written wright,
We know it is not written right;
For write, to have it written right,
Must not be written right or wright,
Nor yet should it be written rite,
But write, for so 'tis written right.

Lavender in Ancient Times.

Lavender so common now, also easily procured, was in ancient times worth more than its weight in gold. It was the "spikenard" of the ancients, and formed the basis of a very precious ointment, in the manufacture of which the leaves of the plant were employed. The great value of "spikenard" ointment is mentioned in the Gospel of Mark. It is also known that the lavender spikes or blossoms sold for one hundred Roman denarii, or over fifteen dollars in our currency, per pound. Thus it will be seen that lavender has known better days.

CURIOUS AND SCIENTIFIC.

The Spinning Jenny.

It may be interesting to know that James Hargreaves, the Englishman, who in 1764 devised the famous Spinning Jenny, derived no money from his invention. Under the pressure of poverty he had made and sold several of his machines before taking out a patent. When the Spinning Jenny had revolutionized the weaving trade, Hargreaves found that his invention was pirated in all directions. The combined manufacturers offered him £3,000 as a recompense and for permission to use his machine; but he demanded a much larger sum, which was refused; and he then began a series of law suits—ultimately abandoning them on being advised by his attorney that his rights could not be sustained.

Frank Podmore, B. A., in an article on "The Realistic Assumptions of Modern Science," in the *Psychological Review* for April, relates a curious manifestation on the part of a soldier who was shot in the head during the Franco German war. The man survived but was subject, at frequent intervals, to a singular pathological derangement. All avenues of sensation, save that of touch, were closed. He would pursue his employment with punctuality and diligence, though seeing and hearing nothing of what went on around him. And he would respond in the most extraordinary manner to slight suggestions conveyed to him by the sense of touch. A roll of paper was placed in his hand, and he put himself into the attitude of a public singer, and sang two or three well-known songs. His walking-stick, which he had dropped, was restored to him, and, having charged it with an imaginary cartridge, he laid himself flat behind a bush to shoot imaginary enemies. Now actions of this kind, which are performed, as it were, by the organism itself without the intervention of the mind, are called reflex by Mr. Podmore, it being supposed that, in all such cases, the nerve current conveying the stimulus from the part affected along the sensory nerve proceeds to the spinal cord, or to some subordinate ganglion in the brain, and is thence reflected back, as a stimulus inciting to motion, along the motor nerves to the limbs.

There can be little doubt that premature burial occasionally takes place in France and Algeria, also in Germany, in consequence of the laws ordaining prompt interment. It is no wonder, therefore, that the following discovery signaled in *L'Electricite* has been received with great satisfaction. According to this journal it has been ascertained that the application of an electric current to the body is a certain test of vitality. Such a test being applied five or six hours after presumed death, the non-contraction of the muscles will prove beyond a doubt that life is extinct.

The Cranial Formation of the Age.

When the ethnologist shall discover one of our tall hats in his excavation of some extinct city, he will straightway elaborate a profound dissertation upon the cranial formation of a then forgotten civilization, in which he will declare that the shape of the hat indubitably points to a race of long-headed men, the mental superiors to any that exist at his time of writing. When he shall continue his researches and dig up one of the saucer head-coverings of contemporary fashion, he will of course, conclude, that the men of 1882 were a flat-headed race, with no brain development worth mentioning. And who shall there be in that far distant day to give them the lie?—*Boston Transcript*.

For ingrowing toe nails, put a very small piece of tallow in a spoon and heat it very hot. Pour it on the corner of the toe, and the inflammation and granulation will subside, and destitute of all feeling, the nail can then be pared away without the least pain.

HOW TO STUDY NATURAL HISTORY.—No more interesting study than that of natural history can be found and none more instructive; and it is not in books, but in the sight of the living creatures that our minds are most enlightened. To teachers, parents and to all, we would say that if you wish to spend an hour of your leisure time profitably, go and see the wonders of the animal, bird and fish worlds, as they can be seen at the Toronto Zoological Gardens, lately started, and you will thank us for suggesting the thing to you. They are very centrally situated near the Union Station, Toronto.