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THE FAMILY CIRCLE

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Why Life is Sweet.

Because it breathes in and exhales God's breath,
Its natural atmosphere and so grows strong
To root itself amid decay and death,
And lifts its head above the poisonous wrong,
And, with far-reaching fibres push apart
The noisome evils clutching at earth's heart.

To live, to find our life in nobler lives,
Baptized with them in dews of holiness,
Strengthened, upraised, by every soul that thrives
In the clear air of perfect righteousness,
And sheltering that which might for frailty die,
When, with hot feet the whirlwind rushes by!

Oh, sweet to live, to love, to hope, to aspire!
To know that whatsoever we attain,
Beyond the utmost summit of desire,
Heights upon heights eternally remain,
To humble us, to lift us up, to show
Into what luminous deeps we onward go.

Because the Perfect, evermore postponed,
Yet ever beckoning, is our only goal;
Because the deathless love that sits enthroned
On changeless Truth, holds us in firm control;
Because within God's heart our pulses beat—
Because His law is holy—life is sweet!

—Lucy Larcom.

[Written for *The Family Circle*.]

The Old Library at Home.

BY E. T. PATERSON.

CHAPTER VI.

BUT whether she knew or suspected me to be the midnight intruder in the library it was impossible to say next morning.

When I descended to the breakfast room, which I did in fear and trembling, I found her already there, for she was an early riser. I bade her good morning as usual, and though I fancied she looked at me more keenly than usual, she answered my salutation as coldly as was her wont.

As the day passed on and no mention of the previous night's proceedings was made, I became convinced that whether Mrs. Godfrey suspected me or not she had no decided proof to go upon. However, prudence warned me to discontinue the search in the library for at least some weeks.

Three weeks later a telegram came from Douglas saying he would be at the manor that evening in time for dinner.

So at last I was to meet him face to face! But at any rate he would have no cause to infer from my manner that I cherished sentimental regrets connected with him. He

would see that I looked upon him as I would upon any other acquaintance.

So I reflected, as I dressed for dinner, after having first assisted at Helen's toilet, a much more delicate affair than usual this evening; for was she not arraying herself for a lover's admiring eyes? Happy Helen! sighed I, as I glanced once more at myself in the mirror. And it was with some honest pride that I surveyed my reflected face and figure. There is no greater mistake than that made by the majority of novelists who depict a handsome woman as "unconscious" of her own charms. And surely it is the extreme of folly to regard it as wrong for a pretty woman to admire herself, provided her self-admiration is of a healthy, honest nature, free from silly vanity. Who would not rather be beautiful than common-place? "A thing of beauty is a joy forever;" and why should one ignore the beauty of one's own person, simply because it is one's own?

With a beating heart I went down stairs and paused outside the drawing-room door. Douglas had arrived about a quarter of an hour before; for I heard the carriage drive up the avenue whilst I was dressing; and yes! that was his voice I heard within, more musical and manly than of yore, but the same; I would know it among a thousand.

I turned away and wandered out on to the verandah, and from thence to the lawn. My heart beat almost to suffocation, and I desired before I met him to suppress every feeling of emotion. So I tried to fix my thoughts upon other subjects—home and the lost will and of our future should my search prove successful. So thinking, and pacing slowly to and fro, I saw two figures emerge from the house, and knew that Helen and her lover were approaching me.

"Enis, here is Douglas; you are old friends, so will not need an introduction."

"I have met Dr. Rathburn before," I answered coolly, and placed my hand lightly in his. As I looked up into his face I saw there a pained look of wonder and embarrassment that puzzled me slightly to account for.

"I am happy to meet you again, Miss Godfrey."

Very gravely, very courteously, but my quick ear detected a tone of reproach in his voice which I resented accordingly. What cause had he to reproach me?

Very pretty my cousin looked! so bright and happy beside her tall lover; and several times, as we sauntered about, I saw him glance down affectionately upon her.

In using the word "affectionately" I speak advisedly; for even in that first hour of seeing them together I perceived that in his bearing towards my cousin there was none of that lover-like devotion natural in a newly-accepted lover; only a calm affectionateness, a grave courtesy rarely seen in the manner of a man deeply in love.

"I was correct in my judgment of him after all," was my rather contemptuous reflection.

As we walked slowly back to the house, Helen suddenly dropped behind to gather a few flowers, while Douglas and I went on a few paces, and then stopped to wait for Helen.

We were both visibly embarrassed; at least I know he was, and it is certain I felt anything but comfortable; perhaps both our minds were occupied with the memory of the

last time we were there together—the day he bade me good-bye when he went away to Edinburgh. So now, after long years we had met again—met almost as strangers, and as usual under such circumstances we found nothing to say to one another at first but of the most common-place subjects.

After discoursing for a few minutes on the familiar beauties of Upfield, he inquired for papa and mamma and my numerous brothers and sisters.

"They are all pretty well, thank you, except mamma; city life does not agree with her; she pines for the purer air of the country."

"I am grieved indeed to hear of Mrs. Godfrey's ill health," he answered, "I hope she is not seriously ill?"

"She is almost a confirmed invalid, but I have hopes that ere long she will remove to the country, and then I have no doubt she will be almost her old self again."

"I hope so indeed. Enis, I cannot express to you the sorrow I felt for you all when I heard that you had been compelled to leave your old home. It must have been a terrible wrench for the squire especially; he was so attached to the old place."

"Yes; my father felt it deeply," I answered coldly, somehow, I did not care to discuss our altered fortunes with Douglas.

"How do you like Winchester, Dr. Rathburn? by the bye, I must congratulate you upon having attained to such success in your profession."

"Dr. Rathburn! Enis, why do you speak to me as though I were a mere casual acquaintance? it is very unkind of you. Is our old friendship quite forgotten?"

Before I could reply to this embarrassing question Helen came up to us, a small button-hole bouquet in one hand and a magnificent crimson rose in the other. Holding the former up to Dr. Rathburn, she said gaily: "This is for you, Douglas; it is the very first bouquet I have ever given you, so recollect, sir, you must not throw it away when 'tis withered, but put it away carefully and keep it as a memento of this evening."

"I will do so," said Douglas, gravely, and though she had but spoken in jest, I knew from his tone that he would do as he said.

"Now let me fasten it in your button-hole, if I can reach up so far, that is to say," and with a gay little laugh, she threw down the rose she held and stood on tip-toe while he bent slightly toward her.

It was as pretty a picture as one would wish to see.

He so tall and strong, bending his grave, kindly face toward the laughing one of the delicate girl whose soft fingers showed so white and fragile against the blackness of his coat as she pinned the bouquet of flowers in his button-hole. The surroundings too were so perfectly in keeping with the scene. The golden rays of the setting sun lingered lovingly on the time-browned face of the old manor, and played coyly at hide and seek among the ancient trees in the park, while one golden shaft of light fell lovingly across the brow of my little cousin, encircling her fair head like a halo of glory. At that moment I thought she looked angelic, for the light of love was shining in her blue eyes and the perfect lips were parted in a supremely happy smile.

Ah! my little Helen I will not grudge you this love which makes you so happy. You are at best but a fragile hot-house plant and would droop and die, bereft of the warmth and support it affords you; while I am a strong young sapling, able to stand erect without support or artificial warmth.

"This rose is for you, Enis; isn't it a beauty? and, oh! it looks so lovely in your dark hair, dear. Does it not?" turning to Douglas while she held the crimson rose against the braid of my hair.

I looked up at him, waiting with assumed indifference for his reply, and caught his gaze fixed upon my face with an expression in his eyes that startled and fluttered me with a curious mixture of displeasure and secret joy.

"Very beautiful," he said simply, in answer to Helen, and then when she had fastened the rose in my hair, we all three walked slowly back to the house and—to dinner—most prosaic ending to a romantic half-hour.

To my intense relief I learned that Douglas' visit would not extend over a week, and during that time I resolved to avoid him as much as possible; above all to avoid being left tete-a-tete with him, for—in all humility let me say it—I

had seen in the expression of his eyes, as they rested upon me that night, that it needed but an effort on my part to awaken that old love which was not dead, as I had fancied, but slumbered still in his heart; but thank heaven! I was loyal enough to Helen to put temptation away from me. As day followed day and I sat, with eyes reddened keen by love, how very small a share of Douglas' heart Helen possessed, I blamed him more and more bitterly for his mercenary motives in asking her to marry him.

It was a long, dreary week to me, that of Douglas' visit to the Manor. Relieved, for the greater part of the day from my attendance upon Helen, I spent my leisure in my own apartment and there brooded over the troubles of my position as well as over the state of affairs at home, for things did not seem to be going on altogether favorably there, and mamma wrote, expressing her desire that I should return in the autumn.

I rarely saw Douglas save at meal-time, and in the evenings when we all gathered together in the library or on the lawn.

And during those evenings I learned to see more and more clearly that Douglas did not love Helen Godfrey, save as a brother might love a dear sister. I half fancied too that a shadow had crept into my darling's sunny eyes, that the sweet mouth smiled more pathetically than usual. Had she already found a flaw in her idol?—as I had done—poor child! But she was one of these fragile, gentle women whose hearts are strong as oak, faithful, tender, forgiving; in whom a man will always—in the sunshine of prosperity or in the darkest hour of his bitter need—find comfort, rest and peace.

I pitied her, and out of my pity arose anger toward Douglas Rathburn, and so I infused more and more coldness and stiffness into my manner, whenever I had occasion to address him or when he came, as he always did, and leaned over the piano or stood beside me and turned my music when I played or sang, until at length when he saw, it really annoyed me he ceased to do so, holding moodily aloof, apparently disinclined for conversation either with his betrothed or his prospective mother-in-law.

And then, though I was glad for Helen's sake, I felt a swift pang of regret. For oh! I loved him still, and it was pleasant above all things to feel him near me. When at the end of the week he went back to Winchester, we three, Mrs. Godfrey, Helen and myself, fell into the old routine of life at the Manor, not a pleasant life for me by any means, for the breach between my aunt and me widened daily, and her dislike manifested itself in numerous gratuitous insults which galled me to have to endure in silence. But I simply bided my time, strong in the belief of ultimate success.

And Helen; my poor little Helen! This feud between her mother and me troubled her gentle heart greatly, and I often in her presence, for her sake, bore good-naturedly the petty snubs which were Mrs. Godfrey's daily offering to me.

One thing astonished me much. Why my aunt should permit me to stay on at the Manor, disliking me as she did; and I came to the conclusion that it was because Helen desired it.

Oh, Helen, little one! your gentle goodness, your pure, patient life have not been quite in vain, for surely I am a better woman for having loved you and been loved by you.

One day, toward the end of August, I suddenly made up my mind to resume my search for the will that night. Mrs. Godfrey had never by word or sign signified that she suspected anything, and I began to think that it must have been Mrs. Griswold, the old house-keeper, who had so nearly come upon me in the library that night—or rather morning, so that my fears on that point were almost entirely laid to rest. As on the previous occasion, I felt restless all day in anticipation of what the night would bring me; and I rejoiced, therefore, when Mrs. Godfrey requested me to walk to Upton in the afternoon to match some wool for her. It was a good three miles to the village, but I did not think anything of that, being a good walker; and besides I had walked from the Manor to Upton more times than I could count when I lived at Upfield in the old days. There were two ways to the town, I could either go by the highway or through the fields. I chose the latter as being the more pleasant, for it was an intensely warm day and the road was sure to be ankle-

deep with dust; the green fields and shady lanes, in spite of fences to be climbed by the way, were infinitely preferable, so I put on my widest hat, took my parasol, and having received instructions from Mrs. Godfrey, sallied forth well pleased with the prospect of my walk, every inch of the way being as familiar to me as though I had never gone away from Upland at all. But, to be sure, one does not forget such things in three years. I reached the town about half-past four, and having matched the wools and made a small purchase on my own account, I started for home again by the same way as I had come.

The farmers, through whose fields I was passing, were all known to me of old, and I stopped frequently to speak to them as they respectfully touched their hats to me.

The six o'clock bell clanged out as I entered a shady winding lane which led me to the park gates. Turning a curve I suddenly perceived a man coming toward me; my heart gave a great thump and then beat almost painfully as I recognized the tall, square form of Douglas Rathburn!

He looked up and saw me, and a moment more he was by my side, my hand lying passive in his strong clasp, his blue eyes looking pleadingly, earnestly down upon me.

Recovering my self-possession somewhat, I drew my hand away and confusedly expressed my surprise at seeing him there.

"I am going up to London to-night and merely stopped here on my way through."

"Have you been at the Manor? Have you seen Helen?" I enquired.

"Yes," he murmured, moodily, and I saw the sudden darkening of his eyes at the mention of Helen's name.

"Is she not looking much better in health than she was?" I asked, led on by some curious impulse to speak of her.

"Yes," was again his answer, but he turned his face away from me and whipped off the head of an unoffending shrub with his cane.

"You seem very fond of your cousin," he said, abruptly.

"I am; I love her dearly; though I came here prejudiced against her. She is without exception the most lovable girl I have ever known."

"Good heavens! Why will you talk to me of her?" he exclaimed, roughly; "I wish to God I had never seen her! Enis, I love you; my queen!"

He had seized both my hands, and held them so firmly that I could not withdraw them.

"Dr. Rathburn, you forget yourself," I cried, angrily; "release my hands instantly; you have no right to speak of love to me, in doing so you insult both me and your betrothed wife. Ah!" I cried, my indignation increasing at the thought of my cousin—"how could you wrong poor Helen so? She loves you devotedly, and though you are doubtless marrying her for the sake of her wealth, you might at least be true to her."

As I spoke, his face became crimson and then turned deadly pale; he made a step toward me.

"You wrong me," he said, sternly.

"Wrong you! How? By your own admission you do not love Helen; why then did you ask her to marry you?"

"I repeat, you wrong me; oh, Enis, Enis!" he cried, suddenly, "you at least might know me better than that; I declare to you I do not want her money; I would to heaven all this were your father's again and that Helen had nothing,"

"And yet you do not love her, Dr. Rathburn; how very singular," I answered, sarcastically.

"Listen," he cried fiercely, "and I will tell you; but no—no I cannot," he said, with a despairing sob in his strong, deep voice that melted my heart as nothing else would have done.

"Douglas, I will try to think that you had some more worthy motive than the one which I have imputed to you. Knowing that you did not love her, I could imagine no other motive than a mercenary one on your part; I cannot tell what may be your reason for marrying my cousin, nor do I wish for any explanation; I will trust to your word that you seek her with no unworthy motive; but oh, Douglas, for the sake of our old friendship be kind, be true to Helen; you asked me just now if I was fond of her, and once more I tell you I love her dearly; and so—so Douglas, if you would win back my old affection for you, if you would have me honor you and be proud of you, make my Cousin Helen a happy,

contented woman, be true as steel to her, and—and love her if you can, Douglas."

"Can a man give his heart to two women at the same time?" he cried, passionately; "oh, Enis! do not scorn me, do not be angry, it is the last time I shall speak of my love to you; tell me, dear heart, if things had been different—if I were free—would you have cared for me—loved me?"

"Yes," I answered, softly.

"Heaven bless you for that assurance," he took my hand in his again, and when I looked into his face I saw tears in his eyes.

"Though your love can never be mine, Enis, yet I will try to be worthy of your friendship; the respect and esteem of a good woman are worth striving for."

"Oh, hush!" I cried, with a painful consciousness of how little I deserved his praise. "I am not such a good woman as you think; you don't know how wicked I am sometimes, Douglas."

"You are good enough for me, dear one," he said, gently; and then with a few more words on either side we said goodbye, and I watched till a turn in the lane hid him from my tear-dimmed eyes. Slowly then I continued my way home, battling with the sick despair that swayed my soul like a tempest. "Oh! Douglas, whether you be true or not, God knows; but this I do know, that I love you with all my heart and soul and strength."

Ah, me! for the days that are gone when no shadow of stern duty stood between us; when he was free to love me and I to receive his love!

"Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others, deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret.
Oh! death in life, the days that are no more!"

To be Continued.

My Own Girl.

Fifteen shillings—no more, sir—

The wages I weekly touch,

For labor steady and sore, sir,

It isn't a deal too much;

Your money has wings in the city,

And vanishes left and right,

But I hand a crown to Kitty

As sure as Saturday night.

Bless her, my own, my wee,

She's better than gold to me!

She lives in a reeking court, sir,

With roguery, drink and woe;

But Kitty has never a thought, sir,

That isn't as white as snow—

She hasn't a thought or feeling

An angel would blush to meet;

I love to think of her kneeling

And praying for me so sweet.

Bless her, my own, my wee,

She's better than gold to me!

I must be honest and simple,

I must be manly and true,

Or how could I pinch her dimple,

Or gaze in her frank eyes, blue?

I feel not anger, but pity,

When workmates go to the bad;

I say, "They've never a Kitty—

They'd all keep square if they had."

Bless her, my own, my wee,

She's better than gold to me!

One day she will stand at the altar,

Modest, and white, and still,

And forth from her lips will falter

The beautiful, low "I will."

Our home shall be bright and pretty

As ever a poor man's may,

And my soft little dove, my Kitty,

Shall nest in my heart for aye.

Bless her, my own, my wee,

She's better than gold to me!

—Frederick Langbridge.

[Written for the Family Circle.]

How She Kept Faith.

BY MRS. CROSS.

CHAPTER III.

TRIALS AND TROUBLES.

"Faith alone can interpret life, and the heart that aches and bleeds with the stigma of pain, alone bears the likeness of Christ and can comprehend its dark enigma."

I MUST turn from these bright scenes to speak of sorrow and care, for this is the common lot. Mrs. Barr was taken seriously ill. Medical aid was procured, but seemed unable to understand her malady, and she grew steadily worse. Amanda, with confidence in her lover's healing powers, sent off a messenger for him, only to learn that he had been hastily summoned to the bedside of a dying brother in a distant city, leaving a letter to be forwarded to her explaining all. When he reached his brother he saw the end must come in a few days at most, and a week after his arrival he died, leaving to Dr. A. the task of settling his affairs which occupied another week. Therefore he found when he reached Mrs. Barr he could do no good. "She must go to a hospital, where she will have the best advice and care," he said decidedly. "Then I will go to the city with her, try for a situation near her, where I can get to see her as often as possible," said Amanda. This was done, and Amanda found a place as assistant teacher in a private school near her mother. Dr. Atherton accompanied them to the city, and on the last evening they spent together before his return, broke gently to Amanda a new grief to be borne. "My brother William was one of the kindest souls on earth, he was too generous, could not bear to witness sorrow that he could by any possibility relieve. He could never say 'no' to any request for a loan, if a friend was in need, and so he became the prey of designing men. He has left several debts behind him which amount to a considerable sum. I am not legally bound to pay them, but in honor I feel it my duty, I could not bear to think that any one had been a loser by my brother. I have therefore taken it upon myself only asking time, which has been cheerfully given, to make all straight, yet this makes it much harder for us, my darling what do you say?"

She answered with sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks, in her enthusiasm, "you have done nobly, do not fear that I shall blame you, it was the only honorable course open to you, and what signifies a few years more or less to us when we are supported by unchanging trust, and unbounded confidence in each other. It could not be soon anyway for my mother is my first duty."

"Well as we will trust it with the higher wisdom, which is too wise to err and too good to be unkind, and this is the last evening we shall soon spend together we will look upon the bright side only," said the doctor hopefully, "but you have removed a weight from my mind." After a few weeks the physicians at the hospital decided nothing more could be done, and at Mrs. Barr's desire they returned home. "She may live many years, but will probably never be any better," was the hopeless decision. "Will these gatherings and eruptions be continual?" asked Amanda, with a calmness that astonished herself. "It is most likely, my poor child," said the elderly doctor, with a heart full of pity for them both, then started up hastily to prevent her from falling, as he feared from her sudden deathly pallor, that she would faint. But she did not, her heart went up in a cry for help that is never withheld from those who seek, and strength was given her to go on with her duties. So began home life once again.

CHAPTER IV.

THROUGH SUFFERING.

"Oh woman, in thine hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light, quivering aspen made,
When pain and sickness wring the brow,
A ministering angel, thou."

So life went on; one day is like another, an incessant, almost unvarying course. Is there anything harder for youth to bear? And dimly at first, but more and more clearly, she felt that the engagement must be broken. It was wronging her lover to hold him to it now. His prospects must not be sacrificed. She felt that the act must be hers; he was too generous to ask a release. "He would remain true to me, I am sure," she thought, with a thrill of happiness—"would allow his whole life to be clouded for my sake, to help me bear my burden; and to what purpose? No, no! it must not be." Still she could not bring herself at once to take the decisive step; his companionship was so dear, his letters almost the only alleviation of her lot—so tender, so hopeful, so restful, how could she give him up? Sitting long, night after night, by the dying embers, or lying awake pondering until exhausted nature sank to rest, toiling at her household tasks, the same thought was ever with her—"It must come to that. I could not leave my mother in her extreme need of me. I could not ask him to assume such a burden, and I can never tell him my reasons; he will deem me cold and changed—a heartless flirt, perhaps—and I must bear it. How can I bear it?" At times her whole nature rose up in passionate rebellion, she would go away to her own room and throw herself upon her knees by the bedside, and burying her face in her hands, pour out her pent-up emotions in a flood of tears. Then, having thus relieved her overcharged heart, she would go on for a time with a mercifully-given calmness that was almost peace, learning daily to cast her care on the infinite strength and love, though the lesson was hard to learn and must be repeated over and over again before it could be known perfectly.

When this was nearly accomplished, she wrote:

"Please, Dr. Atherton; let our engagement be at an end. Do not ask my reasons for this request, please; I ask it as a last favor; and do not judge me harshly; you can never know my motives. I believe you will feel this blow and I am sincerely sorry for you. I can not grant you an interview. You need not send back my letters; I am not afraid to trust them in your hands. Farewell, and God bless you. Do not come.—AMANDA."

To this the following was his answer.

"My first impulse upon reading your letter was to come to you at once; nothing but your express command could have restrained me. You can not know what a cruel blow your words have given. How can I let there be an end of all between us without even a word of explanation? What have I done? What can this mean? I can only think one of two things, if you refuse to explain: either you love another, or it is on account of those unpaid debts I told you of. I would have sworn either supposition was false a week ago, but now I know not what to think. One thing is certain, if you give me up I can not remain here. I will wait a week for an answer from you, and if I receive none, I will try the far West. I dare not allow this disappointment, bitter and cruel as it is, to wreck my life. I have a work to do and I must do it with my might; there is a purpose in each of our lives and I must accomplish mine; I shall need to work doubly hard now to forget self in helping others; must work to kill thought and memory. But oh, my darling! I hope for the best; my heart cries out for you; surely you will write me if only to say one word—"come." If not, I shall ever be your friend and well-wisher.—JAMES ATHERTON."

Amanda had gone to her own room to read this alone, and when she had read it she felt as if her heart were breaking. Even the luxury of tears was denied her, and she could only moan out her anguish.

"My heart cries out for you!" He had written, and did she not know by hourly experience what that meant. She pitted him even more than herself, for she could have the comfort of knowing that he whom she loved was worthy, while he must believe her either false-hearted or mercenary, perhaps deem her a heartless coquette, and she could not remove the misapprehension. There was one anxious thought set forever at rest by his letter. "Less things have spoiled men's lives before now, what if he should take to drink to drown care," had often been in her mind, but now she doubted him no more. He was no share of circumstance, he was master of himself and his fate. When she had grown

calm enough to return to her mother, she was met by querulous complaining, "where have you been so long, I have called and called you, what were you about?" Writing love-letters perhaps, I suppose you will be leaving me altogether next, that's as much as we can expect of our children now-a-days, after all our trouble raising them." This abrupt address shook for one instant Amanda's determination. If her mother had such an opinion of her, why not let it be as she had said; let her brothers look to it, let her have a hired nurse, why should her happiness be wrecked, when one little, written word would change her whole life. But it was only for an instant. "Am I doing this that I may receive praise of men, or for approbation," she asked herself sternly, "or is it from love and duty?" So the letter remained unanswered, but all that week with a heavy heart, she thought constantly of his sickening suspense as he waited in vain for what never would come.

CHAPTER VI.

DAY AFTER DAY.

"Daily striving though unloved and lonely
Every day a rich reward will give
Thou shalt learn by hearty striving only
And truly loving, thou canst truly live."

IT will be seen by the events just recorded that poor Mrs. Barr was in a sad state of mind as well as body. Always accustomed to an active life, it came very hard to be so helpless, not to speak of the pain and languor which well-nigh wore out her strength. Not for long years did she find peace, guided thereto by her loving child. Till she found at last that the only way to be at rest was to be able to say "Thy will not mine," it was no pleasant task to be her constant companion. How Amanda kept so cheerful was a wonder to many. She had felt a need of constant employment to keep down sad thought, and for that reason and to have fresh young natures about her which she might mould by kindness and hearts which she might win by love to give love in return, as well as to increase their small income, she opened a school in a spare room of the cottage. She found it did not materially interfere with her care of her mother and her mother even liked at times to have some of the pupils with her for a short time after school hours, and was amused by their lively, childish prattle, or beguiled into pleasant memories of her own childhood. She was glad when she heard that Dr. Atherton had gone; and subsequently from a cousin a resident of Chicago, that he was settled there and doing well. He will suffer less amid new scenes, she thought. Time, the great healer, brought to her as to us all a gradual softening of her sorrow, so that her feeling for her lost lover, was like that we feel toward a dearly loved one whom God has taken. Some twelve years later she heard from her cousin in Chicago of Dr. Atherton's marriage, and she felt "such love as I cherish towards him is no wrong to his wife, I need not change even though he is married." So she found as Dr. J. G. Holland has beautifully expressed it "that the sweetest realm of love is untainted by any breath of passion." "Do you remember Dr. Atherton?" her cousin wrote, "He is now at the top of his profession, was married about a year ago. It was quite a romantic story. He was attending a poor sewing-woman, dying of consumption; she had seen better days, and dreaded leaving her children, a son of five and daughter of twenty, to the tender mercies of strangers. Dr. Atherton proposed to marry the daughter and adopt the son which proposal was gratefully accepted and after seeing it carried out, the mother died happy. I do not think there was love on either side, but pity and tenderness on one side, gratitude on the other and respect on both are no bad foundations for wedded happiness. The doctor is a zealous worker and devoted to his profession."

CHAPTER VII.

MOSTLY CHANGES.

"Let us go forth and resolutely dare,
With sweat of brow to toil lives' little day,
And if a tear fall on the task of care
In memory of those spring hours passed away
Brush it not by—
Our hearts to God, to brother-men,
To labor, blessing, prayer, and then
To these a sigh."

EIGHT years more of this quiet uneventful life, and the weary sufferer (after twenty years of illness of which not more than two years had been blessed with anything like ease of body or power to move about the room), was taken to her rest. Her last years had been made beautiful by patient, cheerful submission and forgetfulness of self. Amanda missed her mother sorely after all those years of constant, close companionship though she rejoiced that the tried spirit was free from pain, she felt alone in the world and without any especial interest. But work is the best medicine for grief, loneliness or depression and she soon found there is no lack of work for willing hands. She went to nurse her brother's wife through an illness that ended fatally and remained to keep his house and care for his children, till three years later he married again. Just before this event, she received a letter and parcel from her Chicago correspondent, informing her of Dr. Atherton's death after only a week's illness, inflammation of the lungs. In looking over the contents of a desk in which he had kept his most valuable papers, his wife had found a parcel of letters carefully tied up, and seeing by the head-line from whence they had come, brought them unread to this cousin who was a native of that place as she knew, to ask if the writer was yet living and finding she was, directed them to be returned. Enclosed in them Amanda found a picture of herself taken for him in the long-gone-by days which she compared, with a mournful pleasure, with the reflection in her mirror; and a photograph of Dr. Atherton taken shortly before his death, sent by her cousin, which she compared with the one she had of him as she had known him, seeking to find how well the promise of his youth had been fulfilled in his riper years. Many things in the letters brought back vividly forgotten scenes and incidents, but

"Alas! our memories may retrace
Each circumstance of time and place,
Season and scene come back again
And outward things unchanged remain.
The rest we cannot reinstate
Ourselves we cannot recreate,
Nor set our souls to the same key
Of the remembered harmony."

About this time, our heroine had an offer of marriage. She had had several while her mother lived from some who believed that so good a daughter would make a good wife. But she would not leave her mother, nor had she loved again and would not marry for a home for herself and mother. But now the case was different. A playmate of her childhood had lost his wife a year previous and was left with six children the eldest some twelve years of age. He did not ask for love, only for respect and esteem, pleaded his children's need, and for their sakes and with a full understanding between them she accepted him. Now reader if you choose to criticise I have nothing to say. I do not believe in any motive except love, influencing to marriage. Let him who is without fault cast the first stone; she loved children and wanted some new, absorbing interests to make life worth living, so at the age of forty-three she became Mrs. George Clark.

Her marriage was not an unhappy one, and she speedily won the love of the children, though some kind neighbors, as is usual in such cases, had poisoned the mind of the elder boy against her. Yet she conquered at last and was content with her work and the many opportunities she found for doing good among the poor families about her. So passed twelve years away.

The two eldest boys have left home to do for themselves, one girl is married and the next away teaching, only Baby Mamie now a girl of fourteen with winning, playful ways, which endear her to all, and George aged sixteen, his father's help and hope for the future, remain at home. One evening when she and Mamie were alone she told her, at her earnest request, this story of her life, and Mamie after protesting with sobs and tears that, her dear, good mother had deserved to have so much happiness and her life had been all sorrow, suddenly declared it was worthy to be put in a book and when she got old enough it should be, and now she has kept her promise. Sad as you may deem my story can you think of none more sad?

THE END.

SPARKS OF MIRTH.

Jog on, jog on the foot-path way
And merrily hent the tiller—
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile—a.

The biggest thing on ice—The profit.
A noisy piece of crockery—The cup that cheers.
By the road of By-and-bye one arrives at the town of Never.
An unknissed kiss is the kind you send through a telephone.
An exchange calls a tack on a chair-seat a "harbinger of spring."

The green grocer is one who trusts the new family in the next block.

Summerbreeze says marriage is a means of grace, because it led him to repentance.

A piece of steel is a good deal like a man; when you get it red hot it loses its temper.

A Colorado reporter solemnly asked a confiden co man "Did you ever rob the penniless?"

It is said, "Time alone can heal the desolate heart." This may be because time is money.

Key says his wife would make an excellent reporter. She is so fond of taking notes, you know.

Young folks tell what they do, old ones what they have done, and fools what they intend to do.

There is a man in California who always has three feet in his boots. Each boot is eighteen inches long.

The wrong men always get rich. It is the fellow without money who tells you how much good can be done with it.

Pertinently does "A Bard of the Rockies" say:
"It is not wealth, nor birth, nor state,
But git up and git, that makes men great."

"How shall I have my bonnet trimmed," asked Maria, "so that it will agree with my complexion?" "If you want it to match your face, have it plain," replied Hattie.

"What station is this?" asked a lady passenger of an English tourist near by. Looking out of the window and reading a sign on the fence he replied: "'Rough on Rats,' I guess, mum."—*The Eye*.

A New York belle met with a sad loss while returning from a summer resort the other day. By some means her diary, containing the names of all the gentlemen she had become engaged to, dropped out of the car window, and now she can't tell which of her male friends have a right to kiss her.

A Pennsylvania editor had just finished an able and lengthy editorial on the "Physical Degeneracy of Women," when a robust female entered the office with a cart whip in one hand and a copy of his paper in the other. As the editor threw open a window and was about to spring out, the woman modestly said she had "brought the lost whip advertised in yesterday's paper, and wanted the fifty cents reward offered."

The following touching illustration of the beauty of a sympathetic spirit is chronicled by the Nashua (N. H.) *Telegraph*: "On a recent Sunday evening a stranger, tired and dusty, leaned against a lamp-post at Rochester, while he enquired the distance to Farmington. 'Eight miles,' said a boy. 'Are you sure it is as far as that?' The boy, with his big heart overflowing with the milk of human kindness, replied, 'Well, seeing you are pretty tired I will call it seven miles.'"

"Feels like fall?" he said to a citizen sitting across the car. "Yes. 'November will soon be over?'" "I don't see how it can help it." "And then it won't be long to winter?" "No." "And the holidays will come before we know it." "Just so." "And after holidays we can look for spring?" "I think we can." "And spring will slip into summer almost before we can turn around?" "That's so." "And as a man don't need an overcoat in the summer, I have decided not to invest: thanks for your encouragement. Some men would have predicted three months' winter just to scare me into looking for a warm stairway to sleep under."

LITERARY LINKLETS.

"Honor to the men who bring honor to us—glory to the country, dignity to character, wings to thought, knowledge of things, precision to principles, sweetness to feeling, happiness to the friends—Authors."

Miss Louisa M. Alcott is ill.

Father Ryan is lecturing in the South.

Mr. Evelyn P. Shirley, author of "The Noble and Gentle Men of England," is dead.

James Murray, a Scotch poet, whose "Maid of Galloway" attracted considerable attention a generation ago, is dead in his eightieth year.

Oliver Wendell Holmes lately visited the White Mountains for the first time. Apart from the inflictions of the asthma, he is in the best of health.

Fraser's Magazine, once honored by contributions from Carlyle, Lockhart, Thackeray, "Father Prout," and Theodore Hook, is no more. It always showed high literary merit.

Longfellow's last work, a tragedy called "Michael Angelo," is in the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The same house announces a third series of "Spare House," by the late Dr. John Brown.

Among the contributors to Mr. Waddington's forthcoming monograph on Clough are Mathew Arnold, Thomas Hughes, C. H. Hutton, J. H. Symonds, F. T. Palgrave, and Charles Eliot Norton.

Mr. S. H. Butcher, of University College, Oxford, well known as a translator of the "Odyssey," has been called to the chair of Greek at Edinburgh University; formerly occupied by John Stuart Blackie.

The announcement that Oliver Wendell Holmes will be a frequent contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly* during the coming year will be heard with pleasure. He has resigned his Professorship at the Harvard Medical School.

Dr. D. G. Brinton, of Philadelphia, projects a "Library of Aboriginal American Literature," consisting of works of historical, ethnographical, or linguistic interest by American aboriginals. The first volume, "The Chronicles of the Mayas," will be published during the present year.

The *New York Mail and Express* thus describes Herbert Spencer: "A tall, slight figure, somewhat stooped and suggesting the delicate health of the student; a calm, pale face, the features rather large; a very high forehead, partially bald; thin, dark brown hair streaked with gray; the fluent speech of the American, instead of the hesitation of the Briton and the reclusé—a survival, in all probability, of his earlier life as an engineer; a positive manner not unbecoming the man who has thought deeply over things and feels sure of his philosophy—that is the famous student of sociology."

In an article on the poetry of Dante Gabriel Rossetti in the *British Quarterly Review*, says the writer concerning a movement in literature which consists in taking up one side of the Greek character, the worship of the beautiful, and making this the highest and the sole occupation of life: "The spirit of the modern school of Greek worshippers is, however, the spirit of the latter days of the empire. What is best in Greek life and art is set aside in favor of those perversions and degradations which ever accompany the fall of a great system. So we have in the modern school a substitution of the love of the body for the worship of beauty, and the cult of a material thing instead of the adoration of an idea. In art, in poetry, in criticism, the same tendency is seen. The ideal of feminine beauty with the painters of this school is that of a woman exhausted by sensuality; the ideal of poetic power is that of a man given over to his passions, and to the detailed description of them; whilst the critic has no epithets or metaphors but those derived from sensual enjoyment, and praises or blames according as the object of his criticism is or is not "passionate." This may seem a sweeping generalization, but it is no exaggeration to say that this tendency to extol whatever is natural, which in this case means animal, in art and literature, may be detected in all the works of the school to which we refer, and forms a most significant fact in the literature of the day. The devotees of Hellenic culture seem to forget that life is not made up of the beautiful, and that the worship of beauty alone will not meet all the needs of the human heart."

OUR GEM CASKET.

"But words are things, and a small drop of ink
Falling like dew upon a thought produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."

Oft in the lowly walks of life
The tenderest tears are shed,
And off the sweetest flowers are found
Upon some lowly bed.

—Dr. D. Ambrose Davis.

A delicate thought is the flower of the mind.—Rollin.

The more knowledge we impart, the more we are capacitated to receive.

Never demand an apology unless you are sure the supply is equal to the demand.

It is but one step from companionship to slavery, when one associates with vice.

There is no greater delight than to be conscious of sincerity in self-examination.—Mencius.

Knowledge is not what we read but what we hold, but we are judged by the use we make of it.

God's goodness overshadows all the sorrows and afflictions that beset us on our pilgrimage through time.

Every one's life lies within the present; for the past is spent and done with, and the future is uncertain.

In order to read with profit, the attention must be rendered so firm that it sees ideas just as the eye sees bodies.

If we could get together all the tombstones we have set up over broken resolutions we should have material enough to erect a marble palace.

Power and liberty are like heat and moisture, where they are well mixed, everything prospers; where they are single, they are destructive.—Saville.

In the training of children, a mother's every movement word, look or tone, is a vital lesson given. A child may be schooled in a room with benches and rod, but his training goes on at home.

Both wit and understanding are trifles without integrity. The English peasant without faults is greater than the philosopher with many. What is genius or courage without a heart! —Goldsmith.

Men have commonly more pleasure in the criticism which hurts than in that which is innocuous; and are more tolerant of the severity which breaks hearts and ruins fortunes than of that which falls impotently on the grave.—Ruskin.

Learn to say "no." If a man makes a request of you which you cannot grant, tell him so at once. Don't deceive him. It may make him feel unpleasant toward you for the moment only. If you deceive him, he will hate you all his life, if he does not despise you.

Where a true wife comes, home is always around her. The stars may be over her head; the glow-worms in the night-cold grass may be the fire at her foot; but home is where she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, better than houses ceiled with cedar or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light far for those who else are homeless. —J. Ruskin.

Liberal minds are open to conviction. Liberal doctrines are capable of improvement. There are proselytes from atheism, but none from superstition. I have known folks who have never committed a blunder whose hearts are as dry as dust; and others, who have constantly transgressed, whose sympathies were as warm and as quick as those of an angel. —Celia Burleigh.

Against slander there is no defence. Hell cannot boast so foul a fiend, nor man deplora so foul a foe. It stabs with a word, with a nod, with a shrug, with a look, with a smile. It is the pestilence walking in darkness, spreading contagion far and wide, which the most wary traveler cannot avoid. It is the heart-searching dagger of the assassin. It is the poisoned arrow whose wound is incurable. It is as mortal as the sting of the deadly arrow; murder is its employment, innocence its prey, and ruin its sport.

CURIOUS AND SCIENTIFIC.

Fanatics.

The visitor to Jerusalem may see the young Rabbi, who believes himself to be the true Jewish Messiah, walking unhurt in the streets, although he has not yet succeeded in gathering disciples of his own. Some years since he might watch the poor sailor (once lightning-struck) who, dressed in white, and staggering beneath a wooden cross, some fifteen feet high, announced himself as Jesus of Nazareth, and inscribed men's names in his book of life; but that troubled brain now lies at peace in the English graveyard, while at the grave-head the cross he carried has been fixed with touching propriety, and is surrounded with that crown of thorns which he at one time actually wore. An American prophet driving a wagon, and married to an Arab wife to the disgust of his lawful spouse, who has appeared unexpectedly to claim him, has taken the place of the Englishman, and is equally tolerated by the Moslem population. Within the city itself, close to the Moslem quarter, fifteen American devotees await the appearance of the Messiah on Olivet, and pass their time in prayer and song. Yet these people are suffered to live unmolested, and can walk the streets without fear of being stoned.

Paved with Extinct Stars.

Our earth is but one of at least 75,000,000 worlds; and we cannot doubt there are countless others, invisible to us from distance, small size, or feeble light; indeed, we know there are many dark bodies which now emit no light. Thus in the case of Procyon, the existence of an invisible body is proved by the movement of the visible star. Again, we may refer to the phenomena presented by Algol, a bright star in Medusa's head. This star shines without change for two days and thirteen hours; then, in three and one-half hours, dwindles from a star of the second to one of the fourth magnitude; and then, in another three and one-half hours, resumes its original brilliancy. These changes indicate an opaque body, which intercepts at regular intervals part of the light of Algol. Thus the heavens are studded with extinct stars—once probably as brilliant as our own sun, but now dead cold, as Humboldt tells that our sun itself will be, some 17,000,000 years hence.

For Bruises etc.

The *Shaker Manifesto* gives the following as a superior remedy for fresh wounds sprains and bruises:—Procure a mild coal fire. Sprinkle it with drops of any kind of animal oil, or grease, or tallow. Hold the affected part over the smoke say thirty minutes, as hot as can be borne.

A good way is to use a large tin tunnel inverted, as it gathers the smoke into a small compass. Hold the wound directly over the tunnel.

Whoever will apply this to wounds, sprains, or bruises two, three, or more times, say once in twelve hours will find it invaluable to allay pain, to prevent soreness and taking cold, and the recovery will be rapid.

This remedy has been practiced in the United Society of Shakers for more than thirty years, with most astonishing success.

Dr. Denker, of St. Petersburg, treats diphtheria by first giving the patient a laxative, and when its operation has ceased he gives cold drinks acidulated with hydrochloric acid, and then gargle of lime water and hot milk in equal parts every two hours. His method has been very successful.

From Sydney is reported the discovery of a new building material at Suva, on one of the Fiji Islands. It is known as fossil coral, and when cut from a mass is soft, but on exposure to the air it looks and is very much like brick. During the short time it has been known it has satisfactorily stood the tests that have been applied to it. Orders have already been received for quantities of it to be used in building.

In Sweden they are now manufacturing thread for crochet and sewing purposes from pine timber. The process is secret and very profitable, and the thread is already in good demand for export.

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CIRCLE CHAT.

CONCERNING PARENTS' RESPONSIBILITY, Mrs. Emma C. Bascom, wife of the President of Madison University, in an essay read at the Association for the Advancement of Women, at Portland, Me., last month, said: "In our public schools one-half of the time now given to formal knowledge, might be replaced by instruction concerning laws of heredity; and later by a presentation of the responsibilities involved in parentage." This suggestion will be read and approved by thoughtful persons; but the majority of people are quite willing to see their children's minds weakened with a load of almost useless knowledge, and this subject, so vitally important, entirely overlooked.

THE TRAITS OF CHARACTER exhibited by the features and facial expression are more striking if we analyze each feature and its significance instead of, as we naturally do, taking in the expression of all the features at a glance. A high forehead, as shown by Lavater and others, does not necessarily accompany a superior intellect, nor a low one inferiority. While phrenology places "firmness" in the posterior part of the upper head, and "amativeness" above the nape, the best portraits disclose the latter by the expression of the eyelids, especially the under ones, and of the former, Winckelmann says, that in drawing a profile timidity or its opposite can be expressed by the shape of the lower jaw. Let the chin be receding, and your profile can be made to express pusillanimity and feebleness of character, even to the degree of imbecility, while without changing any upper line of the profile, with a prominent chin, it will exhibit firmness. Exaggerate the prominence, and it will express obstinacy.

GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH A PERIODICAL is not unlike cultivating a friend's acquaintance, and, while many on first glancing over a magazine throw it down, not caring for it, on perusing more carefully its pages, or better, on subscribing for it and learning its attractive features and distinct individuality, become so friendly with it that nothing could induce them to part with its visits. Such is what we glean from the many kind letters from subscribers of the FAMILY CIRCLE.

RESPONSES TO READERS.

W. W.—Vennor's predictions for the close of this year speak of cold, stormy weather, with lots of snow.

WORKER.—1. See article at the beginning of this page. 2. Subscriptions to the FAMILY CIRCLE can commence with any month.

ENQUEN.—For soreness of the nose accompanying cold in the head you will find using camphor on the handkerchief an excellent thing. As well, to cure the cold itself, snuff powdered borax up the nostrils occasionally.

NEMO.—In circumstances where a gentleman is not well acquainted with a lady he should not, when meeting her, recognize her first. It is a lady's privilege to recognize those whom she may wish to, but no gentleman, when a lady bows to him, will fail to return the salutation by raising his hat.

D. K.—When a person intimates his or her intention of canvassing for subscribers to the FAMILY CIRCLE in any locality not already taken we will allow them the privilege of collecting the renewals each year from their locality and of retaining the regular large cash commission which we make known to all who apply by sending postal card.

Mrs. B. and R. M.—The best means of living happy with a husband is to retain his love. To do this you should not hesitate to go to all the trouble you would to win his love in the first place. Be as attractive and neat as you can and show him that you endeavor to please him. If he does not express his appreciation he will feel your kindness anyway, and return it with love, which if not expressed in words will be in all his actions. Act always in a straightforward and ladylike manner; cultivate a deep interest in religious and spiritual things and live consistently no matter what his moral standard may be. Overlook or use yourself to his faults; crush from your thoughts anger on account of them. Scolding or any other exhibition of anger will only call forth anger in return. If you wish your own way in anything you will find other than a commanding tone will be the only way of having your wishes peaceably complied with. Each should in every case study the character of the other and adapt themselves to it.

J. R.—A splendid work on the rhetorical forms in the English language is MacBeth's "Might and Mirth of Literature." The arrangement of examples and its unique style render it a most entertaining book. For a work on English composition Bain's "English Composition and Rhetoric" is perhaps the best. An excellent little work entitled "How to Write" is published by Fowler & Wells. Almost any book-seller will get you any of these.

GEORGE K.—You do both yourself and the young lady an injustice to quarrel on such a slight pretext. Besides you have no grounds for jealousy. Cultivate more confidence in her. If you are satisfied that you possess her affections you need not fear the slightest cause for jealousy, and if you wish to keep her love do not express to her any hatred towards the gentleman you refer to as "Charlie."

W. S. T.—The falling of the barometer shows that the air is lighter as it takes a shorter column of mercury in the tube to balance the column of air outside. The connection between atmospheric pressure and changes of weather is not yet understood. Dalton's celebrated experiment proved that moist air is lighter than dry air, and hence the fall of the barometric column is occasioned by the increase of moisture. The clouds cannot increase the atmospheric pressure, since being lighter than the lower strata of air they rise to a stratum of equal gravity and hence displace only their own weight.

J. D. S.—It would be difficult to give accurate figures yet. The estimated cost of the new R. C. Cathedral, of London, Ont., is something over \$140,000, and that of the masonry alone, over \$80,000.

T. D. L.—When a gentleman is accompanying a lady on the street and he wishes to offer her his arm he should do so, and not link into hers, for though custom to some extent sanctions this it is neither natural nor in good taste. It is by no means improper for a young couple to walk on the street after night independent of each other, and only in cases where the parties are well acquainted should they walk arm in arm.

HEALTH AND DISEASE.

—♦♦♦—
Mens sana in corpore sano.

Some Health Hints.

A contemporary recommends the following:—

- Popcorn for nausea.
- Cranberry for malaria.
- A sun bath for rheumatism.
- Ginger ale for stomach cramps.
- Clam broth for a weak stomach.
- Cranberry poultice for erysipelas.
- Gargling lager beer for cure of sore throat.
- Swallowing saliva when troubled with a sour stomach.
- Eating fresh radishes and yellow turnips for gravel.
- Eating onions and horseradish to relieve dropsical swellings.

~~Buttermilk for removal of freckles, tan and butternut spots.~~

Hot fannel over the seat of neuralgic pain, and renew frequently.

Taking codliver oil in tomato catsup to make it palatable.

Snuffing powdered borax up the nostrils for catarrhal "cold in the head."

Burns and Scalds.

Five years since (Sept., '77) the *American Agriculturist* recommended the use of bicarbonate of soda, that is the common baking soda, for most kinds of burns. Since then frequent experiments and observations, the opinions of physicians and the best medical journals, have more than confirmed all we then said. As burns and scalds are always liable to occur, and as this remedy, though simple, has proved to be extraordinarily useful, it should be fixed in the minds of every one. The soda, and the carbonic acid so readily set at liberty from it, have anæsthetic, antiseptic and disinfecting properties—all highly beneficial for burns.

For slight burns cover all the injured parts with a layer of powdered soda. For deeper burns, but where the skin is not broken, dip linen rags in a solution made by dissolving about one-third of an ounce of the soda in a pint of water; lay the rags on and keep them moist with the solution. For very severe burns followed by suppuration (formation of pus) apply the rags in the same way, keeping them moist; but frequently exchange them when dry for fresh ones, and carefully wash off with the soda solution any matter that has accumulated underneath, so that it may not be absorbed into and poison the blood. Leading European medical journals give numerous instances in which, by the above treatment, extensive burns of very severe character have healed speedily, leaving little scar.—*American Agriculturist*.

Hot and Cold Drinks.

A correspondent of *Knowledge* calls attention to some of the disadvantages of hot drinks. Cold drinks, he says, are natural to man, though most people now-a-days are so used to hot drinks that they do not feel satisfaction—really stimulation—unless they have them. Hot drinks are injurious to the tongue, for they deaden its sensation, and, after taking hot soup or drink, the tongue becomes quite numb, and unable to taste the finer flavors of a dish. The teeth are greatly injured by them, and many dentists say caries (decay) is due to them alone. They crack the enamel, and thus allow caries to set in. When caries has once set in, hot drinks are a common cause of neuralgia.

Hot drinks are specially hurtful to the stomach. They cause irritation of the nerves of the stomach and consequent mild inflammation of that organ, so that after a hot drink the stomach is red and congested; in time a debilitated condition is set up. A temperature of 100 degrees Fahrenheit also destroys the active ferment of the gastric juice—pepsin—and so leads to indigestion. If the stomach is at all disordered, hot drinks give rise to much griping pain, and in many cases to vomiting.

In cases of diarrhoea, too, hot drinks only increase it, while cold ones tend to lessen it. Thirst is not common in

winter, unless sugary, salt or hot spiced foods have been taken. In cold weather the air contains more moisture than in hot, and in cold weather there is less perspiration. Hot drinks increase the volume of heat in the body, and if that is not required it is quickly got rid of by the skin. Water is the best thirst-quencher, but if simple food be taken the need of drinks will be small. Many vegetarians drink nothing from month to month, the only fluid they get being the juices of the fruits which they eat. But pleasant drinks, like tea, coffee, etc., may be taken lukewarm for a long time with little apparent damage. The least injurious is cocoa, made with plenty of milk, and allowed to stand until nearly cool. A good test is to apply the little finger to the drink, and if it be not hot to it, then it may be safely taken.

The Mind and the Body.

BY J. W. LOWBER, M. A.

The mind is a conscious organism, which can exist independent of the body; but its influence over the body is very great, because the body is simply an organism through which the mind manifests itself. The connection of the mind with the body is so close, that it is difficult to tell where it commences and where it ends. The extent and nature of this connection can only be known by the same kind of observation and reasoning by which we become acquainted with the outer world. We can see their form only as we see the form of things in the external world; but we cannot feel, nor can we see their structure. We can only arrive at it by obscure and difficult research. The most distant objects in the universe are more accessible to our observation, and in many respects more intelligible to our understanding, than the material house in which we live. There is a tendency on the part of man to look beyond self, and fail to know himself. We presume to scan the whole universe of outward being, before we spend much time in studying self closely and systematically. Man discovered the movements of the planets long before he discovered the circulation of his own blood. Yet the current of the blood is so much a part of himself, that when it stops the thoughts cease.

The relation of the mind to the body appears to be the closest in those mental operations in which no apparent movements of the body are concerned. In the exercise of pure reasoning, the mind appears to act almost independent of the body, by an effort of the will we direct our attention to new objects, and almost in the twinkling of an eye, we pursue new trains of thought. In the direction of our affections toward those whom we love, we also appear quite free from material mechanism.

The mind controls all parts of the body which are under the influence of the will. When we walk, talk, touch the strings of a guitar, or the keys of a piano, it is done primarily by the act of the mind displaying itself through the bodily organs. As the mind has such influence over the body in health; we must, also, conclude that it greatly influences it in disease. A person may be very hungry, receive a sad message, and be unable to eat at all. It is the influence of the mind over the bodily organs, that for a time suspends the appetite. I knew a young lady, who was almost a complete invalid, and as soon as she became a Christian, her health returned. We did not consider it miraculous, nor did she have to visit a modern faith-cure establishment. The great London physician was entirely scientific, when he told the young French nobleman that Jesus Christ was the physician whom he needed. The young man's mind was disturbed about eternity, and this affected his body; so when he accepted Jesus, the Great Physician, he was healed.

It is admitted by all that excessive mental labor is opposed to the cure of nervous diseases. Dr. Bennett, of Scotland, claims that predominant ideas make their impress upon the body in disease. If that be true, all ideas have their effects upon the body and upon the character of man. A man is, as he thinks. The Bible is scientific in its claims that man will be judged for his thoughts as well as for his words and deeds. It is so important that we control our thoughts, when we remember that every bad thought makes an impression upon our very being that it may be very difficult ever to have erased. Every good thought is a step in the direction of Heaven.—*Wilford's Microcosm*.

THE PARLOR AND KITCHEN.

LATEST FASHIONS.

Cloaks will be worn long.

Feather turbans are revived.

Variety in everything is the order.

Feather trimmings are fashionable again.

Brick-red, long-wristed kid gloves are much worn.

Mauve and blue are combined in children's dresses.

Repped satin is the newest material for wedding robes.

There is a tendency to increase the size of the sleeve above the elbow.

There will be no definite changes in the outlines of the dress this fall.

Plain collars and cuffs are to be worn again, and very deep cuffs and Charles II. collars are preferred by many followers of this severe fashion. They look trim and neat.

The centre parting of the hair is now made as inconspicuous as possible, and many ladies obliterate it altogether by cross partings above the forehead while the greater part of the chevelure is combed back without any part at all.

USEFUL RECIPES.

FRIED PORK AND APPLES.—Wash and wipe dry six large, sund apples of sub-acid flavor, cut them in eighths and remove the cores; trim away most of the bone from two pounds of fresh pork chops cut from the loin, place a dripping-pan containing a table-spoonful of fat over the fire, and as soon as the fat begins to smoke, put the chops and apples in the pan, season them with salt and pepper, and fry them brown on both sides. Serve them neatly arranged on a hot platter.

FRIED PARSNIPS.—Boil tender in hot, salted water, scrape, slice lengthwise when they are nearly cold, flour all over and fry in salted lard or dripping; drain well.

CRUMPETS.—Take two pounds of bread dough and mix with three eggs, well beaten; gradually add warm water until the batter is the consistency of buckwheat cakes; beat it well, and let it rise. Have the griddle hot and well-greased; pour on the batter in small cakes, and bake a light brown.

SODA BISCUIT.—One quart of flour, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, one of soda, butter the size of an egg, one and a-half cups of sweet milk; mix with flour roll out and bake in a quick oven ten minutes.

BROWN BUTTER.—One-third of bread and two-thirds of apples; crumb the bread fine and chop the apples; one cup of brown sugar, one-half cup butter, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, little nutmeg; mix thoroughly and spread over the apples and nutmeg; bake very brown. Serve with any sauce you wish.

DATE PUDDING.—Six ounces of suet, (chopped fine), six ounces of bread crumbs, six ounces of sugar, three eggs, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one wineglass half full of brandy, one-half or three-quarters of a pound of stoned dates; beat the sugar and eggs together, then stir in the other ingredients, steam for two hours. Serve with sauce made in this way: The yolks of three eggs, pulverized sugar to thicken them, a little wine, the whites of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth and stirred in last. If you have no conveniences for weighing, measure the suet, bread and sugar, putting in equal quantities of each.

SLICED PEACHES.—For ten pounds of peaches use five pounds of light brown sugar and a pint of vinegar; boil the vinegar and sugar with four blades of mace and quarter of an ounce of stick cinnamon for fifteen minutes, skimming it if an scum rises; the peaches, which should be ripe but not over-soft, may be peeled and cut in halves or left whole; when the syrup of sugar and vinegar has boiled fifteen minutes, put it into as many peaches as will float without crowding, and boil them until they look clear; then remove them from the syrup with a skimmer, and put in others; when all the peaches are done put them in glass jars; boil the syrup until a little taken up on a spoon slightly jellies, then pour it over the peaches, and let it cool; put a piece of paper wet in brandy in each jar before sealing it; or pour the jar full of scalding hot syrup, and close it at once making it air-tight.

APPLE TART WITH JELLY.—Pare, core and cut six large cooking apples in halves, cook in syrup and drain on a sieve; prepare and bake a tart crust, line the bottom with apple marmalade, arrange the boiled apples systematically over, mask with the well-reduced syrup, let cool, ornament with fanciful cuts of apple or currant jelly, and serve.

A NEW PROCESS OF PRESERVING.—Fruit may be preserved with honey by putting the fruit first in the can, then pouring honey over it, and seal air-tight; when the honey is poured from the fruit it will have the flavor and appearance of jelly, making a delicious dessert.

SWEET PUDDING.—One cup suet, one cup milk, two and one-half cups flour, one cup raisins, one teaspoonful cream tartar, one-half teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful cloves, one teaspoonful allspice, little salt; boil four hours. To be eaten with sauce.

SNOWBALL PUDDING.—Take two teacups of rice, wash and boil until tender. Pare and core twelve large, sour apples, leaving the apples whole. Fill the apples with rice, and put it around outside. Tie each one in a separate cloth and drop in boiling water. Serve while hot with cream and sugar, or any sauce desired.

WHITE SPONGE CAKE.—One cup of white sugar, one cup of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder a little salt, one teaspoonful of lemon flavoring and the whites of six eggs beaten to a froth.

CREAM SPONGE CAKE.—Beat two eggs in a cup, fill with sweet cream, and add one teacup of sugar, one and one-half of flour, one heaping spoonful of baking powder and a pinch of salt.

CHOCOLATE CAKES.—One cup sugar, one-half cup butter, one-half cup sweet milk, two cups flour, two eggs, two table-spoonful baking powder. Bake in three layers. *Filling.*—One cup chocolate grated, one-half cup pulverized sugar, one-fourth cup milk. Heat or melt on the stove stirring all the time to prevent burning. Spread between the layers also on the top; use baker's chocolate. This receipt for cake will make nice jelly, cream, orange, lemon, and coconut cake.

CREAM CAKE.—One cup sugar, one cup flour, one-half teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful cream tartar, three eggs. *Cream.*—one pint of milk, yolks three eggs, one large teaspoonful sugar, one large teaspoonful flour; Beat the whites stiff; add a little pulverized sugar spread on the cake; then drop some on the top with the spoon so it will stand in puffs, and brown in the oven.

APPLES AS FOOD.—A raw, mellow apple is digested in an hour and a half, while boiled cabbage requires five hours. The most healthy dessert that can be placed on the table is a baked apple. If eaten frequently at breakfast with coarse bread and butter, without meat or flesh of any kind, is has an admirable effect upon the general system, often removing constipation, correcting acidities and cooling off febrile conditions more effectually than the most approved medicines. If families could be induced to substitute them for pies, cakes, and sweetmeats, with which their children are frequently stuffed, there would be a diminution in the total sum of doctor's bills in a single year sufficient to lay in a stock of this delicious fruit for the whole season's use.

TO FILE GLASS.—Keep the file wet with spirits of turpentine or benzine.

TO EXTRACT STAINS FROM SILK.—Essence of lemon, one part; spirits of turpentine, five parts. Mix, and apply to the spot by means of a linen rag.

TO REMOVE A STOPPER.—If a glass stopper won't move, hold the neck of the bottle to a flame, or warm it by taking two turns of a string and sawing it. The heat engendered expands the neck of the bottle before a corresponding expansion reaches the stopper.

TO CLEAN STOVEPIPES.—To clean out a stovepipe, place a piece of zinc on the live coals in the stove. The vapor produced by the zinc will carry off the soot by chemical decomposition. Persons who have tried the process claim that it will work every time.

CURE FOR SALT RHEUM.—One ounce of aquafortis, one ounce quicksilver, put these together and when it quits boiling put in one ounce of fresh lard; stir well. It is then ready for application.

OUR BIOGRAPHICAL BUREAU.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time."

William Morris.

[Written for the Family Circle.]

By ROBERT ELLIOTT.

WILLIAM Morris, one of the most powerful of contemporary English poets, was born near London in 1834. He was educated as a painter and in 1863 associated himself with others to form an establishment for designing and manufacturing wall-paper, stained glass etc. and has since been actively engaged in that business. His remarkable facility in re-producing the spirit of ancient and mediæval design has raised him to the first rank of decorative artists. But it is not to his ability in this work that he owes the high reputation he has already acquired. A distinct niche in the temple of Fame is, by common consent, assigned to William Morris as a poet at once imaginative and truthful, earnest yet modest, faithful to nature and constant in his reverence for her power and beauty.

His first poem, "The Defence of Guenevere" (1858) surprised and delighted its few readers by its attempt to return to the simplicity of the Chaucerian period, and the critical world watched with interest the development of a style as far removed from anything modern as the London of Chaucer is removed from the London of to-day. In "Jason" he treated that classic story with justice, and all the startling details of enchantment were gradually unfolded with a clearness of diction, and a truthfulness of conception scarcely equalled by any modern relation of an ancient story.

But it is as author of "The Earthly Paradise," which appeared in 1870, that Mr. Morris is first clearly accepted as a poet of the first class, and therefore this poem we purpose making the subject of a few observations.

In the prologue we find that "certain gentlemen and mariners of Norway, having considered all they had heard of the Earthly Paradise, set sail to find it, and after many troubles and the lapse of many years, came, old men, to some western land of which they had never before heard." Falling in their search for the fair "island-valley of Avilion," these weary men find some comfort in the welcome they receive from the rulers of the strange country. Experience, gathered in toil and trouble, has taught these Utopia-seekers that it is vain to seek on this side the "bourne from which no traveller returns" a land where human life is wholly free from pain. There is therefore something ineffably pitiful in the idea of these rugged Norsemen, with their magnificent physique, their love of earthly life, and their knowledge of its shortness, being compelled to succumb to the attack of Time and to feel themselves weakening day by day and fading slowly but surely into the shadows by which they saw themselves encompassed. Resigned to their fate the wanderers, as a sort of recompense for hospitality received, tell, at solemn feasts held twice a month, stories of the different lands they had visited and the strange peoples they had met. These stories are drawn from scenes in Greek and Norse mythology and from the legends of romance which spring like cascades of changing light from the mountains of Scandinavia.

The story of "Atalanta,—the fleet-footed," of the imprisonment of Danaë—the adventure of Perseus her son and of the statue which awoke to life at the entreaty of Pygmalion, are interspersed with tales of the cold northern regions, how strong men broke from the bounds of ignoble surroundings and worked their way by sheer force of character and persistency of effort, to high honors and noble conquests. Of such as the latter is "The Man Born to be King," "The Land East of the Sun" and "Acconitus and Cydippe."

In all these poems no attempt is made to moralize or explain. One, for instance, "The Lovers of Gudrun" gives an account of the deathlessness of Love and the painful effects thereof: another, as "The Watching of the Falcon," portrays the punishment that await those who aspire to joys beyond the lot of mortality. In the "Writing on the Image"

cupidity is represented as brought to ruin by its own excess; and in the "Love of Alcæstis" is shown the extent of man's ambition and woman's devotion. Mr. Morris enjoys the rare power of being able to make the reader of his romance, see in the clearest of atmospheres, every lineament of a face, every stir of a leaf, and every change of color that pass in imagination before his own eyes. The clear, terse, vigorous manner in which these stories are brought to light, their minuteness of detail, the removal of all irrelevant objects from the scene, and the concentration of interest in a particular person or thing, are scarcely to be too highly commended. No affectation, high-flown phraseology, or ephemeral glitter are to be found in the Earthly Paradise. Fancy now light as the June sunshine on a singing brook, now dark as the deep recesses of some wave-washed cavern; passion, grand and terrible, pity and admiration, friendship and love, strangely mingled, yet each so strong as to make the possessor realize the evanescence of earthly things and the necessity for immortality: these and their like, comprise this poem which is an honor to English Literature and a source of delight to lovers of romance in all parts of the world.

In a work like "The Earthly Paradise," in which every effort is so well sustained, it is difficult to do justice to the whole poem by giving short extracts from any particular part. However, among others, we feel compelled to give, the following stanzas which well express the author's poetical creed and the scope of his greatest effort:

"Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?
Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme
Beat with light wings against the ivory gate
Telling a tale not too importunate
To those who in the sleepy regions stay
Lulled by the singer of an empty day.

Folk say a wizard to a northern king
At Christmas-tide such wondrous things did show,
That through one window men beheld the spring
And through another saw the summer glow,
And through a third the fruited vines a-row,
While still unheard, but in its wonted way,
Piped the drear wind of that December day.

So with this Earthly Paradise it is
If ye will read aright and pardon me
Who strive to build a shadowy isle of bliss
Midmost the beating of the steely sea,
Where tossed about all hearts of men must be;
Whose ravening monsters mighty men shall slay,
Not the poor singer of any empty day."

The parting of Apollo with King Admetus is thus finely described.—

"He ceased, but ere the golden tongue was still
An odorous mist had stolen up the hill,
And to Admetus first the god grew dim,
And then was but a lovely voice to him,
And then at last the sun had sunk to rest,
And a fresh wind blew lightly from the west
Over the hill-top, and no soul was there;
But the sad dying autumn field-flowers fair,
Rustled dry leaves about the windy place,
Where even now had been the godlike face,
And in their midst the brass-bound quiver lay.
Then, going farther westward, far away,
He saw the gleaming of Peneus wan
'Neath the white sky, but never any man
Except a gray-haired shepherd driving down
From off the long slopes to his fold-yard brown
His woolly sheep, with whom a maiden went
Singing for labor done and sweet content
Of coming rest; with that he turned again,
And took the shafts up never sped in vain,
And came unto his house most deep in thought
Of all the things the varied year had brought."

This shining passage describing Perseus and Andromeda after the destruction of the sea-monster is one of the most brilliant in the book:

"Then on a rock smoothed by the washing sea
They sat and eyed each other lovingly.
And few words at the first the maiden said,

So wrapt she was in all the goodlihead
Of her new life made doubly happy now ;
For her alone the sea breeze seemed to blow,
For her in music did the white surf fall,
For her alone the wheeling birds did call
Over the shallows, and the sky for her
Was set with white clouds, far away and clear :
E'en as her love, this strong and lovely one
Who held her hand ; was but for her alone."

As a contrast take this picture of the farthest bounds of
Thule :

"Then o'er its desert icy hills he passed,
And on beneath a feeble sun he flew,
Till rising like a wall, the cliffs he knew
That Pallas told him of; the sun was high,
But on the pale ice shone but wretchedly,
Pale blue the great mass was, and the cold snow :
Gray tattered moss hung from its jagged brow.
No wind was there at all, though ever bent
The leaden tideless sea, against its feet."

Quotations might be added to show the power of this poet's pen when dealing with passion and its products, pain and pleasure, but no just conception can thus be formed of the general excellence of all he writes. The reader is therefore referred to the book itself where much will be found to admire. We, at least know nothing in the poetical line which will better suit winter readings, or summer revellings in the regions of Romance than this charming poem—"The Earthly Paradise."

Jenny Lind's Courtship.

"I am a Quaker, as you know," a Philadelphian recently said to me, "and it is reported that, shortly before Jenny Lind's visit to our city, an aged lady arose in one of our meetings and said she had heard that 'Jane Lyon, a very wicked woman, was on her way to this country to sing,' and she hoped that none of the young people would be drawn away to hear her. Nevertheless, an uncle took me and my brother to the Saturday matinee. We had seats in the balcony and so near the stage that we could in a way see behind the scenes. Early in the entertainment Jenny Lind sang 'Home, Sweet Home,' and the audience was beside itself. Among the members of her company was her future husband, Otto Goldschmidt. He was to the audience simply an unknown pianist, and to be obliged to listen to anything but the voice of Jenny Lind was provoking. Well, the man played, and from where we sat we could see Jenny Lind behind the curtain listening most intently. When he had finished, the audience seemed in nowise disposed to applaud; but Jenny Lind began to clap her hands vigorously, observing which, we boys reinforced her, and observing her face light up—I can see the love-light on it yet—we clapped furiously until the applause spread through the audience. When he had finished playing a second time my brother and I set the ball in motion and the applause was great enough to satisfy even the fiances of Otto Goldschmidt."—*Home and Society in the October Century.*

A Boy's Trick.

The Boston *Journal* recalls a juvenile joke of Artemus Ward: "When he was a boy he was fond of playing cards, an amusement he was obliged to indulge in surreptitiously, as his good mother did not approve of it. One day as he was deep in a game, supposing his mother was absent, he heard some one approaching the door and immediately gathered up the cards and thrust them into the pocket of a coat hanging against the wall, which he supposed to be his own. A dreadful mistake on his part, for it belonged to the minister who was staying there for a while. The next Sunday there was baptism in the lake, at which this minister officiated in the same coat. As he entered the pond, the water bore up the skirts of the coat, reversed the pockets, and the entire pack of cards floated out and covered the water for quite a space, much to the horror of all the good people present, and the confusion of the unfortunate divine, who saw himself wading through an array of jacks, kings, and aces, dreadful to contemplate. It is said that the youthful Artemus, who was immediately suspected, was treated to the punishment which his escapade deserved from the hands of his maternal relative."

SELECTED.

—*—*—
"Slipping only what is sweet;
Leave the chaff and take the wheat."

Dreams of the Past.

I.

Fair dies the sunset, so golden and tender,
Wistfully charming our spirits away ;
So all the gladness and pleasure and sadness,
All that is beautiful, never can stay.
Yet as the sunshine that near us at noonday
Seemed not so lovable, winsome and dear ;
So all the joy and the love and the friendship,
When far away, more enchanting appear.

II.

They who have labored well love the night's coming,
Gladly they wait a more beautiful morn,
All of the good we have loved is immortal ;
Out of the sunset the sunrise is born.
When in the twilight we long to look backward,
'Then, O, come back again, lovely and clear,
Sweet as a sunrise that brightens forever,
Dreams of the past, once again, O, appear!

—C. H. Crandall.

Who Won ?

Our readers may find amusement in solving the following puzzle: A crocodile stole a baby, "in the days when animals could talk," and was about to make a dinner of it. The poor mother begged piteously for her child.

"Tell me one truth," said the crocodile, "and you shall have your baby again."

The mother thought it over, and at last said, "You will not give him back."

"Is that the truth you mean to tell?" asked the crocodile.

"Yes," replied the mother.

"Then by our agreement I keep him," added the crocodile; "for if you told the truth, I am not going to give him back; and if it is a falsehood, then I have also won."

Said she: "No, you are wrong. If I told the truth, you are bound by your promise; and if a falsehood, it is not a falsehood until after you have given me my child."

Now the question is, who won ?

Age to Begin School.

I fear many children are sent to school merely to keep them out of mischief; and to accomplish this purpose they may probably begin very early indeed. But nothing can well be more unfair and injudicious than to subject a child to irksome confinement and premature study for sake of convenience or to supplement defective methods of home training. It is clear also that no fixed age can be adopted as the proper one for sending all children to school. There are people who with rash consistency light fires in their houses on the first of November, and put by their overcoats on the fifteenth of April, though Vennor or some more reliable prophet should foretell a glowing Indian summer, or a succession of Arctic waves late into May. So, too, there are many parents who seem to put their children to school when the predetermined birthday comes, without the least consideration of the mental and physical development of the subject of their experiment. The plain truth is that each child should begin school when he is fit for school—that is, when he is physically strong enough to bear the confinement and the mental effort. Few appreciate the strain that even two or three hours' attendance daily, and the effort to master two or three simple little lessons, exert on the sensitive organization of young children. Their brain and nerves are exquisitely delicate, and it is a period of such rapid growth that the power of nutrition is taxed in supplying material for the formation of perfect tissue. The thousand objects that daily attract the keen observation of the child, the new words and phrases, the nursery rhymes and tales and games, afford stimulus enough to quicken the development of the mental faculties. Abundant outdoor exercise, leisurely meal-times and long hours of unbroken sleep are absolutely neces-

sary to promote appetite, digestion and nutrition. Children vary greatly as to the age at which they can begin to bear restraint on the freedom of their movements, and strain upon their attention and memory. Mill may have begun Greek at four, but Hunter did not know his alphabet at seven. The one thing certain is that any study or any attendance at school before the child can bear it without effort or fatigue is not only useless but hurtful, and will surely retard the education and lessen the future vigor and capacity of mind. —*William Pepper in Our Continent.*

The Dry Rot in Men.

Charles Dickens says:—The first strong external revelation of the dry rot in men is a tendency to lurk and lounge; to be at street corners without intelligible reason; to be going anywhere when met; to be about many places rather than at any; to be nothing tangible, but to have an intention of performing a variety of intangible duties to-morrow or the day after.

When the manifestation of the disease is observed, the observer will usually connect it with a vague impression once formed or received, that the patient was living a little too hard. He will scarcely have had leisure to turn it over in his mind and form the terrible suspicion, "dry rot," when he will notice a change for the worse in the patient's appearance—a certain sallowness and deterioration which is not poverty, nor dirt, nor intoxication, nor ill-health, but simply dry rot. To this succeeds a smell, as of strong waters, in the morning; to that, a looseness respecting money; to that a stronger smell as of strong waters at all times; to that a looseness respecting everything; to that a trembling of the limbs, somnolency, misery and crumbling to pieces. As it is in wood, so it is in men. Dry rot advances at a compound usury quite incalculable. A plank is found infected with it, and the whole structure is devoured.

Art of Using Perfume.

There are few ladies who resist the pleasure of using perfumes, and if they are not used in too great quantities, they are not objectionable. It is a good plan to use only one kind of perfume such as violet, heliotrope, rose geranium, etc. Instead of saturating the handkerchief, use them in the shape of sachet powders. Put them on cotton in small bags of muslin, silk, or satin, and strew them in every part of the bureau and wardrobe, so that a delicate, fresh, almost nameless perfume pervades every article of dress from the hat to the boots. Sachets filled with powdered orris root will give a sweet, wholesome odor that never becomes so strong as to be disagreeable. The use of too strong extracts of perfumery is not considered in good taste.

A Newboday's Death-Bed.

I had looked at the boy, whose years numbered fourteen or fifteen, and saw in the white face, hollow cheeks and the unearthly bright eyes the unmistakable marks of that dread disease which places its victims beyond all hope—consumption.

On the table lay an old Bible, its yellow pages lying open where the mother had finished reading. The boy's mind was wandering. He was too weak to cough, and the accumulation in his throat could not be removed.

"Shine yer boots—shine 'em fer a nick—morning paper, sir?" came in feeble accents from the pillow. "Paper, sir? Morning paper! all about the—" and the sufferer made an effort to clear his throat, which occasioned something like a death rattle. The mother was on her knees at the lounge, sobbing, and Jack, her other son, who had brought me to the room, was by her side crying. I lifted the wasted frame and moistened the poor boy's parched lips and tongue with water from the cracked glass that stood on the window-sill. He felt the cool hand on his brow, and his mind came back to him. "O, Jack, I'm so glad you've come home! I shan't sell any more papers or black any more boots, Jack; but don't cry. Mother's been readin' somethin' better'n news-papers to me, Jack, and I know where I'm goin'. Give my kit to Tom Jones, I owe him twenty cents. Bring all your money home to mother, Jack. I wonder if I'll be 'papers' or 'boots' up there? Good-bye, mother; good-bye, Jack. See 'em shine. Morning—" Jim, the newboday, was dead.

Looking After the Girls.

A couple of years ago a young married lady in Colchester, England, accidentally happened to be belated in the streets at night. She was startled and shocked at the number of young girls she saw there, whom she knew to be innocent, but who were idly sauntering on the sidewalks or crowding into music-halls, in full view of every kind of vice and immorality. They were the workers in shops, warehouses and mills; seamstresses and domestic servants.

This lady, though young and gay, did not allow her sympathy to pass in a sigh of pity. She started a reading-room for girls, supplied with entertaining books, papers, games, and more than all, a piano and parlor organ.

Afterwards a cheap refreshment room was attached, in which girls and women could buy a cup of good coffee and tea, bread and butter, and even a chop, at cost price.

This drew many half-starved creatures from the gin palace, where they had been in the habit of buying food, drink, forgetfulness and temporary delight, all in one, in a glass of whiskey and rum.

The idea spread, as every new expression of charity or good-will does spread, among well-to-do Christian people. It now extends as an organization through many of the towns in England, and includes secular, Bible and sewing classes; clothing and sick clubs, penny savings banks; temperance societies; libraries, reading rooms, lodgings, and even homes. They are for the benefit of all classes of women in field or town work.

In Philadelphia last winter a woman's club started night classes in arithmetic, history, literature and book-keeping for shop women, taught gratuitously by the ladies themselves. The classes were crowded with eager and zealous pupils.

There are many thousands of women dragging wearily through the work-day routine of daily life, to whom such a glimpse of knowledge, or of pleasant moral and social influence, would be a foretaste of heaven; and there are almost as many idle, wealthy, educated women, who find life a burden from lack of employment.

Where is the hidden link to bring them together?—*Youth's Companion.*

The Immoral Waltz.

"Ten or fifteen years ago," the Philadelphia *Press* quotes a dancing-master as saying, "the waltz was not quite so objectionable as at present. Dancers of to-day come in altogether too close contact. In the old time a gentleman merely touched a lady's waist, at the same time holding her right hand in his left. Now he throws his arm round her form, pulls her closely to him, as though fearful of losing her, brings his face into actual contact with her soft cheek, and, in a word, hugs her. Such action is altogether too familiar, but still custom and society sanction it, and instead of improvement for the better, we see year after year a marked advance in the improprieties of the dance. In the old days the waltz was comparatively modest; now it is just the reverse, and the waltz is calculated to do more injury to the young than many of the vices preached against from the pulpit, and deeply deplored in private life."

Absent-Minded.

A popular young printer in Augusta, who, until recently, has resided beneath his father's roof-tree, married a few weeks since and leased apartments in another part of the city. The other evening, after completing his day's work, he left the office, went up street and purchased his Boston paper, and then climbed the hill to his father's house. Entering its familiar precincts he marched to the wash-room made his toilet, and then presented himself at the table. The family, who had been watching his operations, eyed him with amazement, and at last his mother softly enquired, "My son, have you procured a divorce thus early in your wedded career?" A pale crimson flush suffused the young man's face, which rapidly deepened into cardinal. Then he gasped, "I forgot all about being married." Leaving the table amid a roar of laughter the young man hurried out and walked hastily home where his young wife was impatiently awaiting his coming.—*Augusta Journal.*

Mother's Clock.

A youth sat on a sofa wide,
Within a parlor dim;
The maid who lingered by his side
Was all the world to him.

What brought that glad light to his eye—
That cadence to his tone?
Why burns the lamp of love so high,
Though midnight's hour hath flown?

The clock above the glowing grate
Has stopped at half-past ten;
And long as that young man may wait,
It will not strike again.

The artful maiden knows full well
What makes the clock act so,
And why no earthly power can tell
The time for him to go.

Study Hours are too Long.

By some mental process that is beyond the comprehension of any one who is not a lunatic the study hours of children in the most public schools are longer than any mature mind could endure without harm. Five hours is the usual daily duration of school time. A man might be equal to this for five days in seven, but upon the boy or girl is imposed two or three hours of extra work in the shape of study at home. It is utterly senseless to claim that any child can endure such mental strain for nine months in twelve without serious mental injury. As a rule children do not endure it, they become fretful, unreasonable and stupid, the quantity of work oppresses them, but the intellectual strain is none the less, and the consequence is that the public schools are annually responsible for hundreds of thousands of weakened minds. Many teachers know this and some admit it, but take refuge in the question, What can we do? What they can do is to condense their text books until the amount of essential information now imparted imposes not more than one-half of the present tax on the memory. They can improve their methods until the old fashioned parrot-like recitation is replaced by a system of questioning that will interest pupils to such a degree that lessons will be remembered without effort instead of forcibly crammed into the memory as now they are. All that children really learn in public schools can be taught in half the time now occupied and with half the mental expenditure now required; parents and other private tutors have demonstrated this so often that existing public school methods are beginning to seem inexcusably wasteful and disgraceful.—*New York Herald.*

A Mother's Wish.

Thomas H. Benton, who was so long in public life and surrounded by so many temptations, paid the following tribute to his mother: "My mother asked me never to use any tobacco, and I have never touched it from that time to the present day. She asked me not to game, and, I have not, and I cannot tell who is winning or who is losing in games that can be played. She admonished me, too, against hard drinking, and whatever capacity of endurance I may have at present, and whatever usefulness I may attain in life, I attribute to having complied with her pious and correct wishes. When I was seven years of age she asked me not to drink, and then I made a resolution of total abstinence, at a time when I was sole constituent member of my own body, and that I have adhered to it through all time I owe to my mother."

Thackeray's First Lecture.

Mrs. Kemble vouches for the fact that Thackeray, on the occasion of his first delivery of lectures on "The Four Georges," was, despite his great reputation and undoubted genius, absolutely unmanned by fear of his audience. This accomplished lady happened to look in at Willis' rooms, London, just before the hour fixed for Thackeray's reading, and to her surprise she found the eminent satirist standing, "like a forlorn, disconsolate giant," in the middle of the room, staring about him. "He held my hand like a scared child," writes Mrs. Fanny Kemble, "crying, 'O, don't leave

me! I'm sick at my stomach with fright!' 'But,' said I, 'Thackeray, you mustn't stand here. Your audience are beginning to come in;'" and so saying Mrs. Kemble kindly led him out into the retiring-room adjoining the lecture hall. The novelist had left the manuscript of his lecture on the reading-desk, and Mrs. Kemble volunteered to recover it for him, and in so doing scattered the leaves about the floor. In the greatest confusion and distress she took the wreck of his manuscript back to Thackeray, thinking she had done some irreparable injury. The real kindness of heart of "Mr. Titmarsh" showed itself at once. "My dear soul," he said, "you couldn't have done better for me. I have just a quarter of an hour to wait here, and it will take me about that time to page this again, and its the best thing in the world that could have happened." "So I left him," adds the daughter of Charles Kemble, "To give the first of that brilliant course of literary-historical essays with which he enchanted and instructed countless audiences in England and America."

He Left the Church.

The *Arkansas Traveller* is responsible for this good thing about a pious brother who had good reasons for quitting the church:

"Parson," said a man, approaching an Arkansas minister, "I reckon you'd better take my name off your church books and let me go."

"Why so?" asked the preacher. "You have always been a consistent church member."

"Wall, you see I stole a mule, and I thought it wouldn't be healthy for the church for me to belong to it."

"When did you steal the mule?"

"About six months ago."

"Why, since that time you have assisted in several revivals. When were you seized with remorse?"

"To-day."

"Was there a cause that influenced you to make an acknowledgement?"

"Yes, something of a cause."

"What was it?"

"They proved that I stole the mule. So I have concluded to quit the church. If they had n't proved it I would have remained longer."

The Retort Sarcastic.

Judge Tarbell tells the following joke on himself: A short time after his retirement from the bench he happened to meet an old friend whom he had not seen for some time. The judge, all smiles and heartiness, effervesced over his friend in such a way as to provoke the inquiry:

"What office are you a candidate for now, Judge?"

The judge made a deprecatory movement with an outward turned palm, and said:

"For none at all, my dear brother; I'm simply a candidate for the Kingdom of Heaven."

His friend regarded him sorrowfully for an instant, and then, with more wit than politeness, said:

"I'll bet you don't carry a township!"

Doubtless the judge lost sight of the man's retort in admiration of his sublimely truthful candor.

Wanted a Divorce.

A man who has been married four times and divorced three times called upon the lawyer who had piloted him through his former troubles. "See here," said he, "think you can pull me through another matrimonial contract?" "Well, I don't know. What's the matter? Want to marry some one else?" "No, sir. Each of the other times I wanted a divorce so that I could marry again. But this time I want one obtained so that I can't marry any more. I'm satisfied you can get me one of the old style divorces. You're tip-top in that line, but this new arrangement is what I'm after now. Get me a divorce so that if I marry again I can be indicted for horse-stealing, perjury, manslaughter—anything to keep me clear of the traces, and I'll gladly pay anything you charge for it." And the lawyer is trying to do it.

The Song of the Wreck.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

The wind blew high, the waters raved,
A ship drove on the land,
A hundred human creatures sared
Kneeled down upon the sand.
Threescore were drowned, threescore were thrown
Upon the black rocks wild,
And thus among them, left alone,
They found one helpless child.

A seaman rough, to shipwreck bred,
Stood out from all the rest,
And gently laid the lonely head
Upon his honest breast.
And travelling o'er the desert wide
It was a solemn joy
To see them, ever side by side
The sailor and the boy

In famine, sickness, hunger, thirst
The two were still but one,
Until the strong man drooped the first
And felt his labors done.
Then to a trusty friend he spake :
" Across the desert wide,
O take this poor boy for my sake !"
And kiss'd the child and died:

Toiling along in weary plight
Through heavy jungle mire,
These two came later every night
To warm them at the fire.
Until the captain said one day,
" O, seaman, good and kind,
To save thyself now come away
And leave the boy behind !"

The child was slumbering near the blaze ;
" O, captain, let him rest
Until it sinks, when God's own ways
Shall teach us what is best !"
They watch'd the whiten'd, ashy heap,
Then touched the child in vain ;
They did not leave him there asleep,
He never woke again.

How to Make a Good Wife.

Be attentive and courteous to her.
Respectfully listen to her opinions, giving them such consideration as they deserve.

Show your affection by quietly allotting her the most comfortable seat at the fireside, and the daintiest tidbits on the table.

Make your home as comfortable as your means will allow.
Be mindful of her if she has a particularly hard day's labor.
Never allow her to bring pails of water, bring hods of coal, or build the furnace fires. You can do it with far less loss of nervous power than she. The mother of your children needs all her vital energy in accomplishing those duties which she alone can perform.

Give her such means, for her own and children's wardrobe, as you can reasonably afford.

Give her the means to repair the wear and tear of the household effects. Woman is naturally ambitious and tasteful. Her good sense makes her economical. She will make the most of her means.

Be careful when you enter your home.

Don't be afraid to praise the neat room and bright fire.
Don't be afraid of loosing, if you praise her cooking. Don't be afraid to praise her mending, and her skill in fashioning and making. Don't fail to give her words of appreciation, whenever you can conscientiously approve. Never deceive her. Be ever true to her. Let your conduct be such that she will be happy in teaching your children to honor you.

Do not sit silent all the evening absorbed in your book or newspaper.

Give your family some of your attention. Tell them amusing things that have brightened your day's labor.

Speak kindly to your children.

Play or talk with them a few moments after supper.
Interest yourself in your wife's employment. Encourage her when she is down-hearted. Be glad with her when she is happy.

Let her know by words and actions that she is appreciated, and you made happier that she walks by your side. Don't wait to tell the world upon marble that which will be so grateful to her loving heart to hear from your lips. Share with her your good fortune as unselfishly as you do your ill.

Let her walk by your side your honored companion ; your strong hand helping her over the rough places, and sustaining her when wearied, lest she faint by the way.

They Didn't Sell Stoves.

Four or five weeks ago a woman with an undecided look on her face entered a Detroit hardware store, threaded her way for sixty feet among coal stoves of every pattern, and timidly inquired :

" Do you keep stoves here ?"

" Yes'm."

" Coal stoves ?"

" Yes'm."

She said she had been thinking of getting a coal stove for the winter and the clerk took her in hand. He showed her how the doors worked and how the dampers were arranged, and the flues situate, and he talked of double drafts, great savings, increased cheerfulness, reduction in price, and all that ; and she said she'd think it over and drop in again.

In about three days the woman reappeared and inquired of the very same clerk if they sold coal stoves. He replied that they did sell one now and then, and he cleared his voice and began the usual thirty-minute lecture on the Michigan, the Detroit, and the peninsula base-burners. The beautiful nickel-plate, the place for the tea-kettle, the ornamental legs—the anti-clinker shaker—all points were touched upon and praised and explained, and the woman said she wouldn't take one along under her arm just then, but would call again. She called again that same week, heard the same lecture from the same clerk, and started for the bank to draw the money to pay for a base-burner. That was the last seen of her for a week. Then she walked softly in and innocently inquired :

" I suppose you keep coal stoves ?"

" No, ma'am."

" Not any kind ?"

" Not a one. We used to, but went out of the business a year ago."

There were twenty coal stoves on the floor, but if she saw them she didn't let on. She heaved a sigh of disappointment, glanced around her, and went slowly out with the remark :

" Well, I don't know as I want to buy one, but I thought it wouldn't do any harm to look at some of the latest makes."—*Free Press.*

(Written for the Family Circle.)

An Autumn Dirge.

BY JOB LAWNBROOK.

As the leaves of September are dying
In the woodlands all gloomy and drear,
And the clouds dark and heavy are crying
O'er glory-wrapt Summer-time's bier,

I ponder o'er partings of near ones,
O'er those who have left us to mourn,
And o'er the fierce discords of dear ones
Whose hearts have with anguish been torn.

See I welcomes of love never spoken ;
Fond hearts that excess of joy bows,
Sinking sad at the shrine of yows broken.
Death alone from their pain can arouse.

They were firmer than Vulcan could weld them,
Those bauds that linked heart close to heart,
But the world and its changes beheld them
And the dearest are farthest apart.

Ever thus must it be till the Father
O'er the river His children will bear,
And friends in true friendship will gather
In light and in love over there.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

To be young is to be one of the immortals.—HAZLITT.

OUR PUZZLE PRIZE.

This month the competition for the prize was almost as close as last. The prize has been awarded to Bertha Miller, Walkerville. For the best set of answers in this number we will give a similar prize, a handsomely-bound story-book.

Correct answers have been received from Mary Sheppard, Berlin; Delie Sawyer, Huntley; Bertha M. Shoults, Parkhill; Bertie John Emery, London; Minnie Mulveney, Parkhill; Hannah Kinnisten, Parkhill; Jessie Johnston, Stratford; John E. Gow, Windsor; Ellen Ralph, Goderich; Willie Nixon, Arva; Ida Craig, Walkerton; Walter Smith, Montreal; George Jackson, Toronto; and W. P. Wells, Ottawa.

Communications for this column must be in by the fifth of December.

Any of our Correspondents wishing to canvass for subscribers for the FAMILY CIRCLE will have an outfit sent free with terms to agents if they will state a wish to that effect in their next letter.

NOVEMBER PUZZLES.

1

SQUARE WORD.

- A coin.
Always.
The name of a cruel man.
An ancient city.

2

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

- A consonant.
A color.
A distinguishing mark.
Perusing.
Salt water.
A number.
A consonant.

3

CHARADES.

A piece of iron and a preposition gives a town in Lancashire.

A cunning animal and an article of apparel gives a plant.

4

REBUS.

G
A night L
E

ANSWERS TO OCTOBER PUZZLES.

1. Diamond puzzle:— E

H A T
E A S E L
T E N
L

2. Poetical P:—

The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not obtained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

3. Charades:— 1. Peel -

2. Simcoe
3. Lambton
4. Oxford

4. Square word:— W E S T

E V E R
S E R E
T R E E

5. Cross word:—Niagara.

A Kiss for Mamma.

The car was all ready, the aeronaut saying
A few last words ere he sailed away
To the far, blue sky where the sunbeams straying,
Made perfect the glorious summer day;
While thousands and thousands were gathering nigh,
To wish him good journey, and bid him good-bye.

A wee little maid with her sunny hair falling
Back from her beautiful, childish brow,
Sprang away from her nurse, her baby voice calling:
"And p'ease Mr. Man may I doe now?
I want to doe up wiv 'oo in 'e sky,
To find my own mamma, and tiss 'er dood-bye."

He kissed the sweet face, while the tear-drops were
shining

On many a cheek that was hardened with care;
He unclasped the arms 'round his neck fondly twin-
ing,

And sailed from the little one standing there;
But a clear voice rose to him clear and free,
"Tell mamma I's dood girl, an' tis 'er for me!"

[Author of "Curfew must not ring to-night," in *Wide Awake* for November.

A Cat that Takes its Ride.

It seems to me from the many articles I meet with in scientific journals, as well as in the general press, and from my own observations too, that the cat family are constantly growing in the general estimation in the high qualities of sagacity and affection. In fact, I believe, they stand better than they did forty years ago—all the oburgation of Mrs Swissheim, the champion cat-hater, to the contrary, notwithstanding. Here is our "Nig" for instance, manifesting a trait altogether new, as it seems to me—in this: He likes to ride as well as a coach dog. He cries almost every day to ride to town in the buggy, and is always ready to go out with the team when we are hauling in hay or grain or husking corn, provided he can ride. If one will hold him in his arms he also delights to ride on horseback. His pleasure is manifested in a remarkable degree whenever he is allowed the luxury of a ride, either in any kind of a vehicle or on horseback, and his cries are altogether pitiful when he is told he cannot go. This singular habit seems to have been a natural one with him, for he never had any special training in that direction. While cats are ordinarily frightened out of their wits by any attempt to give them such a ride, "Nig" is never so happy as when he is thus indulged.—*American Naturalist*.

The Moon Running Away.

The little occurrence mentioned here in the girlhood of Mary Somerville, the celebrated astronomer and mathematician, may not have determined her career, but it is interesting: One of her first recollections was of an evening when, as her little brother Samuel lay playing upon the floor, he suddenly jumped up, crying, "O, mamma, there's the moon running away!" while every one hastened to the door to watch the fiery course of the celebrated meteor in 1783. She always remembered the wondering exclamations, how frightened people were, and how they said that this trailing light was sent as a warning that something dreadful was about to happen.

Some Scotch people are very superstitious, and in those days few understood the laws governing the heavens, and it was left for timid little Mary to grow up and teach the world many, many things, which they never could have learned for themselves, about the fulness of the heavens and the earth.

There was a small boy of Tokay,
Who built his snow forts every day;
But when he heard talk
Of shoveling the walk,
'Tis said that he fainted away.

—*Wide-Awake*.