

THE HOME CIRCLE.

Men die, but sorrow never dies!
The crowding years divide in vain,
And the wide world is knit with ties
Of common brotherhood in pain,—

Of common share in grief and loss,
And heritage in the immortal bloom
Of love, which, flowering round its cross,
Made beautiful a baby's tomb.

—Susan Coolidge.

COUNTRY JOYS.

It has been truly said that "one-half of the world knows not how the other half lives." Ladies of leisure, listening to meaningless bits of flattery in their elegant drawing-rooms, or riding by the humble cottage of their gardener, with Sambo handling the reins in style, have no idea of the happiness of the gardener's wife, or the happiness enjoyed in many an old farmhouse, out from the world, as one might say, where the flattering nonsense familiar to the city belles is never heard, and the sense of "envy" never felt. Ladies of leisure, tired of doing nothing, weary of the rounds of pleasure, and wondering what can be done to start their flagging energies, look upon the farmer's wife as a household drudge and pity her as a self-made slave. Which is the greatest slave? in all honesty we ask. The one who dares not stoop from Fashion's throne to do what woman loves so well, care for another's happiness, and therefore gives her tiny babe into the hands of a servant or wet nurse, thus losing all its love and winning ways; or she who lives in yonder farmhouse, bound by no ties but those of love, caring for naught but home and its surroundings? Which is the more a slave, the one who rises with the lark to see the dewdrops sparkle on the grass, and hear the birds singing their merry morning songs, which are a source of so much delight to all mankind, or she whose only pleasure is the sparkle of the diamond by the gas-fed chandelier, and the music brought by the slender fingers from the piano in the parlor? Ah! woman fair, shut in by city walls, and seeing not the rising sun, hearing not the sweet songs of the birds, beholding not the setting of the god of day, when wondrous clouds sweep o'er the sky, and fairyland seems just within our grasp, prate not to us of slaves! We know our pleasures well. We would rather work and dwell in such a paradise, than fold our hands were Nature is forgotten, and Art lends its aid to make us happy. We would rather milk the cow, and feed the pigs, churn the cream, hunt the eggs, and mind the sheep (if need be) than lose the panorama of earth, water, sky spread out before our eyes so beautifully. Again: I say, talk not to us of slaves. Because we minister to the wants of the brute creation, we are not on a level with them. The mind can here expand and soar to marvelous heights, and when it falls, as fall it may, the beauty of the place oft breaks the blow, and we are never sorry to be where joy, happiness and contentment knows no bounds, and that is found in a country life.—*People's Journal*.

[Communicated.]

HABIT.

All persons are controlled by habit, it is an inward as well as an outward principle which guides us to do easily and naturally what we often do. We need not deny to understand the elements that are linked with us a race. As the sun throws its radiance from the zenith then and there we discover the beautiful works of nature. So is it with man. Tell us what a man's habits are, and we can tell you what he is, and how far he can be trusted, without seeing him—or eving consulting a phrenologist.

Man's component parts are habits, and this is woven into his very nature; and like the mixture of paints which are made by different chemicals, all individual's habits are based on acts; but the results of one's acts are the repetition of our character. Men are not bound by great chains of iron, but by little threads. Success in life is built upon patience, industry, and fidelity; while failure, on the other hand, can be traced, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, to the negligence of minor things. The man who has habits of punctuality, patience, industry and fidelity in all engagements whether important or unimportant, will find that he needs no letter of introduction so that he can be depended upon—his habits ensures that.

The only equity that exists among men is the equity of habits and rights. Men are unequal in size, strength, wealth, and intelligence. Because I am ignorant, my intelligent neighbor has no right to take advantage of me. Because I am poor and needy, my wealthy neighbor has no right to defraud me. Because my habits are indifferent, my neighbor has no right to put me to death.

We form our habits chiefly in early life. How important, then, is it that every boy and girl should be careful to learn to do everything properly, when the very manner of doing the every-day work of life has its influence in moulding their future habits—those habits that build up the life which will be left as models to all who know them—thus adding to the store of happiness and usefulness in life.

A BRUSSELS LOVE STORY.—There is a pretty story in connection with the introduction of the manufacture of fine lace into Brussels. A poor young girl named Gertrude was dying for love of a young man, whose wealth precluded all hopes of marriage. One night as she sat weeping a lady entered her cottage, and without saying a word, placed in her lap a cushion, with its bobbins filled with thread. The lady then, with perfect silence, showed her how to work the bobbins, and how to make all kinds of delicate patterns and complicated stitches. As daylight approached the maiden had learned the art, and the mysterious visitor disappeared. The price of the maiden's lace soon made her rich on account of its valuable patterns, and she was able to marry the object of her love. Many years later, while living in luxury with her numerous family about her, she was startled by the mysterious lady entering her comfortable house—this time not silent, but looking stern. She said:—"Here you enjoy peace and comfort, while without are famine and trouble. I helped you; you have not helped your neighbor. The angels weep for you and turn away their faces." So the next day Gertrude went forth with her cushion and bobbin in hand, and going from cottage to cottage, she offered to teach the art she had so mysteriously learned. So they all became rich, and their country also.

HOME ATTACHMENTS.—The greatest men have found their truest happiness at home. No cheer was so exhilarating as that of the wife, no melody so charming as the prattle of the children. As one observes, Cicero, with all his liberality of mind, felt the tenderness of home attachment. At one time he acknowledged that he received no satisfaction in any company but in that of his wife, his little daughter, and—to use his own language—"his honied young Cicero." Sir Thomas More, with his great powers of mind, devoted a great share of his time—because he knew it to be his duty and felt it to be his delight—to the amusement of his children. Homer in his Iliad, in the parting interview between Hector and Andromache, has interested the heart of the reader in his terrible hero by showing the amiability of his Trojan chief, by depicting in him, while standing completely armed for the battle field, taking off his helmet that he might not frighten his little boy with his nodding plumes. How refreshed are we by this scene of domestic love! And how pleased to see the arm which is shortly to deal death and destruction among a host of foes employed in caressing an infant son with the embraces of paternal love.

POTATOES FOR HORSES.—Nearly every winter, when I have my horses up in stable, I think I will call the attention of your readers to the practice of feeding potatoes to their horses. I once came near losing a very valuable horse from feeding him dry hay and oats with nothing loosening. I have never believed in dosing a horse with medicine, but something is actually necessary to keep a horse in the right condition. Many use powders, but potatoes are better, and safer, and cheaper, if fed judiciously. If those who are not in the habit of feeding potatoes to horses will try them, they will be astonished at the result. I have known a horse to be changed from a lazy, dumpish one to a quick, active, headstrong animal, in five days, by simply adding two quarts of potatoes to his feed daily. If very much clear corn meal is fed, they do not need so many potatoes. Too many potatoes are weaken-

ing, and so are too many apples. When I was a lad, I was away from home at school one winter, and had the care of one horse, one yoke of oxen, and one cow, every one of which I had to card and curry every day. The horse had three pails of water, four quarts of oats, two quarts of small potatoes, and two quarts of corn extra every day he worked, with what hay he wanted, and a stronger and more active horse of his inches I have never yet seen.—*Cor. Country Gentleman*.

A NOBLE WIFE.—During the revolution of Poland which followed the revolution of Thaddeus Kosciuszko many of the truest and best of the sons of that ill-fated country were forced to flee for their lives, forsaking home and friends. Of those who had been most eager for the liberty of Poland, and most bitter in the enmity against Russia and Prussia, was Michael Sobieski, whose ancestor had been king a hundred and fifty years before.

Sobieski had two sons in the patriot ranks, and father and sons had been of those who had persisted in what the Russians had been pleased to term rebellion, and a price had been set upon their heads.

The Archduke Constantine was eager to apprehend Michael Sobieski, and learned that the wife of the Polish hero was at home in Warsaw, and he waited upon her.

"Madam," he said, speaking politely, for the lady was beautiful and queenly, "I think you know where your husband and sons are hiding."

"I know, sir."

"If you tell me where your husband is your sons shall be pardoned."

"And shall be safe?"

"Yes, madam, I swear it. Tell me where your husband is concealed and both you and your sons shall be safe and unharmed."

"Then, sir" answered the noble woman, rising with a dignity sublime and laying her hand upon her bosom, "he lies concealed here—in the heart of his wife—and you will have to tear this heart out to find him."

Tyrant as he was, the archduke admired the answer and the spirit which had inspired it, and deeming the good will of such a woman worth securing he forthwith published a pardon for the father and sons.

DEAR RURAL:—In a late number of your excellent paper I read a very sensible article, under the heading of "Our Homes;" How few of us who have happy homes appreciate them. We feel, jealous of some of our friends and neighbors who are able to have more expensive ones than we have, and fitted up more costly, forgetting the old saying: "All is not gold that glitters." If we were to stay a month at the so-called "homes," we would be glad to get back to our humble abodes, where, if the furniture is cheap and the ornaments, many of them rude and made by our own hands, love, not discord, reigns and guides our actions.

Home should be made as pleasant as possible. It should be a heart place—the place where the affections center—the most lovely of all places on earth. Not necessarily in grandeur; for the humblest homes are happiest, if love and contentment dwell therein; bright and pleasant, always fair with a longing to be there, is a pleasant home. Let us then strive to make our homes both neat and tasteful, where each heart will rest contented and happy, and where the purest and best thoughts will linger. "'Tis home where the heart is, be it ever so humble." How true this is, and how pleasant to be able to, cherish happy thoughts of home—to know wherever we may be, that we have a home which will be made more homelike and happy by our appearance.

Oh! we cannot do too much to make our homes happy ones. We want no jar of discord there, nor anything else which will mar the pleasure and happiness of its inmates. I believe that if women would try as hard to make her home pleasant, as she does to keep up to fashion in regard to dress, etc., the world would be a much better one than it is. Do not think now that I am a sour old bachelor, for I belong to the opposite sex, and I believe in "woman's rights" so far as they contribute to home happiness, and no further.—*Cor. Rural New Yorker*.

THE movement of the soul along the path of duty, under the influence of holy love to God, constitutes what we call good works.

GOLDEN SHEAVES.

THE fool derideth another's deformity.

HOPE, though valuable, is not always a sure antidote to misfortune.

A GOOD conscience seats the mind on a rich throne of lasting quiet.

FEAR is implanted in us as a preserver from evil.

THE violation of truth is an infamous crime.

THE plainer the dress, the greater lustre hath beauty.

VIRTUE is the greatest ornament, and good sense the best equipage.

IN YOUR worst estate, hope; in your best estate, fear; in every estate be circumspect.

I KNOW of but two beautiful things: the starry heavens above my head, and the sense of duty within my heart.—*Kant*.

THEY who are most weary of life, and yet are most unwilling to die, are such as have lived to no purpose—who have rather breathed than lived.

IT is never too late with us so long as we are still aware of our faults and bear them impatiently—so long as aspirations eager for conquest stir within us.

LET the fire be always burning brightly and ardently on your own altar, wherever it may blaze or blink besides.

IN THE christian race, all patient runners win, and in the christian battle, all who endure to the end are victors.

HE THAT has tasted the bitterness of evil fears to commit it; and he that hath felt the sweetness of mercy will fear to offend it.

EVERY day brings its own duties and carries them along with it; and they are as waves broken on the shore, many like them coming after.

THE study of literature nourishes youth, entertains old age, adorns prosperity, solaces adversity, is delightful at home and unobtrusive abroad.

TRIALS teach us what we are; they dig up the soil, and let us see what we are made of; they just turn up some of the ill weeds on to the surface.

AVOID gaming, for among many other evils which attend it are these: Loss of time; loss of reputation; loss of health; loss of fortune; loss of temper; ruin of families; defrauding of creditors; and what is frequently the effect of it, the loss of life both temporal and eternal.

TRUE friendship keeps no profit-and-loss account, posts no ledgers, strikes no daily balances, but takes gratitude for granted, and regards affection as always solvent. It has no clearing-house, gives no notes of hand, carries on no brokerage of attachment, makes no bargains in this commerce of the affections. With it "yours truly" goes a great way, and certainly, worn threadbare as they are by incessant use, no words have a stouter body of significance left in them.—*New York Tribune*.

SUBLIMER in this world I know of nothing than a peasant saint, could such now anywhere be met with. Such a one will take thee back to Nazareth itself; thou wilt see the splendor of heaven spring forth from the humblest depths of the earth, like a light shining in great darkness. It is not because of his toils that I lament for the poor. We must all toil or steal, (howsoever we name our stealing,) which is worse. No faithful workman finds his task a pastime. The poor are hungry and athirst; but for him also there is food and drink; he is heavy laden and weary, but for him also the heavens send sleep, and of the deepest. In his smoky crib a clear, dewy heaven of rest envelops him, and fitful glitterings of cloud-skirted dreams. But what I do mourn over is that the lamp of his soul should go out, and no ray of heavenly or even of earthly knowledge should visit him; but only in the haggard darkness, like two spectres, fear and indignation. Alas! while the body stands so broad and brawny, must the soul lie blinded, dwarfed, stupefied, almost annihilated! Alas! was this, too, a breath of God, bestowed in heaven, but on earth never to be unfolded? That there should one man die ignorant who had capacity for knowledge, this I call a tragedy, were it to happen more than twenty times in a minute, as by some computations it does.—*Thomas Carlyle*.