

THE HOME CIRCLE.

TO-DAY.

Why cannot we gather the blessings
Of life as we journey along;
Its gladness, its fragrance, its beauty,
Its sunshine, its summer, its song?
Why dimpea the joys that now brighten
By a doubt what the future may bring?
Why tarnish young love in his splendor,
With fears lest the god may take wing?
Why with thoughts of chilly December
O'ershadow the blossomy spring?

I will gather and bear in my bosom
The rose, though it fade in a day;
Inhale the sweet breath of the lily
Ere it withers and falls to decay.
And friendship and love though they perish—
While they linger shall warm me like wine;
As pearls I will string every dew-drop
Of blessing, nor vainly repine.
Why dim glad to-day with to-morrow?
To-morrow may never be mine!

AN EVENING REVERIE.

As the sun sinks behind the western hill,
tinging the skies with amber and roseate
tints, all nature becomes hushed to rest.
Slowly the gorgeous hues become fainter,
and at last vanish, while the stars come
twinkling out, spangling the azure heavens.
At such an hour, the mind of man turns
within, and the thoughts arise, "I am one
day nearer home; one day the less to spend
on earth; one day the less to labor and toil;
one day the less to endure suffering, both
physical and mental; one the less in which
to influence others for good or evil. But
how many others have had the same
thoughts; have lived, suffered and died and
are now forgotten; the world knows them
not. What am I but an infinitesimal atom
in this vast universe?"

If I should die to-night, I would be forgot-
ten in a few short weeks, by all, save a few
nearest and dearest, who would keep my
memory green in their hearts, watered by
the tears of affection.

But have I lived as I ought, trying to do
my duty to God and man? I must place
line upon line, and precept upon precept—
here a little, and there a little—seed sown
broadcast, kind words and actions scattered
here and there, which will bring forth fruit,
and not be known until the "book is opened."

Time will not for one of us stay,
We will all have passed away,
A hundred years from now.

The warm heart now, will then be cold,
Of rich and poor, of young and old,
We'll all be 'neath the graveyard mould,
A hundred years from now.

—Eliza E. Anthony.

"THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET."

The popular song of "The Old Oaken
Bucket" is said to have its origin under the
following circumstances, which give it addi-
tional interest:

Some years ago, when Woodworth, a
printer, and several others, "Old New
Yorkers," were brother typos in a printing
office which was situated at the corner of
Chatham and Chambers streets, there were
few places in the city of New York where
one could enjoy the luxury of a really
"good drink." Among the few places most
worthy of patronage was an establishment
kept by Mallory, in Franklin street, on
about the same spot where St. John's Hall
recently stood. Woodworth, in company
with several particular friends, had dropped
in at this place one afternoon for the
purpose of taking some "brandy and water,"
which Mallory was famous for keeping. The
liquor was super-excellent, and Woodworth
seemed inspired by it, for, after taking a
draught, he laid his glass upon the table,
and smacking his lips, declared that Mal-
lory's *cavi de vie* was superior to any he had
ever tasted. "No," said Mallory, "you are
quite mistaken; there was one thing which,
in both our estimations, far surpasses this in
the way of drinking." "What was that?"
asked Woodworth dubiously. "The
draught of pure, fresh spring water we used
to drink from the old oaken bucket that
hung in the well, after our return from the
labors of the field on a sultry day in sum-
mer." The tear-drops glistened for a mo-
ment in Woodworth's eyes. "True! true!"
he replied, and soon quitted the place. He
returned to the office, grasped the pen, and
in half an hour, "The Old Oaken Bucket,"
one of the most delightful compositions in
our language, was ready in the manuscript
to be embalmed in the memory of succeed-
ing generations.—*Exchange.*

THE CONQUERERS OF THE WORLD.

The aim of Genghis was literally the con-
quest of the world—as he conceived it—and
was nearer its accomplishment in his own
life, and in that of his two descendants, Kub-
lai and Timur, than it had ever been before,
or is likely to be again. The empire which
he created counted within its limits probably
one-half of the whole human race, and ex-
tended from the sea of Okotsk, at the north-
eastern extremity of Asia, over the whole
breadth of the continent as far as the Black
Sea. Insane as such ambition seems, it must
have its source in some perennial springs of
action common to our nature, since it con-
stantly reappears with a certain periodicity
in successive ages—fortunately far apart—
and in races still more widely separated by
ethnographic characters and surrounding
conditions. Assyrian, Babylonian and Per-
sian, Greek, Roman and French have each
in turn sent forth heroes on this quest for
universal empire. With the Romans alone,
it became the insanity or ambition of a peo-
ple, who for successive ages sought to be
the rulers of the world, and actually found-
ed an imperial sway over Europe from the
Rhine to the Danube, and in Asia and Africa,
nearly as far as Alexander had penetrated
on either continent. The whole of Asia and
Eastern Europe had not, however, been under
the scepter of a single ruler until Timur
swooped from his Mongolian steppes, the
heir of the first Great Mogul, and camped
in the heart of Hungary and Poland with a
mixed multitude of tribes and nations for
his army.—*Fortnightly Review.*

JAPANESE LEGEND.—A certain white fox
of high degree, and without a black hair up-
on him, sought and obtained the hand of a
young female fox who was renowned for
her personal beauty and her noble connec-
tions. The wedding was to be a grand af-
fair; but, unhappily, the families of the be-
trothed pair could not agree upon the kind
of weather to be ordered for the occasion.
The parents of the bride thought it good
luck that a shower should fall on the bridal
procession. The bridegroom and his friends
objected to having their good clothes spoiled
thus, and to the damper which a rain would
put upon their merriment. There was dan-
ger that the match would be broken off,
when a very astute old fox suggested a com-
promise. They might have sunshine and
rain together. This happy thought was re-
ceived with acclamations, and the order was
given accordingly; the bride's palanquin or
norimon was borne to the house of her future
husband with blissful satisfaction on all
sides. In Japan, a sun-shower is called
"The Foxes' Wedding." In New England,
the natives mysteriously remark: "The
devil is whipping his wife with a codfish
tail."—*Brooks, in Scribner.*

CORRECT SPEAKING.—Young people can-
not commence too early to acquire the habit
of correct speaking and to abandon as early as
possible any use of slang words or phrases.
The longer you live the more difficult the ac-
quirement of correct language will be; and if
the golden age of youth, the proper season
for the acquisition of language, be passed in
abuse, the unfortunate victim, if neglected,
is very properly doomed to talk slang for
life. Money is unnecessary to procure this
education. Every man has it in his power.
He has merely to use the language which he
reads, instead of the slang which he hears;
to form the taste from the best speakers and
poets in the country; to treasure up choice
phrases in his memory and habituate himself
to their use, avoiding at the same time that
pedantic precision and bombast which shows
the weakness of vain ambition, rather than
the polish of an educated man.

WHERE THE FAULT LIES.—Men are more
liberal and just than women, but they very
rarely take a woman for a wife unless they
believe her to be as chaste as ice and pure as
snow. Their sense of purity in respect to
the woman they marry is exquisitely delicate.
They are not satisfied with the natural purity
and goodness of the woman but her good
name must be above reproach. If women
were as careful in choosing their husbands,
we think there would be fewer marriages,
or else a wonderful reformation would be
begun. It is presumed that the coming
woman will order these things differently.

Harriet Hosmer, the sculptress is forty-
four and unmarried.

HE HAD NO WIFE.—Several medical stu-
dents left a notice on a young doctor's slate
the other day to call at the office of Mr. Wil-
liggins, and then go with him to see his wife.
The doctor did as requested as far as calling
at the office was concerned. He found Mr.
Williggins and said with a profound bow:

"Dr. Comequick is my name."
"Glad to see you, sir; sit down," answered
the gentleman. "what can I do for you?"
"I shall be glad to wait upon you, sir,"
said the doctor.

"Thanks, thanks," said the other, "but
the fact is, I'm in a hurry, please proceed."

"Yes, yes," very well, sir, just as you
say; but how is your wife?"

"Wife!" cried Williggins, who is an old
bachelor.

"Yes, sir," responded the doctor, rising
from his chair, "if there is anything I can
do for her let me know, that I may with
wings as swift as thought, or——"

"Of course, of course, yes, yes, that's all
right, no doubt, you know devilish well I
have no wife, neither do I like tricks." Doc-
tor Comequick went away quicker than he
came.

The tomato vine, which furnishes food
so palatable to almost every one, belongs
to the same family of plant as the deadly
nightshade, which attains such a rank growth
in the edge of swamps and by the shady road-
side, and which all children are educated so
cautiously to shun. Aquafortis and the air
we breathe are made of the same materials.
Linen, sugar, and spirits of wine are so much
alike in their chemical composition, that an
old shirt can be converted into its own weight
in sugar, and the sugar into spirits of wine.
Wine is made of two substances, one of which
is the cause of all combustion, and the other
will burn with more rapidity than anything
else in nature. Peruvian bark and the poison-
ous principle of opium are found to be com-
posed of the same materials.

TWO BRILLIANT EDITORS.—The following
anecdote of Chief Justice Chase is told by the
Toledo Commercial: "Soon after Chief
Justice Chase assumed the gubernatorial chair
in Ohio he issued his proclamation appointing
a Thanksgiving day. To make sure of being
orthodox, the Governor composed his pro-
clamation almost entirely of passages from
the bible, which he did not designate as
quotations, presuming that every one would
recognize them and admire the fitness of the
words as well as his taste in their selection.
The proclamation meeting the eye of a Dem-
ocratic editor, he pounced at once upon it,
and declared that he had read it before—
couldn't say where—but he would take his
oath that it was a downright plagiarism from
beginning to end. That would have been a
pretty fair joke; but the next day a Republi-
can editor came out valiantly in defence of
the Governor, pronounced the charge libel-
ous, and challenged any man living to pro-
duce one single line of the proclamation that
had appeared in print before.

DEAR JACK: Your item concerning
"Cow's Teeth," reminds me of an incident
which occurred in an adjoining town.

A city gentleman who had just purchased
a farm in the country, wished to buy some
cattle with which to stock it. He therefore
attended an auction where cows were to be
sold. One of them, a remarkably fine ani-
mal, soon attracted his attention, and he
bought her at a fair price. He was examin-
ing his purchase, when a farmer, who unfor-
tunately had arrived too late to buy the cow
for himself, as he had intended, drove up
and thus accosted him:

"I say, friend, did you bid off that cow?"

"I did," was the reply.

"Well, did you know that she had no front
teeth in the upper jaw?"

"No," replied the gentleman indignantly.

"Is that so?"

"You can see for yourself."

The gentleman examined the mouth of
the cow, and finding no upper teeth, imme-
diately went to the auctioneer and requested
him to sell the cow again.

"What's the trouble?" asked the auction-
eer.

"She hasn't any upper front teeth," was
the reply.

"Very well," replied the auctioneer with
a smile, "I'll put her up once more."

He did so, and the shrewd farmer who had
given the information to the city gentleman,
bid her off at the same price.—*St. Nicholas.*

GOLDEN SHEAVES.

He is not only idle who does nothing, but
he is idle who might be better employed.

He that aims at a star is likely to shoot
higher than he that aims only at turf. Thus,
though it were impossible to keep clean con-
sciences' "void of offense both toward God
and toward men," according to the exactness
of God's command, yet he that is careful to
avoid all pollutions, both of flesh and spirit,
shall certainly have a much clearer conscience
by far than he that wallows in those sins.
In a foul way it is perhaps impossible to keep
ourselves from being bespattered with dirt;
yet he that walks warily and carefully comes
cleaner home than he that tumbles and rolls
himself in it.

Reader, be not like the foolish drunkard
who, staggering home one night, saw his
candle lit for him. "Two candles!" said he,
for his drunkenness made him see double,
"I will blow out one," and as he blew it out,
in a moment he was in the dark. Many a
man sees double through the drunkenness
of sin; he has one life to sow his wild oats in,
and then he half expects another in which
to turn to God; so, like a fool, he blows out
the only candle he has, and in the dark he
will have to lie down forever. Hastethee,
traveller, thou hast but one sun, and after
that sets thou wilt never reach home. God
help thee to make haste now!

There is a great want about christians who
have not suffered. Some flowers must be
broken or bruised before they emit any fra-
grance. All the wounds of Christ sent out
sweetness, all the sorrows of christians do the
same.

There is one place where change cannot
put its finger; there is one name on which
mutability can never be written; there is
one heart which can never alter. The place
is the Most Holy, that heart is God's, that
name is Love.

Secret sins are anchors which, as long as
they continue, fasten the soul to the earth.
It may swing to and fro with religious emo-
tions; as a balloon whose cords are uncut
may wave to and fro in the air, but it can
never ascend to heaven.

Mercy is like the rainbow which God set
in the heavens as a remembrance to man.
We must not look for it after night; it shines
not in the other world. If we refuse mercy
here, we must have justice in eternity.

What a wonderful power has the true wife
over home and husband! No man ever
prospered in the world without the co-op-
eration of his wife. If she unites in mutual
endeavors, or rewards his labors with an en-
dearing smile, with what confidence will he
resort to his occupation, meet difficulty and
encounter danger, if he knows that he is not
spending his strength in vain, but that his
labors will be rewarded by the sweets of
home! Solitude and disappointment enter
the history of every man's life, and he is but
half provided for his voyage who finds but
an associate for happy hours, while for his
months of darkness and distress no sympa-
thizing partner is prepared.

There is a dew in one flower and not in an-
other, because one opens its cup and takes it,
while the other closes itself and the drop runs
off. So Heaven rains goodness and mercy as
wide as the dew, and if we lack them, it's be-
cause we will not open our hearts to receive
them.

They that deny a God destroy man's no-
bility, for certainly man is kin to the beast
by his body, and if he is not kin to God by
his spirit, he is a base and ignoble creature.

Surrounded by Deity, imbued and pene-
trated by Him, we are yet approaching
while we enjoy Him, but shall never reach
Him—an endless progression of pleasure.

Girls, in treating dissipated young men as
their equals, do a wrong they can hardly
realize. Such men should be made to feel
that until they walk with correctness and
honor in the paths of right, good people will
stand aloof from them. Girls who respect
themselves will not be seen with such men,
and will decline to receive them on the
familiar footing of friendship. It is a mis-
taken kindness to poultice when caustic is
needed, and I am inclined to think a little
sharp decision on the part of the girls of to-
day would go far to correct the general
looseness of morality among young men.—
Ex.