

THE HOME CIRCLE.

LAST WORDS.

BY AGNES M. HURST.

He held my hand one moment,
Glanced once into my eye,
And then he softly uttered
That sad, sad word, "Good-by."
"I'll see you in the morning,
"Good-by a little while!"
These are my memory's treasures,
These, and one tender smile.

I scarce dare think upon them,
Those months and years so rife
With darkness and with tempest,
That settled o'er my life.
Time's tiding, drifting ocean
Us parted at the shore;
He sank 'mid the commotion;—
I never saw him more.

The storms are still around me;
I think they'll never cease
Until I reach the heaven
Where he found perfect peace.
But of Faith and Love united,
The happy Hope is born,
I'll see him, as he promised,
In Heaven's eternal morn.

ANTIQUITY OF MAN.

A correspondent of the St. John News writes:

According to Bishop Usher's chronology, man was created exactly 4,001 years before the birth of Christ. Other Biblical chronologists vary from this exactitude from one to two thousand years, but Usher's system is generally received as correct by believers in the common interpretation of the account furnished by the Old Testament and the Gospel of Matthew. Geologists and other scientific men, however, smile at such chronology, and present evidences of the existence of man far anterior to the period authorized by the chronology of Bishop Usher.

An English engineer in Egypt in 1857, a man of wealth and a member of the Royal Society, determined to ascertain the depth of the Nile sediment caused by the annual overflow of that river, and in his purpose was assisted by some French engineers in the employ of the Pasha. They began operations by sinking a series of pits or shafts, as the mining term is, across the Valley of the Nile, in a line with the ancient city of Hierapolis.

They found the successive annular layers of the Nile sediment as regularly occurring and plainly marked on a given section of the same as the annular rings on a tree of free growth, and they were enabled from the peculiar character of the sediment to count the successive deposits as readily as the wood growth of such a tree can be counted. One hundred of these layers occurred in a depth of twenty-three inches, the layers being uniformly more than one-fifth of an inch in thickness.

At the depth of 185 feet they struck sand, and after digging into it some three feet considered it unnecessary to go any deeper, as they evidently had penetrated, in 185 feet, the deposit of sediment. This depth was found to be nearly uniform in each of the shafts. In one sunk near the site of the great monolithic statue of Rameses the second, at a depth of 160 feet, were found fragments of pottery in a good state of preservation, and exhibiting considerable artistic skill, thus proving that nearly 8,500 years ago man existed in that locality, and man, moreover, in a state of civilization sufficiently advanced to be able to fashion clay into vessels and harden it by fire.

Now this was no fancy Egyptian chronology, but a fact expensively ascertained; and in view of it, if in the Valley of the Nile man thus advanced in artisan skill existed 8,000 years ago, how long anterior did he exist in the high lands of Asia and other quarters of the globe first fitted for his existence?

Sir Charles Lyell, who, it is well known, had for years, true to his early education, refused to contradict Usher's chronology, was in 1859 converted by this discovery and another, which occurred in France, near Amiens, where flint arrow-heads, hatchets, and spear-heads, etc., were found with remains of, for that country unknown animals, such as the elephant, rhinoceros, tiger and hyena.

At a meeting of the British Geological Society in September 1859, these evidences

of the antiquity of man having been presented to the London Society of Antiquaries in June previous by Mr. Evans, an English geologist, Sir Charles Lyell said that he fully believed that those flint weapons, discovered in what is geologically termed the "drift," could not have found their way where discovered with those animals by any convulsion of the earth, but that they had remained there since the stonage age of that country, and during which the climate of Central Europe was plainly tropical rather than, as at present, temperate; and hence the antiquity of those animal remains and weapons was far greater than the times either of history or tradition.

WALTER SCOTT'S FIRST LOVE.

Writing of the love disappointments of literary lights, a correspondent says: His early disappointment was very bitter, and although its full details can not be given, it may be said that when he was a poor young barrister, living still under the paternal roof at Edinburgh, he fell in love with a maiden whose rank was about his own and whom he expected to win. Still he hoped against hope. His father heard of the affair, and with sober sense of mature years informed the lady's friends of Walter's weakness, and they at once removed the girl from the city.

Scott never knew the cause of this change till years afterward but as the income of his profession for five years averaged only £100 he could not expect to encounter the expense of a domestic establishment. The girl married afterwards, and one of Scott's friends was much alarmed for fear of the consequences. He writes as follows: "This is bad news to our romantic friend, and I shudder at the violence of the most irritable and ungovernable mind. It is said that men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love. I sincerely hope it will be verified on this occasion." Scott did nothing worse than to pen a few stanzas which are worth reading in this connection. They are addressed to the violet and close thus:

"Though fair her gems of azure hue,
Beneath thy dew-drop's weight reclining;
I've seen an eye of lovelier blue,
More sweet through watery lustre shining.

The Summer sun that dew shall dry,
E're yet that sun be past its morrow;
Nor longer in my false love's eye
Remained the tear of parting sorrow."

Before six months had expired the disappointed lover was as deeply enamored of another girl whom he met while on an excursion into the North of England. She was of French birth, and is described as very fascinating. One of his friends said "Scott was safe besides himself about Miss Carpenter. We toasted her twenty times over the raving about her until it was one in the morning." The next Christmas they were married. It may be added that the match was not felicitous on the part of the husband, for although their married life was harmonious, the wife was deficient in that mental strength which a union required, Scott never outlived the influence exercised on him by the first love, and in his latter years he wept at the mention of her name and memory of old associations.

FAITH IN THE FAMILY.—One of the most intelligent women I have ever known, the Christian mother of a large family of children, used to say that the education of children was eminently a work of faith. She never heard the tramping of her boy's feet in the house, or listened to their noisy shouting in their play, or watched their unconscious slumbers, without an inward, earnest prayer to God for wisdom to train them, and for the Spirit of the Highest to guide them. She mingled prayer with counsel and restraint, and the counsel was the wiser, and restraint was the stronger, for this alliance of the human and divine elements in her instruction and discipline. And at length, when her children had become men and women, accustomed to the hard strife of the world her name was the dearest one they could speak; and she who "had fed their own bodies from her own body's life, and their soul's from her spirit's life," who had taught their feet to walk, their tongues to speak and pray, and illuminate their consciences with the lights of righteousness and duty, held their reverence and love, increased a thousand-fold by the remembrance of an early education that had its inspiration in faith in God.—
Dr. W. Lord.

COURTING IN THE RIGHT STYLE.

"Git out, you nasty puppy—let me alone or I'll tell your ma!" cried out Sally to her lover Jake, who sat about ten feet from her, pulling the dirt from the chimney jam.

"I arn't techin' on you, Sal," said Jake.
"Well, perhaps you don't mean to, nuther, do yer?"
"No, I don't."

"Cause you're too tarnal scary, you long-legged, lantern-jawed, slab-sided, pigeon-toed, gangle-kneed owl you—you hain't got a tarnal bit of sense; get along home with you!"

"Now, Sal, I love you, and you can't help it, and if you don't let me stay and court you, my daddy'll sue youn for that cow he sold him t'other day. By jingo, he said he'd do it!"

"Well, look here, Jake, if you want to court me, you'd better do it as a white man does that thing—not set off there as though you thought I was not."

"How on airth is that, Sal?"

"Why, side right up here, and hug and kiss me, as if you really had some bone and sinner of man about you. Do you s'pose a woman's only made to look at, you fool you? No, they are made for 'practical results,' as Kossuth says—to hug and kiss and sich like."

"Well," said Jake, drawing a long breath, "if I must I must, for I love you, Sal," and so Jake commenced sliding up to her, like a maple poker going to battle. Laying his arm gently upon Sal's shoulder, we thought we heard Sally say:

"That's the way to do it, old horse—that's acting like a white man orter."

"Oh, Jerusalem and pancakes!" exclaimed Jake, "if this ain't better than any apple sass ever mammy made, darned sight! Buck-wheat cakes, and slap-jacks and 'lasses ain't no where 'long side of you, Sal. Oh, how I love you!" Here their lips came together, and the report that followed was like pulling a horse's hoof out of the mud. We left.

THERE is said to be a man and wife in Montgomery county, Ind., aged respectively 113 and 111 years. Their name is Fruits, and they have been married eighty-five years. The old man stands up as straight as a ramrod, and does quite a good deal of work every day. He has always been a moderate liver and uses no tobacco, which is an argument against tobacco users. But his wife has been a steady smoker sixty years, which is an argument in favor of tobacco. The old lady is afflicted with a cancer, which made its appearance upon her forehead forty years ago, and which she is now doctoring with coal oil. At one time in her life she weighed 225 pounds, but gradually shrunk away till she now tips the beam at 125.

The venerable old man was personally acquainted with Danile Boon, Simon Gerty, Siamon Kenton, Williams and others of the first settlers of the West.

GRAVE OF THE POET POE.—Edger A. Poe's leading idea concerned the relation of soul and body after death. Both in his poems and in his stories he gave the fancy that the dead body had a peculiar life of its own. In one of his poems he writes about liking and feeling his home in the grave. His own coffin at Westminster, has recently been changed. The skull was lying in the position in which the head lay when buried. The grave clothes and all except the bones had crumbled to dust, leaving the skeleton white and bare. The brain was in an almost perfect state of preservation. The cerebral mass, as seen through the base of the skull, evidenced no signs of disintegration or decay, though, of course, it is somewhat diminished in size. The skull was intact, and the general skeleton was in as good a condition as an anatomical preparation in the doctor's office.

SUNSHINE.—Sunshine is beautiful and joy-inspiring always. All things animate and inanimate take on a new life in its presence. Not a flower but gratefully recognizes it, not a song-bird but carols the sweeter under its touch. How the rivulets flash, and the broad waters shimmer to its glance, while the valley atmosphere is goldenly a-baze, and the grand old woods and mountains are all aflame with its kisses. Earth, that under the cloud and the night-shade seemed like one stricken with a mighty sorrow, now treads her round of space like a new-crowned queen. Who amid the gushing sunshine can think of aught but life, health, joy, music, beauty, and splendor?

GOLDEN SHEAVES.

Oh! be not the first to discover
A blot on the name of a friend,
A flaw in the faith of a lover,
Whose heart may be true to the end.

We none of us know each other,
And oft into error we fall;
So let us speak well of each other,
Or let us say nothing at all.

—The wide pasture is but separate spears of grass; the sheeted bloom of the prairies but isolated flowers.

—Use not needlessly, learned or hard words. He that affects to be thought learned, is likely to be accounted a fool.

—An elevated purpose is a good and ennobling thing, but we cannot begin at the top of it. We must work up to it by the often difficult path of daily duty.

—In deciding questions of truth and duty, remember the wrong side has a crafty and powerful advocate in your own heart.

—The sweat of one's brow is no longer a curse when one works for God; it proves a tonic for the system, and is actually a blessing.

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

—Great storms attract sorrows as mountains do storms; but the thunder clouds break upon them, and they thus form a shelter for the plains around.

—A pious cottager residing in the midst of a long and dreary heath was asked by a visitor, "Are you not sometimes afraid in your lonely situation, especially in the winter?" He replied, "O no, for faith shuts the door at night, and mercy opens it in the morning."

—All our murmurings are so many arrows shot at God himself, and they will return upon our own hearts; they reach not him, but they will hit us; they hurt not him but they will wound us; therefore it is better to be mute than to murmur; it is dangerous to provoke a consuming fire.

—Look into the life and temper of Christ, described and illustrated in the gospel, and search whether you can find anything like it in your own life. Have you anything of his humility, meekness and benevolence to men? Anything of his purity and wisdom, his contempt of the world, his patience, his fortitude, his zeal?

—A soul cannot have a good look, nor hear a good word from heaven but Satan murmurs at it. He murmurs and mutters at every act of pitying grace, that God exercises toward poor souls; he murmurs at every sip, at every drop, at every crumb of mercy that God bestows.

—Like most carpets, everything has a right side and a wrong side. You can take any joy, and by turning it around find troubles on the other side; or you may take the greatest trouble, and by turning it around find joy on the other side. The gloomiest mountain never casts a shadow on both sides at once, nor does the greatest of life's calamities.

—I have been young, and now I am old, and I bear my testimony that I have never found thorough, pervading, enduring morality with any but such as fear God—not in the modern sense, but in the old, childlike way rejoicing in life—a hearty, victorious cheerfulness of so distinguished a kind that no other is to be compared with it.

—Live for something! Yes, and for something worthy of life and its capabilities and opportunities for noble deeds and achievements. Every man and every woman has his or her assignment in the duties and responsibilities of daily life. We are in the world to make the world better; to lift it up to higher levels of enjoyment and progress, to make its hearts and homes brighter and happier by devoting to our fellows our best thoughts, activities, and influences. It is the motto of every true heart and the genius of every noble life, that "no man liveth to himself"—lives chiefly for his own selfish good. It is a law of our intellectual and moral being that we promote our own happiness in the exact proportion we contribute to the comfort and enjoyment of others. Nothing worthy of the name of happiness is possible in the experience of those who live only for themselves, all oblivious of the welfare of their fellows.