

THE HOME CIRCLE.

THE WIFE'S FAREWELL.

Lift me close to thy heart, my darling,
The shadows are gathering near,
And the surge of a mighty river
Seems breaking upon my ear;
I would feel thy strong heart, darling,
Still thro' to the last with mine,
And the life that is fading from me
Still bleeds to the last with thine.

We've had only a year together—
One brief, bright wedded year—
And the wifely love was beginning
To conquer the maiden's fear;
For my life seemed to broaden—deepen,
My spirit to grow more strong,
And the love in my young heart swelling,
To lift and to bear me along.

And I dreamed of the future, darling—
The future that never will be—
When the music of sweet young voices
Should awaken to you and me—
When our hearts should be wide and cheerful,
And warm with the beam of love,
And our home like those "blessed mansions"
Our Father prepares above.

Those were sweet, idle fancies, darling,
Like mist, like the morning sun,
That must melt ere the noonday's radiance,
Yet, God's holy will be done—
He knoweth, perchance, my spirit
Too close to the earthly clings,
That blinded by Love's own brightness,
It never would use its wings!

For my life has been blest, my darling,
Sheltered from harm and woe;
Perhaps in its first young freshness,
'Tis better that I should go,
Ere the thorns around my roses gather,
The dregs in my wine cup rise,
Or the storm in its wrath can darken
The blue of my sunlit skies.

Are you near to me still, my darling?
I would whisper something more;
If a love in the future come, dear,
As sweet as the love of yore,
Be it blest—may its golden radiance
Enkindle anew your life;
The smile of a sister spirit
Shall follow my darling's wife!

It is sunset—the purple cloud-veil
Is swept from the gates of gold,
And the white fleecy clouds are gathering
Like lambs to the shepherd's fold;
There is dew on thy cheek, my darling;
Oh, wings must be strong for flight;
May the God who has called me help you!
Now kiss me, my own, good-night!

LITTLE THINGS.

Life is made up of little things. It is little things that bring us the greatest joy, and the keenest sorrow. And yet, how prone are we to attach but slight value to little things—to ignore them entirely, and keep constantly on the alert for the great, and momentous things of life.

The cheery "good mornings," uttered by each member of a family as they gather around the breakfast table, are trifles, little things, and yet they throw a ray of sunshine over the entire meal. Then to add to this happy beginning a free discussion of the day's plans, the asking and answering of questions. We have often sat at tables loaded with everything tempting, and yet felt no relish for the repast, simply because a moody silence was preserved, no little courtesies or little pleasantries. Let all the meals be cheery, and home-like, but save the happiest, brightest thoughts and words for the evening meal. The day's plans which were laid at breakfast have been completed. Now we can cease to feel the goad of necessity or business, urging us onward, and yield ourselves to the enjoyment of the moment.

An idea prevails very generally that little courtesies must be carefully observed in company, but can be laid aside at home in the family circle, just as we would lay aside a state dress. If one cannot be polite everywhere, at all times, then let company and society feel the lack of it, and heed it up carefully for home and family. Let "thank you," "if you please," "pray excuse me," "forgive me," etc., be household words. These may be considered trifles and commonplace expressions, but how charming are they compared with the usual, cold, fretful, scolding household words which are so common.

Many men work year after year and toil incessantly to heap up a big fortune to leave to some great enterprise or institution. Of course this is a noble act which will do much good and gain much praise. Still it is little charities that fly the farthest, the off-

cest, and stay longest on the wing. A little, simple aid will often touch a burdend, saddened heart, when the finest overture by a well-trained orchestra would fall coldly upon it, and would fail to stir or awaken any feeling.

Mothers of this day have the habit of doing almost everything for their children. Lifting all cares from their little shoulders; they do not this because they are insensible to little acts of love, thoughtful proposals to "keep mother." It is carelessness and a habit of disregarding little things. What lovely burden-lifters daughters, especially, become to their tired patient mothers, and yet perform only little words of thoughtfulness and tenderness. These trifles can bear summing up, and then each goes to make perfect character and home-like. Nature teaches us her lesson about the value of little things by the beautiful examples she strews around and above us. All of her particularly rare and beautiful works are little. We have little rays of sunshine, of light and heat, little drops of dew, little flakes of snow, little stars, little pearls, little diamonds. Life is one grand whole made up of littles, and no one should dare to be unmindful of them. They cannot be ignored, save at a fearful cost. No work is complete without them, no character of any value or stability can be built up without a close observance of little things. Without a due regard for them some niche will be empty, and the structure will have its weak point, totter, and finally fall, all for the habit of neglecting little things, forgetting, or not caring for some little word, thought or deed.—*Corres. Journal of Agriculture and Farmer.*

A MYSTERIOUS BIRD-CHARMER.

I witnessed, the other day, one of the celebrated sights of Paris, of which I had often heard before, but never seen. Crossing the Tuilleries Garden on one of the late mild days, my attention was attracted by an intense commotion among the sparrows which abound in that locality. They were flying to and fro, and finally collected in swarms at a single point. There I saw the cause of their agitation, the well-known bird charmer of the Tuilleries Garden. She is a person about thirty years of age, pale, with very black hair, dressed in very deep mourning, and wearing no bonnet. She was surrounded by birds that hopped and perched right on her feet, or flew circling round her head, apparently without the slightest fear. She would hold out a peice of bread, and instantly three or four would hover around it with rapid whirring wings, like humming birds around a flower, some perching on her fingers while others would peck at the coveted morsel on the wing. Then she would throw crumbs into the air which would be adroitly caught by the swiftest-winged birds before they reached the ground. A shower of crumbs brought the little creatures to her feet like chickens, nor did the presence of the bystanders that soon collected in great numbers, appear to terrify her proteges in the least. They seem to feel perfectly secure while in the presence of their benefactress. She walked slowly on, followed by hundreds of the eager, fluttering, chattering birds, and I lost sight of her in a distant walk. I am told that she sometimes sits down, and that the sparrows will then perch all over her, and will get into her lap to eat bread from her apron. No one knows who she is; she never speaks to any one, and pays no attention to anybody or any thing except her beloved birds, which she feeds daily throughout the Winter.—*Paris Letter.*

LOST TREASURES.

From the darkened, desolate home is carried the form of a loved one, to find a resting place under the green grass of the churchyard; and the loved ones left behind grieve for a treasure gone from their lives, to be no more found on earth; yet the jewel which has slipped from their clasping fingers, is shining with far brighter beauty in the light of heaven; the Master is only keeping it safe until their coming.

Again, a friend goes out to his place in the world, with a heart full of courage and ambition, and we watch him with glad hearts, expecting to see him go on from height to height, of fame and honor, only to see our hopes wrecked, and to feel all the agony of knowing that our treasure is slipping from our hope, to be lost amid the mires of sin.

How far better that other parting, when our kisses met on answering caress, and our tears fell upon a clay-cold face! We know it was only the frail casket that once held our priceless jewel, and our treasure is safe in God's keeping; but who can say comforting words to those who mourn for the soul that is lost? Only "He who doeth all things well!" Mothers of the Fireside, do we rightly feel the responsibility which rests upon us? We are training souls for everlasting life, or endless death! Can we do our duty without God's help in every hour of the day? No walk in life can be nobler, or crowned with greater honor, than a mother's. Can we not strive for the sake of our heaven-given charges to make religion beautiful, and not a terror to young minds?—for love is a strong cord that draws all hearts. May we also be ready to follow all His teachings!—*Western Rural.*

MUSICAL ACCENT.

Tom Cook was subpoenaed as a witness. On cross-examination by Sir James Searlet, he was asked:

"What is a musical accent?"
"My terms are a guinea a lesson," said Cook.

A loud laugh.
Sir James, who was now rather ruffled, said:

"Never mind your terms here—I ask you what is a musical accent? Can you see it?"
"No."

"Can you feel it?"
"A musician can."
Great laughter.

"Now, pray, sir," said Sir James, who was now very angry, "don't beat about the bush, but explain to his lordship and the jury, who are supposed to know nothing about music, the meaning of what you call 'accent.'"

"Accent in music is a certain stress laid upon a particular note, in the same manner as you would lay a stress upon any given word for the purpose of being better understood. Thus, if I were to say, 'You are a donkey,' it rests on donkey; but if I were to say, 'You are a donkey,' it rests on you, Sir James."

Shouts of laughter by the whole court in which the bench itself joined, followed this repartee.

Silence being restored, the judge with seeming gravity, accosted the chop fallen counsel thus:

"Are you satisfied Sir James?"
Sir James said:
"The witness may go down!"

FRIENDSHIP.

Nothing except religion goes further to soothe and alleviate the sorrows, misfortunes and trials that we meet with through life, than pure, disinterested friendship; and yet the value of it is seldom as highly appreciated as it ought to be. True, with many it is but a name, used only when their interests demand it, or when fortune smiles and everything goes on prosperously; but such friendship needs but the trials of adversity to show the shallowness of a profession only, for as "the water that flows from a spring does not congeal in winter, so those sentiments that flow from the heart, cannot be frozen by adversity."

True friendship is enduring and of a lasting nature, and is in reality a blessing to all who are in the enjoyment of it; never can anything of a light or trivial character mar its peace or disturb its tranquillity, for

"When Friendship once is rooted fast,
It is a plant no storm can sever;
Transix'd and helpless of the blast,
It blooms and flourishes forever."

Our circumstances are such, that we are in almost constant need of friends, not only to counsel, recommend and advise, but to comfort in distress, to aid in duty, to soothe in sickness, to support in trial and difficulties, and to be a companion not only through the sorrows, but the pleasures, joys and comforts of life. If then friendship be so valuable, is it not well worth our efforts to enjoy it, and ought we not to strive to cultivate it? not with the rich on account of their riches, but with those whose consistency of conduct, whose purity of life, and whose morality is acknowledged wherever they are known, no matter how poor, how humble or how unfortunate they may have been, for often the sweetest and most enduring friendship have been formed in adversity.

But friendship, like other things of earth,

and with time, or at least have no control over the things of eternity, and how important then that we should secure the friendship of Him in whose hands are the destinies of all, and who has promised never to leave nor forsake any who put their trust in Him, and who will be a friend indeed, under all circumstances, both in time and eternity.—*Corres. to Journal of Agriculture and Farmer.*

A HOMEY MAN'S WIT.—Abdul Aziz, says Lord Staleybridge, is not impervious to the shafts of wit. Once in his younger days, as he was hunting in the valley, he met one morning as the day dawned, an uncommonly ugly man, at the sight of whom his horse started. Being nearly dismounted, deeming it a bad omen, he called out in a rage to have his head struck off. The poor peasant, whom they had seized and were on the point of executing, prayed that he might be informed of his crime. "Your crime," said the Sultan, "is your unlucky countenance, which is the first object my eyes met this morning, and which had nearly caused me to fall from my horse." "Alas!" said the man "by this reckoning, what term must I apply to your Majesty's countenance, which was the first object my eyes met this morning, and which is to cause my death?" The Sultan smiled at the wit of his reply, ordered the man to be released, and give him a present instead of taking off his head.

GOLDEN SHEAVES.

"Thou must be true thyself
If thou the truth would'st teach,
Thy soul must overflow if thou
Another's soul would'st reach,
It needs the overflow of soul
To give the lips full speech."
—In stooping to help up another who has fallen, the load often falls from our own shoulders.

—Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.—*Ecd. xii: 1.*

—Heaven is a state of entire acquiescence in the will of God, and perfect sympathy with his purposes.

—As sharp and nipping winters do to the earth, so do afflictions to the heart—they mellow it, make it fruitful.

—Self is mighty, death is mighty; but Christ is mightier, infinitely mightier than any of them or all of them combined.

—It is easy, in the world, to live after the world's opinion; it is easy, in solitude to live after your own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps, with perfect serenity, the independence of solitude.

—To understand the world is wiser than to condemn it. To study the world is better than to shun it. To use the world nobler than to abuse it. To make the world better lovelier and happier is the noblest work of man or woman.

—We must be content to stoop to conquer. They say that the eagle, when contemplating a higher flight than usual, suddenly bends her career downward, and pushes her whole strength into a swoop directly towards the earth; but by the impetus thus gained, she is certain to rise with accelerated velocity, as she passes peerlessly on up towards the sun. Thus with all greatness; it begins with self-abasement. The chiefest becomes first a servant.

—Some people pass through the world like a band of music down the street. Everybody is tempted to dance with joy because of the influence which germinates from their lives.

—Love is its own perennial fount of strength. The strength of affection is a proof not of the worthiness of the object, but of the largeness of the soul which loves.—*Rowland Hill.*

—O Lord! of what small account are the best of men apart from Thee! How high they rise when thou liftest them up! How low they fall if thou withdraw thy hand! It is our joy, amidst distress, when thou enablest us to say, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him;" but if thou take away thy Spirit, we cannot even trust thee in the brightest day. When storms gather around us we can smile at them, if thou be with us; but in the fairest morn which ever shone on thy human heart, we doubt and we miserrary if thou be not with us still, to preserve and strengthen the faith which thou hast thyself bestowed.