

# THE HOME CIRCLE.

## SOME RAIN MUST FALL.

If this were all—oh! if this were all,  
 That into each life some rain must fall,  
 There were fainter sobs in the poet's rhyme,  
 There were fewer wrecks on the shore of time,  
 But tempests of woe pass over the soul—  
 Since winds of anguish we cannot control,  
 And shock after shock we are called to bear,  
 Till the lips are white with the heart's despair.

The shores of Time with wrecks are strewn  
 Into the ear comes ever a moan—  
 Wrecks of hopes that set sail in glee,  
 Wrecks of love sinking silently.

Many are hid from the human eye,  
 Only God knoweth how deep they lie;  
 Only God heard when arose the cry,  
 Help me to bear—oh! help me to die,"

"Into each life some rain must fall,"  
 "If this were all—oh! if this were all;  
 Yet there's a refuge from storm and blast,  
 Gloria Patri! we'll reach it at last.

Be strong, be strong, to my heart I cry,  
 The pearl in the wounded shell doth lie  
 Days of sunshine are given to all,  
 Tho' "into each life some rain must fall."

## LIGHTING THE LAMP.

The working hours of the day are over;  
 Brief October twilight has merged itself  
 In the deeper darkness of the evening, and  
 Hours of rest for man and beast have be-

The curtains are drawn down at the win-  
 —the implements of domestic economy  
 all snugly placed away—the children  
 knelt at their mother's knee and said  
 simple prayers of childhood, and are  
 snugly tucked up in cosy beds to dream  
 sweet dreams that come to the young  
 their innocent days. The evening lamp  
 lighted and placed on the table, around  
 which gather the older members of the  
 home circle; the father with his papers,  
 which let us hope that the Farmer  
 occupies a conspicuous place; the dear, good  
 mother with her work basket, ever full of  
 untempered but numberless tasks that  
 upon her active hands; the boys and  
 girls with their school books and slates tar-  
 geting over the morrow's taske.

The picture before us is a simple one, is it  
 not? But in thousands of home circles in  
 all lands it can be seen, and it seems fitting  
 in this initial paper of the series, we  
 should present all its attractive features as  
 they come to us, not entirely in imagination,  
 founded on the knowledge that such a  
 picture is true life.

For all the parts that go to make up  
 the life are here represented. The old,  
 whose heads rest the frosts of many win-  
 ters in their accustomed corner, yielding  
 gradually to the drowsy influences of the  
 twilight and light about them. The middle-  
 aged, strong in the purposes of noble man-  
 hood and self-sacrificing womanhood and  
 of plans for the successful of ventures  
 have set sail upon the uncertain waves  
 as hopefully as ever Indian maiden  
 sail her paper boat on the bosom of the  
 ages, freighted with the fortune and the  
 of her future years. Each is strong to  
 stand and dare, not so much for their own  
 as for others, the parents whose de-  
 duty years it is their duty as if it is their  
 business to care tenderly for—the olive  
 branches that have been sent to bless them,  
 the brave boy already learning to bat-  
 tle with the issues of life, down to the dear,  
 content baby in the cradle, fresh from the  
 nurse wherein they wait the bidding of  
 the Lord, who sends them down to comfort  
 to bless the world.

They are all here, all here!  
 Perhaps. To some, to all, earlier  
 after there comes a time when the home  
 circle is incomplete; broken by an absence  
 that may be temporary, that may be eter-  
 nal. For no home circle on the earth can al-  
 ways remain complete.

But we will not linger in the shadow just  
 for we want the sunshine to rest upon  
 the picture that is before us as long as we  
 can see it.

The work basket of the toiling mother  
 contains numberless articles on which the  
 passing hour is to be spent; as the news-  
 paper with which the tired father rests him-  
 self contains the variety which goes to make  
 the panorama of the passing day; as the  
 school books of the scholar are full of prob-  
 lems to be solved, maxims to be remem-

bered, truths to be learned, so we feel that  
 this series of papers must be, from their  
 very nature. If any pleasant echoes are  
 floating in the air, we shall hope to catch  
 them for our readers ear. If any wayside  
 blossoms sheds its fragrance within our  
 reach we shall want to whisper of its beauty  
 and its odor to those who will listen to us,  
 be they near or far in the home circles we  
 may enter. If there are any timely topics  
 we can touch upon and present in an at-  
 tractive form, we hope to do so.

If words of love and cheer can win their  
 welcome and their way into the hour when  
 the family gather "Round the Evening  
 Lamp," not in vain shall they have been  
 written.

The hour is one well fitted for recalling  
 all the memories, be they sad or pleasant,  
 that mark the mile-stones stretching far  
 backward in the lane of life.

The hour is one in which the comfort and  
 the calm that may come with the quiet of  
 the night, and the consciousness that the  
 present time is not wholly a time of trial or  
 of trouble rest upon the heart like a balm.  
 There is time for an enjoyment that does  
 not come with the turmoil of the time and  
 the duty of the day.

The hour is one, too, in which we are  
 privileged to picture the possibilities of that  
 future lying far away in the invisible vistas  
 of the "to be," in which we paint pictures  
 full of the rose-hued colors of hope, in which  
 we weave the wreaths of laurel that are to  
 crown our brows or the brows of our chil-  
 dren, in which we climb with eager steps  
 the ladder of renown and find—on the top-  
 most rounds—what?

Let us think it over, as the moments glide  
 silently away.

We cannot but recall, at this moment, the  
 whole story of life, as it is told by one of the  
 sweetest singers of the world. She who, in  
 English home thousands of miles away  
 from us, has yet touched by her genius an  
 electric chord vibrating from human heart  
 to human heart throughout the wide, wide  
 world.

Jean Ingelov sings:  
 Sweet is childhood—childhood's over,  
 Kiss and part.  
 Sweet is youth; but youth's a rover,  
 So's my heart.  
 Sweet is rest; but all my showing  
 Toil is nigh.  
 We must go. Alas! the going,  
 Say, Good-bye.

The springtime of childhood with its lilies  
 and violets; the summer of youth with the  
 bees that wander over and sip the clover  
 blooms in the meadow; the autumn of man-  
 hood, when the reaper is busy with the  
 grain and the golden fruit hangs upon the  
 branches; the winter of old age when the si-  
 lent night and the snow approach so rapidly  
 all these pass before us as in the panorama  
 of the painter, as we read the verse over.  
 The good mother, listening, sighs to think  
 of the truth that underlies it all; gentler and  
 gentler falls the foot upon the rocker of the  
 cradle, and the wakening baby, roused by  
 the voice of the father as he reads the lines,  
 croons a moment and then smilingly sleeps  
 again. To it alone it has no meaning—the  
 silence and the sound alike are a blank.

The clock strikes its note of warning, to  
 be followed shortly by a more certain sound  
 as it utters the hour. The scholar closes  
 his books and seeks sleep in the upper room  
 wherein the restless tenant in the chamber  
 of his brain shall also find repose. The fa-  
 ther and the mother lay aside the pastime  
 or the task of the hour, and ere long with  
 the turning down of the Evening Lamp  
 sleep descends and drops its mantle upon  
 the home circle and silence and the night  
 alone remains.—*W. E. Pabor in Colorado  
 Farmer.*

**STEADINESS OF PURPOSE.**—In whatever  
 you engage, pursue it with a steadiness of  
 purpose, as though you were determined to  
 succeed. A vacillating mind never accom-  
 plishes anything worth naming. There is  
 nothing like a fixed, steady aim. It digni-  
 fies our nature, and insures our success.  
 Who have done the most for mankind? Who  
 have secured the rarest honors? Who have  
 raised themselves from poverty to riches?  
 Those who were steady to their purposes.  
 The man who is one thing to-day and another  
 to-morrow—who drives an idea pell-mell  
 this week, while it drives him the next—is  
 always in trouble, and does nothing from  
 one year's end to the other. Look at and

admire the man of steady purpose. He  
 moves noiselessly along, and yet what won-  
 ders he accomplishes. He rises, gradually  
 we grant, but surely.

## GRUMBLING ABOUT NEWSPAPERS.

Grumbling about newspapers, says the  
 Boston Traveller, is as ancient as newspa-  
 pers themselves. And, notwithstanding  
 the multiplication of these modern conven-  
 iences and the sleepless efforts of publishers  
 to adapt their paper to every variety of taste  
 and every grade of sentiment, affording,  
 one might think, ample opportunity to  
 readers to suit themselves perfectly—yet  
 there is still, perhaps, as much grumbling  
 about newspapers as there ever was. We  
 suppose that it does not often occur to  
 grumblers that possibly they themselves  
 may be at fault, may be unreasonable, may  
 expect impossibilities, may be out of humor,  
 may have a fit of indigestion or spleen, or  
 may be stupid or unappreciative. It may  
 never occur to them that the men who toil  
 night and day to furnish them with the lat-  
 est news and the greatest variety of informa-  
 tion and entertainment, are mortal, and  
 sometimes tire themselves, and get sleepy  
 and cross and stupid, and forgetful and care-  
 less, and need and deserve, too, some con-  
 sideration and even sympathy from those  
 for whom they unceasingly work.

Fault-finding readers do not consider that  
 everything that is made by human brains  
 and hands must, of necessity, be imperfect,  
 however strong the desire and however  
 earnest the effort may be to have it faultless.  
 And above all, they forget that a newspaper  
 cannot be made for general circulation and  
 yet, in everything exactly suit any one per-  
 son. A thoroughly good, enterprising  
 newspaper, is really like a well-spread din-  
 ner-table. It contains variety as well as  
 quantity; something for every taste and  
 enough of each kind to satisfy any reason-  
 able appetite. It is not expected that any  
 guest of a table should eat of every dish pro-  
 vided. It is not supposed for a moment that  
 every dish will be palatable to every guest  
 or agree with every one's digestion; but it  
 is thought and reasonably, too, that from  
 the abundant bill of fare every guest can se-  
 lect enough that will be digestible and  
 agreeable to make a substantial and satis-  
 factory meal. Just so it is with every well-  
 edited newspaper. No man is expected to  
 read everything in the paper or to like  
 everything if he reads it; but every man is  
 expected to find enough that is good and  
 useful and acceptable and agreeable in the  
 ample columns spread out before him, to be  
 a full equivalent for what the paper costs;  
 and if he happens to find on the carte an  
 article which offends his taste, or is in oppo-  
 sition to his views, he has just to let that  
 alone and leave it for another, whom it will  
 just suit and for whose taste it was gotten  
 up. In choosing his paper one should do  
 just as he does in choosing his restaurant;  
 he should select one whose general style  
 suits him, and when his taste changes or the  
 character of the paper deteriorates, he  
 should change and try another; but never  
 fret himself or vex his neighbors by grum-  
 bling and scolding about his newspaper  
 which, after all, is just about as necessary  
 to his comfort as his dinner.

## EDUCATING BOYS FOR HUSBANDS.

How many unhappy girls have paid dearly  
 for the early bringing up of their young  
 husbands, who, after the first glamour of  
 love has passed, treat their wives as they  
 are allowed to treat their sisters, and as  
 they saw their fathers treat their mothers—  
 carelessly, disrespectfully, with a total want  
 of that considerate tenderness worth all the  
 passionate love in the world. There, though  
 they may muster outside as excellent hus-  
 bands never do anything really bad, posses-  
 sing many good and attractive qualities yet  
 contriving somehow to quietly break the  
 poor woman's heart or harden it into a pas-  
 sive acceptance of pain, which is more fatal  
 to married happiness than even temporary  
 estrangement.

The best husbands I ever met came out of  
 a family where the mother, a most heroic  
 and self-denying woman, laid down the abso-  
 lute law—"girls first"—not in any authori-  
 ty but first to be thought of as to protec-  
 tion and tenderness. Consequently the  
 chivalrous care which these lads were taught  
 to show their own sisters naturally extends  
 itself to all woman. They grew up the

true gentlemen generous, unexact, cour-  
 teous of speech and of kind heart. In them  
 was the protecting strength of manhood  
 which scorns to use its strength except for  
 protection—the proud honesty of manhood  
 which infinitely prefers being lovingly and  
 openly resisted to being twisted around  
 one's finger as mean men are twisted, and  
 mean men will always be found ready to do  
 it; but which, I think, all honest and brave  
 women not merely dislike but utterly de-  
 spise.

## POVERTY A BLESSING.

Poverty is the nurse of manly energy, and  
 heaven-climbing thoughts attended by love,  
 and faith, and hope round whose steps the  
 mountain breezes blow, and from whose  
 countenance all the virtues gather strength.  
 Look around you upon the distinguished  
 men that in every department of life guide  
 and control the times, and inquire what was  
 their origin and what was their early for-  
 tune. Were they, as a general rule, rocked  
 and dandled in the lap of wealth? No;  
 such men emerge from the homes of decent  
 competence or struggling poverty. Necessi-  
 ty sharpens their faculties; and privation  
 and sacrifice brace their moral nature. They  
 learn the great art of renunciation, and en-  
 joy the happiness of having few wants;  
 they know nothing of the indifference of sa-  
 tiety. There is not an idle fibre in their  
 frames; they put the vigor of a resolute  
 purpose into every act. The edge of their  
 mind is always kept sharp; in the school of  
 life men like these meet the softly nurtured  
 darlings of prosperity as iron meets the ves-  
 sels of porcelain.

**BIG BOAT.**—There is a huge boat on ex-  
 hibition at the Centennial—sixty feet long,  
 and very deep—from the Alaska Indians.  
 This leviathan of a row-boat was actually  
 cut or burned out of a single log; apparent-  
 ly a tree of the mammoth, California red-  
 wood kind—at any rate one of the Conifer-  
 eæ—though who ever supposed such giant  
 trees grew away up in Alaska. It had to be  
 sawed in two before it could be got into this  
 Exhibition.

A GRAND Sunday school excursion was  
 organized in Cumberland county, Pa., who  
 paid the Centennial a five days visit.

## GOLDEN SHEAVES.

O, how vain are fame's achievements;  
 And how vain will ours be,  
 If we live for empty glory,  
 And not for eternity.

—Trust not to him who seems a saint.

—Sinful omissions lead to sinful commis-  
 sions.

—Everybody has a certain something in  
 his nature which, if publicly avowed, must  
 excite displeasure.

—The painter brings the voiceless paint  
 and the unmeaning canvass together, and  
 lo! the picture speaks to you.

—A favorable spring time may not secure  
 a bountiful harvest. Drouth and frost are  
 powerful allies, even if their forces are never  
 brought together.

—Inference from analogy is not to be con-  
 demned; the advantage of this method is  
 that it settles nothing definitely—does not,  
 in fact, aim at finality; while the danger of  
 induction, on the contrary, consists in the  
 placing before itself of a deliberate aim, and  
 hurrying true and false ideas along with it  
 in its endeavor to reach it.

—It is pleasant to know a great many peo-  
 ple in this world, the more the better, for  
 every child from the beginning is a new  
 manifestation of God, made in His image,  
 but His image is infinite, thus producing an  
 infinite variety, and thus, too, comes our in-  
 finite respect for the normal states of all our  
 brothers and sisters. We feel the divinity  
 of each and are bound to respect it, though  
 widely different may be the "gifts" of our  
 spirits. And though we expect goodness,  
 yet it is surprising, in journeying about,  
 how many good people you will meet with,  
 yes, how universally good they are, and  
 how much you learn of God's heart and  
 mind from them, and how your own heart  
 blesses God for His goodness thus manifest-  
 ed. Ruskin says out of every face can be  
 made an ideal, and I think, to do this, the  
 labor wouldn't differ so much between face  
 and face as we might think.