

HOME-MAKING.

More than building showy mansion,  
More than dress and fine array,  
More than domes or lofty steeples,  
More than station, power and sway,  
More than thought can well compare,  
Make your home both neat and tasteful,  
Bright and pleasant, always fair,  
Where each heart shall rest contented,  
Grateful for each beauty there.

More than lofty, swelling titles,  
More than fashion's luring glare,  
More than marmon's gilded honors,  
More than thought can well compare,  
See that home is made attractive  
By surroundings pure and bright,  
Trees arranged with taste and order,  
Flowers, with all their sweet delight.

Seek to make your home most lovely;  
Let it be a smiling spot,  
Where, in sweet contentment resting,  
Care and sorrow are forgot;  
Where the flowers and trees are waving  
Birds will sing their sweetest songs,  
Where the purest thoughts will linger,  
Confidence and love belongs.

Make your home a little Eden;  
Imitate her smiling bowers;  
Let a neat and simple cottage  
Stand among bright trees and flowers.  
There, what fragrance and what brightness  
Will each blooming rose display,  
Here a simple vine-clad arbor  
Brightens through each summer day.

There each heart will rest contented,  
Seldom wishing far to roam,  
Or, if roaming, still will cherish  
Memories of that pleasant home.  
Such a home makes man the better,  
Pure and lasting its control;  
Home with pure and bright surroundings  
Leaves its impress on the soul.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

THE STRASBURG CLOCK.

The following is a description of the curious mechanism of the exact model of the wonderful clock of the Strasburg Cathedral: This beautiful and gigantic model is divided into four sections, or parts, and is twelve feet in height. The lowest part, or base, stands three feet high, six feet long by three feet deep. In the centre is the grand Orrery, after the Copernican system, in the middle of which is the golden sun, surrounded by the planets visible to the naked eye, each planet performing its revolution exactly in the allotted time; the whole encompassed by a beautiful and accurate representation of the twelve "Signs of the Zodiac." On a panel to the left of the Orrery is a splendid painting typifying day, on the right, "Luna," in her chariot, representing night; on the sides of the base are also paintings typical of the beginning and end of time. Above the Orrery, in a semi-circular dial, are represented the phases of the moon.

The second section contains the Grand Calendar, calculated for 50 years, from 1851 to 1900. It contains the years, the leap years, the golden numbers, the epacts, the Dominical letters, the months, the days of the month, the days of the week, and the days of the week upon which any date will fall from 1851 to 1900. In the four coignes are representations of the seasons.

In the third section is the dial which marks the hours and minutes; on the right is an angel holding a sceptre; on the left an angel with an hour-glass. Above the dial, within a niche, stands the figure of Father Time—a scythe in his left hand, in his right a hammer, before him a bell. In front pass the four ages of man—childhood, youth, manhood and old age—represented by four moving figures. As the hand of the clock points to the first quarter, the child advances to the centre, and Father Time strikes one upon the bell; at the second quarter the youth approaches, and Time strikes two; at the third quarter, as manhood approaches, Time strikes three; at the fourth quarter, old age approaches—Time is silent, but Death strikes the hour. Above the niche, at either angle of the case, are stationed the angels of Life and Death.

The fourth section is the superstructure. It is a richly ornamented chapel of the perpendicular style of Gothic architecture, surmounted by elegant flying buttresses and open spires, enriched by gilded crockets and trefoil ornaments. On either side are advanced porticos; in the middle a large portion elaborately carved; between are lancet windows with single mullions, crowned with delicate fretwork.

On the left of the main body of the clock is a tower, divided into three sections, and surmounted by a cock. The front faces of the sections contain paintings of the Fates; those on the side the Muses of Astronomy and Music, and a portrait of Copernicus; on the right is the stair tower leading into the clock.

The clock strikes in this manner: Every quarter of an hour, as soon as the tones of the bell struck by Father Time die away, a chime of bells is heard ringing a joyous peal. The door in the right portico opens, the music of the organ reverberates through the building, the Apostles appear in succession; as they advance the Angels of Life and Death simultaneously turn towards them. Meanwhile the centre door gradually opens, and the Savior advances to the centre of the platform, and meekly stands with folded arms. As the Apostles approach, each turns and bows lowly to the Savior, who blesses each. As Peter approaches, Satan appears, and by his motions, seems to tempt Peter, who alone does not bow, but turns his back in denial of his Lord; then the cock on the weight tower flaps his wings and crows in memory of Peter's temptation. Then Satan again appears, but, with eager eye, watches Judas, following him stealthily along the balcony till the door closes on him, and the great bell, which has tolled one for each Apostle, now gives the signal that the procession is over. These mechanical mysteries are performed every quarter of an hour during the day and evening.

"BIJAH."

It was rather mean in the boys, but they like Bijah, and feel that he will forgive and forget. He had just commenced sweeping out when a boy came running around the corner and excitedly inquired:

"Where's Bijah—where's the old man?"

"I am here," was the deep-toned reply.

"Have you discovered a pug-nosed boy on somebody's door-step?"

"Here's a telegram for you—charges, 30 cents," said the boy, as he handed it out.

The old man turned a shade paler, and his chin began to quiver, as he held the telegram between his teeth and hunted for the change. When he had raked up four nickels and ten coppers he sat down to open the envelope, musing:

"I know it is bad news. I dreamed of walking in a green meadow with an angel last night, and I thought her breath smelled of lager, and she'd lost off her bustle. I guess my sister is dead."

The dispatch read:

BOSTON, August 10, 1877.—*Bijah Joy*:—Mayor of this city leaves for Detroit this morning, to have a look at your feet. Please flatten them out as big as you can.

TOM COLLINS.

He read it over three times without stopping, and when he finally realized its full significance, he slid up to the corner to look for the boy. The boy was half a block away, waiting for an explosion. They stood and looked at each other for a long minute. They were like two statues. Neither smiled a smile. One could have heard an omnibus drop. Bijah at length forced a ghastly grin, and called out:

"Aren't you the dear, good boy whom I promised six figs, ten yum-yums, and a pound of candy?"

"Yepp," was the ready reply.

"Then come and get them, darling—come and feast and be happy. Oh! how I do love boys."

"I'll see you later. Please call at my office," retorted the lad.

Bijah made a rush, struck an awning with his head, knocked down some clothing and fell against a rack, and as he limped back to his den the clothier came out and said:

"If I was an elephant I'd eat hay and have a regular stall in some barn."—*Detroit Free Press*.

LEARNING AND LOVING.

The sentiment that a few years ago, more than to-day, prevailed among men, that "learning spoiled women for loving," could hardly have been the result of an acquaintance with the history of the learned women of the past. Veronica Gambaro, most learned and wise, was as loving and devoted as the historic Dido. She was of noble birth, and from a child displayed a surprising aptitude for study. At ten years of age she was writing Latin and Greek sonnets. Of

a serious temperament, her tastes led her to the study of sacred literature, had she become one of the most learned theologians in Italy, and was given the title of Doctor. She chose for her husband Gilbert of Correggio, chief of that illustrious house, and was married to him in 1508, when in her 24th year. At the end of two years she was the mother of two sons. She was tenderly loved of her husband, and, as he had remarkably beautiful eyes, she addressed to those "shining orbs" some of her most exquisite sonnets. This husband, so well beloved, died ten years after marriage, and Veronica, although still young, consecrated herself to eternal widowhood. During the remainder of her life she had her apartments draped in black, was drawn about by the blackest of horses and wore always a garb of deep widowhood. Heiress to all her husband's fortune, she superintended the education of her sons, one of whom rose to high military rank, while the other became a cardinal. She continued her own studies the same as in her youth, cultivating her love of poetry and literature. Personally she was not beautiful, but she had in conversation a rare charm that no one could resist, even when discoursing of learned things. A collection of her letters and poems was published at Brescia in 1759.—*Appleton's Journal*.

REALITIES.

There is life and death going on in everything; truth and lies are always at battle. Pleasure is always warring against self-restraint. Doubt is always crying pshaw! and sneering. A man in life, a humorist in writing about life, sways over to one principle or the other, and laughs with reverence for right and the love of truth in his heart, or laughs at these from the other side. Didn't I tell you that dancing was a serious business to a harlequin? I have read two or three of Congreve's plays over before speaking of him; and my feelings were rather like those, which I dare say most of us have had, at Pompeii, looking at Sallust's house and the relics of an orgie—a dried wine-jar or two, a charred supper table, the breast of a dancing-girl pressed against the ashes, the laughing skull of a jester, a perfect stillness round about, as the Cicerone twangs his moral, and the blue sky shines calmly over the ruin. The Congreve muse is dead, and her song choked in time's ashes. We gaze at the skeleton, and wonder at the life which once reveled in its mad veins. We take the skull up, and muse over the frolic and darlings, the wit, scorn, passion, hope, desire, with which that empty bowl once fermented. We think of the glances that allured, the tears that melted, of the bright eyes that shone in those vacant sockets; and of lips whispering love, and cheeks dimpling with smiles, that once covered yon ghastly yellow frame-work. They used to call those teeth pearls once. See! there's the cup she drank from, the gold chain she wore on her neck, the vase which held the rouge for her cheeks, her looking-glass, and the harp she used to dance to. Instead of a feast, we find a gravestone; and in place of a mistress, a few bones!—*Thackeray*.

EVENINGS AT HOME.

The long evenings, which follow the short days, are made, in some families, the happiest of all happy times. The cares of the day are ended; the mother's resting time has come; the father has dropped all sorts of business worries and perplexities; and the whole family throw themselves with zest into the innocent pleasures of the home circle.

Solomon tells us that there is time for all things; a time to weep, and a time to laugh, to play, and to dance comes most appropriately in the long pleasant evening hours, when

The cares that infest the day  
Fold up their tents like the Arabs,  
And silently steal away.

It is well for the women of the household to remember that the pleasant evenings at home are strong antidotes to the practice of looking for enjoyment abroad, and seeking for pleasure in by and forbidden places; for relaxation and recreation will be indulged in somehow by most men, and happy are they who find in the home circle the diversion they need. A lively game, an interesting book read aloud, or, in musical families, a new song to be practiced, will furnish pastime that will make an evening pass pleasantly.

A little forethought during the day, a little pulling of wires that need not appear, will make the whole thing easy, and different ways and means may be provided for making the evening hours pass pleasantly, and a time to be looked forward to with pleasant anticipations. We visited once in a large family where it was the duty of each sister, in turn, to provide the evening's occupation, and there was a pleasant rivalry between them as to whose evening should be the most enjoyable. The brothers entered fully into the spirit of the simple home entertainments, and were as loth to be obliged to spend an evening away from home as their sisters and parents were sorry to have them absent. Every one spoke of this family as an uncommonly united one, for each and every member showed such a strong attachment for the home to which each one contributed so much pleasure.—*Rural World*.

AN UNMATED PAIR.

"Come, now, Sarah, take your husband's hand and promise me that you will go straight home with him and be a loving wife to him in future," said Justice Duffy, at the Tombs Police Court, in his most winning tone, to a well-dressed young woman who stood at the bar nervously patting her foot on the floor, her lips tightly compressed, and her eyes looking daggers at a man by her side.

She had been married only six months, but that short period, according to their joint testimony, represented ages of unhappiness to each. According to the man, his wife rivaled Xantippe in fierceness, while the woman's statement painted her husband as black as the arch fiend himself.

"What! I live with him, judge!" said the young woman, in reply to the magistrate's kindly motives. "No, indeed! Ask me to jump off the East River Bridge and I'll do it; but don't ask me to live with that caricature of a man!"

"Never fear, my sweet pet," said the husband, ironically; "I won't go insane over it. I'll try and keep my health. It may have a little demoralizing effect on me not to hear your dear little tongue wagging, wagging, wagging, from morning until night, and I may miss the daily exercise of frying-pans flying at my head; but on the whole, I think I'll be able to manage life without you."

The magistrate gave up in despair his efforts at reconciliation, and the pair left the court room.

SHAKESPEARE was performing the part of a king in one of his own tragedies before Queen Elizabeth, who wishing to know whether he would depart from the dignity of the sovereign, dropped her handkerchief on the stage, as if by accident; on which the mimic monarch immediately exclaimed—"But ere this be done, take up our sister's handkerchief." This presence of mind in the poet and his close attention to the business of the scene is said to have pleased the queen very much.

NEVER teach false morality. How exquisitely absurd to tell girls that beauty is of no value—dress of no use! Beauty is of value. Her whole prospects and happiness in life may often depend upon a new gown or a becoming bonnet; and, if she has five grains of common sense, she will find this out. The great thing is to teach her their just value, and that there must be something better under the bonnet than a pretty face for real happiness. But never sacrifice truth.

GOLDEN SHEAVES.

Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;  
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;  
Labor—all labor is noble and holy.

—When a man is unfortunate, people are ready to find him faulty lest they should be forced to pity him.

—Whatever be your outward lot in life, your condition is truly pitiable if you are guilty of neglecting moments.

—Let us adopt the love of peace, that Christ may recognize his own, even as we recognize him to be the teacher of peace.

—The full assurance of faith, always attended with the full assurance of hope, never fails to be productive of perfect love, even the love that casteth out fear.

—Pride of origin, whether high or low, springs from the same principle in human nature; one is but the positive, the other the negative pole of a single weakness.