

THE HOME CIRCLE.

GIVE HIM A LIFT.

Give him a lift! don't kneel in prayer,
Nor moralize with his despair;
The man is down, and his great need
Is ready help, not prayer and creed.

'Tis time when the wounds are washed and
healed

That the inward motive may be revealed;
But now, whatever the spirit be,
Mere words are but a mockery.

One grain of aid just now is more
To him than tones of saintly lore;
Pray, if you must in your heart,
But give him a lift, give him a start.

The world is full of good advice—
Of prayer, and praise, and preaching nice—
But the generous souls who aid mankind
Are scarce as gold and hard to find.

Give like a Christian—speak in deeds,
A noble life's the best of creeds;
And he shall wear a royal crown
Who gives them a lift when they are down!

AN ISLAND IN MID-OCEAN.

A geographical fact has lately been recalled to the memory of the civilized world. It is, that there is an inhabited island, Tristan d'Acunha, in the South Atlantic, 2,000 miles from the coast of South America, and 1,600 miles from the African coast. The United States ship Essex recently visited it to rescue several shipwrecked sailors, and found it about seventeen miles in diameter, with a central peak 8,300 feet above the sea. It is inhabited by ninety-six persons, forming sixteen families, who have voluntarily isolated themselves from the rest of the world. The history of its present settlement is thus narrated:

In 1815 the English government placed a garrison on Tristan d'Acunha, in order to guard more securely their royal prisoner at St. Helena, 1,500 miles away.

On the death of Napoleon, in 1821, the troops were withdrawn. One of their number, Corporal William Glass, with his wife and two seamen of the St. Helena squadron with their wives, obtained leave to remain on the island and occupy the quarters left vacant by the departure of the troops.

Glass was at once chosen chief, and was habitually called Governor. He became the father of seven sons and eight daughters.

What with the progeny of the two men-of-war's men, and the settling among them of four or five whaling men, and the marrying of the daughters of Glass and his first companions in this voluntary exile, the population rapidly increased.

In 1867, her Majesty's ship Galatea, commanded by his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, visited the island and supplied the wants of the inhabitants.

Of the present population all but five men and two women have been born on the island. Peter Green is the schoolmaster and religious instructor of the young.

On the death of Glass he became Governor, not by election or appointment, but simply by general recognition as the oldest man and longest resident in the colony.

He was born in Holland, served when young in the American navy, and is now over seventy years old. His position as Governor is merely an honorary one, since there are no laws to execute, and the little colony has existed thus far without any form of government.

There are five hundred cattle, two hundred sheep, numbers of pigs, geese and chickens on the island, and fine crops of potatoes are raised. These constitute their wealth, and the vessel in need of such supplies is their market.

They will exchange their produce for money or clothing, boots, shoes, flour, tea, coffee, sugar, etc., and know how to make a good bargain.

They also engage in seal-hunting, and dispose of the oil and skins thus obtained to vessels engaged in the same business. The island is said to be remarkably healthy, and there is an abundance of fish to be had for the catching.

A BEAUTIFUL custom prevails in many parts of Europe of planting a tree upon the birth of every child. It saves wear and tear of slippers.

YOUNG man, in beginning a courtship, be sure you don't write, and then go ahead.

DEAN SWIFT.

Members of his own sex could not understand why he held such power over women; but it is a fact that three of the sweetest women in Great Britain looked for all their happiness to his harsh, homely face, until they dropped with disgust or died of despair. With what fierce arrogance he deported himself! A poor scribe, with nothing in prospect, he was insolent to the greatest, and boldly told ladies of the highest quality who were inclined to treat him with kindness, which savored a little of condescension, that he expected them to make all the advances. His first love was a pretty, amiable girl whom he treated so insultingly that her self-respect compelled her to break with him. Her successor, sweet Esther Johnson, he treated kindly and brutally by turns, so that he made her ineffably wretched. While he was in London, still another young woman, Hester Vanhomrigh, rich and beautiful, became enamored of the great bear; declared her passion; followed him to Ireland; underwent agonies of jealousy; appealed to him most piteously; and yet woke no serious response in his hardened breast. He had been affectionate to her in England; but he changed in Ireland; he seemed bent on torturing her. He succeeded but too well, for his brutal behavior broke her heart, and she sank into the grave. Then he married Esther, and made her life more wretched than ever. She was twelve years in dying; but at last came the end and blessed oblivion. The man who had slowly murdered two devoted women paid the penalty which crime unrelentingly exacts. He passed a whole year without uttering a word, with a dread of seeing a human face. He sank into a raving lunatic, then into a helpless idiot, and was buried years after he had virtually died, leaving all his property to build a mad-house. It is such men whom women love.

NO PONY, NO CASTOR OIL.

His loving mother said, "If you take some of the castor oil, I'll let you go to the circus."

"How much?" he cautiously inquired.

"Oh! only a spoonful; just a spoonful," she replied.

"And you'll give me some sugar besides?" he asked.

"Of course I will—a big lump."

He waited until she began pouring from the bottle, and then asked, "and you'll give me ten cents, too?"

"Yes, of course."

"And you'll buy me a shoo-fly kite?" he went on, seeing his advantage.

"I guess so."

"No kite, no ile," he said as he stepped back.

"Well, I'll buy a kite," she replied filling the spoon up.

"And a velocipede?"

"I'll think of it."

"You can't think no castor ile down me," he exclaimed, looking around for his hat.

"Here—I will, or I'll tease father to, and I know he will. Come, now, swallow it down."

"And you'll buy me a goat?"

"Yes."

"And two hundred marbles?"

"Yes. Now take it down."

"And a coach-dog?"

"I can't promise that."

"All right; no dog, no ile."

"Well, I'll ask your father."

"And you'll buy me a pony?"

"Oh! I couldn't do that. Now be a good boy a swallow it down."

"O yes! I'll swallow that stuff. I will," he said as he clapped on his hat. "You may fool some other boy with a circus ticket and a lump of brown sugar, but it'll take a hundred dollar pony to trot that castor ile down my throat."—*Flushing Journal.*

THE SECRET OF BEAUTY.

The secret of beauty is health. Those who desire to be beautiful should do all they can to restore their health, if they have lost it, or to keep it, if they have it yet. No one can lay down specific rules for other people in these matters. The work which one may do, the rest he must take, his baths, his diet, his exercise, are matters of individual consideration, but they must be carefully thought of and never neglected. As a rule, when a person feels well he looks well, and when he looks bad he feels bad as a

general thing. There are times when one could guess, without looking in the glass, that his eyes were dull and his skin was mottled. This is not a case for something in a pretty bottle from the perfumer's, or for the lotion that the circulars praise so highly. To have a fresh complexion and bright eyes, even to have white hands and a graceful figure, you must be well. Health and happiness that usually comes with it, are the true secrets of beauty.—*Quarterly Review.*

TOILING UPWARDS.

The act of engaging in labor may be up-hill work only at the outset of life; but the work itself which we do may become ever more and more arduous if we are not content with quality of effect, but aspire to perfection in quality. Those who are possessed by this ambition will find the whole of life's journey lying up-hill. There are for them no level plains on which to settle down to reap the reward of former toil. For them the shades of evening bring no relaxation of effort. Their expectations may be less unlimited as time goes on, and less of their strength will be wasted in vain endeavor to grasp at what is beyond their reach. But the upward strain will not be relaxed; it will only be economized, as experience takes the guidance of their steps.

And with the life-long toil of ascent comes the life-long expansion of horizon; the journey which is all up-hill must needs conduct the wayfarer to fresher air and serener solitudes; away from the crowd and the smoke, up to the heights from which what is mean and trivial falls out of sight, and the sounds of strife are hushed. A freshness more exquisite than the freshness of youth is reserved for some of the aged; but it can be attained only by a path which lies from first to last up-hill.

Up-hill work, both literally and figuratively, means work in two directions at once; literally, it is going forward while we raise our own weight; figuratively, it is doing things and learning how to do them at the same time; thus lifting ourselves on to a higher platform of moral or intellectual being. There is always in some cases an ascending slope before us, which we may scale if we will. But happily, it does not rest with ourselves to decide whether the general tenor of our lives shall be that of laborious ascent or of gentle downward gliding. The force of gravitation need not be always regarded as a type of the depraved tendencies of the human heart.

There is a time for all things, says the wise man; and if there is a time for learning, so is there, happily, a time for forgetting; and also a time for idly applying and enjoying what we have learned. There is a time for scrambling upward, and a time for lying on the grass in the valley; a time for climbing fruit trees and a time for letting the ripe fruit drop into our mouths.

The most exquisite pleasure which we ever take in the work of our own hands or brains is probably derived from some rapid achievement, wrought without conscious effort, in some direction in which we have lately been working hard. After making a series of laborious studies, with perhaps little apparent result, we suddenly find ourselves rendering an impression, either in words or in color, with an unstudied felicity which has gone far beyond the result of all our former labor, and perhaps by means of which we can give no complete account. Such moments are like those in which, after a long steep climb in the shadow, up the jutting shoulder of a mountain, we suddenly turn a corner, and find ourselves face to face with the whole expanse of the western heavens.

Few human lives flow together smoothly. Uninterrupted happiness and prosperity are rare. It is the touch of adversity, the approach of trial, that tests the strength of man's nature. To endure reverses with manly cheerfulness marks a nature inwardly noble. It may be prudent to scent misfortune from afar, and groan over the prospect, but it is not likely to add to a man's happiness. The seamstress, who stitches long hours in the garret, who contrives with a bird, or an humble flower-pot, to brighten her narrow life, is a true philosopher, and makes the best of an unpromising lot. Sometimes she is really happier than her wealthy employer, for happiness has no special affection for those who have the most money.

A COMMON FOIBLE.

You don't mind much being a commonplace man in all other respects, if there be only one respect in which you can fondly believe you are the superior to every one else. A very little thing will suffice. A man is taller than anybody else in town or parish; he has longer hair; he can walk faster; he is the first person who ever crossed the new bridge; when the queen passed near she bowed to him individually; he was the first in the neighborhood who got the perforated postage stamps; he has the swiftest horse in the district; he has the largest cabbages; he has the oldest watch; one Smith spells his name as no other Smith was ever known to do. It is quite wonderful how it is possible for men to find reason for cherishing in their heart a deep-seated belief, that in something they stand on a higher platform than all the remainder of mankind. Few men live who do not imagine that in some respect they stand alone in the world, or stand first. I have seen people quite proud of the unexampled disease under which they were suffering. It is none of the common maladies that the people round about suffered from. I have heard a country woman boast, with undigested elation, that the doctor had more difficulty in pulling her tooth than he ever before had in the case of mortal man. There is not a little country parish in Britain but its population are persuaded that in several respects and for several reasons it is quite the most important in the empire.—*Frazier's Magazine.*

AN OUTRAGE.

John Miles, a Mormon of some considerable standing in Utah, has been convicted of polygamy and sentenced to the penitentiary.

Is this thing to be allowed? Are we to sit calmly by and see a man and brother subjected to such treatment, and make no protest?

This man Miles is a stranger to us, but the fact of his having been married is enough to awaken in our sympathetic being a melancholy interest.

To know that a man has been married is to know that he has suffered. But to know that he has been the unfortunate possessor of three very lively wives at one time is to know that his life has been sufficiently embittered without thrusting him behind the bars of a prison.

That he was indiscreet, we admit, but this should not be looked upon as a crime.

When we think of the agony he must have suffered trying to furnish a house to suit three different women; when we realize the amount of miscellaneous wearing apparel that must have hindered and embarrassed him every night while preparing for bed; when we see him vainly looking for a chair that is not running over with skirts and corsets, and sleeveless jackets and so forth; when we hear his groans as he falls over three pairs of gaiters while stumbling around in the dark after three different kinds of medicine; when we see the network of wrinkles and scratches that cover his face, and observe the few scattering hairs—that are left from what was once an abundant crop—turning prematurely gray, we are led to exclaim, Oh, justice! is it not possible that those scales were a little out of balance?—*Peck's Milwaukee Sun.*

GOLDEN SHEAVES.

To share in Nature's rich domain
Is woman's high-born heritage;
In her own realm shall she maintain
The honors of the Golden Age.

—Death is like the thunder—we are alarmed at the sound of it, but it is only formidable from that which preceded it.

—God's faithful promise is that though the outward man perish the inward shall be renewed day by day.

—People are apt to fall in love with those who are beautiful at sight. But to retain love one must have truth, tenderness and constancy.

—Nothing does so fool a man as extreme passion. This doth make them fools which otherwise are not, and show them to be fools that are not.

—There are many masked faces in life, and if by some superhuman power these masks should be suddenly torn off what a sight one half of the world would present to the other.