THE HOME CIRCLE.

The Hand that Holds the Bread.

Mr. George F. Root, the eminent musical composer author of "The Battle Cry of Freedom," and many other national popular songs, has written and set to music the following song, which he dedicates to the farmers of America, in the hope that it may minister to the progress of the cause in which American farm ers are so rapidly enlisting:

Brothers of the plow!
The power is with you,
The world in expectation waits
For action prompt and true;
Oppression stalks abroad;
Monopolies abound!
Their giant hands already clutch
The tillers of the ground.

CHORUS. Awake! then awake!
The great world must be fed,
And heaven gives the power
To the hand that holds the bread,
Yes, brothers of the plow,
The people must be fed,
And Heaven gives the power
To the hand that holds the bread.

Brothers of the plow.
In calm and quiet might,
You've waited long and patiently
For what was yours by right;
A fair reward for toil;
A free and open field;
An honest share for wife and home
Of what your harvests yield.

CHORUS-Awake! then awake! etc.

Brothers of the plow!
Come, rally once again;
Come, gather from the prairie wide,
The hillside and the plain; Not as in days of yore,
With trump of battle sound,
But come and make the world respect
The tillers of the ground.

CHORUS-Awake! then awake! etc.

The Two Processions.

A couple of processions passed me in the street yesterday, and gave rise to a few thoughts which may, perhaps, be of service to you, in some way. "The Great Show" caravan went by about 9 o'clock in the morning. The "bandwagon" preceded all the rest, and was a gorgeous affair, in the form of a swan, painted blue and gold, and green and crimson; decorated with flags and streamers, and 'drawn by an elephant, eight camels and a pair of horses. The trappings of the animals consisted of crimson cloth, with white or purple borders and and fringes; spangles, feathers, rosettes and flags, and altogether produced a very charming effect in the sunshine. The team itself-gath ered from Asia, Africa and America, and composed of animals which never associate together in a state of nature-was no small novelty to the spectators. It was guided through the streets by drivers on both sides of it, who were dressed in showy livery, and turbaned like Turks. The band was dressed in silver-spangled crimson uniform, and discoursed most excellent music while passing. Next, there came an open cage, containing two lions. a leopard and a man. The man exhibited no more emotion than a Stoic; appeared to be free from fear as though his two lions and leopard were two puppies and a kitten! For my own part, I could scarcely realize the presence of the great king of all the beasts of the forest, because of the still greater presence of his master, who subdued him and who keeps him in constant subjection. The remaining sixteen wagons were close shut, and were covered with very artistic representations of birds, beasts and reptiles, which were supposed to represent the contents of each wagon.

the contents of each wagon.

A great many people were in the streets to witness the spectacle, and an agreeable understanding sprang up at once between them and the people of the caravan. No doubt one of the parties was looking forward to appreciative audiences and full purses; and the other party was anticipating a large income of gratification for a small outlay of money. The most striking characteristics of the procession appeared to me to be color, flutter, glitter, novelty, noise, magnitude, wealth, strength and completeness; showing an unlimited ability to redeem all promises, whether expressed or implied, and to please every person, of whatever taste, who should be pleased to be present and witness the ald be pleased to be present and witness the

exhibition.

The streets, at the corner of Avenue and California, where I stood, presented a very charming appearance. There was great diversity dress, taste, color, ornament, face, voice, figure, gesture and movement; the animated meeting of friends, neighbors and schoolmates, with their witty sallies and sprightly speeches. The constant buzz of voices reminded me of a hive of bees; and the constant changing of places reminded me of a bevy of butterflies picnicing. Everybody seemed to be brimfull of fun, up to the lips, and ready to run over at every trifling circumstance, wishrun over at every trifling circumstance, wishing to be pleased with everybody and everything, and determined to enjoy to the utmost whatever might be set before them during the

exhibition.

In the afternoon another procession, larger than the first, went by me. Standing at the head of it, I was unable to see the further end than the first, went by me. Standing at the head of it, I was unable to see the further end of it, but was told it reached over half a mile. This procession differed largely from the first procession. There was no clamor of drums, nor clangor of cymbals, nor blaring of brazen instruments. Instead of flags were sable plumes; instead of the colors of the rainbow there was the hue of the raven. No proud strong man sat in the second carriage, expecting and receiving the applause of the multitude; but instead, there sat a man, strickened and broken; bowed down and humbled to the very dust by a great affliction. No throngs of happy people, in holiday attire, eager and expectant, stood waiting in the streets, to welcome the passing pageant, but instead, were here and there little groups, or single persons, mostly women, standing silent and reverent, with heads uncovered, to acknowledge that sooner or later, we must all go forth in the same way: or later, we must all go forth in the same way that there is no condition or position in life exempt from the common lot; nothing that man can do to man can save him from it; all precautions against it are useless; all defences against it are powerless, and death, inexorable and inevitable, must come to us all alike.

The recipient of these last mournful honors, as Mrs. F-r, who died in childbed. She suffered a terrible punishment for a terrible

Do you think, S--, the time will come, when people will be half as wise in these matters as they think they are in others which are not so important? We assume to direct Nature how to paint our flowers for us, flavor our fruits and vegetable, and constitute our domestic ani-mals, fowls, etc. We lift her rivers out of their appointed courses, and lead them wheresoever will; we cleave her mountains asunder for highways, we bridge her torrents, and cross them safely; we launch our ships on the sea, them safely; we launch our ships on the sea, and fear nothing from winds and waves; we rise up on the wings of the wind, and sail ties which involve marriage in the cities;

We assume to know the weight, size and dimensions of the earth on which we live; what are its constituent parts; when and by what pro-cess it was formed; and what the laws by which it is governed. By chemical processes and the microscope, we decend below the line of ordin-ary vision to almost infinite littleness. We creep down, little by little, step by step, into the hidden recesses and mysteries of creation; prying hidden recesses and mysteries of creation; prying about us here and there, with the hope that some day we shall discover the ultimate atoms of which we presume to believe that all matter is composed. Baffled in this direction we ascend to the surface again, and strutting with infinite assurance on the little speck of dust we call our own, we launch out with telescope and spectroscope into illimitable space, and attempt to grapple with the immensity of the universe! We scan the moon, the sun, the plants, the fixed stars, dissect the "Milky Way," and look about us for the wandering comets. We not only assume to know the distance between them and us, what is the length of their days, nights, seasons and years; their relative size; through what orbits they whirl; but we also assume to know whether they are made of the same materials as our own earth; and this, even if it requires a million years for their light to if it requires a million years for their light to reach us! We attempt to know what light, electricity and life are; what laws they obey. From these premises we reason still higher, and attempt to know what God is, and was, and shall be, where we ourselves come from, and go to; and what is the connection between Him and us.
Yet through all this reaching and grasping

after the vast and the infinite, we do not under-stand our own bodies! the few simple condistand our own bodies! the few simple condi-tions upon which our health and even our lives depend are hidden from us, and are like a sealed book to us! The savage beasts which we parade through the streets, as captives in cages, are better off in this respect than we are! We never hear of elephants, lions, or leo-pards, being killed by the pangs of mother-hood. This extraordinary anomaly is reserved for us, who conceive ourselves to be the most perfect and wonderful of all created beings! perfect and wonderful of all created beings! We contemn all natural laws, and frame for ourselves artificial laws after our own conceits. Ignorant where we ought to be instructed, pre-sumptaous and meddlesome where we ought to be silent and reverent, is it strange that indig-nant nature should strike us dead when we attempt to propagate our silly and sickly species in direct violation of her most positive com-

My dear S., in the common course of natural circumstances, you yourself may be called upon, some day, to assume the holy office and duties of mother. Let me beg of you not to permit any false conditions to place you in the position of this unfortunate mother, who sacrified her own life because of her own ignorance .- Pacific Rural Press.

Why Marriages Decrease.

The falling off in marriages is found in the centers of population, where the needs of life press hard. The old fashioned disinterestedness has of late years been losing ground in these places. Thirty or dresses. forty years ago it was plain sailing; a gibbous hat and the Italian opera were unknown; all worked for a living, and none were rich as compared with those of today. It has become evident that in cities Hymen is losing his power; yet the god-dess who came out of the sea-foam con-tinues to exercise her wonted charms over men, though they refuse to follow Hymen. There is a hide-and-seek process on the part of man to avoid supporting the wom-an, which would be to the last degree ungenerous if it were not in some measure compulsory. Fathers endeavor to dis-pose of daughters to those who stand upon conditions, and each tries to shirk the ex-pense of keeping them. Thus regarded, the woman becomes a possible encumbrance to a marrying man, and almost a parasite in her own family. A great number of those who live in luxury in the metropolis make both ends meet with difficulty. The head of the family is stretched on a financial wheel, which never ceases to turn every day in the year. He is pressed for what he considers the necessaries of life, and spends twenty thousand dollars a year. The capital of this man who spends twenty thous-and dollars a year, at legal interest, would not perhaps yield him a third of what he expends; thus he is obliged to work hard for his living, and without re-laxation. He is not in a position to help any one but himself, however willing he may be to do so. The young man making his way through an ocean of difficulties, and carrying heavy ballast in the shape of clubs and social dissipation, may like the daughter of the poor rich father; but he has not the audacity, even if she were willing, to make the sacrifice, to take her out of her handsome nest into an inferior one. In resisting the matrimonial temptation he has something to say for himself. His knowledge of life tells him that there are scarcely any hours of happiness which are compensation for the rasping, wearing, daily want of means to provide for every day necessaries and comforts, and that it is not long before domestic peace gives way before this terrible presure. It is human, too, for the woman in unguarded moments to make comparisons between her married and single life, in which regrets and reproaches are implied if not spoken. When matters reach this point

it is the coup de grace, and domestic felicity is at an end. An adviser may say to this young man, if he wants to marry the poor rich girl, Go West; but this is counsel he cannot follow. His lot is cast here, and through industry he has reasonable expectations of ultimately acquiring a modest competency. It would be foolish for him to give up the bird in hand for the two out West in the bush, to say nothing of his likings, which ten to one favor his present surroundings. Here the field of labor is plainly indicated, and he is already in the harness. His future being here, he must submit to the conditions of life around him, and accept civilization as he finds it. Thus reasoning he turns away from the poor rich man's sumptuous dwelling with a sigh; he may not pluck the coveted flower. And if the expected bridegroom in purple and fine linen, from Lydian shores, fails to come, the daughter is condemned to a life of celibacy. If the father has several such, who wait in vain, his house, according to the Dutch proverb, becomes like a cellar

through space like the freeborn birds of the sir! a simpler mode of life; the independence which the woman may acquire in self-sup-port; and the dowry, which concerns rather the parent than the woman herself .- Galaxy.

Make Home Happy for the Little Ones.

For it is not long that we can keep them; in a few short years at most they will leave us and go out to battle in this great world alone. Then let us endeavor, as far as it is in our power to do so, to make our homes happy and pleasant for our children; don't shut up the parlor and darken all the best rooms as if there was a corpse in the house. Throw open your doors and windows and make your children feel that it is their home as well as yours. Let them have plenty pure fresh air, and good wholesome food. Give each one a little flower bed to take care of, and that will help them to love the beautiful flowers. If you find little finger marks on your windows and chairs, don't fret and scold about it, for the time will come when your grand house will be lonely enough, when no soft white arms will be thrown around your neck in a glad and loving embrace, and velvety lips pressed to your own, in childish joy and gladness, for there is no love on earth so pure as the love of a little child. Let us make our homes so pleasant and attractive to them that after they have left it for homes of their own, they will look back with love and reverence to the dear kind parents who made their childhood's home so happy and pleasant to them. How sad to go to the bedside of a little child and hear it sigh and sob in its sleep. Parents should send their children to bed happy; it is in the power of every parent to do so. How do we know but the death angel may claim it before another dawn, when the loss of our dar-ling would be hard enough to bear; but the sight of that sad little face that we sent to bed unhappy would haunt us while life lasted.—Iowa Homestead.

What Shall We Do With Our Daughters.

The Davenport "Democrat" sensibly Bring them up in the way they should Give them a good substantial common

Teach them how to cook a good meal of

victuals. Teach them how to wash and iron

clothes. Teach them how to darn stockings and sew on buttons. Teach them how to make their own

Teach them to make shirts.

Teach them to make bread. Teach them all the mysteries of the kitchen, the dining-room and parlor. Teach them that a dollar is only one

hundred cents. Teach them that the more one lives within their income, the more they will

Teach them that the further one lives beyond their income, the nearer they get to the poor-house.

Teach them to wear calico dresses—and

do it like a queen.

Teach them that a round rosy romp is worth fifty delicate consumptives.

Teach them to wear thick, warm shoes. Teach them to do marketing for the

family.

Teach them to foot up store bills. Teach them that God made them in His own image, and that no amount of tight lacing or Grecian-Bends will improve the

Teach them, every day, hard, practical common sense.

Teach them self reliance. Teach them that a good, steady, greasy half so good to his sisters, for she saw him mechanic without a cent, is worth a dozen throw Lucy's pet doll quite over the oily-pated loafers in broad-cloth. Teach them to have nothing to do with intemperate and dissolute young men.

Women as Workers.

The May number of the Galaxy deals with this subject in the following manner: There is no need of women working, is often said. They can get married if they want to, and they will then be taken care of. Such declarations should come from hermits. All men of the world know, or ought to know, that to the wife are opened a hundred unsuspected doors leading to engrossing activeness. The temple of Hymen often joins the vestibule of the palace of regret. Hardly any wedded woman can free herself from cares and accountabilities to which in her single state she was a stranger. And generally her labors are ten fold increased. She who would enter wedlock to avoid work should traverse Sahara to gather fruit. The longer she is married, the more she finds to do. Needing rest most, she has it least. Every plant she nourishes shoots out charges, blossoms into fresh solicitudes. Touching toil solely, she would be largely the gainer could she resume her maiden-hood. Love may lighten her burdens but it does not decrease them. Quite the contrary indeed. And when she has been repeatedly blessed, among her blessings are scattered as their consequence broken health, shattered nerves, rayless future, absolute incapacity for enjoyment.

SAGE ADVICE.-Rev. Dr. Woods of Andover, was once giving his class some instructions about preaching in different places in such a manner as to gain attention and applause. "Young gentlemen," said he "It is all contained in a nut shell. When you go to preach in the city, take your best coat, but when you go to preach in the country, take your best sermon.

FOOLED .- An Indiana man claims to have succeeded in playing a thorough confidence game upon the potato bugs. He planted a grain of corn in each potato hill, and as the corn came up first, the bugs thought it was a cornfield and started for other scenes.

KISS ME MAMMA.-Kiss me, mamma, before I sleep. How simple a boon, yet how soothing to the little supplicant is that soft, gentle kiss! The little head sinks contentedly on the pillow, for all is peace and happiness within. The bright eyes close, and the rosy lip is revelling in eyes close, and the rosy lip is reveiling in the bright and sunny dream of innocence. Yes, kiss it, for that good night kiss will linger in memory when the giver lies mouldering in the grave. The memory of a gentle mother's kiss has cheered many a lonely wanderer's pilgrimage, and has been the beacon light to illuminate his desolate heart; for remember life has his desolate heart; for remember life has many a stormy billow to cross, many a rugged path to climb, with thorns to pierce; and we know not what is in store for the little one so sweetly slumbering, with no marring care to disturb its peace ful dreams. The parched and fevered lip will become dewed again as recollection bears to the sufferer's couch a mother's love-a mother's kiss. Then kiss your little ones ere they sleep; there is a magic power in that kiss which will endure to the end of life.

PARENTAL GOVERNMENT. - In all well regulated households, the father of the family exercises a watchful care over his children. He notes their various phases of temperament and disposition, their hopes and fears; their anxieties and disappointments; their physical developments and moral progress, and he becomes in a measure anwerable in society for their good conduct. With the help of the mother, any youthful mind may be molded into gentleness and obedience. Filial duty then becomes a pleasurable habit that is observed during

A disobedient son or daughter always creates unhappiness, and ultimately brings dishonor to the domestic circle. A father is without power to govern his family if the mother thoughtlessly opposes him. It is utterly impossible to prevent evil results flowing from a conflict of authority on the part of the parents.

Young Folks' Column.

A Child's Hymns.

Now the day of work is done. Now the quiet night's begun, And I lay my tired head Safe within my little bed. Saylour, hear me; Be thou near me, Till the hours of dark have fied.

I can see from where I lie, Glitt'ring in the dark blue sky, Here and there a little star Shining out so clear and high. Saviour, hear me; He thou near me; Keep me safe beneath thine eye.

If I've grieved thee through this day, Let my sin be washed away. If I've grieved thee through this at Let my sin be washed away. Make me merk and pure and kind, dive me thy mest holy mind. Saviour, hear me: Be thou near me: Let me new thy mercy find.

Thou art loving me above.
And I will love thee for thy love;
Thou dulat leave thy throne on high,
And for me come down to die.
Thou will hear me,
And be near me;
I am safe while thou art nigh.

Brother Bob's Hygiene.

"Put on your hat, Nettie," said brother Bob; "I've something to show you-two things, I ought to say. Did you think I had forgotten this was the first of March, and your birthday? No, indeed! And here are eight kisses for you, one for every year of your life."

Nettie, delighted, ran to get her hat. Was there ever such a dear brother Bob in the world before? She thought not. She was quite sure Tom Snow was not woodshed, and Mollie's little white kitty he dropped out of the third-story window and when the girls cried, he only laughed and said, 'It would take nine tumbles, like that to kill the kitty,' which I don't believe-do you, Bob?" for Nettie was telling all this to her brother, as, with her hand in his, he led her down the gardenwalk.

"Where can we be going?" asked Nettie,

as Bob turned toward the barn. "I'll show you in a minute," and Bob unlatched the barn door, and led Nettie along until she came to a box with slats nailed across it, then bidding her to look in, Nettie saw two beautiful white rabits. She clapped her hands. "Oh! how cunning they are! Where did you get

what are their names?" Bob felt as much pleasure in seeing Nettie's joy as if he had received a present

them, Bob? Are they truly for me? And

himself. "I bought them of Luke Sawyer for a birthday present for you, Nettie, and their names are Jack and Gill. But let us go now, for I have something else to show you, and then T must go to school.
I forgot to say that Nettie had been sick

and was now just able to go out of doors, and the doctor said that before she went to school she had better play around, and try to gain some color in her pale cheeks.

Back of the house was a grove of spruce and maple trees, and they made such a delightful shade in the warm weather that Nettie's father refused to have them cut down. It was here Bob led Nettie, and before she guessed what he could be going to show her, she found herself right alongside of a nice rope swing, fastened between two maples.

ing behind. Then he showed her how. by touching her foot to the ground, she might be able to swing herself when there was no one to push her.

"You see, Nettie," said Bob, "this swing is the paint-brush, and the air is the paint, and I want you to come here every pleasant day and paint your cheeks until they are red as roses.

Nettie laughed and promised she would do so, and Bob, snatching another kiss, ran off to school. - Young Folks' News.

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BY OTHER AUTHORS.

"Oh, Bob!" was all she could say; but
Bob knew well enough by her looks how
glad she was.
"You see Nettie," said he, "it is so low
that you could not hurt yourself, even if
you should fall from it.

There was a board fastened in for a saat,
and a rope tied across to form the back,
and Nettie was not at all afraid to try it.
Back and forth she went, with Bob push-