

The Home Circle.

Conducted by Mrs. Harriot T. Clarke.

March.

March! March! March! They are coming in troops, to the tune of the wind: Red-headed woodpeckers drumming. Gold-crested thrushes behind; Sparrows in brown jackets hopping. Past every gateway door; Finches with crimson cups stopping. Just where they stopped years before. March! March! March! They are slipping. Into their places at last— Little white lily-buds, dripping Under the showers that fall fast; Buttercups, violets, roses. Snowdrop, and bluebell, and pink. Through upon throng of sweet posies, Bending, the dewdrops to drink. March! March! March! They will hurry Forth at the wild bugle-sound— Blossoms and birds in a flurry. Fluttering all over the ground. Hang out your flags, birch and willow! Shake out your red tassels, larch! Grass-blades, up from your earth-pillow! Hear who is calling you—March! Lucy Larcum, in St. Nicholas.

Sympathy.

Mothers, whose children are sleeping, Thank God by their pillows to-night; And pray for the mothers now weeping O'er pillows too smooth and too white. Where bright little heads off have lain, And soft little cheeks have been pressed; O mothers, who know not this pain, Take courage to bear all the rest. For the sombre-winged angel is going With pitiless flight o'er the land, And we wake in the morn, never knowing What he, ere the night, may demand. Yes, to-night, while our darlings are sleeping, There's a many a soft little bed Whose pillows are moist with weeping For the loss of one dear little head. There are hearts on whose innermost altar There is nothing but ashes to-night; There are voices whose tones sadly falter, And dim eyes that shrink from the light. O mothers, whose children are sleeping, As ye bend to caress the fair heads, Pray, pray for the mothers now weeping O'er pitiful, smooth little beds.

GOLDEN RULE.

"As you would that others should do unto you, do ye also to them likewise." Oh, beautiful Golden Rule! Immortal heaven-born teachings, wafted to us by angels from the pure supernal spheres of love! There is no language of earth expressive of the great happiness attainable for the human family if they would only live by these simple yet deeply-significant words. The meek and lowly Nazarene seems to us to have been sent to Earth for the express purpose of teaching this Golden Rule. But, alas! even his professed followers, who number millions on earth, and who sit in splendid pews in magnificent churches, and clothed in costly raiment, seem to have forgotten the fundamental principles of what they profess. My beloved readers, will you pause and think with me what might be, if each one of us would do unto others as we would wish to be done by. What would earth be to-day if the Golden Rule had been lived by, ever since the days of Christ? There would be no wandering, hungry tramp, no thief, no starving, hollow-eyed beggar, no shivering, barefooted, famishing children, no weary, heart-broken wives and mothers; no desperate, drunken husbands and fathers; no murderers; no insane; no insane asylums; no penitentiaries; no dark and loathsome dens of infamy; for purity and love would to-day be king and queen over our beautiful earth. Let us each take the lesson to ourselves individually, and apply it in our everyday actions, at home and abroad. Of course we cannot reform the world in a day, week, month, or year, but every little helps.

"Little drops of water, Little grains of sand, Make the mighty ocean And the pleasant land." Socrates once said to an aspiring youth, who wished for wealth that he might reform the world: "Reform first thy little self, and thou hast begun to reform the world." Life upon earth is but a few years, even for those who remain longest in the mortal form, and in which we should endeavor to purify and ennoble our spirits and those around us. The Golden Rule is very simple, but in very plain terms does it point out the path to happiness for us here and hereafter; but selfishness has usurped its place, and rules with a tyranny which is crushing all the beauty and life out of the children of earth. Oh, it is a sad truth that it is so seldom mentioned, so rarely practiced, as to be almost forgotten, and, instead of its beautiful precepts, we often hear the degrading phrase, "Every one for himself, and the devil for us all."—Yes, the greater part of the human family seem to have closed their eyes to all of its heavenly teachings, and are rushing madly on with the above fiendish words for their war-cry, with no other aim in view but to grasp the perishable dross of earth; and what are the fearful consequences? Why, lies upon lies, slander upon slander, theft, murder, and all the crimes which tongue can mention or mind conceive. Millions are dying of starvation and want, while other millions are degrading their souls by grasping and holding fast to their ill-gotten gains, because the Golden Rule has been shelved as a

relic of by-gone times. "Oh, ye ministers and teachers, in high places and low; ye fathers and mothers, sons and daughters!" begin anew to practice and teach these pure principles of right, which will alone bring harmony and peace on earth, good will to all men, and change our earthly sphere into an abode where angels would delight to dwell.

MRS. DR. C. A. SMITH, Tillamook, Oregon.

Train the Boys for Business.

There is one element in the home instruction of boys (says a Boston paper) to which too little attention has been given, and that is the cultivation of habits of punctuality, system, order, and responsibility. In many households, boys from twelve to seventeen years are too much administered to by loving mothers or other female members of the family. Boys' lives during those years are the halcyon days of their existence. Up in the morning just in time for breakfast; nothing to do but to start off early enough not to be late at school; looking upon an errand as taking so much time and memory away from enjoyment; but little thought of personal appearance except when reminded by mother to "spruce up" a little; finding his wardrobe always where mother puts it—in fact, having nothing to do but enjoy himself.

Thus his life goes on until school ends. Then he is ready for business. He goes into an office where every thing is system, order, precision. He is expected to keep things neat and orderly, sometimes kindle fires, file letters, do errands—in short, become a part of a nicely regulated machine, where everything moves in systematic grooves, and each one is responsible for correctness in his department, and where, in place of ministers to his comfort, he finds taskmasters, more or less lenient, and everything in marked contrast to his previous life.

In many instances, the change is too great. Errors become numerous; blunders, overlooked at first, get to be a matter of serious moment; then patience is overtaken, and the boy is told his services are no longer wanted. This is the first blow, and sometimes he never rallies from it. Then comes the surprise to the parents, who too often know not the real cause, nor where they have failed in the training of their children.

What is wanted is for every boy to have something special to do; to have some duty at a definite hour, and to learn to watch for that time to come; to be answerable for a certain portion of the routine of the household; to be trained to anticipate the time when he may enter the ranks of business, and be fortified with habits of energy, accuracy, and application, often of more importance than superficial book-learning.

CHANGES OF LIFE.

Change is the common feature of society—of life. Ten years convert the population of schools into men and women, the young into fathers and matrons, make and mar fortunes, and bury the last generation but one.

Twenty years convert infants into lovers, fathers, and mothers, decide men's fortunes and distinctions, convert active men and women into crawling drivellers, and bury all preceding generations.

Thirty years raise an active generation from nonentity, change fascinating beauties into bearable old women, convert lovers into grandfathers, and bury the active generation or reduce them to decrepitude or imbecility.

Forty years, alas! change the face of all society. Infants are growing old, the bloom of youth and beauty has passed away, two active generations have been swept from the stage of life, names once cherished are forgotten, unsuspected candidates for fame have started up from the exhaustless womb of nature.

And in fifty years—mature, ripe fifty years—half a century—what tremendous changes occur! How time writes her sublime wrinkles everywhere, in rock, river, forest, and cities, hamlets, villages, in the nature of men, and in the destinies and aspects of all civilized society!

Let us pass on to eighty years—and what do we desire to see to comfort us in the world? Our parents are gone; our children have passed away from us into all parts of the world, to fight the grim and desperate battle of life. Our old friends—where are they? We behold a world of which we know nothing, and to which we are unknown. We weep for generations long gone by—for lovers, for parents, for children, for friends, in the grave. We see everything turned upside down by the fickle hand of fortune and the absolute destiny of time. In a word, we behold the vanity of life, and are quite ready to lay down the poor burden and be gone.

Judge no man until you have stood in his place.

Fashion Notes.

One of the new spring colors is "Fai-ence-blue." "Cotiline" is one of the new spring fabrics. It is almost transparent. Evening dresses that are made short escape the ground by five or six inches. Handsome sashes are painted on the ends, instead of embroidered, as formerly.

Reception dresses of cashmere are trimmed with silk and imported embroideries.

The "Psyche" coiffure is in great favor at present, as it shows the contour of the head.

It appears to be fashionable at morning lectures for ladies to work at crochet and embroidery.

Spring bonnets will be much larger than those worn this winter, and will tie closely under the chin.

Breakfast caps are made of cambric, with embroidered edge, and are finished off with satin bows.

Natural butterflies, mounted on a spiral pin, are among the novelties for evening ornaments in the hair.

A lovely shade of green is known as "roseau," and is the pale-gray tint seen in sea grasses and reeds.

Kid gloves are worn to the elbow, to meet the Martha Washington sleeve, which is generally made of lace or tulle.

A handsome trimming for evening dresses is chenille embroidery. It comes in the new shades of olive wood and pale blue.

A material closely imitating the mummy-cloth used for tidies, is shown for summer dresses, and is also called mummy-cloth.

The boudoir fan is something new, and conceals among its intricacies a powder-muff and powder, as well as a tiny ivory comb.

THE SWEET POTATO AS A HOUSE-VINE.—This really desirable vine for the house is a rapid grower, and much more delicate in appearance under house-culture than when growing out of doors. Select (the earlier the better) a well-ripened tuber of the Red Nansemound variety—said to be a most vigorous grower—eight or ten inches long, and four or five inches in diameter. A dark-colored hyacinth glass is a suitable and pretty holder for the potato, but a common glass fruit-can or small earthen jar will do. Fill the vessel with rain water, and stand the potato in the mouth of it, allowing only two or three inches of the potato to go down into the water. Set it in a warm, bright place to sprout, filling up the holder with water as fast as it evaporates. Probably a great many sprouts will start at once or in quick succession; break off all but three or four of these, as your vine will, by so doing, be much longer and more luxuriant. Nothing will now be needed for the perfection of the vine, except to keep the vessel filled with water.—Am. Gardener.

It is a time-honored custom, observed all over Europe, for one person when another sneezes to salute him with a "God bless you." Something like this custom is met with among savages. De Soto, the famous Spanish explorer, during his expedition into Florida, encountered a native chief.—The chief happened to sneeze, whereupon his retinue burst into a chorus of blessings. "Do you not see," said De Soto, pleased to meet with a familiar custom, to his men, "that all the world is one?" Among the Zulus of South Africa, when a native sneezes, he says, "I am now blessed. The Idhlozi (ancestral spirit) is with me; it has come to me. Let me hasten and praise it, for it is it which causes me to sneeze." If a child sneezes, they say to it, "Grow," considering the sneeze a sign of health. They believe that a spirit, one of the ancestral ghosts hovering around them, causes them to sneeze. So a Zulu looks upon sneezing as a reminder that the spirit has entered into him and abides with him.

How great one's virtue is, best appears by occasion of adversity; for such occasions do not make a man frail, but show what he is.

Education and morality is the only basis upon which a republic can permanently stand.

Recipes.

Pork Cake.—One cup of chopped pork, one cupful of raisins, the same of molasses and milk, one teaspoonful each of salt and soda, and four cupfuls of flour.

Sponge Cake for Winter.—One cupful flour, one cupful of sugar, two eggs, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one-half-teaspoonful water; beat up quickly and bake.

Cement for Glass.—Cement for glass to be used without heating the glass: Boil isinglass in water to a creamy consistency and add a little alcohol. Cement to be warmed before using.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

SONG. Sing, little bird, O sing! How sweet thy voice and clear! How fine the airy measures ring. The sad old world to cheer! Bloom, little flower, O bloom! Thou makest glad the day: A scented torch, thou dost illumine The darkness of the way. Dance, little child, O dance! While sweet the small birds sing. And flowers bloom fair, and every glance Of sunshine tells of spring. O! bloom, and sing, and smile, Child, bird, and flower, and make The sad old world forget awhile Its sorrow for your sake. —[Celia Thaxter.

WANTED.

One day Johnny came home from school crying very hard. His mother thought the teacher must have whipped him, or expelled him from school, or that some big boy must have stoned him.

"Why, what is the matter, my dear?" she asked, with concern and compassion.

Johnny returned no answer, except to cry harder.

"Why, my sweet," she persisted, drawing him to her knee, "tell me what it is."

"There's no use telling," said Johnny, scarcely able to speak for tears and sobs. "I can't have it."

"Have what? Tell me. Perhaps you can have it," she answered, in a tone of encouragement. "Tell me what it is."

"No, no, no," said Johnny, in a tone of utter despondency. "I know I can't have it." Then he put his hands to his face, and cried with fresh vehemence.

"But tell me what it is, and, if it is possible, I'll get it for you."

"You can't! you can't! oh, you can't!" Johnny answered, in despairing tones.

"Isn't there any in town?" asked mamma.

"Lots of it," said Johnny. "But you can't get me one."

"Why can't I?"

"They all belong to other folks," said Johnny.

"But I might buy some from somebody," the mother suggested.

"Oh! but you can't," Johnny insisted, shaking his head, while the tears streamed down his face.

"Perhaps I can send out of town for some," said the mother.

Johnny shook his head in a slow, despairing way.

"You can't get it by sending out of town." Then he added passionately; "Oh, I want one so bad! They're so handy. The boys and girls that have 'em do have good times!"

"But what are they? Do stop crying and tell me what they are," said the mother, impatiently.

"They can just go out every time they want to, without asking the teacher," he said, pursuing his train of reflection on the advantages of the whatever-it-was.

"When the drum beats they can go out and see the band, and when there is an organ they can get to see the monkey; and they saw the dancin' bear; and to-morrow the circus is comin' by, and the elephant, and all of 'em that has 'em will get to go out and see 'em, and me that haven't got will have to stay in and study them mean ole lessons. Oh, it's awful!" and Johnny had another passionate fit of sobbing.

"What in the world is it, child, that you're talking about?" said his mother, utterly perplexed.

But the child, unmindful of the question, cried out: "Oh! I want one so bad!"

"Want what? If you don't tell me, I'll have to lock you up, or something of the kind. What is it you want?"

Then Johnny answered, with a perfect wail of longing: "It's a whooping-cough—I want a whooping-cough."

"A whooping-cough?" exclaimed his mother, in utter surprise, "A whooping-cough?"

"Yes," said Johnny, still crying hard, "I want a whooping-cough. The teacher lets the scholars that have got the whooping-cough go out without asking whenever they take to coughing; and when there's a funeral, or anything else nice going by, they all go to coughing, and just go out so comfortable; and we that haven't any cough, don't dare look off our books. Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

"Never mind," said mamma, soothing. "We'll go down to Uncle Charley's room at the Metropolitan to-morrow and see the circus come in. The performers are going to stop at the hotel, and we will have a fine view."

At this point Johnny began to cough.

"I think," said his mother, nervously, "you're getting the whooping-cough. If you are, you may learn a lesson before you get through with it—the lesson that there is no unalloyed good in this world, even in a whooping-cough."—Sarah Winter Kellogg, in St. Nicholas for March.

Evil is like a nightmare; the instant you begin to strive with it, to bestir yourself, it has already ended.

A Baby's Soliloquy.

I am here. And if this is what they call the world, I don't think much of it. It's a very flannelly world, and smells of paregoric awfully. It's a dreadful light world, too, and makes me blink, I tell you. And I don't know what to do with my hands; I think I'll dig my fists in my eyes. No, I won't. I'll scabble at the corner of my blanket and chew it up, and then I'll holler. And the more paregoric they give me the louder I'll yell. The old nurse put the spoon in the corner of my mouth in a very uneasy way, and keeps tasting my milk herself all the while. She spilt snuff in it last night, and when I hollered, trotted me. That came of being a two days old baby. There's a pin sticking in me now, and if I say a word about it, I'll be trotted or fed; and I would rather have catnip tea. I'll tell you who I am; I found out to-day; I heard the folks say: "Hush; don't wake up Emeline's baby," and I suppose that pretty white faced woman over on the pillow is Emeline.

No, I was mistaken; for a chap was in here just now and wanted to see Bob's baby and looked at me and said I was a "funny little toad, and looked just like Bob." He smelt of cigars. I wonder who else I belong to. Yes, there's another one—that's "Gamma." "It was Gamma's baby, so it was," I

declared I don't know who I belong to; but I'll holler, and maybe I'll find out. There comes Snuffy with catnip tea. I'm going to sleep. I wonder why my hands won't go where I want them to.

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The Bishop of Wurtzburg once asked a sprightly little shepherd boy, "What are you doing here, my lad?" "Tending sheep." "How much do you get?" "One florin a week." "I also am a shepherd," continued the bishop, "but I have a much better salary." "That may all be, but then I suppose you have more sheep under your care," innocently replied the boy.

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