

The Family Circle.

THE NOVEL-READER.

Cousin Harry is an enthusiast in that branch of domestic industry known by the name of "light reading." One night, after being out in a volume of this description till nearly twelve o'clock, she shut it up, exclaiming with animation, as she did it, "Oh, Thomas, where should we be, I wonder, were it not for books?"

The dying candle burns dim,
St. John's is tolling one;
Zonless and slippish the maiden sits,
A speechless statue of stone.
From morning's blessed light
To noon's meridian glare;
From mid-day's splendor to black midnight
She sits like a spectre there!

Read—read—read,
Magazine, novel, and tale,
With satiate appetite reading on,
Till the brain begins to fail.
Is it strange she is so pale,
Her eyes so heavy and red,
Her raven hair so faded and snarled,
Her languid blood so dead?

A worm is gnawing her heart,
The book-worm hungry and lean;
Twin-born to him of the fiery still,
With fangs as cruel and keen.
Books—books—books,
Conceived in labor and pain,
Vampires ye are of body and soul,
Whose ruin is your gain.

Health, and comfort, and friends
Yield to your serpent-charms;
Love, husband, child, are forgot,
To clasp you within her arms.
While suffering sighs unheard,
While poverty pines alone,
She weeps over fiction's tender page,
And makes feigned sorrows her own!

O God! that a creature so good
As woman at her prime,
Should peak and shrivel on such vile food,
So long before her time!
She might have a serious soul,
She might be at forty a belle;
Why need she live a frivolous thing,
When sense becomes so well?

Tales—tales—tales,
Dutiful, reality, truth,
Are only fit for grandmothers now,
Too homely things for youth.
When stories are swallowed down
As histories in disguise,
How long ere history will become
But a story in our eyes?

Men once saw the devil in Faust—
The imp at the present day
Still handles types, but never before
In such a devilish way.
In power he's stronger than steam,
Swift as the lightning in speed,
Ink-black, though fair he may seem,
And talks like a lawyer feed.

This demon, subtle and false,
As once in paradise,
Laughs in his sleeve to see the sex
Taking his own advice.
He tempts them with numberless tomes,
Duo-decimos and octaves,
Where love-sick Fanny in woodlands roams,
Or moon-struck Manuel raves.

Beware! great reader, beware!
The rankest fancies of men
Have scattered poison everywhere,
By the power of press and pen.
The worst that ever was thought
Is stamped on the printed roll,
And she who has gained all books have taught,
Has lost a virgin soul.

Still, 'tis heaven, she thinks, to read,
'Tis hell to sweep and sew;
Millions are born to suffer and slave:
She—she has nothing to do
But drop an indolent tear
For beings who never lived,
And break her heart for a ruffian in print,
Or a Miss in fancy deceived.

So dreams the novel-sick heart,
Weak literary thrall;
Ah! the soul that thinks only others' thoughts
Is hardly a soul at all;
It is but an echo, or shade,
A parrot, apt what you will,
An intellectual duplicate,
Not worth the room it may fill.

Past midnight,—still she strains
Her eyeballs over her book;
Still zonless and slippish the maiden sits,
With a wild and haggard look.
From morning's wholesome breath
To noon's meridian glare;
From mid-day's beauty to grim midnight,
By solar ray and pale lamp-light,
She has sat, a spectre there!

[Autumn Leaves.

[WRITTEN FOR OUR COLUMN.]

THE YOUNG BAVARIAN.

BY MISS S. WARNER, AUTHOR OF "DOLLARS AND CENTS."

CHAPTER V.

I cannot begin to tell you—you dear, happy little children—what a place New York is to those that have no home. It is a very grand place, you think! When you walk down Broadway, there is the shop where mother buys your shoes, and another where she buys your dresses; here she goes in to choose you a new bonnet, and there to get some cakes for tea. What beautiful carriages roll along the pavement; in this one rides your grandmother, in that, your uncle's wife. And when you have walked long enough, and are tired, there is a sweet home all ready for you, with warm fires, and a good dinner, and little brothers and sisters as happy as yourself. But Oh, what a weary, desert, waste place New York is to those that have no home. Noah's dove, when the waters of the Flood covered the whole earth, and she could find no rest for the sole of her foot, was yet well off; for she could return to the ark; but for these poor wanderers there is no earthly shelter, and of the heavenly they have scarce heard. Be very gentle to all the poor children you see in the street, be very patient even when they stop you on the slippery crossing or sprinkle your white stockings with their muddy brooms; you do not know how many of them have no home, nor friends, or worse than none.

Slowly John walked through the busy streets, so full, so empty! wondering in his sad little heart what he was to do. And how he lived for some time, I can hardly tell you. The nights were warm, so that it was no great hardship to sleep, all curled up,

in a cart; or to rest his head against some friendly door-post; or to dream of the dear old storks on the stone steps of some great house; and as for eating, he managed as he could. Now and then, perhaps, some pitiful baker gave him a roll that was too dry for customers; or a cartman paid him a cent for watching his horse; or he earned sixpence by sweeping the grocer's steps and sidewalk. Sometimes he could get food in this way, but often he was very hungry, and nobody would hire a boy with such a sad face who could speak no English.

One day, very weary, very hungry, his little feet sore with roaming over the hot pavements, his young heart as weary of the world, I suppose, as a child's can be; John sat down on a doorstep to rest and think. Now and then the tears flowed down at the thought of his dear father and mother, and then, as he remembered whither they had gone, and that the Lord had promised to bring him to heaven too, John's heart grew peaceful and full of brave resolves. "God liveth ever!" and what could not a small boy do with his help? Besides, John would soon be a man, of course, and very likely his thoughts shaped themselves somewhat as Jacob's did, long ago: "If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to wear, then shall the Lord be my God." John sat still on the doorstep, feeling both very strong and very weak.

Down the broad street came a gentleman, walking with the firm, quick tread of one who has business on hand. His dress was neat, his face pleasant and kindly, his eye quick and keen. He took notice of John from a distance—for anything like a boy always caught his eye—and then scanned him well as he came near, saw the clear intelligent expression of the child's face, and took good note of his thin, thin hands and face, and of the sort of homeless way in which he sat there on the steps. This gentleman was one who could speak to many of these poor foreigners in their native tongue, and he stopped and spoke to John.

"Well, my boy," he said, "what is your name?" and John told it.

"You come from the old German Fatherland," said the gentleman; "have you been long here?"

"Not very, sir. It seems a good while."

"And where do you live?"

"Nowhere!" the gentleman repeated, "that is a very empty house. Why where are your friends? You did not come to this country alone?"

"No, sir," said John, "O no, I wasn't alone then. They came with me." But the boy's voice choked and faltered, and he stopped short.

"Tell me all about it," said the gentleman kindly. And so encouraged, John poured forth the story of his sorrows. "How they had left the dear old storks, and the lime-tree, and the old farmhouse; and how soon, soon after they got to New York, his father and mother had left him for a far better country; and how he had tried to live along honestly since then, and what hard work it was.

"And so you are all alone in the world?" said the gentleman.

"Yes, sir."

"Well are you not afraid—such a small boy as you?" said the gentleman, wondering; for the child had spoken with a steady, quiet voice, sad though it was.

With a sweet, simple, trustful face, John looked up.

"Nein, Mein Herr, meine Vater und meine Mutter sind gestorben, aber Gott lebt noch."

"No, sir; my father and my mother are dead, but God lives still!"

"THE KING OF TERRORS."
A SCENE IN A REBEL PRISON.

We hear much of the fearlessness of the soldiers amid the harvest of death. Whatever may be the heroism of daring deeds, or the excitement of battle, we know little of the heart's experiences in moments of reflection behind the tumult of combat, or in the clear apprehension of soon meeting God. The following glimpse of a scene in the prison at Atlanta, Ga., when the railroad raiders under General Mitchell were confined there, is an impressive illustration.

Young Pittinger, who was an inmate, narrates that one day their mirth was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of officers. The explanation of the surprise was repeated with white lips.

"We are to be executed immediately," was the awful announcement whispered with thrilling distinctness. The doomed men came in all tied, ready for the scaffold. Then came the farewells—farewells with no hope of meeting again in this world. It was a moment that seemed an age of measureless sorrow. Our comrades were brave; they were soldiers, and had often looked death in the face on the battle-field. They were ready, if need be, to die for their country; but to die on the scaffold—to die as murderers die—seemed almost too hard for human nature to bear. Then too the prospect of a future world, into which they were thus to be hurried without a moment's preparation, was black and appalling. Most of them had been careless, and had no hope beyond the grave. Wilson was a professed infidel, and many a time had he argued the truth of the Christian religion with me for half a day at a single discussion; but in this awful hour he said to me, "Pittinger, I believe you are right now. Oh, try to be better prepared when you come to die than I am." Then laying his hand on my head, with a muttered "God bless you," we parted. Shadrack was profane and reckless, but good-hearted and merry. Now turning to us with a voice, the forced calmness of which was more affecting than a wall of agony, he said, "Boys, I am not prepared to meet Jesus." When asked by some of us, in tears, to think of heaven, he answered, still in tones of thrilling calmness, "I'll try, I'll try; but I know I am not prepared."

Such was the contrast between the blind enthusiasm of heroic adventure in the contest on the plain of carnage, and the honest testimony of conscience when

"Death's decisive hour is near," with no false lights to divert the Spirit's eye from what lies beyond his finished work.

Oh, what revelations are before us of man's moral history, when none but God was witness of his conflicts and his fears.—Am. Messenger.

WINTER SHOES.

Like the gnarled oak which has withstood the storms and thunderbolts of centuries, man himself begins to die at the extremities. Keep the feet dry and warm, and we may snap our fingers in joyous triumph at disease and the doctors. Put on two pairs of thick woollen stockings, but keep this to yourself; go to some honest son of St. Crispin, and have your measure taken for a stout pair of winter boots or shoes; shoes are better for ordinary, everyday use, as they allow the ready escape of the odors, while they strengthen the ankles, accustoming them to depend on themselves. A very slight accident is sufficient to cause a sprained ankle to a habitual bootwearer. Besides, a shoe compresses less, and hence admits of a more vigorous circulation of blood. But wear boots when you ride or travel. Give direction also to have no cork or India rubber about the shoes, but to place between the layers of the soles, from out to out, a piece of stout hemp or tow-linen, which has been dipped in melted pitch. This is absolutely impervious to water—does not absorb a particle, while we know that cork does, and after a while becomes "soggy" and damp for a week. When you put them on for the first time, they will feel as "easy as an old shoe," and you may stand on damp places for hours with impunity.

A writer says—"I have had three pairs of boots for the last six years, and I think I will not require any more for the next six years to come. The reason is that I treat them in the following manner:—I put a pound each of tallow and resin in a pot on the fire; when melted and mixed, I apply it hot with a painter's brush until neither the sole nor upper will soak any more. If it is desired that the boots should immediately take a polish, dissolve an ounce of wax in a teaspoonful of turpentine and lamp-black. A day or two after the boots have been treated with the resin and tallow, rub over them this wax and turpentine, but not before the fire. Thus the exterior will have a coat of wax alone, and shine like a mirror. Tallow and grease become rancid, and rot the stitching or leather; but the resin gives it an antiseptic quality, which preserves the whole. Boots or shoes should be so large as to admit the wearing of cork soles." Cork is so bad a conductor of heat that without it in the boots the feet are always warm on the coldest stone floor." The least

cumbrous protection against damp feet from walking or standing on damp places, is the attachment of a piece of India rubber, about a quarter of an inch thick, to the sole of the shoe forward the heel.

Corns are caused by too tight or too loose shoes, and sometimes in the bottoms of the feet by the wooden pegs protruding through the soles of the shoe, by the neglect of the maker to rasp them off sufficiently smooth.

Medical books record cases where the injudicious paring of corns has resulted in mortification and death. The safest, the best, the surest plan is to never allow a corn to be touched with anything harder than the finger-nail. As soon as it becomes troublesome enough to attract attention, soak the foot fifteen minutes, night and morning, in quite warm water; then rub two or three drops of sweet oil into the top of the corn, with the end of the finger. Do this patiently for a couple of minutes. Then double a piece of soft buckskin, something larger than a dime, rather oblong. Cut a hole through it large enough to receive the corn, and thus attach it to the toe. This prevents pressure on the corn, which always aggravates it, and in less than a week, the corn will generally fall out, or can be easily picked out with the finger-nail, and will not return for many weeks or months; and when it does return, repeat the process. No safer or more efficient plan of removal has ever been made known.

I removed a corn permanently, by wearing in contact with it, day and night, a piece of India rubber, about an eighth of an inch thick, kept in place with a string.

All part from an old shoe with special reluctance, because of the easiness of its adaptation to the foot. To put on a "bran new" boot or shoe, with the easy fitting of the discarded old one, is well worth knowing how to do. It is only necessary to keep a secret. Before you have your measure taken, put on two pair of thick stockings, and let Crispin go ahead. The new pair will be almost as easy as the old.—Hall's Journal of Health.

GOOD AND BAD APPLES.

One day Robert's father saw him playing with some boys who were rude and unmannerly. He had observed for some time a change for the worse in his son, and now he knew the cause. He was very sorry, but he said nothing to Robert at the time.

In the evening he brought from the garden six beautiful rosy-cheeked apples, put them on a plate, and presented them to Robert. He was much pleased at his father's kindness, and thanked him. "You must lay them aside for a few days, that they may become mellow," said the father. And Robert cheerfully placed the plate with the apples in his mother's store-room. Just as he was putting them aside, his father laid on the plate a seventh apple, which was quite rotten, and desired him to allow it to remain there.

"But, father," said Robert, "the rotten apple will spoil all the others."

"Do you think so? Why should not the fresh apples rather make the rotten one fresh?" said his father. And with these words he shut the door of the room.

Eight days afterward he asked his son to open the door and take out the apples. But what a sight presented itself! The six apples, which had been so sound and rosy-cheeked, were now quite rotten, and spread a bad smell through the room.

"Oh, papa!" cried he, "did I not tell you that the rotten apple would spoil the good ones? yet you did not listen to me."

"My boy," said the father, "have I not told you often that the company of bad children will make you bad, yet you do not listen to me. See in the condition of the apples that which will happen to you if you keep company with wicked boys."

Robert did not forget the lesson. When any of his former playfellows asked him to join in their sports, he thought of the rotten apples, and kept himself apart from them.

A TRUE HERO.

The Berlin journals relate the following incident, which has just taken place in Prussia:—"A pointsman was at the junction of two lines of railway, his lever in hand, for a train was signalled. The engine was within a few seconds of reaching the embankment, when the man, on turning his head, perceived his little boy playing on the rails of the line the train was to pass over. 'Lie down!' he shouted out to the child, but as to himself he remained at his post. The train passed along on its way, and the lives of a hundred passengers were perhaps saved. But the poor child! The father rushed forward expecting to take up only a corpse, but what was his joy on finding that the boy had at once obeyed his order—he had lain down, and the whole train had passed over him without injury. The next day the king sent for the man, and attached to his breast the medal for civil courage."

DOUGLAS FERROLD once said, "The ugliest of trades have their moments of pleasure." Now, if I were a gravedigger, or even a hangman, there are some people I could work for with a great deal of enjoyment."

GO TELL JESUS.

Bury thy sorrow,
The world has its share,
Bury it deeply,
Hide it with care.

Think of it calmly
When curtains by night,
Tell it to Jesus,
And all will be right.

Tell it to Jesus,
He knoweth thy grief;
Tell it to Jesus,
He'll send thee relief.

Gather the sunlight
Aglow on thy way,
Gather the moonbeams,
Each soft silver ray.

Hearts grown weary
With heavier woes,
Droop 'mid the darkness,
Go comfort them, go!

Bury thy sorrow,
Let others be blest,
Give them the sunshine,
Tell Jesus the rest.

"LOOK ALOFT!"

In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,
If thine eye should grow dim and thy caution depart,
"Look aloft!" and be firm and be fearless of heart.

HOW TO SOLVE THE PROBLEM.

I heard it as I sat on the deck of one of our Hudson River steamers. It was the old story. A man who had toiled long and incessantly for wealth had gained his reward. It was the old story, too, about its failure to give satisfaction. Many call this cant. They shake their heads wisely when told that rich men are unhappy; they ask only the opportunity to try it. This man had done so once, and the boon was granted. He had reached and exceeded the sum he had prescribed for himself. He had retired from business. He had carefully invested his hundreds of thousands, and now he had nothing to do but seek enjoyment. For nearly a year he had been deliberating and planning, but he could not decide what course to pursue. And thus he detailed the case to a minister of his acquaintance with whom he had fallen into conversation:

"I have been thinking," said he, "of going into that house of mine in West Thirty-fourth street. It was built by G—, before his failure, for his own residence, and would probably suit me as well as any I could find; but there are several improvements I wish to make, if I occupy it. And then, after all, it is so burdensome to keep up a style suitable for such a residence in the city. I do not know but I would like it better up here on the Hudson. If I could purchase one of those half-some locations that we passed near T—, I think I could enjoy laying out the grounds and riding about the country for a while. But I am afraid that just when I became comfortably settled and the novelty had passed away, I should find that I was too far from the city. Then, again, it has occurred to me that I might enjoy a year in Paris first. And among them all, I really do not know what to do."

"You are not so happy as when you were making your money," remarked the minister.

"No; then I had a definite object in view, and I knew how to accomplish it. In the morning I was intent upon some scheme or other, and at night I rejoiced in the success of my projects."

"Even then, however, you only rejoiced in view of a supposed future good, the fortune to be secured."

"True; but you do not tell me what you think of my plans."

"Well, then, since you ask me, I must say that I do not think that either of them would make you happy."

"No!" exclaimed the rich man, in blank amazement. "What then? What would you propose?"

"Would you use a razor for paring apples, or a parlor-duster for sweeping the streets?"

"Certainly not. Those things were not made for such purposes."

"Neither was man made for ends such as you have been proposing. He was made to glorify God and to enjoy Him forever, and no aim less than that can meet the wants of his immortal nature. Now, if you really wish to know how to satisfy every want, of your being, set yourself with a willing heart, to study how you can devote yourself, and your time, and your money to the service of your Maker."

When I heard this, I considered that the rich man ought to be very thankful to have his hard problem solved, but his muttered reply was indistinct to my ear, and I thought that he went away sorrowful.—Exchange.

OUR HAIR.

During the cold season the hair is cut too short; the ears are exposed. The cold winds not only produce buzzing and roaring in them, but often injure the hearing. While the weather is cold, the ears should be covered. The natural protection and the best one is the hair.

But the common nakedness of the back of the neck is still more mischievous. Leaving that vital part exposed to the extreme changes of our climate, produces innumerable weak eyes and irritable throats. Women are most fortunate in the present style. That net which hangs the hair, upon the back of the neck is not only artistic, but physiological. During cold weather men should allow their hair to meet the coat-collar.—Dio Lewis, M. D.

"ONLY A LITTLE TIPSY."

"Oh, mamma," said a bright boy of nine years, "did you hear the fire bells ring this morning?"

"Yes, my dear."

"The city hall was burnt down," added the boy, "and a man who had been put in the lock-up for disorderly conduct was burnt to death."

"Was he, indeed?"

"Yes, mamma; and he was a real nice, kind man. He got in a scuffle last night with some rowdies, and to keep the peace till morning they put him in the lock-up. People are so sorry he is burnt."

"Yes, my boy, we have all reason to be sorry. For a man to be burnt to death is a very shocking thing. But how came the poor man to be in that scuffle? You say he was a nice, kind man. That seems strange."

"Why, mamma, he was only a little tipsy."

"Only a little tipsy? That explains all."

"Yes, he was tipsy. And they think that in lighting his pipe towards morning, a spark fell on something, that kindled very quick, and so the building was burnt, and the poor man in it. He shrieked dreadfully to be let out, but they could not get him out till it was too late."

"Remember that, my boy. When you grow bigger, and the boys want you to drink anything like rum or wine, don't listen to them for a moment. They may say, 'A little won't hurt you.' Remember that all the drunkards in the world began by taking a little at first. The poor man who was burnt to death this morning had no idea of being a drunkard. But bad habits become stronger and stronger, and they make slaves of us before we know it. Always remember the man who lost his life because he was 'only a little tipsy!'"

"One word more, my boy; remember too, that no 'drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven.'"—American Messenger.

REACH OUT FOR HEAVEN.

You long for the bread of God to come down from heaven, and give you life such as the angels enjoy, do you? You long for a warmer, tenderer, more of the neighborly love, do you? You yearn for it, and pray for it? Then go out yourself, and try to live for others. Try to do something to dissipate the darkness, to lessen the burdens, to alleviate the sorrows, to multiply the joys, to smooth the rugged pathway of some neighbor.

Try to extract some rankling thorn, or to pour a little oil and wine into some bruised and wounded soul. Seek out some friendless and needy object, on whom to bestow your sympathy, your generosity, your offices of kindness. And you need not go far; such objects exist in scores all around you—objects needing sympathy and comfort, if not material aid. Do this, and see how your cold and hard-hearted selfishness will begin to diminish, and your neighborly love increase! See how the windows of heaven will be opened within you, and your before waste and barren soul begin to be flooded with the gracious outpourings of love from on high! "It is the outgoings of our own thoughts and feelings with intent to bless that cause the plentiful incomings of the Divine love and mercy, agreeably to the Divine declaration, 'Give, and it shall be given unto you.'"—Religious Magazine.

ACCESS TO GOD.

However early in the morning you seek the gate of access, you find it already open; and however deep the midnight moment when you find yourself in the sudden arms of death, the winged prayer can bring an instant Saviour near; and this wherever you are. It needs not that you should enter some awful shrine, or put off your shoes on some holy ground. Could a memento be reared on every spot from which an acceptable prayer passed away, and on which a prompt answer has come down, we should find Jehovah Shammah, "The Lord hath been here," inscribed on many a cottage hearth and many a dungeon floor. We should find it not only in Jerusalem's proud temple, David's cedar galleries, but in the fisherman's cottage by the brink of Genesareth, and in the upper chamber where Pentecost began.

And whether it be the field where Isaac went to meditate, or the rocky knoll where Jacob lay down to sleep, or the brook where Israel wrestled, or the den where Daniel gazed on the hungry lions and the hungry lions gazed on him, or the hillsides where the Man of sorrows prayed all night, we should still discern the print of the ladder's feet let down from heaven, the landing place of mercies, because the starting point of prayer.—Hamilton.

THE END OF THE SQUIRREL.—A little girl who had learned that human beings have souls, but that animals have not, recently lost her pet squirrel. She mourned his death bitterly, and when her mother suggested that she ought not to grieve so much at the loss of an animal, she said, pathetically:—"I shouldn't care, mother, if Bunny went any where—he just died, and didn't go any where."