

The Home Circle.

THIRTY-FIVE.

As one who climbs a mountain steep,
And pauses on the way
With backward glance his path to sweep;
So would I pause to-day.

Half-way.

Half-way! and looking down the road,
The stones that hurt my feet,
The wayside thorne, the tiresome load,
Make this short rest seem sweet;

Half-way.

Half-way! a haze obscures my sight;
My eyes grow dim with tears,
As, looking downward from this height,
I count my buried years;

Half-way.

Ah, me! how bright and happy some!
Their graves are strewn with flowers;
But others shroud me in their gloom
And bring back heavy hours;

Half-way.

How many a treasure from my grasp
Has dropped along the way!
Father! Thy strong and steady clasp
I seek anew to-day;

Half-way.

Half-way long! I look above,
But nothing can I see!
My Father's guidance and his love
Are all in all to me;

Half-way.

Half-way! and I may never count
My "three-score years and ten!"
And looking down on life's rough mount,
Think that this might have been

Half-way.

Aye, looking down! If e're my feet
May tread the mount of God,
I fain would stop for rest so sweet,
And drop life's weary load

Half-way.

TRUE TO LIFE.

Yes, Eddie, you can play Papa,
And I will be Mamma; and Huss
(Don't bark so old fellow,) is Katy.
And the dollies—poor things—must be us.
Now Eddie, just take up the paper,
And scowl at it. No, that ain't right;
Hold it up closer and higher,
And pucker your forehead up tight.

And Eddie, don't laugh when the children
(The dollies you know) have their fun,
But stick your teeth tight to each other
And tell me that "Tophets begun."
And then, when I rustle their dresses,
Just slam your fist on the sill,
And say, "There's no rest for the weary,"
And "Why can't those young ones be still?"

Then 'twill be my turn; but Mamma
Don't say much, you know, so I'll sigh,
And take them up stairs out of hearing,
Though I would like to stop and tell why
We—I mean they—can't be quiet,
But Mamma don't answer, you see,
For Papa goes on with his reading,
And you must do that way with me.

And then we'll have dinner; but Eddie,
You mustn't say dinner tastes good,
Nor ask for some more of the pudding;
That ain't the way a gentleman should—
But make up a face at the gravy,
And say that it stuck to the pan,
And tell me, if Kate can't get dinner,
I'd better get some one that can.

And then I'll say softly, "But, Edward"—
And you must break in—"tis such fun;
And lift up the meat from the platter,
And say, "Do you call that well done?"
I guess I'll cry then, and you grumble,
Say "Women don't have any sense,"
And you'll "get along to the club-house,"
And—well, now it's time to commence.

A CHEERFUL HOME.

A single bitter word may disquiet an entire family for a whole day. One surly glance casts a gloom over the household, while a smile like a gleam of sunshine, may light up the darkest and weariest hours. Like unexposed flowers, which spring up along our path, full of freshness, fragrance, and beauty, so do kind words and gentle acts and sweet dispositions make glad the home where peace and blessing dwell. No matter how humble the abode, if it be thus garnished with grace and sweetened with kindness and smiles, the heart will turn lovingly toward it from all the tumults of the world, and home, be it ever so humbly, will be the dearest spot beneath the circuit of the sun. And the influences of home permeate themselves. The gentle grace of the mother lives in the daughter long after her head is pillowed in the dust of death and the fatherly kindness finds its echo in the nobility and courtesy of sons who come to wear his mantle and to fill his place; while on the other hand, from an unhappy, misgoverned, and disordered home go forth persons who shall make other homes miserable, and perpetuate the sourness and sadness, the contentions and strife and railings which have made their own early lives so wretched and distressed.

Toward the cheerful home the children gather as clouds and "as doves to their windows," while from the home which is the abode of discontent and strife and trouble they fly forth as vultures to rend their prey. The class of men that disturb and disorder and distress the world are not those born and nurtured amid the hallowed influences of Christian homes; but rather those whose early life has been a scene of trouble and vexation—who have started wrong in the pilgrimage, and whose course is one of disaster to themselves, and trouble to those around them. —*Friend's Intelligencer.*

CIVILITY IS A FORTUNE.

Civility is a fortune itself, for a courteous man always succeeds well in life, and even when persons of ability sometimes fail. The famous Duke of Marlborough is a case in point. It was said of him by one contemporary, that his agreeable manner often converted an enemy into a friend; and by another, that it was more pleasing to be denied a favor by his grace than to receive one from other men. The gracious manner of Charles James Fox preserved him from personal dislike, even at a time when he was politically the most unpopular man in the kingdom. The history of the country is full of such examples of success obtained by civility. The experience of every man furnishes, if we but recall the past, frequent instances where conciliatory manners have made the fortunes of physicians, lawyers, divines, politicians, merchants, and, indeed, individuals of all pursuits. In being introduced to a stranger, his affability, or the reverse, creates instantaneously a prepossession in his behalf, or awakens unconsciously a prejudice against him. To men, civility is, in fact, what beauty is to a woman; it is a general passport to favor, a letter of recommendation, written in language that every stranger understands. The best of men have often injured themselves by irritability and consequent rudeness, as the greatest scoundrels have frequently succeeded by their plausible manners. Of two men, equal in all other respects, the courteous one has twice the chance for fortune.

RIDICULE.

There is so great a charm in the sportive play of fancy and wit that there is no danger of their being neglected or undervalued, or that the naïve talent for them will remain undeveloped; our chief solicitude must be to keep them, even in their wildest flights, still in subjection to duty and benevolence. We must not allow ourselves to be betrayed into an approving smile at any effusions of wit and humor tintured in the slightest degree by ill-nature. A child will watch the expression of our countenance, to see how far he may venture, and if he finds he has the power to amuse us in spite of ourselves, we have no longer any hold over him from respect, and he will go rioting on in his sallies until he is tired, and seek at every future opportunity to renew his triumph.

Wit, undirected by benevolence, generally falls into personal satire—the keenest instrument of unkindness; it is so easy to laugh at the expense of our friends and neighbors—they furnish such ready materials for our wit, that all the moral forces require to be arranged against the propensity, and its earliest indications checked. We may satirize error, but we must compassionate the erring, and this we must always teach by example to children, not only in what we say of others before them, but in our treatment of themselves. We should never use ridicule toward them, except when it is evidently good natured, that its spirit cannot be mistaken; the agony which a sensitive child feels on being held up before others as an object of ridicule, even for a trifling error, a peculiarity, is not soon forgotten, nor easily forgiven. When we wish, therefore, to excite contrition for a serious fault, ridicule should never be employed, as the feelings it raises are directly opposed to self-reproach.

FLATTERY.

I despise it more than I can find words to express. The silly, senseless meaningless flattery that is so prevalent in society. But I believe in merited praise; we find many things to censure, and the most of us are not backward about doing so, but on the other hand, when we see things to commend, should we not, in love and justice, be more ready to give a word of praise, if we see many beautiful traits of character in the members of our household, if we believe them to be temperate, honest, industrious and cheerful, is it flattery for us to tell them so?

If we see many noble qualities in our friend or neighbor is it flattery for us to tell them that we appreciate them? or must we wait until distance separates, or death divides, and then, with the shadow of the far distant one clinging to our hearts as we are standing by the casket that contains all that is left to us of those once so fair and beautiful to our eyes, and have made the joy and sunshine of our hearts and homes, or by the sored mound in the cemetery where mother earth has kindly opened her heart to receive them and pour forth our words of life and appreciation, (that we have been so chary of,) which would have been far more graceful to their famished

hearts when living, than the oasis in the desert is to the wearied and thirsty traveler?

It is not after we are dead that we need sympathy, charity and kindness, but whilst we are journeying along together through the rugged pathways of life, let us spin flattery as we would a viper, but never withhold the word of praise whether for great or noble deeds or seeming trifles, for it is the small acts that make up the sum and substance of our existence.

DREAMS AND DREAMING.

Early in the present century a Wiltshire farmer had a dream soon after midnight, thrice repeated, to the effect that there was something wrong going on in a certain field of his, and after dreaming this the third time, so strong was his impression of its being a reality that he arose, and taking his gun, set out for the spot. It was Summer time, and an hour or two before dawn. On reaching the field, he saw, in a remote part of it, a faint glimmering light, toward which he directed his steps. On approaching, he found a man digging what appeared to be intended for a grave, the light being at the bottom. "What are you doing there," demanded the farmer, but without replying, the fellow bounded off at the top of his speed, leaving behind him his jacket, in a pocket of which was found a murderous weapon in the shape of a knife. The farmer did not pursue, but retraced his steps, and on approaching his house met one of his servant girls carrying a bundle. He inquired whether she was going at that unseasonable hour. But having formed her plan she seemed bent on carrying it out, and showed a disposition to avoid him. This, however, he would not permit, and insisted upon an explanation. It appeared that the wretched man who had just been surprised in the act of preparing for his wicked design had promised to marry the girl, and the arrangement was that she should leave her place and meet him at a specified hour and spot in the field in question, bringing with her the money she had saved while in service. It need hardly be said that, after being apprised by her master of what he had just witnessed, the poor girl was only too glad and thankful to return with him, thus doubtless escaping, through the interposition of a merciful Providence, an untimely and violent death.

In June, 1752, Mr. Robert Aikenhead, farmer in Denstrath, of Arnball, in the Mearns about five miles north of Bechin and seven from Montrose, went to a market called Tarrenty Fair, where he had a large sum of money to receive. His eldest son, Robert, a boy between seven and eight years old, was sent to take care of the cattle, and happened to lie down upon a grassy bank, and before sunset was fast asleep. Although the boy had never been far from home, he was immediately carried in his imagination to Tarrenty market, where he dreamed that his father after receiving the money, set out on his return home, and was followed all the way by two ill-looking fellows, who when he had got into the western dykes of Inglismaldy (the seat of the then Lord Halkerton now Earl of Kintore) and a little more than a mile from home, attacked and attempted to rob him; whereupon the boy thought he ran to his assistance, and when come within a gunshot of the place called out to some people, just going to bed who put the robbers to flight. He immediately awoke in a fright, and without waiting to consider whether it was a vision or a reality, ran as fast as he could to the place he had dreamed of, and no sooner reached it than he saw his father in the very spot and situation he had seen in his dream, defending himself with a stick against the assassins. He therefore realized his own part of the visionary scene by roaring out "Murder" at the top of his voice, which soon brought out the people, who, running up to Mr. Aikenhead's assistance, found him victor over one of the villains, whom he had previously knocked down with a stone, after they had pulled him off his horse, but almost overpowered by the other, who repeatedly attempted to stab him with a sword, against which he had no other defence than his stick and his hands, which were considerably mangled by grasping the blade. Upon sight of the country people, the villain who had the sword ran off, but the other, not being able, was apprehended and lodged in jail. Meanwhile there was a hue and cry after young Robert, whose mother missing him and finding the cattle among the corn, was in the utmost anxiety, concluded he had fallen into some water or peat moss. But her joy and surprise were equally great when her husband returned and told her how wonderfully both his money and his life had been saved by his son's dream.

Not less remarkable than the above was a case mentioned by Dr. Abercrombie of a most respectable clergyman in a country parish in Scotland, who made a collection in his church for an object of public benevolence, in which he felt deeply interested. The amount of collection, which was received in ladles carried through the church, fell greatly short of expectations, and during the evening of the day, he frequently alluded to the fact with expressions of much disappointment. In the following night he dreamed that three one pound notes had been left in one of the ladles, having been so compressed that they stuck in the corner when the ladle was emptied. He was so impressed with the vision, that an early

hour he went to the church, found the ladle he had seen in his dream, and drew from one of the corners of it three one pound notes.

The same writer tells of another clergyman who had gone to Edinburgh from a short distance in the country, and was sleeping at an inn, when he dreamed of seeing a fire and one of his children in the midst of it. He woke with the impression; and instantly returned home. When he arrived within sight of his house, he found it was on fire, and reached the spot just in time to assist in saving one of his children, who, in the alarm and confusion resulting from the fire, had been left in a state of danger.

A lady dreamed that an aged female relative had been murdered by a colored servant, and the dream occurred more than once. She was then so impressed by it that she went to the house to which it related, accompanied by a gentleman, whom she prevailed upon to watch in an adjoining room the next night. About three o'clock in the morning the gentleman hearing footsteps on the stairs, left his place of concealment and met the servant carrying a quantity of coals. Being questioned as to where he was going, he replied in a confused and hurried manner that he was going to mend his mistress' fire, which at three o'clock in the morning in the midst of the Summer, was evidently impossible, and on further investigation a knife was found concealed beneath the coals.

A lady in Edinburgh had sent her watch to be repaired; a long time elapsed without her being able to recover it, and, after many excuses, she began to suspect something was wrong. She now dreamed that the watchmaker's boy, by whom the watch was sent, had dropped it in the street and injured it in such a manner that it could not be repaired. She then went to the master, and without any allusion to the dream, put the question to the boy directly, when he confessed that it was true.

A physician, writing in the *All the Year Round* for 1859, relates a curious story, and suggests as curious a theory to account for it: "One night," he says, "I had a vivid impression in a dream that a man-servant who had lived with him many years was presenting me with some strange object that looked like a screen, over the whole of which was a scalloped pattern. In my dream I was immensely puzzled to make out what it was that produced the pattern; whether shells, or marbles, or any other variegated thing that would effect a tessellated appearance. The next morning I said laughingly to the man 'John, what would it be that I dreamed last night you were making me a present of? it was a sort of screen, with a pattern on like this,' and I rapidly sketched with a pencil on the back of a card, which I still preserve, the pattern I had seen in my dream.

"Why," said John, looking blank, "then you know all about it, sir? My wife, I suppose, has been showing you the screen we are making for you."

"No, indeed, I assure you she has not, and I have never seen nor had any hint of such a thing."

John's answer was to dart from the room and to bring back with him a curious piece of unfinished work. It was a canvas in the form of a square screen into which John's wife had sewed feathers of a water fowl which John had shot by a large marsh near which we were living. The screen which had made considerable progress, was the joint effort of the ingenious pair, and the feathers being assorted with many various colors, sewed into the canvas by the quills, with their tops overlapping each other, produced a fantastic and agreeable mosaic, which at least had the merit of complete originality. As I had never seen any even remotely like it, the inference was strong that John's brain was deeply preoccupied by his screen and its approaching presentation (he was actually cutting a feather at the time I rang my bell), and had impressed on my brain the dominant idea. Nothing could more exactly resemble the pattern I had drawn to show John what my dream had been, than the real pattern. The screen has since been mounted under glass on a fine gilded frame, and is at this time an ornament to my drawing room. It is singular to observe how it puzzles everybody who sees it for the first time, just, as it did me in my dream, as to what the material is that produces its curious mosaic.

STRAIGHTFORWARD.

All the delay and ceremony which precedes matrimony among us is avoided in India, where the wedded state is considered more in the light of an advantageous partnership than as a matter of sentiment. When a man in a decent rank of life wishes to marry, and can prove that he possesses the means of maintaining a wife, it is customary for him to apply to the mistress of the Byculla school, state his wishes and qualifications, and inquire into the number and character of the marriageable girls. An investigation immediately follows as to his eligibility, and if all promises satisfactorily, he is forthwith invited to drink tea with the school-mistress, upon an appointed evening, to give him an opportunity of making his selection. The elder girls are then informed of his intended visit, and its purport, and those who desire to enter the matrimonial list come forward, and signify their wish to join the party. Frequently four or five com-

petitors make their appearance on these occasions, in the mistress' room. The gentleman, while doing his best to make himself universally agreeable, yet contrives in the course of the evening, to mark his preference to one particular lady. Should these symptoms of budding affection be favorably received, he tenders his proposals in due form on the following morning. But it often occurs that the selected lady does not participate in the idyllic orator's sudden flame, in which case she is at perfect liberty to decline the honor of his alliance, and reserve herself for the next tea-party exhibition.

A STARTLING METAMORPHOSIS.

Some one who has been viewing the Siamese jugglers says: "One trick which Minhman performed was a very superior version of the mango-tree feat of the Indian jugglers. He took an orange, cut it open, and produced a snake. This he took down into the audience, and borrowing a robe from one, cut the snake's head off and covered it with the robe. When the robe was lifted again a fox was in place of the snake. The fox's head was cut off, two robes borrowed, and when they were raised there was a wolf, which was killed with a sword. Three robes and a leopard appeared; it was slain with a javelin. Four robes covered a most savage looking buffalo, that was killed with an axe. Five robes covered in part but not altogether a lordly elephant who, when the sword was pointed at him, seized Minhman by the neck and tossed him violently up. He mounted feet foremost, and finally clung by his toes to the capitol of one of the columns. Tepada now leaped from the stage and alighted on the elephant's shoulders. With a short sword he goaded the beast on the head until, shrieking, the unwieldy animal reared upon his hind feet, twined his trunk about one of the great columns, and seemed trying to lift itself from the ground and wrap its body around the great pillar. The music clashed out barbarously, Norodom flashed forth a dazzling firework of some sort, and the elephant had disappeared, and Tepada lay upon the stage writhing in the folds of a great box constrictor and holding up Minhman upon his feet."

THE DIFFERENCE.

Genius rushes like a whirlwind, talent marches on like a cavalcade of heavy men and heavy horses, cleverness skims like a swallow in the summer evening, with a sharp shrill note and sudden turning. The man of genius dwells with men and with nature; the man of talent in his study; but the clever man dances here, there and everywhere, like a butterfly in a hurricane, striking everything and enjoying nothing, but too light to be dashed to pieces. The man of talent will attack theories, the clever man will assail the individual and slander private character. The man of genius despises both; he heeds none, he fears none, he lives in himself, shrouded in the consciousness of his own strength; he interferes with none, and walks forth an example that "eagles fly alone—they are but sheep that herd together." It is true that should a poisonous worm cross his path he may tread it under his foot; should a cur snarl at him he may chastise him; but he will not, cannot attack the privacy of another. Clever men write verses, men of talent write prose, but the man of genius writes poetry.

FOR YOUNG MEN.

James Parton, the noted author, in an article on Chas. Browne (Artemus Ward) closes thus, and he gives good advice to young men:

"I thought I ought not to conclude this article without letting the reader know why this bright and genial spirit is no longer here to add to the world's amusement. Well, this was the reason:—

"Wherever he lectured, whether in New England, California or London, there were sure to be a knot of young fellows to gather around him, and go home with him to supper, and spend half the night in telling stories and singing songs.

"To any man this will be fatal in time, but when the nightly carouse follows an evening's performance before an audience, and if succeeded by a railway journey the next day, the waste of vitality is fearfully rapid. Five years of such a life finished poor Charles Browne. He died in London, 1867, aged 33 years and he now lies buried at the home of his childhood in Maine.

"He was not a deep drinker. He was not a man of strong appetites. It was the nights wasted in conviviality which his system needed for sleep, that sent him to his grave forty years before his time. For men of his profession and character, for all editors, literary men and artists, there is only one safety, teetotalism. He should have taken the advice of the stage driver on the plains, to whom he offered some whiskey; and I commend it strongly to the countless hosts who see this paper every week.

"I don't drink—I won't drink. And I don't like to see anybody else drink. I'm of the opinion of those mountains—keep your top cool! They've got snow, and I've got brains—that's all the difference."—*American Paper.*

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