

The Home Circle.

GOD'S CARES.

I sat in the door at eventide,
My heart was full of fears;
And I saw the landscape before me lie
Through the mists of burning tears;
I thought to myself the world is dark,
No light nor joy I see
Nothing but toil and want is mine,
And no one cares for me.

A sparrow was twittering at my feet,
With its beautiful auburn head;
And it looked at me with its dark, mild eyes,
As it picked up crumbs of bread;
And said to me in words as plain
As the words of a bird could be:
"I'm only a sparrow, a worthless bird,
But the dear Lord cares for me."

A lily was growing beside the hedge,
Beautiful, tall and white,
And it shone through the glossy leaves of green
Like an angel clothed in light;
And it said to me, as it waved its head,
On the breezes soft and free:
"I'm only a lily, a useless flower,
But the master cares for me."

Then it seemed that the hand of the loving Lord
Over my head was laid,
And he said to me: "Oh, faithless child,
Wherefore art thou dismayed?
I clothe the lilies, I feed the birds,
I see the sparrows fall,
Nothing escapes my watchful eyes—
My kindness is over all."

IN EXILE.

The sea at the crag's base brightens,
And shivers in waves of gold;
And overhead, in its vastness
The fathomless blue is rolled.
There comes no wind from the water,
There shines no sail on the main,
And not a cloudlet to shadow
The earth with its fleecy grain.
Oh! give in return for this glory,
So passionate, warm and still,
The mist of a Highland valley—
The breeze from a Scottish hill.

Day after day glides slowly,
Ever and ever the same;
Seas of intensest splendor,
Airs which smite hot as flame.
Birds of imperial plumage,
Palms straight as columns of fire,
Flutter and glitter around me;
But not so my soul's desire.
I long for the song of the laverock,
The catanet's leap and flash,
The sweep of the red deer's antlers,
The gleam of the mountain ash.
Only when night's quiescent,
And peopled with alien stars,
Old faces come to the casement,
And peer through the vine-leaved bars.
No words! but I guess their fancies—
Their dreamings are also mine—
Of the land of the cloud and heather—
The region of Auld Lang Syne.
Again we are treading the mountains,
Below us broadens the frith,
And billows of light keep rolling
Down leagues of emerald heath.

Speed swift through the glowing tropics,
Stout ship, which shall bear me home
O pass, as a Goshawk's arrow,
Through tempest, darkness, and foam,
Bear up through the silent girdle
That circles the flying earth,
Till there shall blaze on thy compass
The lodestar over the north,
That the winds of the hills may greet us,
That our footsteps again may be
In the land of our heart's traditions,
And close to the storied sea.

—Chamber's Journal.

THE LOST WATCH.

When I was first married we were living in Liverpool. I was on board one of Her Majesty's ships as "able seaman." I am sorry to confess it—I was then addicted to drink; in fact, would be called a habitual drunkard. At the end of each voyage I spent two-thirds of my hard earned money, neglecting my wife and children.

On my return from the last voyage I ever took, I gave myself up more than ever to my evil passion. I had been drinking with my companions at the "Ship," a favorite rendezvous for the sailors and their associates. I cannot say at what time I returned home, not being in a condition to observe the time. When I awoke the next morning with a splitting headache and a burning thirst, I found that I had lost my watch and all my money. My conscience smote me for my unmanly and sinful conduct; but the demon had too firm a hold on me to give the struggle up so easily. So, without a word or look at my wife, I left the house, knowing at the time they had no means to find food, and that I had cruelly and foolishly squandered that which would have obtained them plenty. The loss of my watch which my wife and mother bequeathed to me in her last moments, begging me to keep it for her sake, and above all, to abstain from intoxicating drinks, troubled me greatly. Her words seemed once more to be ringing in my ears.

I wandered about the streets for some time

in vain hope of finding the watch. After inquiring at the public-house in which I had passed the previous evening I resumed my wanderings, with no tidings of it. At last, wretched and tired, I gave up the search, and leaned against a post at the corner of a street, with my arms folded and my eyes bent upon the ground.

I was mentally reviewing my past conduct, and forming resolutions to alter my course in future—resolutions which I had, alas! often formed and often broken—when a kind and genial voice interrupted my reverie with the following greeting: "Well, how do you do, Mr. J—?" This is the first opportunity I have had of seeing you since your return home."

I raised my eyes, and recognised the benevolent face of the minister who had been accustomed to visit my poor wife and children, and whom I had sometimes talked with. I could not but confide to him the loss of my watch and money. He had often endeavored to gain my consent to join the temperance cause, but so far without success. I had learnt before of his many acts of charity to my wife and family. I was indebted to him, and had for him a real respect. I was prepared to receive any counsel this time in my discomfort and grief.

"If it were possible to regain your watch," said he, with a bland smile, "would you consent to give up your evil ways and become a member of our good cause?"

"It is not likely that I shall ever find my watch," I replied; but if by so doing I could regain it, I would never touch drink again for the remainder of my existence."

"Then," said he, "you are henceforth a teetotaler," producing the very watch from his vest pocket. My surprise and joy were unbounded. In spite of the people about, I could not restrain my tears of gratitude at the recovery of my mother's watch.

The way the benevolent minister became possessed of it is easily explained. Like most temperate men he was an early riser. Taking his morning walk, as usual, he passed the afore-said "Ship," where he found his watch but not the money. The latter perhaps my shipmates could account for. He recognized the watch at once, having seen it in my possession many times before.

In the course of the morning he had been to the wretched hovel we then called our home, and learned from my wife my neglect and their want, which he provided for, and then he started in search of the neglectful and drunken husband. How he found me I have already stated. We returned home and related all to my injured wife. Kneeling all together, I responded to the minister's prayer; I begged her forgiveness for the past, promising amendment for the future. That was a great day of rejoicing for her. My benefactor became a constant visitor to our new home; and when the good old man died, some years ago few regretted him more than myself and family.

I gave up the sea from the time of my reformation, and obtained employment in London through my wife's relatives. By perseverance and industry I have worked my way up; and I shall always thank Divine providence, using my mother's watch and the good old minister, for lifting me from the mire of dissipation, and bringing me within reach of the saving sound of the gospel.

CURIOUS SUPERSTITIONS.

One very extraordinary way in which Chinese superstition shows itself is in connection with the system of ancestral worship, to which they attach extreme importance. They seem to believe that the human world is, in a certain way, a counterpart of things visible, and that the spirits of the departed stand in need of the same support as they did when living—food, clothes and houses—reduced, however, to a state suitable for the use of the invisible, which they seem to imagine is to be attained by the process of burning! They have a curious way in carrying their superstition into effect. Having to provide, not on the day of the funeral alone, but in perpetuity, for the comforts of the departed, they take care that clothing, furniture and money shall cost them as little as possible. They therefore manufacture imitations of these necessities in paper, the paper money being covered with tin or gilt foil; and on some occasions a paper, ready furnished, is burned and passed entire into the unseen world.

The food of the spirits is managed more simply still. The feast is spread, hot and steaming, and the steam and fumes arising from the repast appear to form the nutriment of the spirits, for the substantial is afterwards consumed by the relatives. From this feeling with regard to ancestral worship results the strong desire of every Chinaman to have a son instead of a daughter; for should the male line of his family fail, the ancestral feasts cannot be properly performed, and, not only his own spirit will be starved, but all his ancestors will be reduced to a state of beggary.

Probably the most curious of Chinese superstitions is the fung shuy or geomancy. The two words, mean simply "wind and water;" but the true sense and import of this name for the superstition cannot be gathered from these words. The real object of the study and profession of the art of fung shuy is to woo the good and ward off the evil spirits, in whose existence and power to bless and curse the Chinese apparently entertain a profound belief. As no earthly winds blow in China, from

October to the end of March, it is not very surprising that the natives associate with them the death of Nature, as it were, and look upon that quarter of the compass as the one from which evil influences emanate; and as southerly winds prevail during the rest and more cheerful part of the year, they conclude that all good and beneficial influences come from the south; consequently all the temples and houses which can be so constructed are built to face the south. But, observes Mr. Moule, it is in the selection of sites for graves that the talent of the profession of fung shuy is chiefly displayed. A thoroughly good situation must be open to the south, with nothing abruptly to check the flow of the southerly blessing; and to the north must be some hill or rising ground, some tree or other object to check, puzzle, and defeat the tide of evil from that withering region. If the position be bad, the dead, irritated and annoyed by the unpleasant influence from the north, make known their resentment by causing sickness and other calamities to assail the family; the finally, if the mischief is not repaired, they make it wither away.

Each village has its fung shuy, its luck tree; and the hand of the man who would cut down a luck tree, thus letting in a stream of curses from the north, is said to be paralyzed and withered on the spot.

Chinese villages are often built in squares, with houses on three sides, and the entrance open toward the south. The two sides as you enter have different degrees of honour and importance. The right hand is the green dragon, the left the white tiger; and if, by design or accident, the white tiger's head be lifted higher than the dragon's, or if any special advantage be gained by the left then the luck of the place is gone. It is interesting to notice that this superstition of fung shuy, though it prevails so widely, and has taken such a deep root in the minds of the people, is yet denounced in the Sacred Edict as a capital crime.—Once a Week.

POWER OF THE HUMAN EYE.

The power of the human eye as exercised by woman over man is doubtless irresistible, but when a man imagines that his own eye can exert the influence over the lower creation, and that he has only to gaze fixedly on a wild beast to subdue its ferocity, he occasionally miscalculates his chance.

Thus, a professor in Vermont, who was a believer in the power of the human eye, realized the truth of the doctrine to his sorrow. Determined to convince the skeptics of its truth, he selected a ferocious bull who was the terror of the neighborhood as the object of his experiment. The result was not altogether successful. Surrounded by a retinue of disbelievers, the scientific gentleman sauntered into the pasture where the thoughtful bull was peacefully grazing. He fixed upon the bull his eagle eye, but the ferocious old animal quailed not, neither did it retire in melodramatic order, but the last thing seen of that professor was his archaeological form tossed twenty-seven feet into the air and coming down on the other side of the fence. His physical injuries were slight, but his faith in scientific mesmerism as illustrated in bulls has been greatly weakened.

THE CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN.

He is above a mean thing. He cannot stoop to a mean fraud. He invades no secret in the keeping of another. He betrays no secret confided to his keeping. He never struts in borrowed plumage. He never takes selfish advantage of our mistakes. He uses no ignoble weapons in controversy. He never stabs in the dark. He is ashamed of himself. He is not one thing to a man's face and another behind his back. If by accident he comes in possession of his neighbor's councils, he passes upon them an act of instant oblivion. He bears sealed packages without tampering with the wax.

Papers not meant for his eye, whether they flutter at the windows or lie open before them in unguarded exposure, are sacred to him. He invades no privacy of others, however the sentry sleeps. Bolts and bars, locks and keys, hedges and pickets, bonds and securities, notice to trespassers, are none of them for him. He may be trusted alone out of sight, near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no offices, he sells none, he intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonesty. He will eat honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feeling. He insults no man. If we have rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, manly; he cannot descend to scurrility. In short whatever he judges honorable he practices toward every man.

THE OBJECT OF LIFE.

The narrow objects of life, as set forth and defined by the theology of the past, and which is not yet cast off by the world that has in reality outgrown it, are a disgrace to enlightened people, and should be dismissed from the calendar, recording human progress. The prevalent ideas of the moral purpose of this world, which have prevailed are, in the first place, that it is a wreck, that it never can be rebuilt; and all that can be done for this world is to get out a few bales, and to save the crew, if possible, but the old foundering thing itself, it is supposed, must go down; that men are on earth, it is held by some, for the especial pur-

pose of getting off from it again safely into another world, and so that is accomplished it is supposed to matter very little what they leave behind or how they fare. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in a recent lecture, says that such a system of life would set civilization at defiance.

A sounder theory is that toward which all Christian men in our times are unconsciously tending, namely, that in every generation we are to be sure to seek to prepare men for another life, but that the best possible preparations for another life is one that shall make this world at the same time a fairer, purer, nobler, and better earth to be lived in. We hold that this world is built as a kind of a schoolhouse world, where men are being educated, and that a part of their education consists in building the world, and that by that building they are themselves developed, and that they are to leave it to their posterity a better one.

ABOUT CATS.

While the majority of people have kindly feelings towards dogs, comparatively few are attached to cats; and yet the ancients made these animals special objects of attention and kindness. On many of the old monuments of Egypt representation of cats are to be seen, while quantities of bronze figures and mummies of them have been exhumed in and around Thebes and other cities. Some of these mummies, all swaddled in long stripes of perfumed linen, and with their heads curiously painted, were discovered in excellent state of preservation, and lying in wooden collins. The Egyptians seem to have trained some of their cats to hunt and carry game, for in pictures of hunting scenes in the valley of the Nile, cats are represented pouncing upon marsh-birds, or bringing them to their masters. This variety of the feline tribe differs, however, from our common cat, being more of a tiger or leopard. When the sultan of El-Daher-Beylars—who reigned over Egypt and Syria toward 1260 A. D.—died, he bequeathed a garden called "the cats' orchard," which was to be kept as a refuge for all stray and hungry cats. This garden is still devoted to its original purpose, though greatly reduced in size. The cat, being by virtue of his office and functions a trustee of all pious and charitable bequests, superintends a daily distribution, between noon and sunset, of butcher's refuse meat and scraps, which are dealt out in proportionate quantities to each and every cat that comes or is brought into the large courtyard known as the Mekmeh. And there are regular habits of the place that never fail to come at the appointed hour, whatever the weather. They throng in on all sides, and the roofs of the neighboring houses literally swarm with them. As a natural consequence, the uproar is something terrific. In certain parts of Italy and Switzerland the same custom is observed. In Florence there is an old cloister which is used as a house of refuge for cats. This establishment is much patronized by those people who wish to select good mousers, as the animals are well trained and cared for. In Geneva the cats wander through the streets like the dogs in Constantinople, and are never molested. On the contrary, the people are generally very willing to feed them. In Rome at certain hours, butchers and hucksters go through the city with meat for the cats, and as soon as the latter hear the peculiar cry or whistle of these dealers they rush out of the houses and get their respective shares of the daily meal, for which their owners pay a monthly contribution. The veneration felt by Arabs for cats arises from superstition. They believe that spirits assume their shape to visit their departed friends. The Mahometans have also always prized the cat, on account of the prophet's liking to the animal. Many eminent men of ancient and modern times have valued cats as pets: for example, Cardinal de Richelieu, Cardinal Wolsey, Dick Whittington, Lord Chesterfield, &c.; but for all that many of our readers will agree with that witty French writer who said, "The Lord made the cat to give man the pleasure of fondling a tiger."

SALUTING THE AMERICAN FLAG.

A short time since a most ridiculous affair happened in the harbor of Rio Janeiro. An ice ship from Boston entered the bay, commanded by a Captain Green, in the South American trade. Fort Santa Cruz, not recognising his house flag, hailed him, and ordered him to "heave to." But the worthy skipper didn't speak Portuguese, and the simple statement of the name of his vessel, which he hurled at the fort, was not at all satisfactory; so a blank shot was fired as a mild suggestion for him to stop. But the captain called for his revolver, and pointing it skyward, fired six successive shots. Then a solid shot from the fort skipped across his bow, and another, better aimed, passed through his fore sail. The fort and two shore batteries opened fire upon him, and several of his light spars were cut away. But he held on his course rejoicing, loading and firing his revolver. He finally reached quarantine, and came to anchor just as his flying jib boom went by the board. He was then so near the other shipping that they dare fire on him no longer, and the police boat, the custom house boat, and the health boat, all boarded him, together with the captain of the port, who, with more vigor than politeness, wanted to know "Why he didn't heave to!"

"Heave to!" ejaculated the astounded skipper, "was that what you wanted? Good Lord! I thought you was salutin' the American flag!"

"Diable!" shouted the officers in chorus, and set the case down as additional evidence of the lunacy which they regarded as a necessary ingredient of the American character.

Sawdust and Chips.

"What's the use of trying to be honest?" asked a young man, the other day, of a friend. "Try it once to see," was the reply.

The precious school-boy, who, quoting from a distinguished statesman, said he "knew no north nor south," was surprised to find himself put at the bottom of class in geography.

The locomotive of a western express train collided with a hand-car, and smashed the headlight. The conductor was equal to the occasion. He just stuck his diamond breast-pin in the cow-catcher, and the train moved right along.

A negro preacher at Lafayette, Alabama, in translating the sentence, "The harvest is over, the season is ended, and the soul is not saved," put in: "Do corn has been cribbed, dere ain't any more work, and de debil is still fooling wid this community."

The editor of a Newark paper heard, the other day, that a new pass had been found in the Andes. He immediately wrote to a man in South America that the pass was his, and he would be much obliged if the man would forward it at once.

"Pay me that twenty-five cents you owe me!" roared a newsboy to a bootblack. "Hav'n't got the currency, Juneey," responded the burnisher; "but I can give you a certified check."

"I thought you were born on the 1st of April," said a husband to his lovely wife, who had mentioned the 21st as her birthday. "Most people would think so, from the choice I made of a husband," she replied.

A gentleman late one night met his servant, "Hallo! where are you going at this time of night? for no good I'll warrant!" "I was going for you sir."

"Poor Julia took that circumstance very much to heart," said Jones. "Did she, indeed?" said Robinson; "the dear girl! I wish I were that circumstance."

The county clerk's record of a Western city shows that more marriage licenses are granted on Monday than any other day. This is, probably, caused by the sparkings of the Sunday night. The boys haven't had time to get over the last squeeze at the garden gate.

That was a triumphant appeal of an Irishman who was a lover of antiquity, who, in arguing the superiority of old architecture over the new, said: "Where will you find any modern building that has lasted as long as the ancient?"

A five-year-old boy, who was hungry one night, just at bed time, but didn't wish to ask directly for something to eat, put it in this way, "Mother, are little children who are starved to death happy after they die?" A good big slice of bread and butter was the answer.

"Where do you hail from?" inquired a Yankee of a traveller. "Where do you rain from?" "Don't rain at all," said the astonished Jonathan. "Neither do I hail—so mind your own business!"

A young man in Indiana sued his father for loaned money, which the father claims was his own property. The latter's counsel, in summing up the case of his client, remarked: "Twice has the prodigal returned to his father's house; twice has he been received with open arms; twice for him has the fatted calf been killed; and now he comes back and wants the old cow."

It Stopped.—A clergyman in Columbia, Pa., recently tested the efficacy of prayer by introducing into his supplication the words "Oh, Lord bless and enlighten the young man in the pink necktie, and the maiden in the blue bonnet and gray shawl, who are profaning the sanctuary by kissing one another in pew No 48," and so have eminent authority for the assertion that the kissing immediately stopped.

"Admitting yourself out of Court," is a legal phrase signifying a liberality of concession to your opponent by which you destroy your own cause. This excess of candor was well illustrated by the Irishman who boasted that he had often skated sixty miles a day. "Sixty miles!" exclaimed an auditor—"that is a great distance; it must have been accomplished when the days were longest." "To be sure it was; I admit that," said the ingenious Hibernian.

A man who had recently been elected a major of militia, and who was not overburdened with brains, took it into his head, on the morning of parade, to exercise a little by himself. The field selected for this purpose was his own apartment. Placing himself in a military attitude, with his sword drawn, he exclaimed: "Attention, company! Rear rank three paces march!" and he tumbled down in the cellar. His wife, hearing the racket, came running in, saying, "My dear, have you killed yourself?" "Go about your business, woman," said the hero; "what do you know about war!"