

The Home Circle.

TO-MORROW.

Loud chilling winds may hoarsely blow
From off the distant mountain,
And winter, on his wings of snow,
May hush the crystal fountain,
Sere, withering leaves on every hand,
May tell of earth in sorrow,
Again will spring-time warm the land
And bring a glad to-morrow

The storm may gather loud and fast,
Sweeping o'er the angry sky;
Rough winds may rock the stubborn mast,
And waves pile mountain high;
Darkness may deepen in her gloom,
Nor stars relieve her sorrow,
Light will come trembling from her tomb,
In golden-haired to-morrow.

The sun may chase the far-off cloud,
And leave the world in sadness,
Still will her smile break through the shroud
And fill the air with gladness;
The day may lose her golden light,
Her tears the night may borrow,
Yet with her parting, last good-night,
She brings us fair to-morrow.

The hills, once green with verdure clad,
May sing their plaintive story,
Full-robed again, in echoes glad,
Will boast their former glory;
The rose may linger on the stem,
Its fragrance breathes of sorrow,
'Twill yield to earth its vital gem
And bloom again to-morrow.

Broad arches span the brow of heaven,
And shimmer in their brightness,
Like diadems of glory riven,
Lost in a sea of whiteness,
Their lustre glimmering on the sight,
Like banners draped in sorrow,
Tells of joy, of peace, of light,
Where beams a bright to-morrow.

The thoughts that burn like altar fires,
With incense pure and holy,
Whose flames reach high in proud desires,
The riches of the lowly,
May lose the fervor of their glow,
Nor pleasure longer borrow,
Their music may forget to flow,
'Twill swell again to-morrow.

The hopes, the loves of days gone by,
May fade in joyous seeming,
The light that filled the radiant eye
May lose its early-beaming,
Care's silver thread may gather o'er
The brow oppressed by sorrow,
Still brighter joys seem yet in store,
And promise much to-morrow.

The victory that we win in life
May waver at its dawning,
Love may be wounded in the strife,
And tears may cloud our morning,
But, with each fresh returning day,
Hope wings away our sorrow,
Sheds o'er the heart her blissful ray
And whispers of to-morrow.

THE CHILD AND THE FIREFLIES.

The dimness of twilight fell upon a white cottage and its enclosure of trees and flowering shrubs. As the darkness increased fireflies came and swarmed in the air, a shower of living jewels. "Oh, how pretty!" cried a little blue-eyed girl, rushing from the cottage, and spreading out her small apron to capture the glittering insects. Two or three were imprisoned; and, seating herself upon the soft grass beneath the high boughs, she carefully inspected her booty. Suddenly, her sunny face became clouded with disappointment, and throwing the dull brown creatures from her with disgust, she exclaimed, "They are not pretty any more!" "Ah, my little one!" said her mother, "this is but a symbol of the more disappointments that await you in life. Pleasures will flutter temptingly around your path, and you will grasp them but to fling them from you, and cry, 'They are beautiful no more!' But see, dearest, your released fireflies, beautiful only upon the wing, sparkle now as gaily as ever. Such are the enjoyments of earth. Learn neither to despise them, nor look to them for satisfying happiness. Fleeting and illusive as they are, they often illumine the darkness of our mortal pilgrimage, and point our immortal yearnings to Paradise, for the perfection of bliss."

THE FOLLY OF PRIDE.

The Rev. Sidney Smith, for many years one of the contributors to the great English Reviews, thus discourseth on the folly of pride in such a creature, as may be:—"After all, take some quiet, sober moment of life, and add together the two ideas of pride and of man; behold him, creature of a span high, stalking through infinite space in all the grandeur of littleness. Perched on a speck of the universe, every wind of heaven strikes into his blood the coldness of death; his soul floats from his body like melody from the strings; day and night, as dust on the wheel, he is rolled along the heavens, through a labyrinth of worlds, and all the creations of God are flaming above and beneath. Is this a creature to make for himself a crown of glory; to deny his own flesh, to mock at his fellow sprung from the

dust to which both will soon return? Does the proud man not err? Does he not suffer? Does he not die? When he reasons is he never stopped by difficulties? When he acts is he never tempted by pleasure? When he lives is he free from pain? When he dies can he escape the common grave? Pride is not the heritage of man; humility should dwell with frailty, and for ignorance, error, and imperfection."

ARAB WOMEN.

I have only just alluded slightly to that which makes one of the great charms of Algiers. I mean this picturesqueness and variety of the costumes, especially in the old town. At first it was impossible to distinguish the different nationalities of the wearers. But by degrees we learned to tell them at first sight.

The most picturesque are the Arabs, *par et simple*, with their tall, erect figures, straight features, magnificent carriage and dark eyes. There is one peculiarity about them, and that is, that they always have their heads covered, the white headress or capote of their bur-mouses being bound round the head with a thick cord of camels hair wound round six or seven times. Their wives are shrouded from head to foot in white balks and burnouses, the only sign of difference of rank being shown in the exceeding fineness of the stuff worn by the ladies, which covers them completely, only one eye being allowed to be shown. These poor women are looked upon as beasts of burden in the tents and among the lower classes; while among the upper they are simply slaves, whose one idea in life is to minister to the pleasures of their lords.

Various attempts have been made by the French to emancipate them from this unhappy condition; but, as yet, in vain. On this subject M. Cherbonneau (the head of the Arabic-French school and a learned archaeologist, with whose labors we afterward become better acquainted at Constantine) tells the following anecdote, which was related to him by the famous Mussalman lawyer, Si Chadi:

A chief of the tribe of Haracta, between Ain-Beida and Tebessa, went on some business to Constantine. A few days later he returned to his tribe, and, calling to his wife, desired her to fetch four posts and some cord. She obeyed; when, to her horror, the chief threw her down on the ground, lashed her to the four stakes, and taking a stick, commenced beating her with all his might. Her cries brought all the inhabitants of the tents to their doors, and one endeavored, though in vain, to stop her husband's arm.

"But what has she done?" they exclaimed. "She is the pearl of the tribe, the best of mothers, the model of wives!"

"What has she done?" retorted the monster. "Nothing; I am only relieving my mind."

At last, being exhausted by his own fury, he condescended to stop, and explain that, at Constantine, he had seen an Arab woman, backed up by the French authorities, drag her husband before the court to complain of his ill-usage, and that, had actually given judgment in her favor! So monstrous an infraction of Arab usage had infuriated the chief to such a degree that he had forgotten the object of his journey, and only hurried home to wreak his vengeance, for the insult offered to the male sex, on the body of his unhappy wife!

THE SAILOR AND THE ACTRESS.

"When I was a poor girl," said the late Duchesse de St. Alban's, "working very hard for my thirty shillings a week, I went down to Liverpool during the holidays, where I was always kindly received. I was to perform in a new piece, something like those pretty little affecting dramas they get up now in our minor theatres; and in my character I represented a poor, friendless orphan girl, reduced to the most wretched poverty. A heartless tradesman prosecutes the sad heroine for a heavy debt, and insists in putting her in prison, unless some one would be bail for her. The girl replies,—

"Then I have no hope, for I have not a friend in the world."

"What, will no one be bail for you, to save you from prison?" asks the stern creditor.

"I have told you I have not a friend on earth," was my reply.

"But just as I was uttering the words, I saw a sailor in the upper gallery spring over the railing, letting himself down from one tier to another, until he bounded clear over the orchestra and footlights, and placed himself beside me in a moment.

"Yes, you shall have one friend at least, my poor young woman," said he, with the greatest expression in his honest, unadorned countenance. "I will go bail for you to any amount. And as for you," (turning to the frightened actor), "if you don't bear a hand, and shift your moorings, you lubber, it will be the worse for you when I come across your bows!"

"Every creature in the house rose; the uproar was indistinguishable; peals of laughter, screams of terror, cheers from his tawny messmates in the gallery, preparatory scrapings of the violins in the orchestra; and, amidst the universal din, there stood the unconscious cause of it, sheltering me, 'the poor, distressed young woman,' and breathing defiance and destruction against my mimic persecutor. He was only persuaded to relinquish his care of

me by the manager pretending to arrive and rescue me with a profusion of theatrical bank-notes."

CURIOUS MARRIAGE.

In order to make chicken salad, says a philosopher, you must first get your chicken. The motto has, with slight alterations, been put in practice in Galicia (Austrian Poland), on the occasion of a recent wedding. In a certain little town of that far-off and not over-enlightened region, a Jewess was engaged to be married to a foreign co-religionist. On the day that was to make the twain one, a large crowd, including the Rabbi, gathered at the house of the bride; all was in readiness for the interesting ceremony save that the all-important element of the bridegroom was wanting. After wasting much patience and many questions in regard to the absent one, a person in the crowd took the responsibility of declaring that the faithless bridegroom would not come. What was to be done in such a quandary? The bride was dressed out with the positive design of being married; the Rabbi had come with the positive design of marrying somebody; friends had assembled with the equally positive design of having a jolly time. Nobody, especially the prospective father and mother-in-law, cared about being disappointed; so witness the luminous idea that seized upon Rabbi, parents and friends. They were bound to play *Hamlet*, though the man that was originally engaged to play the title role had failed to come up to time. So this is the little stratagem practised in order to secure a *Hamlet*. Said the assembled wisdom, "Take the first best Jewish young man you can find on the street, bring him here, and let him be united to this woman." And it was done. Then a collection was made and presented to the so queerly-married couple. But now comes the point of the whole affair: Next day, after this singular proceeding, the *bona fide Hamlet* presented himself, excusing his lateness by the bad state of the roads. He was forthwith married to his fiancée, and the forcibly-married young man again placed in bachelorhood, much astonished, perhaps a little richer in pocket, and wondering what would be his next adventure in the matrimonial ocean.

TRANSFIXED.

The following rare bit is from the *Saturday Evening Post*: We shall never forget that evening we spent at Magruder's a year ago. We admired Miss Magruder. It was summer time, and moonlight, and she sat upon the piazza. The carpenter had been there that day, gluing up the rustic chairs in the porch, so we took a seat on the step in front of Miss Magruder, where we could gaze into her eyes, and drink in her smiles. It seems probable that the carpenter must have upset his glue pot on the spot where we sat, for after enjoying Miss Magruder's remarks for a couple of hours, and drinking several of her smiles, we tried to rise for the purpose of going home, but found we were immovably fixed to the step. Then Miss Magruder said: "Don't be in a hurry," and we told her we believed we wouldn't. The conversation had a sadder tone after that, and we sat there thinking whether it would be better to ask Miss Magruder to withdraw while we disrobed and went home in Highland costume, or whether we should urge her to warm up the poker, or whether we should give one terrific wrench and then ramble down the yard backward. About midnight Miss Magruder yawned, and said she believed she would go to bed. Then we suddenly asked her if she thought her father would have any objections to lending us his front steps for a few days, because we wanted to take them home for a pattern. We think Miss Magruder must have entertained doubts as to our sanity, for she rushed in, called her father and screamed. Magruder came down with a double-barreled gun. Then we explained the situation in a whisper, and he procured a saw and cut out the piece of step to which we were attached. Then we went home wearing the patch, and before 2 o'clock crushed out our young love for Miss Magruder. We never called again and she threw herself away on a dry goods man. There is a melancholy satisfaction in recalling these memories of youth, and reflecting upon the influence of glue upon the emotions of the human heart.

A DANBURY MAN'S ADVENTURE.

A Danbury man started from Greenwich on Friday to see an iron fence. What he wanted to see an iron fence for we don't know, and it really makes no difference. He went. He wanted to go off on the 9:50 train, so he hurried home to get ready. His wife and a vicious outside woman were cleaning the house, and it was some little time before he could get his society suit ready. In the meantime he opened fire on the largest half of a custard pie, holding it in his hand, and dancing around and yelling for his things. When she brought his overcoat, he set the pie in a chair to put on the coat, but in his nervousness stepped on the end of a long-handled white-wash brush, which was balanced across a pail, and the other end flew up, and discharged about a pint of the awful mixture over the sofa, wall paper, and his panting and indignant wife. She made a remark, and he contradicted it. Then he sat down on the chair where the pie was, and got

up with a howl that would have melted the stoutest heart. She wanted him to wait until she scraped off the surplus, but he was too mad to converse in words of more than one syllable, and started for the depot, and boarded the train, and in the seclusion of the baggage-car removed the offensive lunch.

"He got to Greenwich all right, and looked at the fence. We hope he admired it. He then started for home, but missed the train, and as the next was an express and did not stop at Greenwich, he was obliged to walk to the drawbridge at Cos Cob or stay in Greenwich all night. So he walked up there in the rain, but didn't mind it much, as he had an umbrella, and the pie was pretty well dried in. When he got to Cos Cob he stood on a fence to look at the scenery, and swear, when a sharp gust of wind took off his hat and carried it across a bog lot. Then he stepped down on the other side, too amazed to express himself, and another gust of wind came along, and turned his umbrella inside out. A brief conversation here ensued between himself and the umbrella, which he still held, and he again started after the hat. When he got it he kicked it several times, and then jammed it down on his head, and started once more through the bogs as the train drew up at the bridge. It was terrible, as the bogs were uncertain, but he strained and coughed and spit, and howled and swore, and it did seem as if he would catch it after all. What he thought as he stood on that fence and watched the train sail across the bridge, no human being can tell.

An hour later he appeared in Stamford, wet through to the skin, splashed with mud, and with an expression on his face that would have scared a hydrant. Backing himself against the depot, he stood thro' until nearly midnight, and then went up on the owl train to Norfolk, falling asleep in the meantime, and narrowly escaped being carried by the depot. Here he took the freight for Danbury, arriving at home just before daylight. His wife was a-bed, but not sleeping. She lay there torn by forebodings, and harassed by suspense. Perhaps he was dead, and lying on the cold ground in the rain. Then she thought of his lifeless body, and groaned again. She knew his knock the instant it sounded, and rushing down stairs in the custom appropriate to that hour, she threw herself into his hair, and hysterically shouted, "Oh, you old rascal! Come in here."—*Danbury News*.

"HAVEN'T THE CHANGE."

It was house-cleaning time, and I had an old woman at work scrubbing and cleaning paint.

"Polly is going," said one of my domestics, as the twilight began to fall.

"Very well. Tell her that I shall want her to-morrow."

"I think she would like to have her money for to-day's work," said the girl.

I took out my purse and found that I had nothing in it but gold. "I haven't the change this evening," said I, "tell her that I'll pay her for both days to-morrow."

The girl left the room, and I thought no more of Polly for an hour. Tea time had come and passed, when one of my domestics, who was rather communicative in her habits, said to me, "I don't think Polly liked you not paying her this evening."

"She must be very unreasonable, then," said I, without reflecting. "I sent her word that I had no change. How could she expect that I could pay?"

"Some people are queer, you know," remarked the girl who had made the communication, more for the pleasure of telling it than anything else.

I kept thinking over what the girl had said until other suggestions came into my mind.

"I wish I had sent and got change," said I, as the idea that Polly might be really in want of the money intruded itself. "It would have been very little trouble."

"This was the beginning of a new train of reflection, which did not make me very happy. To avoid a little trouble, I sent the poor old woman away after a hard day's work without her money. That she stood in need of it was evident from the fact that she had asked for it."

"How very thoughtless in me," said I, as I dwelt longer on the subject.

"What's the matter?" inquired my husband, seeing me look serious.

"Nothing to be very much troubled at," I replied.

"Yet you are troubled."

"I am, and cannot help it. You will, perhaps smile at me, but small causes sometimes produce much pain. Old Polly has been at work all day, scrubbing and cleaning. When night came, she asked for her wages, and I, instead of taking the trouble to get the money for her, sent word that I hadn't any change. I didn't reflect that a poor woman who has to go out to daily work must need her money as soon as earned. I'm very sorry."

My husband did not reply for some time. My words seemed to have made considerable impression on his mind. "Do you know where Polly lives?" he inquired, at length.

"No; but I will ask the girl." And immediately ringing the bell, I made inquiries as to where Polly lived; but no one in the house knew.

"It can't be helped now," said my husband, in a tone of regret. "But, I would be more thoughtful in future. The poor always have

need of their money. Their daily labor rarely does more than supply their daily wants. I never forgot a circumstance that occurred when I was a boy. My mother was left a widow when I was but nine years old—and she was poor. It was by the labor of her hands that she obtained shelter and food for herself and three little ones.

Once—I remember the occurrence as if it had taken place yesterday—we were out of money and food. At breakfast time our last morsel was eaten, and we went through the long day without a taste of bread. We all grew very hungry by night; but our mother encouraged us to be patient a little while longer, until she finished the garment she was making, when she would take that and some other work home to a lady who would pay for the work. Then, she said, we should have a nice supper. At last the work was finished, and I went with my mother to help to carry it home, for she was weak and sickly, and even a light burthen fatigued her. The lady for whom she had made the garment was in good circumstances, and had no want un-supplied that money could supply. When we came into her presence she took the work, and after glancing at it, carelessly said, "It will do very well."

My mother lingered; perceiving which, the lady said, rather rudely, "You want your money, I suppose. How much does the work come to?"

"Eight shillings," replied my mother. The lady took out her purse; and said, "I haven't the change this evening. Call over at any time and you shall have it. And without giving my mother time earnestly to urge her request, turned from us and left the room.

I never shall forget the night that followed. My mother's feelings were sensitive and independent. She could not make known her wants. An hour after our return home she sat weeping with her children around her, when a neighbor came in, and learning our situation, supplied our present need."

This relation did not make me feel any the more comfortable. Anxiously I waited on the next morning the arrival of Polly. As soon as she came I sent for her, and handing her the money she had earned the day before, said, "I'm sorry I hadn't the change for you last night, Polly. I hope you didn't want it very badly."

Polly hesitated a little, and then replied, "Well, ma'am, I did want it very much, or I wouldn't have asked for it. My poor daughter Hetty is sick, and I wanted to get her something nice to eat."

"I am sorry," said I, with sincere regret. "How is Hetty this morning?"

"She isn't so well, ma'am, and I feel very uneasy about her."

"Come up to me in half an hour, Polly," said I.

The old woman went down stairs. When she appeared again, according to my desire, I had a basket for her, in which were some wine, sugar, fruit, and various little matters that I thought her daughter would relish, and told her to go at once and take them to the sick girl. Her expression of gratitude touched my feelings deeply. Never since have I omitted, under any pretence, to pay the poor their wages as soon as earned.

THE CALIPH AND THE PEASANT.

The Khalif Al Mohdi being one day engaged in a hunting match, strayed from his attendants, and, being pressed with hunger and thirst, was obliged to betake himself to an Arab's tent, in order to meet with some refreshment. The poor man immediately brought out his coarse brown bread and a pot of milk. Al Mohdi asked him if he had nothing else to give him; upon which the Arab went directly to fetch a jug of wine, and presented it to him. After the Khalif had drunk a good draught, he demanded of the Arab whether he did not know him? The other having answered that he did not, "I would have you know then," replied Al Mohdi, "that I am one of the principal lords of the Khalif's court." After he had taken another draught, he put the same question to the Arab as before; who answering, "Have I not already told you that I know you not?" Al Mohdi returned, "I am a much greater person than I have made you believe." Then he drank again, and asked his host the third time, whether he did not know him? to which the other replied, "That he might depend upon the truth of the answer he had already given him." "I am, then," said Al Mohdi, "the Khalif, before whom all the world prostrate themselves." The Arab no sooner heard those words, than he carried off the pitcher, and would not suffer his guest to drink any more. Al Mohdi being surprised at his behavior, asked him why he took away his wine. The Arab replied, "Because I am afraid that, if you take a fourth draught, you will tell me you are the Prophet Mohammed; and if by chance a fifth, that you are God Almighty himself." This gentle rebuke so pleased the Khalif that he could not forbear laughing; and, being soon rejoined by his people, he ordered a purse of silver and a fine vest to be given to the poor man, who had entertained him in so hospitable a manner. The Arab, in a transport of joy for the good fortune he had met with, exclaimed, "I shall henceforth take you for what you pretend to be, even though you should make yourself two or three times more considerable than you have done."