

The Home Circle.

A KISS AT THE DOOR.

We were standing in the doorway,
My little wife and I;
The golden sun upon her hair
Fell down so silently;
A small white hand upon my arm—
What could I ask for more
Than the kindly glance of loving eyes,
As she kissed me at the door.

I know she loves with all her heart,
The one who stands beside;
And the years have been so joyous,
Since first I called her bride;
We've had so much of happiness,
Since we met in years before—
But the happiest time of all was
When she kissed me at the door.

Who cares for wealth of land or gold,
Of fame or matchless power?
It does not give the happiness
Of just one single hour,
With one who loves me as her life—
She says she loves me more—
And I thought she did this morning
When she kissed me at the door.

At times it seems that all the world,
With all its wealth of gold,
Is very small and poor indeed,
Compared with what I hold;
And when the clouds hang grim and dark
I only wait the more
For one who waits my coming step,
To kiss me at the door.

If she lives till age shall scatter
The frost upon her head,
I know she'll love me just the same
As the morning we were wed;
But if the angels call her,
And she goes to heaven before,
I shall know her when I meet her,
For she'll kiss me at the door.

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

There is many a rest in the road of life
If we would only stop to take it;
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would make it!
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green the flowers are bright,
Though the winter storm prevaileth.

Better to hope though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,
When the ominous clouds are rifted!
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jewelled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure;
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are ready and willing,
Than to snap the delicate, minute threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve, and wonder.

DON'T BOX THE CHILDREN'S EARS.

Children's ears should never be boxed. We have seen that the passage of the ear is closed by a thin membrane especially adapted to be influenced by every impulse of the air, and with nothing but the air to support it internally. What, then, can be more likely to injure this than a sudden compression of the air in front of it? If anyone desired to break or overstretch the membrane, he could scarcely devise a more effective means than to bring the hand suddenly and forcibly down upon the passage of the ear, thus driving the air violently before it, with no possibility for its escape but by the membrane giving way. And far too often it does give way, especially if, from any previous disease, it has been weakened. Many children are made deaf by boxes on the ear in this way. Nor is this the only way, if there is one thing which does the nerve of hearing more injury than any other, it is a sudden jar or shock. Children and grown persons may be entirely deafened by falls or heavy blows upon the head. And boxing the ears produces a similar effect, though more slowly and in less degree. It tends to dull the sensibility of the nerve, even if it does not hurt the membrane. I knew a pitiful case once, of a poor youth who died from a terrible disease of the ear. He had a discharge from it since he was a child. Of course his hearing had been dull, and what had happened was that his father had often boxed his ears for inattention! Mostly that boxing on the ear, diseased as it was, had much to do with his dying. And this brings me to the second point. Children should never be blamed for being inattentive, until it has been found out whether they are not a little deaf. This is easily done by placing them at a few yards distance, and trying whether they can under-

stand what is said to them in a rather low tone of voice. Each ear should be tried, while the other is stopped by the finger. I do not say that children are never guilty of inattention, especially as to that which they do not particularly wish to hear; but I do say that children are often blamed and punished for inattention when they really do not hear. And there is nothing at once more cruel and more hurtful to the character of children than to be found fault with for what is really their misfortune. Three things should be remembered here—1. That slight degrees of deafness, often lasting only for a time, are very common among children, especially during or after colds. 2. That a slight deafness, which does not prevent a person from hearing when he is expecting to be spoken to, will make him very dull to what he is not expecting; and 3. That there is a kind of deafness in which a person can hear pretty well while listening, but is really very hard of hearing when not listening.—From the Popular Science Monthly.

THE INFLUENCE OF POSITIVENESS.

The power of positive ideas, and not the power of the positive affirmation and promulgation of them moves the world. Breath is wasted in nothing more lavishly than in negations and denials. It is not necessary for truth to worry itself, even if a lie can run a league while it is putting on its boots. Let it run and get out of breath, and get out of the way. A man who spends his days in arresting and knocking down lies and liars, will have no time left for speaking the truth. There is nothing more damaging to a man's reputation than his admission that it needs defending when attacked. Great sensitiveness to assault, on the part of any cause is an unmistakable sign of weakness. A strong man and a strong cause need only to live an affirmative life, devoting no attention whatever to enemies, to win their way, and to trample beneath their feet all the obstacles that malice or jealousy, or selfishness throws before them. The man who can say strongly and earnestly, "I believe," has not only a vital and valuable possession, but has a permanent source of inspiration within himself, and a permanent influence over others.—Dr Holland.

AN ARAB WEDDING BALL.

A curtain drawn across the door of the tent, writes a traveler in Algeria; concealed the bride, who, closely veiled, sat within, surrounded by women. On the outside between four and five hundred people were collected, and a clear space was kept in the middle for the dancers by two men with drawn swords, who vigorously applied, right and left, the flat of the blade to all who pressed too forward. On one side of the ring squatted the band, consisting of two men with instruments like a flageolet, and a drummer, who occasionally accompanied the music with his voice. In the centre was a middle-aged woman dressed in the usual dark blue cotton garments, but decked with all her ornaments—earrings, bracelets and a necklace—to which sundry charms and amulets, teeth of wild beasts, verses of the Koran sewn up in little bags, with various other odds and ends considered as protection from the evil eye, were suspended from above; a large circular brooch of silver or white metal, (nearly the same in form as those used by the Scotch Highlanders,) confined the loose folds across her bosom, and a small looking-glass set in metal dangled conveniently at the end of a string of sufficient length to allow of her admiring her charms in detail. Her face was uncovered, and her features were harsh and disagreeable, except the eyes, which were large and expressive, with that peculiar lustrous appearance given by the use of a mineral paint. Her feet were hardly visible from the length of her dress, and her fingernails, together with the palms of her hands, were stained with henna.

As soon as we had taken our stand in the front row, the music, which had ceased for a few minutes, struck up, and the lady in the midst commenced her performance. Inclining her head languishingly from side to side, she beat time with her feet, raising each foot alternately from the ground with a jerking action, as if she had been standing on a hot floor, at the same time twisting about her body with a slow movement of the hands and arms. Several others succeeded her, and danced in the same style, with an equal want of grace. A powerful inducement to exert themselves was not wanting, for one of them more than once received some tolerably severe blows from a stick and the flat of a sword; what the reason was I do not know, but supposed that either she was lazy or danced badly.

While the dancing was going on the spectators were not idle; armed with guns, pistols and blunderbusses with enormous bell mouths, an irregular fire was kept up. Advancing a step or two into the circle, so as to show off before the whole party, an Arab would present his weapon to a friend opposite, throwing himself into a graceful attitude; then suddenly dropping the muzzle at the time of pulling the trigger, the charge struck the ground close to the feet of the person aimed at. After each report the woman set up a long-continued shrill cry of "lu-lu, lu-lu," and the musicians redoubled their efforts. The advance of one man is usually the signal for others to come forward at the same time, all anxious to surpass their friends and neighbors in dexterity and grace. Ten or a dozen men being crowded

into a small space, sometimes not more than six feet wide, brandishing their arms and excited by the mimic combat, firing often at random, it is not to be wondered at if accidents happen occasionally to the actors or the bystanders.

CORAL ISLANDS AND ANIMALS.

The Arabs have a peculiar mode of anchoring their boats among the rocks and coral islands of the Red Sea. When the rulan, or pilot, has selected his anchorage, either himself, the captain, or one of his crew, puts two wooden plugs in his nose, and jumps overboard with a rope, to which is attached two large hooks, which he fastens to the rocks, or to some hard coral formation, which must be unfasted every morning by hand.

Whichever way we look, the mountains on shore, and rocks and coral islands, are visible to us. This is an extraordinary and dangerous sea. It is getting worse and worse every year. Although we are not more than six feet from the edge of the reef, yet we cannot get soundings underneath our boat.

There are hundreds of new islands gradually springing up to the surface of the water. The appearance of these islands is undoubtedly the work of the coral animal; but I do not believe, nor can I be persuaded by any philosopher in the world, that the foundations of these marine principalities were commenced at the bottomless ocean.

During my rambles along the Pacific coast, and in the East and West Indies, I noticed four kinds of coral formations—lagoons, coral fringes, encircling reef and barriers. The lagoons are coral rings, encircling a portion of the sea, and only exist in the Pacific and Indian Oceans. Although they differ in formation and appearance, yet they are the work of the same animals. These rings often rise between five and ten feet above the level of the sea.

Having paid great attention to the coral animals of the East and West Indies, I will describe their habits for the information of the general reader.

They are neither insects nor water spiders; but small, soft, gelatinous animals, with whose bodies is to be found an admixture of stony matter resembling flint. They are the slaves of nature, and the contractors and builders of the ocean. On their submarine structure they toil, live, and die; and end their laborious career before death by cementing their own bodies with the last layer they raised toward the completion of that home for the future generation of man. They are to be found by millions, and are visible to the naked eye, in those narrow seas and oceans where their operations are known to be carried on. They die before they reach the surface of the water, or the moment they feel the least heat of the sun. As the coral rings around the circular lagoon often rise from five to ten feet above the level of the sea, certainly that part above the water cannot be the work of the coral animals, unless nature has endowed the structure with either animal or vegetable life, and gradually forced its head above water, and continues to increase it until the attraction of the earth and ocean puts a stop to its growth. As the corallines are not supposed to be able to live beyond a certain depth, the foundations of their structures must be laid on the head or shoulders of some of those gigantic mountains which have sunk, or may be in the course of rising from beneath.

A CAPITAL MAXIM.

Lady Mary Wortley Montague relates the following story: "One day as an ancient king of Tartary was riding with his officers of State, they met a dervise crying aloud, 'To him that will give me a hundred diners (small pieces of money) I will give a piece of good advice.' The King, attracted by this strange declaration, stopped, and said to the dervise, 'What advice is this that you offer for a hundred diners?' 'Sire,' replied the dervise, 'I shall be most thankful to tell you as soon as you order the money to be paid me.' The king, expecting to hear something extraordinary, ordered the diners to be given to the dervise at once; on receiving which he said, 'Sire' my advice is, Begin nothing without considering what the end may be.'

"The officers of State, smiling at what they thought ridiculous advice, looked at the king, who they expected would be so enraged at this insult as to order the dervise to be severely punished. The king seeing their amusement and surprise, said: 'I see nothing to laugh at in the advice of this dervise; but, on the contrary, I am persuaded that if it were more frequently practiced, men would escape many calamities. Indeed, so convinced am I of the wisdom of this maxim that I shall have it engraved on my plate and written on the walls of my palace, so that it may be ever before me.' The king, having thanked the dervise, proceeded towards the palace, and on his arrival he ordered the chief Bey to see that the maxim was engraved on his plate and on the wall of his palace.

"Sometime after this occurrence, one of the nobles of the court, a proud, ambitious man, resolved to destroy the king, and place himself on the throne. In order to accomplish his bad purpose, he secured the confidence of one of the king's surgeons, to whom he gave a poisoned lancet, saying 'if you will bleed the king with this lancet, I will give you ten thousand pieces of gold, and when I ascend the throne you shall be my Vizier.' This base

surgeon, dazzled by such brilliant prospects, wickedly assented to the proposal.

"An opportunity of effecting his evil design soon occurred. The king sent for this man to bleed him. He put the poisoned lancet into a side pocket and hastened into the king's presence. The arm was tied, and the fatal lancet was about to be plunged into the vein, when suddenly the surgeon's eye read this maxim at the bottom of the basin, 'Begin nothing without considering what the end may be.' He immediately paused, as he thought within himself, 'If I bleed the king with this lancet he will die and I shall be seized and put to a cruel death. Then of what use will all the gold in the world be to me?' Then, returning the lancet to his pocket, he drew forth another. The king, observing this, and perceiving that he was much embarrassed, asked why he changed his lancet so suddenly. He stated that the point was broken; but the king, doubting his statement, commanded him to show it. This so agitated him, that the king felt assured all was not right. He said, 'There is treachery in this! Tell me instantly what it means, or your head shall be severed from your body!' The surgeon, trembling with fear, promised to relate all to the king if he would only pardon his guilt. The king consented, and the surgeon related the whole matter, acknowledging that had it not been for the words in the basin, he should have used the fatal lancet.

"The king summoned his court, and ordered the traitor to be executed. Then turning to his officers of State, he said, 'You now see that the advice of the dervise at which you laughed, is most valuable; it has saved my life. Search out this dervise, that I may amply reward him for his wise maxim.'"

MARRIAGE AMONG THE APACHES.

Even those copper-coloured cut-throats, the Apache Indians, have a touch of delicacy and romance in them. From a lecture delivered in San Francisco by Colonel John C. Carmany, we take the following account of their courtship customs: Every young girl is at liberty to refuse a suitor for her hand. The father, mother and brother are prohibited from interfering in her choice. Her person is at her own disposal. After a brief courtship the lover makes a formal proposal by offering so many horses. Horses are a standard of value among Indians. As the squaw does all the work, horses are accepted as an equivalent for her labour. When a young warrior becomes enamoured, he fastens the horse near the wigwam of the squaw whose hand he seeks, where he is left for four days. If she fails to feed and water the horse during that time the master is rejected, but if she accepts his offer, she grooms and kindly cares for the horse, and then ties him to the wigwam of her lover, as much as to say "I am willing to be your slave and do your work." At the marriage the sages and sachems meet together, and the bride is not unfrequently loaded with forty or fifty pounds of silver and copper trinkets.

KIND THOUGHTS.

Dr. Chalmers says:—"The little that I have seen in the world, and know of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon their errors in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through—the brief pulsations of joy, the tears of regret, the feebleness of purpose, the scorn of the world that has little charity, the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening voices within, health gone, happiness gone—I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with him from whose hands it came."

NOT ASHAMED OF NEW JERSEY.

There was an amusing scene on board the Louisiana mail boat the other day. There was the usual conglomeration of passengers in the cabin just before the boat landed, and amid the general hubbub of conversation a man remarked incidentally, "Now, in New Jersey, where I used to live—"

"Instantly an old man, who sat moodily and silently pondering by the stove for some time, sprang to his feet and exclaimed:—

"Stranger, are you from New Jersey?"

"Yes."

"And willin' to acknowledge it?"

"Yes, sir! proud on't."

"Hurrah! Give us your hand," cried the old man, fairly dancing with exultation. "I'm from New Jersey, too, but never felt like declaring it afore. Shake! I'm an old man. I've travelled long and far, I've been in every city in the West—steamed on the Ohio and Mississippi—been to Californy, over the plains and around the Horn; took a voyage once to Liverpool; but in all my travels, hang me if this isn't the first time I ever heerd a man acknowledge he kum from New Jersey."

Why is a talkative young man like a young pig?—Because, if he lives, he is likely to become a great bore.

An elderly lady, telling her age, remarked that she was born on the 22nd of April. Her husband, who was present, observed, "I always thought you were born on the first of April." "People might well judge so," responded the matron, "in the choice I have made of a husband."

Grains of Gold.

The applause of the crowd makes the head giddy, but the attestation of a reasonable man makes the heart glad.—Steele.

The greatest friend of truth is time; her greatest enemy is prejudice; and her constant companion is humility.

TALKING AND THINKING.—Those, for the most part, are the greatest thinkers who are the least talkers; as frogs cease to croak when light is brought to the water's edge.

Riches should be admitted into our houses, but not into our hearts. We may take them into our possession, but not into our affections.—Charron.

It costs us more to be miserable than would make us perfectly happy. How cheap and easy to us is the service of virtue, and how dear do we pay for our vices.—Fuller.

The first of all virtues is innocence; the next is modesty. If we banish modesty out of the world, she carries away with her half the virtue that is in it.—Addison.

The desire of power in excess caused angels to fall; the desire of knowledge to excess caused man to fall, but in charity is no excess, neither can man or angels come into danger by it.—Bacon.

Conceit is usually seen during our first investigations after knowledge; but time and accurate research teach us that not only is our comprehension limited, but knowledge itself is so imperfect as not to warrant vanity.

Aim at perfection in everything, though in most things it is unattainable; however, they who aim at it and persevere will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable.—Chesterfield.

Order is a lovely nymph, the child of beauty and wisdom; her attendants are comfort, neatness and activity; her abode is the valley of happiness, she is always to be found when sought for, and never appears so lovely as when contrasted with her opponent—disorder.—Johnson.

Good nature is more agreeable in conversation than evil, and gives a certain air to the countenance which is more amiable than beauty. It shows virtue in the fairest light, takes off in some measure from the deformity of vice, and makes even folly and impertinence supportable.—Addison.

By good nature half the misery of human life might be assuaged. Services and kind nesses neglected render friendship suspected. The first and indispensable requisite of happiness, says Gibbon, is a clear conscience, unsullied by the reproach or remembrance of an unworthy action.

There is one thing worse than ignorance, and that is conceit. Of all intractable fools, an overwise man is the worst. You may cause idiots to philosophize; you may coax donkeys to forego thistles, but don't think of ever driving common sense into the head of a conceited person.

THE LONGING FOR MORE.—It is not what we have or what we have not which adds to or subtracts from our felicity. It is the longing for more than we have, the envying of those who possess more, and the wish to appear in the world of more consequence than we really are, which eventually lead to ruin.

Are you living with each other, husbands and wives, in the truest spirit of love, and in the largest sense of wedding? Are you one, or are you for ever and for evermore two? Are you living to help each other, or to annoy each other? Are you living in the true exultatory spirit which always accompanies real conjugal love? And do you find yourselves moved to patience, to gentleness, and to forbearance.

A touching story is told of a lady in Kentucky, who was stricken with a sudden failing of the optic nerve, and was told that she could not retain her sight more than a few days at most, and was liable to be totally deprived of it at any moment. She returned to her home, quietly made such arrangements as would occur to anyone about to commence so dark a journey for life, and then had her two little children, attired in their brightest costumes, brought before her; and so, with their little faces lifted to hers, and tears gathering for the great misfortune that they hardly realized, the light faded out of the mother's eyes.

The following question is said to have created tremendous excitement before the Harpers Debating Institution: "What is the difference between there being conscience enough in all women, and women enough in all conscience?" After three weeks' discussion, the president decided "There was a difference, but whether it consisted, he was quite uncertain."

A Dutch householder, bragging of his worldly gear, writes:—

"I've got a pig cat and I've got a pig tog, I've got a pig calf and I've got a pig hog, I've got a pig baby so pig and so tall, And I've got a pig-wife data pigger as all."

"Dick," said a certain lawyer to a countryman who had been considered more fool than knave, "what should you call the two greatest curiosities in the world?" "Why," replied Dick, "an honest lawyer and a river on fire."

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