

HOME CIRCLE.

A QUEEN'S TENDERNESS.

There is so much cruel forgetfulness of the rights of inferiors and servants, on the part of the "privileged classes" generally, that we are always pleased and refreshed to read the stories which are told of Victoria's good heart and kind consideration. Grace Greenwood relates the following:

When I was in England I heard several pleasant anecdotes of the queen and her family from a lady who had received them from her friend, the governess of the royal children. The governess, a very interesting young lady, was the orphan daughter of a Scottish clergyman. During the first year of her residence at Windsor, her mother died. When she first received the news of her mother's serious illness, she applied to the queen to be allowed to resign her situation, feeling that to her mother she owed even a more sacred duty than to her sovereign.

The queen, who had been much pleased with her, would not hear of her making this sacrifice, but said, in a tone of the most gentle sympathy:

"Go at once to your mother, child; stay with her as long as she needs you, and then come back to us. Prince Albert and I will hear the children's lessons; so, in any event, let your mind be at rest in regard to your pupils."

The governess went and had several weeks' sweet mournful communion with her dying mother. Then when she had seen that dear form laid to sleep under the daisies in the old kirkyard, she returned to the palace, where the loneliness of royal grandeur would have oppressed her sorrowing heart beyond endurance had it not been for the gracious womanly sympathy of the queen—who came every day to her school room—and the considerate kindness of her young pupils.

A year went by, the great anniversary of her great loss dawned upon her, and she was overwhelmed as never before by the utter loneliness of her grief. She felt that no one in all the great household knew how much goodness and sweetness passed out of mortal life that day a year ago, or could give one tear, one thought, to that grave under the Scottish daisies.

Every morning before breakfast, which the elder children took with their father and mother in their pleasant crimson parlour looking out on the terrace at Windsor, her pupils came to the school room for a brief religious exercise. This morning the voice of the governess trembled in reading the Scriptures of the day. Some words of divine tenderness were too much for her poor, lonely, grieving heart—her strength gave way, and laying her hands on the desk before her, she burst into tears, murmuring, "O, mother, mother!"

One after another, the children stole out of the room, and went to their mother to tell her how sadly the governess was feeling; and that kind-hearted monarch, exclaiming:

"Oh, poor girl, it is the anniversary of her mother's death," hurried to the school room, where she found Miss — struggling to regain her composure.

"My poor child," she said, "I am sorry the children disturbed you this morning. I meant to have given orders that you should have this day entirely to yourself. Take it as a sad, sacred holiday—I will hear the lessons of the children." And then she added, "To show you that I have not forgotten this mournful anniversary, I bring you this gift," clasping on her arm a beautiful mourning bracelet, with a lock of her mother's hair, marked with the date of her mother's death. What wonder that the orphan kissed with tears this gift, and the more than royal hand that bestowed it?

HINDOO MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

The London "Times," in reviewing a recently published book by Shib Chunder Bose, "Hindoo Manners and Customs," says:

"Wealthy Hindoos are often lavishly ostentatious when a death, a marriage, or one of the annual religious festivals offer them an occasion for parading their generosity. They illuminate gardens that reflect the pleasures of their paradise; they throw their mansions open to all comers; they feed troops of beggars and priests for days, and sometimes for weeks. And although a Bengali, as a rule, is frugal to stinginess, looking closely to the expenditure of each rupee, the observances of his faith must be a heavy tax on him. As the Brahmins live at the expense of the laymen, it is to their interest to see that these observances are maintained. The great Doorga Poojah festival in itself must be a fruitful source of embarrassments and insolvencies. Everybody is bound, if possible, to live in luxury for the time, to indulge in merry-making that degenerates into orgies, and dress in new and sumptuous clothing from head to foot. 'Persons in straitened circumstances, who actually live from hand to mouth, deposit their hard-earned savings for a twelvemonth to be spent on this grand festival.' The beggars have their wants freely relieved, and it is the season to which mendicant Brahmins look forward as the occasion for replenishing their empty purses. According to the author, it has been roughly estimated that \$50,000,000 are spent annually in Bengal alone, directly or indirectly; and the Doorga Poojah only represents on an exaggerated scale a waste that is going forward at intervals through all the rest of the year. Either on religious grounds or on the occasion of family ceremonies, there are many days when a circle of acquaintances must be entertained, and when offerings which must become the perquisite of the officiating priest must be laid before the shrine of the tutelary idol. So the Brahmins victimize the superstitious community, and yet the members of the sacred caste are so great that most of them barely keep body and soul together. This is a common saying that a Brahmin is a beggar, even if he possesses a lac of rupees, and 'if an officiating priest can make ten rupees a month he considers himself very well off.' Naturally, they cannot afford to be scrupulous, and it seems strange that, with their unblinking mendacity and their open disregard of morality, they retain their hold even on their ignorant devotees. The author relates facts to show that the most sacred laws of the caste are sacrificed to pecuniary temptations. The heads of the order have consented to condone the most flagrant offences when the culprit could afford to bribe them sufficiently."

WE'VE ALWAYS BEEN PROVIDED FOR.

"Good wife, what are you singing for? You know we've lost the hay, And what we'll do with horse and kye is more than I can say; While like as not, with storm and rain, we'll lose both corn and wheat."

She looked up with a pleasant face, and answered low and sweet:

"There is a Heart, there is a Hand, we feel, but cannot see; We've always been provided for, and we shall always be."

He turned around with sudden gloom. She said: "Love, be at rest;

You cut the grass, worked soon and late, you did your very best,

That was your work; you've naught at all to do with wind and rain,

And do not doubt but you will reap rich fields of golden grain;

For there's a Heart, and there's a Hand, we feel, but cannot see;

We've always been provided for, and we shall always be."

"That's like a woman's reasoning; we must because we must."

She softly said: "I reason not; I only work and trust: The harvest may redeem the day, keep heart what'er betide; When one door shuts, I've always seen another open wide. There is a Heart, there is a Hand, we feel, but cannot see; We've always been provided for, and we shall always be."

He kissed the calm and trustful face; gone was his restless pain,

She heard him with a cheerful step go whistling down the lane,

And went about her household tasks full of a glad content, Singing to time her busy hands as to and fro she went:

"There is a Heart, there is a Hand, we feel, but cannot see; We've always been provided for, and we shall always be."

Days come and go, 'twas Christmas tide, and the great fire burned clear.

The farmer said: "Dear wife, it's been a good and happy year;

The fruit was gain, the surplus corn has brought the hay, you know."

She lifted then a smiling face, and said: "I told you so! For there's a Heart, and there's a Hand, we feel, but cannot see;

We've always been provided for, and we shall always be."

POISONS AND ANTIDOTES.

The following list contains some of the more common poisons, and the remedies likely to be at hand in households:

Acids—These cause great heat and sensation of burning pain from the mouth down to the stomach. Remedies, magnesia, soda, pearl-ash or soap dissolved in water; then use the stomach pump or emetic.

Alkalies—The remedy is vinegar.

Ammonia—Remedies, lemon juice or vinegar.

Alcohol—First clean out the stomach by an emetic, then dash cold water on the head and give ammonia (spirits of hartshorn).

Arsenic—In the first place, evacuate the stomach, then give the white of eggs, lime water, or chalk and water, charcoal, and the preparations of iron, particularly hydrate.

White lead and sugar of lead—Remedies, alum, cathartic, such as castor oil and epsom salts especially.

Charcoal—In poisons by carbonic acid gas, remove the patient to the open air, dash cold water on the head and body, and stimulate the nostrils and lungs by hartshorn, at the same time rubbing the chest briskly.

Corrosive sublimate—Give white of eggs and emetic.

Belladonna, night henbane—Give emetics, and then give plenty of water and vinegar, or lemonade.

Mushrooms—Emetics, and then plenty of vinegar and water, with doses of either, if handy.

Nitrate of silver (lunar caustic)—Give a strong solution of common salt, and then emetics.

Snake bites, etc.—Apply immediately strong hartshorn, and then take it internally; also give sweet oil stimulants freely; apply a ligature above the part bitten, and then apply a cupping glass.

Tartar emetic—Give large doses of tea made of galls, peruvian bark or white oak bark.

Verdigris—Plenty of white eggs and water.

White vitrol—Give plenty of milk and water.

Opium—Give a strong emetic of mustard and water, then strong coffee and acid drinks; dash cold water on the head of the patient.

Nux vomica—First give emetics, then brandy.

Oxalic acid (frequently mistaken for Epsom salts)—Give chalk, magnesia, or soap and water, and other soothing drinks.

Prussic acid—When there is time, administer chlorine in the shape of soda or lime. Hot brandy and water, hartshorn and turpentine are also useful.

A CENTURY OF PROGRESS.

The last hundred years have seen the most sudden change in the British material and external life that is, perhaps, recorded in history. It is curious how many things date from that 1770 or 1780. The use of steam in manufactures and locomotion by sea and land, the textile revolution, the factory system, the enormous growth of population, the change from a rural to a town life, the portentous growth of the empire, the vast expansion of sea power, of commerce, of manufacture, of wealth, of intercommunication, of the post; then the use of gas, electricity, telegraphs, telephones, steam presses, sewing machines, air engines, gas engines, electric engines, photographs, tunnels, ship canals, and all the rest. Early

in the last century Britain was one of the lesser kingdoms in Europe, but one-third in size and numbers of France and Germany. Now it is in size twenty times—twenty twenty times as big as either, and six or seven times as populous as either. London then was only one of a dozen cities in Europe; hardly of the area of Manchester or Leeds. It is now the biggest and most populous city in recorded history, nearly equal in size and population to all the capitals of Europe put together. One hundred years ago to have lit the theatre as it is now lighted, would have cost £50, and the labour of two or three men for an hour to light and snuff and extinguish the candles. It is now done for a shilling by one man in three minutes. A hundred years ago to have taken us all to our homes at night would have cost on an average 5s. a head and two hours of weary jolting. We may get home now for 4d. or 6d. a head at the most in half an hour. If you wanted an answer from a friend in Dublin or Edinburgh it would have cost by post (one hundred years ago) about 2s. in money and a fortnight in time. You now get an answer in thirty hours for twopence, or a penny if you are as brief as the Prime minister. A hundred years ago, if you wanted to go there, it would have taken you a week, and you would have to make your will. You can now go in a day, and come back the next.—*Fortnightly for April.*

THE CHILD IN THE PRINTING OFFICE.

Who is the Man that is looking so hard at the Piece of Paper? He is an Intelligent Compositor. Why does he hold the Paper so close to his Eyes? Because the Correspondent who wrote it makes Hen-tracks. What is he saying? He is saying, "I can't make out this stuff." And who is the Other Man going to the Case? That is the furious Foreman. What does he Want? He is going to Help the Intelligent Compositor decipher the hen-Tracks. Do you Think he Can do it? I don't know. he can do most Anything, but I Guess that will be Too Much for him. Now I see an Other Man Coming. What is he Going to do? That is the Precise Proof Reader. He is Going to Cast his eagle Eye over the Hen Tracks to See where they Lead to. Do you think He can Find it out? No; not without a Guide or a Calcium light. Now, here comes Another man—who is the Man? That is the Able Editor. Where did he come From? From his Den. Now all the Men are close together—see! their Heads most touch—and they are Looking every One of them at the Piece of Paper. What do they do That for? Because they Are Concentrating their Giant intellects upon the piece of Paper to see What the hen-Track Correspondent means by his Hieroglyphics. Have they Found out? No, they are stumped. Now they are going Away from the Case. Yes, And one of the Men has chucked the Piece of Paper into the Stove. Why does he do That? Because he can't read the hen-Tracks. Who is the Small Boy that has a Grin on his face, and his Hat turned up in Front? He is the Office Boy. What is the Able Editor Saying to him? He is telling him to go after the Long Range shot Gun. What for? Because the Able Editor wants to go hunting after the hen-Track Correspondent. Will he hurt him? Yes he will, if he Catches him. Do you think the Correspondent ought to be Killed? Certainly.

"AS SAFE AS THE BANK OF ENGLAND."

"As safe as the Bank of England," is an assurance of safety which is never questioned. No one ever lost money in the Bank of England. Its notes are good all over the world. Many strangers go to see it. Only a few persons can go around at once, with a guide. In one room notes that have been paid have the corners torn off and holes punched in them. Over fifty thousand notes, worth a million pounds, are paid every day, and thus cut out. They are kept five years, and if you give the number and date of a note, in less than three minutes it can be found; so that if you paid a note you owed and a man said you did not do so, you could prove that you had paid it. The largest note is one thousand pounds. One hundred and twenty men are in the room where paid notes are clipped, and 1,200 in all the bank. All the notes used are printed in the bank, and the printing machines keep register of every one. Here pensions are paid to crippled soldiers. Here gold and silver plate—private property—is kept. Two things I heard interested me. "Gold is very brittle," said our guide. "If you throw it about upon a counter—that is a number of gold pieces—and then sweep it off the counter, you will find that the fragments count up. We are very careful with them in the weighing room. All the gold sovereigns that you put in your pockets in the morning with other pieces of coin, at night will not be just the same. We know that and weigh every sovereign that has once been out of the house. We have sent boxes of gold coin by express that have come back to us unopened, yet the rubbing of the gold has worn off five pounds' worth." We came away, agreeing that this great bank is one of the world's wonders.

TEA.

It is estimated that tea is habitually consumed by not less than 500,000,000 people, or about one-half of the human race. Amongst the Chinese and the inhabitants of Japan, Thibet and Nepal it is drunk by all classes three or four times a day. In Asiatic Russia, in a large portion of Europe, in North America and in Australia it is a favourite beverage. In China tea has been used as an article of diet from a very remote period of antiquity. Curious enough they have no record or tradition respecting its first introduction. The Japanese, however, tell us that in the year 519 a holy man named Darma, the son of an Indian monarch, took refuge in China, and publicly taught that the only way to obtain happiness was to eat nothing but vegetables and go without sleep. This enthusiastic vegetarian and antimorphenian was, however, on a hot summer's day, overcome by drowsiness, and faintly nodded before his congregation. When he awoke to a knowledge of his violation of his own precept, great was his self-reproach, and being determined that he