

The Home Circle.

MYSTERY.

Listen, listen to the breeze
Murmuring among the trees!
"All is mystery!"
Tell me, breezes soft and low,
Tell me, zephyrs that doth blow,
With thy strange, uncertain flow,
What the mystery!

Listen, listen to the stream,
Rabbling over doth it seem—
"All is mystery;"
Tell me, streamlet, rippling by,
With thy babble and thy sigh,
With thy sweet-voiced warblers shy,
What the mystery!

Listen, listen to the wave,
Singing to the sailor brave—
"All is mystery;"
Tell me, tell me, waves so bright,
Sparkling in the sunny light,
With thy creating diamond light,
What the mystery!

Listen, listen to the rain
Pattering upon the pane—
"All is mystery;"
Tell me, rain drops, tell to me
What thou say'st incessantly,
What thou say'st so tearfully,
What the mystery!

Mystery, O mystery!
Life and time are mysteries;
"All is mystery!"
Thus the sunshine and the rain,
Thus the pleasure and the pain,
Birth and death, despair and fame,
All is mystery.

WAITING FOR PAPA.

There's a sweet and home-like picture,
In the little parlor bright,
With the sparkling, flashing firelight
Shooting gleams of crimson light.
O'er the window, framed in ivy,
And the paintings on the wall,
Lighting up three childish faces—
Sweetest pictures of them all.

Without, the night is dark and cloudy,
And the dreary autumn rain,
Like the touch of ghostly fingers,
Beats upon the window pane.
But the wild and solemn voices
Of the outward raging storm,
Seem to make the contrast greater,
In the parlor bright and warm.

Watching from the vine-wreathed window,
In the fading light of day,
Till papa shall turn the corner,
Coming up the garden way.
Three sweet, dimpled, childish faces—
Katy in her dress of blue,
Rosy cheeks, and sunny ringlets,
And her eyes of heaven's own hue.

Quiet Mead with her hair smooth-braided,
And her tender, gentle way,
Watching o'er the restless motions
Of the pet, and baby, May.
Hark! they hear a well-known footstep,
See a figure straight and tall;
Forth they rush with eager faces,
To meet father in the hall.

Oh, we read of white robed angels
Watching o'er this world of sin,
Can they be much purer, sweeter,
Than the childish forms within?
Watching through the storm and darkness
Till the well beloved shall come,
Where they wait to greet and bless him
When day's weary toil is done?

A TOUCH OF NATURE.

AN INCIDENT OF RAILWAY TRAVEL.

A correspondent of the Washington Capital thus writes an incident on the Boston and Albany Railway, not many weeks ago:—
I ran across what first struck me as a very singular genius on my road from Springfield to Boston. This was a stout, black whiskered man, who sat immediately in front of me, and who indulged, from time to time, in the most strange and unaccountable manoeuvres. Every now and then he would get up and hurry away to the narrow passage which leads to the door in these drawing room cars, and, when he thought himself secure from observation, would fall to laughing in the most violent manner, and continue the healthful exercise until he was as red in the face as a lobster. As we neared Boston, these demonstrations increased in violence, save that the stranger no longer ran away to laugh, but kept his seat and chuckled to himself with his chin deep down in his shirt collar. But the changes that those portmanteaus underwent! He moved them here, there, everywhere; he put them behind him, in front of him, on each side of him. He was evidently getting ready to leave, but, as we were yet twenty-five miles from Boston, the idea of such early preparations was ridiculous. If we had entered the city then, the mystery would have remained unsolved, but the stranger at last became so excited that he could keep his seat no longer. Some one must help him, and as I was the nearest he selected me. Suddenly turning, as if I had asked a question, he said, rocking himself to and fro in his chair in the

meantime, and slapping his legs and breathing hard:

"Been gone three years."
"Ah!"
"Yes, been in Europe. Folks don't expect me for six months yet, but I got through and started; I telegraphed them at the last station; they've got it by this time."
As he said this he rubbed his hands and changed the portmanteau on his left to the right, and the one on the right to the left again.
"Got a wife?" said I.
"Yes, and three children," he returned, and he got up and folded his overcoat anew, and hung it over the back of the seat.
"You are pretty nervous over the matter, ain't you?" I said, watching his fidgety movements.
"Well, I should think so," replied; "I hain't slept soundly for a week, and do you know," he went on, glancing around at the passengers, and speaking in a lower tone, "I am almost certain that the train will run off the track and break my neck before I get to Boston. Well, the fact is, I have had too much good luck for one man lately. The thing can't last; tain't natural that it should, you know. I've watched it. First it rains, then it shines, then it rains again. It rains so hard you think it's never going to stop; then it shines so brightly you think it's always going to shine; and just as you're settled in either belief, you are knocked over by a change, to show you that you know nothing about it."
"Well, according to the philosophy," said I, "you will continue to have sunshine, because you are expecting a storm."
"It's curious," he returned, "but the only thing which makes me think I will get through safe, is because I think I won't."
"Well, that is curious," said I.
"Lord, yes," he replied, "I'm a machinist—made a discovery—nobody believed in it; spent all my money trying to bring it out—mortgaged my home—all went. Everybody laughed at me—everybody but my wife—spunky little woman—said she would work her fingers off before I should give it up. Went to England—no better there; came within an ace of jumping off London Bridge. Went into a shop to earn money enough to come home with; there I met the man I wanted. To make a long story short, I've brought £30,000 home with me, and here I am."
"Good for you!" I exclaimed.
"Yes," said he, "£30,000; and the best of it is, she don't know anything about it. I've fooled her so often, and disappointed her so much, that I just concluded I would say nothing about this. When I got my money through, you better believe I struck a bee line for home."
"And now you will make her happy," said I.
"Happy!" he replied, "why you don't know anything about it. She's worked like a dog while I've been gone, trying to support herself and the children decently. They paid her thirteen cents apiece for making coarse shirts; and that's the way she'd live half the time. She'll come down there to the depot to meet me in a gingham dress, and a shawl a hundred years old, and she'll think she's dressed up. Oh, won't she have no clothes after this—oh, no, I guess not!"
And with these words, which implied that his wife's wardrobe would soon rival Queen Victoria's, the stranger tore down the passageway again, and getting in his old corner where he thought himself out of sight, went through the strangest pantomime, laughing, putting his mouth in the drooldest shapes, and then swinging himself back and forth in the limited space as if he were "Walking down Broadway, a full-rigged metropolitan belle. And so on till we rolled into the depot, and I placed myself on the other car, opposite the stranger, who, with a portmanteau in each hand, had descended and was standing on the lowest step, ready to jump to the platform. I looked at his gaze to the faces of the people before us, but saw no sign of recognition. Suddenly he cried, "there they are!" and laughed outright, but in an hysterical sort of a way, as he looked over the crowd. I followed his eyes and saw, some distance back, as if crowded out and shouldered away by the well dressed and elbowing throng, a little woman in a faded dress and a well worn hat, with a face almost painful in its intense but hopeful expression, glancing rapidly from window to window as the coaches glided in. She had not yet seen the stranger; but a moment after she caught his eye, and in another instant he had jumped to the platform with his two portmanteaus; and making a hole in the crowd, pushing one here and another there, and running one of his bundles plump into the well developed stomach of a venerable looking old gentleman in spectacles he rushed toward the place where she was standing. I think I never saw a face assume so many different expressions in so short a time as did that of the little woman, while her husband was on his way to her. She didn't look pretty. On the contrary, she looked very plain, but somehow I felt a big lump rise in my throat as I watched her. She was trying to laugh; but God bless her, how completely she failed in the attempt! Her mouth got into the position; but it never moved after that, save to draw down at the corners and quiver while she, blinked her eyes so fast; that I suspect she only caught occasional glimpses of the broad-shouldered

fellow who elbowed his way so rapidly toward her. And then as he drew close and dropped those overlasting portmanteaus, she just turned completely round, with her back toward him, and covered her face with her hands. And thus she was when the strong man gathered her up in his arms as if she had been a baby, and held her sobbing to his breast. There were enough gaping at them. Heaven knows, and I turned my eyes away a moment, and then I saw two boys in threadbare roundabouts standing near, wiping their eyes and noses on their little coat-sleeves, and bursting out anew at every fresh demonstration on the part of their mother. When I looked at the stranger again he had his hat drawn down over his eyes; but his wife was looking up at him, and it seemed as if the pent-up tears of those weary months of waiting were streaming through her eyelids.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

REV. F. W. HOLLAND.

There is one grand quality signally neglected, almost never taught, nowhere prized at its true value, seldom, yet certain to avert many a disaster and deliver from many a peril. Were parents and teachers accustomed to show their young ones how self-command in some unexpected emergency, as in an outbreak of fire at midnight, would not only save themselves, but rescue a whole company of friends or fellow pupils, were the various means of escape shown, and the necessity of instant decision enforced, many a valuable life (to say nothing to property) would be saved. So intelligently as ours, ought not, in this advanced period of thought, to be so easily overwhelmed by calamity, when one woman's prompt and resolute aid would stop the stream at its fountain head. If it is replied, as it will be, that some persons are born without this gift; my answer is that Peter the Great was born without the capacity to endure the sea. Frederick Second with a perfect terror at battle, Paley with indisposition to rise early, Judge Story with a disgust at law books, Washington with impetuous passion—yet all conquered their natural weakness, and so can we if we feel the necessity.

From various quarters facts have come to me of every sort, illustrating in women, and children even, the power of overcoming panic, and turning apparent disaster into an occasion of really sublime virtue.

Instances there are, as we all know, of mothers rushing in frantic fear from a burning dwelling, then remember the dear baby they left asleep in its crib, and flying back through the open passage, to perish vainly in a whirl of mad flames. At the first alarm it would have been easy enough to have seized the child and secured its safety with her own, because the air currents were then cut off; after her own mad hand had given the fire free passage through the house, her own sacrifice came too late to be of any service.

Another mother I knew in this State, awakened from profound sleep by the fierce light in her room, forbidding her husband from opening door or window till she had made a string of sheets, and letting her children down to the ground; then she followed herself, without any serious injury from the stifled flames, and not even a very severe fright, for she had taught herself self-control, and so she was always ready to use the best means and all the means God and nature had put in her hands.

Another story I remember of an English family taking tea in the garden back of their bungalow, one sultry eve, in upper India. Suddenly a grand Bengal tiger made one of the company. The gentlemen, even an army officer, seemed paralysed with fear. One woman alone was master of the occasion. She sprung open a sun umbrella right in the face of the beast, who resented so unusual a reception by leaping over the green hedge and making for the thicket, where he had been hiding. Would not this genius at improvising means have made this lady perfectly invaluable in shipwreck, in midnight conflagration, in burglars' attack, in epidemic disease, in the field hospital of an army, in the panic of a crowded assembly, in railroad collision, in thousands of lesser disasters always aggravated by lack of self-control?

When only thirteen, Sir Astley Cooper showed this rare gift. A little play mate had been crushed by a cart wheel. He was bleeding to death. There was not half time enough to get a surgeon. Astley brought out his silk handkerchief—tied it about the wound—stopped the bleeding effectually, till the surgeon could take the child in charge, whom Astley had really saved. And this event was the principle one to determine the choice of his profession which made him such a signal blessing to mankind.

The best wine I have kept to the last. Manning, a West India merchant, was sitting on a log on the shore of Jamaica, while his companions were bathing. Suddenly he saw a shark making full upon them. Had he cried "shark," one or both would have been overcome by fear. "Fellows, look here," he cried, "you swim miserably. Here is the best repeater in all Jamaica for the one that comes in first. Now do your best." So he kept cheering and stimulating, now one, now the other. When he saw Farnum relaxing his stroke, he reproached him for giving up so easily, when he was sure to win if he only pursued. At last he rushed into the waves himself, his red handkerchief streaming from

the end of a stick, to divert the man-eater. When Farnum was safe upon the sand, and was told his peril, he fell flat as a log, proving how hopeless he would have been out at sea. —Wood's Magazine.

A MERCIFUL FRIEND.

An elephant belonging to an English garrison in the India, was one day amusing himself with his chain in an open part of the town, when a man who had committed a theft, and was pursued by a great number of people, despairing of all other means of safety, ran under the elephant. Apparently delighted with the poor man's confidence, the creature instantly faced about and met the crowd, erected his trunk, and threw his chain in the air as is the manner of these animals when engaged with the enemy, and became so furious in defence of the criminal that, notwithstanding all the gentle arts made use of by the surrounding multitude, neither they, or even his mahout, or driver, to whom he was fondly attached, and who was sent for to manage him, could prevail with him to give up the malefactor. The animal's loving kindness met with reward. After three hours' contest, the governor heard of this strange rebellion to the laws of the land, and came to the scene of struggle. He was so much pleased with the generous perseverance of the honest quadruped, that he yielded to the elephant's interposition and pardoned the criminal. The poor man, in an ecstasy of gratitude, testified his acknowledgment by kissing and embracing the proboscis of his kind benefactor, who was apparently so sensible of what had happened, that, laying aside all his former violence, he became perfectly tame and gentle in an instant, and suffered his keeper to conduct him away without the least resistance.

DESERVING BOYS.

We like boys who try to help themselves. Every one ought to be friendly to them. The boys of energy and ambition, who make a manly effort to do something for themselves, are the hope of the country. Let their anxious ears catch always words of encouragement and cheer, for such words, like favoring breezes to the sails of a ship, help to bear them forward to the destination they seek.

It is not always as it should be in this respect. Many a heart has been broken—many a young man of industry, and animated by honorable motives, has been discouraged by the sour words, the harsh and unjust remarks of some unfeeling employer, or some relative who should have acted the part of a friend. The unthinking do not consider the weight with which such remarks sometimes fall upon a sensitive spirit, and how they may bruise and break it.

If you cannot do anything to aid and assist young men you ought to abstain from throwing any obstacles in their way. But can you not do something to help them forward? You can at least say God speed to them, and you can say it feelingly from your heart. You little know of how much benefit to boys and young men encouraging counsel, given fitly and well-timed, may be; and in the great day of account, such words addressed to those in need of them you may find reckoned among your good deeds.

Then help the boys who try to help themselves. You can easily recall simple words of kindness addressed to yourself in childhood and youth, and you would like now to kiss the lips that spoke them, though they may long since have been sealed with the silence of death, and covered by the clouds of the valley.

Grains of Gold.

A good man is kinder to his enemy than bad men are to their friends.

True politeness consists in being easy oneself, and making every one about one as easy as one can.

He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one, should never remember it.

Never allow yourself to be idle, whilst others are in want of anything that your hands can make for them.

The power is detested, and miserable is the life of him who wishes rather to be feared than to be loved.

The love of things ancient doth argue staidness; but levity and the want of experience makes men apt unto innovation.

Scorn not at the natural defects of any, which are not in their power to amend. Oh! 'tis cruelty to beat a cripple with his own crutches.

He that does good to another man, does also good to himself; not only in the consequences but in the very act of doing it; for the conscience of well doing is an ample reward.

Those things that are not practicable are not desirable. There is nothing in the world really beneficial that does not lie within the reach of an informed understanding and a well directed pursuit. There is nothing that God has judged good for us, that he has not given us the means to accomplish, both in the natural and the moral world.

THE WORD FAREWELL.—If ever a latent feeling of love and friendship assumes a tender

reality, sweeping the innermost depths of the soul, and kindling sad emotions in two warm hearts, it is a memory lingering upon the departing hour, and we whisper that little but impressive word—farewell.

Happiness is like manna—it is to be gathered in grains, and enjoyed every day. It will not keep, it cannot be accumulated, nor need we go out of ourselves, nor into remote places, to gather it, since it is rained down from heaven at our very doors, or rather within them.

HOP'S LIGHTS.—The man who carries a lantern on a dark night can have friends all around him, walking safely by the help of its rays, and be not defrauded. So he who has the heaven-gift light of hope in his breast can help on many others in this world's darkness, not to his own loss, but to their precious gain.

MUSIC.—The art of music, whose power has been acknowledged by the most profound thinkers of all ages, is of later growth than her sisters, Poetry, Sculpture, and Painting; and its means of communicating ideas are also less positive and direct; but the principles which govern its manifestations are strictly analogous, and we recognize in its very vagueness that yearning after the infinite, that feeling of ineffable loveliness, which, defying, by the electrical rapidity of its action upon the mind, the slow deductions of reasons and all powers of analysis, approaches the divine in its bright mystery and inexplicable influence upon our sentiments and emotions.

Sawdust and Chips.

Do not run in debt to a shoemaker. It is unpleasant to be unable to say your sole is not your own.

Alluding to Chignons, Mrs. Cleaver said, "a girl now seems all head." "Yes, until you talk to her," answered Mr. Cleaver.

"Are oysters healthy?" asked an old lady of her physician. "I never heard any of them complain of being unwell," was the reply.

"How old are you?" asked a Yankee railroad conductor, of a little girl, whom her mother was trying to pass on a half-ticket, "I'm nine at home, but in the train I'm six and a half."

"How much are these tearful bulbs by the quart?" asked a maiden of a White street grocer, one morning. He stared at her a moment, recovered himself, and said, "Oh, them injuns; eight cents."

A teacher, who, in a fit of vexation, called her pupils a set of young adders, on being reproved for language, apologized by saying that she was speaking to those just commencing their arithmetical.

The vitality of some people is simply astounding. There is a long-haired youth at Buffalo, who has written 700 verses, the refrain to which is, "I am dying mother, dying," and withal he isn't dead.

"Will you take a kiss?" said a young beau to his innamorata as he passed the plate of confections which bore the tempting title "Fie!" exclaimed the blushing fair one, "not until we are out of the room."

Timkins aroused his wife from a sound sleep the other night, saying he had seen a ghost in the shape of an ass. "Oh, let me sleep," was the reply of the irate dame, "and don't be frightened at your own shadow."

A young man who was attending a night writing-school was smitten by the charms of a lady present, and at the close of the school pressed forward and asked if he might escort her home. "Yes," said she, "if you will carry my little boy." He is gradually recovering from the shock.

"How now?" we said to Jones this morning, finding him looking unusually cheerful and brightly, notwithstanding the fact that he had been up pretty nearly all night. "You don't seem to be affected by the crisis." And Jones merely remarked, "No such thing. It's a boy."

A coppersmith, who figured largely in ward-room politics, at a meeting the other night finding the tide turning against him, exclaimed with a magnanimous air:—"I wash my hands of the business." "I guess they need it bad enough," shouted an impertinent opponent.

The Colorado papers are bragging over the wonderful restorative effects of their climate upon an Ohio lady who could not sweep her room at home, but shortly after her arrival in Colorado was able to chase her husband a mile with a pitchfork.

A young lady in Lancaster has the initials Y. M. C. A. engraved on the corner of her visiting cards, which she hauls to certain gentleman visitors. At first they suppose she belongs to the Young Men's Christian Association, but it is not long before they rightly construe the letters to mean "You May Come Again."

"Wife, wife, what has become of the grapes?" I suppose, my dear, the hens picked them off, was the reply. "Hens—hens! Some two-legged hens, I guess," said the husband, with some impetuosity; to which she calmly replied, "My dear, did you ever see any other kind?"

Two Titusville, P., lawyers entered into a solemn compact not to drink any intoxicating liquors for a year except when duck shooting, under forfeit of \$100. One of them quenches his thirst without losing the duces by keeping a duck in his barnyard to fire at when he is dry. The other has invested in one also.