

DEAD.

Written for the Ontario Workman.

She sleeps in death—ah! let her sleep—
And yet what waves of passion sweep,
What sad, regretful feelings deep,
What tears resistless flow;
Oh! well-beloved child, adieu;
How priceless ye, how good, how true;
Life scenes with us ye've wandered through,
Now gone where all must go.

It is the tomb—that last repose,
Where all the scenes of life must close;
Our futile hopes, our joys, our woes,
Must find their limits here.
What vain pursuits, what fond desires
Of earthly mould with life expires;
All, save the soul, whose quenchless fires,
In heaven shall reappear.

They droop, they die—our loved, our all,
Like faded flowers, around us fall;
Oh! could we but those dear ones recall,
And could they but return!
Return to soothe a parent's tears,
Return to bless declining years;
What bliss were ours! what joy were theirs;
Alas; we vainly yearn.

Be still! rebellious heart be still;
Why thus resist thy Father's will?
His righteous laws why not fulfil?
Oh! why not be resigned?

Though for the best, yet murmur we,
Unyielding still; and, can it be
The Christian's faith is taught to thee,
Thou proud, rebellious mind?

Nay, rest in peace, departed shade
Of each dear form, so lowly laid;
Soon for thy shadowy realms arrayed,
Shall we be called away;
And if on Jesus' breast we lean—
In faith secure, in peace serene;
We yet shall see a lovelier scene,
Behold a brighter day.

R. H. F.

CLOUDS WITH SILVER LININGS.

BY MARY E. COLBY.

There's never a day so sunny
But a little cloud appears;
There's never a life so happy
But has had its time of tears;
Yet the sun shines out the brighter
When the stormy tempest clears.

There's never a garden growing
With roses in every plot;
There's never a heart so hardened
But it has one tender spot;
We have only to prune the border
To find the forget-me-not.

There's never a cup so pleasant
But has bitter with the sweet;
There's never a path so rugged
That bears not the print of feet;
And we have a Helper promised
For the trials we may meet.

There's never a sun that rises
But we know 'twill set at night;
The tints that gleam in the morning,
At eventide are just as bright;
And the hour that is the sweetest
Is between the dark and light.

There's never a dream that's happy
But the waking makes us sad;
There's never a dream of sorrow
But the waking makes us glad;
We shall look some day with wonder
At the troubles we have had.

There's never a way so narrow
But the entrance is made straight;
There's always a guise to point us
To the little "wicket gate;"
And the angels will be nearer
To a soul that is desolate.

There's never a heart so haughty
But will some day bow and kneel;
There's never a heart so wounded
That the Saviour cannot heal;
There is many a lowly forehead
That is bearing the hidden zeal.

There's never a day so sunny
But a little cloud appears;
There's never a life so happy
But has had its time of tears;
Yet the sun shines out the brighter
When the stormy tempest clears.

"HOME AGAIN."

This touching incident, narrated by a correspondent of the *Capital*, is said to have occurred upon a recent trip over the Boston and Albany railroad. Its simplicity and natural expression makes one think of Dickens's style of telling these every-day incidents so charmingly:—

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 indulged from time to time in the most strange and unaccountable manœuvres. Every now and then he would get up and hurry away 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 continued the healthful exercise until he was as red in the face as a lobster. As we neared Boston these de-

monstrations 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 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 to and fro in his chair 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 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 about the matter—ain't you?" I said, watching his fidgety movements.

"Well, I should think I was," he 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 this train will run off the track and break my neck before I set 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 bright 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 that you know nothing about it."

"Well, according to your philosophy," said I, "you will continue to have sunshine because you are expecting a storm."

"It's curious," he returned, after a pause, "but the only thing which makes me think I'll get through safe is because I think I won't."

"Well, that is curious," said I.

"Yes," he replied. "I'm a machinist—made a discovery—nobody believed it, spent all my money trying to bring it out—mortgaged my home—all went. 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 met the man I wanted. To make a long story short, I've brought thirty thousand pounds home with me."

"Good for you!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," said he, "thirty thousand pounds; and the best of it is she doesn'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, though, you better believe I struck a bee line for home."

"And now you will make her happy," said I, inquiringly.

"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; that's how she lived half the time. She'll come down there to the depot to meet me in a gingham dress and shawl a hundred years old, and she'll think she's dressed up. Oh, she won't have no clothes after this—oh, no, I guess not;" and with these words, which implied that his wife's wardrobe would soon rival that of Queen Victoria's, the stranger tore down the passage way again, and getting in his old corner, where he thought himself out of sight, went through the strangest pantomime, laughing, putting his mouth into the drollest shapes, and then swinging himself backward and forward in the limited space, as if he was walking down Broadway a full rigged swell. And so on until 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 lower step, ready to jump to the platform.

I looked from his face 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 a hysterical sort of way, as he looked over the crowd. I followed his eyes, and some distance back, as if crowded out and shouldered away by the well-dressed throng, was a little woman in a faded dress and well-worn hat, with a face almost painful in its intensity, 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 there, and running one of his bundles plump into the well-developed stomach of a venerable-looking old gentleman in spectacles,

he rushed towards 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 how completely she failed in the attempt! Her mouth got into that position, but it never moved after that, save to draw down 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 towards her. And then, as he drew close and dropped his portmanteau, she just turned completely around with her back towards 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. And I turned my eyes a moment, and then I saw two boys in threadbare roundabouts, standing near, wiping their red eyes and noses on their little coat sleeves, and bursting out anew at every fresh demonstration on the part of their mother, who seemed as if the pent-up tears of all those weary months of waiting were streaming through her eyes.

THE HUMAN FACE DIVINE.

While there exists many people who possess the faculty of reading character by a careful observation of the faces of individuals, the science of physiognomy is by no means to be depended upon. How often do we say, upon a cursory glance at a stranger, what a fine open countenance he has, who, upon second inspection, proves to have the exact features of a knave. Nay, on much more intimate acquaintance, how a delusion of this kind shall continue for months, years, and then break up all at once. Again, people are apt to think that a man who has not the faculty of looking you straight in the eye during conversation is at heart a coward or a scoundrel, and the man who meets you with a steady, straightforward glance, and watches every look and gesture while you are talking, is a brave and open-hearted fellow. This is one of the notions of romancists that has passed into every-day philosophy as fact. According to the novelist the thief is the man who avoids your eye; the consciously guilty man is one whose eyes cannot look a man straight in the face; and the man who intends to do you wrong is the one who becomes agitated whenever you look straight at him. In fact, all this is nonsense. It is frequently the case that the honest man cannot meet your eye steadily because he is too much embarrassed to do so, while the dishonest man stares in your face with the effrontery of insolent self-confidence. As a rule, the man who has the courage to tell a lie has the courage to do it boldly; and if he falters, and looks guilty, be sure that deception and untruth is new to him. The accomplished liar shows no such confusion, but utters falsehood as easy, and with as much assurance, as he utters truth, and is too thoroughly satisfied with the benefits derived from a life of deception to allow one care line to appear on his complacent face. In the cases of men like these, then, the science of physiognomy is a complete failure. We give another instance of this: Ask the married man, who has been so but a short space of time, if those blue eyes, where during so many years of anxious courtship, truth, sweetness, serenity, seemed to be written in characters which could not be misunderstood—ask him if the characters which they now convey be exactly the same?—if for truth he does not read a dull virtue (the mimic of constancy) which changes not, only because it wants the judgment to make a preference?—if for sweetness he does not read animal tranquillity, the dead pool of the heart, which no breeze of passion can stir into health? My friends, the human countenance is still an unread book—a mask to cover the emotions of the soul which can never be lifted by strange hands.

THE SECRET OF LIFE.

I owe my success in life to one fact, namely: At the age of twenty-seven I commenced and continued for years, the practice of daily reading and speaking upon the contents of some historical or scientific book. These off-hand efforts were made sometimes in a corn-field, at others in the forest, and not unfrequently in some distant barn, with the horse and ox for my auditors. It is to this early practice in the great art of arts that I am indebted for the primary and leading impulse that stimulated me forward, and shaped and moulded my entire subsequent destiny. Improve, then, young gentlemen, the superior advantages you here enjoy. Let no day pass without exercising your power of speech. There is no power like oratory. Caesar controlled men by exciting their fears, Cicero by captivating their affections and swaying their passions. The influence of the one died with the author; that of the other continues to this day.—Henry Clay.

A DINNER EXCUSE.

Apologies for poor dinners are generally out of place. But when a lady has a forgetful husband who, without warning, brings home a dozen guests to sit down to a plain family dinner for three or four, it is not in human nature to keep absolute silence. What to say, and how to say it, forms the problem. Mrs. Tucker, the wife of Judge Tucker of Williams-

burg, solved this problem many years ago. She was the daughter or niece (I am uncertain which) of Sir Peyton Skipwith, and celebrated for her beauty, wit, ease and grace of manner. Her temper and tact were put to the proof one court-day, when the judge brought home with him the accustomed half-score or more of lawyers, for whom not the slightest preparation had been made, the judge having quite forgotten to remind his wife that it was court-day, and she herself, strange to tell, having overlooked the fact.

The dinner was served with elegance, and Mrs. T. made herself very charming. Upon rising to leave the guests to their wine, she said, "Gentlemen, you have dined to-day with Judge Tucker: promise me now that you will all dine to-morrow with me."

This was all her apology, whereupon the gentlemen swore that such a wife was beyond price. The judge then explained the situation, and the next day there was a noble banquet.

Moral: Never worry a guest with apologies.

SEWING BUTTONS.

The Danbury News is the best digestive pill that has yet been discovered. Here is an item concerning buttons that should be read immediately after a hearty dinner or late supper, and is warranted to make the reader proof against dyspepsia: It is bad enough to see a bachelor sew on a button, but he is the embodiment of grace along side of a married man. Necessity has compelled experience in the case of the former, but the latter has always depended upon some one else for this service, and fortunately for the sake of society it is rarely he is obliged to resort to the needle himself. Sometimes the patient wife scolds her right hand, or runs a sliver under the nail of the index finger of that hand, and it is then the man clutches the needle around the neck, and forgetting to tie a knot in the thread, commences to put on the button. It is always in the morning, and from five to twenty minutes after he is expected to be down in the street. He lays the button exactly on the site of its predecessor, and pushes the needle through the eye and carefully draws the thread after, leaving about three inches of it sticking up for the lee way. He says to himself: "Well, if women don't have the easiest time I ever see." Then he comes back the other way and gets the needle through the cloth well enough, and lays himself out to find the eye, but in spite of a great deal of patient jabbing, the needle point persists in bucking against the solid part of the button, and finally, when he loses patience, his finger catches the thread, and that three inches he had left to hold the button slips through the eye in a twinkling, and the button rolls leisurely across the floor. He picks it up without a single remark, out of respect for his children, and makes another attempt to fasten it. This time when coming back with the needle he keeps both the thread and button from slipping by covering them with his thumb, and it is out of regard for that part of him that he feels around for the eye in a very careful and judicious manner, but eventually losing his philosophy the search becomes more hopeless, he falls to jabbing about in a loose and savage manner, and it is just then the needle finds the opening, and comes up through the button and part way through his thumb with a celerity that no human ingenuity can guard against. Then he lays down the thing with a few familiar quotations, and pressed the injured hand between his knees, and then holds it under his arm, and finally jams it into his mouth, and all the while he prances about the floor, and calls upon heaven and earth to witness that there has never been anything like it since the world was created, and howls, and whistles, and moans, and sobs. After a while he calms down, and puts on his pants, and fasten them together with a stick, and goes to his business a changed man.

PHILOLOGICAL PECULIARITIES.

Hindoos are said to have no word for a "friend." The Italians have no equivalent for our "humility." The Russian dictionary gives a word the definition of which is "not to have enough buttons on your footman's waistcoat;" a second means to "kill over again;" a third, "to earn by dancing," while the word "knout," which we have all learned to consider as exclusively Russian in meaning and application, proves upon investigation to be their word "knut," and to mean only a "whip of any kind." The Germans call a thimble a "finger hat," which it certainly is, and a "grasshopper a hay horse." A glove with them is a "hand shoe," showing that they were shoes before gloves. Poultry is "leather cattle," whilst the name for the well known substances, "oxygen and hydrogen" are, in their language, "sour stuff" and "water stuff." The French, strange to say, have no verb "to stand," nor can a Frenchman speak of "kicking" any one. The nearest approach he, in his politeness, makes to it is to "give a blow with his foot," the same thing, probably, to the recipient, in either case, but it seems to want the directness, the energy of our "kick." Neither has he any word for "baby," nor for "home," nor "comfort." The terms "up stairs" and "down stairs," are also unknown in French. In English we "cure" meat, and "cure" sick people, and we like our girls to be "quick," but never wish to see them "fast."

A CALIFORNIA TRIAL.

A fellow named Donks, was lately tried at Yuba city, for entering a miner's tent and seizing a bag of gold dust, valued at eighty-four dollars. The testimony showed that he had once been employed there, and knew exactly where the owner had kept his dust; that on the night of June 19, he cut a slit in the tent, reached in, took the bag and ran off.

Jim Buller, the principle witness, testified that he saw the hole cut, saw the man reach in, and heard him run away.

"I put for him at once," continued the witness, "but when I caught him I didn't find Bill's bag; but it was found afterward where he had thrown it."

Counsel for the prisoner—"How far did he get in when he took the dust?"

Butler—"Well, he was stoopin' over—about half in I should say."

Counsel—May it please your honor, the indictment isn't sustained, and I shall demand an acquittal on direction of the court. The testimony is clear that he made an opening through which he protruded himself about half way, stretching out his arms, committed the theft. But the indictment charges that he actually entered the tent or dwelling. Now, your honor, can a man enter a house, when only one half of his body is in and the other half out?

Judge—I shall leave the whole matter to the jury. They must judge of the law and the fact proved.

The jury brought in a verdict of "guilty," as to one-half of the body from the waist up, and "not guilty" as to the other half.

The judge sentenced the guilty half to two years' imprisonment, leaving it to the prisoner's option to have the not guilty part cut off or take it along with him. A judgment, we think, worthy of Solomon.

WOMAN'S VOICE.

How consoling to the mind oppressed by heavy sorrow is the voice of an amiable woman! Like sacred music, it imparts to the soul a feeling of celestial serenity, and as a gentle zephyr, refreshes the wearied sense with its soft and millifluous tones. Riches may avail much in the house of affection; the friendship of man may alleviate for a time the bitterness of woe; but the angel voice of a woman is capable of producing a lasting effect on the heart, and communicates a sensation of delicious composure, which the mind has never before experienced, even in the moments of its highest felicity.

A woman has no natural gift more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It is like the sound on the water. It leaps from her in a clear, sparkling rill, and the heart that hears it feels as if bathed in the cool, exhilarating spring. Have you ever pursued an unseen fugitive through the trees, led on by a fairy laugh, now here, now there, now lost, now found? We have; and we are pursuing that wandering voice to this day. Sometimes it comes to us in the midst of care, or sorrow, or irksome business, and then we turn away and listen, and hear it ringing in the room like a silver bell, with power to scare away the evil spirits of mind. How much we owe to that sweet laugh! It turns prose to poetry; it flings flowers to sunshine over the darkness of the wood in which we are travelling; touches with light even our sleep, which is so no more than the image of death, but is consumed with dreams that are the shadows of immortality.

THE SPIDER'S BRIDGE.

One chilly day I was left at home alone, and after I was tired of reading "Robinson Crusoe," I caught a spider and brought him into the house to play with. Well, I took a wash-basin and fastened up a stick in it like a liberty pole or a vessel's mast, and then poured in water enough to turn the mast into an island for my spider, whom I named Crusoe, and put on the mast. As soon as he was fairly cast away, he anxiously commenced running around to find the road to the mainland. He'd scamper down the mast to the water, stick out a foot, get it wet, shake it, run round the stick and try the other side, and then run back to the top again. Pretty soon it became a serious matter with Mr. Robinson, and he sat down to think it over. And in a moment he acted as if he wanted to shout for a boat, and I was afraid he was going to be hungry, so I put a little molasses on the stick. A fly came, but Crusoe wasn't hungry for flies just then. He was homesick for his web in the corner of the woodshed. He went slowly down the pole to the water, and touched it all around, shaking his feet like pussy when she wets her stockings in the grass; and suddenly a thought appeared to strike him. Up he went like a rocket to the top, and commenced playing circus. He held out one foot in the air, then another, and turned round two or three times. He got excited and nearly stood on his head before I found out what he knew, and that was this: that the draught of air made by the fire would carry a line ashore on which he could escape from his desert island. He pushed out a web that went floating in the air, until it came on the table. Then he hauled on the rope until it was strong enough to hold him and walk ashore. I thought he had earned his liberty, so I put him back in his woodshed again.

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