

## The Family Circle.

### THE SLEEPING OF THE WIND.

The great red moon was swinging  
 Alow in the purple east ;  
 The robins had ceased from singing ;  
 The noise of the day had ceased ;  
 The golden sunset islands  
 Had faded into the sky,  
 And warm from the sea of silence  
 A wind of sleep came by.

It came so balm / and resting  
 That the tree-top breathed a kiss,  
 And a drowsy wood-bird, nestling,  
 Chirped a wee note of bliss ;  
 It stole over fragrant thickets  
 As soft as an owl could fly,  
 And whispered to tiny crickets  
 The words of lullaby.

Then slowly the purple darkened,  
 The whispering trees were still,  
 And the hush of the woodland harkened  
 To a crying whip-poor-will ;  
 And the moon grew whiter, and by it  
 The shadows lay dark and deep ;  
 But the fields were empty and quiet,  
 For the wind had fallen asleep.

—Charles B. Going, in *Ladies' Home Journal*.

### THE UNSTABLE EQUILIBRIUM OF GRIM RUTHERLAND.

It must be for some hidden reason of contraries that our large collie Grim has been so named. Peace and goodwill are written on his countenance. Welcome shines from his eye. There is no possible guile in him. He is too fat for guile. He has also been brought up with Sweetheart, and is inured to being, like the renowned Brer Fox in the too fascinating tales of Uncle Remus, "de ridin' hoss of de rabbit family." Sweetheart has ridden upon him for years, and now Hugo has his turn, and twists tiny baby hands in a savagerous manner into his shaggy fell.

But Grim is placid, and is, besides, a dog of some philosophy. When he has had enough of his rider he simply sits down. The laws of gravitation, which the average sixth standard boy believes to have been invented by Sir Isaac Newton, take their course, and—but it is obvious what happens. For family reasons connected with washing day this performance has been discouraged on muddy afternoons. So hard is it to overcome the power of prejudice.

Not that Grim objects. He is quite ready to sit down anywhere. He rather prefers a puddle. For he is a utilitarian, and carries weight only so long as it is clearly for his good. He sits down, therefore, when he is tired. He does this very suddenly and without warning—even maliciously, like an Anarchist explosion. And then a new packet of Hudson's Extract has to be ordered. The traveller for that article has noticed a marked increase in the orders from our village. He does not know the cause. Sweetheart does. It is owing to the unstable equilibrium of one end of our dog Grim. It is a strange thing that there is no Society for the Prevention of Cruelty by Animals. If there were, we hold to it that Sweetheart has good cause to apply for a warrant against Grim.

Moreover, many a tramp might also lodge informations—and Grim's master might find it hard to find defence. For the mild-mannered collie is a great respecter of persons. He is, indeed, glad to see every visitor—and to none does he tender a warmer welcome than to a good average, slouching, shuffling tramp. Grim may be couched in the shape of a very thick capital Q under the table in the

kitchen. He may be sound asleep in his kennel in the yard. He may be dreaming of the Elysian fields to which good dogs go (where there are plenty of rabbits and no rabbit-holes)—but as surely as the gate clicks and a tramp slouches past the window, there is Grim up and raging like a fury. It is related in the rhyme of Thackeray that

The immortal Smith O'Brien,  
 Was raging like a lion—

but Grim rages like an entire menagerie—or rather a zoological gardens of some consequence.

If he happens to be shut up in the house, the visitor retires and tries the front door bell. But if Grim be in the yard, and loose, he adds to his extensive collection of fragments of tramps' trouser-legs. In this house we all collect something. One postage stamps, another damaged toys, a third stones of price. Yet another household "wanity" is a library of rare volumes of unattainable editions, concerning the price of which the collector almost certainly prevaricates when put to the question. Wives will certainly have a deal to answer for some day. So at least we have often said. But this is too large a question, and to return—Grim is a plain dog, dwelling in kennels, and he does not attempt anything esoteric, but simply continues to collect his frayed fragments of tramps' trouser-legs.

A horrid thought occurred to Sweetheart the other day: "Are there never any bits of legs along with them?"

For indeed the process of collection seems a rough one. The enemy is usually retiring in some disorder down the road, and Grim is following and shaking his head from side to side, harassing the rear. Then there is an explosive rent; the tramp increases his speed—and Grim has made an addition to his collection.

But Sweetheart is not easy in her mind about the question of the possibly enclosed leg. For Grim is undoubtedly carnivorous. No unprejudiced person could watch his habits and customs for a single day without coming to that conclusion.

"Horrid dog!" says Sweetheart, "I hope it is not true. I never could love you again if you did. And you getting as much nice clean dog biscuit as ever you can eat!"

Sweetheart does not approve of the miscellaneous feeding of dogs.

"And you are actually getting fat, too, Grim!" she continues.

Grim licks his lips and wags a tail like a branch of spruce. He thinks he is going to get something good to eat. But Sweetheart goes on to give him a lecture instead.

"Are you aware that the butcher's boy complained of you to-day, Grim Rutherford, you naughty dog?"

I do not think I have mentioned the fact before, but the family name is Rutherford, and consequently our dog's name is Grim Rutherford. By this he is known all over the village, and even as much as mile into the next parish.

But he sometimes presumes upon his good name, and the head of the house has to suffer, as is usual in such cases.

It is, for instance, wholly certain that of late Grim has been getting too fat. He is regularly and sparsely fed, as Sweetheart has said, upon dog biscuit. But, all the same, like a very famous person, he waxed fat and attached himself temporarily to many tramps.

But to this there was a reason annexed.

One day, in the broad sunshine of the forenoon, the horrid fact was made manifest. Grim Rutherford was a freebooter and a wild bandit. He sat couched like a wolf, and crunched the thigh-bone of an ox upon the public highway.

And the passers-by mocked and said, "What an example!"

Thus is disgrace brought upon innocent households.

Undoubtedly Grim Rutherford was a bad character of long standing, a lamentable fact which we found out as soon as we had started out to make inquiries. He had been obtaining credit on the family good name—trading on his name and address, like certain amiable gentlemen who are occasionally compelled to unveil their methods in the public courts of the realm. Not that there was nothing underhand about the record of Grim Rutherford. After he had had a good meal at home, he regularly started out to make the grand tour of the butchers' shops. And we found that such was the rascal's effrontery that he would march straight into a shop and out again without even the poor preface of an apology. Nor did he return alone. He brought a bone with him in precisely the same fashion as he is wont to bring a stick out of the water. He did not bray himself like an ordinary malefactor, for his name is Grim Rutherford, and he has never yet known what it is to have his entrances retarded and his exits accelerated with such a projectile as a pound weight, as would assuredly happen in the case of any ordinary dog without a family name to dishonour. That is the kind of dog Grim Rutherford is. You would never think it to look at him as he basks upon the sunny part of the pavement in front of the door. A conscious rectitude and tolerance pervade his whole being. He looks as if he might almost stand beside the plate on Sundays himself—a very proper elder's dog. But it is entirely a fraud. Grim would listen to a first-rate sermon with his mind on the delights of ratbiting all the while—which, of course, could not be the case with a real human elder, who never gives his mind to anything but the divisions of the text. So at least we have been informed.

Yet you must not say that Grim Rutherford is a bad dog. Every child in the village would contradict you if you did. And, besides, you would certainly forfeit the friendship and countenance of Sweetheart, which in a thinly populated district is a serious matter, for Sweetheart's friends have many privileges.

"Grim is *not* a bad dog," she would say.

You try hard (but fail in your attempt) to appear credulous. Sweetheart looks at you with an air which says that you must be an individual of very indifferent morals indeed to harbour such bad thoughts.

"But he lets you drop in the mud, Sweetheart!" you urge on your own behalf.

"I know," she says sadly; "but, you know, his head means all right. After all it is only one end of him that sits down."

Thus Grim Rutherford gets the benefit of the good intentions of his better part, instead of being judged by the iniquities of his worse.

So may it be with all of us!—S. R. Crockell.

### A FAMOUS LIGHT-HOUSE.

Writing to the New York *Evangelist*, Dr. Field says:

It seems strange that an Empire as large as France had not thirty years ago a single light-house. It had a coast line of hundreds of miles on the Mediterranean and on the Atlantic coast that was very dangerous to navigators.

On the west the waves of the Atlantic rolled in with tremendous force, dashing ships against the rocks, or wrecking them on the sands, so that sailors who had been on distant voyages and were returning to Europe, often perished almost in sight of home.

And yet this had continued for centuries, and not a single watch-tower had ever sent a ray of light over the angry waters to warn mariners of the dangers of the sea. The point of greatest peril was at this "shoulder" of Africa which is thrust out between the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, as here ships are daily and almost hourly leaving or entering the Straits of Gibraltar.

Nowhere in the world was a light-house more needed. Yet who should build it?

England, and France, and the United States protect their own shores. But who should protect Morocco? All the commercial countries united in an appeal to the Sultan, who answered that Morocco had neither navy nor commerce, and therefore had no need of the security which a light-house would give. But for all that if the said powers would design such a structure as would meet their wants, and supervise its erection, *he would pay the cost*, the powers for whose benefit it was erected engaging to see to its maintenance from year to year.

This was not only a fair, but a very generous offer, and was at once accepted. A French engineer was put in charge of the work, who, having *carte blanche*, did not spare expense, but used all his resources to build a tower that should stand any storm that blows.

So far as a mere visitor could judge, he accomplished his purpose, for in appearance it is as solid as the rocky foundation on which it stands. It is a massive structure, with stone walls of great thickness, rising in a square up to the circular lantern.

Of course we climbed to the top, to inspect the great illuminator. As we looked out over the waves, we saw that it must sweep a vast horizon. The lamp itself is an object lesson. It is a study to see how such a light is generated. We have been taught that any light, great or small, travels a good way:

"How far that little candle throws his beams!  
 So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

But here is a light that must be like a beacon fire on a mountain top, for which there are provided, I will not say "rivers of oil," but certainly barrels and hog-heads of the most illuminating oils in the world, and the light thus produced is not only doubled and quadrupled, but multiplied an hundred-fold by enormous reflectors, so that it is clearly visible twenty-five miles at sea.

This famous light-house we found in charge, not of a Moor (I doubt if there is one in all Morocco that would know how to manage it), but of a German who has been here for a great number of years, and who, though very simple in his manners, is a man of intelligence and scientific knowledge.

Though he is seventy-one years of age