

The Home Circle.

THE NEGLECTED CHILD.

How blessed are the beautiful!
Love watcheth o'er their birth.
Oh! Beauty! In my nursery
I learned to know thy worth.
For even there I often felt
Forsaken and forlorn,
And wished—for others wished it, too,
I never had been born.

I'm sure I was affectionate,
But in my sister's face
There was a look of love which claimed
A kiss, or an embrace.
But when I raised my lip to meet
The pressure children prize,
None knew the feelings of my heart,
They spoke not in my eyes.

But, ah! that heart too keenly felt
The anguish of neglect.
I saw my sister's lovely form,
With gems and roses decked,
I did not covet them, but oft,
When wantonly reproved,
I envied her the privilege
Of being so beloved.

But soon a time of triumph came,
A time of sorrow, too,
For sickness o'er my sisters frame
Her venomous mantle threw.
Her features, once so beautiful,
Now wore the hue of death,
And former friends shrank fearfully
From her infected breath.

'Twas then, unwearied, day by day,
I watched beside her bed,
And fearlessly upon my breast
I pillowed her poor head.
She lived! she loved me for my care,
My grief was at an end!
I was a lonely being once;
But now I've found a friend.

HAYNES BAILEY.

HINTS ON SHOPPING.

It is poor economy—or, rather, no economy at all—to purchase inferior fabrics because they are cheap. Persons in limited circumstances often commit this error. If a calico at ten cents a yard looks about as well as one at twelve or fifteen cents, the prudent purchaser will often think it economy to choose the low priced goods. As it is low-priced, she may indulge in a yard or two more for ruffles or bias folds, flattering herself that cheap ornamentation is equivalent for fine quality. This mistake may be seen permeating the entire wardrobe of many sensible people. The result is simply this: they never have anything of good quality, are always shabby and are always buying. None but rich can afford to buy poor goods. This rule applies to all sorts of goods—muslins, cloth, corsets and table linen. We grudge the time we see women spend in making up muslins of low grade for underclothing. There are so many stitches in a shirt! And when it lasts one year instead of two, as it should, there is just twice as much work done as need to be. Better make three shirts of first quality muslin than six of a lower grade of muslin. Just so in flannels, a fifty-cent all wool Shaker flannel will wear two or three times as long as your flimsy cotton and wool stuff a few pennies cheaper. Especially in a family of children, fabrics should be chosen for service, that when made up they may descend from one child to another, thus saving the mother time to stitch into her brain a little embroidery of thought and culture. A few rules in regard to shopping may be in place. First: have a list of articles to be purchased made out in black and white. By this means you will be saved from sudden temptation to buy what is really not necessary, and forget nothing that you require. Second: Deal only with merchants in whose business integrity you can confide. Third: In the long run one always does better to buy at one and the same place than run about for the purpose of hunting up bargains. A regular customer can often get favors denied to an occasional purchaser. Fourth: Never buy what you don't want, simply because it is cheap.

NIGHTMARE AND DREAMS.

There is one curious and difficult inquiry to which no satisfactory reply has yet been given. It is in regard to the horrible phenomena of nightmare. Why is it that our dreams, when we sleep in an easy position and the organism is in healthy action, are beautiful and agreeable; but when we sleep in a cramped, oppressive attitude, or are suffering from indigestion, they are invariably of a frightful character, full of deformity and danger, causing pain and terror? Of this abstruse and interesting problem the following solution is suggested—a solution which, it is believed, will be acceptable and conclusive to those familiar with the ultimate principles of physiological and psychological science. Ugly and terrible outward phenomena, reported in the brain, and these interpreted in relation to what the exigency requires of the organism, produce disturbing and violent reactions in various nerve-centres. These reactions, reporting themselves in the brain, are there, by the inverse action of the law of association, taken to imply the presence, as outward causes, of the ugly and terrible phenomena of which they had before been consequences. If a piece of

tough beef in the stomach causes from within just such a ganglionic perturbation as would be caused from without by a murderous deed or a fall from a precipice, is it not quite natural that the mind, deprived of its usual verifying tests, should think its subjective interpretation of the former an objective experience of the latter?

The commonest mistake in regard to dreams is the belief that they enter the mind from abroad. With a fine fancy but fictitious thought, a poet says:—

"Sleep is a traitor,
Who fills the poor defenceless eyes with blackness,
That he may let in dreams."

They are evoked, not introduced. When the inner play becomes, as it sometimes does, so exciting and powerful as to strike the springs of volition, and thus move the muscles, as we have somnambulism, which is a dream put into action. Are not some men sleep-walkers all their days, putting their dreams into action? The essence of a dream, then, is that objects and events which are only ideally perceived within the mind are credited as having outward existence. And in this innermost essence of the thing, in this outermost color of the phenomenon, is not our whole life full of dream? Pascal impressively asks in one of those pregnant paragraphs which often fell from his pen, "If we were solitary when awake, but dreamed in company, and our dreams accorded with each other, who doubts that we should believe matters reversed? In fine, as we frequently dreamed that we dream, piling one dream upon another, it is quite possible that this life is only a dream, on which others are grafted, from which we awake at death, and during which we have the principles of the true and the good as little as during natural sleep."

How many things which for the time away and shape us, are limited to our own souls, pure idealities, destined never to be any part of the veritable world? It is one of the deep utterances of old Heraclitus that "they who are awake have a world in common among them; but they who sleep are retired each to his own private world." Nevertheless, literal and large as the truth in this maxim—still with reference to our moral experience an inverse statement; for the former cause of it would express a graver truth, and one with a more comprehensive inference. Consider it thus. Our common waking life is like a dream because in it each man lives a special experience within a world specially shared and colored by his dominant idiosyncracies.

WAITING.

How often we grow weary of waiting—waiting for "the good time coming," when we shall realize the fruition of all our hopes. How often we wish from our very heart that we could obliterate every second of time that intervened between the present now, and the future, when we can say and realize that "all is well." How we long for the battle of life to end in victory, and to see the day when we can enjoy, in peaceful leisure, the fruits of our triumph. How often, amid the struggles of life, we grow weary and feel life faltering in the strife; when all around looks dark, and the cherished object of our ambition grows small and dim in the distant future; when, soiled and weary with the labor of the day, we look back and realize how little we have done, and forward, to that which yet remains to be done, the heart grows faint, and the vigorous nerves relax, and a feeling akin to despair comes over us. It is then, if ever, that we lose confidence in our fellow-man, and, too often, in God himself.

It is an easy matter for those who are "born great," or "have greatness thrust upon them," to "possess their souls in peace;" but for the poor man who has ambition to be something in the world, and to be of some account among men, it is different. It is a hard lot, at best, to have to struggle against odds; to have the frowns of those you had hoped would smile upon your labors. To be traduced by those from whom you had expected words of encouragement, is, to say the least, "the unkindest cut of all." It is hard to wait, and labor under the circumstances, and faint not; but it is best and noblest to go forward.

When we have done our duty, when we have worked hard for success, we should arm ourselves with hope and patience, and wait for triumph, which shall surely come. There is such a thing as justice between man and man, and God is always just. We will realize in some way or other all that we deserve, sooner or later. The earnest, sanguine, emphatic man, if he is honest and works diligently, will surely succeed; but he must wait.

A "CORNER" IN WIVES.

"Corners" are not confined to stock brokers or grain dealers. The Zulus of South Africa do not need a missionary to teach them to be shrewd. Though a strong and robust people, they have a decided weakness for womankind. They have as many wives as they have means to purchase; and unlike many in a civilized country, they buy not with gold, or houses, or estates, but with cows. Twenty, thirty, fifty, or a hundred cows are given for a wife, according as the girl is young and beautiful or otherwise. One bold Zulu operator with capital once bought up all the young and desirable girls in the market of the whole region, and compelled all who wanted to buy to pay him most exorbitant prices for wives. Of course there was much distress, and this dis-

astrous state of things attracted the attention of their government, which fixes the legal price of a wife to be only ten cows. No man can collect more than this by law. He may receive fifty if he will, but he can force no one to pay more than ten. Thus Zulu law stands as a friend to fairness and equity, and the bulls and bears alike are obliged to respect it, for their laws are strictly carried out.

LOOKING FORWARD.

With hopeful eyes turned future-wards we stand,
Doing our work, not blessed, but content;
And though but rarely loving, hand meets hand,
From heart to heart love's messages are sent.
Our present life is twilight, calm and still,
Wherein we watch and wait the morrow's light,
And finish daytime tasks with right goodwill,
For this shall make our harvest sunshine bright.
Oh, blessed reaping time of love long sown;
Oh, golden harvest to be gathered in;
Oh, happy day when love shall claim his own,
Oh, perfect rest our fearless wills shall win.
Oh, blessed future, dimly seen, but dear,
And blessed time that daily brings thee near.

"We have no time for foolish sighs and tears!
No room in all our lives for vain regret;
No need to mourn the spring-time of our years,
No past to haunt, no sorrow to forget.
For our great love has drawn a curtain dense
Across the years that seem so far away,
And all our past is hidden, we commence
A truer, better living from to-day.
Not yet the currents of our lives may meet,
And mingling, broaden to a stream of joy,
But peace is ours; and love serene and sweet,
Shall conquer care, and soothe the world's annoy.
So on this vantage-ground of patient love,
We take firm footing. What shall us remove?"

FOOLED THE HAWK.

Some doves went to a hawk, and asked him to protect them from a kite.
"That I will," was the cheer reply; "and when I am admitted into the dove-cote, I shall kill more of you in a day than the kite did in a century. But of course you know this; you expect to be treated in the regular way."
So he entered the dove-cote, and began his preparations for a general slaughter. But the doves all set upon him and made exceedingly short work of him. With his last breath he asked them why, being so formidable, they had not killed the kite. They replied that they had not seen the any kite.
This fable teaches so questionable a morality it may properly be left to interpret itself.

LOVE.

Who can measure the height, the depth, the width, the breadth, or estimate the influence and power of love? It is the grand centre around which all things revolve; the great power which gives existence and impels action. It is the fountain from which flows every pure, holy, sublime thought; the main-spring to every good, generous, noble impulse; the great under current of our being, deep, strong, powerful, exhaustless. It dwells in every heart, and beams, at times, from every eye.
We may dam the stream until its waters become sluggish and stagnant; until our hearts, our natures, and our lives become cold, repulsive and barren, and we are subjects only to be spurned and shunned by all mankind.

Oh, how wretched the heart must be, how cheerless, gloomy, and miserable the life becomes when the heart-fountain is walled in, and the gushing, refreshing, purifying streams of love are turned into other channels.

Should we murmur at this? Should we not rather rejoice, and in the fullness of our hearts praise God that the storms of adversity are sent to us; that they beat upon us until the walls are battered down, the dams swept away, the fountains thus opened, and the streams thus purified? Soon, then, are our hungry, yearning, craving, starving natures refreshed, strengthened, filled and thrilled; our faces beaming, our hearts gladdened, and our lives emitting joy and happiness. And thus by adversity and affliction, over which we are oftentimes found murmuring, God lifts from our lives the dark cloud whose shadow has rested like a pall upon us; takes from our aching, suffering hearts the great weight which has so long rested there; breaks the terrible chains which have bound us, and leads us forth into the glorious sunlight of love. Then do we look up and praise, and magnify, and bless Him, thankfully kissing the rod which chastened. What a halo of glory the great, deed love which then thrills unsheds over all around. With the heart thus filled with love, how beautiful the world appears; how strong we are to will, and do, and suffer; how patient, how forbearing, how hopeful, how charitable, how attractive we become.

Oh, that there was more pure, deep, holy, enrapturing—more heaven-born and less passion-born—love in this world of ours! Then would there be less sad, lonely, weary, wandering, hungry, suffering, aching, bleeding hearts; more of joy and gladness; less of misery, vice, and sorrow.

Let us then love each human being, remembering that beneath each frame, be it ever so rough and uncouth, dwells a priceless gem, an immortal soul; that in that breast God has set a fountain of love whose waters may be made pure and sweet, though they have become bitter and nauseating.

Love is like the "Tree of life," bearing, as fruit, joy, happiness, cheerfulness, kindness, patience, pity, charity, confidence, forgiveness, forbearance, endurance, aid strength; yielding her fruit not only monthly but hourly, and all her acts are for the healing and happiness of human hearts and immortal souls.

Our Heavenly Father, the author of our being, is the great fountain of love, the source from which, through the blessed Saviour, may flow the stream which shall keep the lesser fountain in our being full to overflowing.

"God is love." Be not ashamed of a pure, deep, inspiring love. Let it dwell richly in your heart, look from your eyes, speak from your lips, beam from your countenance, and flow forth abundantly in your daily walks. Thus shall you ever scatter blessing on the way, thus can you make your life a great and glorious success, and the world better for your having lived; and thus shall you be perfected for the enjoyment of eternal bliss at God's right hand.

Even in this land of plenty, this land so owned and blessed of God, we are surrounded by weary, yearning, hungry, fainting hearts, who need the sunlight of our smiles to cheer them, the influence of our love to strengthen and encourage them and with which some will end their lives in misery, vice, and crime; but with which many may be saved and made to rejoice. Many an intellect which now lies dormant may thus be brought into living action, made bright and brilliant, shedding light and yielding a wealth of wisdom and love which shall enrich and bless the world. Thousands are starving for the very food we should rejoice in giving, for, be we ever so generous, we shall receive an hundred fold more in return. The more we are influenced, actuated, impelled, filled and thrilled by and with a deep, pure, holy, unselfish love, the more we are God-like, and the better, greater, and more noble shall we become.

THE MONKEY'S LESSON.

An old monkey, designing to teach his sons the advantages of unity, brought them a number of sticks, and desired them to see how easily they might be broken one at a time. So each young monkey took a stick and broke it. "Now," said the father, "I will teach you a lesson."

And he began to gather the sticks into a bundle. But the young monkeys, thinking he was about to beat them, set upon him altogether, and disabled him.

"There," said the aged sufferer, "behold the advantage of unity! If you had assailed me one at a time, I would have killed every mother's son of you!"

Moral lessons are like the merchant's goods; they can be conveyed in various ways.

Sawdust and Chips.

MAN OVER-BORED.—An editor.

Nothing overcomes passion more than silence.

Virtue is a rock, from which rebound all the arrows shot against it.

The latest Americanism is "nuptiated." It is synonymous with "married."

COUNTER IRRITANTS.—People who examine the whole of the stock and buy nothing.

ALARM.—The timid man is alarmed before the danger, the coward during it, and the brave man after it.

An old Judge, after hearing a flowery discourse from a pretentious young barrister, advised him to pluck out some of the feathers from the wings of his imagination, and put them into the tail of his judgment.

HOPE AND CONTENTMENT.—While hope and contentment have their way, despair may strive in vain to conquer the heart. The secret of that life whose joys are not all faded fruits consists in finding all the happiness there is in everything that surrounds it. It uses for life's great purposes every thought and act that the world gives it.

A PERTINENT PRAYER.—A gentleman in Bombay seeing an anchorite sitting under a cocoanut tree, asked for an interest in his prayers. The anchorite replied he would with pleasure grant the request, but he scarce knew what best to ask for him. "I have seen you often," said he, "and you appear to enjoy good health, and to have everything that can conduce to human happiness; perhaps the best thing I can ask for you will be a grateful heart."

TELL YOUR WIFE.—Show her your balance-sheet. Let her look over the items. You think it will hurt her feelings. No, it won't do any such thing. She has been taught to believe that money was with you, just as little boys think it is with their fathers—terribly hard to be reached, yet inexhaustible. She has had her suspicions aroused. She has guessed you were not so prosperous as you talked. But you had so befogged your money affairs, that she, poor thing, knows nothing about them. Tell it right out to her that you are living beyond your income. Take her into partnership, and we'll warrant you'll never regret it.

LATEST THROW OF THE HATCHET.—An

Aberdeen gentlemen, talking to an American tourist, and growing warm in his praise of the hospitalities and sociabilities of Scotland, amid other instances referred to one of their punch-bowls, which, on the christening of a young marquis, was built so large that a small boat was actually set sailing upon it in which a boy sat who ladled out the liquor. "I guess," said the American tourist, "I've seen a bowl that 'ud beat that to eternal smash; for, at my brother's christening, the bowl was so deep that when we young 'uns said it war'nt sweet enough, father sent a man down in a diving-bell to stir up the sugar at the bottom."

FEMININE SNEYNES AFTER THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY.—One might write much (says a clergyman) upon the amusing scenes which the necessary registering of the wedded parties' names, &c., gave rise to. The bride—no longer the men—were the shy ones in the vestry. "Write your name here, if you please."—"Please, sir, I'd rather not."—"Can you not write? If you cannot, make your mark."—"To be sure, I can write, sir; and a great deal better than him. Can't I, John? Why, I've kept mother's accounts at the shop for—" "Then write there; and be quick, please."—"I had much rather you did it for me, sir."—"But I must not do it unless you are unable to write."—"Please, sir, I don't like."—"Very well, then, I can't give you any marriage lines."—This generally overcame all scruples, and the true reason for the delay came out. The bride did not know which name to write—her maiden name, or that of her husband, and was too shy to ask.

"Is it?"—"If we were rich instead of poor, into what manifold blessings should our gold resolve itself! If the demon anger had not burst his bonds one day, the hasty words would have remained unspoken, and we should still possess that which cannot be regained—a friendship lost. If we had but waited one little day ere penning the letter whose every word was bitterness, what self-reproaches, and bitter tears of regret, would have been saved us! We are tired of this old home. If we could only go out into the great bustling world, and do what others have done! If we might win name and fame! If there were only more of sun, and less of cloud on our pathway! If we could only be content with what we have and are! If flowers bloomed, and Mother Earth were her robe of green all the year round—if we could always be in a good temper—if people never found fault with other people—if we were all as good, and kind, and loving, as it lies in our power to be—what a sunny paradise we might make of our world!"

JOHN KELZ,

Merchant Tailor,

358 YONGE STREET,

A) LARGE AND GOOD ASSORTMENT OF FALL GOODS FOR ORDERED WORK.

A Cheap Stock of Ready-Made Clothing on hand.

30-0h

J. W. BRIDGMAN,

Portrait Painter,

Life Size Portraits in Oil. Inspection invited.

STUDIO—39 King Street West, over Ewing & Co.'s N.B.—Copies made from Photographs, Ambrotypes, &c.

30-0e

TO THE MECHANICS OF TORONTO.

The Queen City Grocery and Provision Store,

320 Queen Street West.

The Subscriber respectfully informs his many friends, and the public generally, that he has commenced business in the store lately occupied by Mr. Wm. Marr, and known as the "People's Grocery," No. 320 Queen Street West, where he hopes, by fair dealing and strict attention to business, to secure a liberal share of your patronage. The stock consists of GROCERIES, WINES AND LIQUORS, all bought in the cheapest market for cash, and will be sold at a slight advance upon the cost.

Goods sent to any part of the city.
Don't forget the place—320 Queen Street West.
27-0e WM. F. ROBERTSON.

TO THE ELECTORS

OF THE

COUNTY OF WELLAND.

The Reform party, in convention assembled, have unanimously nominated me as their Candidate in the forthcoming election for a member to represent the County in the Dominion Parliament, and I have accepted the nomination.

It is possible that many good men somewhat differing in politics may deem it advisable for the interests of the County to support me on this occasion. To such, as well as to my political allies, I make the following declaration:

1. I am a Liberal, and while the Reform Party remains true to its principles I shall support it faithfully.
2. I consider that the Confederation of the Provinces was a wise measure, and believe that it would be impolitic to disturb a full consolidation of National life under it. All the best thought and talent in the country should be concentrated in developing a broader system for the industrial life of the people.
3. The present condition of industrial life is unjust. It makes the rich, richer; and the poor, poorer; in a country like this where the soil and climate will produce almost every kind of crop in an abundance, a thousandfold more than at present, a more beneficial legislation is needed in behalf of farming, mechanical, and all other labor. The unpaid "Sweat of the brow," has mainly made Canada what it is. Farming and mechanical life has had no fostering care or aid from any past Legislature, while law and commerce have been preferred to an extent relatively detrimental to every other interest. If elected, I shall in Parliament work earnestly for the material interests of the people.
4. Should I have the honor of becoming your member, I shall endeavor to advance your interests to the very best of my ability, and aid you in advancing this country to a more exalted position in agriculture, manufactures, shipping, commerce and general success.

WM. A. THOMSON.

29-0