

The Home Circle.

SECRETS IN SLIPPERS.

BY MAYDEW.

Don't you tell him, pretty slipper,  
All in crimson glow.  
What I've woven with my needle  
Flitting to and fro.  
Many hours we've spent together,  
And you know full well,  
Many secrets—but, ah! traitor,  
Don't you dare to tell.

In this lily, softly sleeping,  
Hides a hope from view;  
And sweet memories nestle under  
Heliotropes of blue.  
In this vine, with graceful tendrils,  
Hangs a happy sigh;  
And beneath a tender tear-drop,  
Shall I tell you why?

Once, in wicked, wilful spirit,  
Did I try his heart;  
Vexed him with unkind reproaches—  
Love's most cruel dart.  
All in sad surprise he listened,  
Drew my face more near;  
Saying, in his accents tender:  
"Do you doubt me, dear?"

Then I felt there lurked a chiding  
In his gentle tone,  
And in silence proudly listened,  
Cold as marble grown.  
More and more I tried and vexed him,  
Till with saddened eye,  
Close he clasped my passive fingers  
In a mute good-bye.

Ah! my heart was sad and lonely  
All those dreary days  
Till he came, nor chidings uttered  
For my wilful ways.  
On his sweet forbearance pondering,  
Lo! there fell this tear;  
And I wove it with these blossoms,  
Brightly blooming here!

Do not tell him!—he might fancy  
I was sad, you know,  
When instead through all my being  
Thrills a happy glow.  
By the tear-drop in this tulip  
Laughs a merry jest,  
And another in the aster,  
Told with mirthful zest.

In this pansy hides a promise  
Which I gave to him,  
And a wager in this fuschia,  
With its purple rim;  
And, oh, slipper, in this rose-bud  
(Let me breathe it low)  
Hides a blush, with vows he whispered,  
All in rosy glow.

Yes, and here a sudden heart-beat  
And a tender thrill  
Are imprisoned, as I saw him  
Coming o'er the hill.  
Ah! a thousand fitful fancies,  
Tinged with purple glow,  
And sweet hopes and memories tender  
Whisper soft and low.

From these blossoms I have broided  
In the summer hours,  
When the zephyrs all were laden  
With the breath of flowers.  
But I charge you, don't betray me—  
Don't you ever tell!  
He will think them mellow tinklings  
From some fairy bell.

Now, at last, oh, pretty slippers!  
Loved and trusted so,  
Having ended my confessions,  
I will let you go.  
Bear with you a birthday greeting,  
And glad wishes tell;  
Make him smile with joy—but slippers,  
Guard my secrets well!

SENTIMENT.

It is the fashion in this philosophic day to laugh at romance, and cut all acquaintance with sentiment; but I doubt whether these same philosophers are not making themselves "too wise to be happy." Wordsworth has called "fancy the mother of deep truth," and perhaps the time will come when the learned will acknowledge that there is more philosophy in romance, than their sagacity has dreamed of. Mysterious aspirations after something higher and holier—the gladness of fancy that come upon the heart in the stillness of nature—impatience under the tyranny of earth-born passions—and the pure and joyous fight of truth, reflecting his own innocent brightness on a corrupted and selfish world—all these belong to the young and romantic.

What does increase of years and knowledge teach us? It teaches us to seem what we are not, to act as if the world were what we know it is not—and to be cautious not to alarm the elf love of others, lest our own should be wounded in return. And is this wisdom? No. I do believe the young mind, that has not reasoned itself into skepticism and coldness, stands nearer heaven's own light, and reflects it more perfectly, than the proud ones who laugh at its intuitive perceptions. Do not all the boasted results of human research and human philosophy vary in different ages, climate, situations, and circumstances? Are not the deep immutable, and sacred sympathies, that

bind mankind in the golden chain of brotherhood, instinctive? Yes, I do believe the influences of a better world are around youthful purity, teaching it a higher and more infallible morality than has ever been taught by worldly experience. Man must wonder from the school of nature before he can need to look for his duties in a code of ethics.

The Egyptians had a pleasant fancy with regard to the soul. They thought that the minds of men were once angelic spirits, who discontented with their heavenly home, had past its boundry, drank the cup of oblivion suspended half-way between heaven and earth, and descended to try their destiny among mortals. Here, reminiscences of what they had left would come before them in glances and visions, startling memory into hope, and waking experiences into prophecy.

Various philosophers have supposed that our souls have passed, and will yet pass, through infinite modes of existence. It is a theory I love to think upon. There is something beautiful in the idea that we have thus obtained the sudden thoughts, which sometimes flash into life at the touch of association, fresh as if newly created, yet familiar as if they had always slumbered in the soul. How the beautiful things of creation arouse a crowd of fitful fancies in the mind. Is not the restlessness produced by their indistinct loveliness strangely like a child's puzzled remembrance of its early abandoned home?

But all this is not to the point. My question is, not how romantic ideas came into the soul—but whether it be true wisdom to drive them thence?

Observation of the world will convince that it is not wise to expell romantic ideas, but simply to regulate them. All our nicest sympathies, and most delicate perceptions, have a tinge of what the world calls romance. Let early passions breathe upon them, or experience touch them with her icy finger, and they flit away like fairies when they hear the tread of a human foot.

There are those who laugh at love, imagination, and religion, and sneeringly call them "dreams—all dreams;" but the proudest of them cannot laugh at the lover, the poet, and the devotee, without a smothered sigh that their aerial visitants have gone from him for ever, and the dark mantle of worldly experience fallen so heavily over their remembered glories.

It is wise to keep something of romance, though not too much. Our nature is a union of extremes; and it is true philosophy to keep them balanced.

To let the imagination sicken with love of ideal beauty, till it pines away into echo, is worse than folly; but to check our afflictions, and school our ideas, till thought and feeling reject everything that cannot see, touch, and handle, certainly is not wisdom.

Do not send reason to the school of theory, and then bid her give a distinct outline of shadowy fancies—she will but distort what she cannot comprehend. Do not by petulance and sensuality, frighten away the tenderness and holy reverence of youthful love—philosophy may teach you a lesson of resignation, or scorn, but your heart is human, and it cannot learn it. Do not reason upon religion till it becomes lifeless; would you murder and dissect the oracle to find whence the voice of God proceeds?

Be, then, rational enough for earth: but keep enough of romance to remind us of heaven. We will not live on unsubstantial fairy-ground—but we will let the beautiful troop visit us without being scared from the scene of their most graceful and happy gambols.

A CARLIST AMAZON.

A strange discovery (says a correspondent) has been made in one of the battalions accompanying the Royal headquarters. The regiment was being paraded for inspection, when a country priest happened to pass along the line, and pausing before a soldier, gazed on him searchingly, and then rode up on his mule and said, "Elora, what are you doing here?" For an instant there was no answer, and the question was repeated. "I am not Elora," replied the soldier, with some confusion, "I am Elora's brother." But the priest would not be deceived. "It is false, thou art Elora. I have had thee to mass and confession a hundred times. Oh! women art thou not ashamed to be in this position?" And it was satisfactorily proved by competent authorities that the lad was a lass, and the matter being brought before the King, the hero-heroine was sent for "How long have you served with the battalion?" demanded his Majesty. "Thirteen months, sire." "And you have been in every engagement with it?" "Yes, senor." "Without your sex being suspected?" "Yes, senor." "Well," said his Majesty, "though you have been indiscreet, you are nevertheless a brave woman, and I desire to be of assistance to you, what do you wish?" Without hesitation Elora replied "send me back to the battalion." Now this would have been scarcely correct, considering the discovery which had been made, and so the King explained, and after a short pause Elora suggested that if she might not return to the ranks, she might at least be permitted to attend the sick and wounded in the hospitals. This was at once accoried, and the Signorita Soldado left the Royal presence, with the promise that if Don Carlos should ever be compelled to raise an

Amazonian corps, Elora should be presented with a captain's commission. The King proposed that, as the hospital was close by, I'd pay the heroine a visit; and, acting upon the suggestion, I was ushered into the visitors' room by two Sisters of Mercy, one of whom went in search of the female warrior. A soberly and neatly dressed young woman made her appearance. She might have been twenty or twenty-two years of age, by no means bad-looking, though the features were cast in somewhat of a masculine mould; besides she was not wanting in those attractions of form which are considered indispensable in the daughters of Eve. I risked the observation, with becoming modesty, that she must have found it difficult to conceal her sex, and explained my meaning by a glance. "Ah!" said Elora, in no way disconcerted, "If his Majesty would permit me to resume my uniform, you should judge for yourself." Like Joan of Arc, she was eager to array herself in harness again. The elder Sister of Mercy, who, seen sideways, was as flat and as thin as a sandwich, quite agreed with me that there must have been a difficulty in disguising the womanly form, remarking that in her case it might be possible to assume male attire without attracting attention. To this observation I bowed assent. Well there was no doubting the genuineness of Elora's story. A thousand of her old comrades were ready to swear to her brave and modest service in their midst, and to the fact that one and all up to the last were ignorant of her sex.

HAPPINESS.

Plato declared happiness to consist in the contemplation of abstract ideas of beauty and excellence. This may be a good definition of the word, as understood by men, with such minds as this great philosopher had; but it would apply to but few persons. Indeed nine-tenths of the race would be miserable in any pursuit or mental occupation. A young lady defined happiness to consist in the possession of a true, and beautiful lover, and no doubt she spoke the truth as far as she could speak it; but her grandmother at seventy would give her quite another definition. To her it would consist in the contemplation of a well spent life and the hope of joy in the world to come. The truth is, each individual will define happiness in his own way. One man finds it in the pursuit of wealth, another in the pursuit of culture, another in the pursuit of religion. The philanthropist finds it doing good. The hungry man seeks it in food, the cold man in warmth and shelter, the man of poverty seeks it in wealth. Probably, however, perfect health is the fountain-source of more happiness than any other. With a good digestion, tough skin, and a sound mind in a splendid body, who could not be happy? There are probably more happy men and women than unhappy ones—far more joy than sorrow. Many people think they are unhappy when they are not. Real unhappiness cannot exist without a cause. It is a shame and a disgrace to complain of being unhappy when we are only lazy and unoccupied. Such people are like the fox who had a deep wound somewhere on his body, but he could not tell where. Let them be ashamed to own it, unless they can show a good reason. Happiness consists in loving and being loved. There is enough to love in the world; but to be loved is to deserve it. We may be admired for our beauty or talent, courted for our influence or wealth, but can only be loved as we are good. Therefore, happiness consists in goodness.

THE SONS OF HAM.

Though the negro is an African, all Africans are not negroes. There are the same varieties to be observed in the descendants of Ham as in those of Shem and Japheth. All are distinctly African, but the retreating forehead, prominent jaws, and illformed body which the negro is generally credited, are not common. It is not only the Manyema, of whom we have lately heard from Dr. Livingstone, who are beautiful in form and features, for I have met with counterparts in regions less unknown. In South Africa there is a remarkable illustration of the physical and mental differences which may exist in tribes that are almost contiguous. The Bosjesman are dwarfed in body and stunted in mind. The language in its utterances seems not to be far removed from the unintelligent gibbering of the ape. Their habits are those of wild beasts rather than those of human beings. They occupy about the lowest position in the scale of humanity. Yet we shall look in vain for finer specimens of the 'genus homo' than the Zulu Kafirs. They are tall in stature, manly in bearing, and graceful in movements. Their language is pleasant to the ear, and capable of expressing almost any thought the human mind is capable of conceiving. They are logical in reasoning, patient in argument, and acute in observation. They are warlike, for they are pastoral in their pursuits; and since the days of the Hyksos, the old shepherd kings who were the terror of Egypt, the lovers of flocks and herds have been fond of fighting. When their blood is up their anger rages unchecked by tender regard or the claims of pity; but they do not brood over their wrongs, and they readily forget and forgive. "They fought us like men, and during a truce they behaved themselves like gentlemen," was said by a friend of mine who had been engaged in a war against them. In times of peace they are courteous to strangers, liberal in hos-

pitality, and to the trust reposed in them they respond with an Arab like fidelity. When once the host has kissed the hand of his guest there need be neither guards or weapons, for his life and property are perfectly secure. It is quite true that they, in common with all Africans, are black or nearly so; yet you cannot be with them, or with other of the higher races of Africa, long without feeling that the affinity between them and the fair skinned man is perfect in every material point; and the sympathies of a common nature soon bridge over a chasm which at first seems to exist between ourselves and them on account of the difference of colour. Indeed, I soon nearly forgot that they were black; and when I recollected it was sometimes to their advantage, for in Africa black is a far better colour than white, inasmuch as a white man's complexion, after he had two or three touches of fever, is apt to turn into a dirty looking yellow; and then as my glass assured me more than once, he is not a pleasant object to look at. As a matter of taste I should not like to see the skin of my own country-folk darkened, but as a matter of fact I now find it impossible to regard the Africans with any feeling of repugnance because of the sable hue of their epidermis; and I have never met with anyone who has had personal knowledge of them in their own native wilds who could.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

The intelligent horse, says the "Turf, Field and Farm," very often sympathizes with animal distress. About a year ago, a dog was set upon by a crowd of cruel boys, and pelted with sticks and stones. The poor dog had given no offence, but this mattered not. He tried to escape from the tormentors, and had nearly succeeded in doing so, when a stone, hurled with great violence, struck him on the fore leg, bruising the flesh and fracturing the bone. The animal howled piteously, but none of his persecutors went to his relief. Having injured him, they turned coldly away and left him to his fate. The dog limped into the stable of Mr. Edward Kilpatrick, moaning piteously. In one of the stalls of the stable was a wellbred young horse of more than ordinary intelligence. The distress of the dog seemed to move the heart of the horse to pity. He bent his head, caressed the canine, and inspected the broken leg, then with his fore feet he pushed some clean straw into one corner of his stall, and made a soft bed on which the dog was induced to lay himself down. A close and affectionate intimacy was at once established between the horse and the dog. The horse was being largely fed on bran mash, and one day when receiving his feed, thinking the dog might be hungry, the equine bowed his head, caught the canine gently by the skin of the neck, and with his teeth lifted him into the trough or box. The dog fell to with a hearty will, which showed that his hunger was great, and gratitude was equal to his appetite. Days and weeks passed, and the dog and the horse continued to be firm friends. The bran mash fed them both, and the invalid grew strong and fat on the wholesome diet. At night the two animals thus strangely brought together, slept in the most loving manner. The horse would arrange a soft bed for the dog, and then lay down and tenderly encircle the canine form with one of his fore legs.

It is seldom that such a beautiful and authentic incident is brought to our notice. The horse showed for the unfortunate more of that feeling which we term humanity, than did the dozen youths who were presumed to walk in the image of their God. Nay, it took the poor victim of man's persecution to its heart and home, and tenderly nursed the same back to health and strength.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

"Company manners should be abolished," says some one, "and home ways and conversation be the ways and conversation always adopted." A very good idea if practicable. As a rule, society men and women do not shine at home; they lack the incentive to action. The man, say, who is pre-eminently "good company" abroad, who keeps a dinner-table alive with his quick wit and keen repartee, and who has always on hand a store of unhackneyed anecdotes, and the newest information, but who hangs up his fiddle at his own fireside, and in the bosom of his family is as silent as the vocal Memnon at midnight, is not necessarily a cheat. He is an actor without a part to play or a stage whereon to play it, a hero without a flag, a bit of brute matter without an energizing force. The excitement of applause, the good wine and pleasant dishes, the bright eyes of pretty woman, and half-concealed jealousy of clever men, the sensation of shining—all these things, which are spurs to him abroad, are wanting at home; and he has not the originating faculty which enables him to dispense with these incentives. So, at home he is inclined to be "dull." He likes his wife well enough, as wives and liking go; but she does not stir him up intellectually, and her applause is no whetstone for his wit. Put the veriest chit of a girl as bodkin between them and he will waken into life and become a conversational hero. His wife probably does not like it, and she laughs, as wives do, when she hears his praises from those who know him only at his best, letting off his fireworks for the applause of the crowd. But then wives are proverbially unflattering in their estimates of their husbands' heroics; and the Truth that

used to live at the bottom of a well has changed her name and abode in these latter times, and has come to mean the partner of your joy, who gives you her candid opinion at home. Still, our good company abroad who sits like a dumb dog at home is not pleasant, though not necessarily a sham. He is no hero all through, but he may be nothing worse than one of those unfortunates whose intellect lives on drums and does not take kindly to domestic pudding. And, after all, if hypocrite he be, he is not the only cheat which society accepts and smiles upon.

PROGRESS OF A PICTURE.

I often think what interest there is in a picture, quite independent of its subject, or its merit, or its author. I mean the interest belonging to the history of it, as a work of some man's labour. I can imagine he was so joyous in the beginning of it; the whole work was already done, perhaps in his mind, where the colours are easily laid on, while the canvas yet was white. Then there were the early sketches. He finds the idea is not so easy after all to put on the canvas. At last a beginning is made: and then the work proceeds for a time rapidly. How often he draws back from the canvas, approaches it again, looks at it wistfully, as a watching mother at a sick child. He is interrupted, tries to be courteous and kind, as the occasion may require, but is delighted when the door closes and leaves him alone with the only creature whose presence he cares much for just now. All day long, his picture is with him in the background of his mind. He goes out; the bright colours in the shops, lines of buildings, little children on the door-steps, all show him something; and when he goes back, he rushes into his paint-room, to expend his fresh vigour and his new insight upon the work of his heart. So it goes on. Let us hope that it prospers. Then there comes a time when the completion of the picture is foreseen by him, when there is not much room for more to be made of it, and yet it is not nearly finished. He is a little weary of it. Observe this, Ellesmere, there is the same thing throughout life, in all forms of human endeavour. These times of weariness need watching. But our artist is patient and plods on. The end of the drama approaches, when the picture is to go in a gilt frame, and be varnished, and hung up—like the hero of a novel upon whom a flood of good fortune is let in at last.—*Ruskin.*

SCRIPTURE CUSTOMS IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

The wailing for the dead is long and loud, strongly recalling to the mind striking biblical instances. The most effecting things are said on such occasions, but always in a set form. Many persons have the reputation of being clever wailers. Scraps of song from ancient "laments" are introduced; texts of Scripture are mingled with the most passionate expressions of grief. The wailers usually lose their voices for several days, and their eyes are frightfully swollen with crying. The writer will never forget the prolonged wailing of the natives for their beloved first-born, the kind things addressed to the dead, and the public mourning which followed, kept up for three months by the entire population—a voluntary mark of respect and sympathy with their missionary in the loss of two dear children laid in the same tomb within a week.—*Sunday Magazine.*

THE CURSE OF DRINK.

The appetite for strong in man has spoiled the life of more women—ruined more hopes for them, scattered more fortunes for them, brought them to more sorrow, shame and hardship than any other evil that lives. The country numbers tons—nay, hundreds of thousands—of women who are widows to-day, and sit in hopeless weeds, because their husbands have been slain by strong drink. There are hundreds of thousands of homeless scattered over the land, in which women live lives of torture, going through all the changes of suffering that lie between the extremes of fear and despair, because those whom they love, love wine better than they do the women they have sworn to love. There are women by thousands who dread to hear the step that once thrilled them with pleasure, because that step has learned to reel under the influence of the seductive poison. There are women groaning with pain while we write these words, from bruises and brutalities inflicted by husbands made mad by drink. There can be no exaggeration in any statement in regard to this matter, because no human imagination can create anything worse than the truth. The sorrows and horrors of a wife with a drunken husband, or a mother with a drunken son, are as near the realization of hell as can be reached in this world at least. The shame, the indignation, the sorrow, and the sense of disgrace for herself and children, and poverty; and not unfrequently the beggary—the fear and the fact of violence, the lingering, life-long struggle and despair of countless women, with drunken husbands, are enough to make all women curse wine, and engage unitedly to oppose it everywhere as the worst enemy of their sex.

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