

The Home Circle.

IF WE CAN SEE.

In all the winding ways of life,
Its disappointments, and its strife,
Happy are we,
If we can see
Our heavenly Father's guiding hand,
Leading us toward that better land,
Eternity.

We faint not 'neath the noontide's sun,
Nor falter, ere our race is run;
Faith's holy ray
Shines on our way,
God's gifts are scattered far and wide,
And flowers spring up on every side
To bless our day.

How calmly we can watch and wait,
While crooked pathways are made straight,
Our holy friend
Will still attend
To all our cares, to all our fears—
Will lead us on through changeful years,
To life's bright end.

MY LITTLE DAUGHTER—SLEEPING.

Soft by thy pillow, my darling,
That bears thee in slumber to-night;
Sweet be thy dreams till the morning
Wakes thee to fairer delight;
My precious, my innocent darling,
My loving, my beautiful one,
God keep thee from sickness and sorrow
Till life's little journey is done.

What were the light of the morrow,
If thou should'st not waken again—
What but a cloud and a tempest
Of sadness, and anguish and pain?
Thine innocent face is our sunshine;
The light of thine eye is our joy;
The smile on thy lip brings us gladness,
And pleasure unmixed with alloy.

Surely the angels, my darling,
Will watch thee in waking and sleep,
And God in his infinite goodness,
The way of thy footsteps will keep:
Tenderly, lovingly, bending,
Shield her, good angels, to-night;
Sweet in her slumber, till morning
Wakes her to dearer delight.

GREEN FIELDS IN SIGHT.

At the portals of the morning
Stood a child with dainty feet;
All about him golden sunshine,
Pearly dew and blossoms sweet;
And with tender, dimpled fingers
Plucked the flowers fresh and fair,
And the overhanging branches
Laid their dew-drops in his hair.

Looking forward o'er life's pathway,
Saw he broader fields of green,
Skies with snowy clouds so fleecy
Here and there, now shreds between;
And with swiftly flying footsteps
Started he for fields more bright;
But in vain he hurried onward—
They were always just in sight.

Warmer, brighter, grew the sunshine;
Broader, rougher grew the way;
But with green fields just before him,
Nothing could his footsteps stay.
So he wandered on till manhood
Took the place of childhood fair;
Then he threw aside his flowers,
Wiped the dew-drops from his hair.]

Onward, onward, toiling, striving,
Helping others with his might,
Saw he that the blooming meadows
That are always just in sight
Lie within the dark, cold river.
Here we only wish and wait,
Till the Master calls us over,
And unbars the pearly gate.

SENSE AND SENTIMENT.

We jeer at sentiment sometimes, and are very apt to plume ourselves upon our practical common sense.—Poetry, and all that, is well enough in its place, we think, but common sense is eminently to be praised, and every departure from it is an indication of weakness. Nearly every one of us takes this view of the matter. We may cultivate practical ways of looking at things until we have squeezed the last trace of sentiment out of ourselves and after all is done there will be a vast deal of what we like to call nonsense mixed up in our own composition. The thing is born in us and cannot be eradicated; and what is more to the purpose, it ought not to be eradicated, because it is the best part of us—because it is the parent of every grand and noble thought, the father of every greatness in action.

The master of a tugboat, a plain, blunt fellow, who probably, never read a line of poetry in his life, spoke a grand epic in homely phrases not long ago. When the *Northfleet* went down in the British Channel he dared everything and endured everything for the sake of rescuing a handful of perishing people from the waves, and when somebody asked him who would pay him for his work, he indignantly blurted out: "Pay me! I don't want pay. I don't want money. But seein' that there's medals knocking about for this sort o' thing, I don't say that if one o' them was to come my way I should say no to hand it over. I should like a medal, if it was only made of

leather and didn't cost two pence ha'penny. There was no mock heroics there, but the man was full of poetry to his very throat, plain practical fellow that he was.

A flag is but a yard or two of bunting when it is looked at as a matter of fact, but the men who have been willing to die for it all these hundreds of years, have seen something more in it than a coarse cloth, certainly. A popular English lecturer, not many years ago, told some anecdotes strongly illustrative of the universal prevalence of this poetic feeling among the plainest of people. We can only repeat two of them from memory. An English regiment in India had its colors (nothing but a square yard of bunting of course) taken away from it for some act of insubordination. Every man had his rations and pay as usual, and no physical punishment of any sort was added to the ideal one mentioned. Yet every man in that regiment groaned and suffered under the chastisement. Coarse, illiterate, brutal fellows, perhaps they were. Common sense would laugh at such punishment for such a man. But the commander knew what he was about. A fort was to be stormed at the top of a long hill. The enterprise was a peculiarly perilous one, and one that required more than ordinary persistence. The commanding officer rode down the line to the position occupied by the disgraced regiment and cried, "Men, your colors, are at the top of the hill—charge!" And charge they did, that single regiment up the long, canon-swept hill, through the abatis, over the ramparts, into the fort at last, a mere handful of men left to receive the flag again, for which more than two-thirds of the brave fellows had gladly given their lives! There was no common-sense in this matter, else the fort never could have been taken at all.

Some of the warlike tribes in India, when one of their men fall in battle after showing extraordinary courage, decorate his wrist with a red silk thread if he be a private, a narrow ribbon if he be an officer, and a broader one as the rank of the dead rises. Not many win this honor, and there is no mourning for those whose death is thus repaid. An English army marching upon Lucknow came upon a strong hill fort which it was necessary to reduce. A sergeant and seven men constituted the advance guard on the march, and when the close proximity of the fort was discovered, the buglers with the main body sounded the recall as an order for the sergeant to withdraw his guard and join his regiment. The little squad mistook the bugle sound, and thought it an order to charge. Obeying it as such, they went to certain death on the ramparts of the fort. The army coming up stormed the place, and after some hours of desperate fighting took it. They there found the dead bodies of the sergeants and all his men, and around each wrist was the broad red ribbon, a poetic tribute from the Sepoys to the heroism of their dead enemies.

The people Mr. Bret Harte describes in his sketches are certainly not morbid sentimentalists, and yet their proceedings draw all their interest from the pathetic touches of poetry running through them. Without the occasional gleams of sentiment which Mr. Harte seizes upon so vigorously, these people would be unusually revolting beings, full of unrequited coarseness of thought and life, criminals for the most part and ruffians altogether. And were the poetry merely Mr. Harte's invention thrown over these rough lives as a romantic dressing, it would not serve to give us any permanent interest in them. The truthfulness of the sketches is essential to their value, and herein lies the secret of this author's art. He discovered the poetry of Roaring Camp, and told us about it to our great delight. Had he invented it, we could have discovered it quite as easily as we have recognized its truth.

CURIOSITIES OF SLEEP.

We have an example of the way in which, after long wakefulness, accompanied by much physical exertion, sleep will overpower even a strong man, in the following quotation from Mr. MacGregor's "Voyage alone in the Yawl 'Rob Roy.'" He gives this account of his arrival at Dover, after a perilous voyage across the channel from Havre:—

"I went up to the 'Lord Warden Hotel,' meaning to write home, dine, and go to bed, after fifty three hours without sleep; but while waiting for the servant to bring hot water, and with my jacket off, I tumbled on to the bed for a moment. Then it was three o'clock p.m.; soon, as it seemed, I awoke again, I saw it was light, and bright sun shining; also my watch had run down, the water-jug was cold, and it was a puzzle to make out how I felt so wonderfully fresh. Why, it was next day, and I had soundly slept for seventeen hours."

Cases to illustrate the fact that excitement is not sufficient to insure wakefulness are not perhaps so familiar or so obvious. There are, however, instances on record of sailors having fallen asleep during the height of an engagement, and while the roar of cannon was sounding in their ears, fairly overcome by the exhaustions of their nervous systems, in consequence of the protracted exertions to which they had been exposed. We all know, too, by experience that reading or preaching, which may be sufficiently stimulating or exciting in itself, fails to keep us awake if our powers of endurance are exhausted. Who has not, under such circumstances, made the most virtuous resolves and most determined efforts? and yet

he has found to his annoyance, and perhaps to his shame, that sleep got the mastery over him.

But it is not only that excitement fails to keep us awake when nature demands repose, but even the call of duty and a keen sense of self-interest cannot do it.

Thus, it has often been noticed that soldiers have fallen asleep while on the march, and that not in isolated instances—a young recruit here, or a sickly man there, but a large proportion of the men forming a company. This is more particularly apt to occur in hot climates during night marches. Many Indian officers have attested the fact. So well recognized indeed is it, that military manuals recommend that the band should play during the night in order to keep the men awake. In the memoir of the celebrated Major Hodson, of "Hodson's Horse," we find the following account from the pen of a brother officer:—

"The way Hodson used to work was quite miraculous. He was a slighter man and lighter weight than I am. Then he had that most valuable gift of being able to get refreshing sleep on horseback. I have been out with him all night following and watching the enemy, when he has gone off dead asleep, waking up after an hour as fresh as a lark; whereas if I went asleep in the saddle, the odds were I fell off on my nose."

It may not seem so wonderful that men should sleep in the saddle. Those who are accustomed to riding may sleep in it almost as easily as other men do in a chair; and the horse is an animal of such sagacity that the rider may feel confident in relying upon his guidance. But that men should fall asleep while on the march, while the arm is shouldering a musket, and the legs are moving in regular step, does seem very strange. Such parts of the system as can find repose insist, as it were, upon taking it, while those which cannot be spared are obliged to continue at work.

In a similar way children employed in factories have been known to fall asleep while tending certain pieces of machinery, and doing what was necessary to keep them in motion. These and other milder examples of the same class—as, for instance, when a person falls asleep standing at a desk—are approaches to what we see normally among many animals; namely, that some part is in active exercise during sleep.

Thus many quadrupeds sleep standing. It is evident, therefore, that their muscles are altogether not relaxed; those which retain the body in position are in a state of tension. The same is true of most birds. They sleep grasping a branch, and balancing their bodies on one leg. Every child notices with interest the way in which his canary or bullfinch goes to roost. Well, during that sleep some of its muscles are in constant activity.

HAPPINESS.

The following is a portion of an address delivered recently at a Western Farmers' Convention: "Let me repeat what Col. Coleman said: 'Cultivate more brains, and less corn,' and you will be richer in the end. Make your houses the pleasantest places on earth for yourselves and your children; surround them with all beautiful things; fill them with books and pictures. No matter if you do not have quite so much money when you die; you will not be half so sorry to leave it. The man who has only a thousand dollars when he dies can only be a hundred thousandth part as sorry as Vanderbilt, with his hundred millions. Let us live while we live, for pure, rational, intelligent happiness. I determined years ago, to get as much of it in this world as I could. Rational happiness does not consist in getting drunk, nor being a beast; but in the cultivation of the highest faculties of the mind, which make man godlike."

THE DUTCH BOOR.

When I was a small boy and went to school, too young to read, I heard a thing read of a horse that made both my cheeks wet with hot tears. The man who owned the horse lived at the Cape of Good Hope, and was called a Dutch boor, or a poor man of Dutch blood who was born on the soil of that hot land, and tilled with the plow and hoe. He was a kind man at heart, though rough in look and speech. He loved his mare and she loved him, and was with him by day and near him by night. She was proud to have him on her back, and would dash through swamps, ponds, and fire, too, if he wished it. But one day came that was to prove the faith and love of her stout heart, and the soul of the man.

A great storm came down on the sea. The waves roared and rose as high as the hills. Their white tops foamed with rage at the winds, that smote them with all their might. The clouds flapped them with black winds. Night drew near, and it was a scene to make one quake with fear. Right in the midst of all this rage and roar of wind and sea, a great ship, with sails rent and helm gone, came in sight. It rode on the high, white waves, straight on a reef of rocks too far from the shore to reach it with a rope. The ship was full of young and old, whose cries for help could be heard, loud as was the voice of the storm. Their boats were gone like the shells of eggs. There was no wood nor time to build a raft. The waves leaped on the ship like great, white wolves bent on their prey. How could one soul of them all be saved? The men on shore could but look on at the sad sight.

They could give no help. They had no boat nor raft; and their hearts were sick in them. Then the Dutch boor was seen to draw near at full speed on his horse. Down he came to the beach, nor did he stop there one breath of time. He spoke a word to her which she knew, and with no touch of whip or spur, she dashed in and swam the sea to the ship's side with a rope tied to her tail. She wheeled and stamped her way on the white surge with a row of men on the shore. There she stayed but for a breath. At the soft word and touch she knew so well, she once more plowed through the surge to the ship, and brought back a load of young and old. Once more she stood on the beach, amidst tears of joy from all eyes. She stood there weak, as wet with sweat as with the sea. The night fell down fast on the ship. There was still a few men left on it, and their cries for help came on the wind to the shore. The thoughts that tugged at the brave man's heart, will not be known in this world. The cries from the ship pierced through and through. He could not bear to hear them. He spoke a low, soft word to his horse. He put his hand to her neck, and seemed to ask her if she could do it. She turned her head to him with a look that meant, "If you wish it, I will try it." He did wish it, and she tried, to the last pulse of her heart. She walked straight out in the wild sea. All on shore held their breath at the sight. She was weak but brave. Now and then the white surge buried her head; then she rose and shook the brine out of her eyes. Foot by foot she neared the ship. Now the last man had caught the rope. Once more she turned her head to the beach. Shouts and prayer came from it to keep up her strength. The tug was for a life she loved more than her own. She broke her veins for it half way between ship and shore. She could lift her feet no more. Her mane lay like black sea-weed on the waves while she tried to catch one more breath. Then, with a groan, she went down with all the load she bore, and a wail went out from the land for the loss of a life that had saved from death near a ship's crew of men. Thus dared and died in the sea the brave Dutch boor and his horse. They were, as friends, one in life, one in death; and both might well have place and rank with the best lives and deaths we read of in books for young or old.

A CITY OF THE PAST.

Toward the close of the eighteenth century, the house of Abba, founded on the banks of the Tigris, the Metropolis of the Mohammedan faith, Bagdad, arose in the midst of a scene filled with the fame of ruined cities. Not far off was Babylon, still faintly traced out on its desolate plain, the stone pictures of Nineveh and the palace of Meydeh. The fallen cities, it is said, were rifled to complete the sacred capitol. The Saracen preyed upon the last labors of the Assyrians, and the wealth of the Moslem world, and the conquered Christians, were employed in providing a proper home for the viceregent of heaven.

Mohammedan writers labor with vain epithets to paint the splendor of Bagdad, when, under the vigorous rule of Harouni-Raschid; and the vizier Jaffier, it suddenly outstripped in prosperity and holiness all earthly cities. It was the central shrine of the Moslem faith. The Commander of the Faithful ruled over its people. The power of Haroun was felt in distant Spain, and on the banks of the Indus the Tigris once more labored beneath the commerce of mankind; merchants of Egypt and India met in the bazaars of Bagdad; the Brahmin and the Jew, filled its prosperous streets.

It is not probable, therefore, that the *Atab* accounts are greatly exaggerated. Bagdad possessed a powerful citadel, a circle of lofty walls, a royal palace on the Tigris, whose endless walls were adorned with all the grace of Sarcenica architecture, and mosques of unequalled splendor. It is the most populous city of an age when Rome was a half-deserted ruin, when London and Paris were barbarous towns, and Charlemagne was vainly striving to make his capitol in the wilderness of Flanders a centre of Western progress.

A humane spirit of Mohammedism had filled Bagdad with hospitals, dispensaries and edifices of public charity. The private houses of wealthy merchants were adorned with marble and gold. The graceful court was filled with fountains, rich hangings of silk and velvet covering the lofty walls. Divans of satin and tables of costly workmanship, the richest fruits and flowers, and the rarest wines and viands, set off those costly banquets, at which the degenerate descendants of Mohammed delighted to violate every principle of their austere law.

But still more remarkable was the intellectual position of the Eastern Capitol. The renown of Babylon or Nineveh had been altogether material; the children of the desert surrounded themselves with all the refinements of literature and the art. The wealthy Arabs were educated in poetry, music and languages; common schools were provided, at which the humblest citizen might learn to read and write with accuracy the favorite precepts of the Koran. Colleges, taught by professors of eminent attainments, drew in throngs of students. Libraries, enriched by the spoils of Grecian and Roman thought, awoke a boundless ardor for letters. The Arabic annals abound with notices of famous scholars, re-

nowned in every land where the Arabic was spoken, and of poets, historians and men of science, who had charmed the advancing intellect of the children of Arabic sands.

AS HAPPY AS CAN BE

The city of B—, a town on the Big Muddy, Missouri, has among its principal citizens Captain McV—, a man who "knows how to keep a hotel," and who says sharp things on current events. Just before the breaking out of the war a young lady of B— was married to a rising physician. He joined his fortunes with the South, and soon after he was killed in battle. Afterward the lady married a merchant of St. Louis, who was carried off by the cholera in 1866. Returning to her former home, she met a young man of fine address and entertaining manners, but who had a greater social than business reputation. He was not rich, and had, apparently, little prospect of becoming so.

Under these circumstances the engagement of the twain was looked upon as anything but desirable by the friends of the lady, who, notwithstanding her double widowhood, was still young and attractive. But in this case, as in innumerable others, love triumphed over prospective poverty. One evening while Captain McV— and some of his guests were sitting on the porch, enjoying the cool breeze of the Big Muddy, the couple referred to strolled by. After they had passed the captain exclaimed,—

"What terrible sin can that woman have committed that she should be thus visited by all the curses in the calendar? She has had war, she has had *pestilence*, and now she is threatened with *famine*."

He might have gone on and added, "battle, murder and sudden death." Fortunately the last marriage has proved as "happy as they make them."

Sawdust and Chips.

A Vermont schoolmaster has struck the thing at last. He makes unruly boys turn a grindstone one thousand times, while another boy bears on with a stick of wood.

The gentleman who has heretofore performed the part of a wild man in a Chicago museum has concluded to be tame until he gets his last month's wages.

"See here, Dick, I hear that you are in the habit of taking my jokes, and passing them off as your own." "Shouldn't a man always be ready to take a joke from a friend," responded Dick.

"If you don't want the soot don't go up the chimney," was the reply of an editor to respectable (?) persons who requested him not to mention the fact that they had been arraigned in the police court.

A pretty and well-dressed young lady, after looking at several pairs of lavender-colored gloves in a shop lately, shocked the assistant by asking him which pair he thought the "lavenderest."

The following is a literal copy of a notice which has been erected in a field in South London: "Ladies and gentlemen are requested not to steal the turnips. Other persons, if detected, will be prosecuted."

A three-year old St. Louis girl thrust her head through the iron pickets of her neighbor's fence the other day to smell the roses. She was compelled to smell them until some one helped her head out.

A Detroit German thus expresses his opinion of Buffalo meat, now very plentiful in the markets of that city: "I shall not pay dat meat vat is bison. Nein! Ven I kills myself I pavs stretchtime and pe done mit it."

An old lady selling eggs in Savannah a short time ago asked, as is usual, "What's the news?" "The latest," said the obliging clerk, "is that the Yankees have got the Modocs." The old lady struck her knuckles on the counter, and exclaimed, "I hope the last one of them will die of it."

For the re-assurance of those timid souls who fear the lightning's flash and the all-dreaded thunder-storm, some eccentric lover of figures has calculated the chances of any person being struck by lightning. It is about one in 190,883, or rather less than the chances of drawing the capital prize in the Havana lottery. According to the same statistician, one is twice as liable to die of sunstroke, and six times as likely to commit suicide. Under these circumstances it is not worth while to bury one's self in a feather bed when a storm comes up.

An intelligent contraband, being about to be sworn as a witness, was objected to, on the ground of ignorance of the nature of an oath; and when the following dialogue occurred:—Judge: "Brown, do you know what you are about to do?" Brown: "Yes, I s'pose I does massa. I s' gwine to kiss de book." Judge: "But what will be done to you if you tell a lie? Where will you go to if you swear falsely?" Brown: "Well, massa judge, I dunno 'bout dat. I reckon I'll ketch Jessie from you if you find me out. May be you put me in de jug." Judge: "Well, but when you die what will become of your soul if you perjure yourself?" Brown: "Massa, I spec it'll go pretty rough wid me. De devil will get me shua nuff. I reckon I won't kiss de book, judge, dis time; I'll wait till I can 'member all about it." Judge: "Let the witness be sworn."