

## "HOME AGAIN."

After an absence of some duration, with what expected eagerness do we look forward to a return to our old home? As the boat, steaming slowly on, gradually approaches her destination, how intently do we find ourselves gazing off towards the old hills, and, as the familiar elevations and depressions of the far off outline become more and more distinct, how the mind teems with a thousand recollections! One's experience in the old place may be looked back upon as one long, joyous summer holiday, or the memory may be tempered by sadness, still, as the familiar objects loom up in the distance, the eyes turn longingly towards them and the heart swells with the anticipation of once more reveling among the scenes we love so well. Forgotten, for the moment, is all the gratification realized during our absence—the pleasant associations, the new friends, the fresh ties and the varied experience, so recently left behind. In our valise, perhaps, are carefully treasured many little souvenirs, but these, too, are forgotten; chased out of the mind by a glimpse of a far-off spire, or the reflection of the sun upon some well-known dome.

While we are away, among friends, or off on an extended tour, or spending the season at some favourite resort, how quickly the time flies; but when we think of home, or approach its threshold, what an age it seems since we left it!

It is said the author of that sweetly beautiful song, "Home, Sweet Home," was one of those unfortunate Bohemians who never knew the charms of what he could call his own fireside. Who could have believed it? Millions of people in all phases of life have been charmed by his exquisite description of their own feelings, and the plaintive, heart-moving air, is warbled by beautiful vocalists, and hummed by all classes, the world over. How dear it is to the mariner in a foreign port; to the soldier in the tented field; to the traveller, wherever he may be. I, too, love the song, and in my wanderings have often been moved to—ah! what am I talking about? I am as mad as he was. I have been a wanderer all my life.

But, as I was saying, these old hills awaken a flood of recollections. Yonder are Burlington Heights, which I knew so well; all along on the left extends the "Mountain," up which I have clambered in a hundred different places; these inlets and nooks are familiar to me, and all these wharves and warehouses, a little shabby, it is true, are—"HAMILTON!"—confused that fellow for interrupting me so abruptly. But here we are, shine enough, and I must look after my baggage.

"To my lodgings," I say to the "John," and then I lean back in the seat and resume my reverie—"Home, Sweet Home." But—"shaw!"—I can make no kind of progress with my meditations, for I find myself constantly looking out of the window, in the hope of seeing somebody I know. But "John," the miser, takes me up a back street, for a short cut. It was a little annoying at first, but, upon further reflection, I concluded that it was, perhaps, better after all, as I always did object to talking to a lot of people on the street. I had scarcely got the dust brushed off my garments, in my room, when there was a loud ring at the front door bell. "Hello," I said, "I'll bet that's Snuffers. How the deuce did he find out I was back." I went to the door to embrace him, but, it wasn't Snuffers; it was only a young man who was anxious to sell one of his "Patent flip-up oyster openers."

I went back to resume my toilet, and was musing over old times, when, soon after, there came another ring. "That is Slicer, the old scamp; I know his ring," I thought, as I went out to meet him, but it was only an agent for some new kind of clothes wringer.

I was permitted to finish dressing without any further interruption, and had just begun work, at the seventeenth chapter of my new novel, when I was startled by a tremendous jingle at the door bell. Sounds awfully like a bailiff, I mused, but if it turns out to be any more of those "Patent Right" men I'll hit him over the head with this clothes brush. I was determined in this, and went boldly to the door, but it was none other than my good old friend Snuffers. As soon as he laid eyes upon me, he broke out in his usual hilarious manner.

"Hawthorn, old fellow, glad to see you. Brown as a nutmeg, aw. How have you been?"

"First-rate," I said, "come in, old boy, and have a cigar."

After the usual amount of badgering had been got over with, I asked:

"What's the news, Snuffers? You are always pretty well posted."

"Bad," he drawled out, "bad; trade is dull; nothing doing. Snickers is gone up, Mixton is tottering, Bupley is believed to have run off, and what we are all coming to I'm blessed if I can make out."

"Good heavens, Snuffers," I exclaimed, "you are surely not in earnest."

"O, it's all true enough. But say, Hawthorn, did you hear about little Miss—?"

"No," I said with alarm. "What about her?"

"Why what the mischief have you been doing with yourself? You haven't heard anything," exclaimed Snuffers, with derision.

"I have been away, you know," I said, by way of apology. "But tell me, what has happened to her?"

"Why she is married; yes, married to that old money grubber, Littleby; old enough to be her grandfather," replied Snuffers, in his forcible manner.

"Why," I remark, with some hesitation, "we

used to think there was every probability of her becoming, eventually, Mrs. Snuffers."

"There was no ground for the supposition," he exclaims, and then, after a short pause, he asks, as he smacks his lips, "Where did you get that sherry, Hawthorn?"

"What do you think of it?" I ask, glad to change the subject.

"Not bad," he replies, as he resumes it.

Just then there was another ring at the door-bell.

"That's Slicer, I guess," remarks Snuffers. "He told me he was coming round."

It was that gentleman, sure enough. As may be expected, the meeting between us was exceedingly cordial, for we had been friends for a long time. In the course of the chat which followed Slicer remarked,

"I have no particular news to tell you, Hawthorn; I will leave all that to Snuffers; but I have something else for you, though, which may do as a substitute, and that is an invitation from— for to-night. Now don't say no, for I just left them, and they made me promise to bring you."

"O yes, that's so, Hawthorn; I was to have told you about it myself, but I forgot it," said Snuffers.

"Just like you," remarked Slicer. "I will think about it," I replied, and then we had a real pleasant talk.

"By the by," said Slicer, "Lumpkin's last article in the *Post* is capital, and Pintoff has a splendid new picture on view up town; let's go up and see it."

A little later the three of us went up to see the painting, and then we went round to see Pintoff himself.

On our way up we accidentally ran against Goggles. Goggles used to be a first-rate sort of a fellow, but he has latterly developed into a miserable old note shaver.

"Hello, Hawthorn," he says, "back again, eye? I knew you would not stay away long."

"I staid away as long as I intended to," I reply, rather curtly.

"That was until you spent all your money, I suppose," and then he laughs like a fool.

"But anyhow, Hawthorn, what are you going to do, now?" he asks, seriously.

"The first thing I intend to do will be to run some of my friends," I remark, with some sarcasm.

"I advised you to do that long ago," he chuckles, as he looks at Snuffers. "I must be teedling on, though," he adds, "will be down to see you before long, Hawthorn; by, by."

"Confound his impudence," I exclaim.

"He is an awful bore," remarked Snuffers.

"He gives me the blues every time I meet him," adds Slicer.

"I won't stand any of his nonsense," I exclaim, savagely.

Pintoff was really glad to see us, but it seemed as though he had become even more melancholy than he was before I went away. We found him soliloquizing over Tom Moore's well-known lines—

"I feel like one who is left alone  
In some banquet hall deserted,  
Whose vapours have fled, whose garlands are dead,  
And all but him departed."

"Nonsense, old man," began Slicer, and, leaving the three to conduct a rather animated dialogue as to the grand object in life in general, I resume my meditations on the pleasures of home.

QUEE HAWTHORN.

## HEARTH AND HOME.

UNKINDNESS.—Keep the tongue from unkindness. Words are sometimes wounds; not very deep wounds always, and yet they irritate. Speech is unkind sometimes when there is no unkindness in the heart. So much the worse that needless wounds are inflicted; so much the worse that unintentionally pain is caused.

BEAUTY.—Beauty depends more upon the movement of the face than upon the form of the features when at rest. Thus a countenance habitually under the influence of amiable feelings acquires a beauty of the highest order, from the frequency with which such feelings are the originating causes of the movements or expressions which stamp their characters upon it.

SLOW AND SURE.—There are circumstances in life when speed is folly, and to be slow is to be almost insured to safety. Take friendship as an example. How many of us are apt to run headlong into those pleasant bonds of affection for well-seeming and charming people, of whom in reality we know nothing, only to find that seeming and being are by no means interchangeable terms, and that what we took to be harmony with ourselves turns out to be discord instead!

LAZINESS.—"Man of leisure" is the polite term for a genteel drone. We call this ragged, penurious fellow-sluggard with unkempt hair and unwashed face a "loafer;" but, as the former manifests some respect for the decencies of life, and has the wherewithal to pay his way instead of begging it, we dignify him with the title of "man of leisure." Morally, however, the twain are fellow-tribesmen. There is no essential difference between them, the only disparity being in their pecuniary circumstances and methods of wasting time. Both are lazy; neither fulfils the purpose for which he was created.

HIGH FOREHEADS.—The notion that high foreheads, in women as well as men, are indis-

pensable to beauty, came into vogue with phrenology, and is going out with the decline of that pretentious and plausible "science." Not long ago, more than one "fine lady" shaved her head to give it an "intellectual" appearance; and the custom of combing the hair back from the forehead probably originated in the same mistaken ambition. When it is considered that a great expanse of forehead gives a bold, masculine look—that from *frons* (forehead) comes the word "effrontery," it will not be wondered that the ancient painters, sculptors, and poets, considered a low forehead "a charming thing in woman," and, indeed, indispensable to female beauty. Horace praises Lycoris for her low forehead (*levis frons*), and Martial also commends the same grace.

POLITENESS.—Politeness is to a man what beauty is to a woman. It creates an instantaneous impression in his behalf, while the opposite quality exercises as quick a prejudice against him. Polished manners have made hundreds successful, while the best of men by their hardness and coolness have done themselves an incalculable injury, the shell being so rough that the world could not believe that there was a precious kernel within. Had Raleigh never flung down his cloak in the mud for the proud Elizabeth to walk on, his career through life would scarcely have been worth recording. Deeds of men have been successful in life by pleasing manners alone. It is a trait of character well worth cultivating. Never forget the value of true civility.

TIME WELL SPENT.—It is a grave error, and an ungrateful deed to swallow well-cooked, palatable food at such a pace as to prevent your getting the full amount of pleasure out of the act of eating, and which renders you indifferent to your cook's skill. There are some supremely virtuous beings who condemn epicurism as something horrible, and as likely to lead to murder, petty larceny, and other objectionable crimes; but, good souls, they often confound refinement and discrimination in feeding with gluttony, and in their desire to avoid this, and set a high example of indifference to the flesh, adopt a scornful regard to what and how they eat and drink, and, pretending to be above such mundane considerations, bring themselves into a chronic state of ill-health, which it takes years of strict regimen to recover from. No; you must luger over the taste of your food as you linger over the smell of a flower. Nature demands of you this concession to health, and there can be nothing more sinful in indulging the sense of taste than the sense of smell.

LITTLE THINGS.—It is only a little thing, only a small sacrifice—therefore it is not appreciated. How many admirable actions are overlooked because they are little and common! Take, for instance, the mother who has had broken slumber, if any at all, with the nursing babe, whose wants must not be disregarded; she would fain sleep a while when the breakfast hour comes, but patiently and uncomplainingly she takes her timely seat at the table. Though exhausted and weary, she serves all with a refreshing cup of coffee or tea before she sips any herself; and often the cup is handed back before she has time to taste her own. Do you hear her complain—this weary mother—that her breakfast is cold before she has time to eat it? And this is not for one, but for every morning perhaps through the year. Do you call this a small thing? Try it and see. Oh, how woman shames man by her forbearance and fortitude in what are called little things! It is these little things that are tests of character. It is by these "little" self-denials, borne with such self-forgotten gentleness, that the humblest home is made beautiful, though we fail to see it, alas, until the chair is vacant and the hand that kept in motion all the domestic machinery is powerless and cold!

## BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

"I don't care anything about money," said an extravagant young lady, "but I do dearly love to spend it."

A SPANISH proverb says: "The man who on his wedding day starts as a lieutenant in the family, will never get promoted."

A ST. JOHN'S man asked his sweet-heart in New York, by telegraph, if she would marry him. That's what we call electric sparking.

THE reason that new-married men are called Benedicts is because they are supposed on their marriage to give up all the bad habits to which they had "benedicted."

CIRCASSIAN women are selling their glorious hair in order to provide funds for the wounded soldiers. Some of their tresses sold in London are two feet long.

WHEN a woman comes to the door and calls after her husband, "Hen-RE-E,"—finishing the last syllable in capital letters—you may know that she is not in a capital humour.

LADIES subject to sunburn or freckles will be glad to know that by wearing a veil made of yellow gauze, and by lining the brim of the hat with the same color, they will greatly mitigate the infliction.

SISTER: "Well, you know, Bobby, your eye's very inflamed; you can't go out with Tommy Brown till that speck of dust's out of it!" Bobby (anxious to be off): "I'm all right—I know it's out now"—(earnestly)—"I—I—I think I heard it fall."

A MIDDLEBURY old woman was sneering at a

young mother's awkwardness with her infant, and said, "I declare a woman never ought to have a baby unless she knows how to hold it!"

"Nor a tongue either," quietly responded the young mother.

"MAMMA," said a little five-year old, "what is a widow and what is a widower?" The mother explained to the little fellow, and by way of further explanation, said, "If you should grow up and get married, and your wife should die, why, then, you would be a widower."—"Oh, no, I wouldn't," said the little fellow; "I'd court another girl."

WHEN you see a young fellow standing at a corner with a far-away look in his eyes and a lot of yarn on each of the last two fingers of his hand, you may be tolerably sure that he has just begun keeping house, and that he is muttering to himself, "Chopping board, eggs, clothes-line—that's the thumb and first two fingers. Now what did she want on the other two fingers?"

AN unsophisticated maiden in Illinois has invented a simple but ingenious device for securing by one operation both a husband and a fortune. She offers herself as a prize to be raffled for—one hundred thousand tickets to be issued at one dollar each, reserving to herself the right to reject the holder of the lucky number on payment of five hundred dollars.

A BABY is not a very large thing—"only a baby," says the poet. And yet this inconspicuous package of tender humanity will, with scarcely an apparent effort, drown the heavy breathings of a mighty engine, out-bellow the raging ocean, banish sleep from two decks of a steamboat, and chain the attention of a thousand sleepy passengers for seven consecutive hours.

"Do you know that expensively-dressed lady there?" said a young man to his friend at a ball the other night, pointing as he spoke to an exceedingly fashionable married belle. "Yes; what about her?" was the reply. "That is the woman that our friend Colonel— tried to seduce to win for his wife—but he lost her; and now there is only one other person who is as undesirable as the Colonel is." "And who is that other person?" "The lady's husband," was the reply.

WHAT is a child to answer when asked where it got "that beautiful hair?" There is one little girl who baffles all such inquiries. The governess was teaching her the alphabet the other morning, but it was a lovely day, and it was more attractive to look at Coniston water, which lay just outside the balcony, so, when Miss Lindley Murray said, "Dolly, what were your eyes made for?" Dolly was quite equal to the occasion, and replied, "To look out of the window with."

THEY were out walking, enjoying the cool and refreshing air. The bright moon cast its rays over the lady, giving her an almost angelic appearance, and imparted to her flowing curls a still more golden hue. One of her soft white hands rested in his, and ever and anon she met his ardent gaze with one of pure love. Suddenly a change came over her features; her full red lips trembled as if with suppressed sobs, the muscles of her faceless mouth became convulsed, she gasped for breath, and, clutching her hand from the soft pressure of his, she turned away, buried her face in her cambric handkerchief, and—sneezed.

## LITERARY.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT once studied law, but was so disgusted by his defeat through a technicality in words that he abandoned the profession.

MISS MURDOCK has written an interesting article concerning her discovery of a promising young poet in the deformed daughter of a poor postman in the west of England.

VICTOR HUGO, in public, is thus portrayed: White-haired, eagle-eyed, square-faced, square-shouldered, short of stature, firm of gait, with a look at once of intense watchfulness and intense self-concentration, seeing everything about him at once, and never losing his consciousness that he is the best worth seeing of all.

LIKE the late A. T. Stewart, Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford refuses to have taken any sort of pictured resemblance of herself. No extraneous can prevail upon her to be photographed. It is only by words that her readers can ever get any idea of the beautiful eyes, the soft brown hair, the dainty, delicate grace and charm of this reserved little New England woman.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON'S house has about it an air of antiquity. Old pictures look down from the walls, quaint blue and white china holds the simple dinner; old furniture brings to mind the generation of the past. On his books there is a lack of showy covers or rich bindings, each volume seeming to have grown old in constant service. The study is a quiet room up stairs, and there Mr. Emerson is steadily at work, despite of advancing years, he being now seventy-four. His speech of himself as a man whose work is nearly ended, is the only sign of falling power noticeable in conversation is a slight hesitation and apparent effort in recalling a needed word—especially a proper name.

## HYGIENIC.

PROFESSOR BOEDEKER, with a view to arriving at certain results, has analyzed the milk of a healthy cow at different periods of the day. The Professor found that the solids of the evening's milk (15 per cent.) exceeded those of the morning's milk (10 per cent.); while the water contained in the fluid was diminished from 89 per cent. to 86 per cent. The fatty matter increases as the day progresses. In the morning it amounts to 21 per cent., at noon to 31 per cent., and in the evening to 51 per cent. The practical importance of this discovery is at once apparent; it develops the fact that, while 16 ounces of morning's milk will yield but half an ounce of butter, about double the quantity can be obtained from the evening's milk. The casein is also increased in the evening's milk from 21 to 24 per cent., but the albumen is diminished from 6.44 per cent. to 6.31 per cent. Sugar is least abundant at midnight (41 per cent.) and most plenty at noon (42 per cent.). The percentage of the salt undergoes scarcely any change at any time of the day.