

HEARTH AND HOME.

We can imagine nothing so little or ridiculous as pride. It is a mixture of insensibility and ill nature, and it is hard to say which has the largest share.

WHEN thou forgivest, the man who has pierced thy heart stands to thee in the relation of the sea-worm that perforates the shell of the mussel, which straightway closes the wound with a pearl.

IDLENESS is the Dead Sea that swallows up all virtues, and the self-made sepulchre of a living man. The idle man is the devil's urchin, whose livery is rags, and whose diet and wages are famine and disease.

TRUE politeness consists not merely in a strict adherence to forms of ceremony; it is in exquisite observance of the feelings of others, and an invariable respect for those feelings. By this definition it claims alliance with benevolence, and may sometimes be found as genuine in the cottage as the court.

CARE OF PLANTS.—Plants, unless they have a green, thrifty appearance, are not worth house-room; therefore they should be stimulated gently once or twice a week. Rain water, so refreshing to summer flowers, always contains ammonia, which also abounds in all liquid manures. If you take an ounce of pulverized carbonate of ammonia, dissolved in one gallon of water, it will make spring water even more stimulating to your plants than rain water. If you water your plants once in two weeks with guano water (one tablespoonful to a pail of water), they will grow more thrifty. Chicken manure dissolved in water is excellent. Always keep the soil in your flower-pots loose. A common hair-pin used daily will stir the earth sufficiently.

SUSPICIOUS PEOPLE.—Every now then we stumble upon nervously suspicious people whom we can scarcely approach without giving offence in some way. Such people are in a state of chronic affliction, somebody is always coming short of treatment of them. If you look at them, it is a stare: if you do not look at them, it is a slight. There is no safe way with the over-sensitive but a straightforward one. If you try to avoid one corn, you are sure to tread on another. The suspiciously exacting person is one of a fine-spun ingenuity. He can piece your words into a sense you never dreamed of; he can make a chain of circumstantial evidence strong enough to hang you from occurrences the most innocent. Almost everything you do has a suspicious meaning. Now the highest sort of a gentleman is one who can overlook such ungentlemanliness in others. A politeness that stands ever on the watch to exact an equal politeness in return is more annoying than a generous rudeness. No man is more uncomfortable than he who not only weighs his own words and gestures, and measures the exact significance of his smiles and frowns, but who makes you feel that he is also weighing and measuring your motions. Such an one may think himself a gentleman, but he is only a social collector of customs in a gentleman's shell. A true gentleman is not careful to keep the balance even.

THE PERFECT HOST.—The perfect host is as rare a being as a great poet; and for much the same reason, namely, that to be a perfect host requires as rare a combination of qualities as those which are needed to produce a great poet. He should be like the lord-in-waiting of whom Charles II. said he was "never in the way and never out of the way." He should never degenerate into a showman, for there is nothing of which people are so soon weary as of being shown things, especially if they are called upon to admire them. He, the perfect host, should always recollect that he is in his own home, and that his guests are not in theirs, consequently those local arrangements which are familiar to him should be made familiar to them. His aim should be to make his home a home for his guests with all the advantages of novelty. If he entertains many guests he should know enough about them to be sure that he has invited those who will live amicably together and will enjoy each other's society. He should show no favoritism, if possible; and if he is a man who must indulge in favoritism, it should be to those of his guests who are more obscure than the others. He should be judiciously despot as regard all proposals for pleasures, for there will be many that are diverse, and much time will be wasted if he does not take upon himself the responsibility of decision. He should have much regard for the comings and goings of his guests, so as to provide every convenience for their adit and their exit. Now I am going to insist on what I think to be a very great point. He should aim at causing that his guests should hereafter become friends, if they are not so at present, so they might, in future days, trace back the beginning of their friendship to their having met together at his house. He, the perfect host, must have the heart to lead conversation without absorbing it himself, so that he may develop the best qualities of his guests. His expense in entertainment should not be devoted to what is luxurious, but to what is comfortable and ennobling. The first of all things is that he should be affectionate, indeed a loving host, so that everyone of his guests should feel that he is really welcome. He should press them to stay; but should be careful that this pressing does not interfere with their convenience, so that they stay merely to oblige him, and not to please themselves. In considering who should be his guests, he should always have a thought as to

those to whom he would render most service by having them his guests; his poorer brethren, his sickly brethren. Those who he feels would gain most advantage by being his guests should have the first place in the invitations; and for this consideration he will be amply rewarded by the benefits he will have conferred.

TWO CLASSES OF WOMEN.—The streets of almost any large city at night present a spectacle more saddening, more pitiful, more fearful than any picture to be found in Dante's "Inferno." Beneath the gas-lamp, from dark until long after midnight, wander unceasingly thousands of young girls. Their eyes are fixed. They stalk like shadows. There is no merriment in their gait; no joy, no peace, no happiness in their look. However well dressed, it is the same whitened sepulchre. For mile after mile these sad spectres saunter along. At each side street they carry off their victims. Who are these desolate ones that fill the city with their ceaseless tramp? Do they come forth at night because they care not for the society of their mothers, and fathers, and sisters? Alas! no. These lost ones have no homes. They are alone in a great world too busy to notice them or their misfortunes. Without a knowledge of the world, they are driven into the midst of its vices, and forced to earn a living by the only means that is within their power. They knew not the horrible abyss of shame, the amplitude of suffering, the depth of the distress to which that first step leads. And so, having begun, they are carried on by the swift current of crime about them. Do they ever seek to escape? They turn blindly for the means, but on every hand they seem shut in by a high wall separating them from the respectable world. There is no resource, and so, year after year, they fall lower and lower, and their despair grows deeper and deeper, until death takes them for his own, and their poor bones are laid away in the potter's field. There is another class of women in our cities. They are not as numerous as their miserable sisters. They have wealth. They live in comfortable homes. They have husbands and happy children. Their time is almost a burden on their hands. With the arrival of each day, it is a question, How shall the hours be passed? They look out into the night, and behold the closely-wrapped female figures hurrying by in the darkness. The sight means nothing to them. It does not even excite a shudder. They themselves are comfortable. Many of them are highly intelligent ladies, who long for a vacation. They do not know what to do with their time. They think of devoting themselves to art or to literature. O women, who seek a higher sphere of life, who long for something to do, for some field of usefulness, for something higher and better than a life of idleness, entertainment, and novel-reading. O women, you have before you the opportunity. There are your poor erring sisters passing your door at every hour. They need your assistance. If you have compassion, pity them. Do not condemn, but weep for them. You have the power to save: your wealth and position give it to you. Go out among them. Gently, patiently labour to bring them to a better life. If you succeed in a whole lifetime of labour in raising up but one such, you will have performed a grand charity. Do not complain that you have nothing to do; that you are dying of ennui. Here is your opportunity. Embrace it. Go. Save.

TRUE IN OUR WORDS.—But the root and the life of all real courage—courage that is not a mere brilliant flash, like a firework let off at occasional times just for amusement, and only lasting a moment, but courage that is like a steady fire, lasting and useful, as well as bright and dazzling—the root of all such courage is the love of truth, uprightness, righteousness—that is the right. And if you wish, as I have no doubt most of you do, that you also may perform some great and worthy deeds, may be brave and courageous, then you must begin and cultivate the root of the thing, you must learn to be true—true in all things, true in words and deeds and thoughts. True in your words! It requires a great deal of courage sometimes to speak the truth. When we have done anything of which we are ashamed, or for which we fear we may be punished, how difficult we find it to say out boldly that we did it. And if we do not get the truth out on the first spur of the moment, it becomes more and more hard to do so every moment afterwards. That is just the mean way in which the Evil Spirit acts. He first asks us to do wrong, and when we have foolishly yielded, he does all he can to make us afraid; and when we give way to fear, then we say or do the false thing, tell the lie, perhaps, and so get further into the mire. But do not listen, do not yield; try and be true in word; own the fault and bear the punishment, if it has to come, quietly, bravely. Sometimes even your own sense will admit that it is a just thing that the punishment should come; sometimes you will feel that it is not a just thing, but a wrong, sinful, cruel thing. But never mind; speak the truth and bear the pain. You have often read how brave men and brave women have borne pain to the very uttermost sooner than speak the thing they know to be false. Fully do you admire them; strive, then, heart and soul, to be like them. Speak the truth, whatever it may cost you, and speak it because you feel that to be true is the grandest and first duty given you to do. It is by no means an easy thing to keep all our words strictly true. Words want watching; they are slippery things, and pass "the breastwork of our teeth" before we have thought about them. Do not let your words go round about the truth, so to speak; let them go in a straight line to it.

A straight line, as many of you know, is the shortest way between two points, and is generally the best way in all things. Let your words fit the facts as neatly as you can. Exaggeration is one form of untruth—the words do not fit, and in relating anything, any incident, it is necessary to be careful, for though we may not exactly say the false thing, we shall, unless we are on our guard, very likely say more than belongs to the actual truth. Then, if you make a promise, keep it. Let your "given word" be a sacred thing, so sacred that you feel you dare not, could not break it. But just because it is such a sacred thing, do not give a promise hastily, lightly, thoughtlessly, much less in the heat of temper. A promise made in a passion must sometimes be broken, or we should, perhaps, commit a great wrong, and cause much trouble and evil to some one or other; but it is a grievous thing to have to do. Therefore be very careful how, and when, and what you promise, for when your word is once given it belongs no more to you.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

We have received a green (suspicious color) covered pamphlet by J. P. Tardivel, of Quebec, containing a series of charges of plagiarism, against Mr. J. M. LeMoine's work, "The Chronicles of the St. Lawrence." As a rule we deprecate and are disposed to ignore such attacks upon our literary men, who deserve all the encouragement they can get, instead of hostile criticism. Besides, our estimate of Mr. LeMoine's writings, as contributions to general and local Canadian history, is well-known, and we plead guilty, along with the *Montreal Gazette*, the *Quebec Mercury*, and *Rose-Bellevue's Monthly*, of having published a highly laudatory review of Mr. LeMoine's last work. However, as Mr. Tardivel is a responsible gentleman, and makes definite charges, he shall have no reason to complain that we have slighted him by overlooking his pamphlet. Of its merits, we have nothing to say, because we know that Mr. LeMoine is abundantly able to take care of himself, and should be choose to answer Mr. Tardivel, it may be some satisfaction to him that our columns are open to his pen.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

THERE'S only one thing stronger than a woman's will, and that's a woman's "won't." THE *New York Mail* says that four brides at an hotel table will waste more food than would make a dinner for four average families. SINGULAR, isn't it, that when a man gives his wife a dime to buy a box of hairpins or a gum ring for the baby, it looks about seven times as big as when he plunks it down on the bar for a little gin and bitters for the stomach's sake?

THERE are two things in the world of fashion that puzzle many minds. One is why a woman but half-clothed is said to be in full dress, and the other is why a gentleman in full dress when he wears the same style of clothes as he who attends him.

"I think, my dear," said she, "that I will escort Clara to the ball this evening. Everybody will say, 'How like she is to her mother at her age.'" "Yes," replied her husband, "but it is barely possible that they may say, 'See how she will look when she is of her mother's age!'"

RUDOLPH GRAVES, says the *Philadelphia Transcript*, had not been married long—not long enough to have become an expert nurse. In fact this was the first pledge of love that had blessed the Graves union, that Rudolph, with a total failure to regard or recognize the responsibilities incurred, promised to keep for an hour, during his wife's absence, shopping. When she returned, she found Rudolph playing the garden hose over baby. He tried everything else, he said, to keep it quiet, and this seemed to soothe it.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

It is understood in Paris that a collection of important documents, proving that the International was mixed up in all strikes which have recently taken place in various parts of France, is in the hands of the French Minister of Justice, and will be communicated to the Chambers.

So great has been the sale of tickets in the National Lottery, that seven series of a million each have already been disposed of. The date of the commencement of the drawing was originally fixed for the 15th of November, but it has now been postponed to November 20.

THE debris of the cloak room at the Versailles Ball for the million have been brought to Paris and deposited in the store room of the Elysée, where owners are invited to call and identify the remains of their lost garments. Really they manage these things better in France.

THE City of Paris commenced last year the publication of a general inventory of the artistic riches contained in the different municipal edifices of the capital. Two volumes have already been issued. The number of edifices in the twenty arrondissements is so great that the task is far from being terminated.

M. GEORGES CAVALIÉ, better known as "Pipe-en-Bois," is dead. He was banished for the part he took in the Commune, but was allowed by Government to return to Paris a fortnight ago, to obtain medical advice. M. Cavalie was at one time an intimate friend of M. Gambetta, and occupied a post in the Defence Government of Bordeaux during the war.

THE Duc de Nemours is reported to be about to marry a Polish Princess, Helen Sanguszko, who is forty-two years of age, but extremely young-looking and handsome. The Duke, who has been a widower since 1857, is regarded as the only Legitimist and Ultramontane of the Orleans Princes. The Princess's mother was a Czartoryska, into which family one of the duke's daughters has married.

It is the dream of M. Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire to pass the whole world in review at the Jardin d'Acclimatation. The Nubians, Esquimaux and Guachos are now succeeded by a tribe of Laplanders from Koutukeino. The tribe consists of ten persons, men and women, accompanied by two dogs and thirty-two reindeer. These strange-looking denizens of the Pole are now busily engaged in building subterranean huts, in which they will pass the cold weather.

THE Prince of Wales is determined to leave no Parisian experience untried. He went up in the captive balloon, accompanied by the Princess of Wales, the Prince and Princess of Denmark, and the members of their respective suites. There was no wind; but there were frequent showers of rain, which ended in preventing one—the last of the four free balloons—from being filled. Three, however, were got off, and as two were started at the same moment the spectators below were witnesses to what threatened to be a collision; but the aeronauts managed to avoid any catastrophe.

FOR so elegant and courtly-looking a personage, Monsignor Dupanloup led a very abstemious life. He never slept in his gorgeous bedchamber, in that way imitating Pio Nino—the whole furniture of his apartment being an iron bedstead, a table, and two chairs. His room had not even a fireplace. In the Versailles Chamber his neatness of attire was remarkable, yet he spent little on clothes, but he made them last. And although the income of his diocese was large, he died poor. His money was spent in his latter years in relieving the families in his diocese orphaned by the Franco-Prussian war, and in the renovation of the churches. In that way he indulged his undoubted taste for the luxurious.

THERE is a fashion in perfumes, just as there is in hats and dresses. In French high life penetrating colours are now prescribed, and pure flower scents are alone permitted, particularly one made from lime flowers. A truly distinguished lady, as Bachaumont tells us, and he surely is an authority, will never use violent perfumes. Her clothes exhale only the light, natural odour of the flower, which is preserved by the best perfumery. Moreover, we are told, good taste forbids a change of scents. A lady having adopted a certain perfume must abide by it, so that her friends may recognize her even without seeing her. The same elegant *ingéniosité* may also be extended to colours, and even flowers. Most ladies, perhaps, are too fond of change to wear the same cloak, the same flower, and to use the same perfume all their life long. Still, it is a pretty idea.

NILSSON.—An "old New Yorker" writes, October 26, from London:—Madame Christine Nilsson, notwithstanding the heavy pecuniary loss she has recently sustained in the United States, expresses a great desire to renew her acquaintance with her trans-Atlantic friends, and I should not be surprised to see her once more among us next year. I saw her only yesterday, just returned from a most successful concert tour in the north—a little stouter than when she appeared in New York—dressed in the simplest of walking costumes, white flannel, with black Rubens hat, faced with cardinal velvet. I may say I never saw her look better, never more bewilderingly pretty.

BISHOP AND POET.—The late Bishop Dupanloup is said to have been the possessor of an unpublished tragedy, in five acts, by Lamartine. When young, he happened once to be staying in the same house with the poet, who one evening read aloud his tragedy to their hosts. These hosts were people opposed to the rising romantic movement, and its influence was so apparent in the work, that they counselled Lamartine not to publish it. He left the manuscript on the table that night, and next morning, concluding to follow their advice, destroyed it, saying that he had no other copy. The young Dupanloup, however, was so impressed by the poem that he had crept down stairs in the night and copied the whole of it. Lamartine is said to have never known of the existence of this copy.

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