

## THE HOME CIRCLE.

### LOYALTY TO HOME.

BY JOEL. TEAZ.

Loyalty in its generally accepted meaning denotes fidelity to king or country, and as such we have it often exemplified in history. In the sixteenth century, when Philip the Second of Spain assembled his armies for the conquest of England, Elizabeth, England's greatest Queen appealed to the loyalty of her people; and what a transformation took place. A frail merchant service soon became a formidable fleet, and the ramparts of the nation were filled, as if by magic, with brave and willing hearts, ready to hurl defiance at the wicked aggressor. Again in 1860, Lincoln, in our neighbouring nation, appealed to the loyalty of his countrymen with a similar result. During four long trying years, the American atmosphere was heavy with martial music, the thrilling drum-beat, and the steady tramp, tramp of armies going forth to victory or death. This principle, however, is not confined to the sphere of the nation; nor is it always on the rampart, or the battlefield that it has its noblest exemplification; but in the burning fiery furnace at Babylon, in the lion's den, at the stake, or in the fever stricken city, men or women are found loyal to God, to truth, or to suffering humanity. But as the beautiful flower blooming on desert or mountain top, when transplanted in the garden often sheds forth a richer fragrance, so this principle when found in the home, or family circle, appears, if possible, more exquisitely attractive. There, the husband and wife, moving in a sphere made sacred by the formal marriage bond, and the still stronger bonds of natural affection, and sanctified love, and the children nurtured from infancy in the same holy atmosphere—here is the nursery from which men and women ever come, to stand loyally in the more prominent posts of duty. There is something indescribably attractive in the family circle where the members are all loyal to one another, and to their home. We think of Eden, but the serpent entered before there was time to draw a picture of it. In such a home the parental voice is ever heard like the still small voice of conscience itself, only, more mellowing in its influences, the names of father, mother, son, daughter, brother, sister are holy things; they fall like music on the ear, they are but different names for the one family bond—but different parts of the one family chord, which, touched anywhere, vibrates everywhere. It is a place into which the joys and sorrows, the hopes and fears of a household are poured, and out of which all equally, willingly drink; it is a place around which the world itself revolves, in its varied and multiform developments. Men and things are tested by the home standards, weighed in the home balances, and if found wanting, ever afterwards remain on the other side of an imperishable gulf. Boys go forth from such a home to noble daring and doing; girls also to hallow earth with their footsteps, to duplicate Eden in all its loveliness, and to make a conception of the garden possible even to the depraved mind. Evil men shun such a holy place, even the slimy serpent itself might well pause before entering its