

The Home Circle.

THE SONG OF THE MYSTIC.

The following tender little poem is by the Rev. Father Ryan, sometimes called the poet-priest of the South:—

I walked down the Valley of Silence,
Down the dim, voiceless valley—alone!
And I hear not the fall of a footstep
Around me—save God's and my own!
And the hush of my heart is as holy
As hovers where angels have flown.

Long ago was I weary of voices
Whose music my heart could not win,
Long ago I was weary of noises
That fretted my soul with their din;
Long ago was I weary of places
Where I met but the Human, and sin.

I walked thro' the world with the worldly;
I craved what the world never gave;
And I said: "In the world, each Ideal
That shines like a star on Life's wave,
Is toned on the shores of the Real,
And sleep like a dream in a grave."

And still did I pine on the Perfect,
And still found the False with the True;
I sought 'mid the Human for Heaven,
But caught a mere glimpse of its blue;
And I wept when the clouds of the Mortal
Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I toiled on, heart-tired of the Human;
And I moaned 'mid the mazes of men:
Till I knelt long ago at an altar
And heard a voice call me; since then
I walked down the Valley of Silence
That lies far beyond mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in the Valley?
'Tis my trying-place with the Divine;
And I fell at the feet of the Holy,
And about me a voice said: "Be Mine!"
And then rose from the depths of my spirit
An echo, "My heart shall be thine."

Do you ask how I live in the Valley?
I weep, and I dream, and I pray;
But my tears are as sweet as the dew-drops
That fall on the roses in May;
And my prayer, like perfume from the censor,
Ascendeth to God, night and day.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence,
I dream all the songs that I sing;
And the music floats down the dim Valley,
Till each finds a word for a wing;
That to men, like the doves of the Deluge,
The message of Peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach;
And I have heard songs in the silence
That never shall float into speech;
And I have had dreams in the Valley
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the Valley—
Ah me, how my spirit was stirred!
And they wear holy veils on their faces—
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard;
They pass through the Valley, like virgins,
Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of the Valley.
Ye hearts that are harrowed by care?
It lieth afar between mountains,
And God and His Angels are there—
And one is the dark mount of Sorrow,
And one the bright mountain of Prayer.

LANGUAGE AND THOUGHT.

The following is the conclusion of an article, written by the late Professor Grote, recently published in *Good Words*:

"We should not think of language, partly as a thing mean and of no account, and partly as a matter of display, refinement, and ornament, but throughout as one, as a thing of the most noble use, at once helping us to understand ourselves, and bringing us into intellectual fellowship with others. When we think so, we shall be worthy to read books; and a few books, if we can only get a few, will stand for many, for they will overflow with meaning to us. And if we are anxious about having our own thoughts clear, it will not be very easy for language to deceive us. Philosophy is to good sense very much what literature is to talk or language. Many of the best results of both philosophy and literature are near at hand with us if our minds are active and earnest, and if, in default of opportunity for the study of philosophy and literature, we try to do a little in the way of thinking and imagining for ourselves. For while true genius is God's highest and rarest intellectual gift, one important constituent of genius is to a certain extent in our power for the willing it, and that is, the having our own view of things, the seeing things in our own inward eye. I do not mean necessarily or probably seeing things differently from others, but only not with their eyes. Let us think what we think, and not merely say we do. Then our language will mean something, and it is its meaning something which is the specially important thing about it. For language is really misused when any of the accidents of it, its elegance, its classicalness, whatever it may be, is looked at by itself, and the attention is turned away from its real work, the carrying its message from one mind to another. This is not so very easy always, as the complaint of philosophers about lan-

guage may have shown us. That it is not so, is the fault in the main language in the mind, or the manner of thought.

"The best books were written when the fewest were read. Now that they are written, it would be foolish and ungrateful not to value them, but equally foolish to think that by them is the only way to the spirit which produced them. Take them as a great blessing and means of enjoyment; as what, if you do not make the most of, so far as you are able, you are foolish; but do not take them as what they are, necessary for intellectual development, for very little of them would suffice for this if only the mind is not suffered to sleep. And if we want something to talk about, let us think about words. Our stock of language is a great book in our minds, always ready for us to read, suggesting to us all kinds of images which a Milton could do no more than put together, and full of home-made philosophy of the kind which Socrates brought to bear against the book philosophy of the Sophists. We have all this in our mouths without giving it a thought, while we are murmuring that our minds are empty and stagnant, because what we want of other people's thoughts is perhaps denied us."

CLOUDS.

One of the saddest thoughts that come to us in life is the thought that in this bright, beautiful, joy-giving world of ours, there are so many shadowed lives.

If suffering came only with crime, even then we might drop a tear over him whose errors wrought their own recompense. But it is not so, alas! Then we should not have it to record that the noblest and most gifted are often among those who may count their fate among shadowed lives. With some it is the shadow of a grave long, deep, and narrow, which falls over a life, shutting out the gladness of the sunshine, blighting the tender blossoms of hope.

With another, it is the wreck of a great ambition. He has builded his ship, and launched it on the sea of life, freighted with the richest jewels of his strength, his manhood. Behold, it comes back to him beaten, battered, torn in some horrible tempest, "the wreck of a first trial."

With some others, disease throws its terrible shadows over the portals, and shuts out the brightness and joy of the outside world from the sufferer within. But this is the lightest shadow of all; for it teaches the heart lessons of endurance and faith, and through its darkness the sufferer sees even the star of promise shining with eyes that tell of the glories beyond. Of all shadowed lives, we find it in our hearts to feel most for those which are darkened by an unhappy marriage.

Unhappy marriage is the quintessence of human bondage. It wounds daily our fondest and sweetest impulses; it trifles with and buries our holiest and dearest affections, and writes over the tomb thereof: "No hope." It embitters the victim with the thought that lost forever to his or her life is a glory of a great love; closed forever to him or her the portals of a happy home—that fountain of freshness and delight, at which the souls must needs drink to gather strength for the heat and burden of the outside battle.

HOME INFLUENCE.

There is no selfishness where there is a wife and family. There the house is lighted up by mutual charities; everything achieved for them is a victory—everything endured is a triumph. How sweet are the links—how tender the "cords of love" which bind them together. With what disinterested fondness the mother labors to provide all requisite comforts for the family, and with what implicit confidence do they, in turn, rely upon her for the expected supplies! How many vices are suppressed that there may be no bad example! How many exertions made and fond endearments tried to recommend and inculcate a good one? Happy the home where love and confidence bind all the members of the family together. The storms of adversity may rage round that dwelling and seek to scatter its inmates; but strong as a rock in the might of their united strength they will outlive the storm, and go on rejoicing in their happy state.

MARRIAGE.

Marriage is to a woman at once the happiest and saddest event of her life; it is the promise of future bliss raised on the death of present enjoyment. She quits her home, her parents, her companions, her amusements—everything on which she has hitherto depended for comfort, for affection, for kindness, and for pleasure.

The parents by whose advice she has been guided—the sister to whom she has dared to impart the very embryo thought and feeling—the brother who has played with her, by turns the counselor and the counseled, and the younger children to whom she has, hitherto been the mother and playmate—all are to be forsaken at one fell stroke—every former tie is loosened—the spring of every action is changed, and she flies with joy in the untrodden paths before her; buoyed up with the confidence of requited love, she bids a fond and grateful adieu to the life that is past, and turns with excited hopes and joyous anticipation to the happiness to come. Then 'twas to the man who can blight such fair hopes—who can treacherously lure such a heart from its peaceful en-

joyments and watchful protection of home—who can, coward-like, break the illusions which have won her, and destroy the confidence which love had inspired.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE HUMAN FACE.

The human face indicates the moral training of the owner, to the same extent that the human form denotes the extent of his physical exercises. This is proved by the appearance of man wherever found. The moral discrepancies between the varieties of the human race are as great as those in the physical. Those engaged in physical labor alone, have a stolid, meaningless expression, while those parts of the body most exercised are fully developed. Those engaged in mental labor have a bright, intellectual countenance. The most savage people are always found to be the ugliest. Instead of their prominent features being developed by mental exercise, they are deformed by violent unbridled passions.

Those who are endowed with great sensibility have beautiful faces which are full of pleasing expressions; but very strong emotions of any kind are unfavorable to regularity of feature. The refining effects of high culture, aided by religious feelings, are certain to subdue the evil passions, and enable the unfortunate and sorrowing to persevere through all troubles.

All persons can beautify their countenance if they will exercise a reasonable control over their passions and cultivate their moral nature. If they permit their mind to concentrate its efforts upon but one course of action or line of thought, they will necessarily develop more prominently one feature while the others will become less distinct, and thus, as it were, deform the whole face.

It is the duty, as well as the interest, of every one to seek for a variety of mental recreation and pleasure, being careful to abstain from those of an immoral nature. A portion of time should be devoted each day to mental exercise and recreation.

A SWEET PHILOSOPHY.

The celebrated teacher, Rabbi Meir, sat during the whole of one Sabbath day in the public school, instructing the people. During his absence from the house his two sons died—both of them of uncommon beauty, and enlightened in the law. His wife bore them to her bed-chamber, laid them upon the marriage bed, and spread a white covering over their bodies. In the evening the Rabbi came home. She reached him a goblet. He praised the Lord at the going out of the Sabbath, drank, and asked:

"Where are my two sons, that I may give them my blessing? I repeatedly looked round the school, and I did not see them there. Where are my sons, that they too may drink of the cup of blessing?"

"They will not be far off," she said, and placed food before him, that he might eat. He was in a gladsome and genial mood; and when he had said grace after the meal she thus addressed him:

"Rabbi, with thy permission I would fain propose to thee one question."

"Ask it then, my love," he replied.

"A few days ago a person intrusted some jewels to my custody; now he demands them again. Should I give them up?"

"This is a question," said Rabbi Meir, "which my wife should not have thought it necessary to ask. What! wouldst thou hesitate or be reluctant to restore to every one his own?"

"No," she replied; "but yet I thought it best not to restore them without acquainting thee therewith."

She then led him to the chamber, and stepping to the bed took the white covering from the dead bodies.

"Ah! my sons, my sons!" loudly lamented the father. "My sons, the light of my eyes and the light of my understanding! I was your father, but you were my teachers in the law."

The mother turned away and wept bitterly. At length she took her husband by the hand and said: "Rabbi, didst thou not teach me that we must not be reluctant to restore that which was intrusted to our keeping? See, the Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord."

"Blessed be the name of the Lord!" echoed Rabbi Meir; "and blessed be His name for thy sake too; for well it is written: 'Whoso hath found a virtuous wife hath a greater treasure than costly pearls. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.'"

AN ARISTOCRATIC COOK.

A writer in the *New York Observer*, speaking of the growing independence and impudence of domestics, relates the following anecdote:

Our republican notions of equality render the relations of servants more and more difficult and precarious. It is part of the penalty we must pay for the blessing of free institutions, where, as the Irishman said, "One man is just as good as another, and a little better." Laugh about it as we may, it is a fact, that servants now choose their own places, and feel more independent than their employers. Few ladies are able to be as independent as our friend Mrs. Jones. She called at Madame Thompson's "Emporium for Female Domestic Household Assistants, and General Agency for Urban and Suburban Families of Gentility," and asked for a cook. Presently was ushered

into the reception-room a gorgeously dressed woman of masculine proportions, who took a seat on the sofa by the side of Mrs. Jones and said:

"You wish a cook, do you?"

Mrs. Jones intimated that her wants were in that direction.

"Well, that's my line: I can do French, Italian, or English cooking—anything but Yankee; I can make jellies, Char de Russo, pomme de terre, fricaudeau, jibletatu, com-and-go, ice cream, macaroni, oyster sauce, maitre d'otel, a la mode, picanti, and anything you like."

"What wages do you expect for all that?" meekly murmured Mrs. Jones.

"I have been having eighteen dollars a month, but things is riz now so; why, I had to give three dollars and a half a yard for this ere silk, and I should say I would have twenty-five dollars—Sundays to myself, and two evenings out in the week."

"Do you perform on the piano?" inquired the lady.

"No, I don't. I never learn it was wanted in cooking."

"Can you extravasate the antepenultimate of a defunct fowl?"

"What d'yo say?"

"Do you speak Hebrew so as to teach the children German, if they learn French?"

"No."

"You will not do for me; you can go."

And her cookship withdrew with drooping colors.

One evening I sent to my cook "to have breakfast punctually in the morning, as I wished to go early to my work." She was prompt, but as promptly gave notice to quit, saying "she never stayed with people that worked for a living."

THE INDIAN'S DREAM.

When the Indian went to see the white man he stayed with him all night. In the morning he says to the white man:

"Me have dreamed last night."

"Ah, what was it?"

"Me dream you gave me your grey mare, and then you gave me rifle; that you gave me much powder, much ball, much shot."

"Did you, indeed? What a dream!"

"Yes, me dream it all."

"Well, that's bad, for my wife always rides the grey mare, and she thinks she can't ride any other horse; but if you dreamed it, why, I suppose you must have her. And my rifle, too—my favorite rifle—you dreamed I gave you that, too?"

"Yes, me dream rifle, too."

"Well, if you dreamed it, why, I suppose you must take that, too, but it's very singular."

So the white man gave them all into the Indian's possession, but persuaded him to tarry with him one night more. In the morning the white man says to the Indian:

"I had a dream last night."

"No, did you?"

"Yes, but I did though. I dreamed that you gave me all the land between Pojuntuck river and Cataquunch mountains, about three hundred acres of the most beautiful land imaginable."

"Ah! bones of my father! Well, if you dreamed it, why, I suppose you must have the land—but me never dream with you any more."

WARM WORK.

The wife of Joaquin Miller tells how her husband receives visitors in his studio: If a footstep is heard in the hall, before the door has time to swing open, a volume is across the poet's knee, and the perplexed, legal scowl on his brow. But the visitor, unless he is a favorite, does not remain long, although the judge talks eloquently of the science of law; lays his white hand familiarly upon his shoulder, and blandly insists upon his sitting still. Why does he not remain? The room is small; there is but one window, and that is closed. In one corner is a large bar-room stove. Behind this stove is a wood box heaped with dry fire wood. Mr. Miller arises when the visitor enters, shivers a little, says he is not well, feels chilly, opens the stove door, and fills the stove with wood. In a few minutes the stove is red hot, and the visitor sits fanning himself with McCormack's Almanac until he can endure it no longer, when he rises and goes out. The artist then closes the draught, opens the window, and resumes his work. "That is the only thing I can do," he would say to me; "they would sit and talk for hours if I didn't make it too warm for them." I give this for the benefit of industrious lawyers who are bored with visitors. But Joaquin was as quick and acute in perceiving originality in people as in books, and as careful in culling gems from conversation as from authors.

A story is told about a man who put the saddle hind part foremost upon his horse while in a condition of dizziness, superinduced by fire water. Just as he was about to mount a friend came up and told him to hold on a minute, because the saddle was on wrong and wanted refixing. The horseman gazed for a moment at the intruder, as if in deep thought, and then said: "You let that saddle alone! How do you know which way I am going?" And the gentleman passed on.

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Sawdust and Chips.

THE HOME CIRCLE.—Walking about with baby in the night.

One day when Mrs. Partington heard the minister say that there would be a novie in the new church, she observed that "she knew who the party was."

A young farmer being asked if he believed in a future state, replied, "In course I does, and I'm a goin' to enter it too, jest as soon as Betsy gets her things ready."

A cheap way for getting credit for liberality was devised by the managers of a fair in Illinois, who offered a premium for the oldest spinster present. Of course nobody claimed it.

After asking your name in the state of Arkansas, the natives are in the habit of further enquiring, in a confidential tone, "Well, now, what was your name afore yer moved in these parts?"

An old settler out West, who was elected Justice of the Peace, couldn't raise enough to pay an officer for swearing him in; so he stood up before a looking-glass and qualified himself.

"Pat," said an officer to his Irish servant, "you clean my boots very carelessly. The right is always much brighter than the left." "Shure, yer honour, and isn't that the foot ye always kick me with?"

Cleer Child: "What's the difference, Pa, between a Tory and a Conservative?" Sarajevo Father: "Precisely the same difference, my dear, that there is between a Crocodile and an Alligator—that's all!"

An American paper says a society has been formed in New York—not before it is wanted—called the Ladies' Anti-ambitions-to-figure-in-the-newspapers-with-no-useful-result-and-to-the-neglect-of-your-own-domestic-duties Society.

Joadkins says he first met his wife in a storm took her to the first party in a storm, popped the question in a storm, married her in a storm, and has lived in a storm ever since, but thinks the day of the funeral will be a pleasant one.

It is related that a judicious theatre goer that when, upon one occasion, a disturbance occurred in the gallery, and an obnoxious man was about to be thrown over the railing, he cried out: "Don't waste him; kill a fiddler with him!"

A Camden man, after waltzing six times with a lady at a ball, was asked if he was fond of dancing. "Oh no," replied the youth, "I don't care for it, but my doctor advised me to-day to take a sweat, and this is cheaper than a Turkish bath."

A gentleman describing a wedding the other day got off the following extraordinary sentence in regard to the bride: "In her bony face the twin roses of health and beauty shone." He probably meant to say bonny—but "the confounded printers!"

"Sir," said an irate little gentleman of about four feet eleven inches, to one of six feet two, "I would have you to know that I have been well brought up." "Possibly," said the tall man, looking down upon the short one, "but, you see, you haven't been brought up far."

"I see," said a young lady, "that some printers advertise blank declarations for sale: I wish I could get one." "Why?" asked the mother. "Because, ma, Mr. G—— is too modest to ask me to marry him; and, perhaps, if I could fill a blank declaration, he would sign it."

A smart boy having been required to write a composition on some part of the human body, expanded as follows: "The Throat—A throat is convenient to have, especially for roosters and ministers. The former eats corn and crows with it; the latter preaches through his'n and ties it up."

In one of Voltaire's cynical romances a widow, in the depth of her disconsolateness, vows that never "as long as the river flows by the side of the hill," will she marry again. Time passes; the widow, less disconsolate, consults an engineer; and at last, means having been found for diverting the river's course, she allows herself to be consoled.

A Pittsburg man gave his daughter two loaded coal barges as a wedding present. It was not an elegant gift, and, for good reasons, was not put with the rest; but the results of the sale are said to have been more satisfactory than in the case where a blushing bride attempts to dispose of her elegant silver plate, and finds it came from the dollar store.

CONDENSED GARDENING.—The following condensed system of gardening is recommended for the study of ladies:—"Make your bed in the morning; sew buttons on your husband's shirt; do not rake any grievances; protect the young and tender branches of your family; plant a smile of good temper on your face, carefully root out all angry feelings, and expect a good crop of happiness."

"Admitting yourself out of Court" is a legal phrase signifying a liberality of concession to your opponent by which you destroy your own cause. This excess of candour was well illustrated by the Irishman who boasted that he had often skated sixty miles a day. "Sixty miles!" exclaimed an auditor—"that is a great distance; it must have been accomplished when the days were longest." "To be sure it was; I admit that," said the ingenious Hibernian.