

The Family Circle.

NIGHT.

Oh, lovely night, thou comest with a blessing
To weary souls grown restless with despair,
Thou bringest gentle sleep to close their eyelids,
And banish for awhile each haunting care.
Like a tired child on its mother's breast
They lay them down and gently, sweetly rest.

Sleep brings them dreams of happy youth and childhood,
Of pleasant journeys in fair summer lands,
They see again old friends, long since departed,
They feel once more the touch of vanished hands.

Sickness and sorrow, poverty and pain
Are gone until the morning dawns again.

The rich, the happy, love the golden sunshine;
The young and gay, the prosperous, seek the light;

But the forsaken ones, the broken-hearted,
Find solace, peace, and comfort in the night.
For night brings sleep, and sleep brings visions fair,
Or blest oblivion of all pain and care.

THE LITTLE SERGEANT.

No, Sir, nothin' stronger 'n coffee. Think you struck a queer camp, do you? Well, depends on how you look at it. I'm gettin' so it seems queer to me how anybody that needs brains 'll keep on drinkin' what he knows 'll muddle 'em up till they're no use. I wasn't always that way though, I'm bound to own; it all come of the young 'cruitin' sergeant. Queer little chap he was—thin, pale-faced, blue-eyed, an nothin' but a boy. 'Pears like a miner's camp was the most unlikely place on earth for one of his sort to drop into, the doctors had said he must give up schoolin' an' try livin' out-doors if he was goin' to live at all, an' so he came here. He was a rare one for this region, I can tell you! Didn't know one card from another, wouldn't drink nor swear, nor do anything that was the fashion as you might say. Chaff him? Well, I reckon you never heard such talk and ridicule, nor see such jokes, some of 'em pretty rough ones, too, as was played on him. But he wouldn't budge an inch. "Laugh at me, fight me, or do what you will, boys, I stand by my colors," says he. That's how we come to call him Sergeant. You'd have thought such a pale, puny chap could be twisted round to suit any one, but, bless you, he was always tryin' to twist us round to his way of thinkin'. "Aint satisfied with bein' a color-bearer an' the whole army besides, but he wants to be recruitin' station, too," says old Jake, one day. An' after that he was the little 'cruitin' sergeant to the end of the chapter. No, 'twas'n't a very long chapter.

Mebby 'twouldn't a been any way, he didn't look like it, but somethin' happened to finish it up sudden.

If you'll believe it he actually liked that name we give him! It didn't rile him a bit. His eyes kinder lit up when he heard it. "That's it," says he, "that's what I orter be," an' he tried harder'n ever to make us 'list in his army, as he called it. 'Peared like he might as well talk to the wind as to such a set as we was. The fellows stopped tormentin' him after a while, seein' it didn't move him none, an' they liked him, too, nobody could help it, but it seemed's if they grew wilder an' rougher just 'count of his tryin' to stop 'em.

'Twas in the fall, an' there come a spell of miser'ble rainy weather that shut us in an' partly stopped the work—teams couldn't run much, ye see. But there was plenty of whiskey, an' when the boys hadn't nothin' else to do they was sure

to lounge round the fire, smokin', drinkin', an' playin' cards. A week of that sort of thing won't leave nobody's head clear, an' the whole set was more reckless than common even. We was diggin' in the side-hill then, an' a little slide had made the openin' sort of onhandy to reach, so we'd built a long platform in front of it. Afterwards we'd put a roof over it, an' boarded it up into a little room for storin' loose traps, or doin' odd bits of mendin' without havin' to go clear down the hill to camp.

The men used to gather there a good deal that rainy spell, mostly to shuffle cards and grumble 'bout the weather, seemed like, but one day we fell to 'rguin' over the thickness of a vein we'd struck. The little Sergeant an' some of the men went into the mine to settle it, an' pretty soon the rest followed 'em. Well, we was markin' an' measurin', an' all talkin' at once, when all of a sudden a great cloud of smoke rolled in an' a red flame flashed by the mouth of the mine. We knew in a minute what had happened. Some careless fellow had dropped a match or the ashes from his pipe among the dry rubbish in that little workin'-room an' started the whole thing in a blaze. We sensed it all in a minute, as I say, but we just stood starin' at each other an' at the openin'; all but one.

The little Sergeant, he gave a quick cry that, as I mind it now, was half a prayer, an' sprang forward till it didn't seem's if he made more'n one bound to that openin' an' out into the smokin' platform. Off it? No, Sir! He pushed right into that blazin' room, and we that had followed him slower and dazed like, thought he had gone crazy, an' called after him. But in a minute he dashed out again with that in his arms as made the stoutest man turn pale—keg of powder! He sprang from the platform away down the hill with it an' then as he fell, managed to send it rollin' the rest of the way down into the brook where it was safe. He was the only one that had remembered it was there, an' but for his pluck an' quickness we'd all have been buried in the mine or crushed under the rocks. He was bad burnt though, an' hurt by that leap that he took, too. We could see there wasn't much chance for him as soon as we got to him. He knew it, too, but it didn't trouble him like it did us. We all watched by him that night in camp, an' big Jake says with a queersake in his voice, "You have give your life for us."

"A mightier One did that eighteen hundred years ago," says the little Sergeant, an' then, gaspin' like, "Bys, if you think—a clear head was worth anything to-day—won't you join—my army?"

Well, I put my hand in his without a word, an' then another came on top of it, an' another till they was all there in a pile. An' then the little Sergeant laughed—a softly laugh that sorter died in his throat—an' he was gone. But I like to think how pleased he was to carry the names of so many who had 'listed, up to headquarters. "So that's why ours is a queer camp, an' why we don't drink nothin' stronger 'n coffee."—Selected.

There is wealth in contentment; power in patience, and joy in being grateful. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth. They are the people who will get the most good out of this life.

A LIVELY SKETCH OF LORD DUFFERIN.

Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland seems to us (says the London *Echo*) exactly the position for Lord Dufferin. His Excellency is an Irishman. He is thoroughly Irish in wit, and in that charming variety of humbug which forms such an agreeable strain in his general character. He is thoroughly self-sacrificing in the sense of being ready to fall in with the mood of the hour. If a picturesque orator is desired who shall tickle the ear like a magic rod, Lord Dufferin is the man for the job. He would impart to the sombre pomp of Dublin Castle just that flattery and lightness which Lord Cadogan is too serious and too indifferent to the position to give it. Lord Dufferin is distinctly a light comedian. He is a worthy descendant of Brinsley Sheridan. The stage has been, in a sense, his official platform. The aroma of the footlights is not unknown to his diplomacy. All this has helped to fascinate in advance the men and the people whom it was desired to win to a sterner purpose. Lord Dufferin, in a word, would go down very well in Ireland, and equally Lord Cadogan would go out of it with delight. But whether he go to Ireland or to Constantinople, or wherever his eminent tact is needed, Lord Dufferin should not, and must not, be suffered to pass into desuetude. He will always be one of England's most fascinating characters.

THE ATTITUDE OF WOMEN TOWARD DUMB ANIMALS.

Women have so long been in the habit of effacing themselves, and of being effaced, in any question of responsibility outside of their own households, that they have never taken the position they should take in relation to many affairs needing reform. Among the matters where there is still a large debit to their account is their relation to the treatment of dumb animals.

It is not yet fully recognized that every one who takes a pet of any sort into the family owes it something of the tenderness which nature shows to all living things in giving them the means to protect themselves, the colors to hide themselves, the power to feed themselves. Having taken them out of wild life, we owe them all that civilized life can mean in their regard. But in how many houses is it faithfully seen that the dog, their defender, has his regular, suitable, and sufficient food, instead of any chance bone, his clean drink, his warm bed? Indeed, in the matter of drink there is great domestic sinning; it is taken too much for granted that the little animals go out and care for themselves, and so no especial provision is made where undoubtedly they often suffer cruelly for water.

To those who take pleasure in the grace and beauty of the cat, who believe in her intelligence and affection, the way in which, when families go out of town, cats are left, like the young lions, to seek their food from God, since man has refused it, is not only something personally painful, but an evident first lesson in cruelty to the children of such families. Even those who do not love the little animals find their condition miserably pathetic—suddenly turned from the shelter of home and friends to the mercies of out-door, dejected, hungry, homeless, the target of cruel boys, the prey of all their enemies. If the cat cannot ac-

company the family, which it has a right to do, having been made a member of it, it should never have been taken in in the first place, or else it should be either boarded at a small price at one of the homes provided in almost every city, or quietly and painlessly put to sleep. It has been a member of the organized household, useful here and ornamental there, fed and petted and secure—how pitiful is the contrast of its condition when scurrying through crowded and hostile streets on its furtive errands for poor morsels, crouching under any protecting fence or jut in rain and storm, timid and unhappy, dying, weak and wretched and starved at last!

But by far the larger portion of cruelty makes the horse its victim; and here again women must be called to account both for their active participation in it and their passive non-resistance to it. In the old days of human slavery the accusation of cruelty to the slave was answered by the assertion that the slave was property, and no man was such a fool as to injure his own property. But the horse is property, and we see him misused and abused every time we go into the street. Not only is he too often given the load whose hauling is an all but insupportable strain, and a fatally injurious one, but his harness is allowed to gall him and to rub over the sore spot so that every movement and every moment is an agony, he is left standing in blistering heat and blinding sun, he is so badly shod that he wounds himself, and for economy's sake his shoes are allowed to become so smooth that in winter he slips on icy and in summer on worn pavements, to be pulled up with a murderous jerk and lash, if he does not fall and hurt himself in a way that obliges him to be put out of his misery. We see him, again, in the more elegant and stylish teams, checked so tautly that the curve of his beautiful neck, in which the Prince of the Desert delighted, saying it was clothed with thunder, is no longer a line of beauty but a line of pain. But pain is nothing accounted of in the matter of horses. We see that in the way they are given over to a stupid driver, who flourishes his whip about them, vents upon them his angry spleen or the excitement of his last drink, leaves them to be startled by unknown accidents, and revenges his own neglect by repeated kicks from heavy boots, given so viciously that it takes all your courage to accost him, shame, rebuke, and stop him. We see it, moreover, in the docking of the tail and in the short trim of tail and mane decreed by fashion, which hinders the flicking off of flies, and creates the misery of one of the cruelest of the Chinese death-punishments, in which the victim is smeared with honey and exposed to flies. One sometimes questions how it is that a woman of delicate sensibilities can allow herself to drive or be driven behind a horse so mutilated and so outraged. When women of fashion and social power refuse to countenance it, that outrage, at any rate, will be ended, and so, at the same frown, will that of the high check-rein cease.

In reality women have it in their power to abolish all this cruelty to animals. For it is their part and office to call into existence and to foster the sentiment that will make it impossible. Let women—who most of all the world know what pain is—remember that to the mothers of the world belongs the province of saving and shielding from pain, that