

Family Circle.

A SONG FOR THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

INSPIRED BY DR. L. J. HAYES.
Away to the realms of the frozen North,
With the speed of the wind we will go...

A LITTLE GRAVE.

"It's only a little grave," he said;
"Only just a child's bed," he said;
And so they carefully turned away...

WHO TOOK THE BABY?

"Mother," one child said to his mother,
"When our dear little baby died,
And had to leave your loving arms...

KITTY AND THE BIRDS.

Oh, the dear little birdies! such times among the birds!
Little birdies are about trying their new fledged wings.
Young robins are gathering their own cherry dinner...

A LITTLE HERO.

Grace Greenwood writes the following little story—and a true one it is—the Little Hero, a child's paper.
She goes the facts from an incident described in the Hartford Daily Times, some years ago, as having happened in Col's Meadow:

In the city of Hartford, Connecticut, lives the hero of the true history I am about to relate—but no longer "little," as the perilsous adventure, was made him, at a time famous in his native town, happened several years ago.

One keen frosty day, he found the snow on this meadow nearly two feet deep, and no traces of the little foot path remaining.
Yet he ran on, as fast as possible, plunging through drifts—keeping himself warm by vigorous exercise and brave, cheerful thoughts.

When in the midst of the meadow, fully half a mile from any house, he suddenly fell himself going down, down, down! He had fallen into a hole.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LAUGHTER.
We extract the following from advance sheets of a forthcoming work, entitled, A man, or the Higher Pleasures of the Intellect, by Rev. J. D. Bell.
It will be issued by James Challen and Son, of this city.

True wit, appropriately employed, is wonderfully effective as a means of keeping a human mind vigorous, clear, and cheerful.
To laugh is to think, and laughter is the symbol of wit.
The human face has one class of wrinkles on which it is a pleasure to look; and they are produced by the cordial expression of mirth.

Mr. Adams was remarkable for punctuality.
He was never known to be late. One instance has already been given in the halls of Congress.
He always attended to a previous appointment, whenever the intervening circumstances were such as to require it.

Mr. Adams encouraged education.
He visited the public schools. He visited my own school, and examined a class in the Bible one day.
He had appointed an evening to a young man, of his native town, and myself, relative to the young man's application to be admitted to the "West Point Military Academy."

PRIVATE LIFE OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Napoleon Bonaparte, born but two years after the man of whom I am to write, never uttered a grander or more sublime truth than what he said, "Great men have had great mothers. With France most needs mothers."

No man, in any measure acquainted with John Quincy Adams, can deny that he was great.
To whom, under God, did he owe his greatness? Not to much of his father, as his second President of the United States, as to Abigail Smith, the second daughter of a country clergyman, his mother.

If a man have a "grandmother Lois, and a mother Abigail," as the poet says, and the unforgotten boy carried him his dinner, across a wide piece of meadow land.

When Mary was married, the father preached a wedding sermon from the text, "Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her."
When Abigail was to be married, her father told her, "I might as well be married as to be unmarried."

Mr. Adams had a great walk.
He never rode to church, though his family always did.
He used to walk, when seventy-five years old, from his residence in Quincy into Boston, a distance of eight miles, and back again, every week, on his regular visits to his mother.

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My custom is to read four or five chapters every morning after rising from my bed.
It employs an hour of my time, and seems to me the most suitable manner of beginning the day.
In what light we regard the Bible, whether with reverence to revelation, to history, or to morality, it is an invaluable and inexhaustible mine of knowledge and wisdom.

What a lesson to those who "little learning" has made mad, and whom a slight political elevation has so far turned their heads, that they do not understand their power and application to the affairs of life, that he often "sings" his own opinions in private conversation and in his public addresses, with some appropriate passage from the Bible.

Mr. Adams' attachment was strong, especially towards his mother.
In this he was a pattern worthy of all imitation.
Upon her death Mr. A. fell into a state of the most deplorable affliction, which human nature is liable to.

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to the general mania; and the advocates of the habit hold that about one fourth of the human race are their clients, or that there certainly are 100,000,000 smokers.

THE METEOR.

On the night of Friday last one of the most brilliant of the meteors known to mortal sight made a majestic march across the country, and went out to sea southward, as most people agree to report.

This meteor was seen at least as far west as Buffalo, from which direction it passed northeastward at least two hundred miles beyond the Atlantic coast.

At Washington it was but ten or fifteen degrees above the horizon in the northwest, while at New York it was seen at an altitude of nearly thirty miles, Prof. Mitchell's calculation of the position being nearly vertical at New York, and on a line south-westward from Lake Erie to New York.

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