Family Circle.

TO OUR NATION'S GUEST, LORD RENFREW.

We hail thee, Prince, and with extended hand
Give thee most cordial welcome to our land:
And while from thine, thy youthful steps may roam,
Oh, make our nation's hearth and board thy *home*.
Our high esteem for thee, an honored guest,
In pomp and pageant cannot be expressed;
But in our peaceful homes, from noise apart,
Where thought sends out the incense of the heart,
Full many an eye that thine may never meet,
Glistens with pleasure at thy coming feet.
Proud England's crown upon thy brow may rest
Its orient gems, and on thy royal vest,
Each royally, the roses red and white,
Significant, their colors fair unite.
Thy feet may press the throne (God grant it be)
Whose empire is as boundless as the sea;
And with allegiance true, before that throne,
Millions of hearts, their sovereign proudly own.
Yet 'tis not, that around thy forehead fair
Clusters these stars of hope; and, that the heir
Thou art, of all ambition might desire,
That could for thee, such thoughts as *ours* inspire.
Not as the heir of her imperial throne,
We kiss thy hand, but as *Victoria's son*,
A noble sovereign, who can humbly own
That on the Bible rests her power alone;
That laws, her kingdom's stay, their sapience get
From thundering Sinai and bright Olivet.
Upon her brow a holier light hath set,
Than flashes from her jewelled coronet—
She wears a charm for every human heart,
Which pomp and royalty could ne'er impart—
In sweet humility, it hath its birth,
The power of goodness true, and Christian worth.
So, gentle Prince, in greeting thee, we pay
Our homage meet to good Victoria.
Long may they live, to feed the genial fire,
Thy gentle mother, and thy princely sire;
Long may the navies float beneath their smiles,
That bear fair Freedom to the distant isles:
Until each flag that floats upon the air,
From every land, "*Dieu et mon droit*" shall bear;
Until beneath each shade where step may roam,
Our holy faith shall find a peaceful home.
And oh! young prince, born to a royal state,
Temptations thick beside thy path await,
Power and ambition, holding high their charms,
Would nurse a tyrant in their iron arms;
While pleasure, murmuring her soft lullaby,
Cradles the weak soul, in a deep Dead Sea.
And naught may guide thee into safety sweet,
Unless thou have a "lamp unto thy feet,"
Pursue its light with reverential frame,
Like the young Tudor, him who bore thy name,
To all its glorious hopes so dearly bought,
Oh, count thy heirship to its crown as naught.
Receive to thy young heart its great bequest,
And wear its priceless pearl upon thy breast.
So, when that head, where rests the coronet
With so much grace, shall weary of its weight,
And seeking sweet repose, shall lay it down,
To wear in heaven a more resplendent crown,
Walking in that calm light with solemn feet,
Thou'lt wait the hour with preparation meet,
When bowing low in the old minster aisle,
Thy mother's spirit bending with a smile,
England shall hail her king with loud acclaim,
Raising the shout with Edward Albert's name!

MRS. EMILY B. HOWARD.

THE DANGEROUS DOOR.

"Cousin Will, cousin Will, tell us a story! Do please. There's just time before the school-bell rings," and Harry, Kate, Bob, and little "Peace," a rosy battalion, surrounded his chair, and, at Bob's word of command—"Present *arms*," embraced his knees, clung around his neck, and otherwise made such a vigorous attack, that cousin Will sued for mercy, and declared himself quite ready to surrender.

"Well, what shall it be, little Peace?" said he, taking the plump hand of favorite Lucy, who had obtained the name of "Peace," or "Peacemaker," on account of her gentle disposition.—For never could she hear angry words, or see an unloving look pass between her little friends, or brothers and sisters, without doing every thing in her power to smooth over the trouble, and get them to "kiss and make up."

"Well, little Peace, what shall it be?"

"Something true this time," said Peace, "for I'm getting tired of dragons and fairies."

"Very well," said cousin Will. "I've only five minutes, and must be short. I'm going to tell you about some very dangerous *doors* I've seen."

"Oh! that's good," exclaimed Bob. "Were they all iron, and heavy bars, and if one passed through would they shut with a great snap, and keep him there forever?"

"No," replied cousin Will, "the doors I mean are very pleasant to look upon. They are pink, or scarlet like sea-shells, and when they are open, you can see a row of little servants standing all in white, and just behind them is a little lady dressed in crimson."

"Why that's splendid," cried Kate, "I should like to go in myself."

"Ah, it is what comes *out* of those doors, that makes them so dangerous. It is always best to have a strong guard on each side, or else there is great trouble and misery."

"Why what comes out?" said little Peace with wondering eyes.

"Well, I've never seen very clearly," said cousin Will, "but sometimes when the guards were away, I've known something to come out sharper than arrows, or stings of bees, and make some terrible wounds. Indeed quite lately I saw two very pretty little doors close together, and when one opened, the little crimson lady began to talk very fast, and said something like this: 'Oh! did you see Lucy Waters to-day? What a proud, 'stuck-up' thing she is, but that dress she thinks so much of, is made out of her sister's old one.' 'Oh yes,' said the little crimson lady, looking out of the other door, 'and did you ever see such a funny turn-up nose as she has. Why, I think she'd keep it rolled up in cotton if she only knew how it looked.' Then poor Lucy Waters, who was only round the corner of the house, felt a sharp little sting in her heart, and ran home to cry all the pleasant summer evening."

"I know what you mean, cousin Will," cried Kate, coloring violently, "but I don't think it was at all right for you to stand around *listening*."

"Oh! do you mean our mouths are the doors," exclaimed Harry, "and the little crimson lady is Miss Tongue?"

"Even so," said cousin Will.

"Well who is the guard, and where do they come from?" asked Bob.

"Why you have to ask the great King, and this is what you must say: 'Set a watch, O Lord, upon my lips, keep the *door* of my *mouth!*'—Then he will send Patience and Love to stand one side of the door, and Truth and Humility on the other, and the sharp bitter, stinging little words won't dare to come out."

"I shall ask the great King," said little Peace thoughtfully. Cousin Will kissed her, and repeated the verse till each one could say it. "Now run to school," cried he cheerily, "and when you come home, I will tell you the minute I look at the four little doors, whether the King's guard has been there all day."

So the children trooped away with their dinner baskets and books, and Love certainly guarded the doors all the way to the school-house. Even impulsive Kate thought deeply on cousin Will's gentle reproof, and made good resolutions for the future. During the morning great peace and harmony reigned throughout the school, but as the day advanced, it became very warm. Every round cheek became flushed, and the restless little figures seemed examples of perpetual motion.

"Oh, I never did see such flies!" said Jenny Wood fretfully, waving her hand around her head.

"Why, Jenny Wood," cried Susy Waters, almost aloud, "You've knocked my elbow, and shook ink all over my copy. You're a careless, hateful girl!"

"Susan," said Miss Saunders, the teacher, "are you whispering?"

"No, ma'am," replied Susy, promptly.

Peace looked up with such surprise in her innocent eyes, that Miss Saunders turned to asking—"Lucy, who was whispering in your part of the room?"

Susy and Jenny both turned upon her with a very threatening look, and little Peace, coloring painfully, burst into tears.

"Never mind," said Miss Saunders kindly, "I did not think it was you, but Susy may sit a while upon the recitation bench."

Susan looked very black, and as she passed little Peace, she gave the child such a violent pinch, that she could scarcely keep from screaming.

"You're a cruel wicked girl!" began Miss Tongue, but Love and Patience kept the little red door tight shut, and Susy did not hear a word. Little Peace cried quietly to herself a long time, but nobody seemed to notice it till the school was out, when sister Kate flew up to Susy Waters.

"Well, Susy, you certainly are the ugliest girl—and more than that, you're a *coward*—for I've heard father say that only cowards hurt people who are smaller and weaker than themselves."

Now Love, Humility and Patience had all tried to keep guard, and to whisper, "Poor Susy, she was very tired and warm, and nobody speaks kindly to her. Try and forgive her." But no! the door flew, open, and little Miss Tongue threw all those hard stones at Susy's heart.

Now Susy was very passionate, and she stamped her feet, and grew crimson with rage, and said such very hard things, that Jenny Wood and most of the other girls took sides with Kate, and there was soon such a Babel of tongues, that the boys left their game of ball and came to see what was the matter.

"What is it, Peace?" cried Harry Graham, taking his little frightened sister from Kate's neck. "Why, Katy, you look as mad as poor puss when Towser has chased her for an hour. I wonder what cousin William would say to that mouth."

Kate looked a little ashamed, and Fred Waters, taking his sister by the arm, led her away home, bitterly telling over wrongs in his sympathizing ear. So the little party separated, and Kate, too, ran home with her flushed cheeks, taking good care to keep out of cousin Will's way.

Immediately after tea Jenny Wood came into the garden. "Oh Kate," she cried, "I must tell you what John is going to do. You know he despises that hateful Susy Waters as much as we do, and he says that he will pay her to-night for all her ugliness."

"What will he do?" cried Kate eagerly.

"Why he, with one of the other boys, is going there after dark to get that white kitten she thinks so much of, and cut off its ears and tail. Oh! won't she be furious when she sees it in the morning?"

Kate looked a little doubtful, and said, "Oh! I'm afraid that won't be just right."

But Jenny talked so fast, and recalled so many ugly things that she had said and done, that Kate's scruples were soon overcome. But Peace, who stood by, with sad, troubled eyes, immediately resolved in her generous little heart to try and give Susy warning. Finding Bob, she hastily told him the whole story, and that she *must* go to Susy's, but she'd run all the way, and be back before dark.

It was a long walk for the tired little girl, but the patient feet started bravely on their errand of love. The sun set—the shadows lengthened—all the little birds sang their sweet good night, and put their heads under their wings, but no little Peace came back. Soon there were inquirings on every side, and great shouting and calling, but no sweet echoing voice returned. Servants were despatched in every direction, but all in vain.—Soon the family became much alarmed, and little Bob was awakened to be asked if he knew anything of his sister. He told all the story, and Kate, coloring under cousin Will's reproachful gaze, burst into bitter weeping. But no one had time to comfort her, for father, mother, cousin Will, and all, started forth with lanterns to find the pet of the household.

"I suppose she is blessed wherever she is," said little Bob confidently, "because she's a *peacemaker*."

"Oh perhaps," groaned Kate, "she's gone away from us all to be one of the children of God."

All night long they searched for little Peace, but she had not been at Susy's, nor could she anywhere be found. When the morning dawned, all the little schoolmates with solemn faces joined in the search.

Susy Waters who had heard the whole story of the dear heart of little Peace, came up to Kate, with a pale, tear-stained face. "Oh Kate, I shall never be happy again. How cruel I was to your sweet little sister. Can you ever forgive me?"

Humility opened the door, and Kate said softly, "I am just as bad as you. If I had only been as kind as Peace, *you* would have been different. I shall never forgive *myself*."

Just then Bob cried, "Here's a part of her dress on the fence." Cousin Will sprang forward and climbing over, looked eagerly around.

Suddenly Farmer Waters cried, "There's an old, half-choked well by the fence in the next field. Could the little one have lost her way, and fallen in *that?*"

Cousin Will rushed forward followed by the whole company. Yes, the rotten old boards which had covered it for years, were broken, and *there* was another piece of the little blue dress.

Cousin Will shuddered, and threw himself down to look over the brink. Then came a wild triumphant cry! The old well was nearly filled up with rubbish. She had fallen only a little way, and there, bathed in the rosy morning light, the eager eyes, looking over, saw the fair hair, and the sweet, calm eyes, of little Peace. Each boy's cap took a turn in the air, and a clear, ringing "hurrah!" carried the good news to every house in the place.

Then followed warm embraces, and happy tears, as the child was passed from friend to friend.—Then while Susy, Jenny and Kate, knelt hand in hand, the good old minister, with his hand on the head of little Peace, offered up a fervent thanksgiving. And after praying that the little lambs might never forget the lesson of the night, but that God would teach them that life and death were in the power of the tongue, and that he would always keep the doors of all those tender mouths—he added reverently:

"Oh Lord, open *Thou* our lips, and our mouths shall show forth thy praise." And all the children said—"Amen."—M. L. P.

Congregationalist.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

Do my dear young friends ever think, how almost all that is good comes to us? Did you ever see a farmer planting and sowing? Down in the moist earth goes the seed and yellow corn, grain by grain, little by little. God sees the farmer at his work, and knows full well that he has done what he could, so he kindly sends the gentle rain, drop by drop, and not one of these little drops ever forgets its errand upon the plea which the good God sent it to the earth.

"I have found you out," said the rain-drop to the tiny grain of wheat, "though you are dead, and in your grave. God has sent me to raise you up."

Well, there is nothing impossible with him; so when the rain-drop has done its errand, a spark of life shoots out from the very heart of the tiny grain, which is dead and buried, and little by little it makes its way out of the tomb, and stands a single blade, in the warm sunlight. That is nobly done; and if the great God pleased he could make that little blade strong and fruitful in a single moment. Does he do this? No. Little by little does the stalk wax strong; and its leaves grow slowly, leaf by leaf.

Is it not so with every thing that is good?—Should we like another way better? Impatience would.

It was only a few days ago that I heard a little girl say:

"I am tired, tired, tired! Here is a whole stocking to knit, stitch by stitch! It will never be done."

"But was not this one knit stitch by stitch?" I asked, taking a long one from her basket, and holding it up.

"Yes."

"Well, that is done."

The little girl was counting, instead of knitting her stitches. No wonder that she was tired.

Did you ever see a mason building a house of bricks? "Poor man," Impatience would say; "What an undertaking—to start from the earth, and go on so far towards the sky, brick by brick!" Who ever saw a patient, persevering person try, and not succeed at last? So, then, step by step, which is God's way, must be the best way.

Let us see that we do every day what we can. Any little boy or girl who, in looking back upon a day gone by, can say, "I have done one thing well," may be happy with the thought that he has taken one step in the way of wisdom and virtue. But remember one thing, dear little friend, the buried grain of wheat would never start into life if God did not send it help; and it is by the same help that it increases day by day.

As the little rain-drop—God's beautiful messenger—descends into its tomb, so in the darkness and death of sin, the Holy Spirit comes to us.—If he breathe upon our hearts, we live to do good; without him, we do nothing good. Let us obey this Spirit, and all good will be ours at last, though we gain it little by little.

Miscellaneous.

CONCERNING HURRY AND LEISURE.

It is all very well to be occasionally, for two or three days, or even for a fortnight, in a hurry.—Every earnest man, with work to do, will find occasionally there comes a pressure of it; there comes a crowd of things which must be done quickly if they are done at all; and the condition thus induced is hurry. I am aware, of course, that there is a distinction between haste and hurry—hurry adding to rapidity the element of painful confusion; but in the case of ordinary people, haste generally implies hurry. And it will never do to become involved in a mode of life which implies a constant breathless pushing on. It must be a horrible thing to get through life in a hurry. It is highly expedient for all, it is absolutely necessary for most men, that they should have occasional leisure. Many enjoyments—perhaps all the tranquil and enduring enjoyments of life—cannot be felt except in leisure. And the best products of the human mind and heart can be brought forth only in leisure. Little does he know of the calm, unexciting, unwearying, lasting satisfaction of life, who has never known what it is to place the leisurely hand in the idle pocket, and to saunter to and fro. Mind, I utterly despise the idler—the loafer as Yankees term him, who never does any thing—whose idle hands are always in his idle pockets, and who is always sauntering to and fro. Leisure, be it remembered, is the intermission of labor; it is the blink of idleness in the life of a hard-working man. It is only in the case of such a man that leisure is dignified, commendable, or enjoyable. But to him it is all these, and more. Let us not be ever driving on. The machinery, physical and mental, will not stand it. It is fit that one should occasionally sit down on a grassy bank, and look listlessly, for a long time, at the daisies around, and watch the patches of bright blue sky through green leaves overhead. It is right to rest on a large stone by the margin of a river; to rest there on a summer day for a long time, and to watch the lapse of the water as it passes away, and to listen to its silvery ripple over the pebbles. Who but a blockhead will think you idle? Of course, blockheads may; but you and I, my reader, do not care a rush for the opinion of blockheads. It is fit that a man should have time to chase his little children about the green, to make a kite and occasionally fly it, to rig a ship and occasionally sail it, for the happiness of those little folk. There is nothing unbecoming in making your Newfoundland dog go into the water to bring out sticks, nor in teaching a lesser dog to stand on his hinder legs. No doubt Goldsmith was combining leisure with work when Reynolds one day visited him; but it was leisure that aided the work. The painter entered the poet's room unnoticed. The poet was seated at his desk, with his pen in his hand, and with his paper before him: but he had turned away from *The Traveller*, and with uplifted hand was looking towards a corner of the room, where a little dog sat with difficulty on his haunches, with imploring eyes. Reynolds looked over the poet's shoulder and read a couplet whose ink was still wet:—

"By sports like these are all their cares beguiled;
The sports of children satisfy the child."

Surely, my friend, you will never again read that couplet, so simply and felicitously expressed, without remembering the circumstances in which it was written. Who should know better than Goldsmith what simple pleasures "satisfy the child?"

Let it be remembered, in the praise of leisure, that only in leisure will the human mind yield many of its best products. Calm views, sound thoughts, healthful feelings, do not originate in a hurry or a fever.

There must be long seasons of quiescence between the occasional efforts of production. An electric eel cannot be always giving off shocks. The shock is powerful, but short, and then long time is needful to rally for another. A field, however good its soil, will not grow wheat year after year. Such a crop exhausts the soil; it is a strain to produce it; and after it the field must lie fallow for a while,—it must have leisure, in short. So it is with the mind. Who does not know that various literary electric eels by repeating their shocks too frequently, have come at last to give off an electric result which is but the faintest and washiest echo of the thrilling and startling ones of earlier days?

Who does not feel how weak the successive shocks of Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Dickens are growing? The former, especially, strikes out nothing new. Any thing good in his recent productions is just the old thing with the colors a good deal washed out; and with salt which has lost its savor. Poor stuff comes of constantly cutting and cropping. The potatoes of the mind grow small: the intellectual wheat comes to have no ears; the moral turnips are infected with the finger and toe disease. The mind is a reservoir which can be emptied in a much shorter time than it is possible to fill it. It fills through an infinity of little tubes, many so small as to act by capillary attraction. But in writing a book, or even an article, it empties as through a twelve-inch pipe. It is to me quite wonderful that most of the sermons one hears are so good as they are, considering the unintermittent stream in which most preachers are compelled to produce them. I have sometimes thought, in listening to the discourse of a really thoughtful and able clergyman:—If you, my friend, had to write a sermon once a month instead of once a week, how very admirable it would be!

You cannot always drive the machine at its full speed. I know, indeed, that the machine may be so driven for two or three years at the beginning of a man's professional life; and it is possible for a man to go on for such a period with hardly any appreciable leisure at all. But it knocks up the machine: it wears out: and after an attack or two of nervous fever, we learn what we should have known from the beginning, that a far larger amount of tangible work will be accomplished by regular exertion of moderate degree and continuance, than by going ahead in the feverish and unrestful fashion in which really earnest men are so ready to begin their task. It seems, indeed, to be the rule rather than the exception, that clergymen should break down in strength and spirits in about three years after entering the church.—Some die: but happily a large number get well again, and for the remainder of their days, work at a more reasonable rate. As for the sermons written in that feverish stage of life, what crude and extravagant things they are; stirring and striking, perhaps, but hectic and forced, and entirely devoid of the repose, reality, and daylight feeling, of actual life and fact. Yet how many good, injudicious people, are ever ready to expect of the new curate or rector an amount of work which man cannot do; and to express their disappointment if that work is not done! It is so very easy to map out a task which you are not to do yourself: and you feel so little wearied by the toils of other men! As for you, my young friend, beginning your parochial life, don't be ill-pleased with the kindly meant advice of one who speaks from the experience of a good many years, and who has himself known all that you feel, and foolishly done all that you are now disposed to do. Consider for how many hours of the day you can labor without injury to body and mind; labor faithfully for these hours, and for no more. Never mind about what may be said by Miss Limejuice and Mr. Snarling. They will find fault at any rate; and you will mind less about their fault-finding, if you have an unimpaired digestion, and unaffected lungs, and an unenlarged heart. Don't pretend that you are always working; it would be sin against God and Nature, if you were. Say frankly, There is a certain amount of work that I *can* do; and *that* I *will* do, but I *must* have my hours of leisure. I must have them for the sake of my parishioners as well as for my own; for leisure is an essential part of that mental discipline which will enable my mind to grow and turn off sound instruction for their benefit. Leisure is a necessary part of true life; and if I am to live at all, I must have it. Surely, it is a thousand times better candidly and manfully to take up that ground, than to take recreation on the sly, as though you were ashamed of being found out in it, and to disguise your leisure as though it were a sin.

Said Miss Limejuice, I saw Mr. Swetter, the new rector, to-day. Ah! she added, with a malicious smile, I fear he is growing idle already, though he has not been in the parish six months. I saw him, at a quarter before two precisely, standing at his gate with his hands in his pockets. I observed that he looked for three minutes over the gate into the clover field he has got. And then Smith drove up in his drag, and stopped and got out; and he and the rector entered into conversation, evidently about the horses, for I saw Mr. Swetter walk round them several times, and rub down their forelegs. Now I think he should have been busy writing his sermon, or visiting his sick. Such, let me assure the incredulous reader, are the words which I have myself heard Miss Limejuice, and her mother, old Mrs. Snarling Limejuice, utter more than once or twice. Knowing the rector well, and knowing how he portions out his day, let me explain to those candid individuals the state of facts. At ten o'clock precisely, having previously gone to the stable and walked round the garden, Mr. Swetter sat down at his desk in his study and worked hard till one. At two, he is to ride up the parish to see various sick persons among the cottagers. But from one to two he has laid his work aside, and tried to banish all thought of his work. During that period he has been running about the green with his little boy, and even rolling upon the grass; and he has likewise strung together a number of daisies on a thread, which you might have seen round little Charlie's neck if you had looked sharply. He has been unbending his mind, you see, and enjoying leisure after his work. It is entirely true that he did look into the clover-field and enjoy the fragrance of it, which you probably regard as a piece of sinful self-indulgence. And his friend coming up, it is, likewise certain that he examined his horses (a new pair) with much interest and minuteness. Let me add, that only contemptible humbugs will think the less of him for all this.—The days are past in which the ideal clergymen was an emaciated eremite, who hardly knew a cow from a horse, and was quite incapable of sympathizing with his humbler parishioners in their little cares. And some little knowledge as to horses and cows, not to mention potatoes and turnips, is a most valuable attainment to the country parson. If his parishioners find that he is entirely ignorant of those matters which they understand best, they will not unnaturally draw the conclusion that he knows nothing. While if they find that he is fairly acquainted with those things which they themselves understand, they will conclude that he knows every thing. Helplessness and ignorance appear contemptible to simple folk, though the helplessness should appear in the lack of power to manage a horse, and the ignorance in a man's not knowing the way in which potatoes are planted.

Frazer's Magazine.

Sanitary Improvements in Egypt.—The excessive mortality prevailing in some of the large cities on the banks of the Nile is not amazing, as the filthy habits of the people are well known. But sanitary improvements, which have conferred such advantages on American and European cities, are attracting the attention of the viceroy. The importance of a proper supply of water, of efficient sewerage, and of adequate ventilation cannot in a tropical country be too highly estimated. The salubrity of the Egyptian cities and the longevity of their inhabitants cannot but be promoted in proportion as those sanitary precautions are adopted which have been found so beneficial elsewhere. The first water works ever erected in Egypt, exclusive of rude contrivances for irrigation, have recently been inaugurated. The viceroy, surrounded by a brilliant staff, placed himself in a splendid tent on the promenade, which also had just been constructed, and gave a signal, at which two columns of water rose from two basins, to a height of sixty feet and upward. The crowd hailed the sight with acclamations. Alexandria, though containing a population of 150,000 souls, has hitherto depended for its supplies of water on the inadequate quantities collected by aqueducts and old cisterns from the overflow of the Nile; but the new works bring water direct from the canal of Mamoudieh, fed by the Nile. The water is filtered in immense basins, and is then distributed to all parts of the town, by mains and pipes of the aggregate length of nearly 40,000 yards. Distribution is effected by means of steam engines, of which there are three—two in constant operation, and the third ready to replace either in case of accident. The new promenade gives fresh air to the city. It has alleys 350 yards in length, sheltered by trees, and is ornamented by basins and marble sents.

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