Kamily Circle.

STARLIGHT. BY MRS. VIRGINIA QUARLES. I'm sitting in the starlight,
In the starlight pele and cold,
I'm thinking of my childish days— The merry days of old. Then every feeling of my heart Was mirrored on my brow-I never smiled when I could weep, As I do often, now! I never felt so lonely then, The flowers and the birds

Were friends-I used to talk to them In lisping, childish words. I'm sitting in the starlight, And sighing, but in vain, For the happy days of childhood,

How swiftly did the blue, bright days
Of sunny youth depart!
Swift speed these woman-years, but leave A shadow on my heart! My song was happy as a bird's, My heart was light as air,

And I remember still the words Of my sweet childish prayer! But now my bark is launched upon The restless waves of life-And O my heart shrinks wildly From the struggle and the strife. I'm sitting in the starlight-I wish, and pray-in vain-For the happy days of childhood That can never come again!

All things are changed about me, Save she who gave me birth, Her precious voice is still, to me, The sweetest sound on earth. For when I kneel, close by her side And tell each joy or wo, There is no music in the world Can calm and soothe me so! Her gentle arms enfold me still, With fond, untiring love-God's richest blessing that I prize, All other gifts above! How much I need her counsel now,

To guide me, and sustain-Ah me! I wish I were a child, A happy child, again! Yet how my simple, childish heart Longed for these woman-years? The hopes it wove are withered flowers, The dew-drops turned to tears!

O I would give them all—each dream

And hope that time has brought-The noble aspirations,
The gems of holy thought; Even the veiled treasure To whom my songs I pour, If I might win the happy heart Of childhood back again! I'm sitting in the starlight,

And the tear-drops fall like rain-I wish-how wild the wishing! I were a child, again!

COMING DOWN IN THE WORLD. It lies like a great pain and a great shadow on my heart, the way papa looks every day when he comes home from his business, He's grown so pale and thin, and has such a troubled, anxious. harassed, look, that I can't bear to see it. If I sit down, talk to him about my doll, and my lessons, and the walks I've had, he don't listen as trated his ragged garments, but never mind that he used to, and draw me close up to him, and look | he wanted to think. Who are these people in my face, with his pleased smile, and pull my curls, and say, "Go on, Pussy," when I stop, I know, whenever I look up in his face, that he cheerful, and he so sad? None of them had such hasn't heard a word of what I've been saying; heavy hearts, that he was sure of. He looked up and last night, when I carried him the new stere- into the cold blue sky. What was it, and who oscope Aunt Mary had sent me, he just turned lived up there? Somebody had said once that

any such nonsense as that, now." on a corner of the lounge, and cried all alone to died! Did folks ever see God? did they ever see myself, and papa walked up and down the room. angels? Suddenly, he turned round, and saw me.

me, and took me up in his arms, and kissed me. heart somewhat, but it didn't warm him-it didn't Did papa speak cross to his little girl? She make him less hungry. He kept shivering it mustn't mind, for he's in a great, great deal of spite of the music, and he felt so all alone! so detrouble, now, and don't know what he says."

me down, with such a sorrowful look. Last night, when Guy and I were looking over that new book of "Rictures of the Principal Cities at his heart. Presently three or four coarse-lookof Europe," mamma came in, and looked at us a few moments, and the tears came into her eyes, and laughed at each other. In another moment the she wiped them away, and then she rose up suddenly, and left the room, and I said to Guy, after little homeless child into the gutter. One scream, we had looked at each other a moment-

"Did you see that, Guy?" as an old man. "Papa and mamma are in some great trouble. while I am only seven, so I thought it quite likely he might know more about the matter than I did. "I think it's some trouble about papa's business, and that he's afraid he'll lose all his property."

"Effie, you talk just like a girl. Of course it

Year's, I should have a party! How could I give

cither of us," answered Guy, and his face was one," he whispered, "I'll give you half."
graver than ever, and I thought he felt just as if The little child gazed at him steadily. He saw

There's a shadow over the whole house. I can feel it, and I go about on tip-toe, and don't speak | won't tell, and we'll go away and eat it." above a whisper. I wish the old time would come back, when we all looked and felt happy; but, playing around, as I used to.

then won't you play some pretty tune on the

She looked at me, and smiled, and pinched my cheek, and I knew that she was going to say under his feet! Back! back!" "Yes;" and Guy sprang up, and started to open the piano, when the front door opened suddenly, little boy. Oh, mamma, mamma." very bad happened, as soon as I looked in his face. shall be attended to." "Oh, Willard, what is the matter?" exclaimed There is no anguish now. Perhaps God saw

to-day. I'm a poor man." over her cheeks; but she tried to smile, for all, not feel them.

despair. You've got this comfort, you've done I wish he had staid at home with his mother." the best you could."

"I believe that I have," said papa. "I haven't keep him.
wronged any man, and, for myself alone, I could The doctor came, said he was not dead, but stand it: but, there's you and those dear children | would very likely die. There was a hospital near; -oh, Mary! that's the thought that cuts me to the the poor thing had better be sent there. But the quick?"

take care of us, and give us good, brave hearts, one of her horses, and she felt it was her duty to to carry through this time of trial." like this:" and papa drew mamma to him.

poor folks now?" Guy, and Effie, to comfort him now."

be poor. I'll go without my New Year's party, and wear my old dresses for a year." "And I'll go without my rony," said Guy, and I knew it cost him more to give up this, than it

had me to let my party go.
"They've got your spirit, Mary," said papa, and he really smiled. "I begin to feel already already as though we should weather the storm? "Of course we shall," said mamma. "We must look the matter bravely in the face, and make up our minds to come down in the world cheerfully and submissively. It won't be so bad, after all, Willard. We'll break up here, and go off into the country, and back to the dear old cottage where you found me twelve years ago. I can be happy there again with you and the children, and almost forget that I ever left it. Aunt Rachel will grow young in her old age, to have us back there, and in the green fields and the sweet mountain air, our boy and our girl will forget to sigh for the lost luxuries of their city home."

"And we can keep a cow, can't we, mamma? and feed the chickens, and ride horseback on Aunt Rachel's old gray, every day, can't we?" I asked.
Mamma laughed, and kissed me.
"Yes, little girl, you can do all those things;

and you and Guy must learn to take care of your selves as much as possible, for we can't afford to keep but one girl; and there'll be no nurse, o chambermaid, or waiter any more, for we're poor folks, and shall even have to sell a great part of

"Well, mamma, we couldn't put it in Aunt Rachel's cottage, you know. But I'd quite as lief be there as here, for don't you remember I cried when we came away last summer?" "What a little philosopher!" said papa.

"And Effie, you and I can go and ride on far mer Watson's loads of hay, and we can go off into the woods for berries and nuts; for the eggs in the barn every day, and watch the little black ducks go a swimming in the pond. Oh, I tell you, Effie, it'll be glorious?" cried Guy, clapping

"On the whole, I guess, Guy," I said, "that it's better to be poor folks, and live in the country. One can have such good times, you know!"
Papa and mamma laughed outright, but there were tears in mamma's eyes all the time; and at last she said.

"Maybe it's for the best, after all, Willard. God may have sent this to make our boy and girl a better man and woman; for I have often trembled lest this life of case and luxury should make them weak and selfish. "As for you, dear, I've no fears. You'll get

into business again after the shock is over, and can take care of your little flock, for I'm resolved it shan't be much of a burden on you for the next five years. We will trust in God, and we shall weather the storm." "So we shall," said papa, with a smile that was like his old one! "And, Mary, we shall learn,

one of life's grandest lessons, that there may be

calm, peace, and contentment, in coming down is Home Magazine.

AN ANGEL. BY MARY A. DENISON.

A little pauper boy sat down on the curbston and tried to think. His feet were bare, red, and cold, but never mind that-the chill air pene-God would take care of him. Where was God? "There, there, Effie; I can't be bothered with Why didn't he take care of him? O, if he could only see God for one little minute, or the angel It just made me feel so bad, that I sat down that the good men told him of when his mother

An organ grinder came near and took his stand. "Why, Effie!" he said, and came right towards | The melody he played lightened the little boy spairing! Then the organ-grinder passed away-"Oh, papa, I'm very sorry! How soon will they never heeded the little child sitting on the trouble be goue?" I asked. curbstone, they had so many things to think of. "God only knows, my dear child;" and he set The carriages passed by, and the carts and a company of soldiers; but it was all dumb show to him -he was trying to think, with such a dull pain ing boys gathered behind him, and winked and youngest gave a thrust, and over went the poor one sob of anguish, as he gathered himself up, and looked after the boys, now flying away with shouts "Yes, I did, Effie," he said, looking as grave of mirth. O how cruel it seemed in them-how cruel! The little hungry boy walked slowly on, "Papa and mamma are in some great trouble. sobbing and shivering to himself. He didn't what does it mean, Guy?" My brother is nine, know what he was walking for, or why he was living; he felt out of place-a poor little forlorn spirit that had lost its way-a bruised reed that any one might break-a little heart so tender that a look was auguish: how much more a blow!

"Well, would that be anything very bad?" I The little boy stood at last near the corner of a street. An apple stand, at which he gazed with longing eyes, not far off, was tended by a crosswould be very bad indeed. We should be poor looking old man. There were cakes on the stand, folks, and I don't know what would become of and the poor little mouth of the homeless child watered as he saw one boy after another deposit "You'd have to go without the new pony papa his penny, and take his cake. He had no penny, promised you when you were ten-and I-oh, and though there was hunger in his eyes, the Guy, mamma said if I was a good girl till New cross-looking old man never offered him a morsel. The tempter came. The old man's back was turned—a vile boy at his side—at the side of the "Well, I hope it won't be so bad as that, for homeless child-nudged his elbow. "You take

he would like to cry, for his heart is so set on the something in the bleared eyes that made him shrink-something that set his heart to beating. "I tell you, hook one," whispered the boy; "

"I don't want to steal," said the homeless child. "O you fool!" muttered the brutal tempter, dear me! I haven't the heart to go singing and and smote him in the eyes, his heavy hand dealing a blow that sent the poor little child against It's all come out at last, and I can't tell why, I the wall, his whole frame quivering with anguish. lon't feel half so bad as I did, though it seems as The terrible blow had almost blinded him for a though I'd grown a great deal older, and, a great | moment-a great sob came up in his throat-O deal stronger, since last night. We were all sit- what have I done to be treated so? There never, ing together, just at night-mamma, Guy, and I. never was a God, or He would not let him suffer Somehow, as it began to grow dark, the pain at so-und that because he refused to be wicked. I my heart grew heavier, and I went and put my don't believe that ever a man in his deadliest beurm around mamma's neck, as she sat still, lean- reavements suffered more than that sad little child. ing her neck on her hand, and looking into the His heart was literally swelling with grief, and though he could not reason about it, he felt as if

"Mamma, mayn't Martha light the gas, and there was great and sore injustice somewhere. He started to cross the street. A dark, blinding pain still made his poor temples ring.
"Back! back! Good hervens! The child "Oh, mamma, it is our horses run over a poor

and we heard papa's footsteps ring along the hall. "Is he hurt much, coachman?" The woman's They came right up stairs, towards the door as it face is pale as ashes. "Yes, he is hurt badly; opened. Papa did not speak a word; he came take him right in; don't wait; carry him right in right towards the fire; but I knew that something | and up stairs. It was your carelessness; the child

mamma, laying her hand on his arm. He turned he had borne all he could, and so took the poor little broken heart there to heal. How very white "Mary, the worst has come. I've gone under, and quiet! "O, a sweet face! a sweet, sweet face!" murmured the woman, bending over the Mamma grew very pale; the tears ran right boy, and tears fell upon his forehead; but he did

"O, the poor little boy!" sobs Nelly, "the poor "Well. Willard, my dear husband, we won't little boy! I wish he had kept on the side-walk; Alas! In this world there was no mother to

good woman would not allow that. She would care "Don't let it, my dear husband. God will for him herself, she said: he had been injured by attend to him. Besides, it was likely the child "Why, Mary, I didn't suppose you'd take it had no mother. Such a boy as he, with a face so sweet and girlish, so pure and loveable, would I went up to them-"Papa, is it true we're never be sent on the streets like that if he had a mother. Besides, (and here her tears fell) there "Yes, my little girl, paps has failed, and lost was a little mound not yet green over just such a he at one time gathered up one million and a half they would fairly tremble in their shoes, lest they all of his property, and he's only got mamma, and child. No, no, it was not in her heart to put the of money, all in the old Spanish milled dollars, might be recognised by some one into whose poor wounded boy away. Let him stay whether which was considered the best currency to send "set," they were aiming to obtain an entree. Well, papa, I don't believe it's so very bad to he lived or died.

on his hands. There were white bands around his wrists, with ruffles on them. The bed was so snowy white, too, and a crimson light fell over every thing.

"Dear God! I am in heaven," murmured the child; "yes, God will take care of me now." What visions of loveliness glanced forth from the shadow behind the bed? The rich curls fell around a face of exquisite beauty; the beaming eyes looked love and gladness upon him. "O yes, there is an angel!" he said softly, " am glad. They won't knock me over again; they

won't want me to steal apples here; and perhaps I shall never die again. Now I want to see my "My dear boy, are you better this morning?" asked a low, soft voice. He turned slowly, wearily.
"Is it mother?" he murmured.

"O yes, and there were quick sobs and tears; "yes, my little child, I will be your mother, and LABOR THE PRICE OF EXCELLENCE IN you shall be my son. Will you love me dearly? "Yes, I do love you, mother; is it heaven?" "Heaven; no, darling, it is earth; but God sent

you here to our hearts, and you shall be loved and cared for. See, here is a little sister, and you will be very happy with her. Kiss him, Nelly." Her rosy lips touched his pale ones, and a heavenly smile lighted up his face. The past was not forgotten, but it was gone. No more mouldy crusts, oaths, harsh words, and blows. No more begging at basement doors, and looking half-famished to envy a dog gnawing a bone in the streets. No more fear of rude children, who never knew where their own hearts laid; no more sleeping on doorsteps, and listening in terror to the drunken quar-

rels of the vicious and depraved. Yes, the past was gone, and in the rosy future were love, home, even God and the angels. Certainly sweet spirits had guarded that child, and guided him out of seeming evil into positive good. Surely henceforth he would put his hand trustingly in theirs, and turn his face heavenward. Yes, was so to be. The dear, teachable child-a jewel picked from the mire, a brand snatched from the burning-was yet to illumine the dark paths of this world with his holy, heaven-like teaching. Like a dove he was to go forth over the waters, and find the olive-branch with which to garland his glad tidings. Blessings, then, on all who hold their arms out toward needy little children making their homes arks of refuge. Beautiful stars shall they have in their crowus of rejoicing for surely there is no jewel brighter in all the world. and perhaps in all eternity, than the soul of a

Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.

THE SENTINEL AND THE SPY. A sentinel having been placed one day to guard a certain fort, and see that no improper inthat could compromise the safety of his charge.'

of here," said the spy.
"Very," replied the senticel.

"Very," replied the sentinel, again. "And I think you must be very thirsty this hot weather," continued the spy. "Very," answered the sentinel once more. So

But the spy thought differently, and felt satisfied from the last answer that he must accomplish his scheme. "Poor man," said the spy, "I feel for you very much; I have got some drink for you in a in a low order of remunerative success. bottle here, to which you are welcome, and which

vantage, and determined not to utter another word.

Lam sure will very much refresh you." The sentinel answered not a word; but as he thought a draught of liquor to a thirsty man could. not possibly endanger the safety of the fort, he accepted the offer, and put the bottle to his mouth. Upon tusting it, he found it to be very pleasant, and so drank off the whole of the contents. The musket, marched backwards and forwards before and the poor sentinel could not resist its, effects. The spy, knowing very well what would happen. called together his comrades, and marched hastily toward the fortress, where they found the sentinel asleep upon the ground; him they immediately stabbed to the heart; and as the garrison had no notice of the enemy's approach, they were taken by surprise, and all of them slain or taken pri-

THE MORAL.-We cannot be too vigilant in guarding against the first approaches of the tempter; for a single word may expose our weak, point, and show the enemy where he may be able to subdue us; and a single action that seems very from the towns where the recent battles were harmless, may lead to our ruin. Many's young fought in Italy-about the time of their disman has begun life with the determination to be very discreet and watchful in his own conduct, but who has been thrown off his guard by some wily companion, and then betrayed into sin.

HAVE YOU A GRANDMOTHER?

her! No more can be done to comfort her; | coal tar. no sweet messages exchanged, no kisses ever | It is an astonishing fact that these beautiful more pressed on her pale, soft cheek! She is colors, produced in our day, are eliminated dead, and her place is vacant; but her memory from coal-from the plants and flowers of for-

mines of gold. noise in the world; but she left a wider void us how indestructible is matter, and how perthan many whose names are known to fame. haps the beautiful dyes of flowers of former Children miss her gentle tones, while the ages again appear in the form of Aniline! poor and broken-bearted mourn a real friend. Thus the children here have one grandmother on earth and one in heaven. May they and all of you, little readers, deal very tenderly with the aged, who are so kind to you, and whom deciding, as to a particular course of conduct: God commands you to honor, for they will soon

pass away from your love and care. THE SABBATH BREAKER, AND HIS

END. About twenty-five years ago, a very wealthy, but a very wicked merchant, was doing a prosper- coming out of a hen-roost at midnight, as to live ous business in the city of New York. Among in any street having "East" attached to it; his other sins against God, that of Sabbath-break while there are those who feel forty feet higher, ing seemed most manifest, and he appeared to by reason of their being able to say, "I live in take delight in violating the sauctity of the Lord's Fifth Avenue;" and for such to be seen with a day. As he did business on a very large scale, bundle or package in the hand on Broadway! to China, to which his trade had been directed; A Beltimore Buonaparte surprised a friend one

The weary, weary days passed on. One morning the little boy opened his dim blue eyes, but home the return cargo, he divided his million and belongs to me!" was the reply to a question and look of incredulity. Says a Washington letter about four years after, the rich merchant died a self whenever it is practicable. bankrupt. Now, was this Providence? Was it God's controversy with a wicked man? or was it a "chance thing" that happened?

Miscellaneous.

ART.

known through photographic reproductions, ought to convince every tyro in the arts that unflagging industry can alone secure a high position. Pictor to the English character, and the greatest addiwith utmost precision the anatomy of limbs which | try," subsequently imposed drapery would wholly conceal. The artists, indeed, whose creations have borne the scrutiny and obtained the admiration of all succeeding ages, seem never to have relented one moment from their labors, nor their pencil to the Crimea, in which the Russians were beaten have paused a single instant over the busy work. by the English and French, not only France and Folio volumes contain the drawings of Leonardo England, but all Europe was made to ring with in Milan; and no forms of human face, whether in beauty or caricature, seem to have escaped the mined valor, and the terrible slaughter of the keenness of his observation. And all these accu- Allies, and yet of the English loss but 353 were mulated materials were made to subserve a well- killed, and but 317 of the French, while our conceived and maturely calculated purpose. These sketches are not the mere mechanical product of the allied total loss in the "desperate" battle the hand—the head was working while the fingers of Alma, was, in regard to the numbers under were executing. Lines were combined into sym- fire, nearly two per cent. less in killed and metrical composition; forms were balanced in just wounded than ours in the "trivial" battle beproportion and thrown into bright position; and fore Manasses, as many of the English prothus the picture was matured from step to step by long study and careful forethought. In conclutruders gained an entrance, was accosted by a spy, sion, we wish it to be ever remembered that sent by an enemy to find out, if possible, where the fortress might be assailed with success; and world as examples of the grand style of art did For instance: he is detailed for guard, and at as he appeared in the garb, and with the counter not take their origin in mere happy chance, in night receives the countersign. He does not nance of a simple countryman, the sentinel had no suspicion of the cheat. He however was determined to be very vigilant, and say nothing ardo, Raphael, and Michael Angelo labored ardu- of the guard approaches him. "Who goes there?" at could compromise the safety of his charge. ously, even to the completing of minutest details; Hibernian asks. "Corporal of the guard." "Ad"You have a very important place to take care that to them, as all true workers, life was short vance. Corporal and give your service." and art long, for high was their aim. and the ab- Corporal says, "I am a Republican." Son of solute perfection towards which they aspired still Erin finds himself in a dilemma, puzzles his "And you have a very brave and watchful set of ever retreated at their approach into infinite dis- brain, but finds no relief. It does not seem to be

wilfulness, sometimes scrambling in haste, or happily he knew what was wanted, and settled sometimes groping in ignorance, till at last they the matter by giving the countersign. wander widely astroy, and at length are more or less contentedly lost in pleasant places, glorying

ANILINE. Some years ago a German chemist, experimenting on coal tar, discovered a beautiful purple color, but took no particular notice of it; he merely jotted down the fact, and gave to the color the name of Aniline. Recently, a spy departed, and the sentinel, shouldering his young chemist, Mr. Perkins of Greenford Green, near London, a pupil of Dr. Hofmann, of the the gate of the fortress, as usual. But after a lit- Museum of Practical Geology, Jermyn street, tle time he began to feel giddy and drowsy, and was trying to produce the well-known quinine every now and then paused and nodded, until at bitter from Benzole, another substance dislast he fairly laid himself down, and fell fast covered by Professor Faraday to exist in coal asleep. The liquor was of an intoxicating nature, products. The composition of quinine and of benzole was well-known, and theory indicated that the former could be produced from the lat-

ter; and so the experiments were begun. Every one knows how on going for a country walk we are often led by some stray flower or trivial incident to go out of the path we originally intended to take. So with young Perkins he started off in search of quinine, but was arrested by the beauty of aniline. Under his fostering care, aniline has now become the parent of a family of dyes known by the names of Magenta, Manye, Solferino; two of the names of which have been given to the new tints

covery. Several branches of commerce will by the use of these new dyes be so materially altered that the names of Magenta and Solferino will live in commercial no less than in political history. The only fine dye (cochineal) that could be produced of analogous tints to Solferino and | feels confident of his ability to produce an article supe Have you a grandmother, dear little one? Magenta was made from a little "lady-bird" Is the warmest corner and the softest chair in insect, the Coccus Cacti, and in consequence of to. your sitting-room filled by one whose locks are scarlet being the national color worn by the blanched, and whose brow is furrowed by years? British army, the consumption of cochineal for If so, then you are a blessed child, and ought dyeing cloth has been exceedingly great, and to be very thankful to the God who has spared the importation of cochineal annually has on this dear and loving heart to guide you, by an average amounted to about 800 tons, of the sweet lessons and gentle example, in the paths value of £350,000. Thousands of acres of land of peace. Do you not pity little ones who have have been set apart for the cultivation of the no grandmother? Who do you think—when cactus, the plant on which the insect feeds; their mother is busy or away—strokes the weary and almost numberless hands have been emlittle head, ties up the bleeding finger, warms ployed to trap it when fit to kill . Whole ships within her own the half-frozen hands? Who have been laden with this curious freight, and interests herself in all their tiny affairs, from the vast warehouses in our docks have been approflight of a kite to the strapping of a skate? priated to its housing. All this must soon pass Oh, nobody but "grandmother" can stoop from away, and that, too, at a rate proportionate to age and wisdom to be again a child for your the advancement of the chemical knowledge of the age. Cochineal is already at a discount A few months ago, the children in my house price in the market, for aniline is rapidly taking had two grandmothers, both as gentle, loving, its place. As to the mode of preparing aniline, and good as any who ever bore the name. One we must refer special readers to the usual austill lives, honored and beloved by the fold of thorities, such as URE's Dictionary of Arts. grandchildren among whom she dwells; but the There are a few substances that admit of being other-pure in heart, merciful, meek, and a prepared in a greater variety of ways-starting peace-maker-she is not, for God has taken off, however, from the same material, namely,

to those who love her still, is worth more than mer ages! The fact that the glorious sun illumined these flowers, which bloomed and This dear grandmother made very little passed away before the Deluge, clearly shows

DARING TO DO.

Small minds spend a good deal of time in whether "they can afford to doit." "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" is a question of momentous interest. To do anything which Mrs. Upstart or the "Smith's would consider "mean," is no more to be thought of, than committing a petty larceny, and being found out. It is known that any o the Want-to-be's would almost as lief be found

seven ships, sent them to China; but to show his writer, "Yesterday, I saw Sam Houston carrying, contempt for God and his law, he determined to like Lord Napier, his own small bundle, with its send them to sea on seven consecutive Sabbaths, clean shirt and towel, its piece of soap and hairintending, perhaps, in this way to test the ques-tion as to who should rule, he or Jehovah. The it is the motive which constitutes the meanness, ships went out safely with the money, and returned with the merchandize. They were neither engulfed in the ocean, nor wrecked on a lee shore, but when the voyages were settled up, there was when he cannot afford to pay for the service. a loss of one third of the money, one million being | The first step towards implanting in the mind of returned, and five hundred thousand sunk in the a child, a feeling of self-reliance and a manly enterprise. Loss after loss succeeded, and in independence, is to teach that child to help him-Hall's Journal of Health.

> NATIONAL GREATNESS THROUGH SUF-FERING.

"It is in periods of apparent disaster, during the suffering of whole generations, that the greatest improvements on human character have been effected, and a foundation laid for those changes which ultimately prove most beneficial But labor is the price which the gods have set upon all things excellent. Michael Angelo, if Norman Conquest, the Contest of the Roses, the any man, had a right to rely on genius, yet of Great Rebellion, are apparently the most disashimself he said that all was due to study. The trous periods of our annals; those in which civi original drawings of the old masters, now so widely discord was most furious, and the public suffer tures painted with a command which at first tion made to the causes of English prosperity; sight might imply facility—Raphael's "School of in which courage arose out of the extremity o Athens," for example—are yet discovered to be misfortune, national union out of oppression, the result of long and careful elaboration. Milpublic emancipation out of aristocratic dissennute studies have been made for every figure; sepa-rate drawings for the complex masses of drapery; national character which we now possess, the ccurately shaded outlines were executed for the public benefits we now enjoy, the freedom by hands and feet. In the collection of the Arch- which we have been distinguished, the enerduke Albert in Vienna is a well-known sketch for gy by which we are sustained, are, in a great the Transfiguration: the Apostles nude, with other measure, owing to the renovating storms, which more detailed studies on a larger scale, marking have in former ages passed over our coun-

LOSS AT ALMA. For months after the battle of Alma in accounts of the desperate encounter, the deterloss of killed at Bull Run was 481. In fine,

nounce it, and our loss was much less than the

And if, in the present, we would strive after and corporal instructs him that it is the counterthe same goal, we must walk in the same path. sigh he should ask for; the sentry is satisfied, and There has not yet been discovered, even in this corporal goes on his way. One of the same class nineteenth century, a royal road to art. On the challenged a passer by, "Who goes there?" Ans. far the sentinel thought he had said nothing that contrary, the old avenues of approach would seem "A friend." "Advance, friend, and say somecould by any possibility, be turned to his disad- to be blocked up, and aspirants now stumble along thing," leaving an ample opportunity to the a beaten but broken way, sometimes guided in "friend" to expatiate on anything to any extent;

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Worms are a prolific source of sickness in children. They are seldom free from them, and by their irritation all other diseases are aggravated. Convulsions, as well as St. Vitus' Dance, have been superinduced by them, and death has resulted in extreme cases. Whenever the symptoms are observed, such as disturbed sleep, grinding of the teeth, itching of the nose, weakness of the bowels, slow fever, variable appetite and fetid breath,

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been for thirty years the Standard Remedy. will be admitted that no better evidence of the great trative powers of this EXPECTORANT can be offered than the grateful testimony of those who have been restored to health by its use, and the wide-spread popularity which, for so long a period, it has maintained in the face of all competition, and which has created a constantly increased demand for it in all parts of the world. As far as possible, this evidence is laid before the public from time to time, until the most skeptical will acknowledge that for all parls on any compaints, it is knowledge that for all pulmonary complaints, it is truly an invaluable remedy.

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