

The Family Circle.

Potential Moods. I sit and dream Of the time that prophets have long foretold...

I think and weep O'er the thousands oppressed by sin and woe, Of the long procession of those who go...

I work and sing To welcome the dawn of the fairer day, When crime and sin shall have passed away...

I trust and hope In the tide of God's love that unceasingly rolls, In the dear words of promise that bear up our souls...

THE HOME OF LITTLE BEN.

At the appointed time, Mr. Elliot found himself again in the wretched court; within whose precincts Ben's father lived.

One or two touching little things struck Mr. Elliot's eye. There was a broken flower-pot in one window, in which a small fuchsia was hanging out its graceful but sorely blighted blossoms.

There was a pause; little Moll smiled a smile of peculiar and intelligent beauty, and again she murmured, soft and low, her old burden.

The man was evidently not insensible to her words, for he looked uneasily round, and then said in a subdued tone: "Well, but you'd surely give me something for the lad."

Thoroughly disgusted, Mr. Elliot was beginning to repeat his first offer, with the addition of a small bribe, for poor little Ben's face of fear and doubt made him resolve to do his utmost to rescue him.

At that moment a tremendous noise of cheering and laughing was heard below, and loud calls came for "Joe the joker," and "Ben the king."

"Now," said Sue, speaking fast and low, "say a word to the child there, and to me, too. Who was it that Ben's mother saw and I couldn't, though I strained my eyes?"

Thus urged, Mr. Elliot answered her question, with something in his words and manner of the simplicity of a little child.

"Listen," said he, "God, the great God that made us, was very grieved because men had sinned and become altogether hateful; and He had an only and well-beloved Son, Jesus Christ the Righteous."

"I lay my sins on Jesus, And that his blood was shed for me, And that he died to save me, O Lamb of God, I come."

Miscellaneous.

ANECDOTES OF BLOOD-LETTING.

From "A Book about Doctors." LORD CHESTERFIELD, wanting an additional vote for a coming division in the House of Peers, called on Lord Radnor, and after a little introductory conversation, complained of a distressing headache.

"You ought to lose your blood then," said Lord Radnor. "You indeed think so? Then, my dear lord, do add to the service of your advice by performing the operation. I know you are a most skillful surgeon."

Delighted at the compliment, Lord Radnor, in a trice pulled out his lancet-case, and opened a vein in his friend's arm.

"By-the-by," asked the patient, as his arm was being adroitly bound up, "do you go down to the House to-day?"

"I had not intended going," answered the noble operator, "not being sufficiently informed on the question which is to be debated; but you, that have considered it, which side will you vote on?"

"I have shed my blood for the good of my country," said Lord Chesterfield that evening, to a party of friends, who on hearing the story, were convulsed with laughter.

ELIZABETH mentioned has been made of a thousand pounds ordered to be paid Sir Edmund King, for promptly bleeding Charles the Second. A nobler fee was given by a French lady to a surgeon, who used his lancet so clumsily that he cut an artery instead of a vein, in consequence of which the lady died.

On her death-bed she, with charming humanity and irony, made a will, bequeathing the operation to a number of eight hundred lives, on condition "that he never again bleed anybody so long as he lived."

In the present war, the rebels made an attack upon one of our regiments doing picket duty on the Maryland side of the Potomac. They were there three or four days, and the Virginia shore which afforded shelter to them, and it became necessary to have them removed.

The colonel tried the effect of shelling them; but owing to the short range of his guns and the great distance, could not demolish them. The only thing accomplished by this was driving the enemy out of them to the shelter of the woods beyond.

The colonel then asked for volunteers to cross the river and burn the buildings. Only two men came forward, one a private, the

other an orderly sergeant. The colonel gave the command to the sergeant, and told him to select as many men as he needed, and go to the boat with his own company.

The royal prediction, though not fulfilled to the letter, soon proved substantially true. After a gay supper at St. Cloud, Monsieur, just as he was about to retire to bed, quitted the world. He was asking M. de Ventador for a glass of a liquor sent him by the Duke of Savoy, when he dropped dead.

A FAMOUS French Marechal reproved the clumsiness of a phlebotomist in a less gratifying manner. Drawing himself away from the surgeon, he said to the patient: "The incision was about to be made, he displayed an unwillingness to put himself further in the power of a practitioner, who, in affixing the fillet, had given him a blow with the elbow in the face."

"My lord," said the surgeon, "it seems that you are afraid of bleeding."

"No," returned the Marechal, "not of bleeding—but of the blooder."

STRELLS tells of a phlebotomist who advertised, for the good of mankind, to bleed at three pence per quart. Trade competition has, however, operated just as usual to perform the operation without "the three pence."

One of the strangest phenomena connected with the history of languages, is the prevalence of two dialects in the same language side by side like a major and minor key in music.

My dear soldier, what is the source of your courage? Is Jesus your strong tower, your refuge in the day of battle, as well as amid the storms of life? Is he your fortress, your shield, your defence? If not, haste to make him such to you.

Would you stand before the face of the Judge of all the earth with the mighty weight of all your sins upon you? Would you rush into his presence without a Mediator? If so, come to the fountain opened in Jesus, and wash in his blood.

WASHINGTON'S VIEWS ON SLAVERY. WASHINGTON, while faithful still in his duties to his God, was not unconcerned in regard to the state of his country. Especially he manifested his true patriotism, as well as his unrestricted philanthropy, by his solicitude for that unhappy class, whose wrongs and woes a retributive Providence sooner or later must avenge, if not redressed.

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and filial duties and relations tame or tasteless, they may be suspected of being spurious, carnal, worldly.—H. W. Beecher.

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