

The Family Circle.

Courtesy. AN ATHLETIC STORY BY LORD MACAULAY.

The following stanza, says the Greek Advertiser, was recited by Siddons in the course of his lecture recently. They are the composition of Macaulay, according to Mr. Siddons, having been copied by him while reading in Calcutta, from an album in which they had been written by their distinguished author.

So where the wide-extended circus spreads In gathered ranks its sea of living heads, Ranged in close order, rising row on row The void arena claims the space below.

The seats were filled, but ere the show began A white light sought a place with aspect mild, The polished youth Athenians sat and smiled, Eyed his confusion with a side-long glance, But kept their seats, nor rose on his advance.

O for a burning blush of deeper hue, To mark the shamed of that self-glorious crew! How poor the produce of fair learning's tree That bears no fruits of sweet humility; The glow of arts and sciences how vain In hearts that feel not for another's pain.

Not so the Spartan youth, whose simple school Instilled the plain but salutary rule Of kindness and whose honest, self-preferred Truth to display—performance to a word.

These Spartan youths had their appointed place, Apart from Athens, distinguished race, And rose with one accord, intent to prove To honored age their duty and their love; Nor did a Spartan youth his seat resume Till the old man found due and fitting room.

Then came the sentence of reproof and praise, Stamped with the sternness of the ancient days, For, standing full amid the assembled crowd, The venerable stranger cried aloud: "The Athenian learn their duty well, but lo! The Spartans practice what the Athenians know."

The words were good and in a virtuous cause, They truly earned a nation's glad applause; But we have surer words of precept given In God's own book, the words that came from heaven: "Be kind, be courteous, be all honor shown." "See others' welfare rather than thine own."

AN ADVENTURE IN ST. LOUIS.

FROM "LIFE IN KANSAS," JUST PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

Three weeks after the Kansas party left Greendale, one Saturday morning the group stood at a steamboat landing in the city of St. Louis.

There had been last visits to make with friends who lived on the way, and Mr. Merwin had given his children one look at a few of God's great wonders.

Sydney, Lizzie, Katie Morgan, and Frank Lines had beheld the terrible front of Niagara. Very early on the only morning that our party was there, they all stood to watch the rising of the sun.

As it came up out of the east and shone through the mist, Katie Morgan very reverently said, clasping her arms in her childish eagerness, "O, Aunt Lizzie, look! I see God's name; it is made out of the rainbow in the cloud," and Katie tried to make other eyes "see what her's revealed to her.

Again Niagara and friends were left far behind, and the group were awaiting the arrival of the steamboat that was to convey them up the Missouri.

Half of the morning went by, and still the boat that had been signaled had not come to its landing. Mrs. Merwin, with the baby, sat upon some of the household goods that were piled upon the levee, and waited, fearing to leave, lest the boat might come in her absence.

The children went to and fro, from father and Dr. Lines, to the place where Mrs. Merwin waited, until they grew tired with waiting in the heat of the last of an August sun.

"At length, when Maria (the baby's nurse) had exhausted her efforts at quieting the baby, and Mrs. Merwin was growing sick at heart with waiting, came Mr. Merwin and Dr. Lines."

"Why?" was the universal question. "Why, indeed," answered Dr. Lines; "because the boat that was to be here is wrecked; it is blown into fragments, and with a solemn, thankful air, the gentlemen began gathering together their treasures for another day's stay in St. Louis, and they went to the hotel where they had breakfasted, just in time for dinner."

Ere that Saturday night came down, the Planter's House, in St. Louis, was the scene of sadness and woe. Friends came, weeping, without the door, one only that morning had watched the coming of to-day with them, some of whom were now lying underneath the waters of the Mississippi; others were struggling and suffering with burns and with death. Amid these strangers our little friends went with hearts very full of kindness, but they could only look on with pity in their eyes.

The New England party held, in an upper room of the Planter's House, a meeting of gratitude for the danger they had escaped. When it was over, Frank Lines and Sydney Merwin went out where the gas was just brightening by degrees, in the long hall, as the man went on from burner to burner.

The two boys went past the man in his work, and stopped beside a staircase, only half lighted. They heard some one sobbing and crying most piteously. Looking up, there sat upon the steps a boy. His face was bowed and hidden upon his knees, and his heart poured forth sob after sob, that shook him like an aspen leaf.

Sydney went up to him, and sitting down on the step just below, he said, "What is the matter with you?" Only stronger cries answered Sydney.

Frank Lines then went up. "I say, boy, what do you cry for?" asked Frank. Still there came no answer. Sydney laid his hand upon the head of the boy, and asked, "Have you no friends?" "No!" came the answer, through another flood of tears.

"Where are they?" "Gone!" sobbed the poor boy. "Why didn't you go too?" asked Frank. "I wish I had," gasped the boy in answer; "I would if I could."

"Why can't you?" Again the tears stopped all words, and it was a long time before any more information was gained.

Frank and Sydney grew weary of trying, and Sydney very quietly brought Katie Morgan to the scene, and Kate sent the boys down the hall and drew near the strange lad, who now had ceased to cry, and was only moaning out his misery.

The hall was all lighted, and the gas shone even up this stairway in the corner, quite apart from the general staircase. Katie noticed the many little things that boys never care to show a mother's thoughtful care, and in her little heart she could only wonder how a boy that had a mother could feel so badly about anything.

At first she was afraid to speak; then she ventured with, "Wont you tell me what has happened to make you cry?"

For the first time the boy lifted his head, and Katie saw his face. A fine and good face it was, although just now marred and swollen by tears. He looked at Katie for a moment, and then he said, "I haven't any one to take care of me."

"Why?" questioned Katie. "We were coming up the river this morning," and here again came the sobs and tears at the fond recollections of only the morning, whose evening had come.

"Were your father and mother hurt?" very gently whispered Katie. "They were killed, and Mamy too?" "Who is Mamy? I don't know," said Katie.

"Mamy was my sister, and they were all killed. Father is down at the place with all of the rest of the dead people, and mother and Mamy are—" He did not finish the sentence, and Katie was obliged to ask, "Where are they?"

"In the river!" gasped the boy, "and I shall never, never see them any more!" Here Sydney and Frank came down the hall, from their requested absence, and Trip came barking his welcome along the way, having made his escape, closely followed by Lizzie, who called, "Katie Morgan, where are you?"

"Here, Lizzie," and Katie ran to meet her cousin and tell of the sorrowful boy that they had found, sitting all alone, and crying on the stairs. Katie summed the questions when they went back, by asking, "Were you almost home when the accident came?" "I haven't any home."

"But where were you going?" asked Sydney. "To Kansas—father was going." "So were we!" exclaimed Sydney.

"The boy looked up with some interest at this, and Sydney went on to tell how they had seen out of the time on breakfast to dinner, waiting for the boat that did not come, to carry them up the river.

When Sydney had ended his story, Katie Morgan, with her childish vigor of action, took the boy's hand in hers and said, "Come —" "Where?"

"With me, into my aunt's room," said Katie; and she led him away triumphantly, followed by the rest of the party.

She did not let go of him until she had him safely in the room and the door was shut. Mr. Merwin looked up at the entrance of an accident to his number, and asked, "Why Katie, my child, what friend have you found?"

"I have found a boy who had a father and mother and sister this morning, who were all with him on the way to Kansas, he says, and now they are all dead, and he is left alone."

Mrs. Merwin forgot to hush the baby's cries, and left a few tears fall in gratitude that it was not her Sydney that was left so destitute, and Mr. Merwin made the boy tell him his history. He learned his name. It was Paul Lee. His father had just come from Cuba. All the riches that he had gathered out of the golden soil there, were with him, and "he was going," Paul said, "to settle a claim in Kansas, but now he was dead, and the money was in the Mississippi, and at the end of the recital came back all the tears as freely as if the grief itself had but just come.

Mr. Merwin tried to cheer the boy. Mrs. Merwin gave the baby to Maria, and gathered the soft brown curls of the boy close to her, and said the gentle words that somehow, it felt, never grow anywhere outside of a mother's warm heart. Sydney had away from the tea-table, and Lizzie and Katie were also full of grief as Paul's story was the welcome sound of the gong summoned them to tea.

In vain Paul pleaded that he did not "want anything to eat;" Mrs. Merwin carried him captive to the tea-table, and his boy-bunger came back at the sight of food, which he had not tasted since morning.

Paul was an entire stranger. Not one of the boat passengers was left that knew him; and after tea, Dr. Lines and Mr. Merwin went out with him on the solemn mission of recognizing his dead father. The boy walked to and fro among the silent, pale figures, lying side by side, until he found his father. He made him known to Dr. Lines and Mr. Merwin by wildly flinging himself down beside one of the dead, parting the curling hair from his forehead, and pressing his lips to the unsmiling eyes, crying, "Father! Father!"

There was something not to be resisted by this strong affection, and Paul was not only hearts as they lifted him up from the dead, and asked, "Why did you love your father?" "Because he was my father," said Paul; "and my mother loved him, too, and Mamy; and all loved him, he was so good."

Mr. Lee needed no other epitaph, and this lone orphan boy no other recommendation, than he was the son of a good man. Mr. Merwin and Dr. Lines took charge of Paul's loved father, and after the inquest, claimed the body in Paul's name for burial. It was long before the boy could be coaxed away from the sad scene and place, and at the last pale figure Paul stopped.

"Is it any one you know?" asked Mr. Merwin. "No," answered Paul, "but I saw her on the boat; she was alone with her little girl, and there isn't any one to kiss her," and the boy knelt down, and softly touched that cold mother's forehead with a kiss, that if not born of affection, was so near to it, that God must have recognized it in Heaven."

LET THE HOT-HOUSE SYSTEM OF EDUCATION. Let parents be warned against the modern hot-house course of education pursued in many schools. Teachers or parents, be warned against wishing to send your pupil or son a genius. You will be quite as likely to end to see him an idiot, or to follow him in premature grave. All precocious children need holding back, rather than spurting on. An early development of the mental powers is wholly unnecessary, even if children are designed for scholars. Almost all our school-

ars graduate from college too early. Their bodies are injured by too much study in early life, and their education is comparatively worthless to what it would be, if they graduated several years later. They usually verify the old adage, "soon ripe, soon rotten."

Our educational system has been in a wrong direction. It begins, is carried on, and ends wrong. It is opposed to physiological laws. They demand the education of the physical powers first. This commences with the mental.

This unnatural process lays the foundation for many cases of epilepsy. Nor is epilepsy the only disease that is caused by such a process. Chorea, neuralgia, and general debility of the whole nervous system follow in the train of diseases which are thus induced.

When a practitioner in Boston, often was I called to children prostrated by this brain-pressure. Well do I remember a little girl, out of the many, bright, quick, ambitious, always at the head of her class, the admiration and pride of her parents, and teachers; but brought to an early grave by the well-intended but ill-judged training of the teacher. Little did she think she was laying the foundation, while stimulating her young mind, for such a death. That disease was not epilepsy. But it was what the common people call brain fever. It was mental pressure.

I remember, too, an epileptic case, where disease was induced in the same way. A little bright, nervous, slender boy was early pressed with study. At the age of seven years he could read Latin, at eight Greek, and at eleven he died an epileptic, and epileptic from over-stimulation of the brain.

Now this is a subject which every physician does or ought to understand, and to impress deeply upon the family when called to see such a child. But the evil is, the physician usually is not called till the mischief is done, and hence his advice amounts to as much as it does "to lock the door after the horse is stolen."

The clergyman, the teacher, every parent, and above all every physician, ought to cry out against that educational process which kills hundreds and thousands of children annually in our land.—WM. M. CORNELL, M.D. in the Medical and Surgical Reporter.

By this time the first line and reserves—what there was left of them—had reached their old position, the second line forming an angle of 90 degrees, were well advanced in the direction of letter "Robinet." This was the forlorn hope. Disappointed in gaining a lodgement in the village, discomfited and disheartened, they must confess to be taken. Once in their possession, the town is theirs. The 2000 men, massed in single column, eight deep, moved forward in silence, Gen. Rogers at the head, regardless of the shower of bullets which whistled about their ears and decimated their ranks. The decisive moment—the turning point of the engagement—had arrived. Every battery bearing on the column wasouable charged with grape and canister, which burst over their devoted heads, and the men steadily on their discharge, but the movement steadily on, retaining the silence of the grave. As fast as one soldier fell he comrades behind stepped forward and took his place. They charged up to the battery, preserving their fire till they reached the parapets. Twice repulsed, the third time they gained the outer works and planted their flag upon the escarpment. It was shot down and again planted, but shot down again. They fired from the parapet and through the embrasures, and had partial possession of the works. But their triumph was of short duration. According to previous instructions, the ammers fell back behind the works, and batted "Robinet" threw a murderous fire. It was a short range and the missiles were directed with fearful accuracy. No body of men could stand that fire, and they reluctantly withdrew. This charge upon the battery was a magnificent but foolhardy affair.

The intensity of the fight may be judged from the fact that 266 dead bodies were found in and about the trenches within a distance of fifty feet of the works. Then came a splendid charge upon the disordered column by a portion of Col. Mower's brigade, and they were routed and almost annihilated. The attack upon the fort was repeated and as often repulsed. Col. Rogers and Col. Ross were killed, and several other well-known and important field officers. The fighting where Col. Mower made his charge was for a portion of the time hand to hand, and of the most desperate character. They retreated down the hill towards the hammer, their starting point, batteries "Robinet" and "Williams" played upon them with double charges of grape and canister, and made their retreat take the character of a rout. In the meantime skirmishing was going on in front of the Phillips, resulting in a sharp little fight, lasting fifteen or twenty minutes, at the end of which time the rebels retreated.

Beaten at every point, and disappointed in their well-conceived and nearly-executed plan of capturing Corinth, a general movement, as if retreating, was plainly perceptible along the entire rebel line. This was about 12 1/2 on Saturday, and virtually the end of the engagement here. Our troops stood in line in readiness to receive them at every point, should they desire to renew the attack. It was thought that an attempt would be made to pass the rebel troops at some other point, but this expectation was not destined to be realized. The enemy slowly took up his line of retreat in the direction of Chevally.

ANECDOTE OF BISHOP BUTLER.—Hume said that Butler's "Analogy" was the best defence of Christianity he had ever seen. It is, indeed, difficult to find in any language a work at once so profound and so useful. We are informed that Queen Caroline, the consort of George III., had some part of "The Analogy" read to her. She was so struck by it that she said to her husband, "I have read Butler's 'Analogy' and I find it to be the best defence of Christianity I have ever seen. It is, indeed, difficult to find in any language a work at once so profound and so useful. We are informed that Queen Caroline, the consort of George III., had some part of 'The Analogy' read to her. She was so struck by it that she said to her husband, 'I have read Butler's 'Analogy' and I find it to be the best defence of Christianity I have ever seen. It is, indeed, difficult to find in any language a work at once so profound and so useful. 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