The Family Circle.

WHERE IS LOUIE?

Where is Louie? Lo, the New Year Cometh with the falling snow; Whitely gleam the solemn pine trees, Whitely gleam the fields below.

And the summer leaves all withered Yet still clinging to the bough, Sway like an enchanted forest Every spray of silver, now.

Softly through the house creeps Louie, Sometimes climbing by a chair; Sometimes climbing by a chair;
Little feet, she dare not trust them,
Little hands must guide her there.
And she patters ever lightly,
Softly as the snow-flakes fall,
Sometimes singing, hiding, peeping,
Waiting for the mother call,
""Where is Louie?"

Where is Louie? Sunny springtime Scatters flowers o'er the land, Do you see our little May queen, With the blossoms in her hand, 'Neath her feet? She will not crush them, Will not harm the flowers fair, Will not even turn to kiss them, Will not shake them from her hair Is that Louie?

Where is Louie? Where the wild vines Of the summer loving creep,
Where the long grass softly rustles,
Lies the baby, fast asleep.
Ah, how sweet! She never wakens
When the morning sky is red, Never wails when dusky shadows Trail at evening round her bed. Darling Louie!

For the birds are singing round her Many a dainty little song,
And the wild winds, like a mother,
Rock her cradie all day long.
Gorgeous leaves brings golden autumn,
And the asters blue and white
Sometimes seem to call good morning,
Sometimes ned a low "good night,
Little Louie!"

Where is Louie? Where the snow-flakes Nestle many a wintry night, Wand'ring round with fairy footfall,— Tiny spirits all in white,
Weaving o'er the little sleeper
Many a light and enowy fold,
But their fingers do not wake her,
And she never minds the cold,— Happy Louis!

Where is Louie? We shall find her In the New Year of the skies. Nestled in the Saviour's bosom There our winsome earth flower lies. She is waiting for our coming. When we reach that golden shore, When we clasp again our darling, We shall question never more, "Where is Louie?"

THE YOUNG BAVARIAN.

-Boston Recorder.

BY MISS S. WARNER, AUTHOR OF "DOL

LARS AND CENTS."

CHAPTER IV.

stifling, till even the street trees-old to the country had gone long ago; himself about was his own things. and the best and wholesomest parts of Him who had cast their lot in a palace and went forth into the August suninstead of a tenement house. And oh, shine that was filling even that poor those tenement houses!—were they street with splendor. really built and owned some of the very worst of them-by men with more than heart could wish? Men who built spacious, airy stables for their horses, and superb barns for their cattle; men who lived in a wilderness of silk and velvet and gold, and who, when they gave a ball, spread earpets from the house to the carriageway for the delicate feet of the ladies to pass over? Alas! "he that loveth gifted author.] not his brother whom he hath seen. how shall he love God whom he hath not seen?"

new enemy crept in. The cholera went wrong in the house, when Jack came stealing along through the un- was provoking, or father was passioncleaned streets, creeping up the dismal ate with him, or when our maid Betty stairs of the tenement houses; it began was more than usually wilful, or our deed I am not sure he did not regard to do its work with a rapid hand, and man Roger more than usually stupid,—the gift as a kind of weak attempt at Word of God among the very first that it struck she would retire to her own little light bribery. And so he went on his way, The father we down were the old German farmer and closet over the porch, and come out and I on mine. But the current of his wife. A few short hours of suffer- again with a serenity on her face which my thoughts was quite changed, and ing, and God took them, and they were seemed to spread over the house like every thing around seemed changed

his aunt followed them to the grave, - furniture but the old rocking chair, in not like the graves in their dear Fa | which mother used to rock us children, therland. In this public burial place for to sleep, and a table covered with a Those sunny waves now fawning softly strangers, there was nothing fair nor white cloth, with four books on it. on the shore has soothing, no look of tenderness or the Bible, Bishop, Taylor's "Holly the traces of the Care; but all was arranged and man-Living and Dying," Thomas a Kempis, destruction. aged merely on the old sad principal, on the "Imitation of Christ," and the 'bury the dead out of sight."

family sbegan the world again alone; allowed to read, but (except the Bible) living on together, and cheering each they used in my childish days to seem other as they best might. For a little very gloomy and grave, and not at all while: and then cholera seized upon such as to account for that infectious led me down a step deeper into the the aunt too, and John saw her carried peacefulness in mother's face and to the Potters' field and laid by the voice. side of his father and mother, and in I concluded, therefore, that the avenging his sorrows on the poor help-

funeral of a poor foreigner, about whom they knew little and cared less; to the people on the sidewalk, among whom John threaded his way home, he was only one of the common street boys, always in the way, and having no proper place anywhere.

Was he only that? did no more tender eyes follow him along the crowded. street? Nay, not even a sparrow falleth on the ground without our Father; and there was One in heaven who watched every step of the weary child. who heard every faltering sigh; yes, who numbered the tears that sometimes came too fast for even the scorching summer sun to dry up. And

towards his home. He called it home and purrings over its young; and far yet, for want of a better; and he went away in the offing, beyond the long in at the old door, and up the crazy shadow of the cliffs, the just risen sun stairs to the one room where he and there was in a state of commotion. in the middle of the floor, and the little strip of rag carpet was pulled up, and hanging out of the window.

"O, there you are!" said a woman who seemed to be taking care of all best bundle up what duds you've got, and be off. There's other folks comin' to live here, now."

"Here?" said the boy, feeling bewildered.

"Ay, here," said the woman, "and to die here too, maybe, as the last did. Good enough place for it. Who's going to let you keep a room like this without paying rent? Not our land lord, I reckon. He's hardly stood it out till she was dead. So you'd better pick up your things before the new folks brings theirs, or they may chance to get mixed up; and that would be his great relations, we must all do all there stained with tears?" bad. You don't look as if you had we can to make it easy to him. Mother "The pages blotted wi much to lose."

The woman hustled about, sweeping and talking together, and John stood still without trying to interrupt her to think it a sacrifice for any one to "Perhaps it may be the same with the Many of her words he did not under have married mother. stand, yet the meaning of all that long | It was delicious to sit milking Daisy It was a hot summer in New York. speech was plain enough. Without and thinking of these things, and of The air was parched, and dead, and waiting to hear more, John began to how mother would welcome me with pick up his things, which was a very my cup of new milk on this my birthcitizens as they were—drooped their easy task; for, as the woman told him, day morning, while every now and heads in a lifeless sort of way; on one hand were clouds of dust, on the other, whatever furniture and other trifles looked round and thanked me with damp, recking exhalations from the had belonged to the rest of the family, foul streets. Everything that could go for the rent, so that all he need concern

the town were well-nigh deserted, a few clothes and the old German cleansed and purified?—if not out of on his tongue. John looked once more pity for the people, yet in gratitude to round the old room, took up his bundle,

"And out of sight an angel bright Went close behind, with shining feet."

DIARY OF MRS. KITTY TREVYLYAN. BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRONICLES OF THE SCHONBERG COTTA FAMILY.

[We give below a single entry—a specimen of the style of the latest issue from the prolific pen of this home without a crust till I come back.

WEDNESDAY, May 1st, 1745.-Mother always said that on the day I how his temper might be tried by became sixteen, she would give me a poverty, and thought I could do no It was a hot summer, and soon it book of my own, in which to keep a less to make up for my hard words to be had from no other source. The began to be an unhealthy summer. Diary. I have wished for it ever since him than offer him a drink of milk Enough people die every season, in the I was ten, because Mother herself and a crust I had in my pocket, and close air of the city, but this year a keeps a Diary; and when anything gently commended the beast to his fine weather.

With lonely, aching hearts, John and And in that little closet there is no

Diary. The two that were left of that small The three printed books I was

all the wide city he had not one hu magic must lie in the Diary, which we less beast led me to the lowest depth were never permitted to open, although From some funerals come back car. I had often felt sorely tempted to do and pain, and sorrow was to harden riages full of people who have loved so, especially since one morning when the one just laid in the grave, or who it lay open by accident, and I saw have known him and honored him; Jack's name and father's on the page. or, if he has been a soldier, there are For there were blots there such as glittering files of his fellow soldiers used to deface my copy-book on those the ladder of light on which, just beand military bands playing their sweet sorrowful days when the lessons ap-music....But John came back all alone peared particularly hard, when all the ven, from love to joy, and joy to love, There had been no carriages to wait world, singing birds, and bees, and it seemed to have become a winding on his grief, no procession of kind breezes, and even my own fingers, staircase into the abyss, from sorrow

Faineante's footsteps," (for mother's events to carry some bread and milk grandmother was a Huguenot French at once to Widow Treffry. lady, driven from France by the cruel mother taught us French.)

It made me wonder if mother, too, I wonder if there will be any on mine, So white and clean the pages are bright and new! like life before me, beside her own. like the bright world which looks so new around me.

How difficult it is to believe the world is so old, and has lasted so long! though no clear strains rang out from This morning when I went up over though no clear strains rang out from This morning when I went up over help enjoying a new dress or a new trumpet or drum, yet doubtless there the cliff behind our house to the little hood, or even a new riband, as if it was the sweeter music of angels' voices croft in the hollow where the cows made the day on which it came a high and the flutter of angels' wings. For are pastured, to milk Daisy for mother's day and a holiday, just as I used when if we are following God's commands, morning cup of new milk, and the and keeping near to him, then we are little meadow lay blue in the early I am a child no longer, and ought to always marching to heavenly music, dew before me, and each delicate blade estimate things, as Parson Spencer says, and keeping step with that.

And so, jostled and slighted on earth, and far beneath, the waves murmured but watched and guarded from heaven, on the sands like some happy mother-John made his way through the streets creature making soft contented cooings was kissing the little waves awake one his aunt had lived. But everything by one,—it seemed as if the sun, and The bed was stripped, the chairs were were all young together, and God, like added, "Thou and thy book are as a father, was smiling on us all.

And is it not true in some sense? Is not every sunrise like a fresh creation? and every morning like the birth of a new life? and every night this confusion, "I didn't know as you like a hidden fountain of youth, in was ever coming back. Come, you'd which all the creatures bathe in silence, and come forth again new-born?

It often seems so to me. I am so glad mother lets me nelp Betty about the milking. At first she thought it was hardly fit work for ancient and honorable family), but I in the inside of this poor worn old Betty and Roger, and we must help in is worth more to me than when it was some way, she was persuaded to let clean and bright as thine."
me do what I enjoy. Mother always I thought of the blotted page I had her rather than riches and honors with thinks it was such a great sacrifice for not always the darkest to look back him to marry her, a poor chaplain's on," she said. daughter. But it is impossible for me

her great kind motherly eyes, or rubbed her rough tongue on my dress. There is something that goes so to my They were soon put together, for heart in the dumb gratitude of animals.

comprehensible to donkeys.

starved.

"It has had a better breakfast than Toby surlily; "and if I was as lazy as the brute, surely master would whack me harder. And there's mother at

Toby is a lank, lean looking lad, and I chid myself for not remembering

tender mercies. Methought the lad was hardly as thankful as he might have been; inwith them.

Beneath me, on the white sands in the cove, lay the wreck of the fishing smack that was lost there last winter.

brought before me all the mute un avenged sufferings of the harmless beasts at the hand of man. The thought of Toby's widowed mother lying blind and lonely waiting for a crust of bread, sorrows of earth—to want, and pain, and death: And the thought of Toby of all; for if the end of all this want, instead of soften, to make worse instead of better, what a terrible chaos the world and life seemed to be!

Thus, instead of the creation seeming friends; he was the only mourner. To seemed against me, and I could not to sin, and from sin to sorrow.

the city officials who had made all the help crying with vexation,—those blots The matter was too hard for me, but arrangements, it was nothing but the which mother used to call "Fairy I resolved to ask mother, and at all

. I-therefore set down my pails in the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and dairy, gave them in charge to Betty, cut off a slice of the great barley loaf, It made me wonder if mother, too, took it with a jug of milk to Widow had her hard lessons to learn, and I Treffry, and was back at the door of longed to peep and see. Yes, there mother's closet with her cup of new were certainly tears on mother's Diary. milk scarcely after the appointed time.

Yet mother had been looking for me, for when she answered she had now, and the calf-skin binding so this beautiful Diary of mine all ready

She smiled at my rapture of delight But it is so very seldom that anything new appears in our house, on account of our not being rich, that I never can Lwas a child; although now, indeed, with a gravity becoming my years.

My new treasure entirely put all the great mysteries of toil and sorrow out of my head, until mother, laying her hand fondly on my head as I knelt beside her, said: "Your cheek is like a fresh rose, Kitty; the draught of morning air is as good for thee as the new milk for me;" and then pointthe sea, and the green earth, and I ing to her own old worn Diary, she suitable to each other as I and mine.

> A passionate, fervent contradiction was on my lips. Our precious, beautiful mother! as young in heart as ever But while I looked up in her dear thin face I could not speak; the words words were choked in my throat, and I could only look down again and lay my cheek on her hand.

"Do not flatter thyself, Mrs. Kitty, she said, with her little quiet laugh "as if the comparison were all in thy father's daughter (he being of an favor. May there not be something like it so much better than any work book worth as much as the new gilding in-doors, that since there are only and white emptiness of thine? Mine

me do what I enjoy. Mother always asys, since father chose poverty with once seen by accident there, and I said: "But what if there should be pages

"The pages blotted with tears are

Then the thought flashed on me world's history. The tear-stained pages, nay, the blood-stained pages, may not be the darkest to read by and by;" and I said so, and told mother also about Toby and the donkey, and Widow Treffry.

She pansed a moment, as if to read my thought to the end, and then she said, in a low, calm voice:

"One page of the world's history stained with the bitterest tears ever shed on earth, and steeped in guiltless However, as I was walking home blood, is not the darkest to read. resounded as if from the trunk of a the lowly heart, and nowhere else, and tree,—and shouting at it in those in- to none else, as far as I have seen. human kind of savage gutturals which But each of us must learn it for himseem to be received as the only speech self, and learn it there. I cannot teach it thee, darling, nor, I think, can It stopped my singing at once, and God himself teach it thee, in one les-I chid Toby severely for his cruelty son. But he is never weary of teachto the creature, and it so thin and ing, child; only be thou never weary of learning; and hereafter, when all the lessons are learned, and we wake sing together the Halleluiahs and the and lonely.

Amens it took us so long to learn; and "I know I shan't be contented here," then we shall be satisfied."

THE LAST READING.

The Bible gives guidance and comfort in life to all who love it, and in a dying hour it gives support which can following incident is a beautiful illustration:
In one of the coal mines in England,

a youth about fifteen years of age was working by the side of his father, who was a pious man, and governed and educated his family according to the

The father was in the habit of carrying with him a small pocket Bible, and the son, who had received one at the Sabbath School, imitated his father in this. Thus he always had the sacred volume with him, and whenever enjoying a season of rest from labor, he read it by the light of his lamp. They Those sunny waves now fawning softly worked together in a newly opened on the shore had not yet washed away section of the mine, and the father had the traces of their own fierce work of just stepped aside to procure a toll, when the arch above suddenly fell be-The thought of Toby's donkey tween them; so that the father supposed his child to be crushed. He ran toward the place and called to his son, who at length responded from under a dense mass of earth and coal.

> living?' "Yes, father, but my legs are under a rock."

"Where is your lamp, my son?" "It is still burning, father." "What are you doing, my dear

"I am reading my Bible, father, and the Lord strengthens me. These were the last words of that Sabbath School scholar; he was suffocated.

TRUTH always fits. It is always congruous, and agrees with itself NEVER MIND.

Though thy clothes are old and mended, And thy hat is far from new, Though thy boots are not first-raters, Thou can'st call them ventilators; If thon'rt happy never mind— Happiness belongs to few!

Though thy friends (I mean acquaintance)
Pass thee by without a nod,
It were best that thou should'st sever Friendship from such folks forever; If thou'rt happy, never mind-All are equal 'neath the sod!

If thy house is old and shaky, While thy neighbor's house is new, Let not such a thing perplex thee, Perhaps a higher rent would vex thee; If thou'rt happy never mind-Try and save a pound or two.

Many things will taunt and vex thee, In the rear and in the van; Through the march of life be firmer, Never tarry, never murmur; If thou'rt steadfast, never mind-Be thou true to God and man!

PAID IN YOUR OWN COIN.

"Grandmother, I hate to go away from you; you like me, and nobody else does. Last night George Redin and I had a quarrel. I struck him and he struck me. Nobody likes me." Peter Jones said this as he was sitting on his trunk, ready to set out for

"He only paid you in your own coin," said grandmother; "people generally do-a blow for a blow, cross words for cross words, hate for hate." "I don't know but it is so," said Peter, looking very sorry; "but it is very poor sort of coin, I think."

"How different it would be if your coin," said grandmother. "What kind?" said Peter.

"The coin of kindness," said his grandmother. "If the great pockets of your heart were full of that sort of coin, the more you paid away the more you'd get back; for you are generally paid in your own coin, you know then how happy you would be." "The coin of kindness," repeated

Peter, slowly; "that is a good coin, isn't it? I wish my pockets were full of it, grandmother. If I'd be kind to the boys, they'd be kind to me."

"Just so," said grandmother. Peter's own mother had died. After that he was sent to grandmother's, for he had a quarrelsome, fretful temper, and his aunt could not manage him with the other children. His grand mother dealt kindly and patiently with him, and helped him to improve himself. Peter now had a new mother and his father had sent for him to come home. Peter did not want to go. He felt sure he should not like his new mother, and that she would not

like him. "That depends upon yourself, Peter," said grandmother; "carry love and kindness in your pocket, and you'll

find no difficulty." The idea struck the boy's mind.

He wished he could, he said. "And the best of it is," said his kindly; love, and you'll be loved."
"I wish I could," said Peter.

said to him.

The next morning he arose early, as and came down stairs, when, every-

I'm afraid there's not a bit of love in and the beautiful apartments were finmy pocket."

However, in a little while his mo-

offer; and what can I do to help you? grandmother.

me in more than my own coin," thought Peter. Then he knew he and you will never be in want. Juvenile Instructor.

THE TWO LITTLE NEIGHBORS. "Skylark, come hunt with me to-

day," said little Bunnie Brown, peeping out of his hole in the breezy tree-"My son," cried the father, "are you top. "It's just the day to find plenty with him see what work and what of nuts. The frost and the wind will cheer! An aged widow, seventy-four scatter them far and near. Let us hurry off before the boys come."

heed to the counsel of his prudent cou. ferred me to put in my mites. Until sin. He frisked about from branch to 1839 I resided in New England, and . branch as gay and light as a bird, and was there when the Foreign Missionary said there was food enough to be had Society was commenced, in the region

"Yes, but there will not be when Judson began their glorious work. I winter comes," said Bunn.

been listening to old Wonder Eyes, times been permitted to give a few

his mice would run short, and I don't much care if they do, such an uncom-

fortable old croaker as he is." "I listen to the advice of my parents," said Bunnie Brown, rather indignantly. "They tell me the winter will be sure to come, and that it will be long and sharp this year. They always know best, and now they have set me up in a house of my own, and I mean to lay by in store enough to live in peace and comfort, especially when there is enough to be had for

the gathering."
But all this had no effect on silly Skylark. He kept on chasing some gay little squirrels up one tree and down another, flitting about as gay as a robin among the swaying branches, and thus he frittered away all the precious seasons, while industrious squirrels were filling their store-houses. At last a heavy fall of snow came on unusually early. O how bleak it looked to poor Skylark as he peeped out on the buried earth. He had found it a hard matter to pick up a living for some time, now all hope was at an end. 'Bunnie is good natured," he thought, "I will just borrow a double acorn of him for my breakfast, and may be the

snow will go off before dinner."

But alas for such hopes! The snow did not go off for a week, and Skylark was obliged to live altogether on charity. He found it a great deal harder work begging than it was gathering nuts in sunshiny weather, and many were the resolves that he made for mending when another fall came around. At last he wore out the papockets were full of the right sort of tience of his friends, as all spongers are sure to do, and he had to resort to great many expedients to get enough food to live on. He nibbled the young bark off the fruit trees, and gathered up any odds and ends about the farmyard that a poor distressed squirrel could eat. These foraging expeditions soon attracted the attention of Jake, the farmer's man, and on one unlucky morning he spied the little depredator himself. Before poor Skylark could take himself out of sight, the sharp crack of a rifle was heard, and his frivolous little life was ended. Truly the idle soul shall suffer hunger." It is just as true of boys and girls as it is of squirrels.. If they idle away all the summer time of life the winter will be dreary and needy.—Chronicle.

THE TRUE KING.

Where a person that is poor, that is out of health, that is surrounded by many discouragements, and that is made to suffer in various ways, lifts himself above his misfortunes, and cheers his companion and children; and fights want on this side and on that, and bears humiliation, putting it. under his feet, without losing faith in God, and saying to all the world. "I can be poor, and yet be a man." O crown him! You pass him by; but you do not know what you are pass-But oh, those parts where the poor people lived!—were there no rich men, having more money than they knew should he live? Not a cent in his mother's donkey, beating the poor having and purified?—if not out of on his torque. Toby locked once men walking about the locked once men in your midst that wear crowns in their hearts, which, if they were to put All the way home, more or less, he them on their heads, would shine so thought of his grandmother's advice. bright that you would think that twi-I do not know about his welcome light had dawned. There are thouhome, or what his father and mother sands who understand and obey the injunction of the apostle, when he says, "Quit you like men, be strong." he was used to do at grandmother's, I tell yourthey are heroes; and angels know it, if you do not. And angels I am like to get, mistress," retorted up in His likeness, thou and I will thing being new, he felt very strange know what to write downs. When you laid the foundation of that big house, they forgot to record that in heaven. And when the walls went up, ished, and the whole magnificent structure was completed, of the architecther came down, when Peter, with a ture of which you were so proud, as pleasant smile, ran up to her and said sure as you live they forgot to put "Mother, what can I do to help that down. And when you unrolled your rich carpet, and hung your fine "My dear boy," she said, kissing pictures, they forgot to make a note him on the forehead, "how thoughtful of that. But when that man went you are! I thank you for your kind down out of his splendid mansion into a fourth class house, in an obscure for I am afraid you will be lonely here street, shedding, it may be, some tears, at first, coming from your dear, good as a tribute of nature, and gathered his little flock on the first evening What a sweet kiss was that! It around the fire, and made the room made him so happy. "That's paying bright with love, and faith, and prayer, you may be certain that they put that a down. They remember that And a should love his new mother; and when that man went on from day to from that good hour Peter's pockets day, and from week to week theres began to fill with the beautiful, bright was not one noble heart beat, there coin of kindness, which is the best was not one generous purpose of "small change" in the world. Keep fidelity, there was not one thing that your pockets full of it, boys and girls, made him a man in his trouble thate God did not see, that angels did not behold, and that by and by will not be sung in glory in heaven. Beecher.

LIGHT IN THE VALLEY.

Widowhood and old age make a dreary stage in life without Christ, but years of age, in remitting five dollars to a sister society, says: "For more But giddy little Skylark paid no than fifty years my Saviour has sufwithout the trouble of storing it away. where our Mills, Newell, Hall and ""O; that's some of your croaking Now, standing on the borders of eternonsense," laughed Skylark, who was nity, I esteem it the highest privilege yet only one summer old. "You have of my whole life that I have a few heen listening to old Wandow with the privilege of my whole life that I have a few have watched its progress and results. Every truth in the universe also agrees and heard him groan over the hard mites to send the news of salvation to with all others.

The initial property of this lost world world world world world world world.