The Family Circle.

"WHO SHALL ROLL AWAY THE STONE?"

And they said among themselves. Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre? And when they looked, they saw that the stone was rolled away.— MARK XVI. 3, 4.

What poor weeping ones were saying, Eighteen hundred years ago, We, the same weak faith betraying, Say in our sad hearts of woe. Looking at some trouble lying In the dark and dread unknown, We too often ask with sighing, "Who shall roll away the stone?"

Thus with care our spirits crushing,
When they might from care be free,
And, in joyous song out gushing,
Rise in rapture, Lord, to thee. For, before the way was ended,
Oft we've had with joy to own,
Angels have from heaven descended,
And have rolled away the stone.

Many a storm-cloud sweeping o'er us Never poured on us its rain; Many a grief we see before as Never comes to cause us pain. Oft-times in the feared "to-morrow" Sunshine comes—the cloud has flown! 'Ask not then in foolish sorrow, "Who shall roll away the stone?"

Burden not thy soul with sadness; Make a wiser, better choice;
Drink the wine of life with gladness;
God doth bid thee, man, "Rejoice.
In to day's bright sunlight basking, Leave to-morrow's cares alone; Spoil not present joys by asking, "Who shall roll away the stone?"

MARY ELLEN.

In the morning bloom of youth, Mary Ellen was a lovely girl, joyous in health and spirits, promising to herself and friends increasing pleasure as she advanced in years. But a fall from her horse, for she was fond of riding, laid her on the bed of pain and weakness. She now seemed to be very reserved and thoughtful, sometimes dull and gloomy, and generally silent. Her friends noticed the change, but could not draw from her the real cause of her sorrow, which seemed to arise more from distress of mind than bodily suffering. No means were neglected by the fond parents to relieve their beloved child; no expense spared. She was placed first under the care of one medical man, and then another, and another; but One above had claimed her for His, and was gradually preparing her for a home above. The way was "through much tribulation," but the right way.

Failing health and failing strength at last became more apparent. For months she was unable to speak above a whisper; and a constant and distressing cough gave her little respite. At length, after having been for some time under medical treatment, she returned home in such a state of weakness, that those who saw her felt persuaded that she was not likely long to be a resident of earth.

In a very short time after that she was no longer able to rise from her is all right?" if the reserve that had hitherto so closely enfolded her began to relax its dying lips, like this dear girl, "It is rigidity. The heart melted with love all right!" rigidity. The heart, melted with love to her Saviour, no longer strove to conceal that love. The spirit, yearning for a brighter, fairer clime, visibly Jesus, is my only hope.'

On one of her sisters inquiring, when she first began to think of these things, she replied, "Oh, for some time now;" intimating that she had in secret been introduced to a sceptic, with the exseeking the Saviour, and had now planation that the man was a sceptic, found him. Once her anxious father, in the midst of an extended circle of commandments, and that if you are conscious that she would soon leave friends, said to him, "I suppose, then, false to them here, you are no less them, told her that she would shortly you do not believe anything." "O guilty than if you had been equally

alone in Jesus."

exclaimed; Oh, what vanity it seems in the land of Nod, where there was plied, My wife is as much concerned to me now!"

During the last week of her illness her sister Jane read much to her. She "no doubt there is much of that; but seems to me that this response implied was one day reading some sweet hymns tell us what you do believe." The a very high style of manhood,—a couher sister Jane read much to her. She of heaven and glory; among them, "What must it be to dwell above," and tell you, I don't believe the account bravery which arms the duellist. Had "On wings of faith mount up, my soul, given by Moses, that God commanded he been selfish and cowardly, he would and fise." She listened with quiet the Midianites to be destroyed." I have accepted the challenge, and bepleasure, and then exclaimed, "She am not inquiring for what you don't come guilty of suicide or of murder. liked them all." But the one she liked better than all was her favorite

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,

That seemed to express her feelings

often has it raised the failing hope of lieve." the weary pilgrim! How often has it brought to the feet of Jesus the trem-

Nothing in my hand I bring, Simply to thy cross I cling."

As the closing scene drew near, the faith and hope of the young Christian grew brighter. So weak, that when waking moments were occupied in saying so much?" The preacher re- and Godward."

prayer. With hand meekly crossed | plied, "God is a spirit." The sceptic upon her bosom, and lips that moved fiercely followed up: "What is a with inward aspirations, how fair she spirit?" The preacher quickly turned looked! Yet fairer still is she now, on him, and inquired, "What is a white-robed, and glory-crowned, and cornstock?" "Why—why—why—it is a cornstock?" "Yes, sir," replied sorrowless; waving her palm-branch is a cornstock?" "Yes, sir," replied that a cornstock?" A pair of skates is a pair of wings! How the gliding iron rings! Like a bird that at once both flies and sings. Onward we rush Past hillock and bush, Racing and chasing. heaven above.

last Christmas day for you, my dear ence?" Mary Ellen."

"Yes, father," she returned, a joyful you all."

A short time after she called for a small looking glass, and on its being old has not one particle of the matter presented, she gazed for a few moments in it when it was born, and if there is

earnestly at herself.
"Yes," she presently said, "I am changed! There is death there! I shall soon be gone."

So calmly does the love of God in the heart, His "Peace, be still," on the river of death!

tionately urging them to seek Christ and not lose his identity, and why may now, while youth, and health, and strength remained.

To her brother Howard she tenderly said, "You may live a long time, and changes?"—A. C. Review. you may die very soon; but oh! seek Jesus now."

Death came at last; softly, quietly stealing over the fair features. Weeping friends gathered round her, for they knew that she was going. They watched her fleeting breath, as it more gently still passing the pale lips. The soft eyes were closed; their deep lashes contrasting strangely with the hues of the fair cheeks they rested upon; the transparent hands, in their favorite position, were meekly crossed upon her bosom. Life was ebbing away, and yet so gently, it might have been, as it was, only a sleep. Would she speak again to the dear ones round her? Would there be yet a word to assure them she was happy, before she had done forever with earthly words?

Yes; the soft eyes at last unclose; and with a sweet smile the lips distinctly whisper, "It is all right!" And then the spirit took its homeward, happy departure.

"All right!" Yes, dear Mary Ellen. Thy parting breath set its seal to the mercy of thy Heavenly Father. All He does is right. And glad thou hast often expressed thyself to be, that even through tribulations He led thee to His kingdom. Ah! who shall tell what was visible to those closed eyes in those parting moments? Who shall tell what revolutions were being made to the parting spirit that occasioned the utterance of those last words, "It

"It is all right?" Help us to feel bed, and knew that she was passing it so, O Jesus! however thorny our away herself. And then it seems as path. Be it ours to exclaim with our

SHREWD RETORTS.

A gentleman, travelling in a stage, betrayed that yearning; while the pre- attempted to divert the company by cious Bible, no longer secretly perused, ridiculing the Scriptures. "As to the became the daily companion of many prophecies," said he, "in particular, a lonely hour. For she was spared for they were all written after the events thought of these things as your paweeks to testify that Jesus was her took place." A minister in the coach, rents think of them now. Were you saviour, that in Him alone she now who had hitherto been silent, replied, then in the right? Are they in the trusted. Again and again were her Sir, Libeg leave to mention one parsweet eyes upraised to heaven, and ticular prophecy as an exception, 2 wrong a question of place? Does the the thin white hands clasped fervently. Peter iii. 2, 'Knowing this first, that moral character of an act vary, like as she exclaimed: "Ohl what should there shall come in the last days scoffers.' the tides, or the sunrise, with the meri-I do without Jesus now? Ah! Jesus, Now, sir, whether the event be not dian under which you may chance to

have done with earth and earthly objects, and earnestly asked her if she felt prepared to die.

She answered, "Oh yes! I trust what you believe?" The sceptic respectively asked her if she many things." "Will you, then," said of your parents. "Many years ago, one of our most what you believe?" The sceptic respectively. plied, "I do not believe that old story of then in Congress, on receiving a chal-"I have done with earth," she once the Bible, about Cain obtaining a wife lenge for words spoken in debate, renobody living." "Never mind what in the answer as I am; I will write you don't believe," said the preacher, home and ask her leave. And it sceptic rallied and said, "Well, I will rage far superior to the foolhardy believe, but what you do believe. There is a close analogy between your Tell us what you do believe." Re-case and his covering himself a little and clearing

bling sinner! How many times have Bible, if it were not for the Holy Ca-

Bible said."

with those who "through much tribu-lation" have entered the kingdom of if you cannot tell what a cornstock is, which you have seen thousands of On Christmas day, the day previous times and know has an existence, why to her departure, her father, looking do you ask me to tell you what the fondly at her, exclaimed, "This is the Infinite Spirit is, or doubt his exist-

A sceptic once said to a preacher, "If the human body, after death, desmile stealing into her face; "but next composes and returns to its original Christmas I shall be the happiest of elements, how is it raised from the dead and identified?" The preacher replied, "And if the child seven years not one particle of the matter in it when it is fourteen years old that was in it when it was seven, and if all the old matter is superseded by new once every seven years till the person is seventy years old, or if all the matter spirit, cause the soul to look even upon has been superseded by new matter the depths and billows of the dark ten times, as scientific men maintain, and the identity is not lost, why may More than once she had gethered not the person go through one more heitbrothers and sisters together, affec- change, in death and the resurrection, not this change take place, as it will require no more power or wisdom to accomplish it, than any of the former

RIGHT WORDS FOR THE YOUNG.

Dr. Peabody, at the opening of the academic year, preached a sermon on the duties of students to their parents. The discourse abounds in wise and scarcely moved the bosom, gently and timely truth which applies with equal force to the young man who leaves his rural hearthstone to begin life in the city, or the patriot, who bids farewell do not sneak, nor cringe, nor be timid. country. Alike in the academic hall, in the counting-room, the work-shop, or the camp, the absent should remember their duties to the dear ones at home, especially to those who have watched, toiled, and prayed with the fidelity and solicitude of parental love. As, then, this page arrests the attention of the student, clerk, apprentice, or soldier, do not pass thoughtlessly the words which fall from the university preacher. They are as true in Boston, Providence, Salem, Worcester, on the deck, in the camp, while out on picket, or on the weary march—as true on the banks of the James, at Port Royal, near Savannah, at the siege of Nashville, as in the quiet halls of old Harvard.—Chr. Register.

"You are entirely aware what deep and enduring anguish you will inflict on your parents by any known departure from an honorable career. You are aware, that those beginnings of evil to which appetite, passion, opportunity, example, and social influence tempt you so strongly are looked upon at home with stern disapproval, and that you cannot indulge in them without sending the keenest sorrow where you are sacredly bound to be the ministers of comfort and joy.

"In most or all of your homes, the moral delinquencies that may be thought lightly of in some circles into which you are thrown, are regarded with rigor, yet with no more than just severity. Before you left home you right? Is the question of right or long after the prediction, I leave the company to judge." The mouth of variation with meridian or latitude; the scoffer was stopped. that your home-lessons of sobriety and A preacher of the gospel, on being modesty, of purity in speech and deed, of reverence for sacred names and objects, are God's lessons, God's

"Let me now say to you, that for up his voice, he made a desperate yourselves there is no more perilous healthy. Look at the first five huneffort, saying, "Lydon't believe that trait of character than the reckless-old fable of the Bible, that God come ness which is ready, for the most manded the Cananites to be destroyed." | frivolous inducements, to betray so not to be seen. Why should they cry? 'You Protestants could not prove your lignity or viciousness; but the filial impiety involved in it admits of no these expressive lines come from pale tholic Church and her great men." easy palliation. It is at once a malig-'True," said the Christian, "for the nant symptom of the present characfamily of the State, in the world-wide these children." After hearing a discourse in which family of the children of God. From There is something wrong about the heart." she slept her friends many times bent much was said by the preacher about one's relations as a child grow his children that are not chubby, and anxiously over her, fearing that she God, a sceptic said to him, "What is characteristic principles and habits in something wrong about children that.

SKATING.

Racing and chasing And facing the wind, Every nerve bracing, Evolving, revolving, Each one resolving Not to be left behind, And not to be outdone
In clangor and shouting and fun!
And many a manly tellow, With honest hearts as mellow As their hands are tough, As their hands are tough,
And their voices rough,
Draw little sleds behind them,
With little girls fast clinging,
And gallantly they mind them,
As they join their merry singing Till the solemn woods are ringing,
And the ice king's palace floor
Shakes with the wild uproar!
So the gallant knights of old
When they took a castle bold,
Drank the wine of its captive king, Made it merry with their bouts, Made its dull walls crack and ring With their laughter and their shouts.

EVERY DAY LIFE. My friend Goodenough is an accom-

-Edward Hopper

plished man. His appearance in society is unexceptionable, he is regarded as a model. He once told me his experiences, and they may furnish my young friend a hint or two which will help him:—"I tell you, 'Squire Pencil, I was once as green and bashful as anybody. But I had a sensible sister. She knew just what society was made of, and what a perverse old coward Mrs. Grundy is when she finds she cannot rule. So my sister said to meshe was older than I—'James, remember that you are just as much entitled to your opinion in society as any one you find there is to his or hers; that your ideas of good manners are quite as likely to be correct as theirs. So, and marches forth to battle for his Act as well and as naturally as you do at home, and you will act well enough. Do not be bold, but be manly. If you want to speak to a young lady, do so. Do not stop to prepare a pretty speech, but say what you have got to say to her just as you would say the same thing to your sister. Be frank, considerate, kind. Seek to do favors, but do not be officious. If you are required to do anything which you do not know how to do, seek the most accomplished lady in the room, tell her frankly that you are ignorant, and ask her to teach you. She will do it, if she is a true lady; and if she does not, seek some one else who will Do not shrink from anything society requires you to do-that is honorable, of course,—and if you do not know how to attempt it, confess it, and ask to be taught. You will soon learn all that needs to be learned, and the restraint of inaction and embarrassment will quickly be removed. Try, try, try, said she, 'and if you make mistakes, laugh at them with those who laugh, and try again. Cultivate kind man gets a wife to look after his

> clear, and act yourself, JAMES. So talked my sister, and so I acted, and that is all the training I have had But there is one thing ought always to be remembered: a person should act at home precisely as he ought to abroad. The habits of his every-day life should be correct, and then he will need no especial training to fit him for society."

relieve others of embarrassment when

you see they are embarrassed. Do it

considerately, kindly. Keep your

heart green and your mind pure and

And, after all, LEAD PENCIL, Esq., thinks the home the best place to learn and practice what will render one respectable in society. The every-day life of young men and women should not have two faces. There should not be a society-face distinct from the homeface-no society-tone distinct from the tone of the home-voice-no homehabits which should be changed, or restrained, or masked in society. If you want to know how to appear in society, learn how to appear well at home. Practice habitually at home, in intercourse with those you should love and respect most, precisely what you learn is etiquette outside the home circle -Moore's Rural New Yorker.

CHUBBY CHILDREN.

It should be kept before the people that babies ought to be plump. A letter from Berlin contains the following: "To one who has just come from America, I think hardly anything is so striking as to see such multitudes of children, from six years of age down to six weeks, all ruddy, plump, and dred you meet, and that universal American nuisance, a crying baby, is Oh, how often has that sweet hymn His belief was all disbelief. It comcomforted the dying Christian! How mences all the time with "I don't temother's happiness. The fault itself devouring of pound-cake; if the child They have plenty of simple food-no may be comparatively slight or venial; asks for bread, they do not give him A Romanist once said to a Christian, it may in itself imply no settled mas such a stone; have plenty of fresh air and play here, and sleep in their plump nurses' arms, and wake and sleep again. The children certainly do not look so delicately beautiful as with us was one day asked by a lady, who come punctually. There is reason to Bible predicted that there would be ter, and a sign of evil portent for the —fairies, but frail as fair—still, were I wrote the question on a slate, "What fear that the practice proceeds from just such an apostate church and priest- future. As one is in his native home a parent, I should thank God for the is prayer? hood, and here you are, just as the and household, so is he in the great honest, round, rosy, plump faces of

had already left them; yet most of her this God, about whom you have been every other relation, both manward are not full of fun and good humor.— Buffalo Christian Advocate.

SINGULAR INCIDENT.

A gentleman belonging to Greenock, who was among the saved from the wreck of the ill-fated screw steamer Anglo-Saxon, describes, in a letter to a relative residing in town, a remarkable circumstance connected with the landing of one of the boats belonging to the ship. The letter is dated at St. Johns, May 1st. He says:

"The last time I saw Captain Bur gess (the commander of the Anglo-Saxon) he was assisting to lower the small boat, in which were embarked twenty-two men, one lady, and myself. We left without food, compass, or sufficient clothing. We were knocked about in a fog all day, not knowing whither we were drifting. Towards eve, however, we espied a cliff, off Belle Isle, when we steered for Cape Race, which we made. Approaching the shore, we saw a man carrying a gun, accompanied by two large New-foundland dogs. He evidently saw us, and made a signal for us. to ap proach the shore cautiously. We fol lowed his course for some time, till he was hid from us by a large cliff, which it was impossible he could descend.

"The two dogs, however, soon ap peared, descending this dangerous headland, and, upon reaching the water, dashed precipitately into the sea, howling dreadfully. Having swam out close to the boat; they then turned toward the shore, keeping a little distance ahead of us, indicating that we were to follow them. Our singular pilots seemed to understand the danger of our position, as we did not deviate from the course they were leading us without a loud howl being uttered by them. At last we arrived in a natural creek, where a safe landing was effected. No other similar creek was to be seen which caused us all to wonder at the sagacity displayed by these dumb animals. No doubt our preservation was in a great measure attributable to these noble dogs. An alarm having been raised, a rope was let down by a pulley, and we were taken up the cliff, which is one hundred and fifty feet in height. We were shortly after enabled to reach the light-house, where every attention was paid to us."

ECONOMY IS WEALTH. There is nothing which goes so far towards placing young people beyond the reach of poverty, as proper economy in the management of house affairs. It matters not whether a man furnishes little or much for his family, if there is a continued leakage in his kitchen or parlor; it runs away, he knows not how, and the demon Waste cries "More!" like the horse-leech's daughter, until he that provided has no more to give. It is the husband's duty to bring into the house; and it is the duty of the wife to see that none goes wrongfully out of it. A feelings towards all. Do not look for affairs, and to assist him in his journey that is good in them. Always try to in life; and not to dissipate his property. The husband's interest should be the wife's care, and her greatest ambition to carry her no further than his welfare or happiness, together with that of her children. This should be her sole aim, and the theatre of her exploits is the bosom of her family, where she may do as much towards making a fortune as he can in the counting-room or the work-shop. It is not the money earned that makes a man wealthy, it is what he saves from his earnings. Self-gratification in dress, or indulgence in appetite, or more company than his purse can well entertain, are equally pernicious.— Scientific American.

PRAYER A CHARACTERISTIC OF MAN.

Alone of all beings here below man orays. Among his moral instincts there is none more natural, more universal, more unconquerable than prayer. The child inclines to it with a ready docility. The old man recurs to it as a refuge against decay and isolation. Prayer ascends from young lips which can hardly murmur the name of God, and from dying lips which have scarcely strength to pronounce it. Among every people, famous or obscure, civilized or barbarous, we meet at every step with acts and forms of invocation. Wherever men live, in certain circumstances, at certain hours, and under the influence of certain impressions of soul, the eyes are elevated, the hands join themselves, the knees bend, in order to implore or render thanks-to adore or to appease. With transports or with trembling publicity, or in the secret of his heart, it is to prayer that man applies as the last resource to fill the void of his soul, or to help him to bear the burden of his destiny. It is in prayer that he seeks, when everything else fails him, support for his weakness, consolation in his sorrows, hope for his virtue. Guizot.

PRAYER.—A little deaf and dumb girl also disturb the quiet of those who have

The little girl took her pencil and wrote in reply, "Prayer is the wish of

And so it is. All fine words and beautiful verses said to God do not make real prayer without the sincere wish of the heart.

ARCTURUS.

BY REV. J. E. RANKIN.

Arcturus, radiant, treads his round Among the camp fires of the sky; pacing on the frozen ground or home's forsaken pleasures sigh.

Arcturus sees what I cannot, The country town where I was born; The lamp within my mother's cot; The field that lately waved with corn.

Arcturus sees the parish spire
That glimmers in the wintry noon;
The bell, that rings for church and fire
For nine at night, and twelve at noon. Arcturus meets a maiden's eye, Who gazes till her cheeks are wet; Who wonders if I live or die,

And prays that I may love her yet. Could I but take his beat to-night, And he exchanging come to mine, No radiant star should shine more bright. Or more reluctantly decline.

THE HONEST MORAVIAN.

In the last war in Germany, a captain of cavalry was out on a foraging party. On perceiving a cottage in the midst of a solitary valley, he went up and knocked at the door. Out came one of the Moravians, or United Brethren, with a beard silvered by age. 'Father," says the officer, "show me a field where I can set my troopers a foraging." "Presently," replied the Moravian. The good old man walked before, and conducted them out of the valley.

After a quarter of an hour's march, they found a fine field of barley. 'There is the very thing we want,' says the captain. "Have patience for a few minutes," replied his guide; "you shall be satisfied." They went on, and at the distance of about a quarter of a league farther, they arrived at another field of barley. The troops immediately dismounted, cut down the grain, trussed it up, and remounted. The officer, upon this, says to his conductor, "Father, you have given yourself and us unnecessary trouble; the first field was much better than this. "Very true, sir," replied the good old man, "but it was not mine."

GOD'S PLAN OF YOUR LIFE. .

Never complain of your birth, your employment, your hardships; never fancy that you could be something if you only had a different lot and sphere assigned you. God understands his own plan, and he knows what you want a great deal better than you do. The very things that you most deprecate as fatal limitations or obstructions, are probably what you most want. What you call hindrances, obstacles, discouragements, are probably God's opportunities; and it is nothing new that the patient should dislike his medicines, or any certain proof that they are poisons. No! A truce to all such impatience. Choke the envy which other people's faults. Search for and through life, to educate and prepare gnaws at your heart, because you are emulate and commend what you see their children for a proper station not in the same lot with others; bring down your soul, or rather bring it up, to receive God's will, and do his work, in your lot and sphere, under your cloud of obscurity, against your temptations, and then you shall find that your condition is never opposed to your good, but consistent with it.-Dr. Bushnell.

LADIES' NAMES.

Mary, Maria, Marie, (French,) signify exalted. According to some, Mary means lady of the seas; Martha, interpreted, is bitterness; Isabel signifies lovely; Julia and Juliet, soft-haired: Gertrude, all truth; Eleanor, all fruitful; Ellen, originally the Greek Hellen, changed by the Latins into Hellene, signifies alluring, though, according to Greek authors, it means one who pities. The introretation of Caroline is regal: that of Charlotte is a queen; Clara, bright or clear-eyed; Agnes, chaste; Amanda, amiable; Laura, a laurel; Edith, joyous; Olivia, peace; Phœbe, light of life; Grace, favor; Sarah or Sally, a princess; Sophia, wisdom; Amelia and Amy, beloved; Matilda, a noble maid; Margaret, a pearl; Rebecca, plump; Pauline, a little one; Anna, Anne, Ann, and Nancy, all of which are the same original name, interpreted, means gracious or kind; Jane signifies dignity; Ida, the morning star; Lucy, brightness of aspect; Louisa or Louise, one who protects; Emma, tender; Catharine, pure; Frances or Fanny, frank or free; Lydia, severe; Minerva, chaste.

PUNCTUAL WORSHIPPERS

In the published journal of the late Mr. George Richardson, of Newcastleon-Tyne, England, we find a pregnant hint that ought to be attended to by those who allow themselves in a habit which is, in most cases, so inexcusable and so easy of correction:—

"Those who come late to the house of God deprive themselves of that covering of divine love with which the WHAT A DUMB GIRL SAID ABOUT meeting may have been favored. They the want of true love to God, and of zeal for the promotion of His glory. Hence, when such persons do come, no wonder if they have to sit in a dry, barren frame of mind, without deriving much comfort, refreshment, or strength. Let us examine the cause wherefore it is thus."