

The Family Circle.

THE STAR-ENAMOURED.

Who dwell among the stars, mamma, So mild, so fair, and bright, As if in the dusky night They shed their lovely light? Methinks a gentle beaming eye In every ray I see, A host of heavenly watchers set To guide and counsel me.

THE YOUNG BAVARIAN.

BY MISS S. WARNER, AUTHOR OF "DOLLARS AND CENTS."

CHAPTER VI.

If I were to ask you children, who have homes, what sort of a place a palace is, you would tell me, doubtless, that it is a great, great house, with splendid furniture and pictures, and gold, and satin, and velvet, and everything else that is beautiful, within doors and without.

wanderers had never been taught to obey the eighth commandment, which is: "Thou shalt not steal."

The evenings were spent in different ways. Monday and Tuesday there was a school for all the boys who came; Wednesday evening, there was a lecture upon some interesting subject; Thursday, there was a prayer-meeting; Friday, a singing lesson, (which some of the boys liked best of all); and Saturday night, school again.

But, however the evening had been passed, at the end of it one of the teachers read and prayed with the boys before they went to bed. Sunday was a great day. Even the noisy city was a little hushed and quiet, even business and money-getting were for a while pushed out of sight.

At the lodging-house there was a nice free dinner provided, which every boy might enjoy upon one condition—what do you think that was? That he would wash his face and hands?—that he would bring a good appetite?—not at all; that would be easy enough.

But some of them were now learning better, and some, for the sake of the dinner, were willing to forego work for one day; so that, of all the boys that jumped out of their little beds at the lodging-house on Sunday morning, only about one-half went into the streets to work. And why did they go, do you think? Why did they not stay at home with the others? Ah, children, it is terrible, but it is true,—they went because the rich people tempted them.

Now look at that carriage rolling by in such a hurry. You see there is a trunk on behind, and a man of business inside,—he is setting off on a Sunday journey. The ignorant driver and the educated gentleman are breaking the fourth commandment together; but that is not all. Down at the wharf the boat has her steam up, and all hands are busy; and now the traveller wants some one to carry his trunk from the carriage to the boat.

You may be sure that our young Bavarian was not one of these. It is those who forget God, who do such things; but John had learned that "God liveth ever." The quiet day was very precious; and quiet it was, though some of the boys were pretty restless. In the afternoon there was a church service at the lodging-house, and at night a boys' meeting, when the boys sang hymns, and one two Christian men came to read, and pray, and talk with them.

A PAINTING FROM LIFE.

[The January number of the Atlantic Monthly commences a serial under the title of "Needle and Garden," which, drawing less upon the inventive than the observant faculty, promises to become too interesting, because too truthful a story of the common things in the line of experience from which it is drawn.

At times my mother was employed in making up clothing for what some years ago were popularly called the sloop-shops, mostly situated in the lower section of the city. These were shops which kept supplies of ready-made clothing for sailors and other transient people who harbored along the wharves. It was coarse work, and was made up as cheaply as possible.

When a little girl, I have often gone with my mother when she went on her errands to these shops, doing what I could to help her in carrying her heavy bundles to and fro; and more

than once I heard her rudely spoken to by the pert young tailor who received her work, and who examined it as carefully as if the material had been silk or cambric, instead of the coarse fabric which constitutes the staple of such establishments.

My mother was a beautiful sewer, and I am sure she never turned in a garment that had in any way been slighted. She knew how rude and exacting this class of employers were, and was nice and careful in consequence, so as to be sure of giving satisfaction. But all this care availed nothing, in many cases, to prevent rudeness, and sometimes a refusal to pay the pitiful price she had been promised.

But I comprehended nothing beyond what I saw and heard—nothing of the merits of the case—nothing of the nature and bearings of the business—nothing of the severe laws of trade which govern the conduct of buyer and seller. I did not know that in a large city there are always hundreds of sewing-women begging from these hard employers the privilege of toiling all day, and half-way into the night, in an occupation which never brings even a reasonable compensation, while many times the severity of their labors, the confinement and privation, break down the most robust constitutions, and hurry the weaker into a premature grave.

I was too young to reason on these subjects, though quick enough to feel for my dear mother. When I saw her full heart overflow in tears, I cried from sympathy. When we got into the street, and her tears dried up, and her habitual cheerfulness returned, I also ceased weeping, and soon forgot the cause. The memory of a child is blissfully fugitive. Indeed, among the blessings that lie everywhere scattered along our pathway, is the readiness with which we all forget sorrows that nearly broke down the spirit when first they fell upon us.

On one occasion, when with my mother at the sloop-shop, we found a sewing-woman standing at the counter awaiting payment for the making of a dozen summer vests. We came up to the counter and stood beside her—for there were no chairs on which a sewing-woman might rest herself, however fatigued from carrying a heavy bundle for a mile or two in a hot day.

The woman whom we found at the counter was in the prime of life, plainly, but neatly dressed—no doubt in her best attire, as she was to be seen in public, and she knew that her whole capital lay in her appearance. I judged her to be an educated lady. Though a stranger to my mother, yet she accosted her so politely, and in a voice so musical, that the gracefulness of her manner and the softness of her tones still linger in my memory.

One night, as the sufferer lay sleepless from terrible pain, she began to look back upon the past. What a wreck life seemed, dating from her bright school-days! What a mystery that she must be so helpless and such a sufferer, while her school-companions could walk, and move, and act, and enjoy life!

How many of them have you? "Only three, Ma'am," was the reply. "I have six of them to struggle for," she said, adding, after a moment's pause, "and it is hard to be obliged to do it all."

I saw that she was dressed in newly-made mourning. I knew what mourning was—but not then what it was to be a widow. My mother afterwards told me she was such, and was therefore in black. Other conversation passed between the two, during which I looked up into the widow's face with the unreflecting intensity of childish interest.

There was a sadness in her face which struck me most forcibly and painfully. There

was an expression of care, of overwork, and great privation. Yet, for all this, the lines of her countenance were beautiful even in their painfulness.

While I thus stood gazing up into the widow's face, the shopkeeper came forward from a distant window, by whose light he had been examining the vests, threw them roughly down upon the counter in front of her, and exclaimed in a rough voice,—

"Can't pay for such work as this—don't want it in the shop—never had the like of it—look at that!"

He tossed a vest toward my mother, who took it up, and examined it. One end of it hung down low enough for me to catch, and I also undertook the business of inspection. I scanned it closely, and was a sufficient judge of sewing to see that it was made up with a stitch as neat and regular as that of my mother. She must have thought so, too; for, on returning it to the man, she said to him,—

"The work is equal to anything of mine." Hearing a new voice, he then discovered, that, instead of tossing the vest to the poor widow, he had inadvertently thrown it to my mother.

"Can't pay but half price for this kind of work; don't want any more like it. There's your money do you want more work?"

He threw down the silver on the counter. The whole price, or even double would have been a mere pittance, the widow's mite indeed; but here was robbery of even that. What, in such a case, was this poor creature to do?

She had six young and helpless children at home—no husband to defend her—no friend to stand between her and the man who thus robbed her. A resort to law were futile. What had she wherewith to pay either lawyer or magistrate? and was not continued employment a necessity? All these thoughts may have flashed across her mind. But in the terrible silence which she kept for some minutes, still standing at the counter, how many others must have succeeded them! What happy images of former comfort came knocking at her heart!

She made no answer to the man who had thus wantonly outraged her, but, turning to my mother, looked up into her face as if for pity and advice. Were they not equally helpless victims on the altar of a like domestic necessity, and should not common trials knit them together in the bonds of common sympathy? A new sadness came over her yet beautiful countenance; but no tear gushed gratefully to relieve her swelling heart.

GRINDING THE DIAMOND. BY REV. JOHN TODD, D.D. The poor sufferer lay in severe pain on her bed. It had been nearly twenty years since she knew a well day,—more than half that time since she had walked a step, and nearly two years since she had sat up. Her limbs were jerked by spasms, her back had deep sores on it from lying so long; and whenever one was relieved by a new position of the body, another would be made. She never complained; and the cheerfulness with which she endured all this from day to day, and from year to year, was a matter of amazement to all.

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"NOT GRUDGINGLY, OR OF NECESSITY."

The Hand that strews the earth with flowers Enriched the marriage feast with wine; The Hand once pierced for sins of ours This morning made the dew-drops shine; Makes rain-clouds pale as of old: Makes ice-drops beauteous as they freeze: The heart that bled to save—that heart Sends countless gifts each day to please; Spares no minute, refining touch, To paint the flower, to crown the feast; Deeming no sacrifice too much, Has care and leisure for the least; Gives freely of its very best; Not barely what our need may be, But for the joy of making blessing Teach us to love and give like Thee!

SCRIPTURE AND HYGIENE.

Dr. Hall, of the Journal of Health, speaking of the importance of inhabiting houses in their structure and situation favorable to the health, says: "There is more sound, practical hygiene, on the subject of healthy houses, in the 14th chapter of Leviticus, from verse thirty-four, than in all the skulls of health commissioners and common councils of all the cities of Christendom. Pity it is that we do not read our Bible more, that great book which contains the leading principles of what is indisputably good and useful and true in all that really pertains to human happiness; and what a pity it is that the Sunday newspaper, and the trashy weekly, and the enticing story books, for childhood and hoary age, on subjects pertaining to the word, and party preaching, and infidel peripatetic lectures, with new-fangled crudities for human amelioration, and their theories for elevating the masses; pity it is, we say, that all these things so attract attention. The Bible, the best of all, the wisest in all its theories, and in all its practices sure, has become a sealed book to the many; and any other book on the centre or side-table would be opened sooner than that."

Still flow the waters for the leprous soul, A sparkling tide; Abana, Pharpar, they are needed not, Where this doth glide. Still is the fount by one kind angel stirred, The fount of truth; And whose choicest health may find it here, And fadeless youth. Upon the pages of the Book so dear, To souls renewed, Is healing balm for every thorn's sharp wound, Along life's road. Read then the pages of the blessed Book, Nor let it lie; Unnoticed, when your souls are vexed with things Beneath the sky. Aye, read it first; the only manna find In morning's hour; And seek, when evening's shadows gather round, Its soothing power. Read on, and store thy memory with the words Of promise rare; Then forth into life's daily battle-field, To do and dare. [Mrs. J. H. Hanford.]

THE NORTH POLE.

To a person standing at the north pole, the sun appears to sweep horizontally around the sky every twenty-four hours without any perceptible variation during its circuit in its distance from its horizon. On the 21st of June it is 23 deg. 38 min. above the horizon, a little more than one-fourth of the distance to the zenith, the highest point that it ever reaches. From this altitude it slowly descends, its track being represented by a spiral or screw with a very fine thread, and in the course of three months it worms its way down to the horizon, which it reaches on the 23d of September. On this day it slowly sweeps around the sky, with its face half hidden below the icy sea. It still continues to descend, and after it has entirely disappeared, it is still so near the horizon that it carries a bright twilight around the heavens in its daily circuit.

As the sun sinks lower and lower, this twilight gradually grows fainter till it fades away. On the 20th of December the sun is 23 deg. 38 min. below the horizon, and this is the midnight of the dark winter of the pole. From this date the sun begins to ascend, and after a time his return is heralded by a faint dawn which circles slowly around the horizon, completing its circuit every twenty-four hours. This dawn grows gradually brighter, and on the 20th of March the peaks of ice are gilded with the first level rays of the six months' day. The bringer of this long day continues to wind his spiral way upward, till he reaches his highest place on the 21st of June, and his annual course is completed.—Scientific American.

AN Irish hackman who carried Gen. Grant to his hotel in New York spreads himself as follows:—"Here's to meself, Dennis Connelly, the biggest man in Ameriky but one. I've driven the lieutenant general of the United States, and it's more than Bobby Lee ever did."

CONTENTMENT.—One who had experienced a change of fortune said:—"When I was rich, I possessed God in all things; and now I am poor, I possess all things in God." Contentment depends more on the disposition of the mind than on the circumstances of our life.