The Namily Circle.

THE STAR-ENAMOURED. Who dwell among the stars, mamma, So mild, so fair, and bright, As o'er us 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 earth has many a flower, mamma,
And many a valley sweet,
To balm the sense with fragrance pure, And rest the weary feet:
And many a kindly face, mamma We meet as here we roam, The kindest, and the dearest, still

But, oh! mamma, I long to be A creature of the sky, To shine, and shine for evermore, In you bright place on high. I long to be away—away— From this pale prison free, To look a long and tearless look Of endless love on thee.

The nearer to our home.

They say that angel forms, mamma, Among these stars are seen, In everlasting whiteness clad, And never-dying sheen; And kindly looks they send to all Whose hearts with grief are riven:
A foretaste sweet of faith's reward
When called to dwell in heaven.

And might not I, a child, mamma, Become a little star; And shed my looks of light and love From youder fields afar? You might not know my beams, mamma, But they should ever be Directed with a fervent glance Upon my home and thee.

Then let me go, mamma, and pray That I may soar away, And never lift my eyes again Upon another day.

I long to be among the stars,
To feel their balmy light; Oh! let me go and pray, mamma: Good-night! a long good-night!

The mother clasped her little child, And tenderly she said, Thou canst not be a star as yet, My gentle little maid. But when thy lovely life is o'er, And God shall call His own, I trust that thou wilt be a star, The brightest round His throne

Thou canst not be a star as yet, For there is many a one To whom thou art a light, my love, Still shining softly on.

And if thy lustre from this life And if thy fustre from one factor Should suddenly depart,
'Twould quench thy mother's hopes on earth
'Twould break thy mother's heart.

But still the little lady pined,
And none might say her nay;
Her soul was with the stars by night, Her heart the live-long day.

And on her infant pillow cold,
They found the little maid In holy sleep, like angel's rest, All beautifully laid. Oh! who could see her as she lay,

In her mild beauty dressed, Nor feel a wish to share with her That deep unbroken rest? That faultless loveliness which speaks A gentle scraph's birth— A star, if ever star there were Upon the dewy earth!

And now that mother looks for her, Whene'er the silent night
Is gemmed with countless stars, serene, Intensely, purely bright. But to the eye of faith alone, That vision fair is given; That mother may not see her child Until they meet in heaven. [Christian Treasury.

> [WRITTEN FOR OUR COLUMNS.] THE YOUNG BAVARIAN.

BY MISS S. WARNER, AUTHOR OF "DOL

that it is a great, great house, with England, or of the Emperor's in France; that your own house, maybe, would Christian men came to read, and look very mean along side of these, and talk with them. And then and yet it would be a perfect palace of comfort and delight to many a child the little wooden bunks where they with every step that it is carried, or jerked by spasms her back had deem with the little wooden bunks where they with every step that it is carried, or jerked by spasms her back had deem with the little wooden bunks where they with every step that it is carried, or jerked by spasms her back had deem with the little wooden bunks where they with every step that it is carried, or jerked by spasms her back had deem with the little wooden bunks where they with every step that it is carried, or jerked by spasms her back had deem with the little wooden bunks where they with every step that it is carried, or jerked by spasms her back had deem with the little wooden bunks where they with every step that it is carried, or jerked by spasms her back had deem with the little wooden bunks where they with every step that it is carried, or jerked by spasms her back had deem with the little wooden bunks where they with every step that it is carried, or jerked by spasms her back had then with them. in that same great city where you live. slept would not look soft to you, little Hunger cares but little for a golden dish, and homeless little ones can sleep under something less dainty than silk, and all the splendor in the world is and the cheerfulness with which she is that the weak and over-strained body of the exhausted woman needs rest the moment she sets foot within the door.

The woman whom we found at the sorres on it from lying so long; and the exhausted woman needs rest the moment she sets foot within the door.

The woman whom we found at the cheerfulness with which she not to be compared with the shining of a good fire, when you have been spending the winter's day on the street corner, or in a damp cellar.

And so it was, that the house to which Mr. Mason led his young charge, rose up like a very palace before John's eyes. It was large and well aired, with plenty of light, clean windows, and there was a real little tive than the observant faculty, probed where he might sleep, and a good supper for him to eat. But Oh, what a strange company was there! For this was the very same Newsboys' Lodging-house where Johnny More had his headquarters for so long a time; and, as usual, it was full.

Throngs of boys every night with a strange company was there! For mon things in the line of experience from which it is drawn. From the first chapter we take the following paragraphs.]

At times my mother was employed in making up clothing for what some for," she said, always some new ones who had never the strange company was there! For this was the very same Newsboys' from which it is drawn. From the she asked,—

"How man "Only three in making up clothing for what some for," she said, always some new ones who had never the strange company was there! For this was the very same Newsboys' from which it is drawn. From the she asked,—

"How man things in the line of experience from which it is drawn. From the she asked,—

"How man "Only three in making up clothing for what some for," she said, always some new ones who had never the same of the same in making up clothing for what some for," she said, always some new ones who had never the same in making up clothing for what some for," she said, always some new ones who had never the same for the s always some new ones who had never been there before. The newsbays, and boot-blacks, and "baggage-smashers," who came in, some of whom had quite section of the city. These were shops which kept supplies of ready-made made mourning. I knew what mourning trade of their own were a thriving trade of their own were who came in, some of whom had quite a thriving trade of their own, were expected to pay four cents for their night's lodging, if they could afford it, to those who could not pay it was free. Each one had a little bed to himself; each one might go to the bath-room and have a grand wash before supper; and for amusement, there was a library of books and a melodeon. Every boy, too, had a lock-up place 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. At that time the shipping of the port was much of it congregated in the lower part of the city, not far from our house.

When a little girl, I have often gone with my mother when she went on her crimads to these shops, doing what I Every boy, too, had a lock-up place errands to these shops, doing what I ciliation, that it won my heart. There tient?" for his little possessions, whatever could to help her in carrying her was a sadness in her face which struck

is: "Thou shalt not steal."

a lecture upon some interesting subject; Thursday, there was a prayerall); and Saturday night, school again. frequently subjects them. But, however the evening had been

boys before they went to bed. sight. At the Lodging-house there nothing, in many cases, to prevent sewing to see that it was made up new-comers, nor spoke to one another. every boy might enjoy upon one con-dition—what do you think that was? mised. Her disposition was too gentle thought so, too; for, on returning it to given free to every boy, who through fore submitted in silence, sometimes out the whole Sabbath-day would even in tears. Twice, I can distinctly they knew very little about doingof their little beds at the Lodging- that child was ever blessed with. house on Sunday morning, only about one-half went into the streets to work. And why did they go, do you think? morning on your way to church.

tleman on the watch for them, and a ture grave. third stops on his way up the street, called "The Sunday Morning Evil" a maid-servant runs round the corner newsboy's pocket, and carries back to street, and her tears dried up, and her her master "The Sunday Temptation." This is one thing that keeps so

in such a hurry. You see there is a trunk on behind, and a man of busiwharf 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. He looks round, and there are two of

seen pictures of the Queen's palaces in though some of the boys were pretty restless. In the afternoon there was a and that you had read of the marble church service at the Lodging house,

A PAINTING FROM LIFE.

[The January number of the Atlantic Monthly commences a serial under Though a stranger to my mother, yet

The evenings were spent in different ways. Monday and Tuesday there been silk or cambric, instead of the While I thus stood gazing up was a school for all the boys who coarse fabric which constitutes the widow's face, the shopkeeper came forcame; Wednesday evening, there was staple of such establishments. I thus ward from a distant window, by whose learned, at a very early age, to know light he had been examining the vests, something of the duties of needle threw them roughly down upon the meeting; Friday, a singing lesson, women as well as of the mortifications counter in front of her, and exclaimed (which some of the boys liked best of and impositions to which their vocation

My mother was a beautiful sewer, passed, at the end of it one of the and I am sure she never turned in a teachers read and prayed with the garment that had in any way been Sunday was a great day. Even the exacting this class of employers were, One end of it hung down low enough noisy city was a little hushed and and was nice and careful in conse- for me to catch, and I also undertook quiet, even business and money-get- quence, so as to be sure of giving the business of inspection. I scanned ting were for a while pushed out of satisfaction. But all this care availed it closly, and was a sufficient judge of was a nice free dinner provided, which rudeness, and sometimes a refusal to with a stitch as neat and regular as That he would wash his face and and yielding for her to resent these hands?—that he would bring a good impositions; she was unable to conappetite?—not at all; that would be tend and argue with the rough creaeasy enough. But the dinner was tures behind the counter; she thereobey the commandment of the Lord, remember when these heartless men and do no work, for he has said: compelled her to leave her work at 'Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep less than the low price stipulated, I it holy." Untaught, uncared for, as have seen her tears fall in big drops most of these poor children had been, as she took up the mite thus grudgor not doing—everything, because the shop, leading me by the hand. I God had commanded it. But some of could feel, young as I was the hard them were now learning better, and nature of this treatment. I heard the some, for the sake of the dinner, were rough language, though unable to willing to forego work for one day; so know how harshly it must have grated that, of all the boys that jumped out on the soft feelings of the best mother

But I comprehended nothing beyond what I saw and heard-nothing of the merits of the case-nothing of the Why did they not stay at home with nature and bearings of the businessthe others? Ah, children, it is terrible, nothing of the severe laws of trade but it is true,—they went because the which govern the conduct of buyer rich people tempted them. You can and seller. I did not know that in a easily see the reason, any Sunday large city there are always hundreds of sewing-women begging from these Here is a well-dressed gentleman hard employers the privilege of toiling standing on his door step, looking up all day, and half-way into the night, and down-there, he beckons with his in an occupation which never brings finger-and two or three ragged news- even a reasonable compensation, while boys come running up, each striv- many times the severity of their labors, ing to be first. The gentleman buys the confinement and privation, break a paper from one, and the others run down the most robust constitutions. on, and presently find another gen and hurry the weaker into a prema-

I was too young to reason on these and takes a copy of what ought to be subjects, though quick enough to feel for my dear mother. When I saw her full heart overflow in tears, I cried from and puts another two cents in the sympathy. When we got into the habitual cheerfulness returned, I also that emotions of any kind were rackmany boys at work all through the cause. The memory of a child is such emotions myself-how should I sweet Sabbath morning.

Now look at that carriage rolling by blessings that lie everywhere scattered ence? along our pathway, is the readiness ness inside,—he is setting off on a nearly broke down the spirit when turning to my mother, looked up into Sunday journey. The ignorant driver first they fell upon us. For if the her face as if for pity and advice. and the educated gentleman are breaking the fourth commandment together;
where the best has her steam as a devery pang, and the educated gentleman are breakgriefs of an entire life were to be rewhere they not equally helpless victims have that consolation; and every pang
on the altar of a like domestic neces of suffering shall be like a flash of
childhood to mature age, the accumus sity, and should not common trials lightning in a dark night, revealing

bear. mother at the slop-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 the counter a bundle contains the counter a bundle contains the counter a bundle counter a bundle counter a bundle contains the counter a bundle counter and stood beside her—for the counter her yet beautiful counter and the slop-shop, we found a nance; but no tear gushed gratefully to relieve her swelling heart. She took up the money—I saw that her hand was trembling—placed it in her purse, littled from the counter a bundle counter. LARS 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, in hope of a job:

You may be sure that our young the looks round, and there are two of a place a place is, you would tell me, doubtless, the counter and stood beside her—for purse, littled from the counter and stood beside her—for the counter and stood beside her—for purse, littled from the counter and stood beside her—for purse, littled from the counter and stood beside her—for purse, littled from the counter and stood beside her—for purse, littled from the counter and stood beside her—for purse, littled from the counter and stood beside her—for purse, littled from the counter and stood beside her—for purse, littled from the counter and You may be sure that our young bundle for a mile or two in a hot day, imposition on one utterly powerless mannered shopman by presuming to occupy one. Few employers bestow even a thought upon the comfort of

> she accosted her so politely, and in a witnessed.
> voice so musical, that the gracefulness of her manner and the softness of her less from the softness of he tones still linger in my memory. Looking down to me, then less than ten years old, and addressing my mother,

"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

they might be; for some of these little heavy bundles to and fro; and more me most forcibly and painfully. There ease, and I have so long been a suf. of the great tube 22 feet.

wanderers had never been taught to than once I heard her rudely spoken was an expression of care, of overwork, ferer that I see no end to it, nor can I obey the eighth commandment, which to by the pert young tailor who re- and great privation. Yet, for all this, see why I must suffer thus. I know ceived her work, and who examined it the lines of her countenance were beau-

> While I thus stood gazing up into the in a rough voice,—

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

He tossed a vest toward my mother, slighted. She knew how rude and who took it up, and examined it the man, she said to him,-

"The work is equal to anything of

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. in the same sharp tone,-

"Can't pay but half price for this kind of work; don't want any more ingly thrown down to her, and leave like it. There's your money do you the light, and examine it carefully.

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 the crown we are making up for our robbed her. A resort to law were futile. What had she wherewith to such. We have to grind and polish pay either lawyer or magistrate? and them a great while; but, when they was not continued employment a ne- are done, they are very beautiful. The cessity? 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 a crack or flaw in it! What a beauty her heart! what an agonizing sense of it will be!" present destitution! what a contrast between the brightness of the one and cries of hungry children ringing importunately in her ears! I noticed her all the time, and, child that I was, did "Oh, yes! but may I ask you one so merely because she stood still and question?" made no reply—utterly unconscious ceased weeping, and soon forgot the ing her grief-smitten heart. I felt no blissfully fugitive. Indeed, among the suppose that they had even an exist-

knit them together in the bonds of common sympathy? A new sadness On one occasion, when with my came over her yet beautiful counte-

GRINDING THE DIAMOND.

BY REV. JOHN TODD, D.D.

The poor sufferer lay in severe pain halls, and gold dishes, and satin-cover- and at night a boys' meeting, when their sewing-women. They seldom on her bed. It had been nearly twenty ed beds, to be seen there. You think the boys sang hymns, and one two think how tired they become with over- years since she knew a well day, work at home, before leaving it with more than half that time since she had with every step that it is carried, or jerked by spasms, her back had deep

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! What was the object of her heavenly Father in putting ner into this slow, hot, long-continued furnace? As she lay there thus communicating with herselt, the room seemed suddenly to fill with light, and he was there, though she was aware ship.

that I am a sinner; but I have hoped that Christ's sufferings, and not mine, would save me. Oh, why does God deal thus with me?"

"Come with me, daughter, and I will show thee."

"But I can not walk." "True, true! There, gently, gent-

He tenderly took her up in his arms, and carried her away, far away, over land and water, till he set her down in a far-off city, and in the midst of a large work-shop: the room was full of windows; and, the workmen seemed to be near the light, and each with his own tools, and all so intent upon their work, that they neither noticed the They seemed to have small, brown pebbles, which they were grinding and shaping and polishing. Her guide pointed her to one who seemed to be most earnestly at work. He held a half-polished pebble, which was now seen to be a diamond, in a pair of strong iron pincers. He seemed to grasp the little thing as if he would crush it, and to hold it on the rough Then, addressing the former, he said, stone without mercy. The stone in the same sharp tone,— whirled, and the dust flew, and the jewel grew smaller and lighter: Ever and anon he would stop, hold it up to

"Workman," said the sufferer, "will you please to tell me why you bear on, and grind the jewel so hard?"

"I want to grind off every flaw and

crack in it." "But don't you waste it?" "Yes; but what is left is worth so much the more. The fact is, this diamond, if it will bear the wheel enough, is to occupy a very important place in king. We take much more pains with king was here yesterday, and was much pleased with our work, but wanted this jewel, in particular, should be ground and polished a great deal. So you see how hard I hold it down on this stone. And see! there is not

Gently, gently, the guide lifted up the poor sufferer, and again laid her the gloom of the other! and then the on her own bed of pain. "Daughter of sorrow! dost thou understand the

"Certainly." "Were you sent to me to show me

all this?" "Assuredly."

"Oh! may I take to myself the consolation that I am a diamond, and am She made no answer to the man who now in the hands of the strong man, with which we all forget sorrows that had thus wantonly outraged her, but, who is polishing it for the crown of the Great King."

"Daughter of sorrow! thou mayest Read on, and store thy memory with the words eternity to thee; and hereafter thou shalt 'run without weariness and walk without faintness,' and sing with those who have 'come out of great tribulation.' "-Tract Journal.

A HEROINE.

crated her life to the noble and dangerous task of rescuing persons from that it is a great, great house, with splendid furniture and pictures, with gold, and satin, and velvet, and everything else that is beautiful, within doors and without. Some of you could, perhaps, tell me that you had could, perhaps, tell me that you had some of the boys were pretty though some of the boys were pretty. give help to those who may be shipindividuals have been saved by her efforts, and, accustomed for twenty years to make voyages with her huswith every step that it is that the weak and over-strained body of the exhausted woman needs rest the moment she sets foot within the door.

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 the prime of life, plainly, but neatly dressed—no doubt in her best attire, as she was to be seen in life to make the same that her whole the same that the same that her whole the same that her would be made. She never complained the fishermen go upon.

The Prussian and other governments have decreed her medals, and the Principality of Pilau has made her an honorary citizen for life. She is about sixty years of age, with an athletic figure and great strength (a Grace Darling enlarged into gigantic proally successful. Whenever she is in its daily circuit. seen, the greatest respect is paid to As the sun sinks lower and lower, her, and the sailors regard her as their this twilight gradually grows fainter guardian angel; the very children of till it fades away. On the 20th of the fishermen go upon their knees to December the sun is 23 deg. 38 min. her, and kiss the skirts of her dress. below the horizon, and this is the mid-The Prussian and other governments night of the dark winter of the poletenance, which, however, is softened by the benevolent expression that it constantly wears.

> SENSIBLE MAXIMS.—Never speak of your father as "the old man." Never reply to the epithets of a

Never speak contemptuously of wo-

drunkard or a fool.

Never abuse one who was once your bosom friend, however bitter an enemy now.

Never smile at the expense of your religion or your Bible. A good word is as soon said as a

Peace with heaven is the best friend-

THE largest refracting telescope in America has just been completed in all things; and now I am poor, I pos-Cambridge and purchased for the Chi-sess all things in God," Contentment cago University for, \$18,187. Its depends more on the disposition of the "No; but I am full of pain and dis- weight is 6000 pounds, and the length mind than on the circumstances of our

"NOT GRUDGINGLY, OR OF NECES-SITY."

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 pala es of art;
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 blest:
Teach us to love and give like Thee!

Not narrowly men's claims to measure, But question daily all our powers,— To whose cup can we add a pleasure? Whose path can we make bright with flowers?
[Author of Schonberg-Cotta Family.

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 Levititicus, 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 newfangled 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 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 whoso chooseth 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.

To do and dare. [Mrs. J. H. Hanaford.

THE NORTH POLE.

To a person standing at the north pole, the sun appears to sweep horizon-tally around the sky every twentyfour hours without any perceptible variation during its circuit in its dis-At Pilau, in Prussia, now lives a tance from its horizon. On the 21st woman who has for some years conse- 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 further than any other, in order to way down to the horizon, which it reaches on the 23d of September. On wrecked. More than three hundred 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 band, she possesses a skill and hardi is still so near the horizon that it carries hood that renders those efforts unusua bright twilight around the heavens

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

CONTENTMENT.—One who had experienced a change of fortune said:
"When I was rich, I possessed God in