

The Family Circle.

A SUNSET AT PORT ROYAL.

There called a distant whippoorwill,
Else wood, and bank, and field were still:
No sea-breeze sighed among the pines,

THE YOUNG BAVARIAN.

BY MISS S. WARNER, AUTHOR OF "DOL-
LARS AND CENTS."

CHAPTER VII.

(CONCLUDED.)

A great many of the boys at the
Lodging-house, have, as I told you, their
regular street business. They are lit-
tle street merchants, very industrious
sometimes, often laying up money, and
having never known anything better
than New York, are in no haste to
quit it.

that is a great deal more than I could
scrape up my best times in New York.
We are all on an equality, my boys,
out here; so long as we keep ourselves
respectable."

"My Mary is a handsome woman
than his wife," he muttered, nursing
his misery, "and yet she never
knows rest. As for taking her out
for a drive"—he ended the sentence
with a bitter laugh.

husband and father was led to give
up "envy and all uncharitableness."
Truly sometimes the Spirit doth come
to instruct us in our dreams.—Home
Monthly.

When the last quivering breath was
passing away, and the spirit taking its
flight, her mother restrained the burst-
ing anguish of her heart, and kneeling
by the bedside, in a tone that can
never be forgotten, uttered, "Lord
Jesus, receive my darling."

It was a cold night in winter. The
wind blew, and the snow was whirled
furiously about, seeking to hide itself
beneath cloaks and hoods, and in the
very hair of those that were out.

SACRED LYRICS.

Salvation through Faith in Jesus,
Sinners groaning 'neath your load,
Asking how the way to God,
Are ye anxious to be whole?
Faith in Jesus saves the soul.

TURN HIM OUT.

Rude words—were they not?—to be
used toward a war-worn soldier. One
who had served his country on many
a toilsome march and on many a bloody
field, deserved more generous treat-
ment—did he not?

VERY PROUD TO-NIGHT.

It was a cold night in winter. The
wind blew, and the snow was whirled
furiously about, seeking to hide itself
beneath cloaks and hoods, and in the
very hair of those that were out.

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

BY THOMAS HASTINGS.

Talk to me of things celestial,
Far above the silent tomb;
Ling'ring yet in bonds terrestrial,
I am panting for my home,

"I WANT JESUS!"

On her death-bed lay an aged Chris-
tian. She had been pining in the bor-
der land for some years, "only waiting,"
and one morning, coming down stairs
to her breakfast, she was suddenly
seized with paralysis, her limbs ceased
to support her, and she was laid on
her bed, to rise no more.

BURIED IN THE SEA.

It is soothing and softening to visit
the quiet grave-yard where lie the
ashes of those we love. There is a
melancholy pleasure in smoothing the
green turf that hides the loved and
cherished form, and in hanging wreaths
of immortelles upon the memorial
stone.

THE WORKING MAN'S REBUKE.

He set his empty kettle on the table,
and threw himself on the homely
lounge. He was a laboring man,
his face brown with exposure, his
hands spread with toil.

While this "cruel" sorrow was still
fresh upon him, came a letter post,
marked "England." His wife opened
it, and learned that an uncle of whom
they had heard nothing for years, had
died within a few months, and left her
husband his heir.

When the mighty soul of Cromwell
saw the dark vale opening before him,
and felt his valiant arm must submit to
be powerless in the grave, he called
for the Bible and requested that these
words of Paul, in Phil. 4th, might be
read to him,