The Family Circle.

A POEM RECITED BY MR. LINCOLN.

To the Editors of the N. Y. Evening Post: I have been urged by several friends to send you the enclosed poem, written down by myself from Mr. Lincoln's lips, and although it may not be new to all your readers, the events of the last week give it now a peculiar interest.

The circumstances under which this care

The circumstances under which this copy was written are these:—I was with the President alone one evening in his room, during the dent alone one evening in his room, during the time I was painting my large picture at the White House last year. He presently threw aside his pen and papers, and began to talk to me of Shakespeare. He sent little "Tad," his son, to the library to bring a copy of the plays, and then read to me several of his favorite passages, showing genuing appreciation of

newspaper and learned by heart. I would,"
he continued, "give a great deal to know who
wrote it, but I have never been able to ascer-

Then half closing his eyes, he repeated to me the lines which I enclose to you. Greatly pleased and interested, I told him I would like,

pleased and interested, I told him I would like, if ever an opportunity occurred, to write them down from his lips. He said he would some time try to give them to me.

A few days afterwards he asked me to accompany him to the temporary studio of Mr. Swayne, the sculptor, who was making a bust of him at the Treasury Department. While he was sitting for the bust I was suddenly reminded of the poem, and said to him that then would be a good time to dictate it to me. He complied, and sitting upon some books at his feet, as nearly as I can remember, I wrote the lines down, one by one, from his lips. down, one by one, from his lips.

With great regard, very truly yours,

B. F. CARPENTER.

OH! WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift, fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade; Be scattered around and together be laid; And the young and the old, and the low and

the high, Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved; The mother that infant's affection who proved; The mother that infant's affection who proved; The husband that mother and infant who blessed, Each, all, are away to their dwellings of Rest. The hand of the king that the sceptre hath

The brow of the priest that the m Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap; The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up

The beggar who wandered in search of his bread, Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or the That withers away to let others succeed; So the multitude comes, even those we behold, To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have been; We see the same sights that our fathers have

We drink the same stream and view the same And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think; From the death we are shrinking our fathers

would shrink;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling;
But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold; They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is They grieved, but no wail from their slumber

They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is They died, ay! they died; we things that are

now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrim-

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and we mingle together in sunshine and rain; And the smile and the tear, the song and the

Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draft of breath; From the blossom of health to the paleness of

From the gilded saloon to the bier and the Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

THE COVENANTER'S MARRIAGE DAY.

(CONCLUDED.)

Mark, with great difficulty, rose up and knelt down as he was ordered. He had no words to say to his bride; nor almost did he look at her, so full was his soul of her image, and of holy grief for the desolation in which she would be left by his death. The dewy breath of her gentle and pure kisses was yet in his heart, and the happy sighs of maidenly tenderness were now to be changed into groans of incurable despair. Therefore it was that he said nothing as he knelt down; but his pallid lips moved in prayer, and she heard her name indistinctly uttered

between those of God and Christ. Christian Lindsay had been betroth ed to him for several years, and nothing but the fear of some terrible evil like this had kept them so long separate. Dreadful, therefore, as this hour was, their souls were not wholly unprepared for it, although there is always a miserable difference between reality and mere imagination. She now recalled to her mind, in one comprehensive thought, their years of inlanguage of the licentious murderer? to be shot by the soldiers without one Creator of time, since They fell off her soul without a stain, like polluted water off the plumage of now the soldiers were willing to leave Rutherford.

just and then upon those wrathful, raging, fiery-eyed, and bloody-minded disappeared. men, are they, thought her fainting heart, of the same kind? are they framed by one God? and has Christ

alike died for them all? She lifted up her eyes, full of prayers, for one moment, to heaven, and then, with a cold shudder of de-sertion, turned upon her husband they lay, nor removed Christian's arm sertion, turned upon ner nusband kneeling, with a white-fixed countenance, and half dead already with the loss of blood. A dreadful silence had succeeded to that tumult; and she dimly saw a number of men drawn up together without moving, and their determined eyes held fast upon their victim. "Think, my lady, that it is Hugh Gemmel's ghost that commands you now," said a deep hoarse voice, the normal said and the holv men of the last relices of the last relices of the day was there but that of the night sawk. We are far too poor), it is very rare when we walk together (we do not ride, when we have for company when we are together (we do not ride, when we are together (we do plays, and then read to me several of his favorite passages, showing genuine appreciation of the great poet. Relapsing into a sadder strain, he laid the book aside, and leaning back in his chair, said—

"There is a poem which has been a great favorite with me for years, which was first shown to me when a young man by a friend, and which I afterwards saw and cut from a mewspaper and learned by heart. I would," Hugh Gemmel's ghost that commands you now," said a deep hoarse voice, no mercy did the holy men of the mountains show to him when they smashed his skull with large stones from the channel of the Yarrow. Now

for revenge." The soldiers presented their musxets, the word was given, and they Lindsay had rushed forward and flung hush, and the gall deepening hush, and the gall derkness. Yet the spirits of the husband, and they both fell, and had so tenderly loved would to stretched themselves out mortally her; they had gone to heaver. wounded upon the grass.

the bridesmaid, a girl of fifteen, had she thought, to molest the During all this scene, Marion Scott, been lying affrighted among the raven inhabited this globackens within a hundred yards of but the dews would tought the murder. The agony of grief now she went to the neares shiding sot the better of the agony of fear, and told her father of some and, leaping up from her concealment, she rushed into the midst of the soldiers, and kneeling down beside her dear Christian Lindsay, lifted up her head, and shaded the hair from her forehead. "Oh, Christian! your eyes are opening—do you hear me—do you hear me speaking?" "Yes, I hear a on a heather couch, and lying of voice—is it yours, Mark?—speak still as in the grave. The fe again?" Oh, Christian! it is only my and matrons who had been voice—poor Marion's." "Is, Mark happy scene in the Queen Fair of lead, quite dead?" And there was lor, and not well-idead start y and lor, and not well-idead start y. heard the deep gasping sobs that were rending the child's heart. Her eyes, too, opened more widely, and misty as they were, they saw, indeed, close by her the huddled up, mangled, and bloody body of her husband.

The soldiers stood like so many beasts of prey, who had gorged their fill of blood; their rage was abated, and they offered no violence to the affectionate child, as she continued to sit before them, with the head of Christian Lindsay in her lap, watering it with tears, and moaning so as to touch, at least, some even of their hardened hearts. When blood is shed it soons begins to appear a fearful sight to the shedders, and the hand soon begins to tremble that has let out human life. Cruelty cannot sustain itself in the presence of that rueful color, and remorse sees it reddening into a more ghastly hue. Some of the soldiers turned away in silence, or with a halfsuppressed oath; others strayed off among the trees, and sat down together, and none would now have touched the head of pretty little Marion. The man whom they had shot deserved death—so they said to one another-and he had got it; but the woman's death was accidental, and they were not to blame because she had run upon their fire.

So, before the smell and smoke of the gun-powder had been carried away by the passing breeze from that place of murder, all were silent, and could hardly bear to look one another in the Their work had been lamentaface. ble indeed. For now they began to truly bridegroom and bride. She was sitting down on the graves lying there dressed with her modest white bridal garments and white ribwhite bridal garments and white ribbons now streaked with many streams of blood from mortal wounds. So, too, was she who was supporting her head. It was plain that a bridal party had been this very day, and that their hands had prepared for a happy and affectionate newly-wedded pair that bloody bed, and a sleep from which there was to be no awaking at the mourned now together voice of morn. They stood looking appalled on the bodies, while, on the wild flowers around them, which the stain of blood had not reached, loudly and cheefully were murmuring the mountain bees.

Christian Lindsay was not quite dead, and she at last lifted herself up a little way out of Marion's lap, and then falling down with her arms over her husband's neck, uttered a few indistinct words of prayer, and expired.

Marion Scott had never seen death before, and it was now presented to her in its most ghastly and fearful shape. Every horror she had ever heard talked of in the hiding places of her father and relations was now realized before her eyes, and, for any thing she knew, it was now her turn nocent and youthful affection; and to die. Had she dreamed in her sleep then the holy words so lately uttered of such a trial, her soul would have died within her, and she would have alas! called by too vain a name, "The convulsively shricked aloud on her looking face of dead Christian Lindsay, began now to flow—they both wept; looking face of dead Christian Lindsay, for this night was Mark Kerr's head whom she had loved as an elder sister, to lie, not on her bosom, but in the and who had always been so good to grave, or unburied on the ground. In her from the time she was a little child, that agony, what signified to her all inspired her now with utter fearlessthe insulting, hideous, and inhuman ness, and she could have knelt down for us to set an

some fair sea-bird. And as she looked the bloody green, and their leader told on her husband upon his knees Marion she might go her ways and awaiting his doom-him, the temper bring her friends to take care of the ate, the merciful, the gentle, and the dead bodies. No one, he said, would hurt her. And soon after the party

Marion remained for a while beside the dead. Their wounds bled not now. But she brought water from the now. But she brought water from the No bank-books show our balance to draw, little spring and washed them all de Yet we carry a safe key that unlocks cently, and left not a single stain upon Wore treasure than Crossus ever saw. cently, and left not a single stain upon either of their faces. She disturbed as kneeling, with a white-fixed counten- from her husband's neck. She lifted

> was there but that of the nigh And the darkening stillness long And the darkening sulful at smbing Marion's young soul with a trombing dead superstition, as she looked the dead bodies, then up to the under said sky, and over the glimmering shades of

the solitary glen. The poor girl was half afraid together? Yes; there was

friends of the murder. Before the moon had risen, th party that on the morning had present at the marriage, had bled on the hillside before the ing where Mark Kerr and Cl Lindsay were now lifted up

living foolishly for the description of the descrip no doubt would, return, and the funeral. Therefore it was in along the glens, till the together in the lone burial church-yard of Melrose, rents of Christian Linds that of Bothwell, near the

beautiful Clyde. down together, even as hely yourself no rest until you are once found lying on the green bettinore convinced of sin and anxious shealing, into that mournful ted to be reconciled to God. Take time for cut off in their youthful many happy days and ye theirs; their affection fo had been a solace to the poverty, and persecution. have been a perplexing who had not faith in holiness and mercy. resigned to His dispension all eyes were dried soon all eyes were dried "I would give a thousand don't silence they all quitted the armost, agitated answer. and then the funeral parameter, agitated answer. few hours ago had been "If you die the death of a Christian, one, dissolved among ou must live a Christian life," remed "You have surely

God's Promises. the Lord hath prothings; only, letter them be in his own

WE TWO. We own no houses, no lots, no lands,
No dainty viands for us are spread,
By sweat of our brows and toil of our hands
We earn the pittance that buys our bread. we earn the pittance that buys our bread And yet we live in a grander state, Sunbeam and I—than the millionaires Who dine off silver and golden plate, With liveried lacqueys behind the chairs.

We have no riches in houses or stocks, We wear no velvet nor satin fine.

We dress in a very homely way.

But ah! what luminous lustres shine

About Sunbeam's gowns and my hodden

gray.

In the concert halls, where the palpitant air
In musical billows floats and swims,
Our lives are as psalms and our foreheads wea
A calm, life the peal of beautiful hymns.

When cloud weather obscures our skies, And some days darken with drops of rain,
We have but to look in each other's eyes,
And all is balmy and bright again.
Ah, ours is the alchemy that transmutes
The drugs to elixir—the dross to gold,
And so we live on Hesperian fruits. And so we live on Hesperian fruits,
Sunbeam and I, and never grow old.

Never grow old, but we live in peace, And love our fellows and envy none, And our hearts are glad at the large increase plentiful virtues under the sun. And the days pass on with their thoughtful

tread,
And the shadows lengthen toward the west,
But the wane of our young years brings no To break their harvest of quiet rest.

Sunbeam's hair will be streaked with gray, And time will furrow my darling's brow, But never can Time's hand steal away The tender halo that clasps it now. So we dwell in wonderful opulence, With nothing to hurt us or upbraid, And/my life trembles with reverence, And Sunbeam's spirit is not affaid. -Clarence Butler.

"BUYING RELIGION."

"I'd give a hundred dollars to feel years, as he listered to man of thirty knots, or bride's favors, were yet u their breasts. The old minister come from his cave, and not farm the kingdom then; it seemed as if

with Ralph Turner, you know. We no doubt would, return, and the funeral. Therefore it was not proposed than agreed to in the souls of them all, that the brides and his bride should be build that very night in the clothed that very night in the clothed that was soon formed of the heaven, now let looking up to heaven, now let moonlight, they were born along the glens, till the left shall."

had engaged our store here, and were to come down on such a day to open to come down on such a day to come to come down on such a day to come to come down on such a day to come to come down on such a day t had engaged our store here, and were y shall."

"What hinders you now?" said the the head of St. Mary's Loch A relative, kindly. "Your business is was dug for them there, by the established and prosperous; you acnot their own burial place. Of knowledge the importance of attend-Kerr's father and mother wing to the salvation of your soul; church-yard of Melrose, a tlsurely you can never expect a better sl time than this."
"I know it-"I know it-I know it; but the

trouble is now that I don't feel like it. The grave was half heather, and gently were the "Seek for the feeling you want; give

old man afterwards said a hythought, for the Bible, for prayer."
over them, but with the life "Time! that is just what I have "Time! that is just what I haven't at command," interrupted the brother. Business is very hurrying just now;

I've stayed from the office too long already. Good morning." Twenty years passed rapidly away. The pious sister had just gone to her ong home, and the man of fifty, still

mpenitent, stood tearfully beside her new-made grave. A neighbor was elling him of her happy death, of the weet peace, and holy joy which made Would you like to have all your her last earthly hours radiant with friends see it? If it is not a "new he glories of heaven. "I would give a thousand dollars

one, dissolved among the ou must live a Christian life," reglens, and rocks, and left the friend. "You have surely and Christian Lindsay Perved the world long enough. Begin ow to serve the Lord. You are rich, know; you can count your income A NATURAL CONCLUSION thousands; now just stop your Archbishop Whately Reager chase after wealth, and strive to ing to elicit a candidate desnter in at the straight gate. When will market value of labor, with you ever have a better time?" to demand and supply bu "I don't know, I don't know," rebetted the prelete put appoined the rich worldling "T

baffled, the prelate put "Gupined the rich worldling. "I never this simple form: "If there's so busy in my life. You say your village two shoemakers uly, I am laying up money by thouyour vinage two shoemands; but since my partner died I sufficient employment to analysis; but since my partner died I

rence? These are serious questions;

business tract is a deep groove, and as getting out of it. I could not stop they were somewhat alike. the engine now without losing all I've got. But I am not so indifferent as

hasten back to the city. Come and

see me, will you?"

Thirty years more, and an old man says, of fourscore lay upon his death-bed. Many a revival of religion had waked in his breast a passing interest, but left him still unblest. Seasons of providential discipline had visited him. Wife and children had preceded him to the grave. Each of these successive warnings had been more or less

-never tried to do. And now he must give up the world, though that was his all. Eighty years had made him rich in heaps of shining ore; half a million stood at his credit in the bank; his blooded horses and shining carriage were the envy of many a gazer; his house and conservatories were models of taste and luxury; but he was a poor old man, without hope and without God.

Now that he was on the brink of the had given away to my foolish temper. Somegrave, how clearly he saw what he had times I commence to look at myself, and I done. O that he could be set back fifty or sixty years, and again be free to choose the way of life. Especially how did he long for that golden moment when truth seemed so clear and vital, duty so easy, heaven so near; and how bitter his regrets that he had still on its throne, and conscience and memory faithful, his heart was har-

years had he wept till now; and now; was a case even for the tears down religious man of fourscore.

To watch by the dead all night, To watch by the dead all night, and the problems of the problems of the tears of To watch by the dead an name, quired his sister, who, on a visit to to wait for some days till there her brother's city home, was telling be coffined for burial, was not thim of the changes taking place among gospel, whom his nurse had sent for, thought of in such times in this former friends.

That would have been to sacratice "Well, it was a small matter, as I soul to Him who did not reject the living foolishly for the decimal of the living foolishly for and trust arose in his dark heart; his only and last expression being, "O, if I could, I'd give a hundred thousand dollars to die a Christian."—American Messenger.

For the Little Folks.

DREN. IV. BY REV. EDWARD PAYSON HAMMOND.

FAMILIAR TALKS WITH THE CHIL

THE THREE THOUGHTLESS GIRLS.

They went to church and Sabbath school, but after all they never thought the other. They read the Bible a little and prayer was at that time a treasure. I have said several times that I would give up, but have now made up my mind that I will did, but if they had lived in India. they would have likely been among the children who bowed before the ugly-looking idols.

Each of these girls has painted two pictures of herself. The three first pictures show you what they were when they carelessly rejected Jesus, and the last three show you what they are, now that they hope they have come to Jesus, and been made what the Bible calls "new creatures."

You will see what I mean when you read these interesting letters.

Children's hearts are painted with pen and ink sometimes, on a sheet of paper. That's the way these pictures were sent to me.

I wonder if your heart was all painted on paper, how it would look. heart," the Bible says it "is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked:" Perhaps you don't believe it, but it is none the less true. When these three girls were careless, they no doubt thought they were pretty good. This girl, whose letter you will read first, says "I LAUGHED AT THEM, AND of herself, when she says

MIND TO WORK FOR JESUS."

sufficient employment to enations; but since my partner died I sufficient employment to enation hurried almost to death. I seem to live tolerably, and in hurried almost to death. I seem would follow if a third up in the same villation in the told him I did not know. Pretty soon a little girl, smaller than myself, came and talked with me and prayed for me; and when I saw ive you to appropriate it as you are just any on account to the with me and prayed for me; and when I saw all of my little friends coming to Jesus, I thought it time for me to think about it myself. But the worst came after I went home. self. But the worst came after I went home. Some there laughed at me, and asked me if I had got religion, and said they knew that it would not last long. But I did not care what they said. I had made up my mind to work for Jesus, and I was going to do it. I have kept on doing it, and I am going to that care, and they may trust luck that please.—Sower.

These girls lived hundreds of miles straight ahead; there is no such thing from each other, and yet you will see

When she heard hundreds of little children weeping for their sins, she you think. I really wish I was a says, "I was DETERMINED I WOULD Christian; and, as I said at the begin- NOT CRY. WHAT A PROUD, PROUD ning of our talk, I'd give a thousand HEART I HAD." What a picture she dollars this minute to be one. But it gives! Is your yeart, my dear young is time for the cars, I see, and I must friend, like hers?

But you see she gives us another picture before she gets through. She

"I LOVE TO WORK FOR JESUS NOW, AND I LOVE ALL CHRISTIANS NOW."

When I first attended your meetings, I went out of more curiosity. I heard that you made a great many cry for their sins, but I was determined that I would not cry. O, what a proud, proud heart I had. I have attended all the meetings very regular. I could not sing the sweet hymns. Whenever I would company to sing my voice would recognized as the call of heaven to I would commence to sing, my voice would prepare to meet his God. He had often falter and tears would come into my eyes, and prepare to meet his God. He had often wished he was a Christian, had felt that he would willingly give a handsome sum from his rapidly increasing wealth to buy the "pearl of great price;" but to give up his heart, which was set on riches, to sacrifice a portion of the time which the pursuit of that object demanded, to place God first and the world last in his estimation and endeavors, this he had never done —never tried to do.

falter and tears would come into my eyes, and I always stopped when I came to the chorus—"I love Jesus, yes I do"—because I felt that I was telling an untruth. I went to the meetings regular for two weeks, and there was no change. I kept wondering what kept me from being a Christian. I saw all of my young friends coming to Jesus, and they told me it was so easy. But one of the ministers came to me and asked me if there was not something that I did not want to give up, and I found out that I wanted to love my mother better than Jesus and I told him so. But he told me that I would love her all the more if I found Jesus. And so one morning But he told me that I would love her all the more if I found Jesus. And so one morning you came and spoke to me so kindly, and prayed with me; and while you were praying. I resolved that I would give up everything to become the follower of Him I love. And it seemed as if I could hear Him saying, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." And I believe it was there and there that I found Jesus. lieve it was then and there that I found Jesus. When I went home from the meeting, some-thing occurred that had always before thrown me into a great passion, and then I prayed that Jesus would help me; and he did help me; and I felt so much happier than when I

get discouraged; but I know it is Satan tempting me. And then I look to Jesus and all doubts go away, and it seems as if I can hear Jesus cheering me on. I love to work for Jesus now, and I love all Christians now; and I love propriet to and I love poor sinners, too. Oh, what a sad picture is this last letter! In a city where many chilpushed them all aside with the vain dren and young people were seeking delusion of that "more convenient sea- the dear Saviour and hundreds findit was too late. Though reason was time this girl says: time this girl says:

"I CAME TO MEETINGS AT FIRST FOR FUN."

What a thoughtless, careless girl she must have been!

But when she gave herself up to Him, who died on the cruel tree for her, she found a great change come over her sometimes, perhaps she hardly knew herself. How different her heart looks when she says,

"I HAVE NOW MADE UP MY MIND THAT I WILL NOT SERVE SATAN, BUT CHRIST.'

I wish you could say the same. Can you?

I came to your meetings at first for fun and to see my friends, but one day I felt very badly in the meeting, and thought that I would stay to the inquiry-meeting, and see if that would make me feel any better. I staid and a very dear friend of mine came and asked me if I was a Christian. I told her no, and then she talked to me very kindly, but still I did not feel any better. I had done something very wrong, and could not mmitti stop committing that sin until I told my parents, and then I felt better. That morning I gave my heart to Christ and made up my mind that I would serve him. I believe school, but after all they never thought he has forgiven my sins, but then I have so much about what they heard. It all seemed just to go in one ear and out to believe there was no God, hell, or heaven, not serve Satan but Christ.

> I hope, my dear young friends, you will not lay down this paper, till you resolve, with God's help, to "serve ${f Christ.}$

> Think of all he has done for you! Do you wonder that these three girls love Him, and are willing to be laughed at, if need be, rather than deny Him? Just such a change will come over you if you will come to Jesus in the same way, as I hope, these girls did.

> Read the 19th chapter of John, and I think the tears will run down your cheeks as you think of Christ's sufferings for you, and then with all your neart say,

"But drops of grief can ne'er repay,
The debt of love I owe;
Here Lord, I give myself away, Tis all that I can do.

RAILROAD PIETY.

While riding, a few days since, on a railroad, a serious accident happened to the engine, which might easily have resulted in great injury to the whole train and loss of life to the passen-TOLD THEM I HAD ALL THE RELIGION gers. As the crowd gathered around I WANTED." But after she became a to look at the wreck, one of them Christian she gives a different picture exclaimed, "That's just the luck of f herself, when she says this road. On any other that acci-"THEY LAUGHED AT ME, BUT I DID dent would have cost two or three NOT CARE, FOR I HAD MADE UP MY cars, and ten or a dozen passengers' lives. . Just the luck of this road; never hurts its passengers." When you first came here some of my friends asked me to attend the meetings, and I laughed at them and told them that I had to a friend, and repeating the remark, all the religion that I wanted. After you had been here two or three weeks, I thought I would go for the fun of it. It was the after about it than that. "That moon that Mr. Hains started for home." I yet, every morning in the upper room of the repair shop for prayer.

A railroad train, with its three chief