

The Family Circle.

A POEM RECITED BY MR. LINCOLN.

To the Editors of the N. Y. Evening Post.

I have been given 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 copy was written are these:—I was with the President one evening in his room, during the time he 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 genuine appreciation of the great poet.

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, if ever an opportunity occurred, to write them down from his lips. He said he would come some time 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 War 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.

With great regard, very truly yours, B. F. CARPENTER.

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

THE COVENANTER'S MARRIAGE DAY.

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.

Christian Lindsay had been betrothed 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.

some fair sea-bird. And as she looked on her husband upon his knees awaiting his doom—him, the temperate, the merciful, the gentle, and the just—and then upon those wrathful, raging, fiery-eyed, and bloody-minded 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 desertion, turned upon her husband 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.

The soldiers presented their muskets, the word was given, and they fired. At that moment, Christian Lindsay had rushed forward and flung herself down on her knees beside her husband, and they both fell, and stretched themselves out mortally wounded upon the grass.

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 face. Their work had been lamentable indeed. For now they began to see that these murdered people were truly bridegroom and bride. She was lying there dressed with her modest white bridal garments and white ribbons now streaked with many streams of blood from mortal wounds.

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.

the bloody green, and their leader told Marion she might go her ways and bring her friends to take care of the dead bodies. No one, he said, would hurt her. And soon after the party dispersed.

Marion remained for a while beside the dead. Their wounds bled not now. But she brought water from the little spring and washed them all—dressed, and left not a single stain upon either of their faces. She disturbed as little as possible the position in which they lay, nor removed Christian's arm from her husband's neck.

To watch by the dead all night, to wait for some days till they could be confined for burial, was the thought of in such times. That would have been to sacrifice living foolishly for the sake of the dead. Therefore it was proposed that they should be buried together in the lone burial spot of the head of St. Mary's Loch.

The grave was half filled with heather, and gently we were down together, even as they were sheathing into that mournful bed of old man afterwards said a word over them, but with the light of sitting down on the graves.

Archbishop Whately, in a sermon, has said: "God's Promises are the Lord hath promised things; only, let us be true to them by us in our own hearts. Creator of time, sing, why, a fight, to be sure."

WE TWO. We own no houses, no lots, no lands, No duty friends for us are spread, By seat of our brows and toil of our hands We earn the pittance that buys our bread.

Never grow old, but we live in peace, And we are content with our low estate, And our hearts are glad at the large increase Of plentiful virtues under the sun.

"I'd give a hundred dollars to feel as I did a hundred years ago, in the revival scenes occurring in his native village five years after."

"What hinders you now?" said the relative, kindly. "Your business is more established and prosperous; you acknowledge the importance of attending to the salvation of your soul."

God's Promises. The Lord hath promised things; only, let us be true to them by us in our own hearts. Creator of time, sing, why, a fight, to be sure."

business tract is a deep groove, and straight ahead; there is no such thing as getting out of it. I could not stop the engine now without losing all I've got.

Thirty years more, and an old man 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.

"I'd give a hundred dollars to feel as I did a hundred years ago, in the revival scenes occurring in his native village five years after."

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."

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 all the religion that I wanted.

These girls lived hundreds of miles from each other, and yet you will see they were somewhat alike.

When I first attended your meetings, I went out of mere curiosity. I heard that you made a great many converts for their sins, but I was determined I would not cry. What a proud, proud heart I had!

"I'd give a hundred dollars to feel as I did a hundred years ago, in the revival scenes occurring in his native village five years after."

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 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 all the religion that I wanted.

For the Little Folks.

FAMILIAR TALKS WITH THE CHILDREN. IV.

BY REV. EDWARD PAYSON HAMMOND.

THE THREE THOUGHTLESS GIRLS.

They went to church and Sabbath-school, but after all they never thought much about what they heard.

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. Would you like to have all your friends see it? If it is not a "new heart," the Bible says it "is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked."

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 all the religion that I wanted.

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 all the religion that I wanted.

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 all the religion that I wanted.

Oh, what a sad picture is this last letter! In a city where many children and young people were seeking the dear Saviour and hundreds finding him very precious, at that solemn 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.

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

I wish you could say the same. Can you come to your meetings at first for fun and to see my friends, but one day I fell 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 hope, my dear young friends, you will not lay down this paper, till you resolve, with God's help, to "serve 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 their with all your heart 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.