

The Family Circle.

THE SONG OF THE SIGNBOARD.

'Twas a boisterous night in the most stormy month Of a stormy tempestuous year;

Was borne by the wind to my ear, Like the knell of a bell, sad and slow,

"In memoriam! In memoriam! Souls destroyed for ever;

"As I swing to and fro in the breeze or the gale, Distinctly I see from this spot

"Alas! I must sing it forever and aye, Till man gainseth sleep from sorrow,

"In memoriam! In memoriam! Shall I cease? Oh, never!

THE CLOUDED INTELLECT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STUDIES FOR STUDENTS." (Continued.)

Matt got up the next morning, and felt for the first time the difference made in the cottage by the absence of his grandfather.

"Ay," said his aunt, "no high winds such as frighten Matt in the winter."

Becca was sure she would come; the lady had said she would come; and accordingly, the careful little girl led Matt to the cavern;

At length, wondering at her protracted absence, Mary Goddard walked to the little watering-place where she had been staying;

He walked down to the little hamlet about an hour after the doctor had paid his visit.

"He shook her head, and sobbed out that the doctor had said, 'It was of no consequence; the cold could not hurt Mary now.'"

"No, she will die; but don't cry so, my dear; she was a good woman, and I believe God will take her to himself.

"Mother's too weak to come out yet," said the poor little girl "and father, he came in, and he said I was to stop, and be sure and not to leave her till he came back;

He did not take the news so well as she had expected; for though he said little at the time, he evidently pined and moped after "his lady,"

Matt could only sit and shiver. His pale hands, cramped with cold, forgot the art that had beguiled so many listless hours;

Becca's mother was getting better; but she was still lying in her bed upstairs, with one of her daughters attending on her.

from a sharper evil; for the lonely child was often left with the neighbour's boy, Rob, whom he so much dreaded; and then when he peevishly cried he was beaten.

She did not understand half the significance of those words. She was obliged often to go out washing and charring; and during her absence this Rob was most frequently left with Matt;

And now came a time of great trouble and distress to the inhabitants of the little fishing hamlet.

The weather grew colder and colder, till the very sea water was half-solid with spongy ice;

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Becca could say nothing to all this; but in the midst of her attempts to quiet the boy, some one tried the door and she opened it.

Matt said nothing; he was looking at the flakes of snow as they fell from the gloomy heaven so thickly, and were whirled about by the winds,

Poor Matt! some dreary hours passed between him and his rough guardian; but we do not know how they passed;

He walked down to the little hamlet about an hour after the doctor had paid his visit.

"My poor child," he asked of Becca, "is there no firewood?"

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hard, but the wind had somewhat abated, and the sea was calmer than it had been for some days.

Accordingly, the fishermen were preparing to go out in their boats, and everything looked more cheerful than usual;

The two children, thus left alone, sat quietly by the fire, Matt, cowering over the bright flames, recovered his spirits and began to crow the same inarticulate song that he oftensang when he was comfortable and had eaten a good dinner.

The little girl when questioned afterwards, said that she thought she might have slept an hour, when awaking she found the fire slowly going out, and Matt earnestly gazing out of the window.

Becca did not know. The boy still gazing upwards, said he wanted to go out of doors, and ask the great God to take him too;

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fit to go fore God in, so he threw it right away, and den God put on him the robe of Christ's righteousness;

The slave paused and looked at his master, as if to see the effects of his bold language. A smile broke over the master.

"You are right," he exclaimed, as he grasped the rough black hand held out to him: "I have been trying to fix up my old coat, but I thank God that I am done with it now.

A colporteur of the Publication Society, writing from Minnesota, says, "At a place where I stopped over night, in Wright County, the family consisted of father, mother, and a daughter, fourteen years old.

Who does not admire the fidelity of that child?—Nat. Baptist.

For the Little Folks.

FAMILIAR TALKS WITH THE CHILDREN.

"I AM COMING! I AM READY!"

At a time when a great many little children were seeking the precious Saviour, the following lines were handed to me.

I must tell you the story about this dear "Child Angel." She lived near Barnet, where I think she learned to love the Saviour.

"I am coming! I am ready!" till her sweet voice was hushed in the silence of death, and she was led by Him who carries the lambs in His bosom, to the mansions above.

"I am ready! I am coming!" Was an infant's earnest cry, As she turned upon her little bed And prepared herself to die.

I am ready! I am coming! And she stretched her little arms;— The path to heaven was opened, She felt no death's alarms.

She had often heard of Jesus, And she felt for Him such love, She was willing, she was ready, To mount with Him above.

'Twas a very long, long journey, She said she had to go, And she asked to have her best clothes on, And her little "new shoes" too.

Sweet, dying little infant! Thou dost not need earth's dress To appear in Jesus' presence, He hath clothed thee with His grace.

In garments white and shining, He has washed thee in His bloody, And now, thou art quite ready To stand before thy God.

She'd heard of "Gentle Jesus;" She knew Him, "meek and mild;" She'd often prayed that He would bless Herself, "His little child."

Now is the time to seek Him— None are too young to die; For this happy little dying girl, Was younger much than I.

A lady from Brooklyn, N. Y., has just sent me a most touching story about a little cousin of hers, "only nine years old."

This little boy's praying mother had been called to part with five of her children—and this, her youngest, she dearly loved—and when he showed signs of having learned to trust and love the dear Jesus, she loved him all the more.

I will let you read a part of this kind lady's letter, just as it was written to me.

One Sunday evening, last spring, he was left alone with his sister, whose husband had died a few weeks before.

"We all felt that there must be some reality in that boy's religion," He told his name and residence, while they were carrying him to the hospital.

"I am going straight to Jesus' arms, Said the dying little one, I'm not afraid of death's alarms, My work on earth is done.

I'm going straight to Jesus' arms, He's waiting now for me; I'm not afraid of death's alarms, For Jesus died for me.

Dear Mother, I am going home, Mr. Jesus, He is here; He'll take me to His shining throne, I've not a single fear.

My sufferings are very great, But never can compare With what my Saviour bore for me, That I His love might share.

Papa, when I am gone above, And brother feels alone, Tell him to learn the Saviour's love,— 'Twill for my loss atone.

Could you, too, say my little friends, If I called this hour to die,— 'I'm going straight to Jesus' arms Up to His home on high."

"MASSA COBB" AND "UNCLE JOSH."

In the Music Hall, recently, Gen. Fiske said that he always confided in colored men, and in all his military experience, had never but once been betrayed;

A strange-looking, white-headed negro, about four feet and a half high, came to Gen. Fiske's headquarters, and, falling on his knees, began to weep piteously.

Now, said Gen. Fiske, "shall that captain, Massa Cobb, who begged Uncle Josh to intercede with the Yankees to save his life; shall Cobb be allowed to vote and Uncle Josh be kept from the ballot-box?"

"No!" shouted more voices in number than those that lately made the Music Hall ring with Handel's "Israel in Egypt."

Rural Economy.

STRIPPING A COUNTRY OF ITS TREES.

The summer heats are beginning to dry up the springs and brooks which were lately so full and noisy, and the attention of discerning people is again turned to the fact of the diminution, year by year, of the quantity of water in our streams at certain seasons, in consequence of stripping the country of its trees, and converting the forests into pastures and tilled fields.

Almost everywhere our rivulets and rivers show, by certain indications in their channels, that they once flowed towards the sea with a larger current than now.

"Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng, I look for streams immortalized in song, That lost in silence and oblivion lie: Dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry.

This denuding a country of its trees has made the rivers of Spain for the most part mere channels for the winter rains. The Guadalquivir, which some poet calls a "mighty river," enters the sea at Malaga without water enough to cover the loose black stones that pave its bed.

More than forty years since, a poet of our country, referring to the effect of stripping the soil of its trees, put these lines into the mouth of one of the aboriginal inhabitants:—

Before these fields were sown and tilled, Full to the brim our rivers flowed; The melody of waters filled The fresh and boundless wood; And torrents dashed, and rivulets played, And fountains spouted in the shade.

These grateful sounds are heard no more; The springs are silent in the sun; The rivers, by the blackened shore, With lessening current run. The realm our tribes are crushed to get May be a barren desert yet."

The causes which operate to make the rains more frequent and the springs more regularly full in a well-wooded country, are probably more than one.

Under the trees of a forest a covering of fallen leaves is spread over the ground, by which the rains are absorbed and gradually given out to the springs and rivulets. The trees also take up large quantities of this moisture in the ground, and give it out to the air in the form of vapor, which afterwards condenses into clouds and falls in showers.

On the other hand, the rains that fall in an unwooded region run off rapidly by the water courses, and that portion of them which should be reserved for a dry season is lost.

HORSES AT PASTURE.

Every horse in the country ought, if possible, to have at least a few weeks' run in the pasture. It will do for him what no kind of medicine or nursing can do as well.

It will improve his hoofs, his hair and skin, his wind, digestion and blood, will take out stiffness and lameness, and put on flesh, and infuse new life generally.

Before turning horses out, it is well to accustom them gradually to that kind of food, by cutting a little grass for them each day, or allowing them to "bat" for an hour or so daily in the back-yard.

And when let out, they should not have "flush" feed at first, as they will be likely to over-eat, and injure themselves both in their looks and their wind.

The best grass for a horse pasture is a mixture of Timothy, blue grass, and red top. Horses relish this feed better when it is moderately short. When they are to be turned out for any length of time, and not to be used much in the meanwhile, they should have on only a light pair of shoes.

This will allow the hoofs to come in close contact with the soft earth, and will prevent contraction. Where horses cannot enjoy pasturage, they should have fresh cut grass as often as convenient, and should have their stall floors covered with tan bark, or, better, have the planks taken up and clay floors laid.—American Agriculturist.