The Family Circle.

THE SONG OF THE SIGNBOARD. "IN MEMORIAM."

'Twas a boisterous night in the most stormy month Of a stormy tempestuous year; Part waking, part sleeping, part dreaming I lay, When the song of the signboard that hung o'er Was borne by the wind to my ear, Like the knell of a bell, sad and slow,

It sung as it swung, to and fro: "In you desolate marsh is a suicide's grave;

Hark how the wind whistles by ! He was handsome and noble, light hearted an

brave, When I first attracted his eye; He is not the only poor mortal, I fear, Whose downfall began when he first entered here.

> "In memoriam! In memoriam! Souls destroyed for ever; In memoriam! In memoriam! Hopes recovered never.

"As I swing to and fro in the breeze or the gale Distinctly I see from this spot Two buildings we patronize, workhouse and gaol Both filled by the drunkard and sot, Alas! must it aye and forever be so? Must my song be forever of sorrow and woe?

> "In memoriam! In memoriam! Happiness and peace; Shall I never cease?

"Alas! I must sing it forever and aye, Till man gaineth wisdom from sorrow, And the world goes to sleep on the bitter to-day To wake to a happier morrow. Till then I continue, sad, solemn, and slow, My melody mournful of sorrow and woe.

"In memoriam ! In memoriam ! Shall I cease? ob, never! In memorian ! In memoriam ! Ever-aye, forever."

-Alliance News.

THE CLOUDED INTELLECT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STUDIES FOR STORIES."

(Continued.)

made in the cottage by the absence of his grandfather. Every change affected his imperfect mind, and made him restless. He was curious to know why his grandfather had not taken his oars and his fishing tackle with him; and of his aunt's delirious moaning. when his aunt told him there was no sea where he was gone, the boy was till the very sea water was half-solid Becca could say nothing to all this; at first greatly surprised, and then said with spongy ice, and broke crisply on but in the midst of ther attempts to it must be a very good place, "No sea, no storms!"

"Ay," said his aunt, "no high winds such as frighten Matt in the winter." So the boy was satisfied for the present, and went out to the beach to wait for his friend, but she did not come; and uneasy.

Becca was sure she would come: the poor boy of the conversation held did not act a friendly part by her. there, and for a while he was content-

dreaded; and then when he peevishly

She did not understand half the significance of those words. She was obliged often to go out washing and Becca had this charge instead of Rob, and then the day went cheerily. If sadly lame and helpless now, to the cave; and there the two children would talk together on the one subject that Matt could understand; and every day came might have slept an hour, when awathe never-wearying assurance, that when Matt went to God he should never be cold, and he should never be beaten the window. The snow was falling up my old coat, but I thank God that any more.

of the little fishing hamlet. There ground. Matt had been told that me peace and joy. God bless you, was very bad weather; the men could morning that God would soon send Sam; you have taught me a precious not go out with the boats, and unwhole- for his aunt also; but at the time he truth." some food, and over-hard work, took little notice, his always torpid brought the fever, and Becca's mother and poor Mary Goddard both sickened at the same time. The neighbours in warmth of the cottage had done him ciety, writing from Minnesota, says, could for them; and Rob's mother, a kind-hearted bustling woman, who gone. had so many children of her own to attend to, and a sickly bed-ridden mother to nurse, constantly came in to out of doors, and ask the great God keep Mary's fire, and to give her drink to take him too; Matt wanted to go and make her bed for her. Many a away. Becca tried to calm him; but Matt got up the next morning, and time did this poor creature spare a he was urgent in his desire to go out, felt for the first time the difference crust for the poor idiot boy from her and at last she was obliged to lock the own miserable store; for she had compas- door. Matt upon this wept, and begsion on his helplessness, and could not

> stool by the small fire, within hearing The weather grew colder and colder,

the frozen shore; the north wind howled in the rents and crevices of the and she opened it. It was Rob's lofty cliffs; and the poverty of the mother; she was come to tell Becca that hamlet was so great that there was she must go into the town to fetch a fever would surely be starved out gently and slowly told him that his and after a while her absence and that soon; but it seized on Rob's father of his grandfather made Matt restless next; and the same day that he sickened, the doctor said Mary Goddard

was past hope. Mary Goddard had the lady had said she would come; lived alone with the poor boy almost and, accordingly, the careful little girl ever since her father's death; for her led Matt to the cavern; and then the sister had taken a service, and gone sight of the grotto and the place where | with her master's family to London; they had sat the day before, reminded and the married brother and his wife

Mr. Green was frequently in and out ed; but the lady did not come that of the cottages during this time of disday, nor for many days; and at last, aster, but he could not effectually rethough Matt went to the cave every lieve the distress; it was too deep and she left behind, to stay with Matt, and am going a long journey." She then write them down for you. day to look for her, he scarcely expec. complete; the poor people had been be good to him.

from a sharper evil; for the lonely | hard, but the wind had somewhat | fit to go 'fore God in, so he trew it child was often left with the neigh- abated, and the sea was calmer than it right away, and den God put on him bour's boy, Rob, whom he so much had been for some days.

Accordingly, the fishermen were and den, of course, when Sam had dat cried he was beaten. But he seldom preparing to go out in their boats, and on he could'nt help being glad and full had sense to tell this to his aunt when everything looked more cheerful than of peace. But massa hab on a real she returned, though sometimes he usual; the hope of something being good coat and he did not like to trow made her wonder at the fervency with | earned revived the spirits of the wowhich he would repeat, "Matt shall men; and the men, once occupied, fixed up a little it would do to go 'fore go to God some day, and Matt shall forgot their gloomy fears of the fe-never be beaten any more."

The two children, thus left alone, The two children, thus left alone, see a hole he says, O, I'll patch dat l' sat quietly by the fire, Matt, cowering and so he goes on, trying to make his over the bright flames, recovered his old coat do; but it nebber will, for charing : and during her absence this spirits and began to crow the same in- God won't receive Massa in dat coat, Rob was most frequently left with articulate song that he often sang when no matter how much he fix it up. But Matt; and at her return received a he was comfortable and had eaten a if massa will only trow dat coat away, penny for having given him his dinner good dinner. And Becca, who had and let God put on the robe of Christ' and taken care of him. Sometimes been roused before daybreak to wait righteousness on him, den massa can on her mother, and then to go to Mary | go in 'fore God and not be 'fraid, but be happy like poor bad Sam." Goddard, fell quietly asleep before the the sun shone, Becca would lead him, fire, after watching the thickly-falling flakes of snow.

The little girl when questioned af-terwards, said that she thought she king she found the fire slowly gone out, and Matt earnestly gazing out of faster than ever, and the tide rapidly I am done with it now. I'll have on faculties being rendered more than ever dull by the cold; but now the good, and as Becca mended the fire, "At a place where I stopped over he inquired whether his aunt was night, in Wright County, the family good, and as Becca mended the fire,

Becca did not know. The boy still gazing apwards, said he wanted to go ged to be allowed to go out. bear to see his blue lips and trembling "Would God never send for poor limbs, as he sat on his little wooden Matt?" he piteously inquired. "Would not God send for Matt, if Matt begged him very hard? Matt did not wish to stay if his aunt was going away."

quiet the boy, some one tried the door little fire inside to keep its force from nurse; and when she had given the being felt. The fisherman said the message, she turned to Matt, and

> aunt was gone. 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, and heaped against the frozen threshold,

or swallowed up in the gloomy sea. "Matt your poor aunt is gone to God," said the woman kindly, and she brought him near to the fire and chafed his cold hands; then having left a good fire she went away with

Now is the time to seek Him-None are too young to die; For this happy little dying girl, the robe of Christ's righteousness Was younger much than I.

"You are right," he exclaimed, as

he grasped the rough black hand held

out to him: "I have been trying to fix

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

them, after such an invitation.

for the Little Kolks.

DREN.

"IAM COMING! I AN READY!"

that child ?-Nat. Baptist.

est every little reader.

A lady from Brooklyn, N.Y., has just sent me a most touching story about a little cousin of hers, "only nine years old." I could scarcely keep dat away, for he thought if it was the tears from my eyes.

This little boy's praying mother had been called to part with five of her year by year, of the quantity of water children-and this, her youngest, she in our streams at certain seasons, in dearly loved-and when he showed consequence of stripping the country signs of having learned to trust and of its trees, and converting the forests love the dear Jesus, she loved him all into pastures and tilled fields. Althe more

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. After endeavoring 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 avalaimed as

any more; I don't want even to do another wrong thing." When he went to bed that night, she heard him pray that God would soon make him fit for those mansions that eye had not seen, nor ear heard about.

any more. And now came a time of great coming in washed it away at the edge the robe of Christ's righteousness as two little companions to get some fire-works, of the little fishing hamlet. There ground. Matt had been told that me peace and joy. God bless you, long hill, and for amusement the boys stepped were here the men could monthing that God would soon and some tore here the men could monthing that God would soon and some tore here the men could monthing that God would soon and some tore here to be and to be a solution of the men could monthing that for a stepped were here the men could monthing that God would soon and some tore here to be a stepped to be off the back platform and on to the front one, off the back platform and on to the front one, when Charley slipped and the wheel of the car passed directly over his hip, crushing the bone to powder. He uttered one scream and then never complained again; but when a palication was lifeling him from his drawfol policeman was lifting him from his dreadful position, he opened his eyes and said, "Don't blame anybody, it was my fault, but tell my mother I am going right to my Saviour." The rough policeman in telling of this said, "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. The sad news was told to his mother by two little strear children who are consisted of father, mother, and a daughter, fourtéen years old. In the morning, after breakfast, the child, the to the hospital. The sad news was told to his mother by two little street children, who ex-pressed it in these terms "Does Charley H. live here? Well, he's smashed." She fol-lowed the children, and literally tracked her child by his blood to the hospital. When she entered the room where he lay, he open-ed his eyes and said, "Mother, I'm going to Jesus, and He's here in this room, all around me, of, I love him so much; don't let them cut off my leg, but if they do, never mind, it wen't hurt me as much as they hurt Jesus." When his father arrived, he looked up and said, "Papa, I am going to my Saviour, tell only professor of religion in the family, placed the Bible in my hands, but made no remark. It was to me a proof of moral courage, she being so young and in the presence of her pa-rents. I considered it a blessed privilege to read a chapter and pray with Who does not admire the fidelity of When his father arrived, he looked up and said, "Papa, I am going to my Saviour, tell brother Eddy if he feels lonely now, because he has no brother, to learn to love Jesus and he will be his brother, and love him so much." These were the last words he said, for in about two hours he bled to death, and the hospital nurse said, as he closed his eyes, "He has gone to that Saviour he talked so much about, and I will try to love him too." FAMILIAR TALKS WITH THE CHIL-The has gone to that Saviour he talked so much about, and *I* will try to love him too." When his mother returned to her home, her only words were, "The Lord has taken my Charley, though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." At a time when a great many little children were seeking the precious Saviour, the following lines were hand-

ed to me. I am sure they will inter-Little Charlie was very fond of the I must tell you the story about this though he was but nine years old, he Indians, predominated. dear "Child Angel." She lived near loved the Sabbath-school, where he More than forty years since, a poet Barnet, where I think she learned to heard so much about how Jesus died of our country, referring to the effect love the Saviour. She used to learn on the cross that our sins might all be of stripping the soil of its trees, put little hymns about Jesus. Before she was five years old, she grew very sick. heaven to live with Him forever.

But though she could hardly speak, Some simple little verses have, she was often heard lisping the sweet almost of their own accord, come to hymns about Jesus. Only an hour me while reading over this touching before she died, she rose up and asked letter, and I think, my little friends, little Becca, charging her boy, whom for her best clothes; for, said she, "I you might like to read them, so I shall

walked up and down the floor of her "MOTHER, I'M

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 dimunition. most everywhere our rivulets and I will let you read a part of this rivers show, by certain indications in their channels, that they once flowed towards the sea with a larger current

than now. If we go on as we now do, we shall at length see many of our ancient water-courses as nearly obliterated as Addison found them in Italy, when he wrote :---

"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, Yet run for ever in the Muses' skill, And in the smooth description murmur still.''

This denuding a country of its trees has made the rivers of Spain for the most part mere channels for the winter rains. The Guadalquiver, 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. The Holy Land now often misses the "latter rain," or receives it but sparingly, and the brook Kedron is a long, dry ravine, passing off to the eastward from Jerusalem to descend between perpendicular walls beside the monastery of Mar Saba to the valley of the Jordan and the Dead Sea. Mr. Marsh, in his very and orchards, w cannot say-but we remember when traveling at the West thirty-three years since, to have met with a gentleman from Kentucky who spoke of an instance within his knowledge in which a perennial stream had made its appearance where at the early settlement of the region there was none. Kentucky, when its first colonies planted themselves within its limits, was a region in which extensive sweet hymns he had learned-for prairies, burnt over every year by the

washed away, and we taken home to these lines into the mouth of one of the aboriginal inhabitants :---

"Before these fields were shorn 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.

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

ed to find her, though always satisfied | improvident in their times of prosperwith little Becca's assurance that she ity, and now all their misfortunes would "be sure to come to-morrow."

At length, wondering at her protracted absence, Mary Goddard walked fishing season. to the little watering-place where she had been staying; and then the people of the house told her that their lodger was gone. She had been sent for suddenly the same night that the old fisherman was buried. A near relation, living more than fifty miles away, was taken extremely ill, likely to die, and he had sent for her. The woman boy's certainly. She told me to give the empty grate, too much overpower-you this the first time I saw you; and ed with cold to observe his presence. but Christ," Dr. Boyd recalls the folif I had not been so busy you should have had it before, for I would have walked over with it." So saying, she put into Mary Goddard's hand a sovereign; and very gratefully it was received : for the expenses of the old fisherman's illness and funeral had pressed heavily on his industrious

Poor Matt! when his aunt came home she did not conceal from him yet," the truth that he had lost his friend, but told him abruptly that she was gone, and was not coming back any more.

He did not take the news so well as she had expected; for though he said seemed as if in departing she had and eat while I fan poor Mary.' taken all the sunshine with her: for tage-door, and when the gusty winds

Matt could only sit and shiver. chilblained and benumbed, could no Becca had an hour or two of quiet longer support him to the sands; his rest. mysterious searchings of the heavens Becca's mother was getting better; you see dat's the berry reason. Sam took place no more. He sat from day but she was still lying in her bed up- was such a bad fellow, and hab on

fully cold weather, illness, and a bad

her bed, her bright eyes open and added, when she saw Mary Goddard's glazed with the glitter of approaching look of dissapointment, "but she has death; little Becca stood over her fanleft what ought to reconcile you to ning her, and feebly crying from sheer losing her; she is a good friend of the hunger and fatigue. And Matt sat by

'is there no firewood?"

Becca shook her head, and sobbed out that the doctor had said, "It was the Gospel, to feel himself a lost, unof no consequence; the cold could not done sinner. He had been a very

my dear; she was a good woman, and yet the same night in which he was daughter, and she now hardly knew I believe God will take her to himself. | convicted, of sin he believed in Jesus, how she could earn enough money to Is there nobody to attend on her but and at once found peace. His master you?"

said I was to stop, and be sure and not to of Christ, and set about trying to save leave her till he came back; but I'm himself. This went on for about a so frightened, and Matt and me, we haven't had anything to eat."

"Well, I have brought something little at the time, he evidently pined that you and Matt shall have; here, happy negro, and the and moped after "his lady," and it open my basket, and sit down by Matt, cordingly took place.

Little Becca did as she was bidden no sooner was she gone than the sweet and she and Matt tasted food for the face beaming with joy. warm days of October gave way to a first time that day. In the meantime, succession of raw, boisterous weather, Rob's mother came in; and seeing have come here this morning to find when the foam from the rough, Mary's state, went away, and presently troubled sea was blown into the cot- returned with her grown up daughter. You know, Sam, you and I first began shook the frail little tenement, waving for her now, poor soul," she remarked more than a month ago; and you, though its ineffectual curtains, blowing its to the clergyman; "but she must not you were such a bad fellow before, smoke down the chimney, and making be left alone, and my husband being seemed to find peace at once, while I it difficult to keep the candle lighted a trifle better this morning, I can leave who have always been what the world him for a while."

Matt and Becca were then sent out in darkness and sorrow ever since, and His pale hands, cramped with cold, of the cottage to Becca's house; and it seems to me I only grow worse, It forgot the art that had beguiled so there a bright fire being alight on the is a great mystery, Sam, and I don't many listless hours; his feeble feet, hearth the boy revived, and little understand it."

to day asking for "his lady;" sometimes stairs; with one of her daughters at such a dirty, ragged blanket, that crying with the cold, and sometimes tending on her. It was now snowing when God called him he knew it wasn't

Poor Matt ! some dreamy hours passed between him and his rough guarseemed to have come at once-fear- dian; but we do not know how they passed; we only know that the snow fell faster than ever, and the wind and turning to the wall, lifted up her He walked down to the little hamlet roared in the chimney, and the waves about an hour after the doctor had rose and thundered up on the dreary distance, and repeated again and again, paid his visit. There was now one beach; and that when after several person ill in each of the four cottages; hours the brief winter day began to but, cold as it was, smoke was only close, and poor little Becca came in arising from the chimney of one. He again, tired and almost exhausted with opened, Mary Goddard's door : she un- the force of the wind, Matt had evidently conscious of the cold, lay quietly on been crying very bitterly, and Becca felt sure that Rob had beaten him.

[Concluded next week.]

In his precious work called "None "My poor child," he asked of Becca, lowing instructive anecdote:

A poor negro slave in the West Indies was led, under the preaching of wicked man, drinking and swearing, "No, she will die; but don't cry so, and giving vent to his vile passions; was awakened under the same sermon; "Mother's too weak to come out but as he had lived outwardly what men said the poor little girl regard as a very good, moral life, his "and father, he came in, and he proud heart rejected the finished work month, and the poor Pharisee was becoming more wretched, when he resolved to have a conversation with the happy negro, and the following ac-

"Sam, you are happy!"

"Yes, Massa, I be," he said with a

"Well, Sam," said the master, "I out what it is that makes you happy. "It is not much that can be done to think about God the same night calls a good man, have been going on

"O, massa !" said the poor slave, "it ain't no mystery at all to me, 'cause

room, repeating the hymn "Gentle Jesus." She soon grew very weak and had to be put into bed. After laying there awhile, she raised herself a little hands as if she saw some one in the "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 not 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 blood? And now, thou art quite ready To stand before thy God.

She'd heard of "Gentle Jesus ;" She a heard of the sense of the

Oh, yes! she knew the Saviour; When called by Him away, 'Twas better far with Him to go; She did not wish to stay.

She loved Him; oh, so dearly ! That det had no alarms; She only saw her Shepherd,

And she sprang into His arms. She saw His face so smiling; She knew the Shepherd's voice; His arms were waiting for her; Well might her soul rejoice.

Yes. Jesus bright in glory, Within that cottage stood ; Ready His precious lamb to take,

And bear her home to God. She did not mind the journey, However far, with Him; 'I'm ready! and I'm coming !''

(No lamp had she to trim.) I'm ready !" and "I'm coming?" What sacred joy it told! How the little lamb was waiting To be gathered to the fold.

And oh! may I be "ready," When the Shepherd's voice I hear, And stretch my arms to meet Him, Without the slightest fear!

STRAIGHT JESUS !"

(Dying words of Charlie H., nine years of age, who lived in Brooklyn City.)

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

Chorus—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, My 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 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; and that was by a mulatto what no kind of medicine or nursing who had "first family" blood enough can do as well. It will improve his in him to make him a traitor. One of many instances of the good service digestion and blood, will take out stiffrendered the General by the contra- ness and lameness, and put on flesh, bands was the following :

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. He at length became to "bait" for an hour or so daily in the composed enough to say that his mas- back-yard. And when let out, they ter, Cobb, captain of a military com- should not have "flush" feed at first, pany twenty miles up the Mississippi as they will be likely to over-eat, and river, was about firing into transports injure themselves both in their looks from a masked battery. The General's and their wind. The best grass for a horse pasture is a mixture of Timothy, pilotage, and, at four o'clock the next blue grass, and red top. Horses relish day, this old Liliputian, "inferior be-ing"—this "what is it?" led into head-short. When they are to be turned quarters "Massa Cobb," holding him out for any length of time, and not to by the coat collar. His whole rebel be used much in the meanwhile, they

captein, Massa Cobb, who begged come in close contact with the soft Uncle Josh to intercede with the Yan- | earth, and will prevent contraction. kees 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 or; better, have the planks taken up Music Hall ring with Handel's "Israel in Egypt."

The causes which operate to make the rains more frequent and the springs more regularly full in a wellwooded 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. All the snows, likewise, that fall in forests are more slowly melted and sink more gradually and certainly into the earth than when they fall in the open fields. 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 hoofs, his hair and skin, his wind, 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 should have on only a light pair of "Now," said Gen. Fiske, "shall that shoes. This will allow the hoofs to 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, and clay floors laid.-American Agri-

culturist