

The Family Circle.

THE BIRD'S WEEK.

Where have you been, my birdy bright! Where have you been since Sunday night? What have you seen, and what have you heard? Oh! where have you been my darling bird?

Monday. I hopped on the woodbine bower; And sucked the honey from many a flower; From bush to bush, and from tree to tree; Raced with the butterfly and the bee; Next, to the milkmaid's side I flew; When she went to the field in the morning dew; She milked steadily, I sat by, She sang merrily, so did I; And I laughed a little, though snug the while, When she and the pail fell over the stile.

Tuesday. It rained, so I took to the barn, And perched on the beam to be safe from harm; The kind old thrasher, I very well knew, Was working for every bird that flew; "Those precious fellows!" I heard him say, "Have eaten a peck of my corn this day!" So when the thrasher went home to dine, I hope his fare was as good as mine.

Wednesday. I rose quite stout and bold; The flowers were jeweled, the skies were gold; And I had clear eyes, and my wings were wide; Swarmed in the sun before my eyes; Revealed in plenty and delight, When sudden I heard the scream of a kite, And a poor little dove dropped down and died, With spots of blood on her milk-white side; "Twas a piteous sight, I cannot deny, But I whispered, much rather the dove than I. Next, I followed, with footsteps light, A gentle yoke and maiden bright: A word to mine ear the wind did bring, Of a large plum cake and a small gold ring; But good little bird must hold his tongue, And not tell tales of the fair and young.

Thursday. I went to view the town, For I could not be thought a country clown. No, stable gleanings and stunted tree Were not for free-birds like me. But the pert young sparrows made so free As to hint I was not good company, Because I uttered a harmless joke, Of their little black jackets and small of smoke; So when my notes, for I am away To lavender beds and new-mown hay!

Friday. I joined a countless band Of merry wanderers in the land; The cherries were ripe, the feast was long, And long and clear was the thankful song; A grave old judge would have looked away From a troop of thieves so glad and gay. Unless that judge had happened to be The owner of that same cherry tree.

Saturday. Still I shudder to think How I stood on ruin's veriest brink; I was gathering worms at a cottage door, A nurse and her child was playing before, When I heard the cruel old monster say, "You shall have that bird for your dinner to-day; To catch you bird you never will fail, If you take some salt and put on its tail." But before the boy could earn his eye, I was a mile toward the sky.

Sabbath. I made the steeple my perch, To watch the people going to church; When they were in, I fluttered about, To watch the good people coming out. Many nice boys I looked at there, With snow-white collars and shining hair; But amongst them all not one could I see Like James and little brave Ben to me. So now I've come back to the old hall door, And will never leave James or Ben any more.

JOHNNY RAY, THE LITTLE NEWSPAPER BOY.

A cold, drizzling sleet, and a biting east wind, had almost cleared the streets of passers by. Certainly no person would walk such a night for pleasure. Even business must have been urgent to coax any one out who had a home to stay in. But, empty as the streets were, a passenger might be seen here and there: a well-muffled gentleman walking briskly under the shelter of his large umbrella, or a splendidly dressed lady whirling past in her carriage to some evening party. Did either of them notice that little newspaper boy shivering at the corner? The gaslight shows that his face, over which hangs a tangled lock of red hair, is sharp and colorless, and the ragged clothes scarcely cover a thin and wasted body.

Johnny Ray had wandered far that evening, trying to find a few customers for some of those penny papers which were hidden from the rain under his jacket. He had crept slowly through some of the grand squares, where the servants sometimes bought a newspaper from him; and, as he looked up at the parlor windows, the rosy light that glimmered through the warm curtains made him feel more cold than ever. Once the curtains had been flung aside by a boy about his own age, and Johnny got a peep into what seemed to him quite another world: a happy family gathered round a richly covered tea-table. Home, friends, love, rest, food, fire—just every thing Johnny wanted was there. But the laughing little face withdrew, the curtain's heavy folds closed again, and Johnny painfully felt that he was outside.

Then he tried a poorer part of the city. He dragged his weary feet down narrow streets and gloomy courts. At the top of his voice he called out his newspapers for sale, until a hollow cough made him stop; but no one came to buy.

Tired from walking, and hopeless of success, Johnny rested on a door step, and gazed up fixedly into the opposite windows. There were no blinds here. Johnny could see all that was passing within. In one room, near the top of a tall old house, the feeble light of one poor candle showed a woman bending over her sick child's bed, whispering something to the little one, and smoothing its coarse pillow. Johnny brushed away a tear with the sleeve of his wet coat; his mother was sleeping in the churchyard. In another room there was no candle, but a bright fire sent up flickering shadows on the streaming panes. A group of children sat

round the hearth, watching a cake that was toasting before the fire. The kettle hummed a song; the teapot cozily toasted its brown sides on the hob, and the cups seemed to invite it to come to the table. Then the father came home, and the children sprang to meet him. Johnny thought he could almost hear the kisses, taste the cake, and feel the fire glow. But his father was dead, and he was himself out in the cold.

Johnny got up and moved slowly on, he scarcely knew where. At the farthest end of the court a door stood ajar, and so bright a stream of light came through, that the little boy wondered if some new gin-shop had been opened. He resolved to go and see. Stepping to the door, he peeped in. A grand fire roared up the chimney, but it was no gin-shop. There were desks, and forms, and books, and slates, and ragged boys like himself. There was a kind-looking gentleman, too, who seemed to have a good word for each of these rough fellows. Johnny waited until all the scholars came out, and then he went in. He knew this must be a school, though he never had been at one, and hoped the master might buy a paper; so lifting off his cap, and giving a pull to the little red lock that hung over his forehead, he held out a newspaper, crying, in his shrill voice, "Second edition, only one penny!"

Mr. Eagan turned round and saw his little visitor. With a look of tender pity and kindness he drew the dripping boy to a seat near the fire, and, having bought a paper, sat down beside him. "Do you sell many papers?" asked Mr. Eagan.

"Sometimes; not many of an evening like this," answered Johnny, twirling his cap; "I often walk miles with out selling one."

"And where do you live, my little boy?"

"I don't live anywhere now, sir; mother's dead—and father too."

"But where do you sleep at night?"

"In any place, sir, just as the season is. This weather door-steps are not very good, and the policeman wakes one up with their 'move on.' But I earn my bread honestly and don't steal. Mother would not like that, and I'll never do it while my name is Johnny."

"Can you read?"

"No, sir; though I would be very useful in my business, the newspaper line, you know," he added, with a nod. "I know all the newspapers by their look, and make a guess at what is in them, too; by listening to other boys talking; but I wish I could spell the words. Mother used to read. She had a big book, with a nice cover; it was on the bed near her when she died; but father sold it, and her ring too. We never had one pretty thing since."

"Then, Johnny, if you come here to me every evening, I will teach you to read. I will give you a book like your mother's, which, I am sure, was the Bible. Do you ever hear the Bible read in God's house?"

"Oh, sir, I never go there. Very nice these ragged clothes would look next to a gentleman like you. A long while ago, when we lived in the country, I used to go to church with mother; the singing was very nice, almost like the birds. Mother used to tell me nice things about the good place she was going to; but I did not learn the way right then, and I have no one to teach me ever since."

"Johnny, I think I can tell you the way to the happy land where your mother is gone."

"Oh, sir, can you?" cried the little boy, with a look of joy that made even his plain, pinched features lose their harshness: "I will give you every one of these papers for nothing if you can."

"Johnny, there is one friend, and only one, who is able to take you to your mother's home. His name is the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God. Jesus means Saviour, for he came to seek and save the lost. You and I are sinners, Johnny, and therefore lost—lost like travellers who have missed their way, or poor prisoners condemned to die." Johnny's bright look faded quite away. "But God, in his great love and pity, sent His only Son to die for us; and Jesus died."

"I'm sorry for that," said Johnny, as the old sad look crept over his face again. "I thought you told me he would show me the way to mother. I wanted to go to him this very night."

"And so you can, my boy. The Lord Jesus lives again, and will hear you, if you pray. He has gone up to heaven, and is willing to take you there. Trust him alone."

Then Mr. Eagan drew a little Testament from his pocket, and read the Saviour's own sweet words about the lost sheep and the good Shepherd. Clapping Johnny's thin hand, they knelt down together. An earnest prayer that God would, for Christ's sake, show them the way to heaven, and enable them to walk in it, was simply offered. It was the first time that Johnny had tried to pray.

The fire burned low. The old church clock struck ten. It was time to close the school-room and go home. But where was Johnny's home? Some doorway or bridge-arch. Mr. Eagan resolved it should be so no longer. He remembered a very poor couple living nigh at hand, whose only child had died lately. They lived in a garret; he thought they might give Johnny a bed in the corner of it. Of course he would pay the orphan's small rent; so, leading the weary boy down one or

two streets, and up a long, creaking stair, he knocked at a broken door. The old people, though much startled at so late a visit from the ragged school teacher, consented to let Johnny share the shelter of their room; and promised to be kind to him for their own little Jim's sake.

Here Johnny lived for several months. He spent his days in selling newspapers about the streets, as usual, and his evenings at the ragged-school; but he never failed to repeat to his landlady, whom he now called grand-mother, the Bible stories he learned there, or the good news about the open way to heaven through faith in the death and resurrection of our Lord Jesus; and he never forgot to pray, "Show me thy way, O Lord!" and through his simple teaching a blessing came to that house. But, day by day, Johnny grew weaker. His cough made the old garret echo all night long. The poor woman and her husband nursed him with the greatest care, refusing any pay for kindness, which they said was all for the sake of their poor little Jim. At length he could not walk even to the ragged-school, and his teacher, alarmed at his absence, went one evening to see him. Johnny lay on a heap of straw in the garret corner. He was dozing, but the voice of his friend roused him, and, stretching out both his worn hands to welcome him, he cried, "Oh, sir, I see the way now! 'tis very plain and very short. But the good Shepherd is coming to carry me home, like the lost sheep, you know; for I'm sick and tired. Yes, mother, I am coming. Good night. You must all come soon. Granny, don't forget the way."

It was death, not sleep, that folded Johnny in his arms.—Child's Companion.

A SUCCESSFUL MISSION.

FROM DR. GUTHRIE'S SKETCHES OF THE COUNTRY, EDINBURGH.

We selected a district of the town, named 'The Pleasance,' and so called because in old times a religious household there, dedicated to Saint Placenza. It embraced a population of two thousand people, of whom, but a small number were Irish Roman Catholics. The mass was in a state of practical heathenism; very few attending any house of God, and about two hundred children wandering neglected on the streets. Along with Dr. Hanna and myself (the minister of St. John's), its office-bearers—numbering some thirty elders—and as many deacons—resolved to raise the money, and provide the machinery necessary for cultivating that waste field. Having appointed a missionary and a teacher, whom we undertook to support, we built a school where the children were to be taught during the week, and the people to worship on Sabbath. As the mountain would not come to Mahomet, it was resolved that Mahomet should go to the mountain. The people in the district must be visited in their houses, and so to speak, compelled to come in. But this work was not left to the missionary and the teacher. Having divided the whole district into portions, so small that each contained only some six or seven families, we resolved that each of these minor divisions should have a visitor, whose duty it would be to visit the families once or twice a week; to stir them out of their lethargy; to counsel them; to help them, by teaching them how to help themselves; to improve their homes; to wean them from drunkenness; to encourage habits of providence, cleanliness, and sobriety; to prevail on them to send their children to school, and go themselves on the Lord's day to the house of God. Let it be particularly observed that the division allotted to each visitor was so small that the working of it could neither be a heavy demand on their time, nor seriously interfere with any of their other duties.

The plan having been arranged, Dr. Hanna and I explained it from the pulpit, and made an appeal to our congregation; asking them to supply us with money, but above all with agents. The appeal was instantly and nobly responded to. The money was forthcoming, and some forty or fifty persons offered their services as visitors. With the wealth and worth of St. John's we descended on The Pleasance. We had a devoted missionary, a capital teacher, and some forty or fifty Christian agents at work there every week. Each Monday, Dr. Hanna met with this staff; progress was reported; the blessings of Heaven were asked; the counsels of wisdom given; the zeal of the visitors stimulated; and the whole machinery kept oiled, and in the best working order. Behold the result! Ere long two hundred children were swept off the streets into the school. On the Lord's day the school began to fill with worshippers. By-and-bye, the cry, "Yet there is room," with which our agents went forth week after week, was changed into a demand for increased accommodation. A church must now be built; and our congregation, encouraged by the remarkable success with which God had hitherto blessed the work, rose to the occasion and built one. Mr. Cochrane, the missionary, was ordained as a regular minister, and there he now labors, assisted by a full staff of elders and of deacons. His congregation, mainly made up with those who had been

once living without God and without hope in the world, embraces six hundred and thirteen members in full communion; and of these, not less than two-thirds reside in the immediate neighborhood. Once sunk, degraded, and irreligious, neglecting the education of their children, neither contributing to the support of religious ordinances, nor even waiting on them, they now have a school overflowing with children and a church overflowing with worshippers. They pay fees for the education of their children; and, with money saved from the dram-shop, come little short of providing a living for their minister, and meeting all the other expenses of Divine worship. Christians have given their work, and Christ his blessing. The desert is blooming like the rose; and the lesson which I would press on my readers is, that what St. John's congregation has done in The Pleasance may be equalled, if not surpassed, by other congregations elsewhere.

WE GO,

Into the silent land;— Over the silver strand, Lead us with gentle hand, Saviour, Redeemer, Where his beloved sleep, Angels, their watchfires keep, Guiding through sorrows deep, Charged with our care. Whom the Lord loveth well, Safely with him to dwell, Where no earth-trials swell, Hearts His, forever. Through the eternal ages, Turning the sinless pages, Where no tempest rages, Clouding our Sun. Our Sun, our Shield, our Glory, Shine all the ages hoary, In grateful song and story, Praising His name. —Translated from the German.

ADVICE TO YOUNG PEOPLE.

Keep good company or none. Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak the truth. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets, if you have any. When you speak to a person, look him in the face. Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue. Your character cannot be essentially injured, except by your own acts. If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be such that no one will believe him. Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors. Ever live (misfortune excepted) within your income. When you have been doing during the day, make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper. Small and steady gains give competency with tranquility of mind. Never play at any game of chance. Avoid temptation. Earn money before you spend it. Never run into debt unless you see a way to get out of it. Do not marry until you are able to support a wife. Never speak evil of any one. Be just before you are generous. Keep yourself innocent, if you would be happy. Save when you are young, that you may spend when you are old; and above all, fear God and keep his commandments. Read over the above maxims at least once a week.

A YANKEE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

Passing through some Massachusetts village, perhaps at a distance from any house, it may be in the midst of a piece of woods where four roads meet, one may sometimes even yet see a small, square, one-story building, whose use would not be long doubtful. It is summer, and the flickering shadows of forest leaves dapple the roof of the little porch, whose door stands wide, and shows, hanging on either hand, rows of straw hats and bonnets that look as if they had done good service. As you pass the open windows, you hear whole platoons of high-pitched voices discharging words of two or three syllables with wonderful precision and unanimity. Then there is a pause, and the voice of the officer in command is heard reproving some raw recruit whose vocal musket hung fire. Then the drill of the small infantry begins anew, but pauses again because some urohin—who agrees with Voltaire that the superfluous is a very necessary thing—insists on spelling "subtraction" with an s too much.

If you had the good fortune to be born and bred in the Bay State, your mind is thronged with half-sad, half-humorous recollections. The a-b-a-b's of little voices long since hushed in the mold, or ringing now in the pulpit, at the bar, or in the Senate chamber, come back to the ear of memory. You remember the high stool on which culprits used to be elevated with the paper fool's cap on their heads, blushing to the ears; and you think with wonder how you have seen them since as men climbing the world's penance stools of ambition without a blush, and gladly giving everything for life's caps and bells. And you have pleasant memories of going after pond-lilies, of angling for horn-pouts—that queer bat among the fishes—of nutting, of walking over the creaking snow-crust in winter, when the warm breath of every household was curling up silently in the keen blue air. You wonder if life has any rewards more solid and permanent than the Spanish dollar that was hung around your neck to be re-

stored again next day, and conclude sadly that it was but too true, a prophecy and emblem of all worldly success. But your moralizing is broken short off by a rattle of feet, and the pouring forth of the whole swarm—the boys dancing and shouting—the mere effervescence of the fixed air of youth and animal spirits uncoiled—the sedate girls in confidential twos and threes decanting secrets out of the mouth of one cape-bonnet into that of another. Times have changed since the jackets and trousers used to draw up on one side of the road, and the petticoats on the other, to salute with bow and courtesy the white neck-cloth of the parson or the squire, if it chanced to pass during intermission. —J. R. Lowell.

CHILDREN WORKING FOR GOD.

When Jesus was twelve years old he said to his parents, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" i. e. "Don't you know I have something to do for my Father in Heaven?" And he doubtless tried to do something all the time to please and honor God; as when older, "He went about doing good." Take copy from Christ in this respect, my dear little friend. You can do a great deal for God, if you only try.

A boy lay on his bed, weak and pale from a severe sickness. He had early loved the Saviour, and though life was beautiful, he was willing to die.

"You are going to heaven, my dear boy," said the minister, smoothing his wavy brown hair. "You are now in the dark valley, but Christ is with you. I am with you always," he says, 'even unto the end.'"

"I know it, I know it," answered the child, "I am with you always; but say the other."

"What other, my darling?" asked his mother.

Jamie's breath grew shorter; but at last he said, turning his eyes full upon his father, who was not a Christian, "Be ye also ready! Oh, God, he prayed, 'may my father never be able to forget, 'Be ye also ready!'"

"My darling Jamie," cried his father, throwing his arms around him, "you must not die."

But the dear boy pressed his cold lips upon his father's cheek, and still eager to do him good, he gathered all his strength, and again said, "Father, be ye also ready!" and so died. That message was never forgotten. It saved the father. You see how useful was this child, even though sick, and weak, and dying.

I remember another case, showing how much a child may do.

A few years ago, there was a little girl living in New York city, whose mother earned a living by selling apples. This little child was taken to the Sabbath-school, where she soon was converted. There she felt, as Jesus did, that she must be about her Father's business. So she went and found two other poor girls, and persuaded them to come to the Sabbath-school with her, and in a little while they became Christians. When these girls were grown up, they removed to a part of the country where nothing was done to bring the children to the Saviour; and they went to work and gathered the little ones together into a Sabbath-school. Then they went further off, and formed another school; and then another, until eleven Sabbath-schools had been formed in the neighborhood, and hundreds of children saved by them. All this from that child of the apple woman!

What encouragement in these examples for you to try to do something for God!

A gentleman, lecturing in the neighborhood of London, said:

"Everybody has influence, even that little child," pointing to a little girl in her father's arms.

"That's true," cried the man.

At the close he said to the lecturer, "I beg your pardon, sir, but I could not help speaking. I was a drunkard; but as I did not like to go to the public house alone, I used to carry the child. As I approached the public house one night, hearing a great noise inside, she said:

"Don't go, father. Hold your tongue, child." Please, father, don't go. Hold your tongue, I say. Presently I felt a big tear falling on my cheek. I could not go a step further, sir. I turned round and went home, and I have never been in a public house since, thank God for it! I am now a happy man, sir, and this little girl has done it all; and when you said that even she had influence, I could not help saying, 'that's true, sir. All have influence.'

There is no little child too small To work for God; There is a mission for us all, From Christ the Lord.

'Tis not enough for us to give Our wealth alone, We must entirely for him live And be his own.

Though poverty our portion be, Christ will not slight; The lowliest little one, so he With God be right.

The poor, the sorrowful, the old, Are round us still; God does not always ask our gold, But heart and will.

Father, O give us grace to see A place for us, Where in thy vineyard, we for thee May labor thus! —National Baptist.

DEATH OF AN INFANT.

An angel came for our Bird last night, Last night at the midnight noon, As we smoothed the curls from the forehead white.

And sang a low, lullaby tune: And we thought she had only fallen to sleep; Worn out with her torturing pain, And that, smothered by a slumber so calm and sweet, She would wake and be merry again.

But alas! in her innocent beauty she died, Died in the chamber o'er my head, The waxen lid cover the laughing blue eyes— And they saw that our darling was dead!

In the years that are bound to the beautiful Past, I have pitied poor hearts that were torn— By the death of a child; but alas! oh, last night I know what it is thus to mourn.

Ye are kind, but your kindness can never lift up The pall that is over my heart, And your hand cannot, take from my lip the dread cry,

Or from my wrung bosom the dart! Oh! was it for this that I suffered and loved! For this that I cherished my flowers, Till the strength of a mother's wild love had proved, And the charm of each thrice blessed hour.

No, no! God forgive me, if blinded by tears, I see not his outstretched hand, And the bow which is linking these grief-laden years.

To the shores of the heavenly land, Forgive me, if stung by this terrible wo, I walk in the blackness of night— And see but a lip, and a forehead of snow, And a dimpled hand, stiffened and white.

AFFECTING ORDINATION CHARGE.

At the late ordination of Rev. W. S. Wright, by the Presbytery of Bogansport, the charge was delivered by his father, Rev. Dr. Wright, of Delphi, Indiana. We copy from the charge the following tender paragraphs—

"And you, my first-born son—may I not address you from the out-gushings of a father's loving heart? You have been the child of many prayers. The very day of your birth you were dedicated to God and to the service of the ministry at the family altar. When the hands of your paternal grandfather, long since gone to heaven, were laid upon you in Baptism, that solemn act of dedication was rendered. You have been highly favored with the counsels and prayers of your venerated and beloved maternal grandfather, more recently called to his reward. He first received you to the full privileges of the Church of Christ; and that retired chamber of prayer where he daily communed with God for hours, has witnessed many earnest, importunate intercessions in your behalf.

"You descend from an almost unbroken line of ministers for seven successive generations, of whom the venerable missionary and apostle to the Indians, John Elliott, was the parent stock. O, remember my son, the cloud of witnesses that have gone before you, and so live and act, as not only to honor the memory of your fathers, who for many generations have stood for the defence of the Gospel, but to be true and faithful to Jesus Christ, by giving yourself wholly to his work."

CANNOT PLEASE EVERYBODY.

"If you please," said the Weathercock to the Wind, "turn me to the South. There is such a cry out against the cold, that I am afraid they'll put me down if I stop much longer in this North quarter."

So the wind flew from the South, and the Sun was master of the day, and rain fell abundantly.

"Oh, please to turn me from the South," said the Weathercock to the Wind again.

"The potatoes will all be spoiled, and the corn wants dry weather; and while I am here, rain it will; and, what with the heat, and the wet, the farmers are just mad against me."

So the wind shifted into the West, and there came soft, drying breezes day after day.

"Oh dear!" said the Weathercock. "Here's a pretty do! such evil looks as I get from eyes all around me the first thing every morning! the grass is getting parched up, and there is no water for the stock; and what is to be done? As to the gardeners, they say there won't be a pea to be seen, and the vegetables will wither away. Do turn me somewhere else."

"What do they say to you now?" he asked.

"What?" cried the Weathercock; "why everybody has caught cold everything; is blighted—that's what they say; and there isn't a misfortune that happens but somehow or other they lay it to the East wind."

"Well!" cried the Wind, let them find fault; I see it's impossible for you and me to please everybody; so in future I shall blow where I like, and you shall go where I like, without asking any questions. I don't know but that we shall satisfy more than we can do now, with all our consideration.

EARTHLY DISTINCTIONS.

A certain minister, Dr. Martin Geier, used to say:—"The treasures, pleasures, honors, and distinctions which mankind are so ardently striving to obtain, remind me of a display of fireworks by night. When ignited, they are very brilliant and dazzling in appearance. But how long do they last? At the furthest, only a few hours, and then nothing remains but ashes and a little burnt paper. So there are many who esteem themselves happy, because the world regards with admiration and astonishment their honors, their wealth and sumptuous manner of living, little dreaming that, in a little while, all will turn to ashes."