## The Family Circle.

"I MISS THEE, MY MOTHER."

DEAR BROTHER MEARS:-Near the time of DEAR DROTHER MEARS:—Near the time of my dear mother's triumphant departure for the better land, February 7th, a friend sent me the following lines. As I have just re-read them, they have afforded me much pleasure and comfort. You may feel inclined to insert them in your paper that others who are sent at the content of t

"I miss thee, my mother! Thy image is still The deepest impressed on my heart; And the tablet so faithful, in death must be

Ere a line of that image depart.

"Thou wast torn from my side when I treasur ed thee most, When I knew but too well that the idol I'd lost Could ne'er be replaced upon earth.

"I'miss thee, my mother, in circles of joy Where I've mingled with rapturous zest; For how slight is the touch that will serve t

All the fairy web spun in my breast!

"Some melody sweet may be floating around—
"Tis a ballad I learned at thy knee;
Some strains may be played and I shrink from the sound.

For my fingers oft waked it for thee.

"I miss thee, my mother, when young health has fled, And I sink in the languor of pain: Where, where is the arm that once pillowed my head,

And the ear that once heard me complain? "Other hands may support, gentle accents may

fall—

For the fond and the true are yet mine;
I've a blessing for each; I am grateful for all—
But whose care can be soothing as thine?

"I miss thee, my mother, in summer's fair day,
When I rest in the ivy-wreath'd bower,
When I hang thy pet linnet's cage high on the

spray Or gaze on thy favorite flower.

"There's the gravel-path, too, where I playe by thy side, When time had scarce wrinkled thy brow, Where I carefully led thee with pleasure an pride When thy scanty locks gathered the snow.

"I miss thee, my mother! Oh, when do I not?
Though I knew 'twas the wisdom of Heaven
That the deepest shade fell on my sunniest

And such ties of devotion were riven. "For when thou wast with me my soul was be

low, I was chained to the world I then trod, My affections, my thoughts, were all earth bound; but now
They have followed thy spirit to God!"

## OUR CHARLEY.

Yes—that is the question? The fact he shivers for; he yearns for the talk may apply for a good situation—are power from some open coffin or grave, is, there seems to be no place in heaven of the family, which he so imperfectly above, or earth beneath, exactly safe comprehends, and he longs to take his acquaintances can recommend you for and suitable, except the bed. While playthings down and play by you, he is asleep then our souls have rest— and is incessantly promising that of the stablished, on hearing the words, "I what I should say, I called the child to me, one bright morning, with a firm about; and sleep is a gracious state; liable to do in the parlor, he will not cannot employ you!" Nothing else purpose to perform my much dreaded whose shrill treble no longer helps to but then he wakes up bright and early, commit one if you will let him stay will make up for the lack of these duty. But how? Oh, with what words and begins tooting, pounding, ham- there. mering, singing, meddling, and asking The instinct of the little one is Naquestions; in short, overturning the ture's warning plea-God's admonipeace of society generally, for about tion. O, how many a mother who has

do with him—everybody is quite sure | twenty-five to keep her son by her side, that he cannot stay where they are and he would not! Shut out as a The cook can't have him in the kitchen, little Arab; constantly told that he is WHAT A RUMSELLER CONTRIBUTES where he intests the pantry to get flour noisy, that he is awkward and meddle-to make paste for his kites, or melt some, and a plague in general, the boy into the woodshed, he is sure to pull the streets, in the highways and hedges, the wood-pile down upon his head. If where he runs till the day comes when he is sent into the garret, you think for a while you have settled the problem, till you find what a boundless field for activity is at once opened, amid all till everybody's head aches quite down little now, or a great deal by and by. to the lower floor, and everybody declares that Charley must be kept out portion of every day; bear his noise of the garret.

Then you send Charley to school, and hope you are fairly rid of him, for to show him a picture; devise still a few hours at least. But he comes parlor plays for him, for he gains nohome noisy and more breezy than thing by being allowed to spoil the comever, having learned of some twenty other Charlies every separate resource sheet of paper, and a few patterns, will for keeping up a commotion that the sometimes keep him quiet for you for do without you." superabundant vitality of each can an hour, while you are talking, or in originate. He can dance like Jim a corner he may build a block house, Smith—he has learned to smack his annoying nobody to If he does now lips like Joe Brown, and Will Briggs and then disturb you, and if it costs has shown him how to mew like a cat, you more care, and thought to reguand he enters the premises with a new late him there, balance which is the "I war-whoop learned from Fom Evans. greatest evil—to be disturbed by him you." He feels large and valorous; he has now, or when he is a man. learned that he is a boy, and has a general impression that he is growing you are a good man or woman, your preimmensely strong and knowing, and despises more than ever the conven- never meant him to do without you tionalities of parlor life; in fact, he is any more than chickens without being come a member. more than ever an interruption in the brooded massage and the way of decent folks who want to be

quiet. It is true, that if entertaining persons will devote themselves exclusively to him, reading and telling stories, require. Even if you can ill afford he may be kept quiet; but then this the room, weigh well between the safe is discouraging work, for he swallows a story as Rover does a piece of meat, and looks at you for another and another, without the slightest consideration, so that this resource is of short duration, and then the old question one of the best. He picks up shells, comes back: What is to be done with

him? ા But after all, Charley cannot be wholly shirked, for he is an institution—a solemn and awful fact; and will paste on, and the hours he may on the answer of the question, "What innocently spend in assorting and aris to be done with him?" depends a ranging.

Many a hard, morose, bitter man, able resource for various purposes, nor has come from a Charley turned off must you mind though he varnish his that. He is a spirit can be promptly and boats, he is a made man. in your paper, that others who are saying, "I miss thee, my mother," may find their own feelings touchingly expressed.

Yours,
Vernon, Conn.

Your may feet intended to insert mem that. It is a spirit can be prointely laid, but if not laid aright, will come back, by-and-by, a strong man armed when you cannot send him off at pleasure. back, by-and-by, a strong man armed

Mamma and sisters had better pay little tax to Charley now, than a terphrase, with which our Scriptures with him. render us familiar—a MAN child—a MAN child. There you have the word that should make you think more than twice before you answer the question, "What shall we do with Charley ?"

For to-day he is at your feet; to-day you can make him laugh, you can ways wanted. He will be sought for; and turn him to your pleasure; you his services will be in demand; he will swell with recitals of good and noble mendation; he will always have a if you will take the trouble.

But look ahead some years, when acter the little voice shall ring in deep bass a man's weight and tramp; when a clerk; the master mechanic will want rough beard shall cover that little him for an apprentice or a journey key to his heart, to be able to turn him for a physician; religious congreand guide him to your will; but if gations, for a pastor; parents, for a you lose the key now he is little, you teacher of their children; and the peomay search for it carefully, with tears, | ple, for an officer. some other day, and never find it.

cance in this case.

Charley: that rude, and busy, and noisy band. as he is, and irksome as carpet rules An honest, industrious boy! Just dust; for I feared he could not grasp and parlor ways are to him, he is still think of it, boys, will you answer this the thought of the separability of the a social little creature, and wants to be description? Can you apply for that soul and body. I knew that if he did where the rest of the household are. situation? Are you sure that you will not, his keenly sensitive nature would be wanted? You may be smart and revolt in horror from the idea of death. cannot charm him at the hour when active, but that does not fill the requi- But it must be done. His eager questhe family are in reunion; he hears sition—are you honest? You may be tions about cemeteries and graves, cofthe voices in the parlor, and the play- capable—are you industrious? You fins and funerals, could no longer be room seems desolate. It may be may be well dressed and create a fa-warmed by a furnace, and lighted with vorable impression at first sight—are neglect my duty, the dreaded truth What is to be done with our Charley? gas, but it is human warmth and light you both honest and industrious? You would burst upon him with terrific

thirteen hours out of the twenty four. neglected it, because it was irksome to election for places of profit and trust way, and led to the following dialogue: Everybody wants to know what to have the child about, has longed at be made sure. lard in the new saucepan. If he goes has found at last his own company in the packages, boxes, bags, barrels, and companionship to which they have cast-off rubbish there. Old letters, doomed him. Depend upon it, if it is newspapers, trunks of miscellaneous too much trouble to keep your boy in contents, are all rummaged, and the society, there will be places found for very reign of chaos and old night is him warmed and lighted by no friendly instituted. He sees endless capacities fires. There he who "finds some misin all, and he is always hammering chief still for idle hands to do," will something or knocking something care for him, if you do not. You may apart; or sawing, or planing, or draw- put out a tree, and it will grow while ing boxes or barrels in all directions you sleep; but a son you cannot you to build cities or lay railroad tracks. must take trouble for him, either a

Let him stay with you at least some and ignorant ways. Put aside your book or work to tell him a story, or

Of all you can give your Charley, if sence is the best and safest thing. God

Then let him have some place in your house, where he may hammer and pound, and make all the litter his do?" heart desires and his various schemes asylum and one which, if denied, he may make for himself in the street.

Of all devices for Charley which we have seen, a few shelves, which he may dignify with the name of a cabinet, is and pebbles, and stones, all odds and ends, nothing comes amiss; and if you give him a pair of scissors and a little the prospects of the friends of talent,

and neglected; many a parental heart- nose and fingers and clothes-which ache has come from a Charley left to he will do of course if he does nothing run the streets, that mamma and sisters worse. A cheap paint box and some might play on the piano and write engravings to color, is another; and letters in peace. It is easy to get rid if you will give him some real paint of him; there are fifty ways of doing and putty, to paint and putty his cars

All these things make trouble—to be sure they do-but Charley is to make trouble, that is the nature of the institution; you are only to choose between safe and wholesome trouble, and the trouble that comes like a whirlribble one by and by. There is some | wind. God bless the little fellow, and thing significant in the old English send us all grace to know what to do

WANTED-AN HONEST, INDUSTRIOUS

We lately saw an advertisement headed as above. It conveys to every boy an impressive moral lesson.

can make his eyes fill and his bosom be spoken of in terms of high comdeeds; in short, you can mould him, home; he will grow up to be a man of known worth and established char-

He will be wanted. The merchant tones; when that small foot shall have | will want him for a salesman or a chin, and the wilful strength of man- man; those with a job to let will want hood fill out the little round form. him for a contractor; clients will want Then you would give worlds for the him for a lawyer; patients will want

He will be wanted. Townsmen will Old housekeepers have a proverb, want him as a citizen; acquaintances, body and spirit. He supposed that that one hour lost in the morning is as a neighbor; neighbors, as a friend; never found all day. It has a signifi- families, as a visitor; the world, as an acquaintance; nay, girls will want death had consequently for him no One thing is to be noticed about him for a beau, and finally for a husterror. I dreaded beyond measure to

you sure that your friends, teachers, it might be my own.

stated in TO SOCIETY. And red in the

pected to contribute something to its advancement and interest. We remember to have read, years ago, of a we should call it dead, and bury it out of the mourner falls softly, the voice company of tradesmen, who had united themselves together in a mutual benefit society, and each one had to relate what he could contribute to its support. First the blacksmith came forward and said:

"Gentlemen, I wish to become a member of your association."

"Well, what can you do?" implements. Is all suggests of demonstration of Very well; come in, Mr. Blacksmith."

The mason, applied for admission into the society. "And what can you do, sir?"

I can build your barns and houses, stables and bridges." "Very well, come in; we cannot

Along comes the shoemaker, and "I wish to become a member of

your society." "Well, what can you do?" "I can make boots and shoes for

"Come in, Mr. Shoemaker, we must have you."

In turn all the different trades and professions applied, till lastly, an individual came in who wanted to be-

"And what are you?" "I am a rum-seller."

poor houses."

"And is that all?" convicts, and your poor houses with ing the effect of her words." paupers."

'And what else can you do?" break the heart of the wife, and blast heaven?"

A bottle of liquid gum is an invalu- ler; "is not that enough?"

WAITING FOR CHRIST. We wait for Thee, all-glorious One! We look for Thine appearing; We hear thy name, and on the throne We see Thy presence cheering. Faith even now Uplifts its brow, And sees the Lord descending, And with Him bliss unending.

We wait for Thee through days forlorn, In patient self-denial; We know that Thou our guilt hast borne.
Upon Thy cross of trial.
And well may we
Submit to Thee To bear the cross and love it, Until Thy hand remove it.

Hast all our hearts' submission: And though the spirit sees Thee now, We long for open vision, When ours shall be Sweet rest with Thee, And pure, unfading pleasure, And life in endless measure.

We wait for Thee; already Thou

We wait for Thee with certain hope, The time will soon be over; With childlike longing we look up Thy glory to discover.

O bliss! to share Thy triumph there,

When home, with joy and singing,
The Lord His saints is bringing.

—From the German of Hiller. BUTLER'S ANALOGY FOR THE BABY. It is a serious mistake to think there must be a great coming down, when

we talk to the children. We must avoid, or define the words which are beyond their knowledge, but they will grasp great thoughts, and receive great truths, when they are but just out of baby

I had been feeling for a long time that I ought to impart to my little boy some definite idea of the death and dissolution of the body. He knew of the exchange of worlds, which we call death, but not of the sundering of the believers at death were taken to heaven, body and soul; and the thought of tell him that the body must return to

With a silent prayer for Divine aid, these qualities? Oh, how would you but without the least definite idea of qualities. No readiness or aptness for should I tell him! Perhaps the fair business will do it. You must be hands and arms, yet beautiful with honest and industrious must work dimpled plumpness of babyhood, and labor; then will your calling and which lay across my lap, suggested a

What is this?"

it is not George's self. change, without any indication to its sadly that they had to be cut off; you, remain behind, when the soul of a betrades which are useful and honorable: cut off would have no more life, or hearted feel the sacred influence of Every individual in society is ex- sense, or feeling than this marble (lay- the hour. Ex Silence reigns in the chamof sight in the ground. Can my Geor naturally sinks into a whisper, and, gie understand it?"

Yes, mamma.

MOTHER . Now I am going to suppose what will never be; but just suppose that your other arm were gone We delay till the last instant to close and both your legs also; still you the coffin for it is only then that we would be left. There would be no begin really to feel the bitterness of "Oh, I can iron your carriages shoe life or feeling in all that was gone, but bereavement. At length, not in inde-your horses, and make all kinds of dear little Georgie, who thinks and corous haste, but when all has been loves, would be here just the same." CHILD. (Very thoughtfully,) "Yes,

mamma, so I should." wish to explain to your is, that your and sensitive dispositions. The Jew body, which is made of flesh, and puts his dead out of sight almost as (pressing it,) is not you, who loves me the heat of the East perhaps rendered so. You live in the body, you move it and use it, but the body is not your-tribes seem to have been possessed by

Shepherd, we are at rest, and eternal summer reigns.

Let us not murmur, then, at what self. It is yourself who speak, and the same repugnance to speedy sepulflesh?"

CHILD. (Eagerly,) "Yes, mamma." soul, before it can live without the Among this people, at any rate, there body, has to go away to another world. could have been no lying epitaphs. So when the body is so much hurt or so sick that it dies, (as the hand does "A rum-seller! and what can you when it is cut off,) the soul cannot stay o?"
in it any longer, but goes away to another world. The soul, if it trusts and loves Jesus, goes to be with Him, in the beautiful heaven where he lives; "No, I can fill them; I can fill your but the cold, dead, useless body remains secreting their worldly vocations, with here." (Mother pauses, intensely watch nessing to that truth on which much

shop window, and I said I would tell with which you used to speak to me, and then the casket would be closed and the dead body, which my Georgie had left, would be buried in the ground, to return to dust, as God has said it must. But you, my little son, if you loved Jesus, would be very happy with Him in heaven." (Mother pauses, pale with suppressed emotion.)

CHILD. (Detecting his mother's emotion, and laying his cheek sympathizingly against hers,) "Mamma, why should you care so much about the dead body, which Georgie wouldn't want any more!"

"Oh, strange and precious words from infant lips! Could I have believed that the child, with his tender and sensitive nature, could, at that early age so perfectly comprehend, and yet so trustingly accept such a truth! Let me never fear again to say to a child whatever the Lord bids me.

I need not relate how joyfully I told my child of the glorious resurrection of the just, justified.

One day, when I had been talking with my husband about this scene, he said to me,-"Do you realize where you got the argument, which so readily convinced Georgie that our gross organized bodies with which we perceive the objects of sense, and with which we act, are no part of ourselves?" 'Why," I exclaimed, "now that you quote the words, I realize what I have never thought of before, that I have been teaching Butler's Analogy to the baby !"-Mother's Magazine.

THE APPROACH OF DEATH.

Few of us are happy enough to be still forever. Now, it is Tiny Tim. swell the merry noise; or again it is the patriach of the flock, whose vener able presence has ceased to make the chimney corner look sacred. The There may sometimes be an unwonted CHILD. "George's hand."

When drawn blinds and closed shutters will proclaim to our neighbors when drawn blinds and closed shut more lovely from its icy surroundings. CHILD: (With eager and quiet wonder,) to part with the well-kown form now vacant of its spirit. We love to look again and again at the "old familiar face." We deck the brow with flowers. done that tenderness and delicacy can suggest, we carry forth our sad burden to its grave. A hurried funeral is place the bodies of their deceased

## RELIGION IN BUSINESS.

The North British Review says :-'The pressing need of our faith is not Rural. simply faithful evangelists to proclaim its doctriues, but legions of men connessing to that truth on which much skepticism prevails, that Chritianity, CHILD. (Very cheerfully,) "Mamma, so received as to become an integral how would my body look, and what part of a man, is omnipotent to keep "I can bring the gray hairs of the should you do with it if it were dead, him from the evil, not by taking him aged to the grave with sorrow, I can and I were gone away to Jesus in out of the world, but by making him victorious over it. He is a most worthy lagues of Egypt."

look, when you first left it, very much as it now does; only instead of being "Good heavens!" cries the rum-selir; "is not that enough?"

it our body, my daring, might exhibits religion as, 'the right use of a man's whole self'—as the one thing which gives dignity and nobility to somebody, and making himself really useful, than by writing verses."

no more life, or feeling, or motion. as the manspring of earnest and suc You asked me what I should do with cessful strivings after loftier ends and your body. I should love the little a purer life—as the power, outside of body which my Georgie had left, but and within a man, which, lifting up I could not keep it, because God, who conduct in the individual, raises the at first made it out of the dust, says community—and not as a state of that it must return to dust again; so mind mystical, and in active life unif I kept it long it would look very attainable, high up among things inbadly, then drop into pieces, and at tangible, separated from contact with ast become dust. So, while it was work-a-day life, appropriate to Sabyet fair, I should dress it in pretty bath days and special hours, to leisure, clothes, and lay it in a beautiful casket, old age, and death-beds. Every man you remember you saw some in the who is 'diligent in business, serving the Lord,' is a sermon brimful of the eneryou some other time what they were gies of life and truth, a witness to the for,) and I should put sweet white comprehensiveness and adaptability flowers in the dead little hand, which of Christ's religion, a preacher of was once yours, and kiss the dead lips righteousness in scenes where none can preach so effectually or so well."

NEVER MORE NIGHT THAN DAY.

Ah! don't be sorrowful, darling, And don't be sorrowful, pray; Taking the year together, my dear, There isn't more night than day.

Tis rainy weather, my darling, Time's waves they heavily run;
But taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more cloud than sun.

We are old folks now, my darling, We are old tolks now, my darling,
Our heads are growing gray;
But taking the year all round, my dear,
You will always find a May!

We have had our May, my darling, And our roses, long ago; And the time of the year is coming, my dear, For the silent night of snow.

And God is God, my darling, Twilight as well as day,

And we feel and know that we can go Wherever He leads the way.

A God of the night, my darling, Of the night of death so grim; The gate that leads to life, good wife, Is the gate that leads to Him.

THE SHEPHERDS OF THE JURA.

During the early spring, the valleys around the base of the Upper Alps furnish pasturage for large flocks. At a great altitude, and shut out from the light of the sun on all sides by the mountains, the herbage is of scanty growth, and as the season advances soon becomes exhausted, so that the shepherds are forced to seek fresh pasturage farther up the mountain sides. Having found a suitable spot they start with their flocks upon the toilsome ascent. Dark vales and yawning abysses have to be crossed, barren wastes and treacherous glaciers traversed; and as they the members of an unbroken family advance on their journey, the wearied circle. Sooner or later death enters and way-worn flocks become discourthe healthiest home, and a Christmas aged, stray and lag behind, until they or a birthday festival seldom comes can neither be led nor driven farther. round without reminding the living of Then it is that the shepherd resorts to some "vanished hand" or voice that is an expedient that never fails. He takes in his arms a little lamb from the flock, and holding it so that all can see, he climbs over the wastes of rock and ice to the sheltered fields of green beyond. The rest of the flock follow, lured onward by the bleating of that "fell sergeant" will not be denied one little lamb. Finally, the goal is reached, where, in some cloud-encircled MOTHER (Caressing the little hand,) interval between his terrible visits, glen, Nature unfolds her emerald but the inevitable moment will arrive | wealth, making summer seem but the

What a lesson may be drawn from pose you that there is death in our house. What this artifice practiced by the simple-We find the following in an ex- were to hurt your hand and arm so a solemn hush falls upon those who minded Swiss shepherd. As we toil upward and onward in life's great jourorigin. It presents the business of the my little son, would be here just the loved friend or relation has departed! ney, our pathway at times is rugged, liquor dealer in striking contrast with same. The hand and arm which was Even the most careless and light steep, and lies through dark ravines "where there is no light." We long again for the bright scenes that lie far below us in the spring-time of our throughout the whole house the foot | youth; but those pastures are exhausted it cannot be. Before us lies "the dark valley of the shadow," but our except in rare cases, we cannot bear spirits are faint, and footsore and weary we sink by the wayside. But,

"Let us be patient; these severe afflictions Not from the ground arise, But oftentimes Celestial benedictions Assume this dark disguise."

Then it is that our Good Shepherd takes from our flock one in whom is centred our brightest hopes and tenderest feelings, and carrying it before us, leads us onward to the bright realms above, -making light out of the darkness that intervenes, so that MOTHER. Well, my love, what I singularly revolting to civilized habits we no longer dread the shadows that encompass us. We seek but to reach those green fields in that Haven of Reblood, and bones, your little body here soon as they are cold. He still retains pose, where, safe from all harm, under in my arms, is not you. This flesh in a northern climate a custom which the fostering care and guidance of our

seems to be a mysterious and unlaugh, and cry, and think, and love ture which marks most Christian na fathomable dispensation of Providence. Shall I tell you another name for your tions Herodotus, indeed, tells us a If all below was permitted to be just self, who live in this little body of story of certain of the Arabians who as we could wish, and we were allowed never bury their dead at all They ever to enjoy the society of those near and dear to us, we should be but illy MOTHER: "It is soul. We call the friends within transparent crystal pil. prepared for the great hereafter. But real Georgie, the real self, the soul. The lars, which they afterwards carried forth in His wisdom, the Creator thus draws soul is quite able to live without the to the cemetery near the city. Thus our thoughts toward Heaven, thus body, but not here in this world. The every man became his own tombstone. paves the way for us, and leads us to desire better to prepare ourselves to meet again in His mansions those we have loved upon earth, and to fit ourselves to enjoy the manifold blessings he has promised to those that believe in Him and walk in His ways .- Moore's

SENTIMENTAL LAZINESS.

Somebody sends a poem to the Worcester Transcript on "Weariness," beginning,

"Weary of earth, weary of toil, Weary of trouble, weary of broil."

The Transcript remarks: "Our cor-MOTHER. (Struggling against emo disciple of Christ who, like Pallissy, thing but useful employment, will emrespondent, who is so weary of every gum, there is no end to the labels he and fill the land with more than the ton,) "Your body, my darling, might or Buxton, or Budgett, or Perthes, ploy his talent better, and be better