

Eye Family Circle.

SPRING AT PETERSBURG, 1866.

There's a golden tide of sunshine, flooding all beneath my feet; And the air around is thrilling;

All the fields are starred with daisies, All the mounds are flushed with bloom, And the winds that stir the branches

Waft a subtle, soft perfume. All the furrowed earth is heaving, Pulsing with awakened life;

Nature's kindly hand retrieving, What she lost in days of strife. Ah! the Spring; when last she faltered,

On the Appomattox shore, Hid her face, and stayed her footsteps, From the bruised and blackened floor,

Scorched and crushed, and torn and trampled, By the iron foot of war; Till the sad earth moaned and shivered,

'Neath the weight of graves she bore! Then, these silent meadows echoed Bugle call, and beat of drum,

And the distant cannon's thunder, Where to-day the wild bees hum; And along the line, the rattle

Of the deadly Minnie ball, And the eddying waves of battle, Surging round yon low earth wall.

Here, where springs the scented clover, Sood the ranks of loyal blue; Each his country's fearless lover,

Hero-hearted, brave and true! See, where these white bones are bleaching, 'Neath the sifted yellow clay;

Patriot sons of patriot mothers Nobly gave their lives away! It is over! Flag of freedom,

With thy stars thine own once more; Hath thy red a rosier tinting?

For the brave baptism o'er? Hath the white a purer lustre,

For the saints ascended high? Hath thy field of star-gemmed azure,

Lovelier halo of the sky? Croon, young mother, croon thy sweetest

Lullabies o'er timid flowers; In thy balmy wind-rocked cradle,

Nurse the laughing April hours! Softly weave thy pall of beauty,

O'er the soldier's nameless grave; Coax the frightened birds to duty!

Seas of music, wave on wave. Thanks for those, whom baby fingers,

Wake to-day at reveille! Brave, broad-chested, sunburnt heroes,

Glad once more to home to be! Glad that low good-nights and kisses,

Beat for them the eve's tattoo! While our grateful hearts still utter,

M. E. M.

THE CHILD OF THE HAMLET.

As Arthur pursued the path across the common, his eye was attracted by the picturesque effect of a little scarlet cloak, contrasting with the green of a clump of gorse and fern.

"This little fawn seems to be afraid to come near me, and yet to wish to keep me in sight," said Arthur to himself. The young man was fond of children, and resolved to overcome the shyness of this lonely little peasant.

"He has the fits, you know," said the little girl sadly; "the boys hunt him, and fright him, and then he falls down, and it makes mother so savage—it do!"

"It would make any one feel savage," observed Arthur; "these boys must be a sad, lawless set."

"They caught me the first time I was a comin' from Mrs. Oldit, and took away the cake she gave me, and ate it, and tore the pretty picture book into bits, and laughed, and when I cried they beat me!"

"Here's a case of Red Ridinghood and the wolf!" thought Arthur; "I should like to give these young ruffians a taste of my switch!"

"Do you ever go to church, Lottie Stone?"

"No; mother don't teach me nothing," naively answered the child.

"What—not to speak the truth, and fear God?"

"The girl fumbled with her blackberries, and Arthur at first thought that she had either not heard or not understood his question; but she presently raised her head and replied, 'It's Mrs. Oldit as teach me that.'"

"And do you often see Mrs. Holdich?"

"Did the lion kill him?" asked Tom. "No, he killed the lion," said Arthur, "and I've seen the head stuffed, and the great white fangs that could have torn a horse in pieces."

"Whether Arthur had convinced the reason of the boys may be doubted, but he had certainly gained their attention; he felt his advantage and went on."

"Yes, I would—I would," cried the boys, one after the other.

"There, you hear them," said Arthur to Lottie, scarcely able to keep his countenance as he spoke; "there you have three protectors to choose from whenever you chance to want one, who will protect you as brave boys should."

"O, there he is, there's the cur!" shouted three great boys who were walking in front of me. As they spoke, a poor white dog ran panting out of a yard near by, pursued by a party of children.

"Wretched cur!" cried one of them with a laugh. And the three sauntered carelessly on. Which is the brute, thought I—this great, strong boy, who is not ashamed to abuse a helpless animal, or the brave and patient dog, who bears the torture without complaint?

"Perhaps this common occurrence made me more indignant than usual, because I was on my way home from Mrs. Reynolds, where I had been hearing about the noble behavior of their dear old Rover. The day before Mrs. R. had been sitting in her sunny porch, with little Maggie playing on the grass mat at her feet."

"No, life is God's gift alone, and no one should wantonly take it away from one of the beautiful creatures that He has made to enjoy it," said Arthur.

"He was a bold chap, he was," muttered Davy.

see him lay his black head upon the pillow beside the child's fair face, and to watch her white little hand stroking his shaggy coat with a loving touch.

"What did you think, Maggie, when you felt the water?"

"Does any boy wonder that it grieved me, on my way home from this morning call, to see a dog abused? I am sure it was a sin against God's law of love."

"The boy was starved—yes, starved to death!"

"We approach the door—then enter. Ah! you shrink back from that beastly, besotted wretch, but half covered with filthy rags, cowering and shivering in a mass of straw; for there is no fire. There is no warm bed, no comfortable chairs—there is nothing but that horrid object on the floor."

"How came he so, then?" you ask with a shuddering glance.

"At the age of twenty he went from home to learn a trade in town. He got among vile companions. But he knew it not. He thought them good and pure as they at first seemed. They drank wine; he drank with them. His appetite for drink grew upon him. His course was downward!"

"Dreadful!" you exclaim.

"Dear children, many foes have ye to meet; many battles for the right to fight. Many victories shall crown your endeavors. But remember, the bitterest, most deadly foe of all, will be the DEMON INTemperance, whose allies are strong and mighty. The rum-sellers are their officers."

"I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness."

When life's long pilgrimage shall cease, When days of sin and toil have set, Our souls shall gain their best release;

At rest from pain, from harm secure, The warrior sheathes his well-worn sword, From every stain forever pure;

There comes the day! When all the throng Of thy redeemed have paid the debt Of fallen Nature—Lord, now long?

A little girl standing in the doorway of a house in the city of Montreal, in the early days of summer, when the gardens were all in blossom, saw another about her own age, passing by on the sidewalk, with a bouquet of flowers in her hand.

Mary knew that she meant by this, that she would place them in the church before a painting of the infant Jesus and his mother Mary. It seemed a pleasant thing to her to place flowers before even the picture of the Saviour.

"I should rather give them to him, if I could see him, and was not afraid to do it," little Mary answered.

"The room into which she entered was very plainly furnished, but every thing was neat. Sitting up in the bed, supported by pillows, was a young woman looking very pale and feeble."

"Wake, thou that sleepest in enchanted bowers, Lest these lost years should haunt thee in the night. When death is waiting for thy numbered hours, To take their swift and everlasting flight; Wake, ere the earth-born charm unnerve thee quite, And be thy thoughts to work divine addressed; Do something—do it soon—do it with all thy might. An angel's wing would droop, if long at rest, And God himself, inactive, were no longer blest."

sat in the bed. "She should think of little Mary," she said, "every time she looked upon it."

"When they reached the house, the mother took the Bible, and, drawing her little girl to her lap, she read, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, * * * ye have done it unto me.'"

Then, in a moment to my view The Stranger started from disguise— The tokens in his hands I knew; My Saviour stood before my eyes!

Dr. Johnson used to say, "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do any." Grand occasions of life seldom come, are soon gone, and when present, it is only one among thousands who is adequate to the great actions they demand.

Human life is made up of a succession of little things, or such as are commonly, though mistakenly, so considered. They mould our character and give complexion to our eternity; can they be insignificant? How slow are we in learning to do "whatsoever our hand findeth" and to leave the results, great or small, at the disposal of Him who has declared—"whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you he shall in no wise lose his reward."

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand." "Blessed are they that sow beside all waters." Look around in your neighborhood, in your Church, and you can be at no loss for important work to do. Be content to attend to duties as they arise; take them as they are sent by providence. Every moment brings its own responsibilities, and man's wisdom in this world of sin, of sorrow, and of death, consists in cheerfully using present comforts, and diligently attending to present duties. Let the crumbs, the fragments of time, be gathered up, that nothing be lost. Forget not that, all the world over, great things are made up of a vast multitude of those which are little. Eternity is composed of moments of time, never ceasing. Nothing will more certainly find the slothful at last, or bring them to a dreadful reckoning, than wasted time.

"We could soon finish you up," said some lemons to a bottle of carbonate of soda.

"I could soon take the taste out of you," answered the soda.

"With all my heart," said the soda; and to work they went, trying with all their might to extinguish each other; fizz—went the lemons; fizz—went the soda; and they went on fizzing, till there was nothing of either of them left, and only a nauseous puddle showed where the fight had been.

THE END OF A QUARREL.

"We could soon finish you up," said some lemons to a bottle of carbonate of soda. "I could soon take the taste out of you," answered the soda. "Let us try our strength," said the lemons. "With all my heart," said the soda; and to work they went, trying with all their might to extinguish each other; fizz—went the lemons; fizz—went the soda; and they went on fizzing, till there was nothing of either of them left, and only a nauseous puddle showed where the fight had been.