Ebe Family Circle.

THE SCULPTOR AND HIS CHILD. "Come in, my little girl," the sculptor said, Opening his studio-door at early morn. The sunrise glow was on her curly head, As eagerly she crossed the flower-decked lawn.

Holding the corners of her apron tight In dimpled fingers, with a sunny smile She showed it full of buds and blossoms bright

Rose, jasmine, lily, in one fragrant pile. "Enter, my child," he said. Her little feet Paused on the threshold, and her earnes

eyes Gazed on his secret work of love complete, With childlike pleasure and most sweet sur prise.

It was a mild, majestic, gracious form, With outspread hands. The rosy sunrise

light Flushed the pure cheek with life like tints and warm,

And crowned the forehead with a halo bright.

With reverent mien the little one drew near, And looked up in the face so calm and sweet; Quick to her eyes there sprang the sudden teer, Her blossoms dropped upon the statue's feet.

A deeper feeling than that glad surprise Bent low and reverently that fair young head

At last she raised those tearful, earnest eyes, "Our dear Lord Jesus Christ!" she softly said.

Her father pressed her to his raptured heart! "Master," he cried, "no other praise I ask : My child hath known and named thee who thou

Thus thou dost own and crown my humble task !'

. . . A thousand hearts that face divine has thrilled With its serene and most majestic grace; Unnumbered thoughts with loving reverence

Since child and father saw Christ face to face In the cathedral's hushed and solemn gloom

That sculptured form shines still divinely sweet; And when the lilies and the roses bloom

The children strew them at its marble feet. -Hours at Home.

THE RICH MAN.

Some years ago a doctor found one of his patients in the country, near the joy in the hope of the rest in heaven. He thought he would take his two little sons to see this good man, that across the water ?- Christian Herald. they might learn from his happiness the vanity of earthly, and the value of heavenly, wealth. He told them he would take them to see a rich man.

The doctor's horse trotted off at so brisk a rate that the city pavements were soon left far behind them. Whenever they came near the beautifully kept grounds of any gentleman's residence, the boys looked eagerly out, in there. To their surprise he passed dren-a coach, fine horses and a driver; thinking the doctor would surely turn by all these, and stopped at last before and took pleasure in riding every day the most forlorn-looking, tumble-down house, saying "Here we are! this is the place, boys!"

"You don't mean it, sir? This can't be the place where that rich man lives?"

"Yes, it is."

"A real fortune he must have, to be sure; look at that old chimney, and those broken windows, and that old fence! Ah, doctor, you've been making game of us." "I only wish I were as sure of in-

And where do you think I found it?"

"In some lawyer's office, I suppose, sir." "No; I don't know whether I should have found it there or not, for I never thought of looking for any thing of the sort, there or anywhere

else; but I first heard of it in a Sabbath school! I went into a Sabbathschool one day, and there the teacher told me that there was a great fortune waiting for me on the other side of the water. I couldn't believe him at first, but the superintendent told me the same thing, and then the minister came into the school and told me so, and all three of them showed me written proofs of the same, so I know it's all right. I was a boy then, and have been studying about it ever since, but can detect no flaw in the title. The Sabbath-school is a great place for gaining titles to large fortunes, and if you, boys, wish to be rich in the future (as most boys do), I would advise

you to go there pretty regularly." Here the doctor looked at his watch, and said it was time to go and see another patient, and that if he did not hurry he should be sure to find him an impatient rather than a patient man. And so I am going to break off right here in my story of Edwin and Frank and leave my young readers to guess, if they have not already done so, what water the sick man had to cross in order to come into possession of his property

But before saying "good-bye" to my boy readers, I should like to grasp their hands for an instant, and looking into their earnest eyes, ask them to inquire of their inner selves whether it will not be most grateful to them in the that old school-house was burned up, persons of the retiring crowd, as they end of his journey on earth, but full of future to be pointed out as the "richest man" in their city, or to know that their title is all secure to a fortune it isn't fire, its a fiery trial. I'm sure

HOW TO LIVE.

A wealthy gentleman of Boston, several years ago, gave the editor of the Worcester Palladium a short narration of his own experience. He had a house in town, and a country-seat a few miles out. He had several chil-

struck him that each one of his children would expect to have a fine a great deal of noise. house, and coach, and horses and driver, as their father had before them, and to live as he lived; and if they did not, they would be unhappy. but Miss Green was perfectly calm. as his title to salvation, or the ground He did not think that all of them could have things as he had them, or live as quietly: "File out in order, as usual, dence. After the passage of the Fugisent his coach and horses to market before her turn, will go back to her for the safety of the colored man; and and sold them; bought a cheap carry-

tor's face wore a queer expression as born impulses and heaven-high aspi- of light. Fire and hail, snow and he said, "Listen, he's talking again !" | rations; these all must be brought to vapor, stormy wind fulfiling his word : No doubt the performances in a thea-"Yes, the deed is all right, signed, the condition into which the law Both young men and maidens, old tre are very amusing, but will they do scaled and delivered long ago. It had brought Paul. I say not that they men and children, let them praise the been made out for me a good while will not be brought out of it. When name of the Lord." Congregationalist. Use the wrath of the Lamb shall be re-

vealed, who shall be able to stand ?-Bowen's Daily Meditations.

PASSING THROUGH THE FIRE.

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."

This verse Jenny Lewis repeated to herself, as she stood before the glass, brushing her bright, wavy hair, while a small May zephyr stole in, at either open window, and slyly painted a blush rose on each of her cheeks.

"What a nice verse!" mused Jenny; "but I don't know exactly what it means. I suppose the 'waters' must mean some deep trouble, something very hard to bear; and the fire, perhaps, means something sharp and quick, that I should get over sooner; but if I can only remember that God is with me, even 'the rivers' will not overflow me."

"O dear!" cried Bell, as they aprival at the cemetery-grounds. Though it was felt that every attention must proached the large school building, in be paid to the honored remains, the an upper room of which Miss Green taught their ideas how to shoot; "there inclemency of the weather made every are all the windows flying open; our one desirous of returning as soon as lesson to-day will be smoke, smoke, possible. The close of the religious aching heads, aching eyes, and horrid services was followed by the quick crossness. What a bother it is, that dispersion of the assembled multitude of friends and mourners. One, howthat old furnace must spend all its time in smoking." the head of the grave in tears and

"This seems very much like a fire," silence, his eyes never removed from said Jenny, thoughtfully, remember-

ing her verse. "Fire!" cried Bell, spitefully, not last resting place. The assistants of understanding the allusion : "if smoke | the sexton had done their work, and were fire, we should have been ashes departed. The storm made every one long ago. I just wish it was fire. anxious to find shelter; but this I declare I wouldn't care a snap if mourner alone remained. The last and the furnace in it."

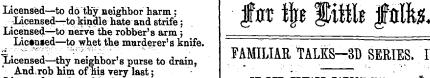
the consecrated spot until the darken-"Well," said Jenny, laughing, "if of that."

sight. It was a poor man-a verv Bell's remarks proved true. Smoke humble man. We emphasize the pervaded the room, and "horrid cross- word; for he was one of that race to ness" the scholars. Many were the whom many would deny the attributes aching eyes and heads, and few the of a full humanity. He was a man perfect lessons. Many inwardly ejac- for all that; for he possessed that ulated, as did Bell, "What a fuss!" highest thing in a man-since nearest and a few, perhaps, thought, as did heaven-an intelligent humility. It an income of \$10,000 a year, (a large Jenny, "This is a little fiery trial, and was one of the darkest sons of Africa sum then, but not considered so now,) I'll try and bear it patiently for 'Jesus' that paid this touching tribute to the sake." But the smoke, instead of di- dead. Many years ago, he had escaped minishing, seemed to increase, and from slavery at the South. He had Jenny's patience was almost exhaust- been received by Dr. Nott, "no longer ed, when suddenly the cry of "Fire!" as a servant, but above a servant, a was heard, and, simultaneously, a brother beloved, both in the flesh and One day, when riding, the thought school on the lower floor was dis in the Lord." His benefactor rememmissed, the scholars rushing out with | bered the words of Christ, "Inasmuch

All the scholars in Miss Green's least of these my brethren, ye have room started excitedly to their feet, done it unto me." It was a favorite Standing before the door, she said of that title, but as its precious evirest are all the doctor

pure in heart and life, visit a theatre? Think of the best man you ever knew of, or read of, and tell me, did he love a theatre?

Noble answer! Would it be yours?





THE BOY WHO WOULD NOT PART WITH THE BIBLE.

I have been telling you, for the last few weeks, about how much the exiles from Madeira loved the precious Bible, and how they were willing to leave their country and their homes rather than lose their Bible and deny Jesus. I want to tell you a nice story about a little boy in this country, who would not part with a Bible which his dying As the long procession left the mother had given him. I feel sure that it is a true story. I want to try and picture it all out before you, so that you will see it.

Come with me, my little friends, to that small, poor-looking house. It looks as if some one lived there who had to work very hard to get bread for their mouths. We rap at the door; but no one opens it for us. There are only two in that old house, and their thoughts are busy. Let us step in gently and listen to their words. Ah! look! see that poor, sick mother on her bed in the corner of the room. She has had to work hard for a living, and has but few of the comforts of this life. Her husband had left this world, and all her children but one: and he is the little boy who stands there, weeping by her bedside.

Listen to his words: "O, mother! I cannot have you go away and leave me here in the world all alone. Who will take care of me when you are gone away to heaven?"

"The dear Saviour will take care of you, my boy. He will be more to you than father or mother. He will not only give you a home here, but, if you love Him, He will take you up to live with me in the beautiful home which He has gone to prepare for us in heaven."

"But, mother, who will give me bread to eat and clothes to wear, till the time He comes for me?"

"My child, His words are: 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.' I shall see you for the last time to-day, for I know I am soon to leave this earth. And when I am dead, tell our as ye have done it unto one of the neighbors down at the corner, and they will come and bury me in the The officers fled to the life-boats and and some rushed toward the door: text of Dr. Nott, regarded by him not have the little that is have the little that have the little tha have the little that is here to pay them lieutenant forgot all about Dandy, for the expenses. And then, when this poor body of mine is buried in till just as the great ship was beginning the ground, you can go away to live to sink, and then plunged into the he was living; and he rode home; or not at all. The scholar that goes tive-slave Law, apprehensions were felt with your uncle, fifteen miles from water, holding the sword in his teeth. here. Perhaps he will give you bread to eat and clothes to wear. I'm sorry dy, and looking back, saw his head obeying the higher law assisted in his removal to Canada. I have nothing to give you but this rising and falling with the waves, There was order then, and the schol- The next step was to pay the debt Bible. It has been a great comfort to and the sword dragging him down. ars marched out in regular file, as was incurred to the Constitution of the me. It has often cheered me when He called to the boatmen : "Turn their won't; though, to speak properly, United States, by procuring funds to the world looked dark. Read it every back and save that poor black boy their won't; though, to speak property, United islates, by providing takes to the world looked data. It all the world looked data. It all the back and save that pool black out the back of day. Never part with it. You will Dandy." I march. Poor Jenny! She trembled from from one to whom he felt his life de-to your path.' It tells you all that shall be shot by men from the Merrihead to foot, for she was the last schol- voted. He was the constant attendant Jesus has done to save you; how He mack." ar, in the last row. Already the of his feeble age-he aided to nurse left His beautiful home in heaven, came into this wicked world, and suffered agonies in the garden and upon the cross, that your sins might be forgiven and you fitted for a home in the skies. If you obey its teachings and search for its hidden treasures, it will be worth more to you than all of this world's riches. My breath fails me; I cannot talk to you any more. I'm dying. Don't cry, Jesus is with me. He'll be with you. Good-bye. Meet me in heaven." See, the little fellow stands and sobs and sobs. Three days have passed away. Let us follow that little boy as he leaves a home where he has spent his short life, and starts for his uncle's house, fifteen miles away. It is a warm bright-eyed lad, some thirteen years morning, but he trudges on, often wiping away the tears as he thinks of his mother's death.⁴ It is now almost noon, and he throws himself beneath the shade of a large tree. He wipes the fourth of this month, to begin the the sweat from his brow, and then he takes his Bible from his pocket and begins to read some of the verses, which his dear mother has marked for Will you join us? It will be pleasant him. He finds it written: "When my for you to know that hundreds of father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." And so he reads on, thinking of what his Saviour, are reading the same chapmother told him about the Bible being ters with you. You will, for a few such a comfort to her, for he now finds it a comfort to himself also. As he sits there turning over the leaves of the precious book, a beautiful carriage with two fine horses drives up. The gentleman stops and says, What have you there, my boy, which interests you so much?' "I've a Bible, sir." The gentleman steps from the carriage and says, "Will you sell it? I will give you half a dollar for it." fellow; why that would get me a new as nearly to bear him down beneath it. straw hat, and mine is all torn to We remarkedpieces. But then he remembered his mother's words: "Don't part with the load ?" Bible;" and he said. "No, sir; I can't sell it for half a dollar." "I'll give you a dollar, then."

A dollar ! why, the little fellow had never had a dollar of his own in all his life. How many nice things it would get him. But then he thought of his mother, and said: "No; I can't sell it for a dollar."

"Well, then, I'll give you two dollars."

"No, sir; I can't sell it for two dollars."

"I'll give you three."

"No, sir; I can't take three." "I'll give you four-four silver lollars.'

"No, sir; I can't even take four." "Well, then, I'll give you five." "No, sir; I can't sell it at all; I

can't take five dollars."

"Why won't you take five dollars for it?

The little fellow burst into tears and said: "Because, sir, my mother gave it to me; it was all she had to give me, and she told me never to part with it."

The gentleman's feelings were much touched, and he asked him where he was going.

He said, "I'm going away to live with my uncle, for I've no place to stay, now my mother is dead." "But," said the gentleman, "come

with me, and I'll get you a place."

They drove on till they came to his uncle's house. The gentleman soon gained the uncle's permission to take the boy home with him. "You," said he, "have boys enough, and I have none. I want a boy like this one, who loves the Holy Bible. I think I can trust such a boy." And he found he could trust him.

That boy grew up to be a Christian man, and you will, perhaps, scarce believe me when I tell you that he became a State Senator, and was always known as a good man.

Do you think he was ever sorry that he would not part with the Bible his mother had given him? He might never have been the great man he was, if he had disobeyed his mother and sold his Bible for five dollars.

There is a precious verse, my dear little friends, in Eph. vi. 17, which I hope you will always remember: "And take the helmet of salvation and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God."

This verse reminds me of a nice story, which I know will interest you. When the Cumberland, a great war vessel, was fighting with the iron-clad Merrimack, Lieutenant Marcy called a little black boy, Dandy, and told him to hold his sword while he went away to command the guns. Amid all the roar of the cannon, there stood little black Dandy, holding fast the treasure given to him. At last the great ship Cumberland was broken in pieces by the Merrimack, and began to sink. put off from the sinking ship. The who stood with the sword in his hand

Soon the lieutenant thought of Dan-"No matter if we are. I'll not leave that faithful boy to sink in these waters with my sword in his teeth." Back went the boat, and soon little Dandy lay panting in the bottom of the boat. Do you think he lost anything by his being so faithful? Never. And if you, my dear little friends, will cling as firmly to the Bible, which is the "sword of the Spirit," you will never lose anything by it. But just as that good lieutenant flew back to the rescue of Dandy, so the dear Jesus will keep his eye on you, and he will not let you sink beneath any angry waves of sin and temptation. My dear young readers, I wish each of you to become earnest readers of the Bible. Now I wish you would begin and read the Bible with me. Hundreds of children in Girard, in Peoria, and in Springfield have, during the past two weeks, promised me, on New Testament, and to read one chapter every day. We find it will take us till next February to finish it. dear children, who have lately been led by God's Spirit to love the dear weeks, have to read two chapters a day till you catch up with us, remembering that we began at the nrs: chapter of Matthew on Monday, the fourth day of this month.

LICENSED-TO DO WHAT? Licensed-to make the strong man weak; Licensed—to lay the wise man low; Licensed—a wife's fond heart to break,

Licensed-to do thy neighbor harm ;

Licensed-to heat his feverish brain,

Licensed-like the spider for the fly,

Till madness crown thy work at last.

To spread thy nets for man, thy prey To mock his struggles—suck him dry, Then cast the worthless hall away.

Licensed—where peace and quiet dwell, To bring disease and want and woe; Licensed—to make this world a hell,

INCIDENT AT DR. NOTT'S FUNERAL.

church, the driven snow was rapidly

falling, and so continued until the ar-

ever, remained behind. He stood at

the coffin as it was lowered to its

looked back, saw him still standing by

ing snows had hid him from their

And fit man for the hell below.

Licensed-to kindle hate and strife ;

Licensed-to nerve the robber's arm ;

And make her children's tears to flow.

heriting unfailing riches as he is; but the door and peeped in at the ragged old carpet on the floor, at the poor fire that smouldered amid a heap of ashes on the uneven hearth, and lastly at an old man with snow white hair, who lay upon the bed. He seemed very feeble. The doctor talked with him for a little while in a low tone, and then called out. "Come here, boys, Mr. M---- would like to see you !"

The old man brightened up at the sight of their rosy faces and vigorous young frames so full of life, and as he shook hands with them he said, "It does me good to see you, and I thank you for coming with the freshness of your boy-life to cheer an old man like belonging to a small minority com-me. Your life is all before you, *mine* posed of the world's best men. If me. Your life is all before you, mine is almost spent, but. I die rich ! I die there were one enormous circle drawn, a rich man; what do you think of and another very small one, the forthat ?"

"I should think, sir, if you were rich, that you would have more nice things about you," said Edwin, the would seek to crowd into the smaller oldest boy.

"Why, yes, this is a poor place" (looking about him), "but then you see all my large fortune is on the to overrate the good and underrate the other side of the water. I am going evil. Again, they judge of them. across after it, and I shall have every selves, not by their actual works, but thing I want when I come into possession of that. I shall stay there already for me." "His fortune is in Europe, I sup-

Ocean, you know," said Edwin aside, anxious to display his knowledge of nacles cleave to the bottom of a ship. geography.

"But, šir, I should think you would be too weak to take such a journey to apply God's standard of goodness now," said Frank.

"Ah, I may be weaker still when I go down into that water, but I shall riches that await me there! pure gold, all inlaid with pearls. I've of things at hand. got the title deeds, all secure, to that This mighty and, as it seems, incredi-property. All is sure; there can be ble change must pass upon all men. no mistake about that."

all, and became his own driver.

With emphasis he declared that no rap, entered; but the boys stood at amount of wealth could induce him to return to his former mode of living, tor if any of his children should chance to be poor, as in all probabili- march. ty some of them would be, they should not suffer in their feelings by the reflection that their father rode in his coach while they had to rough it on foot. The example he gave them afforded him a satisfaction greater than his wealth had to bestow.

CHIEF SINNERS.

"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.-1 Тімотич і. 15.

Every man looks upon himself as mer for the great transgressors and the latter for the comparatively innocent, all the world with one consent trust Him." circle. And in this they would be acting quite conscientiously. They are accustomed in their self-estimates

by their imaginations, aspirations, and unrealized capabilities. Circumstanways, you see, and the most beautiful ces, they say to themselves, keep us home that ever your eyes beheld is all down; but we feel that we are capable of rising to the loftiest heights of moral power. Their bad qualities

> properly belonging to them; as bar-Thus it was with Paul, till the law came, and he found himself compelled

to himself. Then he was filled with horror; sin revived and he died; the

former Paul whom he had known and down stairs. be strong and vigorous when my feet admired, and wanted all the world to touch the other shore. I shall know admire, disappeared, and in his place by Jenny's window that afternoon, on no more weariness nor pain then; and came Sin, revealing itself in all his its way to China, it caught a glimpse ing. O my riches, the exceeding great nature, all his habits, and, as it were, of a very pretty picture. There lay You possessing him, from the crown of his think my old carpet shows that I am head to the sole of his feet. He now poor now, but then gold will be so finds it impossible to see so much sin plenty that I can walk on it every day. in any other as he sees in himself; You think my old fence a dilapidated just as it is impossible for the eye to affair, but then I can have a fence of see so much of things at a distance, as

doctor ?" whispered Edwin. The doc that eulogize themselves for heaven all his angels : praise him, all ye stars and I shall not go."

seat. gone."

bells were ringing all over the town; him during all his suffering decline. already the engines were rattling down It was this man who remained last of the streets toward the school-house. all looking silently down upon that She could hear (as she thought) the closed grave. The reader will pardon crackling of fire underneath; she could us for dwelling on the incident. No hear the shouts of the scholars as they better illustration could be given of rushed vehemently out into the open much that we have attempted to say,

in the smoky room, and she, and Miss spiritual relationship of these two Green must be the last to leave it. friends-friends in the Saviour's sense When thou passest through the fire of the word. No better proof could thou shalt not be burned," repeated we offer of the perfect humanity of she over and over again in her heart, the one, the greatness and the goodand it comforted her not a little. "Jesus will bring me through this fire safely," she said to herself, "and I will

And now it was her turn to go; but

the girls in front of her cried, "Its all smoke, we can't see our way; we shall be suffocated !' O, Miss Green, what shall we do?"

"Wet your handkerchiefs in this ion. pail of water," said Miss Green, calmly, 'put them over your faces, and go straight down stairs as fast as you can feel your way, if you cannot see it." Miss Green was indeed that day, as Fred afterward remarked, "a hero in the strife." "Poor child," she exclaimpose, and that is across the Atlantic again are treated as accidents, not ed, "as Jenny came to dip her hand-But before she could finish her sentence, Jenny fell fainting at her feet.

in the pail, put it over her face, took moon shine on; let the stars whisper Jenny in her arms, and went rapidly | in their quiet beauty of a better home, As the little May zephyr brushed

Jenny on a lounge by the window, with the blush roses all gone, to be sure, and her face very pale; but such a happy, trustful light in her eyes as she lay gazing up into the soft spring this wonderful intelligence. He was sky. and such a peaceful smile on her | not much smaller than his friend, but lips, as she repeated softly to herself, to me his cool, "don't-intend-to-go" "When thou passest through the fire appearance made him far the manlier thou shalt not be burned," that we of the two. mistake about that." "He is out of his head, isn't he, self-complacent, the moral; the souls danced on its way: "Praise ye him, they are bad places for boys to be in,

air; but there was she, almost stifled than that which is drawn from the

ness of the other.-Hours at Home.

THE BOY THAT WOULD NOT GO TO THE THEATRE.

"Georgie! Georgie!" shouted

old, "are you going to-night?" "Going where?" asked his compan-

"" Why, don't you know? Down to the theatre, to be sure. Come, come, there will be great doings, brother Willie says. The hall is crowded with people, lots of hacks are round the doors, bringing more visitors, the music is playing splendidly, and you must go. Come, run home and ask if you can't go with me."

There stood Fred, with cheeks like roses, eyes flashing, and his voice Miss Green said not a word, but trembling with excitement. What composedly dipped her handkerchief | cared he for the cold; let the silvery whose joys are more lasting than those of earth. He is full of wild thoughts of the gay ones in that crowded build-

"Come, Georgie, if you'll go, I'll wait for you," he cried. "There are great actors coming on the stage to. night, and there will be grand times." But Georgie stood still, unmoved by

* Copyright secured.

I'D RATHER CARRY IT.

Going from market, one day, we observed a very small boy, who gave no special indication, by dress or face. of other than ordinary training in life. Half a dollar! thought the little carrying a basket that was so heavy

"My boy, you have a heavy

"Yes," said he; "but I'd rathe carry it than that my mother should.

I hate when Vice can bolt her arguments And Virtue has no tongue to check her pride