

Eye Family Circle.

THE SCULPTOR AND HIS CHILD.

"Come in, my little girl," the sculptor said, Opening his studio-door at early morn.

Holding the corners of her apron tight, In dimpled fingers, with a sunny smile

"Enter, my child," he said. Her little feet Paused on the threshold, and her earnest eyes

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

With reverent mien the little one drew near, And looked up in the face so calm and sweet;

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

Her father pressed her to his raptur'd heart! "Master," he cried, "no other praise I ask:

A thousand hearts that face divine has thrilled With its serene and most majestic grace;

In the cathedral's hushed and solemn gloom, That sculptured form shines still divinely sweet;

THE RICH MAN.

Some years ago a doctor found one of his patients in the country, near the end of his journey on earth, but full of joy

The doctor's horse trotted off at so brisk a rate that the city pavements were soon left far behind them.

"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!

"I only wish I were as sure of inheriting unfeigned riches as he is; but come in," and the doctor, after a loud rap, entered;

The old man brightened up at the sight of their rosy faces and vigorous young frames

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

"Why, yes, this is a poor place" (looking about him), "but then you see all my large fortune is on the other side of the water."

"His fortune is in Europe, I suppose, and that is across the Atlantic Ocean, you know," said Edwin aside,

"But, sir, I should think you would be too weak to take such a journey now," said Frank.

"Ah, I may be weaker still when I go down into that water, but I shall be strong and vigorous when my feet touch the other shore."

"But, then I can have a fence of rich things that await me there! You think my old carpet shows that I am poor now, but then gold will be so plenty that I can walk on it every day."

"I got the title deeds, all secure, to that property. All is sure; there can be no mistake about that."

"He is out of his head, isn't he, doctor?" whispered Edwin. The doctor's face wore a queer expression as he said, "Listen, he's talking again!"

"Yes, the deed is all right, signed, sealed and delivered long ago. It had been made out for me a good while before I knew it, and hidden away. And where do you think I found it?"

"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;

"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;

"O dear!" cried Bell, as they approached the large school building, in an upper room of which Miss Green taught their ideas how to shoot;

"Fire!" cried Bell, spitefully, not understanding the allusion; "if smoke were fire, we should have been ashes long ago."

Bell's remarks proved true. Smoke pervaded the room, and "horrid crossness" the scholars.

All the scholars in Miss Green's room started excitedly to their feet, and some rushed toward the door;

There was order then, and the scholars marched out in regular file, as was their wont; though, to speak properly, it was more of a quickstep than a march.

Poor Jenny! She trembled from head to foot, for she was the last scholar, in the last row.

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!"

"We set your handkerchiefs in this 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."

But before she could finish her sentence, Jenny fell fainting at her feet.

Miss Green said not a word, but composedly dipped her handkerchief in the pail, put it over her face, took Jenny in her arms, and went rapidly down stairs.

As the little May zephyr brushed by Jenny's window that afternoon, on its way to China, it caught a glimpse of a very pretty picture.

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,

"When thou passest through the fire thou shalt not be burned," that we imagine that the zephyr sang, as she danced, on its way: "Praise ye him, all his angels: praise him, all ye stars

"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.—1 TIMOTHY i. 15.

Every man looks upon himself as belonging to a small minority composed of the world's best men.

"When thou passest through the fire thou shalt not be burned," repeated she over and over again in her heart, and it comforted her not a little.

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born impulses and heaven-high aspirations; these all must be brought to the condition into which the law brought Paul. I say, not that they will not be brought out of it.

"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.

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of light. Fire and hail, snow and vapor, stormy wind fulfilling his word: Both young men and maidens, old men and children, let them praise the name of the Lord."—Congregationalist.

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, And make her children's tears to flow.

Licensed—to do thy neighbor harm; Licensed—to kindle hate and strife; Licensed—to nerve the robber's arm; Licensed—to whet the murderer's knife.

Licensed—thy neighbor's purse to drain, And rob him of his very last; Licensed—to heat his feverish brain, Till madness crown thy work at last.

Licensed—like the spider for the fly, 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, And fit man for the hell below.

INCIDENT AT DR. NOTT'S FUNERAL.

As the long procession left the church, the driven snow was rapidly falling, and so continued until the arrival at the cemetery-grounds.

The close of the religious services was followed by the quick dispersion of the assembled multitude of friends and mourners.

The assistants of the sexton had done their work, and departed. The storm made every one anxious to find shelter; but this mourner alone remained.

He looked back, saw him still standing by the consecrated spot until the darkening snows had hid him from their sight. It was a poor man—a very humble man.

He was one of that race to whom many would deny the attributes of a full humanity. He was a man for all that; for he possessed that highest thing in a man—since nearest heaven—an intelligent humility.

It was one of the darkest sons of Africa that paid this touching tribute to the dead. Many years ago, he had escaped from slavery at the South.

He had been received by Dr. Nott, "no longer as a servant, but above a servant, a brother beloved, both in the flesh and in the Lord."

His benefactor remembered the words of Christ, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

It was a favorite text of Dr. Nott, regarded by him not as his title to salvation, or the ground of that title, but as its precious evidence.

After the passage of the Fugitive-slave Law, apprehensions were felt for the safety of the colored man; and the doctor, obeying the higher law, assisted in his removal to Canada.

The next step was to pay the debt incurred to the Constitution of the United States, by procuring funds to purchase his freedom; and Moses returned in safety, never again to depart from one to whom he felt his life devoted.

He was the constant attendant of his feeble age—he aided to nurse him during all his suffering decline. It was this man who remained last of all looking silently down upon that closed grave.

The reader will pardon us for dwelling on the incident. No better illustration could be given of much that we have attempted to say, than that which is drawn from the spiritual relationship of these two friends—friends in the Saviour's sense of the word.

No better proof could we offer of the perfect humanity of the one, the greatness and the goodness of the other.—Hours at Home.

THE BOY THAT WOULD NOT GO TO THE THEATRE.

"Georgie! Georgie!" shouted a bright-eyed lad, some thirteen years old, "are you going to-night?"

"Going where?" asked his companion.

"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 trembling with excitement. What cared he for the cold; let the silvery moon shine on; let the stars whisper in their quiet beauty of a better home, whose joys are more lasting than those of earth. He is full of wild thoughts of the gay ones in that crowded building.

"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 this wonderful intelligence. He was not much smaller than his friend, but to me his cool, "don't-intend-to-go" appearance made him far the manlier of the two.

"No!" said he, firmly. "Father says they are bad places for boys to be in, and I shall not go."

Noble answer! Would it be yours? No doubt the performances in a theatre are very amusing, but will they do you any real good, or make you better men? Did you ever see a man who loved God and the Bible, or was 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?

For the Little Folks.

FAMILIAR TALKS—3D SERIES. IV.

BY REV. EDWARD PATSON HAMMOND.

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 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 neighbors down at the corner, and they will come and bury me in the graveyard. And tell them they may have the little that is here to pay them for the expenses. And then, when this poor body of mine is buried in the ground, you can go away to live with your uncle, fifteen miles from here. Perhaps he will give you bread to eat and clothes to wear. I'm sorry I have nothing to give you but this Bible. It has been a great comfort to me. It has often cheered me when the world looked dark. Read it every day. Never part with it. You will find it a 'lamp to your feet and a light to your path.' It tells you all that Jesus has done to save you; how He 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 morning, but he trudges on, often wiping away the tears as he thinks of his mother's death.

It is now almost noon, and he throws himself beneath the shade of a large tree. He wipes 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 him. He finds it written: "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." And so he reads on, thinking of what his mother told him about the Bible being 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."

Half a dollar! thought the little fellow; why that would get me a new straw hat, and mine is all torn to pieces. But then he remembered his mother's words: "Don't part with the Bible," and he said, "No, sir; I can't sell it for half a dollar."

"I'll give you a dollar, then."

"I have been Vice can bolt her arguments And Virtue has no tongue to check her pride."

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 dollars."

"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. The officers fled to the life-boats and put off from the sinking ship. The lieutenant forgot all about Dandy, who stood with the sword in his hand till just as the great ship was beginning to sink, and then plunged into the water, holding the sword in his teeth.

Soon the lieutenant thought of Dandy, and looking back, saw his head rising and falling with the waves, and the sword dragging him down. He called to the boatmen: "Turn back and save that poor black boy Dandy."

"No, no!" cried the men. "We shall be shot by men from the Merrimack."

"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 the fourth of this month, to begin the New Testament, and to read one chapter every day. We find it will take us till next February to finish it. Will you join us? It will be pleasant for you to know that hundreds of dear children, who have lately been led by God's Spirit to love the dear Saviour, are reading the same chapters with you. You will, for a few weeks, have to read two chapters a day till you catch up with us, remembering that we began at the first chapter of Matthew on Monday, the fourth day of this month.

PD 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, carrying a basket that was so heavy as nearly to bear him down beneath it. We remarked—

"My boy, you have a heavy load?"

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

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