The Family Circle.

"UNSPOTTED FROM THE WORLD." "'Unspotted from the world!" oh, Father

Free in the guilelessness of purity;

And let thy sacred and eternal presence

Protect and bless them when deprived of

'Twas thus a mother breathed her last petition, Mingled with faith, that the reply would All that a saint midway twixt earth and

heaven would ask for the dear children of her love. "Unspotted from the world!" that holy

prayer
Was echoed on by soft angelic voices,
Till breathed as incense o'er the throne of

heaven, The angel of the Presence hears—rejoices A Gabriel receives the high commission To quit those realms of endless bliss and

To hover near those children in their wanderings, And guide them to the land were sorrows

"Unspotted from the world!" a magic power Lies hidden in those gentle holy words, As if the echo from some seraph's lyre Had formed the key-note to those heavenly

They were the first bright links of that blest Which drew the wanderers' hearts to things

The stars amidst the firmament of earth. That led the gaze to worlds of light and

"Unspotted from the world!" the angel whispered, When Fame her brightest offerings had shed, And crowned with honors gay, but frail and

fleeting, The best, the dearly-loved, the first-born's He paused upon the threshold of his man-

And with a prayer for help controlled his He passed the ordeal with a God-like spirit, Angels rejoice—he is "unspotted" still!

"Unspotted from the world!" the maiden To hear those words so shrined in memory's heart.

She paused ere yet the binding vows were What could the Lord and mammon have in

The spell was gone—the empty dream had Touched by the proving fire of heavenly

And she was left a holier, sadder being, Unharmed by ill, "unspotted" e'en in

"Unspotted from the world!" they rest in blessing, Two buds of promise severed from the stem But only to be pruned and made more holy, Ere grafted in the vine's bright diadem; That mother's prayer by Heaven has been

answered: Her children guarded by a God of love, And when the great Archangel's trump has sounded, "Unspotted from the world!" they'll meet

-Christian Treasury.

GIVING AWAY THE PET BIRD, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

"What makes you give away your bird, Harman?" said little Johnny, climbing into a chair very near to his brother, who was holding a large green canary upon his forefinger. "What makes you give it to widow Tileston?"

Because she's sick and unhappy; gift?" asked his mother.
ie cannot get off her bed, and lies "God." answered John he cannot get off her bed. and there alone a great many hours."

"Boys don't give away their birds," said Johnny, rising on his knees, and eagerly and admiringly watching the pretty bird as it turned first one bright eye, then the other, to Harman's sobered face. "Boys don't give away their birds." "Why not?"

Johnny's reason, like that of many other children, and some grown-up people, was only a repetition of his assertion, the assertion based upon a personal feeling or wish.

"Boys ought to give away their birds sometimes," answered Harman. "Well, they don't," urged Johnny." "You don't know what all the boys

do; but if they don't give away their birds, perhaps some of them ought to."
"Why?" asked Johnny.
"Because they ought to do just as

they'd have others do to them." Katy, who stood leaning on the table watching the bird as admiringly as Johnny, looked more and more sorrowful. "Does mother know you you're going to give your bird away?" she asked.....

"Yes; I've talked with her about it."
"And does Mrs. Tileston know she's going to have it?"

"And must you give it to her?" "I'think so. I think we must mind God. "At any rate, I want to."

"Did God tell you to give away your bird?" inquired Johnny, quicky and anxiously.

"He told me to do as I would be done by. Now, if I were sick and lonesome. I should like to have somebody give me a bird, so I must give poor Mrs. Tileston mine. She needs it a great deal more than I do," answered Harman, smoothing the feathers of his little favorite, and holding it

tenderly to his cheek. The cage stood on the floor, nicely cleaned. It was to go with the bird. Harman put his pet into it, and covering it with the cloth, carried it away. y laid her head upon the table, and sobbed, but hearing little Johnny running after Harman, and crying loudly. the kind and sensible girl quickly hushed herself, and hastened to soothe

kittens, soon forgot everything else in his joy over the young Maltese.

Mrs. Tileston was delighted with Harman's pitt, and touched by his kindness and sacrifice. "Why, don't you want the bird yourself, Harman?" she asked.

"I want to give it to you," was his answer

yourself, dear." "Don't be troubled about me, Mrs. lileston. I shall be glad if the bird is good company for you," answered? Harman. Though the bird was dearer to him than to any one else, his satisfaction in doing a kind action more than compensated for his pain in parting with it. As he had hoped, it was a source of much enjoyment to the unfortunate, bedridden woman to whom he had given it. He had had it from the nest, and had taught it many pleasant and cunning ways, which diverted her and her visitors; then it

thoughts and listen to it. "Where did you get such a fine bird?" asked one of her visitors.

had the rarest and sweetest of songs,

compelling her to forget her doleful

Mrs. Tileston answered that it had been given her by the best boy in the own, to keep her from being lonesome. "Had he other birds?" asked the

"No he had no other bird." "And yet he gave it away?"

ady visitor.

"Yes, he gave it to me. I didn't ike to take it, but I saw that he'd set nis mind to have me, and so I thought might as well."

It was not long after, that a wagon stopped before the gate where Harman's parents lived, and a man alighted from it, holding something in his hand

"Is your brother Harman at home?" asked the man of Johnny, who was playing near by...

"No sir, he's gone to the store." 'Well when he comes back will yon give him this?" said the man, as neither will your Father which is in he set down beside him a bird cage heaven forgive your trespasses; and hid in paper wrappings. "Can you that word 'men' means everybody, carry it into the house, my little fellow?" added the man.

"O, yes sir; I could carry a hundred times as much," answered Johnny, stretching and swelling in his vanity. I'm as strong as—"

The man did not wait to hear how Johnny hastened to his mother with the cage, and told her in great excitement how he had come by it. On taking off the wrappings, there appeared in it a pair of beautiful canaries, one of which was sitting on the tiniest of nests. Johnny was uneasy till it had left the nest, and he had seen there what delighted him more than twenty Maltese kittens, four half-fledged young birds. He laughed and danced and clapped his hands. What little boy could have helped doing so? "Where did they come from?

Who sent them?" he asked. "Who sends every good and perfect

"God," answered Johnny, in a low

and reverent tone. There was a note appended to the handle of the cage door. Johnny would have pulled it off, but his mother checked him, telling him it belonged to Harman; and putting the

cage beyond his reach. The little fellow could now hardly wait for Harman's coming; and when he saw him approaching he ran to meet him, shouting, "O, Harman, Harman, you don't know something! You don't

know something I do!" "What is it? What do you know?" inquired Harman.

"O," something good; something good," was all Johnny would answer. He pulled Harman into the room where his mother had set the cage, at the sight of which Harman was alike the note accompanying it, Harman read:

"My dear boy, I am glad you are so early learning to love others as well as yourself; to do as you would be done unto. Though self-denial is 'in keeping God's commandments there is great reward.' The liberal soul is made fat.' He that watereth shall be watered. 'Give and it shall be given unto you, good measure, pressed down, running over.' I hope that among the little canaries in the nest you will find as sweet a songster and as dear a pet as the one you gave

to Mrs. Tileston." Harman was moved to tears. "Ah. Johnny, what do you think now about boys giving away their birds?" he

asked. "Will you give me one?" was Johnny's well-timed though selfish response.

"Perhaps; perhaps I shall have enough for you, and Kitty, and everybody else that wants one."

"And if I should give mine away, do you think I would get six back again?" asked the calculating Kitty.

The mother answered this question: "Whenever you give as unto God, according to his will, hoping for nothing, you will reap a rich reward."-Congregationalist.

him. She knew how to do it, for she Ir you love others, they will love what God is to his children—"a very in a few centuries than the sword has declares one is large enough for both knew of a snug corner behind a barrel you. If you speak kindly to them, present help in time of trouble." The in the barn, where, in a nice warm they will speak kindly. Love is nest of soft straw, lay four of the repaid with love, and hatred with

"Dora, my child!" "But I'm afraid you're robbing came rushing into the summer house seek no other.—Bible Hours. just as he always does, and trod on it with his great boots; and when T spoke to him about it, he said he didn't say, when He cometh will He and as waiting, care a bit, and wished he had broken the chairs too."

"Think before you say more, my Bearing with Him our wondrous great re-

dear. Perhaps you vexed Frederick by your manner of speaking."

"I only told him he was careless and stupid, and so he was. It's too bad. No, I will never forgive him; and as she turned over the pieces of the ruined toy in her hands, her face grew dark with wicked feelings.

"Hark, Dora. listen! some one is knocking, I am sure."

Little Willie, a three-year old younger brother, stopped playing with his blocks on the floor, and looked at the door as if expecting a

"What do you mean, mamma? do not hear any one," said Dora.

"Have you forgotten, my daughter, that there is a door to your heart? You have opened it once this morning, and let in an evil, hateful thing. No picture that could be made of would be too dark to represent what is now in your heart."

Dora hung her head, for she began to understand her mother.

"And now, if you will listen, you will hear One, your best Friend, at that door. He is knocking gently Dear little daughter, let Him in. He has a message for you, and it is, 'If ye forgive not men their trespasses, even Freddy, who, you think, has offended you so much.

Dora's heart was softening. The tears came into her eyes. She opened the door of her heart a little way. Willie, who had been listening, came, and putting his little arms around her like a forest, and the harbor was full strong Johnny thought himself, but neck, kissed her, but said nothing of shipping of all kinds. So he landed, ting and smiles proudly on her darling. sprang into his wagon and drove off. Her heart's door swung wide open now, and love entered.

"Yes, mother, I, will forgive Freddy," sobbed Dora. "I was as much spitefully, or he would have felt sorry At length he reached Washington. when he did it."

"Then, my darling, thank that dear

Dora laid away the fragments of the sofa, and went out with sunshine in her face and joy in her heart; for its door was closed again, and her best Friend was within.

MY BABY'S SERMON.

I am alone in the house this Sabbath morning with my little James. All are gone to church but the lambie and his mother. How sweetly he sleepslittle eyelids dropped, and the clenched hand softly opened, like a night-blowing bud, as his sleep came on.

How sweet to feel myself so much to him! "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." God speaks so. He knows all hearts: the mother's tenderness, her baby's eager search for her soothing, the father's heart pitying his children and giving "good things" to them. All these are known to Him—given us by Him as lessons in His word, and repeated to our very hearts in the sight and sound of these His little messengers. as one whom his mother comfort-

vague consciousness of a want. ear.) "A man shall leave father and me beyond expression." mother."

But the mother spoken of in the off, more than I can describe to verse is the babe's mother—his only you." one. The sight of her loving face is the delight of his eyes; her tender

THE HEART'S DOOR. gence and care are required to bear is in armies, and guards. It From the mud he ventures into the "I'll never forgive Fred!" said the honor and fulfil aright the charge is like wearing a heavy iron mail water it is so pleasant not to be

all times to turn to Thee, cry after ers, and so you have papers, and Thee, and be satisfied with nothing magazines, and books, and a reading,

Last year our ears could hardly hear his foot steps,
For all the land was filled with war alarms; On hill and shore where once the storm wa raging, Christ's little children sing trium phant psalms

See once again the same sweet, holy picture, On which, long years ago, the angels smiled; The starry night, the shepherds bending lowly, The blessed Virgin and the royal Child.

As He came then, our Prince, our Lord, our Saviour. So will he come again-O, hear His call,

His warning call, and go ye out to meet Him, For Christ may come, this Advent—to us all No warning note shall sound at His appearing, The sun will rise just as it did this day; The mountain-tops shall flush with golden glory

The morning mists shall melt in light away. All wait for Him: none knoweth of His com

It may be eventide or early day,— We only hear His footstep on the mountains, We only know He is not far away.

O, wait and watch, for blessed are those ser Who yet are faithful, though their Lord de

Stand in your place, your lamps all trimmed hand burning,

He cometh quickly—Christian, watch and pray.

THE PERSIAN TRAVELER.

BY, REV. JOHN TODD, D.D.

The Persian traveler came to our country to see "the new world," as he chair, and sitting down crosses his legs had heard it called. On his arrival, nstead of finding a few huts, with thatched roofs, as he expected, he through the different States, and saw the farms, the factories, the schools, Congress and the Senate were about Friend who has found the way into felt very anxious to see the President lashes droop upon his cheeks and he your heart with His love, and go now of the United States. A friend walked to Freddy, and make it up with him to the White House, and in Up in the morning early, Johnny

troduced him. "Well," said the President, after the compliments of the introduction, what do you think of our country?"

mv wonder." "Will you please explain your-

they call a hotel. We have no palace sugar box and the molasses jug, and safe in having felt her near when the travel, instead of riding a donkey or After papa gets in, he gets out again me to a great, palace looking building, where hundreds of blind people were gathered together, and where they read with their fingers, and where and Sprig never did move so slowly. they made sweet music and were very He shuts the gates and goes to the barn happy. Old I said, the very blind in to hunt hens' nests. He sees the men this land are better off than those who husking corn, and sits down and builds surprised and delighted. On opening So He teaches us to understand His have eyes in my country. Then they houses with the shining yellow ears, the note accompanying it, Harman love. His children shall be comforted took me to another such place, where He plays till he is tired, then runs out those were gathered together who to see if papa is coming, when he sees eth." And how is it? See how, in could not hear or speak; but they the wagon just disappearing in the all annoyance, pain, and weariness, could read and write anything, and bend of the road. the little one turns to his mother. She could talk with their fingers by making Time never passed so slowly to alone can soothe; she alone can sat signs. An! those in this country who Johnny; and he constantly runs to ask hard at first, you will always find that isfy. His first lesson is to know her, are born dumb are better off than mamma how long it will be before to gasp and cry for her at his first those in my country who can hear noon. At length he sees a black spot with both ears. No ears and no eyes in the distance; yes, there are Snip No, it is not in later life that a are here better than two ears and two and Sprig, and papa too. The gates mother and her consolations can be eyes at home. Then, Mr. President, I are thrown wide open never did better understood and appreciated. came to Washington. To my amaze, they need to be so wide before. The Others can then comfort. Other ties ment, I found no army here, no body, wagon rolls slowly through and stops are recognized; and it is not necessal guard for the Chief Magistrate of this rily (alas! it is not often) that a man great nation. I hear that you, sir, fast. Papa, with a mischievous twinkle seeks his mother's comfort, above and was up at the Capitolalast evening till in his eye, begins to unload before all others, after he has left her after midnight, signing the bills which Mamma stands in the side and braved the world's battle Congress passed, and then, in the dark, alone or with other companions. It you walked quietly home alone, with is better so. There are other lessons out a guard or anybody to defend thinks he never will get through in God's word and man's life than you. I see no army in all the States The hired man comes and takes the those the children bring us. The where I have been; and one live govmother's heart could ill brook to spare ernor of a great State I actually found shovel. Johnny's heart sinks, and a that sweeter, earlier lesson of man's out with his Irishman, planting pota- big tear comes which he tries to keep love, and that higher Love which it toes. Sir, to one who has been brought, shadows forth, that is bound up in the up where armies and swords are everywords, (a little bitter to the mother's where, this state of things has amazed "Do you like it?"

"How do you account for it?"

"Sir, there is only one answer to voice is his music; her arms his cradle that question. Your land is governed of rest. To soothe and satisfy, she is by the Bible, mine by the sword! Your the face, Johnny pulls on the new boots all he wants. Truly she is the type of Bible has done tenfold more for you by the yellow straps, though mamma mother of the text is a mother as God see the law, you don't hear it. It is a would have her—a good, nay, the best sort of thing that seems to dwell in his boots; he walks and he runs; he

"I'll never torgive Fred!" said the nonor and iuini aright the charge is like wearing a heavy ifon mail shirt, instead of the loose cotton shirt. Lord, make me such a mother to Fred Fred!" said the shirt, instead of the loose cotton shirt. Lord, make me such a mother to Fred Fred!" said of wetting his feet! he wades in the gutter deeper and deeper until the my little one! Lord, be Thou to my leges and institutions of learning; our soul all that I am to him. Lord sword never reared a school-house in Before her a few days all times to turn to Thee ory after are and a super table. centuries behind you. I find that the closet, draws his boots.

your people don't know what has Johnny looks on, and then says "I made this nation what it is; but it is will take it now, papa." The great your pardon for talking so long and telling you what you know. But you were so good as to ask my opinion, and I could not give it in fewer words. May you, sir, live twelve thousand moons, and your country live as long as the sun and moon endure. I thank

> sition and high office never look so majestic as in their naked simplicity.' The President and the traveler both arose, shook hands, smiled, made each a low bow, and the traveler went on his way. The President was heard to say to himself, "The fellow is right."

you, Mr. President, for the light of

your face, and that I may go home telling my countrymen that great po-

THE FIRST BOOTS.

"Johnny wants a pair of boots," bursts from two little rosy lips; and sparkling eyes bear evidence to the spoken wish. "Johnny wants some boots like papa's." Then two little feet, tipped with ten peach-blossom toes, are stretched out upon the hearthstone and placed by the side of two large feet in nice gray socks with white tips, which are basking in the warmth from the bright fire.

"Yes, Johnny shall have boots, says papa. Then the little feet are thrown up and down in the glowing light, and Johnny brings his little to make a horse as papa does.

Then little smiling lips steal up to thatched roofs, as he expected, he mamma's cheek, and leaving a soft found a great, rich city, the largest he kiss, whisper, "Will mamma knit had ever seen. The great ships lay at Johnny some socks like papa's? the wharves, the tall masts looked Yes, mamma will knit socks for her boy." Mamma looks up from her knitand went to the hotels, and traveled "My boy must go to bed now, and in the morning he shall help harness the horses, for papa will go to town with dy," sobbed Dora. "I was as much and the benevolent institutions, such the big wagon and will, bring home a to blame as he; and I know I spoke as hospitals, asylums, and the like. nice pair of boots for Johnny."

Johnny gives his good-night kiss and mamma lays him in his little crib. to adjourn. Among other things, he He thinks of his boots—then long

thinks breakfast will never be over. At length papa comes in whittling a strip of shingle, and tells Johnny to stand up against the door-post and he "Sir, I have no words to express will measure his foot. Johnny's heart is brimfull of happiness.

It seems as though mamma never would get through telling papa all the "Why, sir, on my arrival they car- errands; then there are so many things ried me to a magnificent palace, which to put into the wagon. There is the in Persia as large. When I came to the shovel which is to be mended. a hired horse, and moving at the rate to fix the harness; then he starts, but of twenty miles a day, they put me stops to tell Johnny to bring the whip. into a beautiful house, and whirled me | Finally the wagon rolls over the crispy off three hundred miles a day. Then grass out of the yard, leaving two lines I said, why, their very caravans are on the frosty ground. Johnny holds better off than our richest citizens are on behind untill it passes through the at the homes which have taken gener- gate, then he jumps down and calls ations to adorn. Then, sir, they took out, "Remember, papa, they must have red tops and yellow straps."

Johnny watches the wagon for a few minutes, and it seems as though Snip

before the door. Johnny's heart beats

Mamma stands in the door and Johnny carries a paper of coffee, ginger, spice, and so many papers he sugar box, the molasses jug, and the back. Finally papa stands up and holds out a pair of little boots—the same little boots that have been flitting in Johnny's vision all day, with the

red tops and yellow straps. Johnny takes his boots, feeling very big, and wishes Ned Smith could just see them. The old shoes are thrown contemptuously aside, and with much display, biting the lips and distorting

All the afternoon Johnny is trying nest of soft straw, lay four of the repaid with love, and natice with lay four of the repaid with love, and natice with would not be appretised; cunningest of kittens. Har-hatred. Would you hear a sweet and of mothers. What honor to be appretised cunningest of kittens. Har-hatred. Would you hear a sweet and of mothers. What honor to be appretised cunningest of kittens. Har-hatred. Would you hear a sweet and of mothers. What honor to be appretised the showed them to her that pleasant echo, speak sweetly and pointed to shadow forth such high down the members of with them; then he walks over soft muddy. Virtue could see to do what Virtue would spiritual realities! What earnest dilimy country, law is made material; it places that he may see his tracks. Were in the flat see such.

with more importance than usual, and his mind seems laboring with some "Well, I mean just what I say!" but Thee! May I learn of him to rest thinking nation. Our sword makes great thought. Papa and mamma continued the angry little girl. "Fred in Thee, and, having this portion, to no readers, no thinkers no teachers of look at each other and smile. At good things. O, sir, there is no delength papa leaves the table, and as partment of life in which we are not usual, taking the jack from its nail in

plains to me. And now, sir, I beg idea is out. Johnny places his foot in your pardon for talking so long and the angle of the jack, and, with many gyrations and distortions, succeeds in drawing his boots.

How happy are all to-night! A pair of little feet are stretched out beside a pair of big feet on the hearth, and a pair of little boots stands beside the big boots in the corner.—June Isle.

PRAYER AND THE BEAR'S PAW.

A little boy, who was warmly attached to a missionary, was much alarmed on hearing that in the country to which the missionary was appointed there were fierce bears, who were often dangerous to travelers. One day the child threw his arms round the neck of the missionary, and said, "You sha'n't be a missionary, you sha'n't go."

The missionary demanded, "Why

"Because the bears will kill you and eat you. You must not go."

"O, but I must go, said the good man. "God calls me to the work. and I must trust in Him and not be afraid. He can preserve me. You must pray to God for me, that He may keep me from the bears. Will

you pray for me?"
"Yes," said the little one, "I will." The dear child after this used always to finish his prayers, both night and morning, with this brief, appropriate petition: "And please, God Almighty, keep the missionary from the

It happened that on a missionary excursion in North America, when this gentleman was of the party, they met a large and savage bear. One of their number fired at the bear and wounded, but did not kill him; on which the animal turned on the missionary with great fury, and had just caught him, when another shot laid him dead. Calling to mind the prayers of his little friend, the missionary had one of the paws cut off the animal, which the sent home; and we have been told that it has now a silver plate attached to it, with an inscription recording the circumstance, and is pre served in the family as a trophy and token of the power of prayer.—S. S. Advocate.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Did you ever think, short though it is, how much there is in it? O, it is beautiful! Like a diamond in the crown of a queen, it unites a thousand sparkling gems in one.

It teaches all of us, every one of us, to look to God as our parent,-"Our Father.

It prompts us to raise our thoughts and desires above the earth, -Who art in heaven."

It tells us we must reverence our Heavenly Father,—"Hallowed be thy name." It breathes a missionary spirit,-

And a submissive, obedient spirit, -"Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." And a dependent, trusting spirit,-Give us this day our daily bread."

Thy kingdom came."

And a forgiving spirit,—"Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." And a cautious spirit, "Deliver us

from evil." And, last of all, an adoring spirit,-'For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen."

TO YOUNG MEN.

Your course in life will be in a great degree what you choose to make it. You may become distinguished in some department of labor, or live, known only by a small circle of acquaintances. You may be useful in exerting an influence for good and leave an elevated impression on the minds of those with whom you have been associated, or you may be a "plague spot" in society, and remembered only for mischief done during a course of folly and infamy.

In a country like our own, where nobility of birth cannot command position independent of capability, the sphere of action is exceedingly large. The avenues to usefulness and distinction are numerous, and the facilities for acquiring the requisite means of advancement are within the grasp of every young person in the ordinary walks of life. Raise, then, the standard of attainment high, have lofty aims and noble aspirations. Never be satisfied with present attainments, much less with those of your predecessors who have been placed in similar Circumstances.