

Eye Family Circle.

THE JOURNEY.

Al! what is the world, my darling, What is the world to me? For the Angel of Death was passing, And he whispered low to thee: With a deep and tender accent, And a sweet and winning smile, He said, "Will thou come up yonder, For I stay but a little while?"

WHAT THE ENGINEER TOLD.

I am an engineer. Ever since the road was laid I've traveled over it every day, or nearly every day, of my life. For a good-while I've had the same engine in charge—the San Francisco—the prettiest engine on the road; and as well managed, if I say it, as the best.

with him to the rooms. There were some men with brains there, some without. The real business of the evening was the supper, and so it was every meeting. I'd always been a temperate man. I actually did not know what effect wine would have upon me; but coming to drink more of it than I ever had before at the club-table, I found it put the steam on. After so many glasses, I wanted to talk; after so many more, I did.

Suddenly there was a horrible roar—a crash; I was flung somewhere. It was into the water. By a miracle I was only sobered, not hurt. I gained the shore; I stood upon the ground between the track and the river's edge, and stood there gazing at my work.

ence's invitation, and the two little girls, in muslin dresses, with gay ribbons and bright garlands, started down the avenue, followed by all the happy faces. They sang a pretty song, keeping time with their little feet, and a gay, beautiful little company they were.

the matter of her experience and joy. We knelt down, and had a sweet season of prayer together, and we parted. I had never seen her before. I went to see another. I found her a somewhat awakened sinner; I left her a trifle, and, as I verily believe, a true believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. And I also believe that I was directed to go there, in the providence of God, at just the time I did.—Christian Treasury.

is stilled, that dim eye shut; and He 'who is no respecter' of persons, who considers the color of the soul, not of the face, has taken her into his great high school, "Where knowledge grows without decay, And love shall never die."—Freedmen's Journal.

CARE FOR THE FEET.

Many are careless in the care of their feet. If they wash them once a month, they think they are doing well. They do not consider that the largest pores of the system are located in the bottom of the foot, and that the most offensive matter is discharged through these pores.

FUTURE HOUSEKEEPING.

We sometimes catch ourselves wondering how many of the young ladies whom we meet with, are to perform the part of housekeepers, when the young men who now eye them so admiringly have persuaded them to become their wives.

AMERICAN CHILDREN.

Mr. Trollope does not have faith in the good results of American training for children, and expresses his views of the matter as follows: "I must protest that American babies are an unhappy race. They eat and drink just as they please; they are never punished; they are never banished, snubbed, and kept in the background, as children are with us; and yet they are wretched and uncomfortable.

SWEARING.

Swearing is the fit expression of human rage, and the most exact interpreter of its real meaning. He who utters the fearful word of damnation against his fellow-man, is giving vent to a feeling which, had he the power, would really consign him to hell.

COME TO MY GRAVE ALONE.

The late Daniel S. Dickinson had the misfortune, while United States Senator, to lose his daughter, Mrs. Virginia Murray, to whom he was warmly attached. He was fond of spending his unoccupied hours by her grave, in Spring Grove Cemetery, at Binghamton, on one Sunday afternoon, in 1857, while sitting at the spot, he wrote the subjoined stanzas. They were solicited for publication during his lifetime, but from diffidence he always withheld his consent. They now appear for the first time: Exchange.

CALLED FROM THE SCHOOL-ROOM TO HEAVEN.

We take the following touching incident from the Loyal Georgian, published at Augusta. Who can read it without a stronger desire to give the "key of knowledge" to such earnest hearts? "A visitor to one of our colored night-schools, some five or six weeks ago, might have seen an aged woman walking quietly in, who, taking her seat, immediately 'dropped' her head over her spelling and reading book; and while a little wooden pointer, which she held in her hand, passed over the words of her lesson, her voice in a low tone could be heard accompanying the motion of her hand. Had he remained until the close of the session, he would have seen no change, no sign of weariness, no abatement of interest. No matter what might transpire in the room, of a nature to distract attention, that old head continued bowed to its work, that old hand still kept up its motion from left to right, and that old voice its quiet monotone. Nothing interrupted this absorbed diligence until her turn came to read and spell her lesson to her teacher; and then the spirit and emphasis with which this was done, showed how her whole soul was in the business. The positive enthusiasm with which she read her simple monosyllable phrases (increasing as her mastery over them increased) was the best of commentaries upon her estimate of the value of the work in which she was engaged. When she first came to school, she did not know her letters. At the time to which we have referred, she had become a tolerably fluent reader of simple words and sentences; so that, had she been permitted to keep on, a little longer, the desire of her heart—to be able to read her Bible—would have been accomplished.

IN SEASON AND OUT OF SEASON.

A young pastor of one of the uptown churches arose and said, that on the previous day he went out to visit a lady who was in a very anxious state of mind. He said there were several anxious ones in his congregation, and he knew this lady was among the number, though he had never met her or conversed with her. She was a stranger to him, but attended upon his ministry; and he had been told of her state of mind, and was requested to call upon her. He had tried two or three times to find the house, and failed. He got the number, however, and called. He rang the bell, and a lady came up from the basement to meet him. He asked if that was Mrs. M. She said, "No; Mrs. M. is not in; but if you have any message for her, I will receive it." I was somewhat embarrassed, said the clergyman, and did not know exactly what to say; but I answered, I wanted to see Mrs. M. particularly; and again she said, "If you have any message for her, you can leave it with me."

TRUE POLITENESS.

Little children think it a fine thing to be considered polite; and all would be delighted to have so agreeable a title applied to themselves. When we wish a thing, we must first take means to obtain it. Now how shall we cultivate true politeness? Not by decorating the body, practicing airs and graces before the mirror, bowing elegantly, or smiling blandly when we meet our particular friends. None of these. True politeness springs from a pure, noble, and generous heart. It consists in loving our neighbor; in being kindly affectionate one to another, with brotherly love; in honoring preferring one another. Such an instance I will cite, not only that a noble act may be approved, but that the example may be followed.

COME TO MY GRAVE ALONE.

Come to my grave alone, when no footstep is falling near; And water my lowly bed with affection's gentle tear; Pause by the heartless stone, by the marble cold and chill, And think of the hearts below as the marble cold and still.

CALLED FROM THE SCHOOL-ROOM TO HEAVEN.

When the budding spring, when nature is fresh and gay, When the petals of early flowers are bright with the dew of May; And think of that heavenly spring, the spring of eternal bloom, When the loved shall meet together, beyond the night of the tomb.

IN SEASON AND OUT OF SEASON.

Another was made happy also. This occurred just as they passed the house where Lucy lived. Her mother saw it, and shed tears of joy over this noble act of her little daughter. God too saw it, and rejoiced that one of his "little ones" was beginning to do his will.—Child's Paper.