The Family Circle.

THE JOURNEY.

Ah! 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, "Wilt thou come up yonder,
For I stay but a little while?"

And thy face grew bright in his shadow,
Thou hast longed for the dreary way;
Dost think that the path is star-strewn, And lit with the beauty of day? Ah I he wind the beauty of the half when his wings are rustling by?

Would'st leave the friends who love thee,
For the dim and far-off sky?

"But ah!" thou wouldst tell me, "off yonder There is One who is loving me more: There is One who will greet me with welco On the distant star-girt shore." God grant it be true, my darling,
And Heaven be passing fair;
But the journey is rugged and darksome, And how wilt thou wander there?

'Tis a dark and a dreary region That thy tender feet must tread, And they say that a swollen river Upflows from its gloomy bed: And the Angel of Death is cruel; Full little he careth for thee, And what shalt thou do in the river, If thou deserted be?

"But sh!" thou would'st tell me, "the river Flows hard by the blessed coast, And those who are loved by the Master Can never be stranded or lost, For to them the light from His presence Shines out o'er the swollen wave, Th' eternal arms are beneath them, And they know Him mighty to save."

Yes, so it must be, my darling;
God grant that it all be true: But on the rough peaks of the mountains
What shall the wanderer do?
Perchance thou may'st "dash," in the dark-

ness,
"Thy foot against a stone,"—
The Angel of Death laughs in scorning, And thou art left alone.

"But, no," thou art saying full softly, For my King has passed over the river, And He holds out his hand toward me; He will guide me, and lead me, and hold

And my step it never shall slide, For He who holds sway o'er the river, Will ever be close at my side."

Ah! yes, it is true, my darling! I shall lead thee down to the shore: Yet not to the angel I give thee,-To Him who has gone before.

I will lift thy head from my heart, love,
And know it is clasped to His breast;
Thou art going forth on thy journey,
And the end thereof is Rest.

But ah ! what is life, my darling, And what is the world to me?

For the King of the fat-off country

Hath whispered low to thee:

And thou lovest His winning presence, And the sweetness of his voice; Thou hast looked on the foaming river, And thy heart can still rejoice.

New York Observer.

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 cisco—the prettiest engine on the road. promise and my resolution. and as well managed, if I say it, as the best free same on the sector

sweetest little wife under the sun, and stupor. a baby or two; and I also had a dollit was morning. A waiter was lar or two put by for a rainy day. I ready to brush my coat. I saw a grin with all your eyes and heart and soul, inside and out, don't make a man minutes to reach the depot. talkative stigning with the

My wife's name was Josephine, and I called her Jo. Some people thought out saying ten words an hour. So, though I had a few old friends, dear ones, too, I had not as many acquaint-

to him, and we were friends. He often careful engineer. I would anot be when we meet our particular friends. rede from T. to A and back again afraid to trust every mortal I love in a None of these. True politeness springs with me, and once he said: "You catch to their keeping. Nothing could from a pure, noble, and generous as you would not treat me, a poor

now, I'll propose you, if you like." ideas that I fancied might be worth guessed what it was until we were birthday festivals invited many of her heart seemed to grasp the promise. I even so. Although her mind seemed Western Continent, my opinions have something. But then san engineer past the flag. I heard a shrick, and friends to visit her. Florence's father opened the Bible and read some of the clear, and her senses unimpaired, and a tendency in that direction. Beef

"Ask whom?" said he.

"Jo.," said I. "If every man had asked his wife, what you were about." every man's wife would have said. "Can't spare you, my dear,' and we whether I should go slower or faster. should have no club at all," said Gran- I did something. The cars rushed on unanimously elected queen, and of by:

But I made no answer. At home I told Jo. She said: "I shall miss you, me before was standing near me. I Ned; but you do love such things, heard some question. and then, if Mr. Granby belongs, they must be superior men."

made a hember," said Jo. "Way, of resucces I could not remember that I should do. Was it this, or posed me. Thursday fortnight I west playing with the engine like a child.

So I read to place the happiness of other sectors and to place the happiness of other sectors. I was piness of other before her own. However, she was much gratified by Florter, and she seemed to drink in all, as from its labors, that tremulous voice anger means!

Angry means!

with him to the rooms. There were some men with brains there, some -a crash; I was flung somewhere girls, in muslin dresses, with gay rib- We knelt down, and had a sweet without. The real business of the It was into the water. By a miracle I bons and bright garlands, started down season of prayer together, and we

wine would have upon me; but cars in splinters; dead, and dying, and Presently Lucy chanced to look Christ. And I also believe that I was directed to go there in the providence so many more, I did.

came out and were listened to well any other was in my care whispering, the luxuries which many of her mates made sharp hits; I indulged in repar- "Murderer." tee; I told stories; I even came to

find Jo. waiting for me, with her babe one, a baby, and two tiny children. Florence to excuse her, and went back, on her breast.

"You have been deceiving me," said Jo. "I've suspected it," but I said Jo. "I've suspected it, but I Heaven—they were my old mother, wasn't sure. A scientific club couldn't my wife, my children! all cold and

smell like a bar-room."
"Which means I do," said I, waving in the middle of the room like a signal

flag at a station, and seeing two Jos. "And look like one," said Jo, and baby in the spare bed room.

One club night, as I was dressed to go Jo. stood before me.

"Ned," said she, "I never had a fault to find with you before, I'll say that. You've been kind, and good, and loving always; but I should be the track thundered another train. Its sorry we ever met if you are to go on red eye glared on me; I flung myself in this way. Don't ask me what I before it; I felt it crushing me to mean. You know."

"Jo," said Ly "it's only on club nights."

"It will grow," said she. Then she put her arm about my

"Ned," said she, "do you think thing so much like a bottled up and strapped down demon as steam is, is fit to be put into the hands of a drunken man? And some day, mark my words, the time will come when not only Thursday nights, but all the days of the week will be the same. I've often heard you wonder what the feelings of an engineer, who has about the same as murdered a train full of people, must be, and you'll lenow if you don't stop where you are. A steady hand and a clear head have been your blessings all these years. Don't throw them away, Ned. If you don't care

for my love, don't ruin yourself, Ned." My little Jol. She spoke from her heart, and I bent over her and kissed "Don't be afraid, child," I said; "Till

never pain you again." And I meant it, but at twelve that same engine in charge—the San Fran night I felt that I had forgotten the you. You weren't fit to manage steam

I made up my mind to sleep on the lirancisco is nair way to club sofa, and leave the place next day, death with your dreadful we'll say, from A. to Z. At A. my good old mother lived; at Z. I had the before. In an hour I was in a kind of

was an odd kind of a man. Being on his black face: My head seemed shut up with the tengine, watching about to burst; my hand trembled and looked at my watch; I had just five

Jo.'s words came into my mind. Was I fit to take charge of the engine? I was not fit to answer. I ought to me unsociable, and couldn't understand have asked some sober man. As it how a man could feel friendly, with- was, I only caught my hat and rushed away. I was just in time.

The San Francisco glittered in the morning sun!s The cars were filling ances as most people, and did not care rapidly. From my post I could hear to have. The house that held my the people talking bidding each other wife and babies was the dearest place good bye, promising to write and to "I'd never belonged to a club, or, the shareholders; he was bidding two

Then I was alone, and wondering street. at a fearful rate. The same man who had spoken to

How many miles an hour were we making? I didn't know.

shricks of despair. The maimed cried dress and thick shoes. Her father was It seemed like somebody else, the out in pain; the uninjured bewailed an honest man but poor, and could words were so ready. My little ideas their dead; and a voice, unheard by not purchase for his little daughter all

The news had gone back to A., and puns. I heard somebody say to people came thronging back to find sharing them with their little friend, ing his unemployed hours by her grave, in Spring Grove Cemetry, at Binghampton, and their friends. The dead were stretch left her to walk alone.

I thought him dull at first." Yet I ed on the grass. I went with some of knew it was better to be quiet Ned Guelden, with his ten words an hour, Searching for an old man's daughter, but from diffidence he always withheld his constant the wine made wit I was a place under the constant of the party rose above such selfish feelings. Little Lucy could not enjoy her elevated position while but from diffidence he always withheld his constant. They now appear for the first time: It was fancy pure fancy, born of my anguish—they looked like O | great

How did they come on the train? What chance had brought this about? No one could answer. I groaned, I screamed, I clasped my hands, I tore she went and looked herself and the my hair. I gazed on the good old face of her who had given me birth, on face of her who had given me birth, on the lovely features of my wife, on my innocent children. I called them by do his will.—Child's Paper. name; there was no answer. There never could be-never would be. And as I comprehended this, onward up

> "His head is so extremely hot," said somebody.

> I opened my eyes and saw my wife. "How do you feel?" she said; "a little better?%

> I was so rejoiced and so astonished by the sight of her, that I could not speak at first. She repeated her question.

> "I must be crushed to pieces," I said; "for the train went over me; but I feel no pain." "There he goes about the train

again," said my wife. "Why, Ned." I tried to move there was nothing the matter with me; I sat up. I was in my own room; opposite me a crib will receive it." I was somewhat emin which two children were asleep, beside me a tiny bald baby head. My wife and all my children were safe! Was I delirous, or could it be? "Jo.," cried I, "tell me what has

happened." "It's nine o'clock," said Jo. "You came home in such a dreadful state from the club that I couldn't wake subject of religion. But perhaps,

And Jo. began to cry, It was a dream—only an awful as though it were reality.

"Is there a Bible in the house, Jo?" said I. 🚓

"Are we heathens?" asked Jo. "Give it to me this moment, Jo." She brought it, and I put my hand on it, and took an oath, too solemn to repeat here—that what had happened never should occur again. It never has. And if the San Francisco ever comes to grief, the verdict will not be? of me. What am I to do?" as it ought to be so often -The engineer was drunk leasonmean at this c

TRUE POLITENESS.

Little children think it a fine thing to be considered polite, and all would

catch to their keeping. Nothing could from a pure, noble, and generous happen wrong with the two together."

I am a member, said I,

"I am a member," said he. "We again." After all it was easy enough. I recled as I spoke. The ard the signal good time. We want, thinking men. I recled as I spoke. The ard the signal we were off.

We were off.

The ard the signal and pure, noble, and generous happen wrong with the two together." heart. It consists in loving our neighbor; in being "kindly affectioned one to another, with brotherly love; in honor 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.

We were off.

Five hours from L. to D.; five hours the example may be followed.

The art of the said in the said in the signal an instance I will cite, not only that a noble act may be approved, but that the example may be followed.

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The art of the instance I will cite, not only that a noble act may be approved but that the example may be followed.

Florence, who gave the party, was a part of it I do not know." course was to lead off and have the not know?" others follow as maids of honor. It was customary for the queen to select away," she answered. any one she wished to walk by her side, and be her special escort. The little girl thus honored on this occa-

ever had before at the club table. I wounded were strewn around men, back, and caught sight of Jane Curtis directed to go there, in the providence found it put the steam on After so women and children—old age and walking behind all the others, and of God, at just the time I did.—Chrismany glasses, I wanted to talk; after tender youth. There were groans and alone. Jane had on a clean calico tran Treasury.

enjoyed; and they, instead of being tune, while United States Senator, to lose his grateful for their own blessings, and was warmly attached. He was fond of spendgrateful for their own blessings, and

took hold of Jane's hand, and walked beside her.

Was not this poor little girl made run over with gladness?

Another was made happy also. This it, and shed tears of joy over this noble act of her little daughter. "

上海生活效果 经产生的银金工程的

IN SEASON AND OUT OF SEASON. A young pastor of one of the uptown churches arose and said, that on before it; I felt it crushing me to the previous day he went out to visit And think of the resper Death, who gathers a lady who was in a very anxious the great and small. 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 had shown in the closing year an emblem of been told of her state of mind, and 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. Msaid, "No; Mrs. M- is not in; but if you have any message for her, I barrassed, 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."

"I came," answered the clergyman, "to converse with Mrs. M on the

The lady seemed very much over come by the inquiry, and answered, which she held in her hand, passed "No, I am not;" and sank into a over the words of her lesson, her voice dream. But I had lived through it chair. At the same time she asked in a low tone could be heard accomme to be seated.

"Would you like to be a Christian? Do you really desire to be a Chris- sion, he would have seen no change, tian?"

"I do." God requires, in order that you may tract attention, that old head continued be a Christian?"

"I think I am ready and willing and anxious to do what God requires and that old voice its quiet monotone. "Only believe on the Lord Jesus Christ with all your heart." "And is that all?"

believe on Him?"

on earth to me, except the other house come again. Amongst them was an be delighted to have so agreeable a not try, but you must believe. Now, suppose I came here and made you a When we wish a thing, we must very rich and a very needful offer of her estimate of the value of the work as children are with us; and yet they

"No, sir; certainly not."
"Then, will you treat Jesus Christ

"No, I will not. What am I to be-

"I can say a part of it; and about her grave.
"I can say a part of it I do not know."
"Long as we may live, we shall

"About his anger being turned "Do not know! Believing in Christ,

and do not know!"

Suddenly there was a horrible roar | ence's invitation, and the two little | the matter of her experience and joy. | is stilled, that dim eye shut; and He evening was the supper, and so it was only sobered, not hurt. I gained every meeting.

I'd always been a temperate man.

I'w was into the water. Dy a miracle in the sout, not of the avenue, followed fly all the happy parted. I had never seen her before.

I'w was into the water.

I beat avenue, followed fly all the happy parted. I had never seen her before.

I'w was into the water.

I'w as into the water.

I'w

COME TO MY GRAVE ALONE.

The late Daniel S. Dickinson had the misfor-

falling near, And water my lowly bed with affection's gentle

Pause by the heartless stone, by the marble cold and chill, very joyous? and did not divcy's heart And think of the hearts below as the marble cold and still.

II. occurred just as they passed the house Come in the summer's prime, at the close of where Lucy lived. Her mother saw When the love type wildwood hims the busy day,

When the love tune wildwood birds warble their vesper lay, Kneel by my grassy couch, whisper to Heaven

And the spirit of her you loved will hover around you there. III. Come when the autumn leaves are fallen, faded and sere,
When the moaning November breeze sighs

o'er the dying year-When the reapers' work is done and the har-

Come when the winter's cold, on crushing and icy feet, Has traveled around the earth in his frosted winding sheet,
And has plasted the woods and the fields in his

IV.

V. Come in the budding spring, when nature is

fresh and gay,

When the petals of early flowers are bright
with the dews 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.

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 while a little wooden pointer panying the motion of her hand. Had he remained until the close of the sesno sign of weariness, no abatement of bowed to its work, that old hand still kept up its motion from left to right. Nothing interrupted this absorbed diligence until her turn came to read and spell her lesson to her teacher; and "I will try to believe." enthusiasm with which she read her "Ah, that will not do. You must simple monosyllable phrases (increasing as her mastery over them increas-

plished. we should have had a collision. Some the little girls passed a most deligning the language of the little girls passed a most deligning the language of the little girls passed a most deligning the language of the little girls passed a most deligning the language of the little girls passed a most deligning the language of the language for all after tea to form a procession turned away, and Thou comfortest proved. Before these lines can be read, she will have been two days in

"What is there here that you do never forget the old bent form in the human rage, and the most exact in Central Church; the abcdarian of terpreter of its real meaning. He seventy-seven years; the enthusiastic who utters the fearful word of damna. veteran in the love of the spelling- tion against his fellow-man, is giving book; the primary school scholar, vent to a feeling which, had he the gathering in through her dim and spec- power, would really consign him to must be superior men."

"No doubt," said I.

"No do

who is no respecter of persons, who considers the color of the soul, not of

-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. No one has failed to notice the odor which is experienced in the presence of certain persons. They wear stockings from the beginning to the end of the week without change. The stockings become completely saturated with offensive matter. It is sickening to be in the presence of such persons. III health is generated by such treatment of the feet. The pores are not only repellants, but absorbants, and this feetid matter, to a greater or less extent, is taken back into the system. The feet should be washed daily, as, well as the arm-pits, from which an offensive odor is also emitted, unless daily ablution is practiced. Cleanliness is next to godliness. A man or woman can neither feel well nor be well, unless frequent bathing is practiced. Stockings should not be worn more than a day or two at a time. They may be worn for one day, and then aired and sunned and worn another day; but to wear the same stockings for a whole week is not doing justice to your feet, nor your health, nor your conscience: for who can have a clear conscience in a foul body?-Rural World.

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. We listen to those young ladies of whom we speak, and hear them not only acknowledging, but boasting of their ignorance of all household duties, as if nothing would so lower them in the estimation of their friends as the confession of an ability to make bread and pies, or cook a piece of meat, or a disposition to engage in any useful employment.

Speaking from our own youthful recollections, we are free to say that taper fingers and lily hands are very pretty to look at with a young man's eyes, and sometimes we have known after all, my Master has sent me to ago, might have seen an aged woman edge displayed by a young miss to the artless innocence of practical knowland risk people's lives. The San you. Will you allow me to ask if walking quietly in, who, taking her appear rather interesting than otherand you've been frightening me to Christ?"

Note that the second risk people's lives. The San you. Will you allow me to ask if walking quietly in, who, taking her appear rather interesting than otherand you've been frightening me to Christ?"

Over her spelling and reading book: over her spelling and reading book; to learn that life is full of rugged experiences, and that the most loving, romantic, and delicate people must live on cooked or otherwise prepared food, and the house kept clean and tidy by industrious hands. And for all the practical purposes of married life, it is generally found that for a husband to no sign of weariness, no abatement of sit and gaze at a wife's taper fingers interest. No matter what might tran- and hily hands, or for a wife to sit and "Are you willing to do just what spire in the room, of a nature to dis be looked at and admired, does not make the pot boil, or put the smallest piece of food therein. New Age.

AMERICAN CHILDREN.

Mr. Trollope does not have faith in the good results of American training then the spirit and emphasis with which for children, and expresses his views "Yes, that is all. Now, will you this was done, showed how her whole of the matter as follows: "I must soul was in the business. The positive protest that American babies are an enthusiasm with which she read her unhappy race. They eat and drink just as they please; they are never suppose I came here and made you a ed) was the best of commentaries upon snubbed, and kept in the background, mixed myself up with strangers in any such way and never should, if it hadn't been for Granby. You see Granby I heard him say; "don't be nervous. Was one of the shareholders, a hand which you desired very how shall we cultivate true politeness? Not by decorating the body, practising are wretched and uncomfortable. My heard him say; "don't be nervous. Not by decorating the body, practising are wretched and uncomfortable. My heard him say; "don't be nervous. The San Francisco is the safest engine was one of the shareholders, a hand was one of the shareholders, a hand with the safest engine heard them squalling, by the hour to-how no elevantly or smiling blandly think you treated me well?" ably fluent reader of simple words and and dyspepsis. Can it be wondered sentences; so that, had she been per that children are happier when they mitted to keep on a little longer, the are made to obey orders and sent to desire of her heart to be able to read bed at six o'clock, than when allowed her Bible-would have been accom- to regulate their own conduct; that bread and milk are more favorable to "But she was not permitted. Night soft, childish ways, than beef steak Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ; after night, her place was vacant; and and pickles three times a day; that an after this had continued some wfive or occasional whipping, even, will con-We were off.

No Description of the last may be approved, but that the Lord Jesus six weeks, we were told by a neighbor duce to rosy cheeks? It is an idea that our old friend and scholar was an idea. We have some amongst us back; on the last I should be myself A little girl residing in one of our least to see her, and least I should be myself and little girl residing in one of our least to see her, and diately went to see her, and found it fess that, after my travels on the something. But then than rengmeer past the mag. I mean a summary and a tendency in that direction don't have too many nights or days to we had passed the down train at a was a man of wealth, and in his at verses in the twelfth chapter of Isaiah, the strong pressure of her honest old steak and pickles certainly produce evening a fortnight from Jo. I said: we should have had a collision. Somethe little girls passed a most delightful the language of the first verse, "O teacher, yet it was apparent from her be taken for granted. But rosy laughter than the language of the street than the language of the I asked her if her heart could say, in hand proved that she recognized her smart little men and women. Let that

SWEARING.

The state of the San Lucy, a lovely called of eight short should do: Was it this, or could be work it should do: Was it this, or could be work it should do: Was it this, or could be work it should do: Was it this, or could be work it should do: Was it this, or could be work it should do: Was it this, or could be work it should do: Was it this, or could be work it should do: Was it this, or could be work it should do: Was it this, or could be work it should do: Was it this, or could be work it should do: Was it this, or could be work it should do: Was it this, or could be work it should do: Was it this, or could be work it should do: Was it this, or could be work it should do: Was it this, or could be work it should do: Was it this, or could be work it should do: Was it this, or could be work it should do: Was it this, or could be work in an another sphere would cast both soul and body into the work just entered upon here.

I read the other verses of the chapthat old and faithful hand rests.

Angry man, see what your oath the work in all as the could be work in a could be work