

'Eye Family Circle.

"THE STARLESS CROWN."

NOTE.—Dear Mr. Meers.—If the following lines have not appeared in your paper, you might like to publish them. A few weeks since they elicited the deepest interest at a morning prayer-meeting which filled the Hall of Representatives in Springfield, Illinois. I pray that they may inspire many of your readers to seek to save souls, which shall be theirs in their "down of rejoicing." Yours, E. P. H. VERNON, CHICAGO, July 2, 1866.

"They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever." DANIEL XII. 3. Worn and worn with earthly cares, I yielded to repose, / When soon before my raptur'd sight a glorious vision rose. I thought, while slumbering on my couch, in midnight's solemn gloom, I heard an angel's silvery voice, and radiance filled my room. A gentle touch awakened me, a gentle whisper said, "Arise, O sleeper, follow me;" and through the air we fled. We left the earth so far away that like a speck it seemed, and heavenly glory, calm and pure, across our pathway streamed. Still on we went—my soul was wrapt in silent ecstasy; I wondered what the end would be, what next should meet mine eye. I knew not how we journeyed through the pathless fields of light, when suddenly a change was wrought, and I was robed in white. We stood upon a city's walls most glorious to behold, we gazed through gates of glittering pearls, and o'er streets of purest gold; it needed not the sun by day, the silver moon by night, The glory of the Lord was there, the Lamb Himself its light. Bright angels passed the shining streets and music filled the air, And white-robed saints, with glittering crowns, from every clime were there. And some that I had loved on earth, stood with them round the throne. "All worthy is the Lamb," they said, "the glory His alone." But fairer far than all beside, I saw my Saviour's face; As I gazed, He smiled on me with wondrous love and grace. Lowly I bowed before His throne, o'erjoyed that I, at last, Had gained the object of my hopes, that earth at length was past. And then in solemn tones He said, "Where is the diadem, That ought to sparkle on thy brow adorned with many a gem? I know thou hast believed in Me, and life through Me is thine. But where are all those radiant stars that in thy crown should shine? Yonder thou seest a glorious throng, with crowns on every brow, For every soul they led to Me, they wear a jewel now; And such thy bright reward had been, if such had been thy deed; If thou hadst sought some wandering sheep in paths of peace to lead. Did I not mean that thou shouldst tread the way of life alone; But that the clear and shining light which round thy pathway shone Should guide some other weary feet to my bright home of rest, And thus, in blessing those around, thou hadst thyself been blessed." The vision faded from my sight, the voice no longer spoke, A spell seemed brooding o'er my soul which long I feared to break. And when at last I gazed around in morning's glimmering light, My spirit fell o'erwhelmed beneath that vision's awful night. I rose and wept, with chastened joy, that yet I dwelt below, That yet another hour was mine my faith by works to show; That yet some sinner I might tell of Jesus' dying love, And try to lead some weary soul to seek a home above. And now while on the earth I stay, my motto this shall be, I'll live no longer to myself, but Him who died for me. And grieved on my inmost soul, this word of truth divine, They that turn many to the Lord, bright as the stars shall shine.

CLOVE'S MAGICIAN.

BY AUGUST BELL.

"Inti, minti, outi, corn—there, Dick, it isn't fair to change places." "It is, too! I belong here. Go ahead." "Now, Charlie, that'll make me blindman if you let him do so." "Never mind, Inti, minti, outi, corn, apple seed, apple thorn, wire, briar." "O, look! there's an organman in the yard, and the monkey's jumping in at the window." "And the children ran about the room shouting and laughing, upsetting two chairs, and treading on the cat's tail. Till then Clove had sat resolutely in the corner, with her fingers in her ears and her forehead all fretful and wrinkled, while she studied away on her Sunday-school lesson. She was trying to learn the beatitudes. "Blessed are the meek—Blessed are the meek," she repeated over and over, shutting out the noise about her as well as she could; but when the monkey sprang upon the sill, in his little red dress, and made grimaces, the children's riot rose beyond description, and Clove interrupted it sharply with her voice. "Do be quiet, children; you ought to be ashamed to act so. I shall just tell mother how naughty you are." "You are so cross, Clove. There doesn't a monkey come hardly ever for us to see," said her little sister, defiantly. "Well, you needn't make such a noise about it," Clove replied in a snappish tone. "Cross! Clove! She's as cross as two sticks," shouted Dick and Charlie in chorus, and danced around her like young Indians. Clove's eyes flashed, and she lifted her hand as if she meant to box the nearest pair of ears. "Pretty Sunday-school scholar you

are," added Dick, removing to a safe distance. Clove sprang after him, but failing to catch the little fellow, she stopped, and deliberately setting her foot on a favorite toy of his, crushed it to atoms. "There!" she exclaimed, with hot anger burning in her face. Poor Clove! I think it is right to pity her and call her poor Clove—don't you?—for she had let herself gradually become so vexed and worried, and now she had lost her temper and done an unkind thing. Poor Clove! Dick, whose tears were starting at the sight of his broken windmill, was not so thoroughly unhappy as she. As the children stood still in consternation, she rushed out of the room, meaning to find her mother and to complain of her brothers and sisters. Her mother was not in the house, nor in the garden, where Clove went next; but the little back gate was open, and Clove went through it mechanically, with a half idea that, by following the path, she might find the one she wanted. On she went, poor unhappy child, through the green meadows and out into a pasture-land, where a few rods before her lay the woods. She knew now she should not meet her mother, but she was glad to be alone, for the angry, hateful mood was still upon her. It was a bright May day, but she did not think of the sun and the green grass and trees; she only thought how unkind the children had been to her, to treat her so when she was at her lesson. On she went with burning cheeks, her little throat swelling with half-suppressed sobs, when suddenly she saw an odd figure springing over the gray rocks and coming toward her. It was a funny-looking little man, dressed all in brown; with a brown hat pulled over his eyes; he carried a covered pail in his hand, and he had slung over his shoulder with a leather strap a long, thin, battered book. As he came nearer, she could see that his face was almost as brown as his clothes, and two little black eyes twinkled curiously under the hat-brim. Clove stopped short, for she was half afraid, and looked around to see how far away the house was; but a little hill now hid it from her sight. "Can you tell me," asked the brown man, in a peculiarly gentle voice, "if those are the Pember woods?" "Yes, sir," said Clove, quite relieved to find that he did not shoot her nor threaten her. "And there is a high ledge of granite there, I believe, with a brook at the foot of it?" "Yes, sir," said Clove. "Well, I must find it. Don't you want to show me the way?" asked the brown man, with a pleasant smile. And Clove, feeling as if she were under a spell, walked along with him toward the forest. "What is your name?" he asked, as they walked. "Clove." "Clove what? Clove Pink, the Caryophyllus?" "No, sir; Clove Elliot," said the little girl, staring amazedly at him. "What an odd name! I don't believe the minister christened you so. I guess your name is Katherine, and so they called you Kitty, and then Kitty Clover, and then Clove, for short. Wasn't that the way of it?" "I don't know, sir," answered Clove, laughing. "By this time they had almost reached the woods; the huckleberry bushes and the barberry bushes began to thicken about them. The little brown man sprang lightly along, sometimes holding out his hand to help Clove over the rough places, and his keen eyes wandered restlessly about, peering through the brushwood and around every rock, as if in search of something. For some minutes a conviction had been growing in Clove's mind that he was a sort of elf, although he was larger than her fairy stories had given her any reason to suppose. But he was somebody mysterious, at all events, and perhaps he was one of the geni, taking this form to disarm suspicion. She determined to keep her eyes wide open, and not lose a single hint. Still she could not make out why he carried a pail, that looked so commonplace; but no doubt he had his reasons. So she was thinking busily away in her own mind, when suddenly he cried, "O, take care! But it is too late; what a pity!" "What's the matter?" exclaimed Clove, quite frightened. "Why, you didn't see where you were stepping, and now you have trodden down a beautiful clump of blue violets." And as she moved aside, he stopped and touched the bruised leaves caressingly. "Poor little things!" he said; "poor little Cucullata! your day was short, but you must try to grow up again." Clove looked on with very large, round eyes. She had read of brownies, and she thought he must be a sort of brown fairy, or he could not talk to flowers as if they were people, and call them such queer names. "I never like to see bright little flowers stepped on," he said, as they walked along the path again. And now they entered the woods; the great trees arched their leafy boughs protectively overhead, and the path grew intricate among the laurels and young tree saplings. "How many kinds of flowers grow

about here?" asked the little brown man. "I don't know. There are violets, honeysuckles and dog-flowers. That's all I know anything about." "O, my child," he said, pityingly, "how little you have seen. Now, what do you call this?" And bending down, he plucked a long, slender stem with lily-like leaves, and a delicate pale yellow, bell-shaped blossom, nodding at the top, as if it was tired enough to go to sleep. "I don't know; I never noticed it before. How pretty!" And Clove took it admiringly. "That is one of the *Noulairee*, but you may call it bell-wort." "What was it that you called those violets?" asked Clove. "Cucullata! That's the name of one branch of the family." "Family! Do flowers have families?" she asked again, convinced now that none but a fairy man could have a family acquaintance with violets. "O, yes; were you never introduced to them? I see three or four cousin violets now. I will put them in my pail, and by-and-bye we will sit under some tree and talk about them." As he lifted the cover, Clove got a peep at a mass of soft, green leaves and flowers inside. How strange! Did he carry a garden about with him? Perhaps he had enchanted it, and could make it as large as an acre if he chose, with hot-houses and tulip-beds. She would have been afraid of him, but his voice was too gentle for a bad fairy. Presently they came to the verge of the great ledge, which shelved down steeply below them. The trees stood like sentinels, only a great deal closer together, on the high rocky ramparts. In the crevices of the ledge they could see green ferns waving, and soft moss clinging, and here and there a young tree had taken root and was bravely putting forth branches. Down at the bottom ran a little brook with broad, sunny shallows, and deep, dark pools. It was very pleasant to stand there, and hear no sound but the wind in the leaves and the water on the stones. "Let's go down," said the little old man, with a merry sparkle in his eyes; and almost before Clove knew, he held himself lightly swinging by a hemlock bough half-way down, with a hand extended to help her to follow. So she timidly set one foot before the other down the narrow pathway that a chamois would have delighted in, and by help of the hemlocks and the brown man, she stood at last in safety by the little brook. Then the brown man leaped down beside her, and making a green goblet of broad plantain leaves, dipped it in the cool water and gave it to Clove to drink from. "How nice!" she said, "I never thought of doing that before." "And now let us sit down a little while in the shade, and I will introduce you to some of the family of violets." So Clove nestled quite confidently by the odd little figure of her new friend, and watched him while he took a handful of violets from his pail. "These white violets I gathered while you were drinking from your goblet. See, there are three kinds, three cousins you may call them. Can you tell the difference?" "I don't see any difference," said Clove, "only some are a little the largest, and the green leaves are not quite the same." "Exactly," he said; "you can tell the cousins apart by the out of their dresses. This one is the *Lanceolata* or lance-leaved violet, and this is the *Primulaefolia*, or primrose-leaved violets, and this dear little thing is a *Blanda*, or sweet white violet. And now, violets, allow me to introduce to you Miss Clove Elliot, who wants to get acquainted. Clove laughed, well-pleased, and then begged to hear the names of the blue ones. "Well," he said, "here is one of the *Cucullata*, the common blue violet, with a tear in its blue eyes because you stepped on some of its sisters: That's too bad isn't it? And here is a great purple *Pedata*, or crow-foot violet, with jagged green leaves, a real woodland beauty; and here is a clump, root, leaves, flowers and all, of the *Muldenbergii*, not so handsome, perhaps, but an amiable little flower. And now there is only one more, this downy yellow violet, which only grows about the woods, with its green leaves shaped like the candy hearts you get at the confectioner's. Do you eat candy?" "O, yes," said Clove, smiling broadly. "Very bad for your teeth, very bad indeed. But about the violets; there are a good many more cousins of the same family, but they live so far away. Some of them live away out West, and some of them live among the mountains. I have been to see them all, and have taken their likenesses, but I have not brought them with me to-day. Do you have pansies in your garden at home, so purple that they are almost black, and with great golden eyes?" "O, yes," said Clove, "ever so many." "Well, they are the city cousins of these violets here; they study the art of dress more, and are very elegant. When you go home, you can tell them that their country cousins send their love to them." "I will," promised Clove, earnestly. "Do you suppose they will hear me?" And she looked up in his face as if a world hung on his answer.

The little brown man nodded sagely. "I like to think they do, Clove, though very few people would agree with me. But across the ocean dwell a dreamy people who write the most lovely fanciful stories and poems, and one day I read in a story, that there are five little spirits in every violet, one in each petal, and when the flower dies they go floating about the air, invisible to us; but they whisper to the little young violets, and teach them how to grow." "O, the dear, dear little flower spirits!" cried Clove; "I never mean to gather any more, because that makes them die." The brown man smiled pleasantly and said, "Don't gather any to throw away, and don't crush them carelessly; but I think they like to have us take them home with us, when we are ready to learn sweet lessons from them. That is their noblest use—to purify human souls." Clove sat quite still a little while, with new, wonderful thoughts crowding into her mind. At last she asked curiously, "Is that what you put them in a pail for?" His eyes twinkled as he said, "Yes, I take them home to study; I study them a great deal. And now, Clove, we must leave this pleasant spot, for you'll be missed at home, and I have a long, long tramp before me yet." The mention of home brought a shadow into Clove's face; for it made her remember her troubles. The little brown man's keen eyes were on her, and he asked suddenly, as they rose and walked along, "What was the matter with you when I found you? You were almost crying." Then Clove, with perfect trust, told him all the story, how she was trying to learn her Sunday-school lesson, and the children were so noisy, and then they all ran about after a monkey, and she scolded them, and they teased her, and then she told how she trod on Dick's windmill, and rushed out of the room. "How do you feel about it now?" asked the little brown man; "as angry as ever?" "No," said Clove, blushing, "I feel a great deal better since I have been in the woods. I wish I hadn't broken the windmill, and I wish I hadn't talked so." He looked at her very kindly. "Well," he said, "suppose you tell the children so when you go home, and then you will know a great deal better what it means when you say 'Blessed are the meek.'" "So I will," assented Clove, "and I will tell them about the violets. Then perhaps they will forget how cross I was. Why, what's the matter?" She might well look amazed, for down went the pail rolling on the ground, and down went the birch bough the little brown man was carrying, and down went the man himself on his knees, digging with his hands in the moist soil. "It's something I've been looking for for three years, but never happened to be where it grew before. I'm very glad!" "What is it?" asked Clove, who saw nothing but some pale stems. "The *Aphyllon-uniflorum*!" he exclaimed, digging away. "It's a parasite, and I want to get its roots up with whatever they grow from." In a minute more he had the great clump of soil, roots, and stems in his hands, and deposited in the pail. Then gathering a few more waxy stems with a waxy blossom at the top, he opened the book he carried, which proved to be a sort of portfolio, and arranging them carefully between some leaves, shut it again, and re-hung it over his shoulder. In a few minutes more they came to a grassy lane, with only a few cart-tracks in it. After following it a little way, the brown man pointed out to Clove the chimneys of her own house, and bidding her good-bye with a friendly hand-shake, plunged into a bushy swamp close by, and she never saw him again. In a happy half-bewildered state, the little girl went on till she came to her own home, and there at the windows were the children, watching for her. She ran in hastily. "O, Dick!" she exclaimed, "I'm sorry I broke your windmill, and you may have my ten cents to buy another. And I have had the most splendid time in the woods with a magician!" "With a magician!" said her mother, looking startled. "Yes! he knows the family names of all the flowers, and which are aunts and uncles and cousins, and he told me to tell our pansies that the *Cucullata* sent their love to them. I can't remember the rest. He was little and bent, and all dressed in brown, with eyes like lightning bugs. He vanished from sight in a swamp." "It was a crazy man!" said Dick. "No, he was a magician!" persisted Clove. "Well, why not? Did he not work wonders? I am very willing myself to believe that he was a magician, though I have since been told by a distinguished botanist, of a pleasant afternoon spent long ago in the Pember woods in search of the *Aphyllon-uniflorum*." *Clark's School Visitor.*

How charming is divine philosophy! Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose; But musical as is Apollo's lute. And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets, Where no crude surfeit reigns.—Milton.

LOST SHEEP.  
BY THE AUTHOR OF "YOUR MISSION."  
How many sheep are straying,  
Lost from the Saviour's fold,  
Upon the lonely mountains?  
They shiver with the cold,  
Within the tangled thickets,  
Where poison-vines do creep,  
And over rocky ledges  
Wander the poor, lost sheep.  
O, who will go to find them?  
Who, for the Saviour's sake,  
Will search with tireless patience  
Through briar and through brake?  
Unheeding thirst or hunger,  
Who still, from day to day,  
Will seek as for a treasure,  
The sheep that go astray?  
Say, will you seek to find them?  
From pleasant bowers of ease  
Will you be fast determined  
To find the "lost of these?"  
For still the Saviour calls them,  
And looks across the world,  
And still He holds wide open  
The door into His fold.  
How sweet 'twould be at evening,  
If you and I could say,  
Good Shepherd, we've been seeking  
The sheep that went astray.  
Heart-sore and faint with hunger,  
We heard them making moan,  
And, lo! we came at nightfall  
Bearing them safely home.

FIGHTING THE DEVIL.  
One night, at a late hour, Dr. Bentley was disturbed at his studies by a rattling sound among some wood, which, sawed and split, had been left by the teamster, the afternoon previous, too late to be properly housed. He arose, went cautiously to the window, and saw a woman filling her apron with wood, which she hastily carried away. He resumed his seat, and commenced his study. Shortly after, the same noise occurred; and on looking out a second time, he saw a similar operation; the woman filling her great apron to the utmost limits of its capacity. When she had gone, he returned to his book with a tender pity in his heart for a destitution which sought relief in this lonely, dreary, not to say sinful manner. By-and-by he was startled by a heavy crash of falling wood, and hurrying up to the window, beheld the poor woman casting the very dust of the wood from her apron. He remained motionless, his gentle heart filled with commiseration. She swiftly departed, and soon returned heavily laden with the wood, which she threw on the pile as if it were the "accursed thing." The doctor's compassion and curiosity were now intensely excited. He followed her retreating figure till he discovered her residence, and thus ascertained who she was. What she was was no mystery to him. The last hour had shown him her virtue's lofty height. He called early the next morning on Mr. B., the wood-dealer, and directed him to send him a cord of his best wood, sawed and split, to Mrs. —, but by no means to let her know from whom it came; which was readily promised. Mr. B.'s teamster, who happened to be within ear-shot, though out of sight, was not so bound, and when he tipped the wood into the poor widow's yard, replied to her eager inquiry, who had sent it, by relating the conversation he had overheard. The conscience-stricken mother, feeling that her sin and repentance, in the lonely darkness of that midnight hour, were known and understood by another heart beside her own, hastened without delay to the house of the benevolent man, to express her gratitude and her sorrow, and with deep humility and bitterness told him the temptation to which her extreme poverty had reduced her, of breaking the eighth commandment. "Though my house was dark and cold, though my heart was wrung with anguish at the sight of my poor, shivering little ones, I could not keep it; my conscience would not let me." "Say no more, my dear madam," said the good man. "I saw you conquer the devil in two fair fights."

A FUNNY DOG STORY.  
When the war in Italy commenced, the Zouaves embarked for Genoa; but as they were going on board the ship they saw a formal order forbidding the entrance of all dogs upon the vessel. As they were very much attached to their dogs, they were stricken with grief. It was not easy to deceive the sharp lookout kept by the intendant, for every soldier advanced along the narrow gangway, one by one, as their names were called. Necessity is the mother of invention. The drummers unscrewed their drums, and the best dogs of the regiment were concealed in them, which were screwed up again. When regiments embark, no music is played; but on this occasion the colonel determined there should be music. He ordered the trumpets and drums to take the head of the column, and to play a lively tune. The faces of the drummers—every one of whom had a dog in his drum—may be conceived. The trumpets sounded; the drums were all silent. The colonel became angry, and bawled to know why the drums did not beat. There was but one thing to do, and that was to beat. The moment the drums began to beat, innumerable dogs began to howl and to bay, to the astonishment of everybody but the Zouaves. Everybody looked right, left, backward, forward—no sign of a dog anywhere; and yet the more the drummers beat, the more the dogs howled. At last a spore fell out of a drum, rolled over and over on the ground, got up and took to his heels,

howling louder than ever. Roars of laughter greeted this explanation of the mysterious howls. The intendants ordered the drummers to advance on board one by one, and to roll the drum as they came. If any barking was heard, the drum was unscrewed and the dog put ashore. Only one dog got on board. This was Touton, who kept quiet through all the rolling. It need not be said that the 8d Zouaves loved Touton. He made his entry into Paris, at their head, a few days since.—Paris Letter.

BAD THOUGHTS, BAD WORDS AND BAD DEEDS.  
The Friends' Review gives the following address to First-day scholars, as an illustration of its views of what such an address should be:—  
There are three bad things, which all should strive to avoid,—bad thoughts, bad words, bad deeds. A bad thought is the worst thing that can get under a boy's jacket; and the longer it remains there, the more mischievous it becomes. It is more poisonous than arsenic, more deceitful than a snake, and far more dangerous than the bite of a mad dog. A bad thought got into the heart of the first boy that ever was born, and it never left him till it made him kill his brother. Shun bad thoughts, fear them, hate them, fight against them, and pray against them. Remember, our thoughts are heard in heaven.  
Bad thoughts lead to bad words, which have brought much evil into the world. They creep through the ear into the heart, call up all its bad passions, and tempt it to break God's commandments. A few bad words got into the ear of the first woman, and they led her on to eat the forbidden fruit, and thus to bring death into the world. Stop your ears against bad words, and run from those that use them as you would from a tiger.  
Bad deeds follow bad thoughts and bad words. Entertain bad thoughts, and you are sure to use bad words; practise the speaking of bad words, and you are sure to do evil deeds. Quench the first spark, and you will prevent the house being set on fire. Subdue the first evil thought, and the bad deed will never be done. The disciples of our Saviour were tempted by bad thoughts, but they murmured only once. Peter was not free from bad words, for with an oath he denied his Master, for which he wept bitterly.  
Let your prayer be; "Search me, O God! and know my heart; try me and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." Pray for good thoughts; for they are the beginning of everything else that is good, and they are the best cure for bad thoughts, bad words and bad deeds.

SINKING PETER.  
Sinking times are praying times with the Lord's servants. Peter neglected prayer at starting upon his venturesome journey; but when he began to sink, his danger made him suppliant, and his cry, though late, was not too late. In our hours of bodily pain and mental anguish, we find ourselves as naturally driven to prayer as the wreck is driven upon the shore by the waves. The fox hies to its hole for protection; the bird flies to the wood for shelter; and even so the tired believer hastens to the mercy-seat for safety. Heaven's great harbor of refuge is All-prayer; thousands of weather-beaten vessels have found a haven there, and the moment a storm comes on, it is wise for us to make for it with all sail.  
Short prayers are long enough. There were but three words in the petition which Peter gasped out, but they were sufficient for his purpose; they reached the ear of Jesus, and his heart too. Not length, but strength is desirable. A sense of need is a mighty teacher of brevity. If our prayers had less of the tail feathers of pride, and more wing, they would be all the better. Verbiage is to devotion as chaff is to wheat. Precious things lie in small compass, and all that is real prayer, in many a long address, might have been uttered in a sentence as short as that which burst from the soul of the sinking Apostle.  
Our extremities are the Lord's opportunities. Immediately a keen sense of danger forces an anxious cry from the ear of Jesus hears, and with His ear and heart go together, and the hand does not long linger. At the last moment we appeal to our Master, but His swift hand makes up for our delay by instant and effectual action. Are we nearly engulfed by the boisterous waters of affliction? Let us then lift up our souls unto our Saviour, and we may rest assured that he will not suffer us to perish. When we can do nothing, Jesus can do all things; let us enlist his powerful aid upon our side, and all will be well.—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"SHE ALWAYS MADE HOME HAPPY."  
Such was the brief but impressive sentiment which a friend wished us to add to an obituary notice of "one who had gone before." What better tribute could be offered to the memory of the loved and lost? Eloquence with her loftiest eulogy, poetry, with her most thrilling dirge, could afford nothing so sweet, so touching, so suggestive of the virtues of the dead, as those simple words:—"She always made home happy."