

Eye Family Circle.

THE LAST HOME.

BY N. G. SHEPHERD.

Six narrow feet of churchyard sod, Whereon the summer grasses wave, And summer daisies gently nod Above the slumber of the grave; All heirs are we by right of birth To this last heritage of earth.

hurling devastation in its headlong course. The night was growing darker and darker, and as the gloom came on, the sullen growl of thunder was heard in the distance, and lightning began to play among the forked tops of the mountains.

Tell me, that I may do thy parents, as well as thyself, some service." "My name would not be pleasing to you, and I will not reveal it."

A SONG OF HOME. O city, golden bright! Transparent as the day! How softly shines thy distant light For pilgrims far away!

she felt that she must get there, or die here. And so, picking up a few scraps for her breakfast, she again made for the shore. The wind helped her now, and she was not so much exhausted by the journey.

he had no power to do. Still he tries an effort, and, Glory to God! bursting from his lips, succeeds. Virtue goes out of Christ. The shrunken hand instantly acquires a healthy color, and swells into its right proportions.

ALBERT, THE SON OF WILLIAM TELL.

Most of my young friends are acquainted with the heroic exploits of William Tell, the hero of Switzerland. There is a little episode in his life, relating to his son, so illustrative of boyish heroism, that it is entitled to a place here.

"I have traveled from Mount Faigel." "And no one with thee?" "No one but God."

"I am not safe, Austria is not safe, while thy father lives, and he shall starve on the mountain tops while thou shalt remain with me. Bind him, guards!"

LITTLE YELLOW-THROAT. BY REV. JOHN TODD, D.D. It is said that we have over forty different species of the warbler that flit among the branches of our Northern forests.

THE VERY REASON WHY. A few years since, a gentleman of large means, and larger Christian heart, moved into an inland city, to take charge of extensive manufactories.

BOASTING. Anna Strong was a sad little boaster. Though she meant to speak the truth, she was so vain and thoughtless that no one could believe her.

THE "SAD AND BEAUTIFUL" COMINGLED.

As I was passing down Broadway on Sabbath evening, en route to old John Street Church, I witnessed one of the saddest, and at the same time one of the most beautifully touching scenes which occur in a lifetime.

THE WITHERED HAND AND HEART.

It is a Sabbath morning, and its doors thrown open as the hour of worship approaches, the synagogue begins to fill. Among those who enter, is a man with a withered hand; and however others come, there is haste in his step, and high expectation seated on his brow.

"I CANNOT, SIR."

"A young man—we will call him Honest Frank—who loved truth, was a clerk in the office of some rich merchants. One day a letter came, recalling an order for goods which had been received the day before.