

Eye Family Circle.

THE INTERCESSOR.
Father, I bring a worthless child to Thee.
To claim Thy pardon once, yet once again;

By that unchanged, unchanging oath of mine,
By each pure drop of blood shed for him,
By all the sorrows given on my soul,

I could not bear to see him cast away.
Vile as he is, the weakest of my flock,
The one that grieves me most, that loves me least.

Ye, though his sins should dim each spark of life,
I measure not my love by his returns.
And though the stripes I send to bring him home,

Should serve to drive him farther from my arms,
Still he remains. I loved him from the world;
He has no home, no right but in my love;

Though Death and Hell combined against him rise,
I'm bound to rescue him—for we are one.
HOW TO BE A HERO.
O, dear, I yawned Charlie Spencer,

looking up from a book he had been
riddolently reading; "how sorry I am
the war is really over."

"Why, Charlie, you naughty, wicked
boy," exclaimed his little sister
Callie, with blue eyes wide open, and

"red lips parted in indignant horror;
"what do you mean?"
"Mean? mean just what I say, of

course: "Don't you know, you little
goosie, that all boys want to be heroes,
and now the war's over, there's no

chance? I wish I'd gone. I wanted
to, but they all laughed so, and said
you or Baby Frank better go next,

that I got ashamed to say anything
about it. That's what I call mean, to
talk to a fellow that way, if he isn't

old as Methuselah." Master
Charlie was positively getting red in
the face with indignation.

carry?" and Charlie groaned at the
prospect.
"Not very large. Why do you
ask?"

"Because it makes my arm ache
like fury to lug a great heavy basket
'round. Besides, I promised Frank
Steele I'd come 'round and play a

game of ball after tea. A whole lot of
the fellows are going to be there, and
they'll have a real jolly time. Indeed,

mother, I know they could wait until
morning, and then Jim could take
it over."
"Jim won't be back then, Charlie,

for your father told him he might stay
until he came home, and you know I
don't expect him until to-morrow even-

ing. In the next place, when I tell
you what I want you to do, I don't
wish you to answer back. You may,

be sure you will never be asked to do
anything that is unreasonable."
"That's the way it always is," mut-

tered Charlie. "Just as sure as I
want to do anything, somebody's got
to be waited on. I don't believe there's

another boy in town that doesn't
have his own way more than I do."
"Charlie, I am surprised at your

behavior. If you cannot talk more
reasonably, you may leave the table,"
and his mother looked steadily at him.

Uncle Fred hadn't spoken before.
Indeed, Charlie was so busy with his
complaints he had forgotten he was

there, for the truth was, he stood a
good deal in awe of him. He colored
up, and looked sheepish enough as

to be done, was the question, for to
reach it seemed almost certain death.
There was no time to lose—minutes

were precious—the rebels were steady-
ly pressing us, and if not repelled the
day was lost. Each man held his

breath, as riding up and down the
line, our brave general pointed out
the guns that were pouring death into

our ranks, and shouted, "Boys! who
speaks the first to go? Now or never!
For a second no one spoke, and then

came up the cry, "I, and I, and I,"
till the number was nearly filled.
Hearing my name, I looked around,

and there stood a boy, not twenty-one,
I knew him well! He was a noble-
hearted fellow, and best of all, a

Christian.
"Well, George," said I, "what's
wanted?"
"Jim going, colonel," was the an-

swer, and if I am killed, send this to
mother, and tell her I died doing my
duty."
"Before I could reply, he had slipped

a Testament with a lock of his hair in
my hand, and with a "good-bye, and
God-bless you" was off. The point

was gained, the post was taken, and
the enemy beaten back; but lying
dead before the very guns he had

helped to capture, was that brave boy.
He had done his duty, and though his
name is on no roll of honor, you will

ever see, better than that Charlie, it is
written above, to shine forever and
forever.

I AM WAITING ANNIE LEE.

I have waited in the garden
For the little Annie Lee
Till the blossoms fell like snow-flakes

From the overhanging tree;
For she left me in the autumn
When the day grew dark and chill;

When the leaves had left the branches
And the water-course was still.
But she spoke to me in parting
With a voice as sweet and low

As the voices are in heaven.
Where we all so long to go.
And she promised she would meet me
When a more bright day should dawn;

When the clouds had left the hills
And the early flowers had grown.
Now the spring has brought the widdowine;
And the apple buds are fair;

With the bushes' monk their petals
Where the morning's fingers are;
All the birds are singing glee
From the singing on the hill;

By my bloom, is dank with honey;
And the wild bees drink their fill.
I have called thro' all the woodland;
I am waiting, Annie Lee!

Yet I know that she is waiting
Where the brightest blossoms grow;
Where the lily's leaves are whiteer
Than the whitest flakes of snow.

When my hands shall fold from labor,
And the angels come for me,
With the gates of heaven open,
I shall know my Annie Lee.

—Ladies' Repository.

NIGHT.
Night is used in thought and speech
as an emblem of gloom; and if a per-

son could be brought here from some
orb of perpetual day, the gathering in
of darkness would be fearful enough.

If the painter or poet wishes to pre-
sent a view of woe, the scene is laid in
the night, if the divine would sketch

the miseries of a ruined race, to show
what sin has wrought the groups at
a "horror of darkness" with a land of

shades, or a night of affliction with
a "night of death," and holds them
forth as significant pictures of what is

fearful and bad. All this is very
natural. This portion of our time has
its disadvantages; its shades; its very

darkness is what makes it night to us.
Now, the common business of life can-
not be done as well as in the light of

day. People are more apprehensive
of harm, more liable to imposition,
more severely sick, and more die in the

night than during the day.
And yet, constituted as we are, we
need one as much as we do the other,

and with the weaknesses, infirmities,
and necessities of our nature, we should
be equally thankful for both, rejoicing

at the dawn of light, and grateful when
the invisible Hand draws the evening
curtains around half the world.

This is a fit time for quiet, profit-
able contemplation and necessary re-
flection. The day has closed. The

clatter of business is hushed, the wheels
of industry stand still, but thought is
busy and brings up the past for a calm

review. Whether wisdom or folly,
goodness or crime has filled up the
departed hours, the map which our

actions have drawn can now be studied;
their results computed, the errors
marked, good resolutions formed, and

plans laid out for a better life in time
to come.
In our present condition of life,

under continued exertion, muscle and
brain will weary, and demand rest, and
sleep becomes as necessary as rest or

food, and so to those who long deny
the natural demand. Night is the
wisely-allotted time for both rest and

STUPIDITIES.
Walking along the streets with the
point of an umbrella sticking out

behind, under the arm, or over the
shoulder. By being suddenly stopped
by a friend, or other cause, a person

walking in the rear had his brain
penetrated through the eye, in one of
our streets, and died in a few days.

Stepping into a church aisle, after
dismissal, and standing to converse
with others, or to allow occupants of

the same pew to pass out, and before
for the propriety of precedence, at the
expense of a greater boorishness to

those behind.
To carry a long pencil in the vest or

outside coat pocket. Not long since a
clerk in New York fell, and the long
cedar pencil so pierced an important

artery, that it had to be cut down upon
from the top of the shoulder to pre-
vent his bleeding to death, with a three

months' illness.
To take exercise or walk for the

health, when every step is a drag, and
instinct urges to repose.
To guzzle down glass after glass of

cold water on getting up in the morn-
ing, without any feeling of thirst, under
the impression of the health-giving na-

ture of its washing-out qualities.
To sit down to a table and force
yourself to eat when there is not only

PLAN FOR EACH DAY BEFOREHAND.

"A little plan, which I have found
serviceable in past years, is to put
down every night the engagements and

duties of the next day, arranging
the hours well. The advantages of
this are several. You get more done

than if a great part of each day is
spent in contriving and considering
"what is next." A healthful feeling

prevades the whole of life. There is
a feeling of satisfaction, at the close of
the day, on finding that, generally, the

greater part of what is planned has
been accomplished. This is the secret
of giving dignity to trifles. As units

they are insignificant; they rise in
importance when they become parts of
a plan. Besides—and I think the

most important thing of all—there is
gained a consciousness of will, the op-
posite of which is a sense of impo-

tenency.
The thought of time, to me at least,
is a very overpowering, and often a

CHARLIE'S FRIGHT.

"Good night, children," and away
went Charles and Harry up the stairs
into their own little chamber.

It was so very moonlight that there
was no necessity to have a candle; so
after, each had said his own little

prayer, they were quickly undressed
and in bed. They occupied separate
cribs, one at each side of the window,

through which the moon shone with a
bright light. Charles, the elder of the
two, was wrapped up as round as a

ball, with his head under the counter-
pane; but Henry had his head high
up on the pillow, and was watching
the rays of the moon as they streamed

in through the window.
Now, neither of the brothers had
observed that, as they came up stairs,

Tabby, the cat, was following them
sofly, and had entered the room when
they did.
For some time Tabby was content
to lie still in a corner of the room; but

HOW TO LEND TO THE LORD.

A poor man lived near Deacon
Murray, and occasionally called at his
house for a supply of milk. One

morning he came when the family
were at breakfast. Mrs. Murray rose
to wait upon him; but the deacon said

to her,
"Wait till after breakfast."
She did so, and meantime the deacon

made some inquiries of the man about
his family and circumstances. After
family worship the deacon invited him

to go out to the barn with him.
When they got into the yard, the

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.

There is a sad lack of earnestness
among young men. To dress, smoke,
talk, waddle and slang, and frequent

places of amusement, seem with many
to be the chief end of life.
And even among those who profess

religion, the time frittered away and
misspent is something painful to esti-
mate. The hours that might be de-

voted to useful study or active labor
for Christ, are spent an idlers' reading,
aimless sauntering through the

streets, or shallow, profitless conversa-
tion. Some excuse their idleness by
quoting the worn-out illustration of

the bent bow, and say "they must
have recreation." Recreation is nec-
essary, but let it be of the right sort.

THE SAVIOUR'S SYMPATHY.

While the storm was fiercely blowing,
While the sea was wildly flowing,
Angry wind and angry billow
Only rocked the Saviour's pillow,

Jesus slept.
But when sudden grief was rending
Human hearts, in sorrow bending;
When he saw the sisters weeping
Where the brother's form was sleeping,

HARSH WORDS are like hailstones,

which, if melted, would fertilize the
tender plants they batter down.