The Kamily Tircle.

A BEAUTIFUL EPITAPH.

BY THEO. W. PARSONS.

"The handful here, that once was Mary's earth, Held, while it breathed, so beautiful a soul That when she died, all recognized her birth, And had their sorrow in serene control.

"Not here! not here! in every mourner's heart The wintry wind seemed whispering round her bier; And when the tomb door opened, with a start We heard it echoed from within-' Not here!'

"Should'st thou, sad pilgrim, who mayst hither pass, Note in these flowers a delicater hue, Should spring come earlier to this hallowed grass, Or the bee later linger on the dew,-

"Know that her spirit to her body lent Such sweetness, grace, as only goodness can; That even her dust, and this her monument, Have yet a spell to stay one lonely man,

"Lonely through life, but looking for the day When what is mortal of himself shall sleep; When human passion shall have passed away, And love no longer be a thing to weep.'

A GOVERNOR TAKEN FROM A CRATE.

A benevolent old man of Brooklyn was making the tour of the city, in pursuit of truants and little wanderers, one Sunday morning a score of years ago, when he found a little boy asleep in a crate on one of the

He shook the crate, and a pair of bright black eyes opened and flashed upon him, with a look of surprise and timid bashful-

"Why do you sleep here?" inquired the d man. "Because I have no home," said old man. the child.

"Where is your father?"

"I don't know, sir, I hain't seen him for a long time, never since he told mother he wouldn't come home again.' "Where is your mother?"

"She is dead."

"So you have no home-no father, no mother—and live from hand to mouth in the street, and sleep in a crate."

"Yes, sir. I sell soap and matches, and sleep here."

"Would you like to have a home, and go to school and grow up to be a good and brave and useful man.' "Yes. sir."

"Come along with me, I will take you to my own house, and feed you and clothe you, and send you to school if you prove to be as I think you are, a good and faithful

As the old man said this, he dashed a tear from his eyes, with his coat sleeve, for the boy was the very image of his own sweet child, who had died a few years before. Lifting the lad tenderly out of the crate, he led him to his own pleasant home, where he was washed and combed and then dressed in a suit of clothes formerly worn by the son of the philanthropist.

To shorten the story, which has in it material enough for a volume—the good old man gave the lad all the advantages afforded by the common schools of the "city of churches," and then gave him a clerkship in nis store, for he was a well-to-do merchant.

After several years of faithful service, the young man expressed a wish to engage in business on his own account, or in some other way to extend his usefulness.

"I will start you in business," said the old

man, "on certain conditions." "Please state them," remarked the young man, with a smile: for he supposed his benefactor was about to perpetrate a joke at his

"I will start you in business, if you will make three promises," continued the old "Pray what promises do you wish me to

"One is, that you will never swear." "Agreed."

"Another is, that you will never drink

rum." "Agreed,"

"The other is, that you will have nothing to do with politics."

" Agreed.

True to his promise as the steel to the star, the old man furnished his clerk with capital and started him in business in one of the western States. The young merchant was very attentive to his business, and his habits of industry and sobriety were crowned with good fortune which generally accompanies virtue, courage, enterprise, and inteligence. A few years ago, he paid a visit to his venerable friend in Brooklyn—found him the same kind-hearted and genial gentleman that he was when he first led him from the erate on the wharf to the pleasant cottage on the avenue.

"I am delighted to see you," remarked the old man. "May I ask you if you have kept the pledges you gave me, when you suggested to me the idea of starting business on your own account? are you a temperance man?"

"I have not tasted a drop of any kind of intoxicating liquors since I promised you I would not, and you know I had no sacrifice to make in keeping that promise, for I never was accustomed to the use of such liquors: and I do not furnish them to my guests, nor to persons in my employment.

"Good boy—give me your hand and let me shake it again. How about that promise

not to use profane speech?"

"Well, sir, when I was a little wanderer, and sold soap and matches, I scattered my - as liberally as colleges do their D. D.'s, but I dropped them in your Sunday-school, and I have never resumed them. I never indulge the silly and vulgar habit of swearing. I think it shows a lack of originality. A man wishes to say something to be emphatic-and owing to a lack of ideas and a proper use of language, he fills up the chinks of conversation with oaths. He curses his

eyes—his limbs—his soul—his heart—his horse—his luck—and thinks he is fluent when he is only profane. No, sir, I do not claim to be a paragon of perfection, but I should be ashamed of my speech, if I spiced it with profanity.'

"Good—good! I expected such a report from you. How about politics?"

The young man of business had until this moment maintained perfect self command; but when the last question was put to him, his cheeks grew red as crimson.
"Well, sir, I suppose some folks think I

am a politician," remarked the young mer-"Sorry-very sorry," observed the old

man.

"I couldn't help what happened, sir."
"You promised me you would have nothing to do with politics!"
"I know I did."

"Well, it is strange that you could not

keep that promise as easily as you kept the other two?

"Well sir have patience with me, and I will tell you how it happened."

"Well, go on." "As you are aware, I was fortunate in trade—honored my paper when it became due—paid, with interest, the money you had the kindness to advance. I was a leading business man in the town, had opinions in relation to men and measures, and did not hesitate, on all proper occasions, to express and defend them, and sustain them with my vote on election day."

"There can be no objection to that," remarked the old man; "politics as a trade, is what I dislike?

"As I said before, I got along well, and as good luck would have it, persuaded some of my friends to think and vote as I did; with out consulting me one day at a State convention, they nominated me for Governor, and I was elected. Indeed, I am now on my way to Washington to transact important business for the State."

The writer desires to say to the friends of THE LITTLE CORPORAL, that this story is a true one.—Little Corporal.

A BUNCH OF RAGS.

Everybody liked Tom Hall, and everybody was sorry for him. It was sad to see such a fine young man, a victim of drunkenness; and Tom had fallen into the mocker's power, alas!

A spirit-shop had been opened close on the foundry at which he worked, and he, along with others, was in the habit of going in for a glass of ale. When the cold weather set in he took something stronger. Time went on, and the liking for strong drinks increased, until at all hours he might be seen staggering out of the "Rainbow," dizzy and stupefied with the drugs of the intoxicating cup.

Tom's was a very sad case, for he belonged to a respectable family, and he had been religiously trained; and until he was drawn into the snare, he had been an affectionate son and brother. Every means were tried to reclaim him, but all effort seemed lost. Tom was bound hard and fast in the invisible chains of the mocker. His family mourned him as lost, and many a silent tear his sister let fall on his tattered garments as she sat darning and patching them.

Just when the trees were beginning to bud with the promise of spring, Tom came home one afternoon, looking thoughtful. He was sober after a long run.

In the last rays of the setting sun his sister was trying to cover some old darn. Tom sat down beside her, and watched the patient fingers for some time.

"That's tiresome work, Jeannie," said he. His sister held up her seam before him. "Why, that's a bunch of rags!" laughed

"Yes, Tom, and a bunch of rags would be the best sign-board that a publican could hang across his door," said Jeannie, sadly. Tom made no reply. He looked at the rags in silence.

Next morning Tom went back to his work, and continued steady for two or three weeks. He looked at the "Rainbow," but didnt go

"Hallo! what's up with Tom Hall?" wonat the counter. Sinclair was not the only one who was as-

tonished at the change. Every day Tom went to his work—every night he came home sober; and after a time he appeared at church on the Sabbath. Then

people began to believe Tom was in earnest, and really meant to reform. "The angel has come at last," whispered Florence, and a bright drop fell on Dick's

golden head. "Has Tom Hall really become a tee-totaler?" wondered Sinclair, when a whole month passed without a visit to the "Rainbow."

Well, it seemed so, for nothing stronger than water had passed his lips in the shape of drink since that night on which his sister had shown him the bunch of rags. "I'll have talk with Tom, and learn how he got off

the scent, though," Sinclair resolved. An opportunity came sooner than he expected.

In the beginning of summer a terrific thunder-storm passed over Airlie, and in a general devastation, Sinclair's sign-board was shivered to atoms.

Tom happened to be passing the "Rainup at the old mark.

"Fine work here," remarked Mr. Sinclair, who was standing in the door. "The storm's done for us, and I'll have to get a new sign-board."

"Is it so bad as that?" said Tom.

"Yes, the 'Rainbow' is in shivers," said Mr. Sinclair.

"Then you will want a new sign-board?" said Tom.

"Of course; isn't it that I'm telling you?" "Is it to be the 'Rainbow' again?

"I suppose so," answered Mr. Sinclair, 'unless you can give us a new idea, Tom,' he continued laughingly.

"I think I can," returned Tom, "but I must go home first.'

"Don't forget," said Mr. Sinclair. "You're a stranger now-a-days, by-the-by, Tom.' "I won't be long," cried Tom, and with a brisk step he walked down the street.

A better sign-board than the "Rainbow Mr. Sinclair did not expect to get; he was only joking with Tom Hall, and he raised his eyebrows when Tom made his appearance, with to look at the new sign-board.

let us see your idea.'

Tom gravely untied his bundle, and held true beaver style. up a bunch of rags before the publican's as tonished eyes!

"What do you mean, Tom?" asked Mr. Sinclair, feeling confident Tom had lost his

"You want a new sign-board, don't you?" said Tom. "Well, what has a bunch of rags got to

do with that?" asked Mr. Sinclair. "Ask yourself, sir, if a bunch of rage is a publican's door," said Tom, and his lip pair. quivered.—Adviser.

THE GOOD FATHER.

The father of a family was detained in the metropolis of the kingdom on important business; the mother and children remained, in the meantime, at a small country-seat, very distant from him. Once the father sent the children a large chest full of beautiful things, and a letter, in which was there are still more beautiful presents preserved."

The children were much delighted, and said, "How good our father is, and how happy he makes us! We love him with all our heart, although we can no longer see him, nor can we recollect him. We will certainly strive to please him, and to do everything you think I need your advice?" which is written in the letter. Oh. how glad we shall be to see our good father

Their mother said to them, "Dear children, as your-earthly father acts towards you, so, in like manner, does our Heavenly Father act towards men. We certainly cannot see God, yet he sends us beautiful presents. The sun, moon and stars; the flowers, fruit and corn; by which we may perceive His love for us. us than this world can give."

in heaven?"

"Yes, my children, through His Son the Lord Jesus Christ, who bore our sins upon the cross, so that, if we loved him and obeyed His commands, we should be one of those blessed ones to whom He says, 'I go to prepare a place for you."

THE KEY TO THE HEART,

When Luther was striving to bring about the great reformation, he did not neglect a humble means of impressing the masses. which have proved a mighty power in all ages and nations. He sent forth among them whenever he could, his soul-stirring hymns and chorals, and so great was their influence, that Cardinal Cajetan said, "By his songs he has conquered us." They stirred to its depths the popular heart, and made Rome

At Lubeck, when the struggle was at its height, the mass had been celebrated at St. Mary's Cathedral, and at its close two boys, dered Sinclair, as he filled up a glass of who had been previously instructed, began Tom's favorite whisky for another customer one of Luther's chorals. The whole congregation at once took it up with great enthusiasm, and the next day the Catholic clergy had to leave the city, and Lubeck stood redeemed to Protestantism.

The power of song is no less mighty now than it was then. It is the golden key that can open even adamant hearts.

A hardened Scottish soldier lay on his hospital bed, and refused stubbornly to listen to a word of spiritual counsel from the good minister who visited him. He "knew how to die without the aid of a priest," he said. The most affectionate entreaty seemed lost upon him, and he turned his face to the wall, determined to close the interview.

The minister sat down by his bed and began to sing a hymn well known in Scotland. Oh, mother dear, Jerusalem, when shall I come to thee?"

In a few moments the man turned himself ipon his pillow, the hard look all gone, and the eye wet with a tear.

"Who taught you that?" he asked. "My mother," said the minister.

"And so did mine," he replied; and with those memories surging back into his soul he was ready and willing to listen to the words of heavenly counsel.

The Jesuits have always made great use bow" next morning and stopped to glance of music in advancing their false religion, up at the old mark. and South America. The little children in

May we not receive a hint from them, and convey more of our instructions to the little ones in this pleasing form? May we not find in music a key to the heart of some incorrigible boy whose teacher is about to give him up in despair? Let us at least try the power of song upon him before we quite give over all effort in his behalf.—S. S. Times.

THE YOUNG BEAVER.

A FABLE.

A colony of beavers selected a beautiful spot on a clear stream, called Silver Creek to build themselves a habitation. Without waiting for any orders, and without any wrangling about whose place was the best they gnawed down some young trees and laid the foundation for a dam. With that skill for which they are so remarkable, they a bundle under his arm, and requested him built it so that it would protect them from water and from their foes. When it was "I didn't think you would catch me up," completed, they were delighted with it, and laughed Mr. Sinclair; "but step in, Tom, and paddled round joyously in the pond above, expressing their pleasure to each other in

In this colony there was one young beaver by the name of Flat Tail. His father, whose name was Mud-Dauber, was a celebrated beaver, who, having very superior teeth, could gnaw through trees with great rapidity. Old Mud-Dauber had distinguish-ed himself, chiefly, however, by saving the dam on three separate occasions in time of flood. He had done this by his courage and prudence, always beginning to work as soon "Ask yourself, sir, if a bunch of rags is as he saw the danger coming, without wait-not the best sign-board that can hang across ing till the damage become too great to re-

But his son, this young fellow, Flat-Tail, was a sorry fellow. As long as old Mud-Dauber lived, he did pretty well, but as soon as his father died, Flat-Tail set up for somebody great. Whenever any one questioned his pretentions, he always replied:

"I am Mud-Dauber's son. I belong to the best blood in the colony."

He utterly refused to gnaw or build. He was meant for something better, he said. And one day in autumn, when the beavers were going out in search of food for winter written, "Dear children, be pious and good, then shall you soon come to me; rejoice, for in the dwelling which I am preparing for you had started, Flat-Tail's uncle, old Mr. Webfoot, returned back and told his nephew to be very watchful, as there had been a great rain on the head-waters of Silver Creek, and

he was afraid there would be a flood. "Be very careful," said Webfoot, "about

the small leaks." "Pshaw," said Flat-Tail, "who are you talking to; I am Mud-Dauber's son, and do

After they had gone, the stream began to risc. Little sticks and leaves were eddying round in the pool above. Soon the water came up fast, to the great delight of the conceited young beaver, who was pleased with an opportunity to show the rest what kind of stuff he was made of. And though he disliked work, he now began to strengthen the dam in the middle, where the water looked the most threatening. But just at this point the dam was strongest, and in fact the least The Holy Scripture, as it were, is a let- in danger. Near the shore there was a place father, believes in all his doings with it, ter from Him, in which He reveals to us His where the water was already finding its way will, and promises us heaven, where more through. A friendly kingfisher, who sat on beautiful gifts and much greater joy await a neighboring tree, warned him that the can be employed, either by or upon a natuwater was coming through, but always too

beaver-dam, any way? You need'nt advise me! I am the great Mud-Dauber's son. I

the worst of the flood." around for the cause, he saw that the small leak had broken away a large portion of the dam, and that the torrent was rushing through wildly. Poor Flat Tail now worked like a hero, throwing himself rashly into the water only to be carried away below and forced to walk up again on the shore. His efforts were of no avail, and had not the rest of the Silver Creek beaver family come along at that time, their home and their winter stock of provisions would alike have been destroyed. Next day there was much beaver laughter over Flat Tail's rename that before had been a credit to him was turned into a reproach, for, from that day the beavers called him in derision, "Mud-

Dauber's son, the best blood in the colony." -Little Coporal.

POWER OF CHRISTIAN EXAMPLE.

A consistent Christian life carries with it nower. It attracts attention and wins regard. By its quiet beauty it removes prejudices, subdues emnity, and opens tht heart to truth. Many a doubter has been convinced, and many a caviller silenced by the noble life of a Christian whose intelligence and character command universal respect. A striking instance of this kind is recorded in the memoir of Gov. Briggs:

"A young student of Williams College, in Lanesboro', with amiable qualities of character united skeptical feelings on the subjecof personal religion. Yet he was induced to visit Mr. Briggs at his home, and the latter said to him, with his characteristic kindness, 'If you find it pleasant here, make my house a home.'

"The young man was often there, and not unfrequently at the time of the lifting up of the evening sacrafice, when he listened to the reading of the Scripture, and to the simple, earnest supplications of the head of the family. Some time after, he said to a young friend, 'I have heard Mr. Briggs in court particular were trained to chant all the ser- and in public, where human ambition and vice very sweetly, and so passionately fond the love of applause might influence him; conscience a sacrifice to circumstances, which of the music did they become, that they often ran away from their parents to put themselves under the care of the priest.

Christian faith, staggers me. I cannot an. swer that. He is sincere. He is not deluded There must be something in it.' For many years that young man, in mature life, has bowed with his wife and children at their own family altar, in an intelligent and Christian faith."

THE HARP IN HEAVEN.

One of the sweetest recollections of mv girlhood is a beautiful reply my mother once made me, when my heart was swelling with childish grief.

I had just returned from the house of a wealthy neighbor, who had kindly given me the use of their piano for a few hours every day, to gratify my extreme love for music Our own cottage home looked so plain in contrast with the one I had just left, and no piano within its walls, I laid my head upon the table and gave vent to my overflowing heart. I felt grieved, and perhaps a little angry, that we were unable to afford the one thing I desired above all others—a piano and expressed my feelings to my mother.

Never shall I forget her sweet, gentle tone as she simply replied, "Never mind, daughter, if you cannot have a piano on earth, you may have a harp in heaven." Instantly the whole current of my feelings were changed. Earthly things dwindled into insignificance. and the "harp in heaven," with its golden strings, became the object of my desire. I felt reproved for my repinings against the Providence that had placed me in an humble home, and from that moment the enjoyment of heaven seemed far to outweigh all the pleasures of earth. That beautiful reply has followed me all my life, or rather, has gone before me like a bright guiding starifting my thoughts above this transient life. and opening to my spirit's vision the glorious scenes in that "land of life and light." I have a "piano on earth" now, but its charm is gone. Its music no longer gladdens my heart as it once did, for the ears that loved best to listen to its sweet tones are now enraptured with the grand harmonies of heaven. The dear fingers that so often touched its keys, now sweep the golden harp-strings. Oh, that "harp in heaven!" How my soul longs for one breath of its rich melody!

As I look upon the dear baby fingers in the cradle near me, I think it matters little whether my child be poor or rich—whether her path be strewn with thorns or flowers if she may only have a "harp in heaven."— Child's Paper.

CHEERFUL WOMEN.

Oh, if "gloomy" women did but know what comfort there is in a cheerful spirit! How the heart leaps to meet a sunshing face, a merry tongue, an even temper, and a heart which, either naturally, or what is better, from conscientious principle, has learned to take all things on the bright side. believing that the Giver of life being all perfect love, the best offering we can make to Him is to enjoy to the full what He sends of good, and what He allows of evil; like a child who, when once it believes in its

whether it understands them or not. Among the secondary influences which rally anxious or morbid temperament, there "And is He preparing a dwelling for us conceited to accept of counsel, he answered: is none so ready to hand, or so wholesome, "O, that's only a small leak, and near the as that so often referred to—constant emshore. What does a kingfisher know about a ployment. A very large number of women, particularly young women, are by nature constituted so exceedingly restless of mind, shall fight the stream bravely, right here in or with such a strong physical tendency to depression, that they can by no possibility But Flat-Tail soon found out that the keep themselves in a state of even tolerable water in the pond was falling. Looking cheerfulness, except by becoming continually occupied.—Miss Muloch.

MINISTERS AT THE SOUTH.

There is great suffering at the South, no doubt, and many ministers formerly in comfortable circumstances, are now indeed in great straits. One of them writes the folowing letter to the Southern Gentleman: Think what an existence we parish clergy

are leading! For example, myself. Rose at half past six, said my prayers and studied my Bible before breakfast. Wrote for pairs on the strong side of the dam, and the awhile. Fed, curried and brushed my horse. Fed hog and poultry; completed some little jobs; then dug sweet potatoes until dinner. After dinner, with the aid of my little children, gathered corn and hauled it into an Don't neglect a danger because it is small: old piano-box which I extemporized into a don't boast of what your father did; and tumbril; then drove a mile and hauled some dont be too conceited to receive good advice. straw from a neighbor's farm. To-night wrote an article for the Southern Churchman. Not a line of a sermon to-day! So you see that I am gentleman and negro, ostler, hog and poultry man, and laborer; also pastor, (?) mill-boy, and boot-black and errand-boy. What can a pastor do when he is thus conditioned, and sees his wife and children living daily on a little piece of bacon and bread, and they never see the walls of a church, because he has no earthly means of carrying them to worship God? "They that minister at the altar shall live of the altar," is an almost absolute text among many parishioners. I called on a parishioner the other day. They had bacon, beef, mutton, poultry, coffee, milk, butter, honey, preserves and vegetables. How I felt when knew my wife and children had neither meat nor butter, and of course no luxuries. could not but be attracted by my little child's grace to-day, and its appropriateness, when she said.—

> Grace in the kitchen, Grace in the hall; A little piece of bread and meat Must do for us all.

A cunning reason! how silly thou art in were his gods.

The cause of ruin is the evil will of man -Oleander.