

## The Family Circle.

## AT THE GRAVE OF A LOVED ONE.

BY REV. C. R. BURDICK.

Thou art my darling, turned to clay,  
No wealth of love could make thee stay,  
Bright angels bore thy spirit home,  
And left me here alone to roam,  
A pilgrim in this desert land,  
A wanderer on this dreary strand,  
Where sickness, pain and sorrow meet  
My weary, stumbling, aching feet.

The grass grows green above thy bed,  
The flowers spring o'er thy lowly head,  
The birds sing sweet in yonder tree,  
They sing but do not sing for me,  
Nor singing birds, nor grass, nor flowers,  
Can charm for me these weary hours,  
My heart is buried in thy tomb;  
This one fair world is full of gloom.

O tell me, dearest, is it true  
Thy spirit bends from heaven's blue,  
To light my path and cheer my way,  
And lead me forth to brighter day?  
Then we shall meet in heaven above,  
And there renew our changeless love,  
Where parting never more can come  
To cloud the sky of our sweet home.

## SELF-DENIAL—A STORY.

It was a bright winter's evening—so balmy as hardly to seem like the week before Christmas. Old Joseph Harper stood leaning against his door, talking to the minister—both too much interested in their conversation to notice the softness of the air or the beauty of the sunset. "Self-denial indeed!" said old Joseph, taking his pipe from his mouth; "I don't believe in it as a part of religion: it is enacted often enough, but there's always some selfishness behind it." "Your words prove this much, my friend," said the minister, looking at him regretfully; "that you have never practised it yourself;" and with a kind good-bye to Edward Harper, the old man's grand-son, who stood near his grand-father in the door-way, he took his leave.

"Why, grand-father," said Edward, looking up earnestly, "we Sunday-school children practise some self-denial almost every week." "Yes," said his grand-father, "you buy as much candy as you want with your money, and what's left you carry to your teacher; but did you or any other chap like you ever deny yourselves to give the money?" Edward was silent—he felt that his grand-father was much too bitter and severe, yet when he thought over it, he was hardly satisfied that their giving was always pure. A moment after they both left the door, and drew up to the blazing fire, where, between Edward's thoughtfulness and Mr. Harper's moodiness, there was silence until Edward said, "Grand-father, didn't you tell the man that brought the wood to come in the morning and cut it up?" "Yes," he replied. "Will you give me the money you promised him if I will cut it?" "Yes, but I thought you said you didn't have time," his grand-father said. "Well, we boys were all going over to the old field before school and have a great bon-fire; but as you say the wood can't wait till evening, I will give up the bon-fire and commence on it before school."

To leave his bed next morning before sunrise would have been an effort even with the glorious bon-fire in view; but to leave it that he might spend the next three hours cutting wood and storing it away, was an effort so great that self-comfort might have proved stronger than the promised half dollar, had not the longing to carry a larger offering than usual on the Sabbath of Christmas week been strong enough to overpower other emotions.

"Pretty cold morning, Edward," said Mr. Harper, as they sat down to breakfast. "Yes, sir," he replied, "the coldest of the season." "The boys didn't feel it around the bon-fire, I reckon," Mr. Harper continued. "No, sir, nor I over my good exercise," Edward said smiling. Mr. Harper looked at him inquiringly for a moment. Wood-cutting he knew was a peculiar aversion of Edward's, and he was a little curious to know what had moved him to employ himself upon it, when he really wished to be elsewhere.

It was Friday, and when school was out the boys' shouts rang through the playground in honor of the next week's holiday. "Just waiting for you, Edward," exclaimed three boys whom he found standing near his door, as he followed some moments after them from school. "Father," continued the largest of the group, "says the fire works have come at the store, and if we come up after school he will have them open, and will sell us the kind we want, cheap, and what we three have got, with your half you showed us this morning, will buy us enough to send up a splendid welcome to Christmas holiday to-night on the common. Now come, Edward, no body knows the fire-works are here, and we will astonish the boys so."

To go up to the store and see the beautiful Christmas things, and then to be one to enjoy the fun on the common, was a most delightful anticipation; and though his face had lighted up a moment, he said nothing, and his brow clouded as he moved off, the only silent one in the chattering group. The boys looked about the gay store for some time, and then gathered around the fire-works. "I am very sorry, boys," said Edward, hesitatingly, "but I can't give my half dollar." "You hav'nt spent it!" said the boys. "No," he replied. "Well, what is there that you would rather spend it for than these?" "I am not going to buy anything with it," and before they could reply, or before they could

see the tears that filled his eyes, he was gone, running in his haste over a gentleman, who, standing near them in the doorway, had heard their conversation. "I am glad I left," said Edward, as he ran on down the street. "I shouldn't have stood the temptation much longer."

That evening, after their rather silent tea, Edward and his grand-father took their seats near the fire, and there being no more lessons for a week, Edward took down his Bible to find a verse for Sunday. As he opened it his eye fell upon this verse: "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." Unconsciously he read it aloud. "Why didn't you show yourself one this evening?" his grand-father said, looking at him keenly. "Because I kept my gift to show myself on Sunday," Edward replied, and then said, "How did you know any thing about it, grand-father?" "I was standing near you and heard the whole affair," he replied, "and was somewhat mortified at your apparent want of liberality. What is it you are hoarding that money for?" "I thought," Edward said, "after what the minister told us about self-denial the other evening, that very few of my contributions to the Sunday-school had been fruits of sacrifice, and though I had the ten cents you gave me to carry, I thought I would try and offer on Christmas Sabbath a real self-denial."

"It was a double denial that I hadn't looked for," he continued after a short pause, in which the bursting of a rocket and the shout of voices reached his ear from the common—"to cut up the wood was all I had expected, but—his lips quivered slightly—the last was the hardest. 'I have found it!' Mr. Harper said, as he looked at the boy's thoughtful face; "and if every feature in this religion, which the minister says to learn we must become as little children, be as beautiful as this, then I should like to be a Christian."

Every child is a minister in its little way, and even the giving of a piece of Sunday School money may be made as beautiful a sermon as that of the often-read "widow's mite."—*Christian Observer.*

## HEAVENLY LIGHTS.

It was a very sad day to Mrs. Graham, and to Harry Graham too, when the doctor told them that little Joe would never again see their faces, or look upon the beautiful flowers which Harry loved to bring him every morning, for he was blind. He had been ill for a long time, and at last, when his eyes had been affected by the disease, he had been kept in a dark room in the hope that they might be cured; but when he did get well, his sight was gone.

Now Harry thought he could not do too much for his little blind brother. His father was dead, and his mother took in washing to support the family, so Harry had to work too. He brought all the water and wood which his mother used, and went for the clothes and took them home again. But still he found time to take care of Joe. He picked up some little wheels which some one had thrown away, and made a wagon, upon which he placed a basket for his brother to sit, and no king upon his throne was ever half so happy as the little blind boy when his brother drew him about in this rude wagon. It was a good deal of trouble to make, but when it was finished, Harry was never seen carrying the clothes backwards and forwards from his mother's customers without the little wagon and Joe.

He still picked all the flowers he could find for his little brother, and told him the colors, and said, "You can smell them, Joe, though you do not see them."

And when the birds sang, Harry would say, "Aren't you glad you can hear the birds, Joe? I am sure I would rather hear them than see them without hearing them."

Every evening Mrs. Graham taught Harry to read, and soon he could read well enough to read for Joe. Many were the books he read to him, for many of the kind people in the village were interested in the boys, and gave or lent them books. And above all, he read to him from the best of books, from the Bible, which is the word of the living God.

Harry went to the Sunday-school too, and as Joe grew old enough, he loved to repeat to him the lessons he had learnt there. One Sunday afternoon he came running full of eagerness to tell Joe something he had learned.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "my teacher says that you will not always be blind, that you will see in heaven; and she says if you love Jesus now, that He will make you happier than if you saw every thing in the world. Mother, will you find me the verse which says, 'Jesus is the light of heaven?'"

Mrs. Graham found it, and Harry read: "And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." "The Lamb means Jesus," said Harry; "my teacher says if you love Him now, He will make you so happy that it will be like having heavenly light even in this world."

Jesus is called the Lamb because He died to save us from our sins. As long ago lambs were sacrificed for the sins of the people, as a figure of Him that was to come, that is a sort of picture to show what he is, and what He would do.

The poor blind boy did learn to love Jesus, and he walked in this heavenly light for many years until Jesus took him to enjoy it more perfectly in His glorious home above. —*Child's Magazine.*

## A THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLAR JOB.

The head clerk of a large firm in Charlestown promised an old customer, one day, half a bale of Russia duck to be on hand precisely at one o'clock, when the man was to leave town with his goods. The firm were out of duck, and the clerk went over to Boston to buy some. Not finding a truckman, he hired a man to take it over in his wheelbarrow. Finishing his other business, on his return to Charlestown, the clerk found the man not half way over the bridge, sitting on his barrow, half dead with heat.

What was to be done? It was then half past twelve, and the goods were promised at one. There was not a moment to lose. In spite of the heat, the dust, and his fine light summer clothes, the young man seized the wheelbarrow and pushed on.

Pretty soon a rich merchant, whom the young man knew very well, riding on horseback, overtook him. "What," said he, "Mr. Wilder turned truckman!"

"Yes," answered the clerk. "The goods are promised at one o'clock, and my man has given out; but you see I am determined to be as good as my word."

"Good, good!" said the gentleman, and started on.

Calling at the store where the young man was employed, he told his employer what he had seen, "And I want you to tell him," said the gentleman, "that when he goes into business for himself, my name is at his service for thirty thousand dollars."

Reaching the store which he did in time, you may be sure the high price set on his conduct made amends for the heat, anxiety, and fatigue of the job.

Keeping his word. You see how important it is regarded. It is one of the best kinds of capital a business man can have. To be worth much to any body, a boy must form a character of reliability. He must be depended upon. And you will like to know perhaps that this young man became one of the most eminent merchants of this country. His name was S. V. S. Wilder, and he was the first President of the American Tract Society.—*Ex.*

## WASH THE TEETH AT NIGHT.

A few who inherit good teeth, and care nothing for "looks," neglect brushing their teeth; but none who study cleanliness and a sweet breath, or who wish to preserve their teeth, good or bad, as long as possible, should neglect to brush them well one or more times a day with a brush so stiff as to clean them well, but not so hard as to wound and irritate the gums. They should be brushed both night and morning; but if only once, let it be done the last thing before retiring. Portions of food, sweets, etc., left on or between the teeth during the night decay or acidify, and corrode the enamel, and thus gradually injure them. If the cavities between and in decaying teeth be thoroughly brushed out with water at night, and when rising, it will add years to their effective use and freedom from pain. Most of the tooth powders sold contain an injurious acid, which, though it gives the teeth a clean white surface, does it at expense of some of the natural surface. A little hard soap, pleasantly perfumed is the best possible application. We would not recommend even the finest charcoal, or prepared chalk or clay, for though inert, they wear upon the enamel.—*American Agriculturist.*

## LET THE CHILDREN SLEEP.

We earnestly advise all who think a great deal, who have to work hard, to take all the sleep they can get without medical means. We caution parents, particularly, not to allow their children to be waked up of mornings—let nature wake them up, she will not do it prematurely; but have a care that they go to bed at an early hour; let it be early until it be found that they get up themselves in full time to dress for breakfast.

Being waked up early, and allowed to engage in difficult or any studies late, and just before retiring, has given many a beautiful and promising child the brain fever or determined ordinary ailments to the production of water on the brain.

Let parents make every possible effort to have their children go to sleep in a pleasant humor. Never scold or give lectures, or in any way wound a child's feeling as it goes to bed. Let all banish business and every worldly care at bed-time, and let sleep come to a mind at peace with God and all the world.—*Dr. Hall.*

## SLANG IN CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

A friend in New England, in a letter upon other topics, writes to us:—

"And now I wish to say a word in reference to the bad taste of writers of Sunday-school books in this region, in the admission of slang phrases and of all sorts of inelegant and often ungrammatical expressions, with the hope that such faults do not extend to your part of the country. I find the books here really nauseating. Here is a fragment of a dialogue between the children of Christian parents.

"Kitty having 'squatting right down on the floor, as near her brothers as ever she could get,' Frank says, 'she takes up every smitch of the room,' adding, 'There, you've spoiled my go.' 'What a plague you are!' Kitty—'I aint a plague.' Charley—'You be, too—come, Frank, let's skedaddle.' They run to the barn as fast as their legs can carry them, and jump into a chest of bran. 'One quicker!' says Charley, &c., &c. One writer represents the boys as constantly saying 'you was.' Another introduces a deacon whose speech would disgrace a plantation negro. Surely these writers forget that there is a connection between manners and morals—that the influence of Christianity should be refining in every respect, and that they are defeating their own aims while they soil their pages with such vulgarisms. Will not some one look into this matter, and utter a protest against it?"

We print and second this protest, but in only one way can the evil be remedied. Let our good people refuse to buy such books and they will not be published—at least for Sunday-schools. The difficulty is, that our "Library Committees" look for interesting books, and these are the books that seem interesting.—*Presbyterian Monthly*

## LEARNING TO WALK.

Only beginning the journey,  
Many a mile to go;  
Little feet, how they patter,  
Wandering to and fro.

Trying again, so bravely,  
Laughing in baby glee;  
Hiding its face in mother's lap,  
Proud as a baby can be.

Talking the oddest language  
Ever before was heard;  
But mother (you'd hardly think so)  
Understands every word.

Tottering now and falling,  
Eyes that are going to cry;  
Kisses and plenty of love-words,  
Willing again to try.

Father of all, O! guide them,  
The pattering little feet,  
While they are treading the up-hill road,  
Braving the dust and heat!

Aid them when they grow weary,  
Keep them in pathways blest,  
And when the journey's ended,  
Saviour, O! give them rest.

—George Cooper.

## A QUEER OLD LADY.

BY REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

How different people appear at different times, as, when we are sick or well, rejoicing or mourning, laughing or weeping. A few days since, I met an old lady, who nodded very familiar to me, and yet, I hesitated to call her by name, lest I should miscall it. She looked old, and yet young; soft and smiling, and yet stern frowns. She was fair in face, yet her hands were iron. It seemed as if the wind would blow her away, and yet she moved with the strength of an elephant.

"Why, sir," said she, "you seem to stare at me, though you have seen me a thousand times before."

"That may be, madam; but I never saw you so loaded down with all sorts of things. I am curious to know about them. Would it be rude if I should ask you a few questions?"

"Not at all. Ask away."

"Well, what are you going to do with those small, thin, ladies' shoes?"

"Why, make the ladies wear them, to be sure."

"Not in this cold, wet season? Why, I can hardly keep my feet warm in these thick, double-soled boots. I must have overshoes. How can they wear such thin, cold-catching shoes?"

"O, sir, I have only to bring them to them, and the dear creatures put them on and never hesitate a moment. They know me!"

And those little half-dresses, hanging on your arm?"

"They are to be put on little children in cold weather, or to walk out in—naked at the knees, naked at the neck, and hardly covering half the body. You can't think how eager parents are for these dresses."

What have you in this little tin box?"

"Lozenges, sir; troches, hoarhound candy—things that always go with thin shoes and thin dresses. And this bright, red box, sir, contains what is called 'conscience salve,' which I always keep on hand to rub on the conscience when any one feels that he has done wrong in obeying me. It's in great demand, sir, and a certain cure."

What have you in that bundle, Madam?"

This? Why a few knick-knacks, which I sometimes distribute in Sabbath-schools, in the shape of dialogues, speeches—things to make people laugh, and to prevent the school from feeling too serious, or thinking too much about religion. You must understand sir, that I continually have to attend church to regulate things there, and see that the bonnets are right, the rings are bright, and dresses complete; yet religion itself I hate as poison! And here is a box of the finest—what shall I call it? It is a sort of wit and smartness, which I deal out to preachers, with which they spice their sermons, and become popular. I sell them by the gross. They are growing in demand, and they are a real-saver of conscience and heart-ache. Warranted to keep in any climate—a kind of sensation powder.

Pray, Madam, what are those screws for?"

"Why, to pinch the feet, and make them look small, without regard to corns and bunions. They can't wear those little, dear little shoes, except you have these pinchers to go with them."

"And that great heap of books in your arms?"

"Those! They are the latest, most exciting, and the weakest, most silly novels. But I hand them out, and shake my head with a smile, and crowds read them."

"Well, Madam, I'm very inquisitive, I know, but I do want to know what you have in that bag thrown over your shoulders."

"A great variety of valuables—such things as 'late suppers'—in great demand, and which send people to the grave early, and thus make room for more. Then there are 'late hours,' and 'late rising,' and all manner of hair-dressing, and expensive dressing—things that ladies must have, even if their husbands fail. Here are diamond pins and rings—just the thing to stir up envy and create extravagance. Here are gold watches, cigars, meerschaum pipes, gold-headed canes, eye-glasses, and all manner of things to suit all manner of people. And I laugh and coax and frown and command, till I get them to wear and use them, and do just what I please. Now, I have stopped to talk with you a few moments; don't you see what a crowd have gathered around me—low necks, thin shoes, muslin dresses, tight boots; some on crutches, some coughing, some breathing short, all

crowding to get near me, and when I move you will see how they all run, and rush, and crowd after me. O, sir, I am the great power of the world. I rule kings and queens, beggars and philosophers. Don't you see?"

"Truly, Madam, truly. And now may I ask your name?"

"Name! FASHION, sir; my name is Mrs. PREVAILING FASHION! I thought every body knew me!"

## THE SABBATH DETERMINES THE WEEK.

A story is told of two children who fell into a dispute in regard to the number of days in the week; the one contending for seven, the other maintaining that there were but six. The latter to prove his correctness began naming them; Monday, Tuesday, etc.; but stopped short at Saturday. "But," put in the other, "you have left out Sunday." "Oh no," replied the first, "Sunday belongs to the other week."

I have often thought that debaters on the Sabbath question, especially, perhaps, those engaged in the present agitation of the subject in our own country, make a more grievous mistake than this little child, and do not consider Sunday as belonging to any week.

Yet a man might as well try to maintain a seventh part of his body by a separate heart, and separate digestive organs, as to change his mode of spending a seventh of his days without its changing his life upon the others.

If we are to observe a Scotch, German, or Italian Sunday, we must live a Scotch, German, or Italian Monday, and so on to the end of the week. One cannot hold the faith of the Covenanters, and keep the Sunday of a Pantheist. If we are to change our mode of observing this day, we must, and will eventually, change our week-day life to the model from which we have taken our Sunday-life. For this reason I believe that a careful study of the observance of Sunday among the nations of the old world, would shed no little light upon the subject. But this is more than a mere traveller spending a day here and a day there, can hope to accomplish; nevertheless I believe that it will not be without interest, and I hope not without profit to your readers, to know what an American sees and hears on Sunday, in the various cities of the old world.

## "GET THEE HENCE, SATAN!"

A little girl sat upon the large stone doorstep of her father's house, and beside her was a boy of about the same age. He had been eating a fresh, rosy apple, and had thrown the core into the gutter beyond the walk, and watched it as the muddy water carried it from his sight; then, turning back to his playmate, who seemed absorbed in the pictures of a new book, he asked,—

"Give me a bite of your apple, Clara; mine's all gone."

"Not now; wait till I eat it," was the abstracted reply; but the voracious little fellow, not quite content to wait, took the apple up, turned it round and round, smelled of it a little, and then began to toss it lightly in his hands, each time catching it again. I expected to see his teeth go into it; but he was too honest for that. At last, in an unlucky moment, it dropped from his chubby hands, and rolled across the walk into the filthy gutter, and was borne away.

His exclamation brought the large eyes of the little girl upon him. The rich blood mounted to her brow; and with a spring she was upon her feet, with one hand raised, apparently to strike the shrinking form beside her; but it did not fall; and as she stood, her hair thrown back, the white hand poised in the air, the whole face and form showing a struggle within, I prayed that she might not be too strongly tempted. A moment more, and the clear, triumphant tones of her voice fell on my ear.—

"Get thee hence, Satan! get thee hence!"

The mother within the door heard the sound too, and, coming to them, asked the meaning. Again a blush mantled the noble brow of the child, but it was humility and shame that caused it, while with slightly drooping head, she answered, "Satan wanted me to strike Freddie; but I didn't."

The mother drew her within her arms, and kissed her saying, "That is right, my child; resist him, and he will flee from you."

Would that all might learn in childhood to resist the power of temptation with the Holy Spirit's help! Truly the world would be the better for it.—*Christian Banner.*

## IS SLAVERY DEAD?

Dead! is it dead?  
Bury it deep! bury it deep!  
Lest it should waken and rise its head  
Out of a sleep.

Dead! is it dead?  
Ring the bells that men may know  
It goeth down to its burial bed,  
And let it go.

Dead! is it dead?  
Over its grave a tablet set,  
And write: "By all that rule is dread  
This doom be met."

Dead! is it dead?  
Proclaim it to the universe:  
"The storm is past from overhead,  
And gone the curse."

Dead! is it dead?  
Roll the rock over its tomb,  
And plant a new growth overhead,  
To rise and bloom.

Ring! the old tyrant's dead!  
The fair estate is free;  
Ring for the brave new heir instead!  
Come, Liberty!

Catskill, N. Y.

CARL SPENCER.

CONSCIENCE AND SLOTH.—How often has God roused my conscience by sharp trouble, stinging conviction, and alarming terrors of his law, but my sloth and stupidity have stifled and checked the voice of conscience and wrapped me in a deeper slumber than ever.