The Family Circle.

BE STILL.

BY ALICE CARBY.

Come, bring me wild pinks from the valleys, Ablaze with the fire of the sun— No poor little pitiful lilies That speak of a life that is done!

And open the windows to lighten This wearisome chamber of pain— The eyes of my darling will brighten To see the green hill-tops again.

Choose tunes with a lullaby flowing, And sing through the watches you keep; Be soft with your coming and going— Be soft! she is falling asleep.

Ah, what would my life be without her! Pray God that I never may know! Dear friends, as you gather about her, Be low with your weeping-be low.

Be low, O be low with your weeping! Your sobs would be sorrow to her, I tremble lest while she is sleeping A rose on her pillow should stir

Sing slower, sing softer and lower! Her sweet cheek is losing its red— Sing lower, ay, sing lower and lower— Be still, O be still! She is dead.

THE WREATH OF MALLOW.

An English picture of the fifteenth century; a village green, three-sided; around the green, three rows of uneven cottages; in its midst, a pool where ducks were taking an evening swim; beside the pool, a great shady oak with a seat and a well beneath it. On the rustic seat were two old men, chatting in old cracked voices, and at the well agirl in a red kirtle was drawing water. The sun, beginning to sink, threw flakes of bright rosecolor on the girl's head, the ducks' backs, the shiny side of the oak leaves. At one side of the village rose a soft hill dotted with juniper bushes and fringed atop with oaks and beeches, among which a proud castle hid all but its topmost towers from the lower world. On the other side stood a church on a tree-strewn, grave-sown bank. It was a small church; the chancel walls were new and as yet unfinished; the fresh clean stone wore a rosy flush in the evening sunlight; there was a hum of voices around the building; masons were packing up their tools and leaving work for the night. Presently they came, laughing and chattering into the village; some came to rest on the seat beneath the oak and hailed the old men-"Well, gaffer, how goes the world with

One or two began to help the girl with her bucket; a couple, who had walked together talking as far as the well, parted there, and one went straight to a cottage facing the church. At an open window of that house a poor thin little face was looking out at the sweet country scene; a white face, sadly old, yet sadly young, with hollow thoughtful eyes, and two thin hands to prop it up. When the workman came to that window (which was nothing more than a square hole with shutters) a smile came over his hard countenance as he nodded his head cheerily to the owner of the pale face, who smiled back in his turn very sweetly. Inside the cottage, one could see that this face, which was as delicate as a girl's, belonged to a boy, perhaps fourteen years old, but crooked and stunted in growth. who was half lying, half kneeling on a wooden bench, with both elbows propped on the window-sill. One could see this, indeed, though but faintly, on coming out of the pure outdoor air, for chimneys were as yet only luxuries for monasteries and great men's houses; and the smoke from the cottage fire over which the mason's wife was cooking the supper in an iron pot, came wreathing and curling about the room, all slow and graceful and gray, before it found its way out at the window, or at the hole in the roof intended for its accommodation. The workman set down his basket of tools with a long breath, which told that he thus laid aside, not only the burden of their weight, but also the burden of his day's labor. Then he came up to the boy, and laid his hand tenderly on the high deformed

"Well Martin," he said. No more, for words were hard things to him; but the boy understood his father and put up one hand to elasp the strong rough one which lay on his neck. The two hands made a great contrast, and were a little history in themselves. Father and son looked out together at the green, the pool, the chattering people; but Martin's eyes rested most fondly on the church.

"How happy you must be, father," he

The mason gave a loud "ha-ha!"

"Do you hear what the lad says, wife?" "But are you not very happy?" asked Martir, raising his look wonderingly to his father's face.

"I don't know, boy; one doesn't think of such things as being happy when one has to work for bread.

"But the happiness is that you can do such beautiful work for bread, and serve the Lord, too, at the same time," replied Martin

Here the mother, who had poured from the pot on to a great wooden dish a piece of beef garnished with cabbage, and swimming in the broth which it had been boiled in, came up to her little son, and, saying that supper was ready, took him in her arms as easily as if he had been still a baby, and propped him up on an oaken settle, with a black sheepskin, soft and thick, rolled into a bolster to support him. The father asked a blessing on the food, and then they began

"A supper fit for a prince," said the ma-

"It is a good piece of meat," answered the wife. "They have had guests at the castle, and there was much flesh and good white bread also given away at the gates

of lawn hung down her back from the top

"People bring back such follies when they go to London," said the wife. "I like the old ways best; but it is fit for the nobles to have new and fine things, and the Lady

Mildred is a good woman. "Sir Simon is a thrifty man and a generous," added her husband, "to spend his mo-

ney on the church-building."
"It will cost a great sum, beyond a

doubt." "A great sum! It will cost a good thousand pound, the master tells me

"A thousand pound!" cried both mother and son; for a pound was of more value at church. The Lady Mildred came also, on husband knelt hand in hand beside the chathe close of the fifteenth century than it is her palfrey, with her blue steeple towering pel where one day their bodies would lie

who had fifty suits of golden tissue; and instead of building one of these new-fashioned mansions of wood, all carved and plastered, he is content to live in stone, as his fathers beside him on the settle.

After a little pause Martin heaved a deep

sigh.
"What is it, child?" asked the mother, tenderly. "Are you in pain?"

"No; but I do so wish I could work in

the church, like father," he answered in a The mason laughed.

"You'll never do that, boy," he said. But the mother understood her son better, and laid her hand softly on his thin fin-

"Now we must show father something shall we?" she said.

Martin nodded: and going to an oaken locker, she opened it and brought out a Mildred; and her manner gave security to fresh stone crocket or finial, delicately carved the boy, it said so clearly, "What I will is in the shape of three young fern fronds; done.' two tightly curled up, and nodding towards each other; the third just opened enough to sisters. The mason took it and turned it

gave it you?"

mother was too proud to keep the secret.

"It's our Martin's," she said. "What do you mean? Who did it?" "Our Martin himself; he did it."

world like a bit of fern." The mason turning the finial over and | People in the village, hearing of Martin's

foot of the church bank, I waited there all | with a heap of leaves spread out upon the the morning. I played with some little table before him, and with an eager yet ferns, and thought how pretty they would hopeless look in his eyes, for all these vain be in stone, and resolved to try if I could not | efforts were tiring him, and causing him to make them."

"Good strokes; fair strokes; hum, hum!" murmured the mason.

Very timidly Martin edged himself along the settle to his father's elbow, and looking in his face with wistful eagerness said: "There is a thing I have so longed to ask

of you, father." "What is it, boy?" asked the mason, still wish of her generous little heart to give him holding the bit of stone in one hand while pleasure. She held the flowers up to him he laid the other round his son's neck.

"I long so to do some work, if ever so little, a piece of myself, to be always in the dear but as he placed them idly this way and not see it.'

The workman looked puzzled.

"But building-up is hard to do, child.

and go from place to place." carving. Oh, if you would but show those one over the other, and a flower peeping out little ferns to the master, and ask him here and there. whether a poor little boy, who longs to do it very much, might carve a wreath in the ther. church! This is what I have thought, father. The heads of the pillars are all rough but think so!" exclaimed Martin, flushing. and plain. Might I not cut a wreath of The master builder did think so. flowers on one of them? Then I should think that a little bit of me would be there | brave a wreath as I have seen this year,' always when the good fathers are preaching he said. So Martin's cup of joy was full ing, also, and something to show that there up to the pillar, and the little lame boy

village, who did all he could for God."

ever see the fine pictures in the church. strong indeed. But oh! I do so long to do some little, little

but his eyes were red, and the mother wiped hers with her apron.

On the next day the mason spoke to the master builder of the wish of his little son, "It is a great honor for me to be able to add and at sunset, when work was over, the one grace to God's house." master came to see Martin. He was dressed

"The Dame Mildred passed through the the boy almost as grand and great a gentle- ner, and it was seen by all that God would way, and all was pleasant when the passenvillage to-day, and she smiled kindly on man as Sir Simon himself. He was very soon take him. As the garland grew its me," said Martin. "She had a queer thing on her head, like the church steeple for ly. He promised to grant him leave, if postowards the last, for his hands were feeble shape, made all of fine blue silk, and a veil sible, to do some work in the church, but he and he would let no one but himself add a must first speak to Sir Simon de Harcourt stroke to the wreath. Besides, there were

he shook his head and answered:

"I thank you sir, but that will never be." Two days later the master came again, to tell the boy that his wish might be granted above her head and the lawn veil floating "And yet Sir Simon de Harcourt is not around her sweet young face. She alighted so rich as some of his neighbors," added the wife.

at the cottage door, and came with a gentle grace towards the hard settle where the but a shadow of a face, carried in the arms of a strong man, raised two great bright eyes boy lay, first courteously greeting his motor and please to a wreath of mallow carved upon the your rash nobles, like one I have heard tell of, ther. Martin blushed with pride and please ure to see the lady of the place come walking up to him in that kind, queenly way. She laid her hand on his curls and sat down

"So you too wish to make an offering to soul upon its leaves to the Saviour day by the Lord," she said, smiling, as sweetly, day." thought Martin, as angels must smile. He murmured something, he hardly knew what. low was the only visible sign left of little

"But his father cannot see how he may reach the top of the pillar, which is ten feet

high, nor how he may stand there to carve the wreath when mounted, my lady," said the mother. Martin looked up eagerly.

"Oh, mother! I can stand," he began. "I and the master builder will contrive that you shall have your wish," said Dame

Now she had willed and the matter was accomplished. In a few days more Martin bend like a graceful feather over its little heard through his father that it had been arranged for him to sit at his work in a over and over, while Martin looked on with chair, which should be slung from the cleanxious eyes and panting breast.
"That's a good bit of work," said the ropes fixed firmly to the pillar. All that father. "That's the master's doing. Who remained was for him to design a wreath worthy to adorn the church. This Martin's cheeks flushed red with joy and took now all his time and thoughts, and his eyes gleamed mischievously, but the morning and evening, as he knelt beside the straw pallet which was his bed, with a wood en bolster for a pillow, he prayed: "O Lord, I pray Thee grant me power to do this little work, to be forever a sign that Thou hast "Martin! you!" The mason looked with a puzzled air from his son to his wife and back again.
"He has been working day by day when "He has been working day by day when sweet Dame Mildred, who often thought of you were out, with his grandfather's old the lame boy, and sent him dainties tools which you gave him, and the woman; from her own table, and even a flock matbut he would not let me speak a word till trass and bolster; luxuries which made his he had done something fit to show you. Isn't it mother say that they were as rich as if they pretty, now? Look at the leaves, for all the lived in a palace, for no king could lie softer or eat better fare.

they could find, to help him in forming his "How did you get the fancy of it, boy?" wreath, but none quite satisfied him. One "One day when you carried me to the day as he sat propped up by his sheepskin, fear that he could not please the master, a little child, so tiny that it could scarcely toddle, came rolling in at the cottage door with its lap full of common mallow, the great red flowers and massy leaves making p a clumsy bunch as the baby held them. She had gathered them for Martin off the church bank, and brought them in the kind in the church. I think I should so dearly to he mother's cottage. The clusters looked like a piece of my own handiwork, that is, ugly and hopeless enough at first to Martin, church, long after I am gone where I can- that, an idea struck him suddenly and his face brightened. When his mother returned with her bucket of water, from a gossip at the well, she found her boy crouching on One must run up ladders and carry mortar, the floor before the hearthstone, on which with a cinder, he had drawn a bit of a

"What a brave wreath!" cried the mo-

"O mother! if the master builder would The master builder did think so.

"Why, my boy, you have designed as about Christ; and it would be a tiny offer- and in three days more the chair was swung was such a boy as Martin once in Awburg with his wan cheeks and happy eyes, was illage, who did all he could for God." carried in tenderly by his father and seated "Well, lad, it might be, in time," replied in his airy throne. The workmen called it the mason. "But you are too weak now; his throne laughingly, and he thought that no you could not stand to the work. Wait a king was ever prouder or happier than he. Bewhile till you are stronger, and then I will fore he drew a line upon the stone he sent up again his simple prayer: "Lord, strengthen Martin fixed two grave eyes on his father.
"Father, dear," he said, "I don't think I shall ever be stronger. I don't think I shall ever be stronger. I don't think I shall

So, day by day, the sick boy was carried work for God before I die. I have heard to his place, and his thin hands, daily growsuch beautiful things of heaven and of the ing thinner, wielded the chisel well. The Lord Jesus, that I cannot rest nor sleep for | flowers opened, the leaves twined on one longing to leave behind me some sign of my thankfulness." another lovingly in graceful clusters as the time went on. He placed the despised weed, "Tush, tush, boy!" stammered the mason; which had done its poor best to adorn the graves, where it could be a beauty to the eyes forever.

"I too am a weed," he thought, sometimes.

on the subject. At parting he put his finger under the lad's chin, and turning the pale thin face to him, looked at it with pity.

"You must make haste to get strong," he glass was in the window; the walls, insid "and the room can come and join me." said, "and then you can come and join my deed, were as yet unpainted, but that was band and be a free mason, going about from a work of time. A day was fixed for the place to place to build churches and fine reopening of the newly-decorated church. reopening of the newly-decorated church. The day came. It was autumn now, and Martin's eyes glistened at the thought, but chilly, but people thronged from far and near to see the fair new chancel which Sir Simon de Harcourt had built. The choristers sang their sweet hymn; the early sun gleamed in through the dainty fretwork of if he could design a wreath fit to adorn the the windows; the Lady Mildred and her side by side, when their souls were gone to rest; and a boy with a face which seemed "Sir Simon and the dame will have their figures on their tombs when they die, and I shall have the little weed for my monument, to hear the sweet hymns, and offer up my

Within fourteen days the Wreath of Mal-

"May He bless and accept your work," Martin on this earth. she continued reverently. "It is a good thought which He has given you."

Was the only vis.

There it twines y ever. The leaves are There it twines yet, his monument for ever. The leaves are graceful still and perfect, and the flowers peep out modestly from the foliage. One of the band of free masons carved on two other columns wreaths of leafage-hops on one, and on the other, vine; but there is something of a tender living grace in the mallow garland which the others miss, for a soul and a flickering life were bound up with it.—People's Magazine.

THE LITTLE ORPHAN BOY'S ESCAPE.

"Fire! fire! fire!"

Little orphan Georgie was fast asleep. "Fire! fire!"

Georgie jumped up in bed, and sat a second or two rubbing his eyes. He was wide awake now, quaking and shivering, for he was all alone, up-stairs in his little room.

The room was all one blaze of light; he was dazzled by it, and before he could get

to the door the smoke was choking him.

The door was locked! Yes, Georgie remembered now! He had been naughty before tea, and his grandmother sent him upstairs, and then came up herself and locked the door. He pulled and pulled at the door; the map. then kicked at it, striking frantically, for he was faint with heat, and almost suffocating apart here and there, and the fissures show with the thick smoke. The house was filled like slender veins over the country. The with the tramp of feet and the sound of sides of these ravines are steep as the cleft voices, so that poor little Georgie's despair- left by an axe, and their depths are always ing cries and shricks for help were lost.

"O grandmother! grandmother! Send somebody!" cried orphan Georgie. "Dear

Jesus, do send somebody!" Georgie gasped and fell backward in the smoke. Two strong arms lifted him up. The mason turning the finial over and over between his finger and thumb, muttering an occasional "hum, hum!" of admiration and pleasure.

People in the village, hearing of Martin's great desire, used to gather and bring to him the largest flowers and brightest leaves the they could find to help him in forming his they could find to help him in forming his true arms fitted find up. Those two strong arms held him close to a beautiful the strong arms held him close to a beautiful flying with him through the light and heat wegian peasant has built his cot; and it is and smoke, till Georgie and his strong de- on such bits of earth that inhabited Norway

> was Georgie. "Oh," said the little orphan boy, afterward, putting both arms round the strong man's neck, and pressing his lips to his rough bearded cheek—"oh, I'll always love the sea and river. Were it not for the excellent february along their nearthern cheek. you so! I'll always work for you."

Yes, grandmother was also safe, and so

"Poor child!" said the strong man, folding him in his arms. "I couldn't let a little

Georgie was a very little boy, but he was old enough to know that Jesus Christ had | fiord, in latitude 60 degrees north. We asloved him and died for him; and he was with some baby prattle, and when he had soon afterwards able to say in his heart, taken them from her she toddled out again "Now I'll always love Jesus!" for he thought this fireman's love was nothing to God's love; and I hope orphan Georgie did love Jesus, and he might well praise God if his waves scarcely reached our airy look-out. escape from a burning room was the means | Away in the north the huge old sun swung of turning his heart to the Saviour.

Perhaps the fireman did not think that Jesus died to save him and all of us from father's parlor corner. We all stood silent, death—a far worse death than that of the looking at our watches. When both hands body. For this is what is taught by the came together at 12, midnight, the full round "Yes, father, in building, but not in wreath of mallow, the heavy leaves lapping kind Saviour himself: "And fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear Him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell." To waters between us and him. There he shone to destroy both soul and body in hell." To save us from this death of the soul, the holy and blessed Son of God gave His life for us that we might have eternal life through Him. Can we love Him too much?—Child's sunset and sunrise you ever saw, and its Own Magazine.

THE COMPASS IN THE FOG.

Did you ever hear the Bible compared to the mariner's compass? You have heard it called a guide, to direct those who are journeying through this world; a counsellor, to give advice to those who lack wisdom; a lamp, to give light to those who are in darkness; and you have readily understood why such names have been given to that blessed soul. The Superintendent of the Maclean Book. But how can it be said to be like a Insane Asylum, in Boston, makes the followmariner's compass ?

You probably know that a compass tells the shipmaster how to shape the course of dent spirits, has brought insanity upon many his vessel across the pathless sea, in order persons during the past year. This indulto gain some desired point in another part of gence seems to be increasing very greatly, the world. He consults it many times every and its consequences are indeed alarming. day, and would consider it a great misfor- More persons, and chiefly young men, either

board a steamer. Everything went on servation, or have applied here for advice smoothly during the first part of the night; and relief during the last year, than we can In spite of Lady Mildred's dainties and of the stars were out and shining brightly; the remember before, in the same length of in better clothes than the rest, and looked to his warm soft bed, he grew paler and thin- sea was calm, the vessel sped swiftly on her time."

gers retired to rest. But toward morning a fog began to gether about us; and the nearer the hour approached for the sun to rise. the denser it became. I was up betimes, and noticed that, as the fog thickened, the engines were checked, and the speed of the steamer lessened, till at last she seemed scarcely to move through the water. We could not see more than her length in any direction. Before the headlands of the shore were in sight; now, our only guide was the compass.

I soon found that the officers did not consider our position without peril. We were lost in the fog, and they felt that we were too near the rock-bound coast to be groping along in that dark, misty shroud.

The captain, pilot, and another officer held a consultation. When they separated, the signal was immediately given to start the engines; and, at the same time, a turn or two of the wheel brought our steamer to point seaward, as the compass told us, and away we went, for some time, directly off shore. Then there was another consultation, and the steamer's course was again changed, this time towards the shore.

In about an hour we suddenly heard a fog-bell, and within a few minutes afterwards we discovered just before us a rocky point, on which was a lighthouse, and the bell which had warned us of our danger. We passed so near the outer ledge of rocks that you might have thrown an apple upon it from the steamer's deck! But when we reached this dangerous point our pilot knew where we were. Taking his course accordingly, he soon brought the vessel to our "desired haven."

What the compass is to the mariner,—a guide, but for which the ocean would be a trackless and perilous waste,-is the Bible to us all; it reveals a future life, and guides us step by step till we enter heaven.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN IN NORWAY.

A letter on Norway, written by W. W. Thomas, late U. S. Consul at Gothenburg, Sweden, describes that far northern country and one of its peculiar phenomena:

Imagine a huge table-land, rising 3,000 to 6,000 feet sheer above the sea—one vast rock, in fact, bleak and barren, covered with snow, swept with rain, frozen in winter, sodden in summer—the home of a few reindeer and Lapps, and you have Norway proper, nine-tenths of the Norway that is shown on

But the rock is not whole; it is cracked filled by a foaming brook or river tumbling along from the drenched table-land above the sea. I have looked from the bottom of one of these valleys, and seen the perpendicular rock rise 5,000 feet on either side, and liverer were safe outside among the crowd. is situated, and here lives its 1,200,000 people. The land just round his door, gives the Norwegian potatoes, rye, barley and oats; his cattle climb the steeps above for every cellent fisheries along this northern shore. Norway would be uninhabitable.

One night in July, 1865, Hon. J. H. boy burn to death while my own little Campbell, late Minister at Stockholm, the Jimmy was lying safe in his bed." two Messrs. Buckley, of Birmingham, and two Messrs. Buckley, of Birmingham, and myself, landed on the shore of a northern cended a cliff which rose about 1,000 feet above the sea. It was late, but still sunlight. The Arctic ocean stretched away in silent vastness at our feet. The sound of its low along the horizon, like the slow beat of the pendulum in the tall clock in our grandorb hung triumphantly above the wave-a in silent majesty which knew no setting. We involuntarily took off our hats; no word was said. Combine, if you can, the most brilliant beauties will pale before the most gorgeous coloring which now lit up ocean, heaven and mountain. In half an hour the sun had swung up perceptibly on its beat, the colors changed to those of morning, a fresh breeze rippled over the fiord, one songster after another piped up in the grove behind us-we had slid into another day.

A GROWING CAUSE OF INSANITY.

Intemperance destroys body, mind and ing deplorable statement:

"The excessive drinking of wines and artune to be deprived of that instrument at positively insane, or who have been seriously damaged, mentally and physically by this One beautiful summer evening I was on cause, have come under our professional ob-