

The Family Circle.

ORGAN MUSIC.

Then swelled the organ: up through choir and nave, The music trembled with an inward thrill...

Like to a mighty heart the music seemed, That yearns with melodies it cannot speak, Until, in grand despair of what it dreamed...

Deeper and deeper shudders shook the air, As the huge bass kept gathering heavily, Like thunder when it rouses in its lair...

Through good gods' whistling shoes the sun's shafts, Brimming the church with gold and purple mist, Meet atmosphere to bosom that rich shafts...

LITTLE MAY'S LEGACY.

CHAP. III.—THE PICTURE.

May felt very much inclined to be cross and petulant all the afternoon. She had set her heart on teaching Jim; it was very hard to be forbidden...

May had plenty of opportunity for the practice of her good resolution next day. Baby was very cross and restless with his teeth...

The governess said nothing about it on Monday morning, though Robin and May were the very first children in the school-room...

"Well," she said, "I see no boy to-day, May." "No, ma'am; but I dare say he is there; he waits till Robin is gone, because I think he is afraid of him."

"You are not to be afraid, it is my governess, and she is good and kind." Thus encouraged by the little gentle voice, Jim approached again...

pushed back from the forehead, were fixed on the picture in May's hand. It was impossible, too, not to be struck with the contrast between the children...

"Well, May," she said, "tell him about it; he is looking at it very hard." "O, if you please, ma'am," said May, with a humility which was very pleasant...

Miss Smith stroked the head of the little speaker, and could not resist kissing the bright eager face, which was turned up to her with the request...

"No, one loves me," muttered the boy. "They kick me about, and use me just any how, since my mother died; nobody has..."

"Yes, May, I will not refuse you. I will give you leave to try; but if Jim says anything I should not like you to hear, or bring any one else with him, you must promise to tell me."

Every day did May Somers teach her little pupil. Some of her school-fellows heard of it, and came around to listen. Some only laughed at her; some said she would soon be tired of it...

"O, Jim! what is the matter?" was May's first question. "Bob set me on last night to climb over Farmer Kent's wall, to be up to the old tricks; and I said I wouldn't; and, wouldn't!"

said poor Jim, with emphasis. "I told him he might steal for himself if he pleased; but I wouldn't lay a finger on anything again."

"O, Jim, Jim!" Poor May was crying out, right from mingled pain and pleasure. "O, Jim, I am so glad, and yet so sorry; but can't you get away from Bob? I do think father might find you a job about the fields."

Jim managed to look back at her once, a long, sad, loving, grateful gaze, from those dark brown eyes; and then he was gone. "May ran crying to Miss Smith; to tell her story..."

"O, Robin!" she called. "O, Robin they are gone—they are gone—Jim is gone." "Well, and a good riddance!" was Robin's rejoinder.

Becher, on the Brooklyn side, draws crowded houses year in and year out; but he is not a great moral power. His decided inclination to comedy has no redeeming background of tragic earnestness...

Becher is essentially a weak man; because he plays with the truths of religion. "People go to be entertained. And they go away merely entertained, because the great pulpit performer does not deal in downright, consistent, and powerful intellectual convictions..."

Becher is not a great moral power. His decided inclination to comedy has no redeeming background of tragic earnestness; hence the hearers of Mr. Becher are entertained, but are not convinced. The fullness and charm of Mr. Becher's sensibilities undoubtedly edify his disciples and please the crowd...

ness and vice of the age, through the clear utterance of honest religious conviction, Mr. Tilton fills his stage with sham orthodoxies in the rear; and in front represents good sentiments and politics.—Cor. Chicago Tribune.

THE OLD APPRENTICING.

Custom often leaves laws behind, and not always wisely, either. A marked instance of this may be seen in this city, where the system of apprenticeship has fallen entirely into disuse...

The discontinuance of this system—for it is now the rare exception, instead of the general rule, as in former days—has brought already great evils upon our population, and it is a subject worthy of earnest attention...

If the apprenticeship system were to be again restored to effective operation, much of the indigence and chronic pauperism of the city would disappear, crime would be diminished, the community would be relieved of a load it ought not to bear...

The cynicism, now fashionable, has not, however, the airy, graceful, and delicate tinge of La Rochefoucauld and Talleyrand, or of Lord Melbourne and Samuel Rogers, but displays considerably less wit and a great deal more vulgarity...

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less it be goated over with the ludicrous or the absurd, to render it inoffensive. Whether or not it be in conscious or unconscious subservience to the cynical spirit of our time, the fact is certain, that nearly all the first-rate and all the second and third rate, novelists and romancers—their name is "Legion," and of the publishing of their books there is no end—take infinitely greater pains with their wicked than with their good characters.

The stage would have no room for him. The two most popular poets in England and America, Tennyson and Longfellow, are almost feminine in their genius, and principally, and among women the public that appreciates them. Men who think that "love is 'spooniness," and the acquisition of wealth the "be all and end all" of life and effort, are not likely to admire poetry, or even to know what the word signifies.—Blackwood.

A GOOD DEAL OF DIFFERENCE. "It makes a good deal of difference," said Mr. Moody in the Chicago Noon Prayer meeting, "whether you take hold of God or whether God takes hold of you. My little girl to-day refused to let me take hold of her hand when we were walking together. She thought she could go alone. But when we came to a place that was slippery, she took hold, first of my little finger and then, as it grew more icy, of my whole hand. As we went on, and it was growing worse, she let go entirely and said, 'Papa, take hold of me.' She knew I was strong and that she could not fall unless I fell." "Now," said he, "I have been slipping, slipping for the last seven years, and the reason is, that I have not put my hand into the hand of God. I have been trying to take hold of him, but not asking him to take hold of me. As long as He has hold of my hand, I can't fall. He would have to be disenthroned first. If our hands are placed in His, whose throne is in Heaven, we never can fall down into Hell."

The social influences about me in College were bad. The young men professing piety kept their religion to themselves. Only one of them ever personally addressed me on the subject of religion. This was a pious classmate, Rev. William H. Bogardus, D.D., of the Dutch Reformed church, now or recently called me into his room, and faithfully and affectionately conversed with me in regard to my soul. I have not seen him since we graduated; yet I never think of him without an emotion of gratitude and love that I feel no other of my college friends.

Remembrance with perfect distinctness, the time when I first became conscious of a decided change in my whole intellectual character. I was sitting by a window, in an attic room, which I occupied as a sort of study, or reading place, and by accident I opened a volume of the Spectator—I think it was one of my father's Addison's criticisms on Milton—it was at any rate, something purely didactic. I commenced reading it, and, to my delight, and surprise, I found that I understood and really enjoyed it. I could not account for the change I read on, and found that the very essays, which I had formerly passed over without caring to read them, were now to me the gems of the whole book, vastly more attractive than the stories and narratives that I had formerly read with so much interest. I know not how to account for it. I could explain it on no other theory than that a change had taken place in my mind. I awoke to the consciousness that I was a thinking being, and a citizen, in some sort, of the republican letters.

It was not an his imagination that he drew, but on his memory when he described one of Stuart's pupils purchasing a lexicon, rather than a much-needed coat. He once showed his son's copy of Schlessner's New Testament Lexicon, in two volumes, bound in parchment, and said, "While I was at Andover, I had ten dollars left. I was very much in want of a coat. I had an opportunity to buy this book for ten dollars, and so I went without the coat."

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