The Family Circle.

ORGAN MUSIC.

Then swelled the organ: up through choir and nave, The music trembled with an inward thrill Of bliss at its own grandeur; wave on wave,

Its flood of mellow thunder rose until The hushed air shivered with the throb it gave, Then, poising for a moment, it stood still And sank and rose again, to burst in spray, That wandered into silence far away.

Like to a mighty heart the music seemed. That yearns with melodies it cannot speak, Until, in grand despair of what it dreamed, In the agony of effort it doth break, Yet triumphs breaking; on it rushed and streamed, And wantoned in its might, as when a lake, Long pent among the mountains, bursts its walls, And in one crowding gush leaps forth and falls.

Deeper and deeper shudders shook the air. As the huge base kept gathering heavily, Like thunder when it rouses in its lair, Like thunder when it rouses in its lair,
And with its hoarse growl shakes the low-hung sky,
It grew up like & Markhods dverywhere where the shakes
Pilling the vast cathedral;—suddenly,
From the dense mass a boy's clear treble broke
Like lightning, and the full-toned choir awoke.

Through gorgeous windows shone the sun asiant. Briming the church with gold alid purple mist, Meet atmosphere to bosom that rich chant, Where fifty voices in one strand did twist Their vari-colored tones, and left no want, To the delighted soul, which sank abyssed

In the warm music cloud; while far below,
The organ heaved its surges to and fro.

J. R. Lowell.

BITTLE MAY'S LEGACY.

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. It was good of her to wish to teach Jim; and up rose littleself-satisfied thoughts of her own consequence, and of her own goodness, within her tender heart. All the rest of the evening she was under a cloud, speaking pettishly to Robin, and not very prettily to her mother when she asked her to sit by baby while she got the tea ready. But when May knelt at the foot of her little white bed—the bed which had made her think so often of late of the "homeless children" of whom her hymno spoke—as the words of prayer passed her lips, sorrow for having been cross and self-willed awoke in her little heart; and she, went to sleep thinking how well she would try to learn her Monday hymn, how useful she would be to her mother the next day, how ready to soblige Robin and please her father; and the thoughts shaped themselves, into prayer, "O God, help me, for Jesus'

May, had plenty, of opportunity for the practice of her good resolution next day. Baby was very cross and restless with his teeth; and Saturday was the day when May's mother expected her to nurse and take care of her little brother, while Bessie helped her in various matters about the house and little dairy, for which May was not large or strong enough at present to be of any service. Robin went off to fish in a small stream for minnows, and May wished very much to go too; but she could not carry baby so far, and she could not leave him. She was disappointed, but, like the now, she endeavored to be cheerful and bright, and not to show her vexation by a sullen face or irritable manner. Jim was scarcely ever absent from her thoughts, and she wondered again and again if Mess Smith would really never let her speak to him

The governess said nothing about it on Monday morning, though Robin and May were the very first children in the schoolroom. The hymns were said, all the lessons gone through, and the children were scattering about in every direction. Little May lingered—she had her basket in her hand—and moved shyly up to Miss Smith's side, who was writing a letter at her desk. Presently, Miss Smith looked up and said, "Well, May?"

"If you please, ma'am, the little boy is sure to be at the gate to day, may I speak

"Why, May," said her governess, with a smile, "I think of going to speak to him or, at least, to look at him myself." May's face brightened. "Thank you,

But Robin was calling her to come, as he wanted his dinner; and May had to run away to the place by the old stone, which

Robin called the "dining-room." They were just finishing their meal when Miss Smith came up to them.

"Well," she said, "I see no boy to-day, fay."

"No, ma'ain; but I dare say he is there; he waits till Robin is gone, because I think

he is afraid of him."
"I bid him be off, ma'am, and not lurk about here, said Robin, with a grand air but May is so silly, she saves ball her dinner every day for him, I do believe yes, I see you," said Robin, with a wise nod. " hiding up half in the basket again, though you do not think I do."

Poor little May's face was covered now

with blushes. "O, Robin!".
"Now," said Miss Smith, "I rather want to see the little ragged boy; so, Robin, if you have done your dinner, lyou may go and play. May and I will sit here."
Robin obeyed; and May whispered, "If

we keep very quiet, he will come, ma'am." 'May was right; after two or three minutes' silence the little brown face appeared; and on seeing Miss Smith disappeared as quickly. May went close to the gate.

'Jim!" she said, "Jim, here is the pic-

ture! You need not be afraid, it is my governess; but, she is good and kind.

Thus encouraged by the little gentle voice, Jim approached again. Miss Smith

looked on with interest; it was impossible not to be struck with those large, inquiring, brown eyes, which, as the tawny hair was

on the picture in May's hand. It was im- he might steal for himself if he pleased possible, too, not to be struck with the con- but I wouldn't lay a finger on anything again. tast between the children,—one in rags and dirt, uncared for, untaught; the other believed I'd been telling on him, for the neat and trim, in her lilac cotton frock, her bright hair smoothly braided back from the thought he'd have killed me; he knocked earnest intelligent face, which was bending toward the "homeless" boy with a tender pity and compassion very sweet to see in so young a child. Miss Smith was a wise and the see that was a wise a will be seen that was a wise and the see that was a wise an kind woman; she knew it would never do to let her scholars talk at the little side gate opening into the lane, with every idle child Jim, I am so glad, and yet so sorry; but of the village; but she shrank from doing can't you get away from Bob? I do think anything hastily in this instance, which father might find you a job about the fields." might check the loving desire in May's "No," said Jim, "I can never get away, heart to benefit another, or perhaps hinder as I believe;" and he sank down on the step the good and pure seed from falling on the with a hopeless air, sad to see, May, was soil of poor Jim's uncultivated mind.

Just going to call Miss Smith, and ask her just going to call Miss Smith, and ask her

But Jim's eyes were fixed on the basket nows he was very hungry to-day, and he wondered if the kind hearted little girl had

cheese, which Jim eagerly took, and soon take care of him and keep him from danger. despatched. Then he settled himself to May went home that afternoon fully delisten, crouching on the step, and bringing his face as near as possible to the picture! Miss Smith then told poor Jim, what most Mr. Somers was busy in the hay field, and children who read this story have been a little vexed and "put out" at the signs taught from earliest infancy, of God, the Father, who has made us—of the blessed to May "Come, run off, my dear have Jesus, who died to save us—of the Holy to time to kink about these gipsies now;" Jesus, who died to save us of the Holy no time to think about these gipsies now; turns. The natural consequence, is an enor-spirit, who alone can turn our hearts from and so the little girl went sorrowful and mously increasing class of half-trained, unevil, and guide us into all truth. The discouraged to bed picture May had chosen was that of Jesus blessing little children, stretching out His

earnestly fixed on her face, as she went on: | common. and the wonderful story of His love, who was God with us, came with power to the are gone, they are gone, Jim is gone!" child's soul.

child's soul.

"God sees you always Jim rememer that; He will love you; but He hates sin, lying, thieving and all other naughty ways, but if you ask Him to give you His Holy Spirit; He will shear you for Jesus sake & Poor little Jim!"

"No pone loves me," muttered the how, "They kick me about, and use me just any how, since mother died; hobody has—

The poor little voice broke down quite, and a great sob was heard, as Jim slid from the steps and shuffled away.

Poor May's eyes were full of tears; but school-time was drawing near, and Miss Smith went towards the house. She was very much troubled, and the kind-hearted child could not trust herself to speak.

"If he comes any more, may I speak to

pinned up by my bed at home? O! do let me, ma'am?"

"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 brings any one else with him, you must promise to tell me. Nowlindinto achool 201

CHAP! IV .- JIM'S DEPARTURE.

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; some asked her how her should lose any of the pleasure "He cares for the dinner note betton

pushed back from the forehead, were fixed said poor Jim, with emphasis. "I told him ness and vice of the age, through the clear less it be coated over with the ludicrous as

"O, Jim, Jim!" Poor May was crying out

soil of poor Jim's uncultivated mind.

"Well, May," she said, "tell him about to come and speak to him, when a loud, it; he is looking at it very hard."

with a hepeless air, sad to see, May, was soil of poor Jim's uncultivated mind:

just going to call Miss Smith, and ask her to come and speak to him, when a loud, it; he is looking at it very hard."

"It must be dreadful," she thought; "O."

tow dreadful!"

Jim managed to look back at her once.saved anything there for him.

a long sad, loving grateful gaze, from those dark brown eyes; and then he was gone dark brown eyes; and then he was gone.

May ran crying to Miss Smith, to tell her better if he might eat this first."

story. Miss Smith comforted her and told

The next morning as she and Robin were going to school, May felimbed the fiedge at a certain place, as was her wont, to look at arms to them, and inviting them to come a certain place, as was her wont, to look at to Him. Miss Smith told it all in very the tent and wagon of the gipsies, the tops simple, plain, words; but the dark eyes were of which were just seen on the edge of the

"O. Robin!" she called, "O, Robin! they

dark-eyed friend no more the the fron gate:

nanch a die e ecitemente to the parts, cien inductions is Iolium paneels the increment accessed assessing the analysis of a BEECHER AND TILTON.

Beecher on the Brooklyn side, draws

crowded beuses year in and year out; but he is not a great moral power." His decided, inclination to comedy has no redeeming background of tragic earnesties; hence the hearers of Mr. Beecher, are entertained, but sentiments on the stage please the vert. Mr. Beecher is essentially a weak lectual convictions, but in changing, incon-

Brockers-Titon, the much abused editor of the Independent, is possibility of the find away, May was left undisturbed with the fittle purity to the find ways, may have left undisturbed with the fittle purity to the find ways, may have left undisturbed with the fittle purity to the find ways, may have left undisturbed with the fittle purity to the first work from the exception of three or four wet with the exception of three or four wet was very quick and sharp, as it is called in the first work with the first work wit the first work with the first work with the first work with the

utterance of honest religious conviction, the absurd, to render it inoffensive. Mr. Tilton fills his stage with sham orthodoxies in the rear, and in front represents

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; although the law concerning it prescribing the mutual relations, privileges, duties, obligations, and penalties of the parties to an indenture, still stands upon the statute book.

general rule, as in former days has brought true artist than would be his due, if like already great evils upon our population, and Shakespeare or Scott, he could portray the it is a subject worthy of earnest attention; noble and the lofty in human character Ofthe annual arrests of city criminals about with as much grace and facility as he por shill voice was heard in the lane; and a great evils upon our population, and "O, if you please, ma'am," said May, with a humility which was very pleasant, "you can tell him so much better than I lead, camb striding up to the boy. "So," here you are, you lazy goodfor mothing! Git up and speaker, and could not, resist, kissing the bright eager face, which was turned up to her with the request. She took the rewardard from May's hand, and said, "Now, Jim, will you listen?" My but listen?" My but listen?" My stood speechless with tear and hor with the request. She took the rewardard from May's hand, and said, "Now, Jim, will you listen?" It must be dreadful "she thought. "O ous causes they are vagabonds. Well-to-do 12,000 every year are recorded as confessing trays the ridiculous. The same causes lie that they have no visible means of support; at the root of the disfavor into which poetry in other words, that they are vagabonds and plunderers. These are mostly from the working, skilled mechanics. But from wari poet who writes for men writes for a scanty ous causes they are vagabonds. Well-to-do ing their boys to a trade; even those who unadmirers. Shakespears; in our day, would dertake to learn one, are unwilling to fix have to write novels or leading articles themselves for a number of years, but prefer to be free, able to deave on a whim, or at prospects of what they consider a more And she drew half an apple turnover her that she must try to trejoice in Jim's profitable employment. The employer is thus from the store, and a bit of bread and steadfastness, and believe that God would no longer bound to exercise any parental care over the youth's associations and habits; appreciates them. Men who think that he does not even feel the pressure of self "love" is "spooniness," and the acquisition interest in instructing the learner in the of wealth the "be all and end all" of life mysteries of his craft, but gets what he can and effort, are not likely to admire poetry. out of him while he stays. The boys also grow careless of their employers, interests, and of their own: they go and come, work and lie idle, are steady and dissipated, by skilful workmen and artisaus (to whom we may attribute many of our tumble down houses and bursting boilers), and the rapour prisons and alms houses.

If the apprenticeship system were to be again restored to effective operation; much of the indigence and chronic pauperism of "Well and a good riddence!" was Robin's the city would disappear, crime would be rejoinder.

It was too, have the whole encampment, the community would be researched away, perhaps to some distant thousands of individuals who will otherwise country, and May Somers saw, her little grow up to a life of wretchedness and vice, dark-eyed friend no more with the rion gate, would be put in the way of happiness and "Now, said he, "I have been slipping, slipwould be put in the way of happiness and useful ress, earning by honest to have ped table confidence:—Examiner and Chronicle. ak denad Charelisa

MODERN CYNICISM

NIE #113

The cynicism now fashionable has not The cynicism, now fashionable has not in Hish whose throne is in Heaven, we never however, the airy grace and delicate inu can fall! down into Hell." endo of La Rochefoucald and Talleyrand, or of Lord Melbourne and Samuel Rogers, but are not convinced. The fullness and charm displays considerably less wit and a great of Mr. Beecher's sensibilities undoubtedly deal more vulgarity. The people who are edify his disciples and please the browd, as busy in more making, and who worship him malam? May I teach him his letters, crowd. But they do not convict and con-pleasure, the position and the power it will ters, and persons eminent for piety. Their

sistent, and practically feeble imaginations: merly, held in honor under degrading aliases, more thoroughly religious, than we com-To avoid getting into trouble. Mr. Beecher Not only are the honesty of men, the virtue attempts to discard logic and theology in the women, and the sanctity of marriago the sent day. Fuller Gill, Booth, Romaine, favor, of piety and religion. The result is butts against which vulgar cynics shoot the that Mr. Beecher builds on shifting sands: their blunted darts—in this respect ancient more frequently quoted by, them than such Herinvolves himself in a kind of intellect and modern cynicism follow the same writers are by Christians among us. tual dishonesty which is datal to his powers | track hut they will not allow the holiest mother liked giving her dinner enough for He plays fast and loose with truths of abthree instead of two; they could not believe solute importance, with he becomes a playthree instead of two; they could not believe solute importance, with he becomes a playthat May really denied herself of half a nice of self-denial weethered the leprous victims of sin, until, a tell any one about his sheet the service; and Miss Shift though the streets and weigh, and utter the soundest times welf her refrained; she dis south the streets and the service; and Miss Shift though the streets and the service; and Miss Shift though the streets and the service; and Miss Shift though the streets and the service; and Miss Shift though the streets and the service; and Miss Shift though the streets and the service; and Miss Shift though the streets and the service; and Miss Shift though the streets are the service; and Miss Shift though the streets and the service; and Miss Shift though the streets are the service; and Miss Shift though the streets are the service; and Miss Shift though the streets are the service; and Miss Shift though the streets are the service; and Miss Shift though the streets are the service; and Miss Shift though the streets are the service; and Miss Shift though the streets are the service; and Miss Shift though the streets are the service; and Miss Shift though the streets are the service; and Miss Shift though the streets are the service; and Miss Shift though the streets are the service; and Miss Shift though the streets are the service and the service are the service are the service and the service are the service are the service and the service are should lose any of the pleasure.

"He cares for the dimental potential betton povel, and sells the novel for thirty thouse the procession of the content of the cares for the expression of the pleasure.

"Instead of this, he puts his seul into a costermongers, and even lower, among we graduated; yet I never think of him for anything you say you goose!" a tall sand dollars to the Ledger of their thoughts; and the word of riends that I feel for no other of my college friends.

The degree Eitem, the much praised and disappears from their vocabulary to make a light pears from their vocabulary Theodore Eiton, the much praised and disappears from their vocabulary to make Tremember with perfect distinctness, the much abused editor of the Independent, is room for "pal" just as if they denied the time when I first became conscious of a de-

taken, Jim's face was divested of the coating of dirt and distinated came out a very respectable little face indeed, brightse and more intelligent day by day.

One morning he startled May, however, by his appearance; he had a black eye, awis dently caused by a heavy blow, and his nose was. Swollen; and so was his upper lip, while bare arms which was seen through the rents in his jacket-sleeve, was blue, and brown, and green, with bruises.

One did taked by the pare arms, in the presence of the character to be commended either for blief, and a cluster will be some sort, of the was. Swollen; and so was his upper lip, and of society is too much for this emaster while bare arms which was seen through the rents in his jacket-sleeve, was blue, and brown, and green, with bruises.

One of the distribution of the independent of ment (and, won, the languagement of men (and, won, the languagement of ment of the languagement of the languagement of the languagement of ment of the languagement of the languagement of the languagem of his own principles the logical develop-

Whether or not it be in conscious or un good sentiments and politics.—Cor. Chicago of our time, the fact is certain, that nearly all the first-rate and all the second conscious subserviency to the cynical spirit conscious subserviency to the cynical spiris 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 good men and women are mostly depicted as if they were fools, or little better; whereas the villains male or female, are all clever, agreeable and beautiful-the men handsome as Antinoue, the ladies "fair ones, with golden locks," angelic to the eye of the observer but diabolical in thought and action. Even The discontinuance of this system for Mr. Dickens fails to make his good people it is now the rare exception, instead of the interesting and mist take lower rank as a deals with the noblest themes, and appeals to the highest intellects. But the highest intellects of our day go in for practical work and have no time to study poetry. The audience, but the poet who writes for wo. parents cultivate a foolist pride about bind men has a larger number of purchasers and The two most popular poets in England and America, Tennyson and Longfellow, are almost feminine in their genius, and principally find among women the public that or even to know what the word signifies. -Blackmood

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 ielly growing number of paupers, vagabonds or whether God takes hold of you. My lit-and thieves, who infest our streets, and fill the girl to-day refused to let me take hold tle 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, ping for the last eleven 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

ANECDOTES OF DR. WAYLAND.

The only guests I remember to have seen give them require a sensation to arouse conversation was almost entirely on quesman because he plays with the truths of rethem. They need coarse buffoonery and ligion. People go to be entertained. And broadf farie to change the thirrent of their they go away merely entertained, because thoughts, and provoke them to laughter. The feeling of reverence for anything but downright, consistent, and powerful intelligion to conversation was almost entirely on questions. They need coarse buffoonery and tions of floctrical or experimental religion. As I look back upon these events (with the great pulpit performer does not deal in downright, consistent, and powerful intelligions and provoke them to laughter. The feeling of reverence for anything but father's associates seem to me to have been money having ceased to act on their minds. they speak of the things which men for and with the doctrines of the gospel, and

The social influences about me in College upon some one. They go down among the gard to my soul. I have not seen him since