The Family Circle.

MABEL'S RESOLVE.

What makes our dear Mabel so tired to night? Mamma has not kissed her, nor put out the light; Yet I see, through the curtains, as slyly I peep, Her blue eyes are closing: she'll soon be asleep.

I will tell you: Big Bridget, the cook, went away This morning, and Mabel, throughout the long day, Has helped in the kitchen, up stairs and all round— A brisk little housemaid as ever was found.

'Twas a droll sight to see her, and made us much

fun,
With her sleeves fastened up, and a long apron on,
First washing the dishes, then dusting a shelf,
With a great feather-duster as tall as herself.

Now standing on tiptoe, as small as a fairy, Skinming the cream from the milk in the dairy; Now peeping to see if the biscuits were brown, And merrily laughing to find how they'd grown.

But she was most pleased, when at last, with a broom She had chased a black spider quite out of the room "He was going, mamma," she said, ready to-cry,
"To eat for his supper this dear little fly."

And what do you think were the last words she said, As mamma led her darling at night up to bed? "When I'm a big lady, and go to housekeeping, I shan't leave a cobweb for spiders to sleep in:" MRS. H. F. HARRINGTON.

THE UNKNOWN DAY.

A small, low-ceiled room, scartily furnished, but scrupulously neat, and giving evidence of tender, womanly care; its window-shutters, however, nearly closed, as though the entrance of the golden autumn sunlight were an intrusion; the balmy air and soothing rural sounds, that could not be excluded, stealing gently in; such was the scene of the trial of an immortal soul: externally, indeed, a peaceful scene-but the trial, as it were by fire.

On a low bed in one corner of this apartment lay a young man, silent and motionless. To a close observer, only, would he have seemed as young as he really was; for a few months had done upon him the work of years-his face was haggard and wearylooking, as though three, instead of a single, score of years, had left their traces there. The dark hair and bright restless eye were all the vestiges of youth that physical and mental agony had left untouched. He lay like one exhausted by some sharp conflict, his eyes closed and his lips firmly compressed, only half conscious of what surrounded him, but vividly alive to all that passed in the mysterious world within. The sound of a familiar step, and the touch of a hand on the latch were, however, sufficient to open the dreamy eyes, and bring to them something like an expression of pleasure. No wonder, for as the door opened, a noble-looking woman entered,—one of those women of whom it is rare good fortune to number two or three in all the round of one's acquaintance. who combine in rare proportion all the elements of true strength of character with the most gracious and generous benevolence, whose very presence elevates, soothes, and strengthens us, -sisters of Mercy indeed, the highest merely human embodiment of on earth, good-will towards men."

"Ah, Cousin Margaret, have you come at last!" said the youth, holding out his hand as she approached hing. "How I have longed to see you!".

"And I have longed to come to you, Robert," returned the lady, as she bent over him and kissed his forehead in her gentle motherly way, "but you know why I could

A pressure of the hand he held was his only response, while Cousin Margaret's eyes filled with tears, and for a moment she turned away her head. These signs of emotion, and her mourning dress, told a talle of bereavement and sorrow, and no one could look into her countenance without recognizing in her a capacity for suffering equal to her power of loving, and both in no ordinary degree. But, accustomed to control her own feelings for the sake of others, she yielded no further to them, and when she again addressed her young cousin, her voice was clear and steady. Not many words of condolence were needed between these friends; they well understood each other's heart; one word, one look, could convey more inner sympathy than many can express in a long conversation.

"Ah, Cousin Margaret," exclaimed Robert Earl, "how little did I think, when I last saw you,-do you remember those pleasant hours on New Year's Day, when we were speculating on what might be before us in this year?—that before we should meet again, you would have visited the dark valley of death, and I should have become;the helpless wreck you see me!'

"He leadeth his own by ways they know not!" said Cousin Margaret, reverently and softly, as if half to herself. Robert scarcely

heeded, but went on: How full of life I was then! How I boasted myself of the morrow! I felt like a traveller just coming to the end of a toilsome journey; and my land of promise, which seemed to lie just before me, was to be no idle, useless life, but one spent in my Master's work. I rejoiced in my youth and strength-I thought it was all for His dear sake, but I must have been terribly self-de-nary came, a pleasant spring day; how vividly Fremember the faces that surrounded

tears in the bright eyes, but great drops of sweat stood thick and cold on his forehead. His cousin wiped them tenderly away, pressing his hand, but without speaking.

which I was, which seemed none too great as it approached home,—a terrible roar and a crash, then a blank; and from that day until this, I have lain here, and God only knows how long I shall thus lie helpless. For the surgeons say, that if I ever walk again, it will not be for years, and then but lief to say all this to you. I cannot, I dare not add to poor Mother's burden by a word of complaint, and I lie here, wiently thinking it all over, through long days and sleepless nights, until I sometimes think I shall lose my reason. Think of it,—all the hope of my life dashed from me, just on the eye of fulfilment. My sacred, my loved profession,—mine no more And my dear Mother and Eva, whom my father confided to me with his last breath. How can Mother ever live burdened with such a charge as I? And how is my poor sister to be educated? Cousin Margaret, why, why did not God let me lie down in the grave with your little Harry, rather than live to burden those I long so to serve? Mine is a lost life, -yea,

relief from their violence. But new she district school. Her brother's misfortune drew tenderly near him and in a low, gentle proved, in one sense, a blessing to her, masvoice, said,

"Have you forgotten God's promises,

I say over to myself, Whom God loyeth, young people. Eva was an intelligent, lov-He chasteneth, and many, many other ing girl, devoted to her brother; her comgracious words; they sound sweet, but far panionship was delightful to him. She talkoff, like music played at night for the ears of ed and sang with him, read to him, and toothers, and only half heard through a dream, gether they devised plans for their mother's quite as though I had nothing to do with comfort, which Eva's active energy carried correction I lie, and yet, I am tossed with for as his health improved, Robert turned cares and anxieties that are too great for the talents committed to him into the chanme, I doubt no, not Him, Cousin, but my nel of authorship; so that from the unpreself. I made a fatal mistake, which has tending room in which nearly all his life was blasted my life, and theirs. I must have spent, went forth silently winged words, like so deceived myself. Why, why did I ever carrier-doves set free, bearing messages of imagine myself called to the holy ministry? My presumption has been deservedly pun-

ished!" And the young man groaned aloud.
"Pear Robert, had you been permitted to stand at the sacred desk, whom and what would you have preached?"

""Can you ask, Cousin? Whom, but Christ, and Him crucified?"

"And would it have been words alone, or a living, personal Saviour? Ah, my dear boy, if you cannot appropriate the promises, think not of them, but fix your thoughts on Him alone; true, you cannot trust, you cannot understand yourself, but you can rest in Him. If the thoughts of your mother and sister disturb no promise rolconsole you concerning them, remember Hisohuman nature, and His perfect sympathy, and only trust! You cannot do the work you had pictured to yourself; yet say, 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?' Believe me, the answer will come! His work is manifold, and if He will that you shall still live, it must be for Him, and in Him! Can any life be a hopeless wreck, that is hid with Christ in God?

"I have been wrong, Cousin. I have known that all along! I have tried to pray —God knows I have! But my prayers have never seemed to rise higher than my head. an infidel, I could not have credited it, but, to me. Self has filled my view, instead of Christ—and the Gospel I would have preached, had never yet penetrated my own heart.'

by him, in secret prayer for him, until he ed too rudely on a painful theme—then tryfell into a quiet sleep. Then she left him, ing, with boyish affection and awkwardness, assistance she could.

assistance she could. From the time of this short conversation. there was a change in Robert's state. The grace of God had accompanied his cousin's simple words, and cleared away the strange mist, the result in a great measure of pain and anxiety, which had obscured his spiritual vision. He began to feel that life, the gift perceived the boy's embarrassment, and easi-of God in Christ, could not be aught but a ly divined its cause,—""He leadeth His often fall under the machinations of the blessing; and that there must be something own by ways they know not." still for him to do and to enjoy on earth, else he would not be permitted to remain. Every word of the Saviour's had a new and vivid signification, when viewed in the light as you have done, always the same, always life that now is, as well as that which is to come, as standing high above all the chances and changes of Time. The command Rejoice evermore," had troubled him, as one to which obedience seemed impossible; but much that was dark and mysterious,—the in return for our homage. It is not virtue, now that, by God's help, he had cast aside rest I shall understand above. I was not allow that old Serpent; the Devil, that prompted that in all ways so cheerful. Only a few blessed words his fetters of unbelief, he learned that in all things that formed part of his inheritance, of your dear mother's brought me back from the might, nay, it was his duty to take holy the very verge of despair. She was God's the very verge of despair. She was God's worship him. The poetry or philosophy, which represents virtue and vice as this new impression, he surprised his sister

tal application whatever. Yet even in this senger. time he was not inactive. He had formerly been fond of drawing, and rather proficient in the art; as soon as he could be raised on pillows in his bed, he contrived to turn this talent to account, and thereby to assist his mother in adding to their limited income. She, for this end, had been obliged to take for such to find him occupied with needles worse than lost!"

His cousin had let him talk on without interruption, wisely judging that in thus giving vent to emotions, repressed through do even this, for Christ's sake. As no interruption, wisely judging that in thus covered, he gradually took charge of Eva's education. The young girl had hitherto enjoyed only the advantages of an indifferent yea, esteeming it a privilege to be allowed to much as it secured for her an education based on the only true foundation, whose Alpha and Omega was Christ; a principle, Robert 200 Alpha and Omega was Christ; a principle, too seldom, alas, carried out in the training of them. I know I love the Hand under whose out. She was often, also, his amanuensis; hope, truth and comfort to many hearts. He had found his life-work, and diligently as was possible for one to whom full physical strength tions shown him by all were repaid with inwho came within his influence, regarded him asca dear personal friend, and perhaps, if engaged in actual pastoral labor his advice could scarcely have been more frequently

sought, or more reverentially heeded. He regarded it as a special blessing, when, band removed to the little village in which ne lived This resulted in his taking partial the ministry, and Robert had the pleasure of preparing him for College. The peculiar friendship subsisting between the mother and Robert was continued in this boy, and it was the young man's delight to repay to the son the counsel and comfort he had received from

the parent. It was late on a mild September afternoon, the eve of Ernest's departure for College. Robert and he were alone in the room of the If any one had told me that I was practically former. They had been speaking of Ernest's prospects, and of his immediate practical indeed, it has been true! and it has required duties; but as the twilight gathered and this fearful providence to reveal that truth deepened around them, their conversation

The lady here checked him, knowing that minister! If," and he glanced at his cousin, he was quite exhausted; but she sat silent coloring, and half fearful that he had touch

"You know 'There's a divinity that shapes our ends, Rough-hew them as we may.

"Far nobler and more Christian-like, dear Ernest, those words which your mother quoted

"Oh, cousin Robert," exclaimed the boy, his earnest eyes fixed on his friend's face,-"I wonder if I could ever endure and work

"If you were called to such a lot, you would receive grace for it, my dear boy! God spare you the trial—yet I thank Him for it; for He has made clear to me already messenger to me; sent with no extraordinary me then! Professors almost and friends; and every word of the following the conversation may early parting; in my early parting; in my early parting; it was done; and the glorious daylight, for home! But ob, cousin—one short hour this new impression, ne surprised his sister reveration,—only with the old truth, which we heard it not, the windows, which in his despairing mood the life that we lead in Him by faith, must flow on in its appointed channel, never impeded, but always aided by outward circumstances, and the glorious daylight, but always aided by outward circumstances, and the glorious daylight, reversation,—only with the old truth, which we heard it not, the we hear so often, yet as if we heard it not, the first is our Life,—and this being true, the life that we lead in Him by faith, must flow on in its appointed channel, never impeded, but always aided by outward circumstances, and the glorious daylight, but always aided by outward circumstances, and the glorious daylight, and the sixted of the Father of Lies. Sach, can only come directly or indirectly of the Father of Lies. Sach, can only come directly or indirectly of the father of Lies. Sach, can only come directly or indirectly of the Father of Lies. Sach, can only come directly or indirectly of the Father of Lies. Sach, can only come directly or indirectly of the father of Lies. Sach, can only come directly of the father of Lies. Sach, can only come directly of the father of Lies. Sach, can only come directly of the father of Lies. Sach, can only come directly of the father of Lies. Sach, can only come directly of the father of Lies. Sach, can only come directly of the father of Lies. Sach, can only come directly of the father of Lies. Sach, can only come directly of the father of Lies. Sach, can only come directly of the father of Lies. Sach, can only come directly of the father of Lies. Sach, can only come directly of the father of Lies. Sach, can only come directly of the father of Lies. Sach, can only come directly of the father of Lies. Sach revelation, -only with the old truth, which

poured out around us like a mighty, resist- never been quite free from inward struggles, less ocean, flooded his room with its cheering but He has given me grace through all rays, as though the sun rejoiced in doing his things to hold fast to this truth,—and now Master's pleasure for this child of sorrow. the bitterness of that trial is quite gone. It The light, the pure, pleasant air, and the has pleased the Father, too, to let me carry "I do not recollect," he continued, re-covering himself a little, "anything about tender care of his mother and sister, grad-out my wish, though not in my own way. I the accident; only the speed of the train in ually restored some degree of health and have never forgotten my early vows; I have strength to Robert's frame; although, he striven to do His work, and been blessed remained a hopeless cripple, and almost a with a greater share in it than I dared hope. helpless one. His cousin Margaret could not | Even my worldly affairs, He has cared for, long be spared from her own home; but be and I have had the joy of working for my fore she left this little family, she had more loved ones, often in weakness and pain, it is than one conversation with the young relative,—but that has only sweetened the sacritive, the cheering influence of which remained fice, for Christ hath suffered ;-and I praise slowly and feebyl. Dear Cousin, do not think me weak,—but, indeed, it is such a relief to say all this to you. I cannot, I dare lief to say all this to you. I cannot, I dare the shock his nervous system had sustained ed-out one by one "in the infinite meadows from the railroad accident, forbade any men- of heaven."-R. H. S. in Ref. Church Mes-

MY BROTHERS.

True poetry has been defined by Mr. James Rus sell Lowell as

Suthin' combinin' morrif truth With phrases sech as strikes,"

though perhaps Mister Lowell didn't exactly mean in plain sewing and knitting. In the latter work he shared, when unable to draw. His misfortune, and his cheerful spirit attracted many visitors; and it was nothing uncommon the control of the eminent Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow, and sister to though perhaps Mister Lowell didn't exactly mean that as his definition of poetry. In the following little gem there are moral truths and striking phrases. It is from the pen of Mrs. Lushington—a most charming person—wife of the eminent Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow, and sister to the first and the control of the control o Greek in the University of Glasgow, and sister of for such to find him occupied with needles Mr. Tennyson. It was addressed to some of her and yarn, accounting no work beneath him, American friends:—Harper's Magazine.

To loving hearts my soul draws near, And be they sad, or gay, or queer,
Most warmly are they welcoined here
My brothers.

Great hearts with sympathies most keen, Sad hearts with aspects more serene, Whose depth of tears is never seen.

My brothers.

Who yet enjoy the wholesome jest, The hearty laugh, with honest zest. And for an hour they leave the rest My brothers.

Whatever phase their minds may take, Whatever moods their souls may shake, I love them for their true heart's sake-My brothers.

And yet they rest not here, ah! no, Such souls must ever onward go, Such souls must ever view.

E'en unto weal and unto woe.

My brothers.

Ah heavenward, say we—struggle on, Brave hearts, until your work be done, By violence is the kingdom won— My brothers.

COMPENSATION.

"I have read," says the author of a rewas denied, he performed it: "In private la-bors, he was not deficient; the kindly atten-point: A lady, travelling in Europe, visited with her brother, a town in Germany, and terest. Every one, man, woman, or child, took lodgings with a remarkable couple, an aged man and lady. They were husband and wife. They lived by themselves, without child, or servant, subsisting on the rent account from the lease of their parlor and two sleeping rooms. The lady, in giving an account of the persons, says: When we knocked at the door for admittance, the ness." after a few years, his cousin Margaret's hus- two aged persons answered the knock together. When we rang the bell in our rooms, husband and wife retire came, the lady was surprised to see No offence is intended, Madame, my husblind. The blind man exclaimed: 'It is use- ship.'" less for you, madam, to speak to my wife, for she is entirely deaf, and hears not a word, you say.' Says the lady-boarder, here was an exemplification of the Divine law of compensation. Could a pair be better match-"After all, cousin Robert," said the boy, ed? They were indeed one flesh. He saw "if I should never be allowed to become a through her eyes, and she heard through his ears. Ever after, it was most interesting to me to watch the aged man and his aged partner in their complete inseparableness. Their sympathy with each other was as swift as electricity—and this made their deprivation as nothing."

SHAKESPEARE'S MORALITY.

It is sometimes alleged as an impeachment of Shakspeare's morality that he does to me in this room ten years ago," returned not encourage virtue by making it always Robert, smiling kindly and cheerfully, as he successful, nor discountenance vice by always defeating its aims. The innocent came a word of reproach." guilty, and the guilty often triumph on the ticians are generally among the stupidest ruins of innocence. And are we then to re- and most mole-sighted of men. It must be duce virtue and vice down to an arithmetical calculation of profit and loss? And do we expect a system of morals, in which tem my ornithological courage up to the sticksure of present recompense is a lie, and, as such, can only come directly or indirectly

the windows, which in his despairing mood the life that we lead in Him by faith, must flow ed, has shown a degree of moral purity, of buffalo is certainly very stupid." Stupid."

-" his voice grew husky; there were no the fitting emblem of God's boundless love, be they as perplexing as they may. I have gant eulogy, the declaration of Mrs. Montague-"that he was one of the greatest moral philosophers that ever lived." morals, moreover, have such a savor of Di. vine truth, that they furnish proof of his own mind having been deeply imbued with the pure morality of the Gospel.

In the great world of woman, Shakspeare stands not the first only, but is yet the sole authentic oracle of truth. In nothing, perhaps, does he so deeply and divinely touch the heart of humanity, as in the representa-tion of woman. Next to the Bible, he is the best benefactor of womankind; for, next to the Bible, he has done most towards appreciating what woman-is, and towards instructing her what she should be. "His writings contain at once the reality and the apotheosis of womanhood. The incomparable depth, and delicacy, and truthfulness, with which he has exhibited the female character, are worth more than all the lec-tures on social morality the world has ever seen." And yet it is curious, that so few, even of intellectual women, care about reading him. We were somewhat amused at a lecturer, recommending the young ladies of a Female Seminary, to read the Bible and Shakspeare. Of course it was right to recommend them to read the Bible, and it would probably do no harm to mention Shakspeare, for it is mot likely one out of ten would heed the recommendation. Of all the intellectual, reading ladies we have known, we can think of but one or two that ever read Shakspeare with any spirit or enthusiasm, But, still we should feel some hesitancy in giving an indiscriminate recommendation to young ladies to read Shakspeare, for we do not believe it is a suitable book for all readers.—*Intheran Observer*.

ANECDOTES OF DR. WAYLAND. [From the Life published by Sheldon and Co.]

"If you learn to do as much work in one day as you used toldo in two or three days. you are as good as two or three such men, as you formerly were, boiled down to one." An incident related by his pastor happily illustrates his habits of study:- "During eight years I was his pastor, with an intimacy peculiarly free; and yet never but once did I venture to intrude on his morning and choicest study shours. "Knowing the annoyance he felt at the briefest interruption at such times. that he often studied with locked door, or did not respond when solicited, I had invariably regarded his wishes. But necessity knows no rule. I rapped at the door of his study when he was most secluded. There was no response.

I then gave the Faculty rap. Still no answer. Satisfied that the was within, and that, if he knew my errand, he would welcome me, I addressed him by name, saying, Dr. Wayland, I must see you. To this he replied in a gentle tone, 'Come in, Pastor.' Lopened the door. Crossing the threshold. I found him, pen in hand, standing wirh his back to the little light which crept through the shutters nearly closed. In this room, thus darkened, he was thinking?HT

He was ill at ease when not actively employed; as he oncessed "I find doing nothing a most laborious and time-consuming busi-

"In the early:part of the recent/rebellion, one of my friends who had been for a few years captain of a first-class merchant ves charge of the education of their two sons, by side. And our requests and demands sel, was anxious to secure some appointwere received by both, and executed with the ment from the naval department, in which John and Ernest. The younger of these were received by both, and executed with the two boys, Ernest, with the delighted assent of his parents, resolved to devote himself to large arrived late by the coach, and mere country. I introduced him to Dr. Wayland, ly requiring a good fire, and our tea, we thinking that a recommendation from such were puzzled to understand the reason of a source would materially assist my friend this double attendance. When the time to in, his patriotic purpose, and, then, after some words of explanation, retired, leaving both the husband and wife attending her to them in earnest conversation. When I her chamber, and on looking, with some next saw this aspirant for naval promotion, seriousness, towards the husband, the wife, he said, 'What sort of a man is Dr. Waynoticing her embarrassment, said to her: land? I supposed he was only a clergyman; but I never passed so severe and band is stone blind. The lady began to sym- searching an examination about everything pathize with the aged matron on the that belongs to my profession as a sailor. great misfortune of having a husband, quite He seems to know everything about a

I am not surprised at the election of Mr. Pierce, but I am surprised the greatness of his majority. I gave the Whig leaders more credit for forethought and common sense than they deserved. They surrendered principle, and tried availability. They have lost election, principle, honor, and all. I corrider that there as now no Whig party. They have no principles to which they adhere and profess none of any power in opposition to the Democrats. They cannot make another stand. The next move will be a division of the Demograts; and this will again give an opportunity for choice. I think you may safely look upon the Whig party as defunct. When Jefferson was elected Hamilton advised the Federalists to disband, and unite with the best part of the Democrats. They did not follow his advice, but died by inches, until the very name be-

"You will learn, before long, that politi-

so, for they are pre-eminently selfish.
"Mr. Andubon is here, and I have screwed poral interest and duty are identical. If we ing-point of one hundred dollars. I had are moral, merely for wages, then we add great misgivings as to the matter of duty-hypocrisy to selfishness, and deserve to fail. One hundred dollars is a considerable talent, If we would not rather die with Desdemona and I doubted whether I had a right thus than live and flourish as Iago, the more to appropriate it. However, I made out a pity for us. Truth and virtue never offer view of the case that satisfied me. It seemed to compromise with us, to insure as success, to me that so complete and beautiful an exhibition of this portion of the works of God ought to be procured, and on this ground I thought I was justified in purchasing the work. I am much pleased with Audubon's moral temper. He seems habitually to refer what he sees to the wisdom and goodness of God. I think he would hardly agree with the notion of our friend B., that creation is no proof of the being of a Creator. on in its appointed channel, never impeded, which we have few examples in literature, said he; man is the only stupid animal I