

The Family Circle.

THE VICTIM.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

A plague upon the people fell,
A famine after laid them low;
Then Thorpe and Byre arose in fire,

But still the foe man spoiled and burned,
And cattle died, and deer in wood,
And bird in air, and fishes turned

The priest went out by heath and hill;
The King was hunting in the wild;
They found the mother sitting still;

The King returned from out the wild,
He bore but little game in hand,
The mother said, "I have taken the child,

The King bent low, with hand on brow;
He stayed his arms upon his knee;
"O, wife, what use to answer now,

The rites prepared, the victim bared,
The knife uprising toward the blow,
To the altar stone she sprang alone—

Good Words for January.

THE COTTAGE ON THE MOUNTAIN.

High up on a mountain, just under the
shelter of a friendly rock, there stood a
little cottage, which looked, from the valley

One beautiful spring morning, the old woman
was leading a little girl up to the cot-
tage; but by and by, little Lorie became

"But, grandmother, I am heavy, and you
are old," said the child.

"Oh! no, you are not so heavy. I am
used to carrying heavy things up to our
little cottage, and I am sure I can carry

So little Lorie was soon on the old woman's
back, and after an hour and a half they
were both within the enclosure of the

His wife said to him: "I went to the Orphan-
house yesterday, in the town of N—,
and told the gentleman having charge of it

"I will tell you the real reason," she answered.
"The gentleman showed me a
great many children, of different ages, and

I was going out with him to examine the
grounds, I saw a little girl jumping the rope.
She had such a happy face, and when she

"It is impossible to tell the history of
many of the children that we receive; but
I know, at least, a portion of the history of

Lorie grew rapidly under the influence
of the fresh mountain air, and assisted old
Mr. and Mrs. Lamsen, whom she called

The old people shook their heads and dis-
couraged her somewhat—"For," said they,
"you are not old enough for such impor-

"But," said she, "if I can do all that I
do now, and can also have a little Sunday-
school, provided the children will come to

The old people were very good, and ac-
customed to prayer, and their next question
was a very natural one.

"Have you asked the Saviour?" said they.

"Yes," replied Lorie, "I have asked Him
a great many times, and He has always an-
swered the same thing: 'Must work the

The history of little Lorie, whom you
took from my Orphan-house, a number of
years ago, was not fully known to me at

He identified them by means of a letter written
by the father to a friend at home, dated
'Globe Hotel, April 16th, 1846.' This letter

This, we think, is very beautiful, and
what is better still, exactly true. Each
season has its charms. Life is a progression,

ty. Through the influence of friends who had
emigrated to America, he made up his mind
to go, too, and take his wife and only child,

It is impossible to describe the effect
which this letter had upon old Mr. and Mrs.
Lamsen, and upon Lorie; but somehow, in

A MOTHER'S PATRIOTISM.

GENERAL CLYTON B. FISK narrates the
following instance of sublime Christian devo-

"I remember one old lady in Illinois, how
she gave all she had to the cause of the
nation. When the call for troops came in

"The boy marched off to battle. He
went with me through many a weary march,
and bloody fight, and skirmish. He was a

"As I passed through that hospital one
morning, looking at the cot of Charley, I
saw the death-damp on his brow, his eyes

"Jesus can make a dying bed—
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head

"She gave up her boy as cheerfully as
you would give a dollar. We buried him
in the swamp. She went to his funeral, and

"Such graves are scattered all over the
country. They appeal to us to-day, that we
shall not let this government of the people,

On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards, with solemn round,

BEAUTIFUL AND TRUE.

At a festival party of old and young, the
question was asked: Which season of life
is most happy? After being freely discussed

This, we think, is very beautiful, and
what is better still, exactly true. Each
season has its charms. Life is a progression,

middle season with the feelings and charac-
ter of youth, or in the season of age with
the untamed vigor of middle life. To enjoy

This fact, if properly understood, would
save a great deal of anxiety and distress.
The young, fascinated with the season of

The same fact holds true in regard to the
duties, temptations, and afflictions which,
before we come to them, we fear and dread.

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VALETUDINARIAN CHRISTIANITY.

That highly entertaining, if not absolute-
ly lively case, which, under the title of
"Martin z. Mackonochie," is destined to play

Q.—What is the cope?

A.—A sort of ecclesiastical overcoat, to
be worn by rheumatically disposed minis-

Q.—Can you tell me when it first came
into use?

A.—Yes; in the year A. D., 372, when
Gregory III. adopted it as a preventive

Q.—Quite right, my child; and now can
you tell me why it is sometimes adorned
with worked flowers, and variously orna-

A.—When the case is considered severe,
these things are not unfrequently added
for the sole purpose of increasing its

Q.—You rightly refer ceremonial to its
true origin—a desire to minister to the com-
fort and health of those engaged in services

A.—Yes, I can, and will. They are
lighted in order that the heat produced by
combustion may create an upward current

Q.—You are quite right, my child; and
now let me hear you reply briefly to the
questions I am about to put to you. Why

A.—Black is a color that is painful to the
eyes. Out of consideration for those of the
congregation who are affected by looking

Q.—What is the use of flowers?

A.—They supply oxygen, and thereby
counteract the injurious effects of too much
carbonic acid.

Q.—Quite right, my child. And now, per-
haps you can tell me, lastly, why, in these
processions banners are often carried?

A.—I can. They are to provide against
rain, in the event of the roof suddenly fall-

On the merits of the various questions ar-
riving in the Ecclesiastical Court we have no
opinion to express, but if practices are to be

ANECDOTES OF DR. WAYLAND.

[From the life published by Sheldon and Co.]

"Dr. Stillman once said that the oftener
an oven was heated, the easier it was to
heat it. I used to find that I wrote more

One young man, a member of the church,
came to see the pastor, and frankly said
to him, "I don't know how it is, but I am

In time the pastor learned that one of
the minority, an honest and worthy trades-
man, was embarrassed in business. He

Dr. Wayland has related that Mr. Wins-
low, the sexton, once said to him with con-
siderable concern, "I saw that yesterday,

in attending a funeral, you wore white
stockings. That would excite remark, and

Dr. Wayland thanked him sincerely, and carefully
heeded his suggestion. This incident illus-
trates his readiness to receive advice from

He was always very fond of the inter-
change of thought and feeling. Dr. Snow

He once called upon me apparently for
no other purpose than to discuss the ques-
tion: "When is a thing proved?" I do not

We have heard Dr. Wayland mention
that he once called upon a mother, who had
been bereaved by the death of her daugh-

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"I remember cases of edifying religious
conversation with members of my church
over the wash-tub."