

The Family Circle.

THE VAUDOIS.

O lady fair, these silks of mine
Are beautiful and rare;
The richest web of the Indian loom,
Which beauty's self might wear;
And these pearls are pure and mild to behold,
And with radiant light they vie;
I have brought them with me a weary way;
Will my gentle lady buy?

WHITTIER.

TINY DAVY.

At ten years of age, Davy was scarcely
taller than a flour-barrel, and it was decided
that he would never be able to look over
that familiar article. A tiny, delicate waif,
he seemed most like some pretty flower that
had blown, by chance, in a kitchen garden,
without any one to tend and nurture it ac-
cording to its needs; for Davy's home was an
almshouse, his toys the chips and blocks and
rusty nails that collected in the yard from
time to time, his playmates the rough ragamuffins
who slept under the same roof as himself—hardly
little fellows, who had inherited quick tempers
and poverty in common with Davy, but to whom
Nature had added the further endowment of rosy
cheeks and healthy frame she had denied to him.
But, after all, Davy had his aspirations, his
miniature day-dreams, his castles in the air.
He aspired to be a man—to be a tall man,
and wear a coat like the overseer's, and go
wherever he pleased, and do as he liked, and
read without spelling his words, like the
clergymen who visited the almshouse, and
to earn his own living. Wasn't it odd that
he should have set his heart on this? Poor
Davy! he really believed there would come
a day when all the benefits of manhood
should be his own; when he would leave
the gloomy almshouse and its uncouth in-
mates, all but old Aunt Nancy, Aunt
Nancy, who was everybody's aunt, perhaps
because she had never been anybody's; who
tucked him up on cold winter nights, and
sung to him with her quavering voice, and
cooed to him as well as her slender means
would allow. He used to stroke her gray
hair, and say: "Dear Aunt Nancy, when
I'm a man, I will buy you a red gown and
a rocking-chair; and you shall live in my
house, and keep your myrtle-tree in the
sunny windows; and your pussy shall sleep
all day before the fire, and nobody shall
tread on its tail,—when I'm a man."
And so Davy used to plan about being a
man, till one day when the overseer set the
other boys to piling wood in the yard. Davy
was seldom given any such tasks, because
he was such an infant; so he built mud forts,
while the others worked away at the wood,
some of them secretly envying the little en-
gineer.
"Why don't Davy pile wood?" asked one,
at length.
"Don't you see? Because he's too little,"
was the reply.
"No, I'm not too little," said Davy, who
really seemed to sleep with one ear open,
and eagerly resented being called little; so
he caught at the sticks almost as long as
himself, and tugged and pulled and piled
them with a will, till his hands were torn
and his strength exhausted. Then he sat
down on a log, and listened to the boys, as
they talked of what they should do when
they grew up,—for they all seemed infected
with the desire of "growing up."
One lazy little fellow fancied he would be
a shoemaker, "because he sits all day on a
bench, and pegs away like a clock."
"and that's aw!" put in the would-be
wit.
"I am going to be a farmer, and have lots
of apple-trees," remarked another, who was
uncomfortably fond of apples, since he seldom
got them.
"and I'll be a soldier, and have a gun that
will go Bang!" continued another.
"Humph!" rejoined a fourth, "I won't be

any of those things; I'll be a tailor,—I will,
—and have as many new coats as I like."
"Well, I mean to be like Mr. Blue; I heard
some one say he was the richest man in
town, and a banker; so I'm going to be a
banker!" declared one more ambitious than
his neighbors.
"A banker!" they all sang out, opening
their eyes and mouths at the same time;
"what's that?"
"I don't know," answered the young
banker, rather brought to bay; "but that's
no matter. O, he takes money out of a
bank!"
"Well," said Davy, rising, and thrusting
his hands into his empty pockets, "I'm
going to be a man to put money into the
bank."
"Pooh," returned the tailor, "you won't
ever be a man; you're nothing but a dwarf."
"Never be a man! Sha'n't I?" Davy asked
of the others, all white and trembling at
the idea.
"Keep still,—can't you?" said the little
shoemaker to the tailor; "don't you know
better than to twit a fellow? If he doesn't
grow to be a man, he won't have to do a
man's work,—will he?"
"but that's what I want to do when I
grow up."
"You won't ever grow up, I tell you," per-
sisted the wicked tailor. "You will never
be anything but a baby, and by and by you'll
be taken round for a show. There!"
Davy's eyes glowed like sparks, he shook
like a leaf, doubled up his tiny fists, and de-
clared war.
"Pooh!" said the tailor again, as if he
were blowing a feather, "I am not going to
fight you; I should knock you into a cocked-
hat-and-cane in a minute."
This was too great a blow to Davy's dig-
nity, and he fled, and hid himself in a dim
passage-way, where his wrath could dissolve
into tears, and he take heart to disbelieve
his mischance. While the great sobes tore
their way up, as if they would bear his little
life away with them, some one came along
the passage, and laid a gentle hand on Davy.
"Crying? What's the matter with my little
man?" It was the clergyman, on his semi-
weekly visit at the almshouse.
"I'm not a man. I never shall be a man,"
cried Davy, forgetting all his awe of the
great man; "he said I shouldn't. I'm a
dwarf, and he can knock me into a cocked-
hat-and-cane. O, I hate him,—I do!"
"I had much rather be a dwarf than hate
any one, Davy," Mr. Kirk answered him.
"You—you would? Isn't it, then, so bad
to be a dwarf?"
"Not so bad as to hate; not bad at all,
only a little inconvenient."
"but I don't know, sir; what do you
mean?" sobbed Davy,—"I shall always be
a little boy?"
"We all have a soul, you know, as well as
a body," began the good clergyman.
"O yes, I feel it here!" said Davy, press-
ing a hand on his breast.
"Wall, then, did you feel it just now when
you hated some one?"
"O, I forgot it then; I only thought about
—about my body."
"yes; so you see that, when you hate, it
dwarfs your soul; and a dwarfed soul is a
much greater misfortune than a dwarfed
body."
"Then my soul will grow, if I am not
wicked? Will it grow to be a man's soul?
as big as a man's?"
"Certainly."
"I don't see," said Davy; "won't it
grow too big for my body?"
"In that case you will be given a spiritual
body," said Mr. Kirk, feeling that the child
could understand him; and then he went
on to tell him that this present body was
the temple of his soul, that through it all
his worship must ascend to God; and no
matter how small or misshapen it might be,
one should not despise it, nor grieve about
it, if only one preserved it, unsoiled by ill-
temper and unholliness, a pure shelter for
the wayfaring soul.
So at last Davy dried his tears, and for-
gave the naughty tailor, and tried hard to
put up with being a dwarf. But, somehow
or other, he couldn't enjoy himself as before;
all his castles in the air were tumbling down
about his ears, and he couldn't find heart
to build more, nor materials even. It seemed
to him every day harder to keep down the
angry words when the others provoked him,
and he would think, "If I were only as big
as they, I think I could do it," and then he
would remember that the victory would be
so much the greater as he was smaller, and
so he often stopped short in the middle of
a cross word, and got the better of himself.
He declined to have Aunt Nancy tuck him
into bed any longer, fancying that, if he
couldn't have the stature of a man, he might
at least have a man's independence in a
measure; but Aunt Nancy brought the ar-
gument of tears to bear against his pride,
and he relented. He marked off his height
with charcoal against the white wall, and
every morning ran to see if he had not
gained upon himself. In his dreams, like
Jack's beanstalk, he grew into the heavens,
and on such occasions he could hardly per-
suade himself, after waking and remeasur-
ing, that he had not overstepped the black
mark. Mr. Kirk surprised him, one morning,
taking the gauge of his inches. "You are
thinking too much about it, Davy," said he;
"which of us by taking thought can add
one cubit to his stature?" And Davy ne-
glected to measure himself thereafter.
One day a stranger came to see Mr. Scre-
wum, the overseer; and Mr. Screwum, having
a great deal of sympathy for the towns-people
who were taxed to support the almshouse,
and very little for the town's poor—
Mr. Screwum, I say, made Davy over to the
stranger for a certain time, to be exhibited
wherever the stranger pleased,—as the wicked
little tailor had said, to "be made a
show."
You may imagine the distress of poor
Davy, so sensitive as he was; to be shown
off by gaslight, nightly, to a thousand people;
standing on the backs of chairs, acting in

pantomimes, singing comic songs, dancing
hornpipes till his head was lighter than his
heels, cracking other people's jokes, and
breaking his own heart.
It would have been strange indeed, if the
old Adam had not risen in him then; and
often, when the audience expected some-
thing comic of him, he had half a mind to
tell them, boldly, that it was probable that
their eyes and ears had been given them for
more Christian uses than to go out of their
way to see and hear a dwarf make a fool
of himself.
But all this was not to last long; he got
a fall one day,—a fall that injured his spine
the doctors said, and Davy was sent back
to the almshouse; and there Aunt Nancy
cared for him in her feeble but affectionate
way; there Mr. Kirk came often, and read
to him tender Bible lines; and there, last
of all, came the little tailor, begging Davy
to forgive him "before he went to be an
angel."
And so, one evening, when the sunset yet
smouldered in the west, Davy sent for Mr.
Kirk. "Poor Aunt Nancy," said he, "I had
promised her such a pretty red gown and a
rocking-chair when I grew up; and now,
you know, I shall never grow up."
"I will see to that," said Mr. Kirk.
"but I shall be changed,—you said?"
"We shall all be changed,—in a moment,
in the twinkling of an eye."
"and I shall not be a dwarf any longer?
I shall be a man,—shall I not? a man like
you?" and he caressed the clergyman with
his failing fingers.
"Dear child," said he, "not like me, but
like Him; who shall change our vile body,
that it may be fashioned like unto His glo-
rious body."
"and in the twinkling of an eye," repeated
Davy, smiling back on him from the thresh-
old of eternity, and in a minute more the
great gates had closed behind him, and the
minister sat alone.
Davy had left the almshouse forever.—
Mary N. Prescott, in "Our Young Folks."

A DOMESTIC SKETCH.

"I have lost my whole fortune," said a
merchant, as he returned one evening to
his home; "we can no longer keep our car-
riage. We must leave this large house.
The children can no longer go to expensive
schools. Yesterday I was a rich man; to-
day there is nothing I can call my own."
"Dear husband," said the wife, "we are
still rich in each other and our children.
Money may pass away, but God has given
us a better treasure in those active hands
and loving hearts."
"Dear father," said the children, "do not
look so sober. We will help you get a liv-
ing."
"what can you do, poor things?" said
he.
"You shall see, you shall see," answered
several cheerful voices. "It is a pity if we
have been to school for nothing. How can
the father of eight children be poor? We
shall work and make you rich again."
"I shall help," said the youngest girl,
hardly four years old. "I will not have
any new things bought, and I will sell my
great doll."
The heart of the husband and father,
which had sunk within his bosom like a
stone, was lifted up. The sweet enthusiasm
cheered him, and his nightly prayer was
like a song of praise.
They left the stately house. The ser-
vants were dismissed. Pictures and plate,
rich carpet and furniture were sold, and she
who had been mistress of the mansion shed
no tears. "Pay every debt," said she; "let
no one suffer through us; we may yet be
happy."
He rented a neat cottage and small piece
of ground a few miles from the city. With
the aid of his sons he cultivated vegetables
for the market. He viewed with delight
and astonishment the economy of his wife,
nurtured, as she had been, in wealth, and
the efficiency which his daughters soon ac-
quired under her training.
The eldest one assisted her in the work
of the household, and also instructed the
younger children. Besides, they executed
various works which they had learned as
accomplishments, but which they found
could be disposed of to advantage. They
embroidered with taste some of the orna-
mental parts of female apparel, which was
readily sold to a merchant in the city.
They cultivated flowers, and sent bou-
quets to market in the cart that conveyed
the vegetables,—they plaited straw, they
painted maps, they executed plain needle-
work. Every one was at her post, busy
and cheerful. The cottage was like a bee-
hive.
"I never enjoyed such health before,"
said the father.
"and I never was so happy before," said
the mother.
"We never knew how many things we
could do when we lived in the great house,"
said the children, "and we love each other
a great deal better here. You call us your
little bees."
"yes," replied the father, "and you make
just such honey as the heart likes to feed
on."
Economy as well as industry was strictly
observed; nothing was wasted. Nothing
unnecessarily purchased. The eldest daugh-
ter became assistant teacher in a distin-
guished female seminary, and the second
took her place as instructress to a family.
The little dwelling, which had always
been kept neat, they were soon able to
beautify. Its construction was improved,
and the vines and flowering trees were plant-
ed around it. The merchant was happier
under his woodbine-covered porch, in a
summer's evening, than he had been in his
showy dressing room.
"We are now thriving and prosperous,"
said he; "shall we return to the city?"
"Oh, no, no," was the unanimous reply.
"Let us remain," said the wife; "where
we have found health and contentment."

"Father" said the youngest, "all we
children hope you are not a going to be rich
again—for then we little ones were shut up
in the nursery, and did not see much of you
or mother. Now we all live together, and we
learn to be industrious and useful. We were
none of us happy when we were rich, and did
not work. So, father, please don't be a
rich man any more."—Mrs. Sigourney.

HOME POLITENESS.

Should an acquaintance tread on your
dress, your best, your very best, and by ac-
cident tear it, how profuse you are with
"your never minds—don't think of it—I
don't care at all." If a husband does it, he
gets a frown! If a child he is chastised.
Ah! these are little things, say you!
They tell mightily on the heart, let us as-
sure you, little as they are.
A gentleman stopped at a friend's house,
and finds it in confusion. "He don't see
anything to apologize for,—never thinks of
such matters—everything is all right"—
cold supper—cold room—crying children—
perfectly comfortable."
Goes home, his wife has been taking care
of the sick ones, and worked her life almost
out. "Don't see why things can't be kept
in better order—there lever were such cross
children before." No apologies except away
from home.
Why not be polite at home? Why not
use freely the golden coin of courtesy?
How sweet they sound, those little words,
"I thank you," or "You are very kind."
Doubly, yes, thrice sweet from the lips we
love, when heart-smiles make the eye sparkle
with the clear light of affection.
Be polite to your children. Do you ex-
pect them to be mindful of our welfare? To
grow glad at your approach? To bound
away to do your pleasure before your re-
quest is half spoken? Then, with all your
dignity and authority mingle politeness.
Give it a niche in your household temple.
Only then will you have the true secret of
sending out into the world really finished
gentlemen and ladies.
Again we say unto all—be polite.

JUNE.

I gazed upon the glorious sky
And the green mountains round;
And thought that when I came to lie
Within the silent ground,
'Twere pleasant that, in flowery June,
When brooks send up a cheerful tune,
And groves a joyous sound,
The sexton's hand, my grave to make,
The rich, green mountain turf should break.
A cell within the frozen mould,
A coffin borne through sleet,
And icy clouds above it roll'd,
While fierce the tempests beat—
Away!—I will not think of these—
Blue be the sky and soft the breeze,
Earth green beneath the feet,
And be the damp mould gently press'd
Into my narrow place of rest.
There, through the long, long summer hours
The golden light should lie,
And thick young herbs and groups of flowers
Stand in their beauty by.
The oriole should build and tell
His love close beside my cell;
The idle butterfly
Should rare him there, and there be heard
The housewife's busy humming-bird.
And what if cheerful shouts, at noon,
Come from the village sent,
Or songs of maids, beneath the moon,
With fairy laughter blent?
And what if, in the evening light,
Betwixt lovers walk in sight
Of my low monument?
I would the lovely scene around
Might know no sadder sight nor sound.
I know, I know I should not see
The season's glorious show,
Nor would its brightness shine for me,
Nor its wild music flow;
But if, around my place of sleep,
The friends I love should come to weep,
They might not haste to go,
Soft airs, and song, and light, and bloom
Should keep them lingering by my tomb.
These to their softened hearts should bear
The thought of what has been,
And speak of one who cannot share
The gladness of the scene;
Whose part in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills
Is—that his grave is green;
And that his loved ones rejoice
To hear, again, his loving voice.
WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

LOVE JESUS BEST.

"Mother," said little Hugh, coming in
from an evening prayer-meeting, where he
had met the Saviour, and held in his little
heart sweet communion with him—"mother,
would it hurt your feelings if I should
love Christ more than I love you?"
"No, my son!" replied the trembling
mother, as she hardly dared to think she
had heard aright,—no! Jesus has done a
great deal more for you than any mother
has done, or can do, for her dearest child."
Looking up into her face earnestly, Hugh
said:—
"I asked you first because I do, mother."
"how many mothers would be willing to
have their feelings hurt?" in this way?
Then let them pray for the Spirit; for it is
the Holy Spirit alone that can unlock the
heart of even a little child, and open it to
such love. We may instruct them in the
most blessed Bible truths, but the Spirit
must "take of these truths, and show them
unto them." The disciples, on their way,
to Emmaus, talked with Jesus himself; but,
until their eyes were opened, they "knew not
that it was Jesus." The Spirit can open the
eyes of the blind, unstop deaf ears, and
make the dumb to sing; even more, it can
call the dead to life. And this Spirit comes
in answer to prayer. If you would have
your child love Christ more than he loves
you; not as "a root out of dry ground," but
as the "chiefest among ten thousand, the
one altogether lovely," seek for it through
the Holy Spirit.

SHE SAW THE DOXOLOGY.
A little girl, ten years old, went up Mount
Washington on horseback. She was ten
then; if she lives till next summer she
will be twenty. The ladies and gentle-
men of our party dismounted upon the
rugged summit, where the only vegetation
that dared make an attempt to grow
was a little stunted, pale green moss, and
gazed as those lifted up from the world into
limitless space. Below, stretching outwards
in all directions, lay a deep silver sea of
clouds, amid which lightnings were seen to
part and writhe like gilded serpents, and
from which the thunder came up to the ear,
peal after peal. We knew that down there
rain was descending in a torrent; while on
us who were above the clouds shone the sun
in unobstructed and awful splendor. The
eye wandered away like the dove from
Noah's ark, that found no place to rest her
foot.
"Well, Lucy," said her father, breaking
the silence, "there is nothing to be seen, is
there?"
The child caught her breath, lifted her
clasped hands, and responded, reverently,—
"O papa, I see the doxology!"
Yes, every where nature speaks to us, and
says,—
"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

THE WORLD OWES ME A LIVING.

This is one of the vile, stereotyped false-
hoods that loafers and roughs of all sorts
use as an apology for their laziness and
other rascalities.
The Jeremy Diddler who sponges on so-
ciety comforts himself with the idea that he
is only getting some of the debt which the
world owes him.
The thief sometimes intimates that, in
helping himself out of somebody's till, he
was merely taking his own. It was a part
of the debt uncancelled that society—that
enormous bankrupt—had refused to pay.
The whole theory is false and fraudulent.
The rule is the reverse. We owe the world
an upright life, and in return the world will
give us a living.
The loungee about the grog-shops, or
other places of loafing, may fold his arms in
idleness, under the consolation of being so
large a creditor; but we'll just tell him how
the world will pay him ultimately. It will
square off with an instalment of hunger,
poverty, contempt, degradation, and the
almshouse. It will give him rich dividends
of scorn and starvation, and finally pay him
in full with six feet of earth in the pauper's
grave. Perhaps, as he goes along, he will
receive occasionally payments "on account,"
by generous orders on the county jail or
State Prison. In the latter place we believe
the world throws in a new suit of clothes
of beautifully variegated colors.
Our advice to young men is to trust to
their two good hands, their brains, their
economy, their industry, and their honesty
for a living. With such aids—and strong
self-reliance, backed by indomitable perse-
verance—there are but a few indeed who
fail of reaching the goal at which they aim.
The world is full of glorious illustrations
of this truth. We see young men rise from
obscurity and poverty to reputation and
wealth, and we wonder how they get along
so well. It seems a mystery, but the whole
mystery lies in the qualifications above
named. They commence right, they con-
tinue right, and they end right.
If we mark the history of such a man, we
shall invariably find that he has been a hard
worker and careful manager. He has look-
ed after the spigot as well as the bung-hole
of his business. He has husbanded his ear-
nings, and added them to his capital, instead
of leaving them all at the box office of the
theatres or wearing them upon his back,
or pouring them down his throat.
We said he was a hard worker. That
we apprehended, is the great difficulty with
the loafer; He would be perfectly willing,
no doubt, to hold the hat, if providence
would shower gold into it; or, if it would
rain roast beef, he would have a platter
ready to catch it. but to work, and work
hard—"there's the rub." Let fortune come
to him in any other shape than that.
But, young man, work it must be—work,
work, work. It was designed from the be-
ginning that man should earn his bread,
not by loafing, but by the sweat of his brow.
Those drops the industrious man coops into
the golden mint drops that fill his coffers.

"FOR JESUS."

To aid in a benevolent work in which she
was engaged, a lady received a gift of
twenty-five dollars, with the following note:
"our God says that all I have in this
world is His, as I am His, so I send you a
little of God's money, to help to carry on
God's work. I am God's child, and am will-
ing to use my money and myself to forward
His cause."
The gift was timely, and the cheerful, un-
ostentatious manner in which it was be-
stowed made it most welcome. Soon after
this a circumstance occurred which proved
the donor to be a young soldier. He had a
short time before given himself to the Sa-
viour, and he wished to bring to his new
Master the tribute of a graceful heart. When
asked why he had so secretly bestowed his
gift, he answered, "because I wanted to be
sure that I was acting from right motives;
that it was indeed love to God, and not de-
sire for human approbation, that actuated
me. I wanted to be sure that I was doing
it for Jesus."
If from such a motive all our services were
rendered, how much more the Saviour
would be honored! If love for Jesus were
ever constraining us, how sweet would be
every toil, how easy every yoke, how light
every cross, how cheerfully performed every
act of self-denial!—S. S. Times.