

The Family Circle.

"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."

In the quiet nursery chambers,
Snowy pillows yet unpressed,
See the forms of little children,
Kneeling, white-robed for their rest,
All in quiet nursery chambers,
While the dusky shadows creep,
Hear the voices of the children—
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

In the meadow and the mountain
Calmly shine the winter stars,
But across the glistening lowlands
Blant the moonlight's silver bars.
In the silence and the darkness,
Darkness growing still more deep,
Listen to the little children,
Praying God their souls to keep.

"If we die"—so pray the children,
And the mother's head drops low;
(One, from out her fold, is sleeping,
Deep beneath the winter's snow.)
"Take our souls;" and past the casement
Flits the gleam of crystal light,
Like the trailing of his garments,
Walking evermore in white.

Little souls that stand expectant,
Listening at the gates of life,
Hearing far away the murmur
Of the tumult and the strife;
We who fight beneath those banners,
Meeting ranks of fallen there,
Find a deeper, broader meaning
In your simple vesper prayer.

When your hands shall grasp the standard
Which to-day you watch from far,
When your deeds shall shape the conflict
In this universal war,
Pray to Him, the God of battles,
Whose strong eye can never sleep,
In the warring of temptation,
Firm and true your souls to keep.

When the combat ends, and slowly
Clears the smokes from out the skies,
When, far down the purple distance,
All the noise of battle dies,
When the last night's solemn shadows
Settle dark on you and me,
May the dove that never faltereth
Take our souls eternally.

MINDING.

"Charlie, come in, I want you," said a sweet womanly voice to a little boy who was playing marbles on the sidewalk in front of a nice brick house.

Now Charlie was very busy, and in the midst of a delightful game. He was as happy as could be. To quit his play then was like quitting the table when half through dinner. Would he obey. We looked with interest to see what he would do. What would you have done?

Charlie replied, "yes, mother," and picking up his marbles, started off with a smiling face and a bounding step up the side yard, and in at the end door of the house. A fine boy that, I thought, as I looked after him. I wonder who he is? What a beautiful thing it must be to have a little boy or girl that will mind at once, and with a happy loving heart! I wondered what would become of that boy, and wished to see more of him and learn his history.

I used to walk past that house every week, and always thought of that blue-eyed, light-haired boy. The thought of him made me happy. I saw a great many naughty children. Once I spent two or three days in trying to find a naughty boy who ran away from his home, and overwhelmed his parents with grief; and when I found him, some one had stolen his coat and hat, and bundle of clothes, and all the money he had. Once I chased after a truant boy and girl for several hours, and at last, late at night, found them in the woods, wet through, cold, and frightened almost to death. They had disobeyed their mother, and gone to play instead of going to school, and both of them were sick for several weeks in consequence of their folly and exposure. A boy that minds—he is a jewel.

I had been in business a year or two, and in that time had had several boys; but it was next to impossible to find one that would mind. At last I was quite out of patience, and I determined that I would have no one who could not bring the best recommendation, and stand the closest test. Several applied for the place, but no one suited us. At last came a blue-eyed, flaxen-haired youth of twelve years, with a bright, honest face. There was something engaging in his aspect. Had I seen him before? "What is your name?"

"Charlie Warren, sir. I live in Franklin street. My father is a carpenter, but is lame now, and cannot work, and I have got mother's consent to go into a store, if I can find a place."

It was the very Charlie whom I had seen playing at marbles. I remembered the circumstance, and knew that he would mind. I did not need a recommendation for him, but gave him the place, and twice as much pay as I had proposed to give.

Charlie came to work on Monday morning. It seemed hard for him, the first week of work; but he behaved like a man. The boys in the next store came in and made his acquaintance. One morning I heard two of them trying to persuade Charlie to go off with them down on the wharves in the forenoon and see a boat-race that was to come off. "No," said Charlie, "mother told me to mind my business, and I am paid for staying here, and don't think it right to go off without my employer's knowing it."

That was a brave word, and I thought more of Charlie than ever.

That was ten years ago. He has been with me ever since, and proved to be the best clerk I ever had. Yesterday we put up a new sign, and on it, in large gilt letters, was Charlie's full name. The store is his own. He is now a prosperous, promising young man, and if he lives, will be a rich, honored man. And all this because one bright morning he minded his mother when she called him. From such little things do

great results come. Always mind, and it will be always well with you.—Ladies' Repository.

THE BITTER KISS.

Who would have thought there could be such a thing between a mother and her little daughter! Yet I know there was, for a pair of coral lips told me of it this afternoon.

We were talking in the class, and Florence asked—"If we say things in joke, and then explain right off, is that really lying?" and while we are trying to make it clear to children's minds, that lies are lies, and that truth is truth, a great many incidents came from the children's lips. Daisy said she thought it was best never to "make believe," but always say what was really meant; Florence was somewhat unsettled in her mind, desired me to think it over a little, and answer next Sunday; and then it was that Mary told me about "the bitter kiss."

"I was a little bit of a girl," she said, "and mamma had told me not to touch a jar of mince-meat, which she had on the table, ready to make pies. Suddenly, some one called her to the hall-door, and the minute I heard her talking, I just put my hand right into the jar, and helped myself—then I jumped down and ran into the play-room, and stayed a long time; I could not go back to mamma, even though she had promised to make me a little pie. I washed my hands and face, and was sure nobody could find it out. I did not remember that God saw me! When mamma took me in her lap at night and stooped down to undress me, she started back, and her face was very red. She did not say anything then, but she told me afterwards she saw a bit of mince-meat clinging to my apron. She hoped it was an accident, and did not wish to say anything until she knew certainly; so she went on repeating our night's verses, until she seemed to be thinking of the mince-meat again; then she asked if I had touched it in play, and I said right off, no, ma'am, Mamy didn't take any; but my face felt so hot I had to take mamma's fan; then she looked very sober, and stopped talking for a minute, when somebody called her and she went out. So I crept into bed, not daring to ask her to kiss me, and feeling as if I could not go to sleep without it—presently she came back, and stooping over me, raised my lips to hers. In a moment I should have had one of her sweet kisses, but her eyes filled with tears, and her face grew very white, as she exclaimed, 'My child has surely told a lie! Oh, Mamy, your breath tells the story. That was a bitter kiss my little daughter was going to give her mother. Oh, my child, my child!' Then she knelt down by my little bed, and called me to her; and she put her arms round me, and asked the Saviour to forgive me, and every now and then she had to stop, the tears came so fast. I shall never forget that time, nor 'the bitter kiss' I was going to give my mother. I have never told a lie since. I think it's best always to tell the truth. I feel about just as Daisy does, and I guess Florence will too, when she thinks about it."

Then we talked it over a little, how that Mary's first sin, stealing the mince-meat, led to the second sin, denying it; and so it was best to be truthful, and always avoid the first step that is wrong. Then the children learned this verse: "Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord, but they that deal truly are his delight;" and Florence made up her mind that she should not need "time to think it over," but could decide now that it was always best to "deal truly."

—The National Baptist.

THE MYSTERY OF SANCTIFICATION.

"I may be faint and weary," says the believer, "but my God cannot be. I may alter and fluctuate, as to my frames; but my Redeemer is unchangeably the same. I might utterly fail and come to nothing if left to myself; but the Spirit of Truth hath said I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. He will renew my strength either by changing my weakness into strength, or by enduing me with His own power. He is wise to see and provide for all my dangers. He is rich to relieve and succor me in all my wants; He is gracious to hear and to answer my prayers; He is omnipotent to deliver and defend me from all my enemies; He is faithful to perfect and perform all His own promises; He is eternal and immortal to bless my poor depending soul with eternal blessedness and immortality. Oh, what a great and glorious Saviour for such a mean and worthless sinner! Oh, what a bountiful and graciously indulgent Friend for such a base and insignificant rebel! What am I, when I compare myself, and all I am of myself, with what I can conceive of my God, and of what He hath kindly promised, even to me! What a mystery am I to myself, to angels to men! A worm of earth to be like a star of heaven; a corruptible sinner to be an incorruptible saint; a rebel to be made a child; an outlaw to become an heir; a deserver of hell to be an inheritor of heaven; a strong hold of the devil to be changed into a temple of God; an enemy and a beggar to be exalted to a throne, to be in friendship with God, one with Christ, a possessor of His Spirit, and of all His honor, happiness, and glory forevermore; and all without any right to any one thing on my part, but the miseries of a lowest hell! Oh, what manner, and what matter, of love is this? Lord, take my heart, my soul, my all. I can render Thee nothing, and I would render Thee no less.—Ambrose Serle.

Man is one in whom both worlds do meet; his body participates of the lower, his soul of the upper world, hence it is that he finds such tugging and pulling this way and that way, upward and downward; both worlds as it were contending for this invaluable prize, the precious soul.

A TEACHER'S COVENANT.

The following covenant, which was prepared for one of our best schools, is worthy of a wider circulation, and practical adoption:

Impressed with the responsibility of our positions, and feeling the need of greater faithfulness in the service of our Master, we do, as teachers in the Sunday-school, make the following engagements:

- 1. To be present in our classes every Sabbath at 2 1/2 o'clock, the hour for opening the school, and to remain through the entire session.
 - 2. When unavoidably compelled to be absent, or to leave our classes, we will provide substitutes, or give the superintendent timely notice.
 - 3. We will prayerfully and studiously prepare our lessons at home, and attend the teachers' meetings with all possible punctuality.
 - 4. We will maintain a thorough supervision of all our scholars, visiting every new scholar within a week of his admission, and all others monthly if possible.
 - 5. We will constantly remember that by example, by instruction, and by prayer, we must aim to lead our pupils to Jesus; and then to usefulness in his service.
- Finally, We will do all this in humble dependence on Him, who alone can crown our efforts with success.

LEARNING TO WALK.

Only beginning the journey,
Many a mile to go,
Little feet how they patter,
Wandering to and fro.

Trying again, so bravely,
Laughing in baby glee,
Hiding its face in mother's lap,
Proud as a baby can be.

Talking the oddest language
Ever before was heard;
But mother—you'd hardly think so—
Understands every word.

Tottering now, and falling,
Eyes that are going to cry,
Kisses and plenty of love words,
Willing again to try.

Father of all, oh! guide them,
The pattering little feet,
While they are treading the up-hill road,
Braving the dust and heat.

Aid them when they grow weary,
Keep them in a pathway blest,
And when the journey's ended,
Saviour, oh! give them rest.

PLAYING LIKE A CHRISTIAN.

I heard of two little children—a boy and a girl—who used to play a great deal together. They both became converted. One day, the boy came to his mother, and said, "Mother, I know that Emma is a Christian."

"What makes you think so, my child?"

"Because, mother, she plays like a Christian."

"Plays like a Christian?" said the mother; the expression sounded a little odd.

"Yes," replied the child, "if you take everything she's got, she doesn't get angry. Before, she was selfish; and if she didn't have everything her own way, she would say, 'I won't play with you; you are an ugly little boy!'"

A GOOD RESOLVE.

"Mamma, when I am a man, I will begin to love Jesus."

These words fell from the lips of a fine little fellow scarcely six years old.

His mamma had endeavored time after time, to impress on his youthful mind the necessity of early piety; but hitherto, all her persuasions seemed in vain.

When he uttered these words, she said, "But, my dear, suppose you do not live to be a man?"

He remained silent for some minutes, with his eyes fixed on the ceiling as if in deep thought; and then with a resolute countenance added, "Then mamma, I had better begin at once."

Now, my dear young readers, will you follow Eddie's example, and begin at once? There is no time like the present for serving the Lord. If you put it off a little longer, you will perhaps find that you have put it off a little too long. You have been frequently reminded in these pages, and perhaps by incidents occurring around you, that the youngest is not too young to die. But neither are you too young to give your heart to Jesus. If you go to Him now, you will not regret it when you become men and women; but on the contrary, will find God's care and protection to be over you at all times, and that He fulfills His promises in ways that you cannot fully understand.—Early Days.

LATE AT CHURCH.

We commend to the consideration of those who are in the habit of getting to Church late, the question which a little boy put to his mother. The incident is furnished by a correspondent of the Advance.

Many years ago a little son not four years old, one Sabbath morning, came very carefully and silently down the chamber stairs as though afraid of awakening some one. Coming into my room and softly laying his hand upon my shoulder, he whispered, "Mamma, is it wicked to get up as early Sunday morning, as you do other mornings?" The little fellow knew that he had sometimes to stay at home because there was not time to get all the children ready. That was a lesson to me—a lesson which I have never forgotten.

An English Paper relates the following: "A letter from the wilds of Cheshire was received one morning, having the simple superscription, 'For moi Son, London.' After passing through a succession of hands,

it was at length duly deposited, along with a thousand other letters, at a left-till-called-for office, there to await the chapter of accidents. A few days afterwards a simple looking countryman presented himself, and inquired, 'Han ye gotten a letter for me fra moi feyther?' A titter, a whisper, a significant nod of the head on the part of more than one official, then a rummage among the pigeon holes, and 'feyther's' letter was found and handed to the son, who looked upon the whole proceeding quite as a matter of course."

Scientific.

PHILOSOPHY OF INDIAN SUMMER.

A correspondent writes from Port Penn, Del.:—"The peculiar atmosphere of this season, we suppose, originates from the death and consequent combustion (or oxidation or fermentation) of an infinite number of leaves and vegetables, whose vitality is extinguished annually by the first frost (that may extend from Maine to Georgia or California), producing what is equivalent to a 'hot bed' of great extent."

"One of the results of this change in the color of the leaves is the evolution of enormous quantities of hydro-carbon compounds that are characterized (like the diamond) by very high refractive power; the sun's rays are thus concentrated by this peculiar atmosphere, and the heat is reduplicated also. The lurid appearance of the atmosphere may be thus easily explained. Also, we should anticipate a more frequent exhibition of the aurora in lower latitudes at this season, if it is dependent on the refracting power of the air, and certain zones are annually subjected to the same atmospheric changes in the autumn."

Another correspondent writes—"It is a settled fact that during the summer months evaporation is much greater than during the other months of the year. Now, if this substance is capable of being absorbed by water, of course, during the summer months it would be taken up by the ascending mists and fogs. If it is so light as to be carried up by such small particles of water, then evidently the same agency which influences the mist and makes it rise would influence this substance. It is evidently of a different nature from water. It is evidently of a dry nature, and hence, when dry, is lighter than water. The reflections of heat from the earth during summer produces a current upward. There are points in this current to which certain substances will go and no further, the lightest substance going highest."

This substance under consideration, being lighter than water, small particles will become detached from the water and ascend above its range, but not so far above the surface as not to be influenced by its heat. Hence it remains while the current from the earth is sufficient to support it. In autumn the air begins to chill, and there is no longer a sufficient expansive force to support this substance. It becomes chilled, it contracts, and follows toward the surface that line of heat sufficient to support. As before remarked, this substance may be seen both before and after rain, but never during the rain. It is also remarkable that the length of the Indian Summer depends upon the amount of rain in autumn. Hence, as the line of heat sufficient for its support approaches the earth, if the autumn is dry, we have a long Indian Summer; if rainy, a short one.

You have now the opinion of a young student. Of course, it is open to comment and criticism.—New York Observer.

THE FISH WITH A BLOW-GUN.

"Did you ever see a fish shoot?" asked Uncle Rea, who had been a great sailor in his time, having been twice around the world.

"Of course I have, hundreds of times," answered Harry, his little nephew. "Shoot through the water just like an arrow."

"Oh, I don't mean that kind of shooting; but with a gun, said Uncle Rea.

"A fish shoot with a gun! You know I never did, nor anybody else.

"Not so fast, my boy. There's a fish in the Indian Ocean that carries a gun and shoots its prey."

"Now, uncle, you're just fooling me! I don't believe I would believe that if I saw it."

"Seeing is believing, Harry; and as I've seen it, I'm bound to believe it."

"You, Uncle Rea, you saw a fish with a gun?"

"Yes."

"And saw it shoot?"

"Yes, oftener than I've got fingers and toes."

"What kind of a gun was it? Did the fish use powder and shot?"

"I hardly think," said Uncle Rea, smiling, "that it could have kept its powder dry. No, it didn't use a powder-gun, but a blow-gun."

"You're just fooling me in some way," said Harry, half laughing, half serious.

"No, honor bright," returned Uncle Rea; "it's just as I'm telling you. You have seen a pair of bellows with their long nose. Well, instead of a wide mouth, like most fish, the one of which I speak has a long muzzle or snout, something like a pair of bellows, only it is split down the middle, so that it can open like a pair of pincers. This is its gun."

"Oh! I thought you meant that it carried a gun in its fins."

Uncle Rea laughed, and then went on telling about this fish.

The name of the fish is the Beaked Chaelodon, and it lives in the East Indian seas along the coasts of China, Japan and many of the islands. It feeds, mostly, on insects, but as enough of these to satisfy its hunger do not usually fall into the water, it makes up the deficiency by gunning."

"I'd just like to know how, Uncle Rea." "It's wonderful enough, my boy," said Uncle Rea; "but as I've seen it scores of times, there's no doubt of it in the world. A fly will light near the water's edge on a blade of grass or a twig, seeing which the fish takes a drop of water in its mouth and swims quietly up to within two or three feet of the fly, with its body, except the end of its snout, in the water. When near enough, it shoots this drop at the fly, and with such sureness of aim as almost always to knock it into the water, when it is snapped up instantly."

"Well now, that does beat everything!" exclaimed Harry. "And you've seen it done, Uncle Rea?"

"Oh yes, as I've said, scores of times! In Java and China they keep these funny hunters in bowls and vases as pets, and amuse themselves by watching them in pursuit of their prey."

"And did you ever see them in vases?"

"Oh yes; and have often held a fly near the water, on the end of a stick, to see them shoot it?"

"And did they always shoot?"

"Almost always, and rarely missed their aim."

"Why didn't you bring one home, Uncle Rea?" asked Harry.

"I don't think they would live in our climate; they belong to a warmer region of the world."

"Are they large?"

"No; I never saw them more than five or six inches long. They are shaped much like a sun-fish, and are curiously striped with brownish bands, edged with darker brown and white. But let us see if we can't find the picture of one of them in a book on Natural History."

And Uncle Rea went to the library and took down a volume.

"Yes, here is the very chap himself," said Uncle Rea, as he turned the leaves of the book; "and the artist who drew him has taken him in the very act of shooting a fly. See the drop of water just at the muzzle of his gun, ready to pop out at the poor insect, that hasn't a thought of danger."

"I'll believe 'most anything after this!" exclaimed Harry, gazing intently at the picture for a long time. "And to think that I never heard of it before," he added; then after a pause, he said: "I guess there are a 'good many other little boys—and girls too—that never heard of a fish with a blow-gun. I wish I could show them all this picture, and tell them about it too."

ABOUT BLOOD.

Observe your mother when she is packing a trunk, and you will see that whatever she is most afraid will be spoiled, she is most careful to put in the middle, that it may be least exposed to accidents. And this is what a kind Providence has done with the arteries, which have the most cause to dread accidents, while the veins, which are much better able to bear rough usage, are allowed to wander about freely just under the skin. But when the bones happen to take up a great deal of room, and come near the skin themselves, as is the case in the wrist, the artery is forced, whether he likes it or not, to venture to the surface, and then we are able to put our finger upon him. And there are others in the same sort of situation: the artery of the foot for instance.

You feel quite sure blood is red, do you not? Well, it is no more red than the water of a stream would be if you were to fill it with little red fishes. Suppose the fishes to be very, very small—as small as a grain of sand—and closely crowded together through the whole depth of the stream; the water would look quite red, would it not? And this is the way in which blood looks red; only observe one thing; a grain of sand is a mountain in comparison with the little red fishes in the blood. If I were to tell you they measured about the three thousand two hundredth of an inch in diameter, you would probably be much wiser, so I prefer saying (by way of giving you a more perfect idea of their minuteness) that there would be about a million in such a drop of blood as would hang on the point of a needle. I say so on the authority of a scientific Frenchman—M. Bouilliet. Not that he has ever counted them, as you may suppose, any more than I have done; but this is as near an approach as can be made by calculation to the size of those fabulous blood fishes, which are the three thousand two hundredth part of an inch in diameter.—Jean Mace.

MAKING GLASS EYES.

It is said that there are in New York at least seven thousand persons who wear false eyes. The manufacture of these eyes is done entirely by hand, and is thus described by the American Artisan.

A man sits down behind a jet of gas flame, which is pointed and directed as he wishes by a blow-pipe. The pupil of the eye is made with a drop of black glass imbedded in the centre of the iris. The blood-vessels seen in the white of the eyes are easily put in with red glass while the optic is glowing with heat like a ball of gold. The whole eye can be made inside of an hour, and it is at once ready to put in. The reader should know that it is simply a thin glass shell intended to cover the stump of the blind eye. After being dipped in the water, this shell is slipped in place, being held by the eyelids.

The secret of imparting motion to it depends upon working the glass so that it shall fit the stump. If it is too large, it will not move; if it fits nicely, it moves in every particular like the natural eye, and it is quite impossible for any person to tell the difference from the other. The operation is not in the least painful; and those who have worn them a number of years feel better with them in than when they are out. Glass eyes should be taken out every night, and put in in the morning. In three or four years the false eye becomes so worn that a new one has to be obtained.