# The Family Circle.

#### A BRIGHTER DAY FOR SPAIN. BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The following verses were written in October of the year 1867, about a twelvemonth before the overthrow of the reign of the Bourbons in Spain, and were published about the same time. One part of the prediction they contain has been fulfilled—the downfall of the late tyrannical government-and it remains to see whether an era of rational liberty and enlightened legislation will succeed it .-- New York Evening Post.

Harness the impatient years, O time! and yoke them to the imperial car; For, through a mist of tears, The brighter day appears, Whose early blushes tinge the hills afar.

A brighter day for thee, O realm! whose glorious fields are spread between The dark, blue Midland Sea And that immensity

Of Western waters which once hailed thee queen!

The fiery coursers fling
Their necks aloft, and snuff the morning windy Till the fleet moments bring The expected sign to spring Along their path, and leave these glooms behind.

Yoke them, and yield the reins To Spain, and lead her to the lofty seat : 1111 But, ere she mount, the chains Whose cruel strength constrains
Her limbs, must fall in fragments at her feet.

A tyrant brood have wound About her helpless limbs the steely braid, And toward a gulf profound They drag her, garged and bound. Down among dead men's bones, and frost and shade.

O Spain! thou wert of yore The wonder of the realins; in prouder years Thy haughty forehead wore.
What it shall wear no more, The diadem of both the hemispheres.

To thee the ancient deep Revealed his pleasant, undiscovered lands; From mines where jewels sleep, "Tilled plain and vine-clad steep, "" Earth's richest spoil was offered to thy hands.

Yet thou, when land and sea Sent thee their tribute with each rolling wave, And kingdoms crouched to thee, Wert false to Liberty, And therefore art thou now a shackled slave.

Wilt thou not, yet again, Put forth the sleeping strength that in thee lies, And force the tyrant train To flee before the anger in thine eyes?

Then shall the harnessed years Sweep onward with thee to that glorious height, Which even now appears, Bright through the mist of tears, The dwelling-place of Liberty and Light.

## THE HARD SUM.

"I cannot do the sum; indeed I cannot." marmuned Cecil Gray, in a tone of despair, as he sat at the cottage door one bright morning, with a slate in his hand and an arithmetic before him.

It was holiday time, and that was the reason why Cecil was not at school, as usual. His father had given him a sum to do partly because he did not like him to be always at play, and partly because Cecil's master had complained sadly of his idleness and inattention with regard to arithmetic. Cecil was neither a very dull nor a very bright boy: his abilities were moderately good, and he could get on very well if he chose to exercise a little patience and perseverance; but he was so indolent that he would not do anything that required trouble, if he could possibly avoid it. He disliked exertion so much that he would rather suffer an inconvenience than take pains to remedy it. His father observed, with much concern, this feature in his character; for he was afraid that Ceoil would grow up one of those indolent, useless men who neither do good to themselves nor to others.

Cecil's mother was not living. It was perhaps owing to her early management, or rather mismanagement, that Cecil displayed such a want of energy; for she had always allowed him, under the plea of delicate health, to do just as he liked. And as Cecil liked idly lounging about and playing far better than any active employment, he generally did so. It was not until it was necessary to send him to school that his father became fully aware of his unwillingness to exert himself.

"I cannot do it," was always Cecil's comment on any branch of study to which he was required to give his attention; and, unless he was compelled to perform a task, he would not make any effort to do it. How unpleasant it is to have to instruct such boys! It is like dragging a person who will not move, if he can help it, up a steep hill.

"I cannot do this sum, indeed I cannot," was Cecil's mournful exclamation, as he sat on the door-step with his slate and pencil.

These words were answered by a pleasant voice from within; and that voice belonged to his eldest sister, his sister Jane. "Cannot do it, Cecil? Why, you have not tried for five minutes yet."

"I cannot do it," repeated Cecil; "so it is of no use trying."

"Yes, but it is a great deal of use, Cecil; for, if you really try, you will succeed. Ohe figure at a time, and you will soon manage the whole sum.'

"But I cannot do it, I know I cannot," peristed Cecil, and as he laid down his slate and walked slowly up to the table where his sister was ironing. He leaned his elbows on the table and rested his head on his hands, as if he did not mean to make any jurther attempt.

"Come, Cecit," said his sister, cheerfully,

"I am working for you, ironing your shirts, so you ought not to be idle,"

"Oh it is easy enough to iron," said Cecil, rather contemptuously; "besides, you know how to iron very well."

how if I had not learned. Mother used to house, and put some hay into it. show me the proper way to fold, and starch, "Now children, though the st and iron; and then I tried to imitate her. I could not do it very well at first, to be sure; but 'practice makes perfect,' you know; and now what a good thing it is that I can iron all the things, instead of having to pay for their being done! It will be just they say, "I know how!" but they often the same with your ciphering; only set about it in good earnest, and you will be they do not. able to master it. Do not be conquered by a sum, Cecil."

"But I do not like ciphering," grumbled the boy, as he pushed his finger through one of the button holes of his newly-ironed

"And I do not like ironing," replied Jane, quickly; "but that does not signify, when we see a thing to be our duty, we ought to do it, whether we like it or not.

This reasoning was not exactly in accordance with Cecil's ideas, and he was about to argue the matter further; but when he looked up from the ironing-board to his sister's heated but cheerful countenance, he felt ashamed to do so; and after a few moments' irresolution, he actually marched back to his seat at the door, took up his slate and determined to work out his tiresome sum. "He would do it, that he would; and let Jane see that he could conquer diffi-

culties as well as other people."

He was in the midst of his sum, and just calculating how many nines there are in fifty-seven, when Harry Mason, one of his schoolfellows and classmates, came past, beating his hoop. He stopped short on see ing Cecil, and, on perceiving what his employment was, loudly expressed his aston

ishment and sympathy.
"What, do you have to do sums in the holidays? and on such a beautiful day, too? It is too bad of your father, it really is; Cecil; and if I were you, I would not put up with it. Come, throw down your slate, and get your hoop and beater, and have a nice run with me.'

Cecil declined the invitation. His father had desired him not to leave the house until he had finished the sum; and Cecil, although an indolent, was not a disobedient boy; yet, as he listened to the sound of Harry's hoop in the distance, he felt vexed and discontented to think that he could not join him.

"Never mind, Cecil," said Jane, who guessed what his feelings were: "there is a time for everything; and now is the time for work, not play. Do not think of what Harry Mason says, but get on as fast as you can with your sum."

Cecil made no reply, except a practical one; for his sister soon found, by the movement of his pencil and the repetition of his figures, that he had applied himself to his work. Presently, Cecil came into the kitchen with a bright smile and a well-filled slate, announcing the successful termina-tion of his industrious attempt. It was his first willing and vigorous endeavor to overcome a difficulty; and the satisfaction and happiness which resulted from so doing can be understood only by those who have made a similar effort.

new era in Cecil's life. He had that morning begun to work. True, he had done a sum before, but he had, not done it in that The completion of that sum marked a hearty, earnest manner which is essential pleasant, how much more manly it is to active assistance, which in a short-time liftemploy with diligence those faculties which ed up the poor man's head, and made him God has given us, than to let them lie dor-

mant, as if we did not value them. Cecil had gained the victory, not only over his perplexing sum; but over himself; and to conquer self is always a noble achievement. Life is a continual struggle between right and wrong, between self and duty; and although one conquest does not win the battle, it is at least a step towards

Cecil found this to be the case; and so will you, if you try, my dear reader.

## BOASTING.

Anna Strong was a sad little boaster. Though she meant to speak the truth, she could believe her.

would say: "I can learn it all, it is not too shuffle off some day or other, and which a hard for me;" though when her class was Grecian philosopher described on seeing a called out to recite, she was very often sent, corpse, as the shell of a flown bird. back to her seat to study.

If anything was to be done at home or at

school, Anna would say, "I know how, the soul of the departed had left behind; please let me do it;" even if it was a thing a pleage of immortality, whose preservation she could not do at all.

she wished some one to point to the names | would incur punishment, for the living, as of the cities on a large map, so that all the girls in the class might know where to find fact, was almost as divine as the soul; and

"Oh, let me do it," said Anna; "I know flesh as much as in the spirit.

how as well as can be."

to hear about when I was a little girl," said mummy-cases, with their painted decoraher teacher. "The story is, that when the pigeon first came into the world, all the almond-shaped eyes and hieroglyphics inother birds came, and offered each to build decipherable to the uninitiated, stowed away

"The cat-bird showed her its nest all of papyrus on the shelves of a Roman made of sticks and bark; and the sparrows showed her theirs, which were woven with moss and hair. But the pigeon, walking head from side to side, said, I know how

to build my nest as well as the best of you! which was fastened to some reeds and pyramid he could raise or the depth of the might to do; and so few to do it! He is swung over the water; and the turtle-dove hypogeum which he scooped out of the mountaking the best of them. swung over the water; and the turtle-dove hypogeum which he scooped out of the mounsaid hers was easier to build than all, for it tain for the reception of his shrivelled bituwas quite flat, and made only of sticks laid minous corpse. Egypt was little else than together. But the pigeon turned her pretty a kind of temb. The pains, and prodigality,

"Now children, though the story of the in the whole history of the race." pigeon is only a fable, and not true, yet you may learn from it a useful lesson.

"Little boys and girls who are vain boast-

ers, are laughed at by others, and only de-ceive themselves." Like the silly pigeon

"Remember when you once learn to do anything well, you will not need to boast of

### LITTLE CHILDREN'S WORK.

We remember being much struck by a little story, showing that "a word fitly spoken,' or, to use the expressive Hebrew

One day a boy was tormenting a kitten, when his little sister said to him, with tearful eyes, "Oh! Philip, dont do it; it is God's kitten.

The word of the little one was not lost; it was set upon wheels. Philip left off tormenting the kitten, but many thoughts were awakened in his mind regarding the creatures he had before considered his own pro-

made it." It was a new idea.
The next day, on his way to school, he met one of his companions, who was beating un-

"God's kitten, God's creature; for He

one of his companions who was beating unmercifully, a poor, starved looking dog.
Philip ran up to him, and, almost unconsciously used his sister's words. He said.
"Don't, don't; it is God's creature."
The boy looked abashed, and explained
that the dog had stolen his breakfast!
"Never mind," said Philip, "I will give
you mine, which I have in my basket;"
said stiffing down together the little hov's and, sitting down together, the little boy's

anger was soon forgotten at the date and Again had a word been unconsciously set upon wheels. Two passers by heard Philip's words; one, a young man in prosperous business in the neighboring town, and the other a dirty and ragged being, who, in consequence of his intemperate habits, had that morning been dismissed by his employer, and was now going homesullen and despair-

ing.
"God's creature!" said the poor, forlorn one; and it was a new idea to him also. "If I, too, belong to God, he will take care

of me, though no one else will." Just then he came to a public house, where he had been in the habit of drowning his miseries, and then staggering home to inflict new ones on his wife and children. He stopped—the temptation was strong; but the new idea was stronger. "I am God's creature!" and he passed on.

His wife was astonished to see him sober, and still more when he burst into tears, declaring that he was a ruined man, but that he was determined to give up drinking, and to trust in God.

At that moment a knock was heard at the door, and the gentleman came in to whom we have before alluded. He, too, had been rebuked by the boy's words for the scorn

one of God's thankful, joyful "creatures."
It would be well for us all, old and young,

to remember that our words and actions, yea, our thoughts also, are set upon neverstopping wheels, rolling on and on into the pathway of eternity.

## THE MUMMY.

The Belgravia discourses at length upon the Egyptian practice of embalming the

was so vain and thoughtless that no one ed in the religious veneration and observance which they expended in these integu-She always warted a long lesson; she ments of flesh and bone, which we must all

The ancient Egyptian religiously reverenced the body as a sacred deposit which the soul of the departed had left behind: and welfare were indissolubly connected Miss Eaton was Anna's teacher. One day | with that of the spirititself, whose dishonor well as torment for the dead. The body, in kings and chieftains were worshiped in the

ow as well as can be."

"Yes, you may do it," said Miss Eaton; ence of Egypt, it has been said, seems to ut Anna could not point to a simple to a seems to but Anna could not point to a single name bave been spent in a struggle against the hat her teacher called.

"You are like a silly little pigeon I used to hear about 1" and the long ranges of tions, with their monotoneus uniformity of in countless crypts and vaults, like the rolls

'This veneration of the mummy, of death about in a very vain way, and turning her in an artificial, monotonous form, was a head from side to side, said, 'I know how perniciously bad education for a nation. "Then the blackbird showed his nest, monarch was measured by the size of the

head as before, and said 'I know how!' and expenditure of human life with which

deed so mechanically fossilized became life | Beecher. in Egypt that the innumerable inhabitants reading, given in the margin, "a word spoken upon wheels," even by the weakest and youngest, is precious as gold and silver. cendants, whose whole energies were expended in making preparations for sepulchral state when released from the ennui and monotony of daily life.

'For the whole land of ancient Egypt became but a kind of vestibule of the sehouses and palaces of the living were mere temporary objects compared with that eternal resting-place on which, according to the condition of each, all the skill-and art of Egypt were to be lavished.'

#### THE LAST DANCE.

During the occupancy of the City of Moscow by the French, army, a party of offi-cers and soldiers determined to have a mili-tary levee, and for this purpose chose the deserted palace of a nobleman. That night the city was set on fire. As the sur went down they began to assemble. The women

During the dance the fire rapidly approached them; they saw it coming, but felt no fear. At length the building next the one they occupied was on fire. Coming to the windows, they gazed upon the billows of fire which swept the city, and then returned to their amusements. Again and again they left their pleasures to watch the progress of the flames. At length the dance ceased, and the necessity of leaving the scene of merriment became apparent to all. They were enveloped in a flood of fire, and gazed on with deep and awful solemnity.

At last the fire, communicating to their own building, caused them to prepare for flight, when a brave young officer, named Carnot, waved his jeweled hand above his head, and exclaimed: "One dance more, and deffance to the flames." All caught the enthusiasm of the moment, and "One dance more, and defiance to the flames," burst from the lips of all. The dance commenced; louder and louder grew the sound of music, and faster and faster fell the pattering footteps of dancing men and women, when suddenly they heard a cry: "The fire has reached the magazine! Fly-fly for your life!" One moment they stood transfixed with terror; they did not know the maga-We need not detail the words of hope and zine was there, and ere they recovered from family prayer daily. One day he read, "Two omfort, the promise and performance of their stuppy the yault exploded: the build-men went up to the temple to bray." The their stupor the vault exploded; the ing was shattered to pieces, and the dancers were hurried into a fearful eternity.

Thus will it be in the final day. Men will of death, the grave, judgment, and eternity. They pause a moment in their search for forgetfulness as before. God's hand is laid on them in sickness, but no sooner are they restored than they forget it all, and hurry on. Death enters their homes, and the cry the Egyptian practice of embalming the dead, and of the effect upon Egypt's civilization which the practice and the religion of more, and defiance to the flames," and hurenough," "by and by," they speed on, stifling poor publican, he went down to his house a the voice, till often, ere days or months have saved and happy man. passed, the bolt bas sped, the sword bas descended, the Judge has come, and the soul is lost forever-lost! LOST!! LOST!! "Then haste, sinner, haste, there is mercy for thee, And wrath is preparing—flee, lingerer, flee!"

## TRUST IN GOD.

My father was, you know, a hunter of men, and a fisher of men. He used to hunt squirrels and catch trout. And he carried his venary and piscatory instincts into the pulpit—as he ought to have done.

When Dr. Cornelius, who was Secretary of the American Board, died, father had a he carried it only a few years, when he died. when father was preparing his sermon to preach over Dr. Wisner. The wheels drag-ged heavily. He was very much cast down. Though I was quite young he said to me. Henry, it is all done! I making breach on breach. There is so and of them.

In his own life he worked as though he thought that if he stood from under, a part who was worrying the court with a long of the heavens at least would come down. and dull argument that he ought to bring He used to stand with his shoulders straight it to a close, he angaty replied: "I will

"Yes," said Jane, "but I should not know took pity on her and built her a pigeon inviolable security, denote one of the most work in him clear to the bone and marrow. singular psychological conditions of humanity I think I love to work as well as he did; but I got from my mother what he did not 'Not only were all human beings em- from his. I have carried all my life long a balmed after death, from the monarch, who sense that the work was so vast that no was richly adorned and placed in his lordly man, I did not care who he was, could do resting place, to the slaves encased in dried more than a very little; that he who could palm-leaves, but all animals, domestic or raise us children from the stones to Abrawild, consecrated by the fetish worship of bam, could raise up men when he had a Egypt, were also subject to the process— mind to, and men of the right kind, and put cats and dogs, ichneumons, crocodiles, scarabei, and serpents. Egypt, as we have Lord was greater than the work, and that said, expended its existence in one inter- it was of no use for me to fret myself, and minable revolt against the tyranny of death, set myself up to be wiser than Providence; and undertook the defence, not only of all I was called upon to do was to work up humanity, but of the brute creation, both the measure of my wisdom and strength, in its useful and its noxious members, against and be willing to go wherever God sent me, the laws of corporeal dissolution; and in- and then I was to be content.—H. W.

#### ABBREVIATIONS.

A much respected lady of our city, in the orime of life, mother of an interesting famlly, recently lost her life from the fact that her physician, in a prescription sent to an apothecary, abbreviated a word, instead of writing it out, as he ought to have done, in pulchre—the people lived in order to die full. For a slight nervous disorder, he pre-and the chief care of men and women must scribed the use of assafætida, of which a have been to become decent mummies the stated number of pills were to be taken each morning. To designate the medicine, however, he was content to employ only the first two letters of the word, "as." and even these were not legibly written. The druggist supposing them to be "at.," instead of putting up assafed tida, sent the same quantity of airopia, a most deadly poison, from the effects of which, after having endured untold agony, the unfortunate woman

We have never ourselves been able to un-derstand the sense, or the philosophy, of so many abbreviated words, as some writers are addicted to and no little annoyance and loss of valuable time do we experience who followed the fortunes of the French army were decorated for the occasion. The gayest and noblest of the army were there, and matter reigned over the crowd.

During the dance the fire rapidly approached them. The dance the fire rapidly approached them. elev. M. E of the L M D and B W R R. These letters refer, of course, to some church dedication, which took place on some day, in some village, located in some county and state, on some rail-way. Another writes: "The un. of the Md. and Mel. Sys. is warmly appd, by all true frs. of the G. S." Another writes: "Con conv. purs. to adj. and el. a Pr. Sec, Tr. and res. to adj. to the 1st Wed prec the 1st Fr. in the m of No., y. '69." Now, to print an article in that way, would not be endured. Then, why not in all cases write out the words in full; and spare us the trouble of guessing at their meaning, or ascertaining it from other sources? Are pen, ink, and paper, so scarce that they must be thus economized? We will esteem it a favor, therefore, if correspondents will avoid this style of writing, as our best correspondents do, and adapt their manuscripts more to the character of the OBSERVER, as it lies printed before them. - Lutheran Observer.

"THAT'S ME!" A poor Hottentot, in Southern Africa, lived with a good Dutchman, who kept up poor savage, whose heart was already awakened, looked carnestly at the reader, and whispered, "Now I'll learn to pray." be as careless as these ill-fated revelors— The Dutchman read on: "Lord, I thank yea, there are thousands and tens of thou- thee that I am not as other men." "No, I sands as careless now. We speak to them of death, the grave, judgment, and eternity. Hottentot again. The Dutchman read: "I fast twice in the week, I give thithes of all pleasure, but soon dash into the world and that I possess.".. "I don't do that: I don't pray in that manner What shall I do?" said the distressed savage. The good man read on until he came to the publican who "would not lift so much as his eyes to heaven." "That's me," cried his hearer. "Stood far off," read the other. "That's where I am," said the Hottentot. "But which the practice and the tengon.

which it was typical wrought. We condense a portion of the paper:

The Egyptians have never been surpass
"The Egyptians ha them its songs, and with the cry, "time be merciful to me a sinner," until, like, the

## A TEACHER'S TACT.

A lawyer in Philadelphia, fifteen years ago, took a class of boys, who very suddenly became young men, and refused to attend the school. They formed themselves into a curb-stone, or lamp post class, and this good man saw that if they should pass finally beyond the restraints of the sanctuary, they would go fast to destruction. He did not go to them and say, "Boye" you are disturb-ing the congregation, you are a great nuisance!" and pass them sternly and piously by No; he said to them, "Young men, hard day. 'I cannot understand,' he said, would you not like to meet me this afterwhat the Lord means when His work noon, and spenda pleasant hour of so toneeds just such a man as Cornelius, and he gether?" "Yes," site "Where shall we takeshim away in the prime of life, at a time go?" They found a room up in the belfry when he is carrying on the work success- of the church. There they met him all fully, and there is nobody to take his place.' summer long. Often the writer has seen Yes there was. Dr. Wisner took it. But them, and joined them in their lusty choruses of praise, when the swift perspiration I very distinctly remember the morning would pursue its way down from their brows, in their earnest interest and effort in singing the songs of Zion. Only two of those more than a dozen boys turned out badly. The secret of that good teacher's success was in his understanding boy-nature, The greatness of the reign of a cannot see what the Lord means. He is and in his making himself one with them

Ir having been hinted to the barrister, head as before, and said 'I know now! and expenditure of numer in which within a mount of the speak as long as I please!" "You have spongeon found that she did not know at all; and she went without a nest until a man worthless remains might rest forever in stinct of work. "There was the sense of antagonist."