

The Family Circle.

THE CANARY'S STORY.

I have a little mistress. Her name is Kitty Blair; She always used to give me The very best of care. But now she has two dollies, She never thinks of me, And I'm just as much neglected As a little bird can be.

When I sing my very sweetest, As I always try to do, She covers up my cage, and says, "Oh, what a great ado! I'm sure I shall be defamed!" Then she starts and runs away, And I see no more of Kitty Through all the weary day.

My bath is always empty now, And I've very little seed; When I've had a lump of sugar 'T would be hard to tell, indeed. My cage is quite untidy, But Kitty heeds it not; And I call her, oh! how vainly— For, alas, I am forgot.

I love the golden sunlight, And I love the balmy air; And the children's merry voices, So blithe and free from care. I know the trees are blossoming, The flowers are all a-bloom; But oh! I cannot see them In this dull and darkened room.

My prison house is gilded, It is grand and gloomy too; Yet I might be happy, Kitty, If you were kind and true. Oh, put me in the window, As you did in days gone by, And let me feel the sweet spring air, And see the soft blue sky.

I've trilled my sweetest melodies; Alas! 'tis all in vain. I'll fold my head beneath my wing, And never more complain. My heart is broken, Kitty, But I'll forgive you, dear; I am sure you will be sorry And will shed for me a tear.

When Kitty heard this mournful strain, Her heart was full of grief; She left her dollies then in haste, And ran to his relief. She put fresh paper on the floor, And seed within the cup, And water in the tiny bath, Then took poor birdie up,—

And gently stroked his yellow wings, And whispered words so low; I think he must have understood, For this I surely know: He opened wide his bright, black eye, Then on his perch he flew, And poured such tide of melody As mortal never knew.

Independent.

A LITTLE HERO.

By GRACE GREENWOOD.

In the city of Hartford, Connecticut, lives the hero of the true history I am about to relate,—but no longer "little," as the perilous adventure, which made him for a time famous in his native town, happened several years ago.

Our hero was then a bright active boy of fourteen,—the son of a mechanic. In the severe winter of 18—, the father worked in a factory, about a mile and a half from his home, and every day the boy carried him his dinner, across a wide piece of meadow land.

One keen, frosty day, he found the snow on this meadow nearly two feet deep, and no traces of the little footpath remaining. Yet he ran on as fast as possible, plunging through drifts,—keeping himself warm by vigorous exercises and brave, cheerful thoughts.

When in the midst of the meadow, fully half a mile from any house, he suddenly felt himself going down, down, down! He had fallen into a well!

He sank down into the dark ice water, but rose immediately to the surface. There he grasped hold of a plank, which had fallen into the well as he went down. One end of this rested on the bottom of the well, the other rose about four feet above the surface of the water.

The poor lad shouted for help until he was hoarse, and almost speechless, but all in vain, as it was impossible for him to make himself heard from such a depth, and at such a distance from any house. So at last he concluded that if he was to be saved at all, he must save himself, and begin at once, as he was getting extremely cold in the water. So he went to work.

First, he drew himself up the plank, and braced himself against the top of it and the wall of the well, which was of brick, and quite smooth. Then he pulled off his coat, and taking out his pocket-knife, cut off his boots, that he might work to greater advantage. Then, with his feet against one side of the well, and his shoulder against the other, he worked his way up, by the most fearful exertion, about half the distance to the top. Here he was obliged to pause, take breath, and gather up his energies for the work yet before him. Far harder was it than all he had yet gone through, for the side of the well being from that point completely covered with ice, he must cut with his knife, grasping places for his fingers, slowly and carefully all the way up.

It was almost a hopeless attempt, but it was all that he could do. And here the little hero lifted up his heart to God, and prayed fervently for help, fearing he could never get out alone.

Doubtless the Lord heard his voice, calling from the depths, and pitied him. He wrought no miracle to save him, but breathed into his heart a yet larger measure of calmness and courage, strengthening him to work out his own deliverance. It is in this way

that God oftenest answers our prayers, when we call upon him in time of trouble. After this, the little hero cut his way upward, inch by inch. His wet stockings froze to the ice and kept his feet from slipping, but his shirt was quite worn from his shoulders ere he reached the top.

He did reach it at last,—crawled out into the snow, and lay down for a moment to rest, panting out his breath in little white clouds on the clear frosty air.

He had been two hours and a half in the well!

His clothes soon froze to his body, but he no longer suffered with the cold, as full of joy and thankfulness, he ran to the factory, where his good father was waiting and wondering.

TWO FACES.

I know a little girl who has two faces. When she is dress'd up in her white dress and blue sash, and has on her blue kid shoes, and around her neck a string of pearl beads, then she looks so sweet and good that you would wish to kiss her.

For she knows that company is going to call on her mother; and she expects that the ladies will say, "What a little darling!" or, "What lovely curls!" or, "What a sweet mouth!" and then kiss her little red lips, and perhaps give her some sugar plums.

And the ladies who praise her, think she is very lady-like, too. For she always says, "Yes, ma'am," and "No, ma'am," when she ought, and says, "Thank you," so sweetly, when anything is given her.

But when she is alone with her mother, then she is sometimes very naughty. If she cannot have what she would like, or cannot do just as she wishes then she will pout, and cry, and scream; and no one would ever think of kissing such homely lips.

And no one would think her to be the same little girl who behaved so prettily in company.

So, you see, this little girl has two faces. One she uses in company, and puts on with her best dress; the other she wears when she is alone with her mother.

I know another little girl who has only one face; and that is always as sweet as a peach, and never so sweet as when alone with mamma.

Which little girl do you like best? The one with two faces, or the other, who has but one? And which will you be like?—The Nursery.

THE DROVER'S STORY.

My name is Anthony Hunt. I am a drover, and I live miles and miles away upon the western prairie. There wasn't a home within sight when we moved there, my wife and I, and now we haven't many neighbors, though those we have are good ones.

One day, about ten years ago, I went away from home to sell some fifty head of cattle—fine creatures as ever I saw. I was to buy some groceries and dry goods before I came back, and above all, a doll, for our youngest Dolly. She had never had a store doll of her own, only the rag babies her mother had made her.

Dolly could talk of nothing else, and went down to the very gate to call after me to "buy a big one." Nobody but a parent could understand how full my mind was of that toy, and how, when the cattle were sold, the first thing I hurried off to buy Dolly's doll. I found a large one, with eyes that would open and shut when you pulled a wire, and had it wrapped in paper and tucked it under my arm while I had the parcels of calico and delaine and tea and sugar put up.

Then, late as it was, I started for home. It might have been more prudent to stay until morning, but I felt anxious to get back, and eager to hear Dolly prattle about her toy.

I was mounted on a steady-going old horse of mine, and pretty well loaded. Night set in before I was a mile away from town, and settled down dark as pitch while I was in the middle of the wildest bit of road I know of. I could have felt my way, though, I remember 't is so well, and it was almost nine when the storm that had been brewing broke, and pelted the rain in torrents, five miles or, may be, six, from home yet, too.

I rode as fast as I could, but all of a sudden I heard a little cry like a child's voice! I stopped short and listened—I heard it again. I called and it answered me. I couldn't see a thing; all was dark as pitch. I got down and felt about the grass—called again, and again was answered. Then I began to wonder. I'm not timid, but I was known to be a drover and to have money about me. It might be a trap to catch me unawares and rob and murder me.

I'm not superstitious—not very. But how could a real child be out on the prairie in such a night, and at such an hour? It might be more than human.

The bit of a coward that hides itself in most men showed itself to me then, and I was half inclined to run away, but once more I heard that cry, and said I: "If any man's child is hereabouts, Anthony Hunt is not the man to let it die."

I searched again. At last I bethought me of a hollow under the hill, and groping that way, sure enough, I found a little dripping thing that moaned and sobbed as I took it in my arms. I called my horse, and the beast came to me, and I mounted, and tucked the little soaked thing under my coat as well as I could, promising to take it home to mamma. It seemed tired to death, and pretty soon cried itself to sleep against my bosom.

It had slept there over an hour when I saw my own windows. There were bright lights in them, and I supposed my wife had

lit them for my sake, but when I had got into the door yard I saw something was the matter, and stood still with a dead fear at heart, five minutes before I could lift the latch. At last I did it, and saw my room full of neighbors, and my wife amidst them weeping.

When she saw me she hid her face. "Oh, don't tell him," she said, "it will kill him."

"What is it, neighbors?" I cried.

And one said, "Nothing now, I hope—what's that in your arms?" "A poor, lost child," said I. "I found it on the road. Take it, will you, I've turned faint," and I lifted up the sleeping thing and saw the face of my own child, my little Dolly.

It was my darling, and none other, that I had picked up on the drenched road.

My little child had wandered out to meet "daddy" and the doll, while her mother was at work, and whom they were lamenting as one dead. I thanked heaven on my knees before them all. It is not much of a story, neighbors, but I think of it often in the nights, and wonder how I could bear to live now if I had not stopped when I heard the cry for help—upon the road, the little baby's cry, hardly louder than a squirrel's chirp.

That's Dolly yonder with her mother in the meadow, a girl worth saving.—I think, (but then, I'm her father, and partial, may be)—the prettiest and sweetest thing this side of the Mississippi.—N. Y. Observer.

ORIENTAL CUSTOMS.

A knowledge of the customs and habits of Eastern nations sheds light and beauty on many passages of Scripture which otherwise are to us dark and unmeaning. The Psalmist wrote: "Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold." Ps. lxxviii. 13. A lady, travelling in Egypt, writes thus of the houses of the natives: "The roofs are usually in a great state of litter, and were it not that an occasional clearance is made, they would assuredly give way under the accumulation of rubbish. One thing seems never cleared away, however, and that is the heap of old broken pitchers, shreds, and pots that are piled up in some corner; and here there is a curious remark to be made. A little before sunset, numbers of pigeons suddenly emerge from behind the pitchers and other rubbish, where they have been sleeping in the heat of the day, or pecking about to find food. They dart upward, and career through the air in large circles, their outspread wings catching the bright glow of the sun's slanting rays, so that they really resemble shining 'yellow gold.' Then, as they wheel around and are seen against the light, they appear as if turned into molten silver, most of them being pure white, or else very light-colored. This may seem fanciful, but the effect of light in these regions can hardly be described to those who have not seen it. Evening after evening we watched the circling flight of the doves, and always observed the same appearance."

TAKE CARE OF THE BODY.

The best place for the summer for all the hard-working, thin-faced, and jaded New Yorkers is the country; and the best part of the country, in our judgment, is New England. Newport is a good place, and so is Nahant, and so is Long Branch, and so are many other places of fashionable resort. But if good health and not fashion, strength of bone and muscle and display, rest and sleep and not high life and riot, and a real change of air are wanted, we say to New Yorkers, go back from the sea-coast, give wide berth to all popular watering-places, and go into some quiet country town, with all your family. For once in your life take some thought for the body, for "the house you live in," and lay up for three months or more for repairs. Polly, Sally, and dear fifteen-year old Sam may raise some slight objections to such a course; for they would have little use there for silks and grenadines, kids and broadcloth. But never mind; give them for once a taste of such good things, and they will become reconciled to this sensible policy. If people who live in the country the year round need relaxation and rest (and they do), they should go to the sea-shore, or in the winter (the healthy season), to New York. This would be, for such, a pleasant and healthful change—just what they require. What is necessary for all occasionally, in city or country, is a change. Monotony may do for dumb beasts; but we don't believe that human beings, with living souls, can thrive, grow better, stronger, and richer without that change which will feed and properly satisfy the eye, the ear, the nose, the nerves, and every organ of the whole body. A human beast, it is true, may keep fat if stalled and fed in some solitary retreat; but his higher faculties will show their ribs and famish for nutriment. The more people mingle together from country and city, for proper relaxation from over-work, the more they know of each other's circumstances, burdens, trials, and wants, the wiser, better, and healthier too they will become. We therefore vote for railroads, steamboats, and stages, for holidays, celebrations, and jubilees, for singing-birds on living trees, and living flowers in real gardens, for fields and forests, fountains and parks, for city and for country, and especially for country friends—for all that is beautiful in Nature and all that is beautiful in art. We vote for an intimate acquaintanceship with the works of God in the country, as well as with the works of man in the city.

Every single faculty has rights which every other faculty is bound to respect; and respect must be given, or there will be a rebellion. We don't believe an eye rebellion or in ear rebellion, in taste rebellion or in mouth rebellion, in nose rebellion, or

in nerve rebellion, or in rebellion anywhere, except in Cuba and other bad places. The faculties, all of them, must be treated fairly. There must be no wicked partiality. God has made them all for use and not for the shelf, or for riot on a rainy day. Let them all, therefore, at proper seasons, be put to service, or they will raise the mischief, be dwarfed, and finally die. The whole body and mind, at times, must have relaxation. "All work and no play" will not do for the farmer or merchant, the lawyer or doctor, the editor or mechanic, the mother or daughter, the minister or saint. All play and no work will not do either for the millionaire or Miss Flora McFlimsey, for the retired banker or the fortunate speculator. There must, at times, be sweat on the brow, or riches will prove a canker or a millstone.

But we are just now talking to New Yorkers, most of whom are sensible on all matters except such as pertain to their bodily health. They don't believe in misusing horses or other dumb beasts. The meanest animal (except the turtle) must be humanely treated, or a certain humane official will be after them severely. Now will you, residents of the great city, for once think of yourselves, of your ailments, and infirmities, of your headaches and your rheumatism, of your gout and your leanness, of your liver and your lungs, and decide whether you would buy any beast whatever, for use of pleasure, with such a poor, rickety body as yours? If not, go immediately into the country and lay up for repairs, as I have done.—Independent.

THE PYRAMIDS.

The Astronomer-Royal of Scotland, J. Piazzi Smith, after months of the most assiduous measurements, repeated again and again and with the best instruments, by himself and his wife, and their assistants, alleges that the following facts are patent and demonstrable to-day to any scientific investigator:

1. That, the great Pyramid, which the traditions of eastern nations connect with Seth, is perfectly plain and devoid of all those carvings and ornaments with which the Egyptians delighted to decorate their tombs; that it is provided with a thorough system of ventilation, quite unnecessary on the common supposition that it was simply the tomb of a king; that the passages leading to the Great Chamber are lined with white stone, as if to lead to the discovery of its contents; that is, of a different construction from all other tombs, having the smallest door, forty-one by forty-seven inches, to the largest building in the world; and that these facts show that it was not built merely for a burial place, as Egyptologists allege.

2. That while the mass of the Pyramid is built with pretty good stone and excellent masonry, laid in horizontal courses, the entrance passage is laid with stone much harder and finer, cemented with finer cement, and with joints ground so truly, and fitted so closely along an axial line, that the point of a penknife cannot be inserted between them; and that this entrance passage has been laid, not horizontally, but at such a vertical angle and such an azimuth, as to point exactly to the star Arcturus, when it was at the lowest point of its daily circle around the Pole, in the year when that star's distance from the Pole amounted to only three degrees, forty-two minutes; that the Great Valley of the Pyramid rises again with an angle, and with its seven over-lappings points to the precise spot in the heavens in which the constellation of the Pleiades—called in the Bible the "pivot," and supposed by modern astronomers to be the centre of the revolution of our sun and the other stars of our firmament—stood at midnight of the autumnal equinox in the year B. C. 2170, the same year in which Arcturus was three degrees, forty-two minutes distant from the Pole; that neither of these stars has been in the same position since, nor will Arcturus again be in line with the Pyramid's passage until a cycle of over 25,000 years repeats itself; and that these Pyramid builders understood accurately the Precession of the Equinoxes—one of the most difficult problems of astronomy.

3. That the vertical height of the Great Pyramid is to the length of the four sides, as the radius to the circumference of the circle; and that the size has been so proportioned as to indicate the annual number of the earth's rotations on its axis, in terms of a certain unit of linear measures, whereof the precise round number of 10,000,000 measures the semi-axis of rotation; this unit of length was the sacred cubit of the Hebrews, different from the cubit of the Egyptians and all other nations, but identical upon division by the square of the Pyramid number five by five, with the inches of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, and to the present inch to within one-thousandth part. It is unnecessary to indicate to the scientific reader the significance of this discovery, or to contrast it with the attempt of the French academy to establish a metric system on an arc of the earth's circumference, erroneously measured.

4. That a certain hollow, empty, lidless stone in the centre chamber of the Great Pyramid, well adapted from its box-like shape to be a standard measure of capacity, measures precisely the contents of one laver, or four homers of the Hebrews, and also of one chaldar, or four quarters of the Anglo-Saxon, to such a nicety that the present quarters by which the British farmer sells his wheat in Mark Lane, and which have nothing corresponding to them in existing metrology, are accurate fourth-parts or quarters of the contents of the sacred offer in the Pyramid, and also of the Ark of the Covenant, which was precisely of the same size.—Princeton Review.

The meanest are mighty with God, the mightiest mean without him. Like the inn of Bethlehem given to lodge meaner guests, a heart full of pride has no chamber within, which Christ may be born in as the hope of glory.

BUDGET OF ANECDOTES.

—One day, upon removing some books at Sir William Jones's chambers, a large spider dropped upon the floor, upon which Sir William, with some warmth, called out to his friend Day, "Kill that spider, Day! kill that spider!" "No," said Day, coolly, "I will not kill that spider, Jones. I do not know that I have a right to kill that spider. Suppose, when you are going in your coach to Westminster Hall, a superior being, who may, perhaps, have as much power over you as you have over this insect, should say to his companion, 'Kill that lawyer! kill that lawyer!' how would you like that, Jones? And I am sure that to most people a lawyer is a more noxious animal than a spider."

—Rev. Dr. O., the genial and accomplished pastor of the Unitarian "Church of the Messiah," is now the "court preacher" on occasions. Scarcely a living man of letters is to be lauded, or a dead man's fame to be decorated, without Dr. O.'s having a hand in it. A witty wag has started a good story at his expense, and says that in a dream he saw Dr. O.—meet St. Paul in the celestial world! The polite Unitarian approached him in a very patronizing style, and said:—"Ah! this is the Apostle Paul, is it? Well, Paul, I'm right glad to meet you, I used to say a good word of you very often down in the church of the Messiah." A still better story is told in regard to the Unitarian Dr. F., who, meeting old Dr. Johnson, the Episcopalian, and the Rev. Dr. Storrs, on the ferry-boat, came up and laid his hand on the shoulders of each, "Here," said Dr. F., looking at Dr. Johnson, "is the Old Testament," and then looking at Dr. Storrs, "here is the New Testament." "Yes," replied father Johnson to the Unitarian, "and here comes the Apocrypha right in between them."—Dr. Cuyler in The Presbyterian.

—A preacher in a frontier settlement had been collecting money for some church object. There was still some \$20. wanting, and after vain efforts to make up the deficiency, he plainly intimated, as he locked the church door one day after service, that he intended to have that \$20 before any of them left the house. At the same time he set the example by tossing \$5 on the table. Another put down a dollar, another half a dollar, another a quarter of a dollar, and so on. The parson read out every now and then the state of the funds: "That's seven and a half, my friends." "That's nine and a quarter." Ten and six bits are all that are in the hat, friends, and Christian brethren. Slowly it mounted up. "Twelve and a half." "Fourteen." "Fifteen." "Sixteen and three bits," and so on until it stood at \$19.50. "It only wants fifty cents, friends, to make up the amount. Will nobody make it up?" "Everybody had subscribed, and not a cent more was forthcoming. Silence reigned, and how long it might have lasted it is difficult to say, had not a half dollar been passed through the open window, and a rough explanatory voice shouted: "Here, parson, there is your money; let out my gal! I'm about tired of waitin' for her!"

—A promising young shaver of five or six years was reading his lesson at school one day, in the deliberate manner for which urchins of that age are somewhat remarkable. As he proceeded with his task he came upon the passage, "Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from guile." Master Hopeful drawled out, "Keep thy tongue from evil—and thy lips from girls."

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

—It has been computed that were all the energy exerted during 24 hours by the heart in propelling the blood to be condensed into a single effort, it would have power enough to throw a ton of iron 120 feet into the air.

—The Norwegian portable kitchens might be profitably introduced into this country. They are used for boiling meats, and consist simply of a box lined with felt, into which the kettle of boiling water with the meat in it is introduced. The box is then closed, and being a most excellent non-conductor, the cooking will go on for hours with a fuel, as scarce any heat is lost. In a recent trial a pint of water put in boiling hot at eight in the morning was still warm at six in the evening. It is also an excellent refrigerator.

—The Pall Mall Gazette says a remarkable discovery of ancient human skeletons has been made in Dordogne, France, belonging to the mammoth period of the earliest quarternary, and of such interest that the French Government have sent Mr. Lartet, the distinguished palaeontologist, to make a report on the subject. He records that the bones of five skeletons have been discovered; and that they belong to some gigantic race, whose limbs both in size and form must have resembled those of the gorilla. But the simian origin of man must not be inferred from these analogies, as the skulls, only three of which are perfect, afford testimony fatal to this theory, having evidently contained very voluminous brains. The skulls are now in the hands of a committee of savants, who are preparing an exhaustive craniological report.

—The British Medical Journal says the ground on which stands Ismailia, an Egyptian town of six thousand inhabitants, was but a few years since a dry, sandy desert, on which rain was never known to fall. All is now transformed. The old dried-up basin of Lake Timsah has been again filled with water from the Nile by a fresh water canal. Trees, shrubs and plants of all descriptions grow rapidly wherever the soil is irrigated, and the artificial oasis widens fast. Accompanying this extraordinary transformation of the aspect of the place there has been a corresponding change in the climate. At the present time Ismailia, during eight months in the year, is probably the healthiest spot in Northern Egypt. The mean temperature from June to September is 95 degrees Fahrenheit; the four following months 74 degrees, and the four winter months 45 degrees. Until two years ago rain was unknown, but in twelve months ending in April last there were actually fourteen days on which rain fell, and lately there fell a tremendous shower of rain—a phenomenon which the oldest Arab had never previously witnessed. Rain ceases to fall on a country deprived of its forests, or only falls in violent storms. Here we see rain returning to the desert on restoring the trees.