

The Family Circle.

AFTER THE TRAGEDY.

As I bend o'er the burning coals to-night,
Flushed with the glow of the anthracite—
Crimson and blue, and green and gold—
Ah me! these visions that come and go,
Flash and sparkle,
And gleam and darken,
Are not the dreams that I used to know;
Are not the castles I built of old.

As I bend o'er the glowing coals to-night,
A solemn tragedy meets my sight,
Fall of terror, and fall of pain,
I hear the voices of human things;
Wails of sadness,
And shrieks of madness,
And the flapping of dark, invisible wings,
And the cries of women—who cry in vain.

Deep down I see the living tomb,
Where a hundred strong men met their doom;
Where Death stole on them in subtle shape,
And seized them cruelly, unawares;—
Out of the world
Into judgment hurried,
With never a possible chance for escape,
And scarcely a moment to say their prayers.

O, we who sit in the sweet fire-light,
Warmed by the glow of the anthracite,
In the name of humanity, let us give
One thought to the sombre heroes who go,
With tired faces,
To perilous places;
Where none of the sunshine of life they know,
And offer their lives that we may live.

Josephine Pollard, in Hours at Home.

CHRIST PRESENT TO THE CHILD.

Dear Saviour, ever at my side,
How loving Thou must be,
To leave Thy home in heaven to guard
A little child like me!
Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, tho' so near;
The sweetness of Thy soft low voice
I am too deaf to hear.

I cannot feel Thee touch my hand
With pressure light and mild,
To check me, as my mother did
When I was but a child;
But I have felt Thee in my thoughts,
Fighting with sin for me;
And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from Thee.

And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down
Morning and night to pray,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me Thou art there;
Yes,—when I pray, Thou prayest too,
Thy prayer is then for me;
And when I sleep, Thou, sleeping not,
Dost watch me lovingly.

Rev. Fredk. W. Faber.

ELLEN MOONEY'S STORY.

Miss Jenny Brown was a teacher in the House of Refuge, on Randall's Island, near New York city. Her room was in the southern corner of the great building, and from her window she could see the spires and domes of the great city, the steamers that go back and forth upon the Harlem and East rivers, the sloping shores of Ward's Island, with its hospitals, and the narrow channel between the two islands, full of rocks and shoals—little Hurl Gate Rapids, whose noisy waters were never still, except when the tide was high.

It was an autumn night, cold and windy, and a bright fire cast its cheerful pictures on the wall, and made doubly inviting the cosy room where the young teacher sat.

A slight sound caused her to open the door. A dark figure was crouching there, that was recognized in a moment, as she said:

"Why, Ellen, come in, it is too cold for you in the hall; I did not hear you rap."

"I did not rap; I thought you might not want me, so I just curled up by the door."

"O, yes, I don't mind you, Ellen, at almost any time," and so the poor child came in; a slight, frail girl of ten or possibly twelve years of age, with a fair face, large blue eyes, more serious in their expression, than even the mouth, that never smiled but in a kind of pitying, quivering of the lips, little like a heartsome, childish laugh.

She wore a dark calico dress, the uniform of the house, and strong stockings and shoes, much too large for the little feet. Her pretty hair was braided, but each stray hair took upon itself to protest against such a disposition of its golden treasure, by curling itself up close out of the way. She sat down in the corner, by the fire, and Miss Brown thought, as the light shadows played over her face, she had never seen a more interesting one. Suddenly she said:

"Ellen, tell me your story."

"Please tell me would Miss Brown like to hear it?"

"Why, yes, I would like to know what you ever did to be sent here; you do not seem to me to be a bad girl," said the young lady.

The child's voice was hardly more than a whisper, as she answered, "They said that I stole, but I didn't."

"They? Who?"

"The man and woman I lived with."

"Tell me all about it."

"Nobody believes me."

"Perhaps I shall."

"It was only across the river, there," she said, nodding her head in that direction, "and though I don't like to stay here very well, sometimes I am so afraid Miss Strong will come and take me away that I don't know what to do; but I'm not so afraid as I used to be at first, for I've been here two years, and I guess she won't come for me now."

"Did she treat you ill?"

"She used to beat me for everything, so I tried to run away; but she always found me and locked me up, and would give me nothing to eat for ever so long; and I was small then, and I got sick; then she tried to send me back to the Alms-House—there's where she found me first—but they wouldn't keep me, and so I staid awhile longer, until, one day, she asked me where was the candlestick that belonged in her room. I didn't know, but she wouldn't believe me, and took me away to the city, into court or something, and a man there asked me if I stole the candlestick, and I said no, for I didn't, and then he sent me here. O how I cried, for Miss Strong told me they'd kill me here; but they haven't; everybody's good to me, only they don't believe

"But had you no friends, Ellen?"

"I had a father and mother, and we used to live in Maine, and sometimes I try to find on the map just where we lived, but I can't remember, I was so small when I came away, only it was in a country place. You see, my father went away from home, out West or somewhere, and while he was gone, my mother took me to New York, and she fell sick, and they sent her away, to a hospital, I suppose, and me to the Alms House, and I shall never see my father or mother again, if they are alive—for they can't find me, and I can't find them—but I don't think I shall live long, any way, so I don't feel so bad about it."

"Poor child, it is a sad story," said Miss Brown.

"Please tell me do you believe it?" she said, anxiously.

"Yes, Ellen, I believe you have told me what you think is the truth; but there must be some mistake, somewhere."

Little more was said by either, for the bell rung for chapel, and with a kind "good night," teacher and pupil separated. But, not long after, the teacher took occasion to visit the Alms House, where most of the children are received, and found that five years before Ellen Mooney had been bound out to Mrs. Strong, of — street. She then went to this residence, but Mrs. Strong had moved away.

Remembering that the year referred to was one unusual for cholera, she visited those hospitals where most patients were received, and here, too, she was successful in learning that Mary Mooney was received and discharged.

Then she had not died; but it seemed unavailing to try to find her, and, perhaps, if found, Ellen might not be benefited. You see Miss Brown was accustomed to strange stories and strange scenes, and often had to deal with strange people in the House of Refuge. Every body sent there was suspected, and so she said nothing, only once or twice she asked Ellen if she couldn't remember the name of the place where they lived in Maine.

"No," she remembered only that they lived in a red house in the country, and it was somewhere in Maine.

One beautiful November day, a plain man and woman were shown into the school-room.

"These persons wish to see Ellen Mooney," said the officer, "let her be called."

The girls were all in the yard, nearly a hundred of them, scattered in groups, walking up and down in the pleasant sunshine. But Ellen Mooney when wanted, was found by herself, looking dreamily off over the water, and mingling no more with those about her than the first day she entered.

When called by the matron she came up.

"A man and woman are here, Ellen, to see you."

She gave a frightened look. "Not—not Miss Strong. Please tell me," and she caught the matron's dress.

"These people say they once had a little girl whose name was Ellen Mooney."

"O, please tell me where they are," and the words were almost a groan, as she followed the matron.

"Here, my child," as she opened the door where the visitors had been shown. The woman stood with her back toward the door, looking through the window. She turned—she gave but one look, and, seemingly, but one step, and, without a word, clasped the child in her arms.

"I closed the door," said the matron, "thinking that a sight too sacred for strangers to gaze upon." Not a sound broke the stillness but suppressed sobs.

"Half-an-hour after, I opened the door to say the time of the visit had expired, and Ellen was sitting on her father's knee, one arm around his neck, while the other was clasped in the mother's trembling hands; and now and then kissed by the lips that could not trust themselves with words. One braid of hair had fallen loose, and the golden strand rippled over the father's dusty, well-worn coat, as though it rejoiced in being free.

Ellen went with her father and mother, down the broad walk bordered with the still lingering autumn flowers, in the soft November sunshine, and was seen no more.—*The Little Corporal.*

THE USE OF TOBACCO.

"Mamma, what do good Christian people use tobacco for?" queried my little five year old boy, as he seated himself beside me for a good old-fashioned talk, such as we often have together.

Shall I confess it? I was completely non-plussed, and knew not what answer to return to the eager, expectant little one at my side. As I hesitated, he again pressed the question, and I was compelled to give the first answer which suggested itself to my mind, "Because they like it."

And, upon mature reflection, I am convinced that this is the true answer, and the true reason why tobacco is so extensively used, and that, too, by Christian people. The love of it causes its use, and is at the very root and foundation of the evil. Those addicted to it speak loudly in its praise, and endeavor to fill their mouths with arguments in support of its use. But how flimsy are they all!

Its advocates profess that tobacco, at times, affords a stimulus, which the system requires; at other times that its effect is soothing. Some profess to use it from medicinal motives—as a laxative; or those who reside in a damp, unhealthy atmosphere, as a neutralizer of malaria. Each victim enslaved by this vice has his own apology for the use of tobacco; but the love of it, or of its effects upon the system temporarily, is the true reason why he persists in its use.

Can it be possible, that men of intelligence and education can have their minds so warped, or that they can become so enslaved by this vice as to become blind to its real effects upon their system? Do not, such know that tobacco is one of the most powerful poisons we possess; and that when used by the novice it invariably occasions headache, sickness, and vomiting; while the continued use of it engenders dyspepsia, giddiness, disturbed action of the heart, nervous irritability, and frequently paralysis?

Says a distinguished surgeon of St. Thomas' Hospital: "I know of no single vice which does so much harm as smoking. It is a snare and delusion. It soothes the nervous system at the

time, to render it more irritable and feeble ultimately."

It is also an admitted medical fact, that individuals addicted to the use of tobacco are less likely to recover when prostrated by disease than those who abstain from it; inasmuch as the system is enfeebled by the use of it. In but few instances are tobacco chewers, or smokers, found to be men of strength, energy, or manly firmness. It is affirmed that the students of our colleges destroy their physical and moral powers by smoking tobacco, so as to unfit them to prosecute their studies; the average rank in their classes showing them to be greatly inferior in ability and attainments to the non smokers. This has been testified by careful examination both in our own institutions of learning and in the Polytechnic College in Paris. As an illustration of its deleterious use prize fighters and boat racers are prohibited tobacco.

Not, in view of all these facts, and thousands more which might be adduced, and which are, doubtless, familiar to men of intelligence; how is it that this practice, so filthy, so degrading, and so enervating to the system, should be persisted in, and that, too, as my little questioner suggested, by "good Christian people?"

Can they reconcile it to their consciences thus to undermine health, enfeeble the vital powers, at one time to unnaturally excite the system, at another to paralyze the mental forces, and thus destroy their influence for good in the community; and in the church in which they may be members?

And how many of the young are led by the example of such into the use of tobacco, and too often, into the use of liquor, to which the former is an incentive, by creating an unnatural thirst, and causing depression, to remove which the wine cup is resorted to. And then; do the "good Christian people" ever reflect upon the immense amount of money which they waste upon this filthy, poisonous weed? Enough to furnish means to evangelize the nation!

After my little one had heard the reply to his question, as given above, "Because they like it," he responded, "But don't they know that its naughty?"

I will leave this question for the "good Christian people" to answer for their own hearts and consciences, while, if any belonging to this class can afford a consistent and sound argument for the use of tobacco, the writer of this article will be glad to hear from them. A. M. C.

MRS. ALLISON'S COSMETIC.

A weary, troubled-looking lady presided over a nicely-prepared breakfast in a warm, sunny dining-room of a handsome dwelling.

"If mother was not looking so tired, we should say that we had been gainers by changing cooks," said Alfred.

"Yes, indeed," said father. "We haven't seen such feathery cakes as these for many a morning, nor such a nicely broiled steak."

The face brightened considerably as mother listened to the praises on all sides, but the old perplexity remained deep in the heart still.

"Four girls in as many months is really enough to try Job's patience. I really think that each succeeding one was worse than the one before her."

"They average pretty well," said Mr. Allison. "The last girl sent us everything turned to a crisp, and the one before had everything underdone."

"It is some comfort to think that no one girl concentrates all the bad points into one. I find untidiness to be the great speciality of this last one. If it were not for the amount of extra work I had to do this morning, I should not feel nearly so tired. Indeed, I have seriously considered the question of doing my own work for a while, and see how I make out. Only one matter troubles me—that is the washing and ironing; and I have not strength for that. If we could only put it out of the house, as is done in European countries, and have it all come back in nice order, the labor of housekeeping would be cut down one half. When my housekeeping was once reduced to my own system I should have little difficulty in preparing our meals and clearing them away. All the chamberwork Lina and I do now."

"I fear it would be too hard for you," remarked Mr. Allison.

"I hardly think it could wear on me worse than my present vexations. The physician has always ordered 'more exercise' for me."

"O, mother! I will help you all I can if we can only get on without a cross Margaret or Bridget in the kitchen," said little Caroline, who was just ten years old in May.

"And I, too," said Alfred. "I am tired enough of this despotism below stairs. I will get up and make the fires every morning."

"That would be a great help," said the mother. "And I know, if my boy undertakes it, he will carry it out."

"But the washing and ironing is the trouble," said mother.

"If you are seriously determined to undertake such an enterprise," said father, "I know of a poor woman who would rejoice to undertake the washing. She is the wife of that poor porter who broke his leg the other day. They live just back of my warehouse. She can't leave her baby to go out to wash, and would like very much to take it in. It would be a real charity to employ her."

The washing went to poor Nora, and mother and the children undertook the housekeeping. After a few days the wheels were all put into orderly motion, and the family machinery moved on with delightful regularity. Oh! the comfort there is in a well regulated home!

Now there was no anxiety about the week's washing and ironing. There seemed to be no great break in the week, as there used to be when it was done in the house. Instead of losing her health, mother's pale cheeks had won back their old-time roses. The doctor was never needed now, and the delicate little Lina was never before in such blooming health. Alfred was growing more

considerate and thoughtful about the house, and it was generally decided that the happiness stock of the household was more than doubled.

With children old enough to be useful, and no little one demanding constant care, such an experiment can often be tried with great profit. There are many delicate, pale-cheeked ladies who could win back their roses too, by discharging a servant and taking her place.

Abundant, healthful labor is the most beautiful of all cosmetics.—*Arthur's Home Magazine.*

RICH FOR A MOMENT.

The British ship Britannia was off the coast of Brazil, and had on board a large consignment of Spanish dollars. In the hope of saving some of them, a number of barrels were brought on deck, but the vessel went to pieces so fast that the only hope for life was in taking at once to the boats. The last boat was about to push off, when a young midshipman went back to see if any one was still on board. To his surprise there sat a man on deck with a hatchet in his hand, with which he had broken open several of the casks, the contents of which he was now heaping about him.

"What are you doing there?" shouted the youth. "Don't you know the ship is fast going to pieces?"

"The ship may go," said the man; "I have lived a poor wretch all my life, and I am determined to die rich."

His remonstrances were answered only by another flourish of the hatchet, and he was left to his fate.

We should count such a person a madman, but he has too many imitators. Men seem determined to die rich at all hazards. Least of all risks do they count the chance of losing the soul in the struggle at any moment at all. And yet the only riches we can hug to our bosom with joy, in our dying hour, are the riches of grace through Jesus Christ, which we must make ours before the dark hour comes. Oh! how rich many have died in their garrets and huts, while kings and princes have entered on the other life more destitute than beggars. Who would not rather choose to be rich for eternity, than rich for the fleeting moment in which the ship is sinking into the dark waters?—*S. S. Times.*

BUDGET OF ANECDOTES.

—But few ministers reach the experience of Bishop Whatcoat. The story goes that on one occasion some younger preachers were telling their trials in his presence. The sun of their talk was, that when they felt after preaching that their sermon had been a success, Satan tempted them to pride, and when they thought that they had failed, he tempted them to discouragement. They finished, and waited for the venerable Bishop to speak, but he was silent. They then questioned him particularly:

"Well, Bishop, have you these experiences, too?"

"No," said the Bishop, "No!"

"What," said they, "does Satan never tell you that you have preached well or ill?"

"Oh! yes," answered the Bishop, but "it gives me no trouble."

"What, then," said they, "is your reply to the tempter?"

"Why," said Bishop Whatcoat, "when he tells me I have preached well, I answer, 'Yes, pretty well, for a poor worm,' and when he charges that I have preached poorly, I answer: 'Yes, but there is little to be expected from a poor worm.'"

—A good story is told of a Quaker landlord at Atlantic City. An urchin, of five or six years, was seen by him drumming noisily upon a handsome walnut balustrade. The friend remonstrated without effect, and then quietly took him up bodily and carried him into the back-yard. In a moment the boy's angry mother made her appearance, and opened upon the landlord with a torrent of invective, concluding with, "I'll leave this house instantly." The Quaker immediately touched a bell, and said to the dark-skinned waiter who responded to the call, "Leonidas, go up to 42, and bring down this friend's baggage when she tells thee she is ready for thee. If she wants thee to get a carriage for her, or has any other commands until she is gone, thee will see them attended to." The lady suddenly began to cool down, apologized, and asked to be allowed to retain her room, but only received the reply, "My house shall never make any one a liar. My bookkeeper will settle with thee. Fare thee well." Soon afterwards her trunks were taken down stairs by the stout negro, to the music of her boy's voice, caused by her imparting to him unexpected alaric with a strip of shingle.

—Samuel A. King, an aeronaut, details an amusing adventure in the northern wilds of Maine, where he decided to alight. A woman who was returning from milking, suddenly dropped her pail, and ran to the house, frantically screaming, "Oh, it's a forerunner! I know it's a forerunner!" The people had never before heard of a balloon. The oldest man of them all, however, finally seemed to hit upon the right idea, and coming up to Mr. King in a jocular way, said, "Ah! yeer skeedaddlers!" Mr. King shook his head, when, pointing to the balloon, the old man asked, "How many more is there up thar? It didn't take so big a coach to bring so few of ye?" He was induced to change his mind at last, when "big coach" lay prone upon the ground.

—A little girl, who was put upon upon the witness stand in Justice Stephens' office, a few days ago, gave a very unexpected and good answer why the truth should be told. After taking the oath, the attorney for the party in whose interest she had been summoned, asked her if she knew the nature of the obligation she had just taken—what she was obliged to do? "Yes, sir," was the reply, "I must tell the truth." The attorney for the other side immediately asked, "Why must you tell the truth?" Answer: "Because if I don't, this case won't be won." The answer produced a sensation, and the girl was permitted to testify without further questioning.—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

—An exchange says that two clergymen, one of whom had succeeded another in a country parish, were overheard as they compared notes.

"Mr. — is still living?"

"Oh! yes; one of the best men in the parish; not very liberal, but a good man, and very rich."

"What does he do for your support?"

"Well, not much, but he pays his pew rent."

"Does he sell vinegar now?"

"Oh! yes; he has one of the largest orchards in the parish; and is so conscientious that his cider is all made into vinegar."

"Does he give you any of his vinegar?"

"Not he."

"So it was in my day. His vinegar was made to sell. When his daughter sickened and died, I went there almost every day, about five miles off. When she died, she had a great funeral, and I sat up most of the night to write a funeral sermon. I called the next day. Then a few days after I went, and thought I would carry my vinegar-jug, which just then happened to be empty. The jug was filled. I did not like to take it away without offering to pay, and so I said, as meekly as possible: 'What shall I pay you?' 'Well, said my good parishioner, 'I generally charge twenty-five cents a gallon, but seeing as how you have been so kind to me in trouble, etc., I won't charge you but twenty cents.' At this time I had eleven children and was living on a salary of six hundred dollars per annum."

—Some years ago, the paintings on the inside of the dome of St. Paul's London, wanted repair. It was contrived, in order to save trouble and expense, that a suspended scaffold should be made, supported by a ledge half a yard wide, and hanging by ropes running through holes in the dome. An experienced ship's carpenter undertook the job, and began it by stepping out of a small door at the foot of the dome, on the ledge in question, from which there was a clear fall of 200 feet to the pavement. He walked a few steps, and then found that the inward curve of the dome made him unable to stand upright, and caused him to lean over dangerously, with an altered and unsteady curve of gravity. Seized all at once with an overpowering sense of fear, he managed nevertheless to turn his face to the dome and to rest, being once more able to stand upright, till he had recovered his senses. Then to his horror, he found that he had forgotten on which side of him the door was, or how far off it was, and in trying to get to it by short, sidelong steps, took the wrong direction, and literally walked in search of it round the whole base of the dome, falling into the door at last utterly prostrated, and feeling, as he said, "ten years older." However, he made the scaffold afterwards, and used to tell the story of his fright, while walking about the ledge in the most unconcerned way.

—An intelligent young mother inquired some time since how she could best preserve her child's linen clean and sweet, when changed frequently during the day. I directed her never to dry it before the fire, but in the sun and open air, if the weather permitted. You thus not only avoid saturating the air of your rooms with the volatile and poisonous gases driven out of your linen, but the sun's rays have powers of cleansing and disaffecting which artificial heat has not, and will purify and preserve the linen. She followed my directions, but as is too often the practice, dried and aired it in the nursery window. Her fastidious husband remonstrated in vain against this unseemly exposure. Believing that if she saw her practice as others saw it, she would desist; he so directed their afternoon walk as to bring the nursery window in full view from a central part of the town. Stopping abruptly, he pointing to the offending linen flapping conspicuously in the breeze, and asked sarcastically:

"My dear, what is that displayed from our window?"

"Why," she proudly replied, "that is the Flag of our Union."

Conquered by this pungent retort, he saluted the flag with a swing of his hat, and pressing his wife's arm closer within his own, sang as they walked homeward:

"And long may it wave."

—A Silesian parer gives the following anecdote of Count Bismarck:—The peasants on the Count's estate had got into the bad habit of working on Sundays. The Count heard of it, and wrote to his bailiff, "There must be an end of it." The bailiff answered, "The people are not to blame. Six days, from morning to night, they have to work on the estate, and yet they have their own bit of land to look after, and so they have only Sunday left to do it in." But the Count will not listen to such excuses, and writes back: "From this time forward a new order is to be introduced. When my people have land, and their corn is ripe, they are to begin with their own first." The bailiff informs the peasants of the Count's demands, and adds, "But now no more work on Sundays." The result is that the peasants say to each other, "The master shall not lose a farthing by caring for us first, so let us work with a will," and they do it too. Never was the work done so well, and so rapidly, and the bailiff could write to the Count a few days afterwards, "That was a capital hit, and nobody has had more advantage from it than we. It was all finished in the twinkling of an eye."

—Many years ago, a then celebrated clergyman in Connecticut printed a pamphlet to explain the meaning of a Hebrew "point," and came very near making a disension, if not division, of his denomination, only, fortunately, a careful examination of the clergyman's copy of the Hebrew Bible showed that the doubtful and distracting "point" after all, was only a fly speck!

—Mark Twain thinks that the woman who marries Anna Dickinson will have a capable protector.

—When Fred Douglass was travelling on a Sound boat and compelled to take the "deck," his dignified appearance led a compassionate officer to think that his condition might be improved during the passage, if the bar of "color" could be avoided. So quietly watching his opportunity, he approached the oar, and inquired significantly: "Indian?" "No, nigger!" Frankly and sententiously responded Fred, and paid the penalty for his truthfulness by remaining a deck-passenger all night, walking to keep warm.