

The Family Circle.

NAUHAUGHT THE DEACON.

Nauhaught, the Indian deacon, who of old Dwell, poor but blameless, where his narrowing Cape Stretches its shrunk arm out to all the winds

He rose and went forth with the early day Far inland, where the waves of the waves Mellowed and mingled with the whispering leaves,

Even as he spoke, he heard at his bare feet A low, metallic clink, and looking down, He saw a dainty purse with diamonds of gold

So when the dream was true. The angel brought One broad piece only; should he take all these? Who would be wiser, in the blind, dumb woods?

Forever, dying never? If he kept This gold, so needed, would the dreadful God Torment him like a Mohawk's captive stuck

My daughter's handiwork. He looked, and lo! One stood before him in a coat of frieze, And the glazed face of a seafaring man,

So down the street that, like a river of sand, Ran, white in sunshine, to the Summer sea, He sought his home, singing and praising God;

POLLY SYLVESTER'S DREAM.

Little Polly Sylvester lay fast asleep on her cot bed in Mrs. Tarbox's garret. It was a cold, dreary place, where the rats scampered about, and the mice scuffled and squeaked in every corner;

But Mrs. Tarbox hadn't any heart, or if she had, and ever felt it throb in her breast, it had its ears boxed long ago, and was now hard and silent.

ready for his breakfast, 'nd I've had to lug this great feller all round, and Vi-ohly she wants her shoes tied 'nd her things hooked up."

"Tum along tick, 'fore me kick oo!" shouted Fish; and Polly, having huddled on her thin and ragged clothes, slipped into her shoes,—an old pair of Mrs. Tarbox's,—and scuttled down stairs as fast as she could.

"Hurry up your cakes, Silly Poll!" shouted one, "or I'll let the old bull out into the barn-yard 'nd set you to catchin' chickens there."

"Say, Mar! can't I go down to the pastur' lot, long of Polly," whined Violy.

It is time now to introduce our little girl. Her father had been a flourishing young carpenter in a Vermont village, that hid itself among vast and verdant hills like a nest in the crotches of a fir-tree.

One day, about a year after he left home, a couple of his mining mates, who had been down to San Francisco for stores, stepped into his tent, and after standing about uneasily for a moment, one of them spoke.

"Anybody there related to ye any ways?" "Nobody but my little girl."

Sam sat down on a box and put up his hands as if to wipe away some mist before his eyes. Baby was dead then; the little creature he had hoped would grow 'nto as sweet a woman as her dead mother, while she waited for him to come back and claim her.

as if it had been her own. It had found its place in her great tender heart, and though she was poor she would never give Polly up. The child was six years old when Mrs. Moore died suddenly, and sing a childless widow, with no property to leave behind her, Polly Sylvester was sent to the selectmen of the town, and by them bound out to Mrs. Tarbox.

"O Violy, I had such a splendid dream! Don't you know we had that picture-paper Miss Slater let us take one time, and it had about Christmas in it, and how children somewheres hanged up their stockings, and you said it was real splendid, 'nd you wish your folks had a Christmas; 'nd I said I guessed if my father and mother wa'n't dead I should have one, because Mother Moore always told me what clever folks they was?"

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One morning—it was the day before Christmas, but Polly did not know it, for no record of any holiday but Thanksgiving was ever kept in the Tarbox family—she was found in her garret so drowsy and stiff with cold that Mrs. Tarbox took alarm lest some day her bonnet girl might be unbound, and leave her for the house of that Father whom the poor child thought had forgotten her.

"Open that are door, Poll, pretty quick; don't stand gawpin' round as ef you was city folks!"

"My own baby?" was the deep, low answer; and Polly rested right in her father's arms, sobbing so herself she could not hear the answering throbs of his heart, though her poor tired head lay upon it.

"I guess there's two folks to settle that bargain. Fastly how do I know you be her father?" "Look at me!" said he, lifting his cap.

"Darling," said he, as he put her into the lady's arms, "I have brought you a new mother as sweet and good as your first one was."

"Ain't it the coffee was real warm?" "But I didn't have any coffee, because I didn't get up quick."

"Ain't it splendid?" I heard a little boy exclaim, as he took a huge bite from the brandy-peach his playmate had offered.

"So young," thought I, sadly; "cut down in the very spring-time of life." When the coffin was lowered, the mother, who had been strangely calm, suddenly sprang away from the arm on which she had been leaning, threw herself on her knees beside the grave, with her hands clasped and her tearless eyes gazing wildly downward into the dark receptacle.

"O my precious boy! Lost, lost forever! Sent to perdition by your mother's hand!" As this despairing cry burst from her lips she threw her arms upward, and, with a deep groan of mortal anguish, fell back death-like and inanimate.

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have so skillfully prepared, lurks a fiery fiend which may relentlessly and cruelly crush and blight the fairest, the noblest, and the dearest of all your cherished household treasures.—Advocate.

LOOK OUT FOR HIM.

For the great adversary who always aims at the open point in the harness. A shrewd writer says:

"Does not Satan attack us in our weakest point? How he suits his mode of temptation to the disposition of the victim! Are you vain? In how dazzling a lustre will he place the pleasures of this poor world before you! Are you ambitious? In what splendid honor will he make the great things of man appear! Are you discontented? In what exalted light will he place the advantages of others before your eyes? Are you jealous? In what strong contrasts will he place the kindness of the person you love toward another than you! Are you of an ill temper? How he will make you think everybody hates you, neglects you, despises you, or intends to slight you! Are you indolent? How wearisome will he make the slightest effort for another's good seem in your eyes! Are you too active? How useless will he make the quiet hour of prayer, and thought, and reading seem to you! He tempts us to what our nature is most inclined; he suits his allurements to our inclination. If we are of a quiet temper, he will not tempt us there; if we are only ambitious, he will take care to make us jealous; if we are too active, he will not tempt us to be idle. He knows us well; he drives our inclination to its far extreme."

INFLUENCE OF SUNLIGHT.

In his lecture on this subject, Dr. Griscom said: Sunlight, particularly in dwellings, has become absolutely necessary to health and comfort. The lecturer illustrated how carbonic acid gas is deleterious to human life, by exhaling into a bottle the air from his lungs, and then placing a light therein, which was immediately extinguished.

BUDGET OF ANECDOTES.

—Mr. Gray had not been long minister of the parish, before he noticed an odd habit of the grave-digger; and one day coming upon John smoothing and trimming the lonely bed of a child which had been buried a few days before, he asked why he was so particular in dressing and keeping the graves of infants. John paused for a moment at his work, and looked up, not at the minister, but at the sky, and said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"And on this account you tend and adorn them with so much care," remarked the minister who was greatly struck with the reply.

"Surely, sir," answered John, "I cannot make overbrow and fine the bed-covering of a little innocent sleeper that is waitin' there till it is God's time to waken it and cover it with a white robe, and wait it away to glory. When such grandeur is awaitin' it yonder, it's fit it should be decked out fine here. I think the Saviour will like to see white clover spread above it; dae ye no think sae, sir?"

"But why not cover larger graves also?" asked the minister, hardly able to suppress his emotions. "The dust of all His saints is precious in the Saviour's sight."

—The narrator, at that time surgeon of a Pennsylvania regiment, was seated in Washington's tent a day or two before the battle of Trenton. The general was engaged in writing, when suddenly tearing off a piece of the paper on which he had just scribbled something, he crumpled it in his hand, and rising from his seat threw it on the ground, and then paced the floor absorbed in thought. This act was repeated several times, and the doctor's curiosity being aroused, he put his foot on one of the pieces of paper which happened to fall at his feet, and as Washington walked away transferred it to his pocket. On reaching his own quarters he found the words written were, Victory or Death. This phrase was given out the next day to the troops as the countersign.—From the January number of Lippincott.