

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

WHO GIVETH SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

When, curdling thunders,
The hoars' number,
And sad care number
My weeping mind;
This thought shall cheer me,
That thou art near me,
Whose care to hear me,
Is still inclined;

My soul Thou keepst,
Who never sleepest,
Mid gloom the scenes,
There's light above,
Thy wings beseech me!
Thine arms enfold me,
The world has told me,
That God is love.

The subjoined stanza contains thoughts very beautiful, but by whom were they written?

We are the same things that our fathers have seen;
We drink the same streams and we feel the same sun;
But the same course our fathers have run.
The thoughts we are thinking on they would think;
From the depth we are shrinking they too would shrink;
To the life we are clinging they too would cling;
But it sped from the earth like a bird on the wing."

The following is a germ from a late poem by N. P. Willis:

A Rose.

We're but a lily, and by force of heat,
And eagerness for light, grew tall and fair,
I'm a true type of the first fiery soul,
That makes a lone honorable. They
Who take it by inheritance above,
Adding no brightness to it, are like stars
Seen in the ocean, that were never there,
But for the bright original in Heaven."

Advantages of Our National Position.

"O that they were wise!"

Never, since the birth of time, was there a people thrown into a condition of civil society so favorable for the exertion of a widespread and permanent moral influence as this. Our country itself, beautiful and magnificent beyond any in the globe, formed as the theatre for great names and great deeds, with a history short, indeed, but brilliant, which records the deeds of Marathon, of Thermopylae, of Salamis, and Platea—its inexhaustible resources—its untold wealth—the race, the genius, the language, the intelligence, and the enterprise of its inhabitants, are each singly the element of a vast moral power. But these are all combined in a government which is itself the concentration of public energy—every pulsation every action of which is the expression of the will of millions of freemen, through their own chosen agents—their energy concentrated and combined in expression. This is the power of republics like our own. When Russia, with her millions of serfs, speaks, it is her autocrat's voice alone we hear; and, beyond the brute force it yields, what do we heed? more than the voice of a man-like ourselves? When this nation speaks, it is the combined voice of millions of sovereigns, speaking through their chosen agents; and it goes forth as the voice of a great multitude; and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings; and no walls that tyranny can erect will prevent its reverberations striking on every ear, and waking up to new life and vigor, those energies which now lie crotched beneath oppression's iron arm, and rousing them to a death-struggle for liberty.

Oh! if the moral power of this great nation were sanctified by the grace of God, and under the controlling and benign influences of pure Christianity, what might it not achieve! Combining her resources and her energies, should she seek her glory not in the prowess of her arm, in the spoils of the vanquished, and the trophies of victory, but in her own national enlargement, but in fulfilling the blessings of a rational liberty, of civilization, of the arts and sciences, and above all, of Christianity; one elevating man, universal man, to a high state of moral and intellectual improvement; then would she stand pre-eminent among the nations of the earth. Her wall of defense, her towers and bulwarks, would be the world's gratitude. In means of joy, it would be borne to her on the winds of the ocean, from every continent and every isle. The sun of her glory would career with unclouded brightness in her firmament, and mantle in light the dark cloud that shall come charged with earth's final ruin. —*Rev. Dr. De Pauw.*

KNOWLEDGE.—Pleasure is a shadow; Wealth is vanity, and power a pageant; but Knowledge is certain in enjoyment—perennial in fun, unlimited in scope, and infinite in duration. In the performance of its sacred office, it fears no danger—spares no expense—omits no exertion. It rules the mountains, looks into the volcano, drives into the ocean, penetrates the earth, divides the light into the skies—encircles the globe—explains land and sea—convinces the silent—examines the minute—comprehends the great—ascends the sublime. No place too remote for its grasp—no heaven too exalted for its touch.

ENCOURAGE WORDS.—Carlyle in his last work says, "Beautiful is it to see and understand what no word, known or unknown, can do even on this earth: the work an unknown good man has done, is like a vein of water flowing hidden under the ground, and secretly making the ground green; it flows, it abounds itself with another vein and veinlet, and it will start fresh, a visible perennial well."

The conversation of Burke has been described as like the procession of a Roman triumph, exhibiting power and riches at every step, occasionally pausing the march, but glittering all over, with spoils of the whole ransacked world.

TURKISH PARADE.

A traveller who spent sometime in Turkey, relates a beautiful parable which was told him by a devisor, and which seems even more beautiful than Sterne's celebrated figure of the accusing spirit and the recurring angel. Every man, said he, has two angels, one on his right shoulder and one on his left. When he does any thing good, the angel on his right shoulder writes it down and seals it; because what is well done is done for ever. When he does evil, the angel upon even his left shoulder marks it down, but does not seal it. He waits until midnight. It is before that time the man bows down his head and exclaims "Cratons! Allah! I have sinned—forgive me!" the angel replies. But if not at midnight he seals it, and the angel upon the right shoulder weeps.

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