

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Translated from the German of Agnes Frons.
The Bell on Sunday Morning.

On the day it break awaie,
The sun have gone to bed;
The gloom is spreading fast;
It has cover our head;
And, last from the heights the merry bells ring,
The morn from Heaven to earth bring,
Up, up from your sleep break away!

The morning break who the chiming along,
Arouse the bird to its morning song;

"Think of the Lord—think of the Lord,

Who has given another day."

The mother wakes her little ones,

And tells him, "It is time to rise;

And rise to the Lord, who has begun

Another blessed day."

The bright has gone with its chilling fears,

And the warmth of the cheerful light appears;

And the bells ring merrily—

The bells with a plow heart to hear;

The tones which the chimes are wailing near—

"Praise ye the Lord—praise ye the Lord,

Who has tenderly guarded thee!"

The sick man toises lo and fro,

Trying to vain to pray;

The shrill bell tolls comes to share;

A sad and mournful sound;

"Who save for's friendless soul like me,

Who save for's sake in their misery;

Alas! there is no one to hear;

The shrill of the bell with their voice of love,

"Hot is the Lord—hot is the Lord,

Who creates all ever new!"

The rich man on his bed down,

In scarcely bound to hear;

The mery chimes play they fall;

Unheeded on the air;

Thou older—awake—each moment of thine,

It is talent best left by Master divine;

Be ready the bond to pay;

Then hark to the chiming as they're floating past;

They tell thy moments are flying fast;

"Think of the Lord—the think of the Lord,

And the eve of the judgment-day."

Oh, how I wished Sunday well,

To bring salom from above;

The shrill which each hour swells,

Of God, the Father's love!

Long may thy echoing chimes resound,

And over the beaten land rebound;

Till all in one harmony blend;

Then hark to the voices when the matin bell rings,

For a message of love from the Heavens they bring;

I think of the Lord—think of the Lord,

Who pities and loves to end!"

DANCING PARTIES.—"I do not like," said Mr. Weatherly, a gentleman of handsome property who had retired from business and was living in a gay society, and much luxurious enjoyment, but endeavoring, withal to stem the tide of fashion and dissipation, and to bring up his children in habits of sobriety and usefulness. "I do not like," said he to his gay and fashionable wife, as they sat over the yet rich winter fire at 12 o'clock at night, waiting for their two sons and three daughters to come home from a dancing party, "this staying out in the evenings so late, and the appearance of our children when they do come home. Here we have been obliged to have our family worship without them; and now, it will not be ten minutes before our house is a perfect bedlam, and our sons who came home from the dancing room sober, and needing rest to prepare them for the duties of the morrow, will come in almost maniacs, noisy, furious, disrespectful, overthrowing every thing in their way; and our daughters with conversation so flippant, so idle and vain, that it makes me almost ashamed to call them mine."

At this moment a loud laugh was heard in the street, with heavy oaths, and a tramping up the steps and bursting into the hall, which caused Mr. Weatherly to realize all he had anticipated. His sons rushed in, with flushed faces, and glaring eyes, and called for some wine to quench their thirst; and neither they nor their daughters seemed at all to regard the presence of their parents, but in loud and clamorous speech, all talking together, detailed the scenes and enjoyments, stories, and quarrels of the evening. It was too much for Mr. Weatherly. He took a light and went silently to his room. Mrs. Weatherly staid awhile and endeavored to catch something of the mirth and riot which she

once so much enjoyed till the clock striking one, drove her and the rest to seek some peaceful repose. Mr. W. found it difficult to sleep. "What, he would say, will it all come to?" Charles was, or appeared to be drunk, and William was losing all respect for his father; the girls will fall a sacrifice to those profligate, dissipated wretches who accompanied them to the door; but Mrs. W. did not think so. "You know, said she, they must have wine at dancing parties; why they would be the dullest things in the world without it. They would be moody and stupid as if measuring out tape to a stone spring to them; and the less wine would never get their tongues loose, and would not subdue without it. But a glass of wine refreshes and makes them lively, and jocund. Our children are no worse than others, and they will be sorry to-morrow that they came home so late last night."

Mr. W. slept bad, but dreamed much.—He fancied he saw one of his sons a gambler, and robbing the other, entreating father, and mother, and rushing to a premature grave.

Pray, said his daughter, the wife of one of his daughters, who was at breakfast. Mr. W. inquired what they were? "They have the headache and have not sleep." "And what was your entertainment last night?"

Mr. W. in confusion commenced telling tales of promiscuous dancing, and wine, and games of chance, and they all turned early but must attend two others.

If you have sons here," said Mr. W., "you must without wine, for I am pledged to them." "O foolish," said Miss Lucy. "How would that look?" why brother Charles said, "I am not a fool."

Charles then told his mother, and on coming out he walked around me, and the next morning going to the High School, "With the Chorus, and Mr. W."

and he left the table to give vent to his feelings. "The parties increased, and now the gradual progress of intermission, as could be attended, but dancing could not be done, said its advocates, the Bible says, there is a time to dance; dancing was for health; without it, there would be no enjoyment; those who oppose it were misanthropes and bigots." The dance prevailed, until this frightful dream of Mr. W. was real reality. It was seen that as the parties cannot be sustained without intermission, neither can the dance without intermission; and that they who would save their children from one, must at once do it from the other. —*Temperance Journal.*

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