Family Circle.

At Thy Right Hand.

ADEL MACDONALD.

On tuneful harp proclaimed,
Earth caught a truth sublime,
Wrapped in prophetic strains
That echo down through time,
When Israel's harper sang—
The glorious bard of yore—
"At thy right hand there are
Pleasures forever more."

Assurance sweet! though here
Billows may rise and swell,
My soul will look away,
And strive by faith to spell
What depth of meaning lies
Within that sacred song;
What pleasures are withheld
That shall be ours ere long.

And straining through the mists,
Upon my sight appears
The gleam of snowy robes—
A robe made white through tears;
The glitter of a crown
That fadeth not away;
The sweep of golden chords
Where angel fingers stray.

Forevermore? O yes!
The ever murmuring sea
Shall hush her waves at last,
And yield her mystery;
Mountains shall melt away
And earth give back her store,
But pleasures pure and sweet
Are ours—forevermore.

Then let the path be rough
And thorny as we climb;
Let Apollyon draw his sword—
It is but for a time.
How else, Lord, should we know
The fullness of that rest
Thou hast forevermore
For those thou lovest best?

One solemn, haunting thought—
Who shall the chosen be
Of all the countless throng
Around us that we see?
Dear Savior, let me feel
That even *I* may stand
Safe in thy fold at last,
Sheltered by thy right hand.

—*Sel.*

Mother's Way.

Oft within our little cottage,
As the shadows gently fall,
While the sunlight touches softly
One sweet face upon the wall
Do we gather close together,
And in hushed and tender tone,
Ask each other full forgiveness
For the wrong that each has done.
Should you wonder at this custom
At the ending of the day,
Eye and voice would quickly answer,
"It was once our mother's way."

If our home be bright and cheery,
If it hold a welcome true,
Opening wide its door of greeting
To the many—not the few;
If we share our father's bounty
With the needy, day by day,
'Tis because our hearts remember
This was ever mother's way.

Sometimes when our hearts grow weary
Or our task seems very long;
When our burdens look too heavy,
And we deem the right all wrong
Then we gain a new fresh courage,
As we rise to proudly say:
"Let us do our duty bravely,
This was once our mother's way."

Thus we keep her memory precious,
While we never cease to pray,
That at last when lengthening shadows
Mark the evening of life's day,
They may find us waiting calmly
To go home our dear mother's way.

—*Sel.*

Are You a Man?

One day a young man was teasing a little girl, when she, becoming tired of him, exclaimed quite impatiently:

"If I wore as big clothes as you do, I'd be a man."

Her mother overhearing the remark, called her away, and chided her for being so saucy, but soon the tears caused by the rebuke were brushed away, and the cause forgotten by the little girl.

A few years later the same girl, then a young lady, was returning home from school, and in making changes of the train was obliged to stop at a hotel over night. A rising and popular lawyer of the place chanced to see her name upon the register, and at once called upon her. As soon as he greeted her, he said:

"I called to thank you for what you have done for me."

She replied:

"You must be mistaken about my help, for although I do remember you as a clerk in my father's store, when I was a child, I can not recall one single favor I ever did you, or in fact that I had ever seen you since then."

He then referred to the impatient remark before quoted, and said that day he resolved to be a man, and from that time had honestly tried to make something of his life. He also said he had never been tempted to do a mean thing without hearing the warning, "I'd be a man."—*Ex.*

Watt and the Engine.

Watt was one of the most industrious of men; and the story of his life proves, what all experience confirms, that it is not the man of the greatest natural vigor and capacity who achieves the highest results, but he who employs his powers with the greatest industry and the most careful disciplined skill—the skill that comes by labor, application, and experience. Many men in his time knew far more than Watt, but none labored so assiduously as he did to turn all that he did know to useful practical purposes. He was, above all things, most persevering in the pursuit of facts. He cultivated carefully that habit of active attention on which all the higher working qualities of the mind mainly depend. Indeed, Mr. Edgeworth entertained the opinion that the difference of intellect in men depends more upon the early cultivation of this *habit* of *attention*, than upon any great disparity between the powers of one individual and another.

Even when a boy Watt found science in his toys. The quadrants lying about his father's carpenters's shop led him to the study of optics and astronomy; his ill-health induced him to pry into the secrets of physiology; and his solitary walks through the country attracted him to the study of botany and history While carrying on the business of a mathematical-instrument maker he received an order to build an organ; and, though without an ear for music, he undertook the study of harmonics, and successfully constructed the instrument. And, in like manner, when the little model of Newcomen's steam-engine, belonging to the University of Glasgow, was placed in his hands to repair, he forthwith set himself to learn all that was then known about heat, evaporation, and condensation—at the same time plodding his way in mechanics and the science of construction—the results of which he at length embodied in his condensing steam-engine.

For ten years he went on contriving and inventing—with little hope to cheer him, and with few friends to encourage him. He went on, meanwhile, earning bread for his family by making and selling quadrants, making and mending fiddles, flutes, and musical instruments; measuring mason-work, surveying roads, superintending the construction of canals, or doing anything that turned up and offered a prospect of honest gain. At length Watt found a fit partner in another eminent leader of industry—Matthew Boulton, of Birmingham; a skillful, energetic, and far-seeing man, who vigorously undertook the enterprise of introducing the condensing-engine into general use as a working power; and the success of both is now a matter of history.—*Self-Help.*

Some Interesting Facts.

Dates are generally dry reading; but there is sometimes a significance in the mere grouping of dates; and the reader will find such significance in an attentive consideration of the following events, all occuring he will observe, within the limits of a little over a century: Post offices were first established in 1464; printed musical notes were first used in 1473; watches were first constructed in 1476; America was discovered in 1492; the first printing press was set up at Copenhagen in 1493; Copernicus announced his discovery of the true system of the universe in 1517; Luther was summoned before the diet of Worms in 1521; Xavier, the first great missionary of modern Christianity, planted the cross in India in 1526; Albert Drurer gave the world a prophecy of future wood engraving in 1527; Jergens set the spinning wheel in motion in 1530, the germ of all the busy wheels and looms of ten thousand future factories. Henry VIII. of England finally and forever broke with the pope in 1532; Ignatius Loyolo founded the order of the Jesuits in 1535; Calvin founded the university of Geneva in 1537; modern needles first came into use in 1545; the first knives were used in England, and the first wheeled carriages in France in 1559; Torquato Tasso wrote in 1560; religious liberty was granted to the Huguenots in France in 1562, and was followed by the massacre of St. Bartholomew in 1572; Cervantes wrote Don Quixote in 1573; the first newspaper was published in England in 1588; telescopes were invented in 1590; Spencer, Shakespeare, Bacon, Kepler, Tycho Brabe were contemporaries in 1590—these are some of the more important headlands of European history within a single century.—*Evangelist.*

A Hint to Ladies who Shop.

Ladies, when you go to the stores to buy articles of use or beauty, have a little patience with the weary women who stand behind the counters. It makes my heart ache to see the utter fatigue too often expressed in their faces and forms. Remember that they are compelled to stand all day, and think of the strain thus put on their muscles and backs. Many a time when they show a little irritation—and usually they are ever polite—it is because the nerves, which they possess as well as yourselves, have been strung to the greatest possible tension, and they cannot help a slight protest.

The other day I was looking at veils in a Brooklin store. A respectibly dressed person came along and began to tumble the delicate tissues, unfolding them recklessly and disturbing their arrangement.

"Please don't do so, madam," said the shop-woman. "Ladies will not purchase the veils if they are rumpled."

Her manner was respectful and