

Family Circle.

The Children We Keep,

The children kept coming, one by one,
Till the boys were five and the girls
were three,
And the big brown house was alive with
fun
From the basement floor to the old
roof tree ;
Like garden flowers the little ones grew,
Nurtured and trained with the tender-
est care ;
Warmed by love's sunshine, bathed in
its dew,
They bloomed into beauty, like roses
rare.
But one of the boys grew weary one day,
And leaning his head on his mother's
breast,
He said "I am tired and can not play ;
Let me sit awhile on your knee and
rest."
She cradled him close in her fond em-
brace,
She hushed him to sleep with her
sweetest song,
And rapturous love still lightened his
face
When his spirit had joined the heav-
enly throng.
Then the eldest girl, with her thought-
ful eyes,
Who stood "where the brook and the
river meet,"
Stole softly away into Paradise
Ere "the river had reached her slender
feet.
While the father's eyes on the graves
are bent,
The mother looked upward beyond
the skies ;
"Our treasures," she whispered, "were
only lent,
Our darlings were angels in earth's
disguise."
The years flew by, and the children be-
gan
With longing to think of the world
outside ;
And as each, in his turn, became a man,
The boys proudly went from the
father's side.
The girls were women so gentle and fair,
That lovers were speedy to woo and
win ;
And, with orange blossoms in braided
hair,
The old home was left, new homes
begin
So, one by one, the children have gone—
The boys were five and the girls were
three ;
And the big brown house is gloomy and
lone,
With but two old folks for its com-
pany.
They talk to each other about the past,
As they sit together at eventide,
And say, "All the children we keep at
last
Are the boy and girl who in childhood
died."

—Rural Home.

Your prayer must spring from
honest desire, and such desire can
only come as the outgrowth of pure
love.

Why Should I Fear ?

Nobody has spoken more justly
on the subject of dress than Sidney
Smith, who was as wise as he was
witty. He laughed at the absurdity
which would tell a girl that
beauty is of no value and dress of
no consequence.

"Beauty," he said, "is of value.
A girl's whole prospects and happi-
ness in life may often depend upon
a new gown, or a becoming bonnet,
and if she has a grain of common
sense, she will find this out. The
great thing is to teach her their just
value, and that there must be some-
thing better than a pretty face un-
der the bonnet, if she would have
real and lasting happiness."

There is no surer expression of
character than dress. It gives evi-
dence which none can dispute, of
wisdom or folly, of refinement or
the want of it; and since it is an
indication of what we are, its edicts
have their place among the minor
morals. Taste and elegance are not
always signs of frivolity, or even of
an absorbing interest in the fashions.
We have in mind one girl, fair and
sweet of nature, and of far more
than ordinary intellectual power,
whose dress is elegant enough for a
royal drawing-room, and yet is so
simply worn as to seem to belong
to her, as petals belong to a flower,
and to express her character as
words express a thought.

One day, she sat with us in her
soft raiment, her dove-colored robe
falling around her slight figure, her
pale blue feathers framing her hair
and gentle face. Looking at her, it
seemed as if she must have found
some special sweetness in life, which
would make it especially hard to
leave it.

"Do you not dread to die?" we
asked; suddenly, giving words to
the thought which had possessed
us.

It was a smile of strange, half-
unearthly loveliness that crossed
the young face as she answered:

"No; I dread more lest I should
live too long, and wear out the body
that clothes my soul. I dread that
just as I should dislike to wear
these clothes till they were shabby,"
and she touched the dove-colored
draperies that fell about her.

"Then you have no fear of enter-
ing into the new, strange life?"

"What should I fear?" she an-
swered, "since here or there I must
be always in my Father's world;
for I love him and I believe that he
loves me."

The glory of hope so strong as to

be certainty, lit up her serene eyes,
and we saw that to her, indeed, was
the life more than the raiment;
and that a girl might blossom like
a flower, and be, as a flower, uncon-
scious of her beauty, and ready for
whatever wind from heaven might
sweep away the outward adorning
from the loving and waiting soul.—
Youth's Companion.

The Dying Daughter.

Dr. Elliott, who was well ac-
quainted with the celebrated Col-
onel Ethan Allen, visited him at the
time when his daughter was sick
and near to death. He was intro-
duced to the library, when the
colonel read to him some of his
writings, with much self-compla-
cency, and asked, "Is not that well
done?" While they were thus em-
ployed, a messenger entered and in-
formed Colonel Allen that his
daughter was dying, and desired to
speak with him. He immediately
went to her chamber, accompanied
by Dr. Elliott, who was desirous of
witnessing the interview. The wife
of Colonel Allen was a pious wom-
an, and had instructed her daughter
in the principles of Christianity.

As soon as her father appeared at
her bedside, she said to him, "I am
about to die; shall I believe in the
principles you have taught me, or
shall I believe in what mother has
taught me?" He became extreme-
ly agitated, his chin quivered, his
whole frame shook, and after wait-
ing a few moments he replied, "Be-
lieve what your mother has taught
you."

A death-bed is a fearful tester.
Men who while in health and
strength loudly boast of their skepti-
cal principles, and ridicule religion,
are generally the first, on approach
of death, or even sickness, to shud-
der with fear! Even of Hobbes, the
celebrated infidel, it is recorded that
he could not bear to be left alone,
and used to awaken in great terror
if his candle went out during the
night. He never could endure any
discourse about death! Infidelity
has no consolation for its unhappy
followers in the testing hour.—
Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine.

Fame.

Daniel Webster frequently told
the story of his coming home after
twenty years' absence, to the valley
where he had been born, but in
which none of his immediate family
were left. Webster was then in
Congress, already recognized by the

Nation as a power.

On the farm next to that which
his father had owned he saw an old
man at work, whom he knew at
once. Many a time he had snared
rabbits in old P—'s woods, or
been driven out of the apple orch-
ard. No doubt the grumpy old
fellow reckoned his acquaintance
with him as a feather in his cap
now.

He went up and spoke to him.

Mr. P— did not recognize him,
and Webster inquired about the old
inhabitants of the neighborhood, re-
ceiving short and surly replies.

"Who used to own that farm
twenty years ago?"

"Folks named Webster."

"Yes, I remember. Mr. Webster
had a family of boys, I believe?"

"Yes. There was a considerable
lot of 'em skirmishin' around."

"The oldest boy, now, what be-
came of him?"

"Oh, he settled down far in'.
Married rich. Man of property he
is. Quite respectable."

"And the second son?"

"He was the good lookin' one.
Beauty Bill, they called him. Well,
he turned out fair enough. Sharp
business man, they tell me, down in
York State."

"Do you know what became of
the others?" said the good-looking
Dan, in a more depressed voice.

"No, I don't. Gee, there! Not
much good, I guess," cracking his
whip over the oxen. Mr. Webster
strolled along beside him.

"There was one named Daniel?"
he ventured at last.

"Danell? Danell? Oh! I mind!
Dan was the most worthless of the
lot! No, I never heard tell of him,
but I should in—fer he went to the
dogs."

Mr. Webster always enjoyed this
story as keenly as any of his hear-
ers.

Zero.

Few of our readers, it may be,
are familiar with the origin, or
hardly with the definition, of the
term "zero," which is in constant
use upon the Fahrenheit thermom-
eter. Coming into our speech from
the Arabic through the Spanish, it
perpetuates its original force, which
is "nothing," or "empty." There
is a manifest solecism in the use of
the word *force* as thus applied,
though, in another sense, our read-
ers have need only to appeal to
their very recent experience to real-
ize that there is a decided fitness in
its practical significance. The in-