

## Family Circle.

## The Church Walking with the World.

The Church and the World walked far apart  
On the changing shores of time,  
The World was singing a giddy song,  
And the Church a hymn sublime.  
"Come, give me your hand," said the merry World,  
"And walk with me this way;"  
But the good Church hid her snowy hands  
And solemnly answered "Nay,  
I will not give you my hand at all,  
And I will not walk with you;  
Your way is the way that leads to death;  
Your words are all untrue."  
"Nay, walk with me but a little space,"  
Said the world with a kindly air;  
"The road I walk is a pleasant road,  
And the sun shines always there;  
Your path is thorny and rough and rude,  
But mine is broad and plain;  
My way is paved with flowers and dews,  
And yours with tears and pain;  
The sky to me is always blue,  
No want, no toil I know;  
The sky above you is always dark,  
Your lot is a lot of woe;  
There's room enough for you and me  
To travel side by side."  
Half shyly the Church approached the world  
And gave him her hand of snow;  
And the old World grasped it and walked along,  
Saying in accents low,  
"Your dress is too simple to please my taste;  
I will give you pearls to wear,  
Rich velvets and silks for your graceful form,  
And diamonds to deck your hair."  
The Church looked down at her plain white robes,  
And then at the dazzling World,  
And blushed as she saw his handsome lip  
With a smile contemptuous curled.  
"I will change my dress for a costlier one,"  
Said the Church, with a smile of grace;  
Then her pure, white garments drifted away,  
And the World gave in their place,  
Beautiful satins and shining silks,  
Roses and gems and costly pearls;  
While over her forehead her bright hair fell  
Crisped in a thousand curls.  
"Your house is too plain," said the proud old World,  
"I'll build you one like mine;  
Carpets of Brussels and curtains of lace,  
And furniture ever so fine."  
So he built her a costly and beautiful house;  
Most splendid it was to behold;  
Her sons and her beautiful daughters dwelt there  
Gleaming in purple and gold;  
Rich fairs and shows in the halls were held,  
And the World and his children were there.  
Laughter and music and feasts were heard  
In the place that was meant for prayer.

There were cushioned pews for the rich and the gay,  
To sit in their pomp and pride;  
But the poor, who were clad in shabby array,  
Sat meekly down outside.

"You give too much to the poor," said the World,  
"Far more than you ought to do;  
If they are in need of shelter and food,  
Why need it trouble you?"

Go take your money and buy rich robes,  
Buy horses and carriages fine,  
Buy pearls and jewels and dainty food;  
Buy the rarest and costliest wines;  
My children they dote on all these things,

And if you their love would win,  
You must do as they do, and walk in the ways  
That they are walking in."

Then the Church held fast the strings of her purse,  
And modestly lowered her head,  
And simpered, "Without doubt you are right, sir;  
Henceforth I will do as you've said."  
So the poor were turned from her door in scorn,

And she heard not the orphan's cry;  
But she drew her beautiful robes aside,  
As the widows went weeping by.  
Then the sons of the World and sons of the Church

Walked closely hand and hand,  
And only the Master, who knoweth all,  
Could tell the two apart.

Then the Church sat down at her ease and said

"I am rich and my goods increase;  
I have need of nothing, or ought to do,  
But to laugh and dance and feast."  
The sly World heard, and he laughed in his sleeve,

And mocking said, aside—  
"The Church is fallen, the beautiful Church,  
And her shame is her boast and pride."

The angel drew near to the mercy-seat,  
And whispered in sighs her name,  
Then the loud anthems of rapture were hushed,

And heads were covered with shame.  
And a voice was heard at last by the Church

From Him who sat on the Throne,  
"I know thy works, and how thou hast said,

'I am rich;' and hast not known  
That thou art naked, poor and blind,  
And wretched before My face;  
Therefore I from My presence, cast thee out,  
And blot thy name from its place."—  
*Selected.*

## An American Boy in Russia.

George M. Dallas, when American Minister at the Court of the Emperor Nicholas, was sitting in his office at the Legation in St. Petersburg one morning, when a young man, or rather a boy, presented himself, with the arms of his jacket out at his elbows, and remarked that he "would like to see the emperor."

"You would like to see the emperor?" inquiringly rejoined Mr. Dallas, adding the further interrogation, "What do you want to see the emperor for?"

"Oh, I have a little business with him, and I want to see him," replied the youth.

"Well," said the ambassador, "you can't see the emperor."

"Why not? Can't you introduce me?" earnestly inquired the boy.

"No, I could not introduce you," said the Minister, smilingly.

"Aren't you the American minister?" said the boy.

"Yes, I am the American Minister; but I should not dare to introduce you if I am."

"But I am an American," replied the boy. "And I have come all the way from Mount Vernon, the tomb of Washington, on business with the emperor, (for whom I have

a present,) and I must see him; and I call on you as the ambassador of my country to introduce me to his Imperial Majesty."

"The most that I can do, my lad, is to introduce you to one of his Ministers," said Mr. Dallas. "And, if he pleases, he may introduce you to the emperor."

"Very well," said the boy, "that will be one step gained. Just introduce me to the Minister of His Majesty, if you please."

At this point in the dialogue, the American Minister took the boy to one of the imperial cabinet, remarking to the dignitary as he approached him: "Here is a boy who says he has come all the way from Mount Vernon, in America, and that he has some message for the emperor, and demands an introduction. Can you gratify him?"

"I cannot introduce him without first consulting His Majesty," replied the autocrat's Minister. "If he is willing, I will introduce him."

After a brief lapse of time, the Minister returned from an interview with the emperor, to whom he had related in substance what had been previously said of the boy. The curiosity of Nicholas being excited as to the boy's errand, he was induced to command the ministerial functionary to "bring him along."

"He says he will see you," said the Minister, addressing himself to the Yankee lad. And immediately they set off for the palace, where the following interlocutory discourse took place between Nicholas and the ragged boy:—

"Well, my little fellow, I under-

stand you wish to see me. What is your business?"

"I came all the way from the tomb of Washington, at Mount Vernon, in America; and, understanding that you liked the character of Washington,"—

"I have great veneration for the character and memory of that illustrious personage," interrupted the emperor.

"Well," continued the youth, as he thrust his hand into his jacket pocket, "I brought this acorn from the tomb of Washington, thinking you might like to plant it in your grounds, and raise an oak to his memory. Will you accept it?"

"Certainly," replied the emperor. "And we will go out at once and plant it."

No sooner said than done. They proceeded to the palace grounds; and, having raised the soil with a spade, the emperor committed the acorn to the earth with his own hand. Thanking the youth for the simple but agreeable present, the emperor inquired, "Is there anything more that you wish of me, my lad?" The boy replied, "I should like to see Moscow amazingly."

"What do you want to see Moscow for?" interrogated His Majesty.

"Oh, I have long had a desire to see that city; and as you were pleased to inquire for my further wishes, and as I knew you could gratify my desire, I thought I would honestly tell you."

"Well, you shall see Moscow," said Nicholas. And, at once, a barouche with six horses was ordered, and the boy was toted off to the ancient Capital by His Majesty's imperial command.

"The last I saw of the youth," said Mr. Dallas, "he passed my office in St. Petersburg, in a coach with six horses; and, as he deigned to look at me, joyfully waved a white handkerchief, of which he had become the possessor, and triumphantly cried out to me: 'Hurray! I am going to Moscow! I am going to Moscow!'"—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

## "Just for Looks."

A little boy was playing around the table set for dinner, busily arranging several spoons which he had taken from the side-board. "What is that for?" inquired his mother. "Oh," said the little fellow in an apologetic tone, "just for looks."

There was an idea in the child's