

Family Circle.

Frost.

The pane is etched with wondrous tracery;
Curve interlaced with curve and line
with line,

Like subtle measures of sweet harmony
Transformed to shapes of beauty crystalline.

Slim, graceful vines and tendrils of
such sort

As never grew save in some fairy world
Wind up from roots of misted silver
wrought

Through tulip flowers and lilies half un-
furled.

Shag firs and hemlocks blend with
plumy palms,

Spiked cacti spring from feathery ferns
and weeds,

And sea-blooms such as rock in South-
ern calms

Mingle their foamy fronds with sedge
and reeds.

And there are flights of birds with iris
wings

That shed in mid-air many a brilliant
plume,

And scintillating shoals of swimming
things

That seem to float in clear green ocean
gloom.

And there are diamond-crueted dia-
dems,

And orbs of pearl and sceptres of pale
gold,

Stored up in crystal grottoes, lit with
gems

And paved with emeralds of price un-
told.

And marvellous architecture of no
name,

Facades and shafts of loveliest form
and hue,

Keen pinnacles and turrets tipped with
flame,

And fretted domes of purest sapphire
blue.

All these the Genii of the Frost last
night

Wrought through the still cold hours
by charm and rune;

And now like dreams dispelled before
the light,

They float away in vapor on the noon.

—CHAS. L. HILBETH, in *Harper's Magazine*.

"I'll Pay My Part."

The *Companion* says that a very pleasant incident occurred in one of our public schools not long since. It seems that the boys attending the school, most of whom are at the age of from seven to eight, had, in their play of bat and ball, broken one of the window panes in a neighboring house. No clue could be obtained to the boy who had broken it, as he would not confess his act, nor would any of his associates expose him.

The case troubled the teacher. The next day a gentleman called to

see the school, an acquaintance of the teacher, who knew how to talk to children. After telling him of the breaking of the glass and her inability to ascertain who of the boys had broken it, she asked him to make some remarks to the school, and to speak of the wrong boys were doing in not acknowledging the act.

The address to the school, therefore, was upon the conduct of boys in the streets and at their sports. He told them in simple words that honesty, truthfulness, and kindness should govern their conduct everywhere, even when they were alone and no one but themselves and God knew what they were doing. The scholars seemed interested and somewhat impressed by the remarks of the speaker.

A very short time after he had left school, a little boy rose in his seat and said:

"Miss Lane, I batted the ball that broke Mr. Dash's window. Another boy threw the ball, but I batted it, and it struck the window.

I am willing to pay for it."

There was almost death-like stillness in the room as the little fellow was speaking, and it continued for a full minute after he sat down.

"I don't think it would be right for Charley Drake to pay the whole for the glass," said another boy, rising in his seat. "All of us who played ball then should pay something, because we were all playing the same as he was. I'll pay my part."

"And I."

"And I."

A thrill of pleasure seemed to run through the whole school at this display of honesty and of right feeling by the boys. The money was brought the next day, and the lesson will not be forgotten either by teacher or pupils.—*Christian Intelligence*.

Modesty Rewarded.

During a time of famine in France, a rich man invited twenty of the poor children in the town to his house, and said to them: "In this basket is a loaf for each of you; take it; come back every day at this hour till God sends us better times."

The children, seizing the basket, wrangled and fought for the bread. Each wished to get the largest loaf, and at last went away without thanking their friend. Francesca alone, a poor but neatly dressed

girl, stood modestly apart, took the smallest loaf which was left in the basket, gracefully kissed the gentleman's hand, and went away to her home in a quiet and becoming manner. On the following day the children were equally ill behaved, and Francesca this time received a loaf that was scarcely half the size of the others. But when she got home, her sick mother cut the loaf, and there fell out of it a number of bright silver coins.

Francesca carried it back; but the benevolent gentleman declined to receive it. "No, no," said he; "it was no mistake. I had the money packed in the smallest loaf simply as a reward for you, my good child. Always continue thus contented, peaceable and unassuming. The person who prefers to remain contented with the smallest loaf, rather than quarrel for the larger one, will find throughout life blessings in this course of action still more valuable than that which was baked in your loaf of bread."—*The Morning Star*.

A Religious Newspaper.

Give up many things before you give up your religious newspaper. If any one that ought to take such a paper does not, I hope some one to whom the circumstance is known will volunteer the loan of this to him, directing his attention particularly to this article.

Who is he? A professor of religion, and not taking a religious newspaper? A member of the visible church, and voluntarily without the means of information as to what is going on in the church? A follower of Christ, praying daily, as taught by his Master, "Thy kingdom come," and yet not knowing nor caring to know, what progress that kingdom is making?

But I must not fail to ask if this person takes a secular newspaper. Oh, certainly he does. He must know what is going on in the world, and how else is he to know it? It is pretty clear then that he takes a deeper interest in the world than he does in the church; and this being the case, it is not difficult to say where his heart is. How can a professor of religion answer for discrimination in favor of the world? Or how defend himself against the charges it involves! He can not do it, and had better not try, but go or write immediately for some good religious newspaper; and be certain of paying for it; let him pay in advance. There is a satisfaction in

reading an interesting paper to reflect that it is paid for. But perhaps you take a paper and are in arrears for it. Now, suppose you were the publisher, and the publisher was one of your subscribers, and was in arrears to you, what would you think he ought to do in that case? I just ask the question. I don't care about the answer.—*Dr. Nevins*.

If You Please.

When the Duke of Wellington was sick, the last thing he took was a little tea. On his servant handing it to him in a saucer, and asking him if he would have it, the Duke replied "Yes, if you please." These were his last words. How much kindness and courtesy is expressed by them! He who had commanded the greatest armies in Europe, and had long used the throne of authority, did not despise or overlook the small courtesies of life. Ah, how many boys do! What a rude tone of command they often use to their little brothers and sisters, and sometimes to their mothers! This is ill-bred and unchristian, and shows a coarse nature and a hard heart. In all your home talk remember "If you please." Among your playmates don't forget "If you please." To all who wait upon you and serve you, believe that "If you please" will make you better served than all the cross or ordering words in the whole dictionary. Don't forget three little words—"If you please."

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, of which smiles and kindness and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart, and secure the comfort.—*Sir Humphrey Davy*.

Laziness is a bad disease, and like many other kinds, is often self-imposed. More particularly is laziness offensive in young and healthy. To learn to work, and work cheerfully, is the central lesson of life. Begin to learn it early—eschew laziness as the most disgusting of faults, and one that will surely end in hopeless misery; for, depend upon it, none can be so insensible through laziness as to be, in the end, incapable of suffering. Nature is, in the event of a non-payment of her demands, a stern and merciless creditor. Therefore, boys, off with your jackets and keep square your accounts with her.—*Exc.*