

Poetry

ADORATION OF THE DEITY.

The turf shall be my fragrant shrine,
My temple, Lord, that arch of thine;
My censers' breath, the mountain air,
And silent thoughts my only prayer.

My choir shall be the moonlit waves,
When homeward wandering to their caves,
Or when the stillness of the sea,
Even more than music, breathes of Thee.

I'll seek by day some glade unknown,
All light and silence, like thy throne!
And the pale stars shall beat thy throne,
The only eyes that watch my rite.

Thy heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining rock,
Where I shall read in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous name.

There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom, to stars that glow,
But in thy light, my soul can see,
Some feature of thy Deity.

There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in thy gloom, I trace Thy love,
And meekly wait, that moment when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again.

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Family Circle

It is always well to avoid saying anything that is improper, but is especially so before children; and here parents, as well as others, are often in fault. Children have as many ears as grown persons, and they are generally more attentive to what is said before them. What they hear they are very apt to repeat; and as they have no discretion and not sufficient knowledge of the world to disguise anything, it is generally found that "children and fools speak the truth." See that boy's eyes glisten while you are speaking of a neighbor in language that you would not have repeated. He does not fully understand what you mean, but he will remember every word; and it will be strange if he does not cause you to blush by the repetition.

A gentleman was in the habit of calling at a neighbor's house, and the lady had always expressed to him much pleasure in seeing him. One day, just after she had remarked to him her happiness from his visit, the little boy entered the room. The gentleman took him on his knee, and asked:—

"Are you not glad to see me, George?"

"No sir," replied the boy.

"Why not my little man?" he continued.

"Because mother don't want you to come," said George.

Here the mother looked daggers at her little son, and became crimson. But he saw nothing. "Indeed! how do you know that, George?"

"Because she said yesterday that she wished that old bore would not call again."

The gentleman's hat was soon in requisition, and he left with the impression, "Great is the truth; it will prevail."

A boy once asked a gentleman who it was that lived next door to him, and when he heard the name, inquired if he were not a fool.

"No, my little friend; he is not a fool, but a very sensible man. But why do you ask the question?"

"Because," replied the boy, "mother said the other day you were next door to a fool—and I wanted to know who lived next door to you."

"Mother sent me," said a little girl to a neighbor, "to ask you to take tea with her this evening."

"Did she say what time, my dear?"

"No, ma'am; she only said she would ask you, and then the thing would be off her mind; that's all she said."

From the Independent. The fact is, there seems to be no place in heaven above, or earth beneath, exactly safe and suitable, except the bed. While he is sleeping, our souls have rest—we know where he is and what he is about, and sleep is a gracious state; but then he wakes up bright and early, and begins fidgeting, pondering, hammering, singing, meditating, and asking questions; in short, overturning the peace of society generally for about thirteen hours out of every twenty-four.

Every body wants to know what to do with him—everybody is quite sure that he can't stay where they are. The cook can't have him in the kitchen, where he infests the pantry to get flour to make paste for his kite, or melt lead in the new saucepan. If he goes into the wood-shed, he is sure to pull the wood-pile down upon his head. If he went up to the garret, you think for a while that you have settled the problem, till you find that a boundless field for activity is at once opened, amid all the packages, boxes, bags, barrels, and cut-off rubbish there. Old letters, newspapers, trunks of miscellaneous contents, are all rummaged, and the very reign of chaos and old night is instituted. He sees endless capacities in all, and he is always hammering something or knocking something apart, sawing, or planing, drawing boxes and barrels in all directions to build cities or lay railroad tracks, till everybody's head aches quite down to the lower floor, and everybody declares that Charley must be kept out of the garret.

Then you send Charley to school, and he is fairly rid of him for a few hours at least; but he comes home noisier and more breezy than ever having learned of some twenty other Charleys every separate resource for keeping up a commotion that the superabundant vitality of such can originate. He confounds like Jim Smith—he has learned to smelt his lips like Joe Brown—and Will Briggs has shown him how to mew like a cat, and he enters the premises with a new war-hoop, learned from Tom Evans. He feels large and valiant; he has learned that he is a boy, and has a general impression that he is growing immensely strong and knowing, and despises more than ever the conventionalities of parlor life; in fact, he is more than ever an interruption in the way of decent folks who want to be quiet.

It is true that if entertaining persons will devote themselves exclusively to him, reading and telling stories, he may be kept quiet; but then this is discounting work, for he swallows a story as Rover does a piece of meat, and looks at you for another, without the slightest consideration, so that this resource is of short duration, and then the old question comes back. What is to be done with him?

But after all, Charley cannot be wholly shirked, for he is an institution—a solemn and awful fact; and on the answer to the question, what is to be done with him? depends a future.

Many a hard, morose, bitter man has come from a Charley turned off and neglected; many a parental heart-ache has come from a Charley left to roam the streets, that mamma and sister might play on the piano and write letters in peace. It is easy to get rid of him; there are fifty ways of doing that. He is a spirit that can be promptly led, but if let led aright will come back, by-and-by, a strong man armed, when you cannot send him off at pleasure.

Mamma and sisters had better pay a little tax to Charley now, than a terrible one by-and-by. There is something significant in the old English phrase, with which our Scriptures render us familiar, a MAN-CHILD—a MAN-CHILD. There you have the word that should make you think more than twice before you answer the question, "What shall we do with Charley?"

For to-day he is at your feet; to-day you can make him laugh, you can make him cry, you can persuade, coax, and then him at your pleasure; you can make his eyes fill and his bosom swell with recitals of good and noble deeds; in short, you can mold him as you will take the trouble.

But look ahead some years when that little, voice shall ring in deep bass tones; when that small foot shall have a man's weight and tramp; when a rough beard shall cover that little round chin, and all the willful strength of manhood fill out that little form. Then you would give worlds for the key to his heart, to be able to turn and guide him to your will; but if you lose that key now he is little, you may search for it carefully, with tears, some other day, and never find it.

Old house-keepers have a proverb, that one hour lost in the morning is never found all day. It has a significance in this case.

One thing is to be noticed about Charley, that, rude, and busy and noisy as he is, and irksome as carpet rags and parlor ways are to him, he is still a social little creature, and wants to be where the rest of the household are. A room ever so well adapted for play, cannot charm him at the hour when the family is in reunion; he hears the voices in the parlor, and the play room seems desolate. It may be warmed by a furnace and lighted with gas, but it is human warmth and light he shivers for; he yearns for the talk of the family, which he so imperfectly comprehends, and he longs to take his playthings down and play by you, and is incessantly promising that of the fifty improper things which he is liable to do in the parlor, he will not commit one if you will let him stay there.

This instinct of the little one is nature's warning plea—God's admonition. O, how many a mother who has neglected it because it was irksome to have the child about, has longed at twenty-five to keep her son by her side, and he would not. Shut out as a little Arab; constantly told that he is noisy, that he is awkward and meddlesome, and a plague in general, the boy has found at last his own company in the streets, in the highways and hedges, where he runs till the day come when the parents want their son, and the sisters, brother, and then they are scared at the face he brings back to them, as he comes all foul and smutty from the companionship to which they have dooned him. Depend upon it, if it is too much trouble to keep your boy in your society, there will be places found for him—warmed and lighted with no friendly fires, where he who finds some mischief still for idle hands to do, will care for him if you do not. You may put out a tree and it will grow while you sleep, but a son you cannot, you must take trouble for him, either a little now, or a great deal by-and-by.

Let him stay with you at least some portion of every day; bear his noise and his ignorant ways. Put aside your book or work to tell him a story, or show him a picture; devise still parlor plays for him, for he gains nothing by being allowed to spoil the comfort of the whole circle. A pencil, a sheet of paper, and a few patterns will sometimes keep him quiet by you for an hour while you are talking, or in a corner he may build a block house, annoying nobody. If he does now and then disturb you, and it costs you more thought and care to regulate him there, balance which is the greater evil—to be disturbed by him now, or when he is a man.

Of all you can give your Charley, if you are a good man or woman, your presence is the best and safest thing. God never meant him to do without you any more than chickens were meant to grow without being brooded.

Then let him have some place in your house where it shall be no sin to hammer, and pound, and make all the litter his heart desires, and his various schemes require. Even if you can ill afford the room, weigh well between that safe asylum and one which, if denied, he may make for himself in the street.

Of all the devices for Charley which we have, a few shelves which he may dignify with the name of cabinet, is one of the best. He picks up shells, and pebbles, and stones, all odds and ends—nothing comes amiss; and if you give him a pair of scissors and a little gum, there is no end of the jobs he will paste on, and the hours he may innocently spend sorting and arranging.

A bottle of liquid gum is an invaluable resource for various purposes, not must you mind though he varnish his nose and fingers and clothes, (which he will do of course,) if he does nothing worse. A cheap paint box, and some engravings to colour, is another; and if you will give him some real paint and putty to paint and putty his boats and cars, he is a made man.

All these things make trouble—to be sure they do—but Charley is to make trouble, that is the nature of the institution; you are only to choose between safe and wholesome trouble, and that comes at last like a whirlwind. God bless the little fellow, and send us all grace to know what to do with him.

THE FLOWERS AT DINNER.

I had been, upon the deck for, perhaps, half an hour, watching the city we had just left as it grew smaller in the distance, until I could see only the tall, slender spires, sending through the summer morning their sign of heaven: and I had at last turned from watching all these to the blue waters of the Sound, as they lay twinkling under the clear sky, while the prow of our steamer cut a white wound deep in their heart, as she swept proud and graceful on her way.

Suddenly a cry startled me from my reverie—the soft, pensive, cooing of a little child, and turning quickly, I saw it reaching out its fat, dimpled arms, to a string of tri-colored beads which flashed in the light, as its mother held them up before its eyes.

It was a pretty babe, probably some eight months old, with small ringlets of auburn hair and rosy, thick, dimpled cheeks, and blue eyes, and it was dressed very tastefully in its sky blue cloak, and white hat, around which was tastefully wound a white plume.

The mother was a young, short, pale, and quite pretty woman. She was dressed plainly, and I saw at once she had expended her taste and limited means upon her child's dress, rather than her own.

When I first saw her, she was playing with her child, using a thousand mother arts and devices to interest and amuse it; but as the babe's eyes became fastened on some glittering object at a distance, an anxious thoughtfulness came into the mother's face, and her mind seemed to wander far from the blue waters and the graceful steamer.

Somehow, I felt interested in the young mother and her child. Perhaps it was because there were but few passengers on board, and most of these were below in the saloon.

At last I approached her. "How happy your baby looks this morning, ma'am."

She smiled back, pleasantly. "Yes; he is taking his first journey to-day."

In a little while, the little woman and I had grown very well acquainted. "I had learned, too, something of her history; that she was the wife of a young mechanic, residing in the city we had left, to whom she had been married about two years, and that she was now on a visit of a week to her mother in New York, who was an invalid, and who had never seen the child.

"Grandma will be very proud of my boy," said the young mother; and O, what a glance of proud tenderness she bent on the fair young face that had nestled against her breast!

But a few moments later, the old thoughtful, half-troubled look stole into her eyes again. Probably she read in my face the interest I did not express, for, looking up to me she exclaimed:—

"I don't know how my husband will stand it, sitting down all alone to his dinner to-day—Poor fellow, he never did such a thing in his life before."

"Yes, he'll miss you and baby, no doubt," I answered, sympathetically.

But here the pale face flushed into sudden gladness. "He'll see the flowers, anyhow!"

"What flowers?"

Why, the bouquet I made him, just before we started. I set it close by his plate, too, for I knew 't would comfort him so. There were two white roses—they opened yesterday after the shower—and some sweet Williams, and variegated pinks, and double daisies—the whole looked so pretty; and I placed them in my blue china vase; and he'll be so surprised and pleased, when he comes home to dinner, and finds 'em close by his plate, and he'll know who put 'em there, won't he baby?"

There were tears in the little woman's eyes. I think there were in my own, too, as I looked on her with a new reverence, and thought how her husband was a rich man. No matter if he did earn his daily bread by the sweat of his brow, no wealth would buy that little wife of his, with her true, faithful, loving heart; and though he had neither lands, nor gold, nor any other possession, was he not rich with her?

And then, I thought, as I went down stairs to rejoin the friends I had left too long, how many women there were on earth who would never think of placing a bouquet of flowers to cheer their husband's lonely dinner-hour—wives whose homes might be adorned with every grace, and filled with every luxury, and who yet found in fashion, and display, and frivolity, their only life! and who cared not, in their mad pursuit for these baubles, whether their homes were made bright and holy with sweet affections and gentle cares. Miserable husbands wedded unto miserable women.

The poor toiling mechanic, with his little wife, had found a treasure that lies not in your lane, your gold, nor your costly houses.—*Arthur's Magazine.*

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