

## Family Circle.

## "Now I Lay Me."

Bed time for the twittering birdies,  
Mother Wren has hushed to rest;  
Bed time for my little birdie,  
Nestled closely to my breast.  
Now beside me lowly kneeling,  
Hear the lisping tongue repeat—  
Dear old prayer of tender memory—  
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

With what trusting grace and tender,  
Rosy lips petition make:  
"Pray the Lord to take my spirit,  
If I die before I wake"  
And no thought of dread comes o'er me,  
As I kiss her sweet "good night."  
We're so careless of our darlings  
Till we lay them out of sight!

Once again 'tis birdie's bed-time;  
Little neighbors in the tree  
Hush their baby bird to slumber,  
With no thought of lonely me.  
Ah! my mother's arms are empty,  
Draped in sadness all the room,  
And no whispered "Now I lay me"  
Breaks upon the twilight gloom.

Smooth and white the little pillow,  
Undisturbed the pretty bed,  
On the table lie her playthings,  
Mute reminder of my dead.  
For no more my little treasure  
My sad mother's heart may keep;  
In the heavenly Father's bosom  
I have laid her down to sleep.

Down to rest! Ah, yearning mother,  
Murmuring and sick at heart,  
Full of joy shall be the waking,  
Where no sorrow finds a part.  
There we'll find our garnered treasures,  
From all pain and earth cares free,  
Where no good-by shall pain us  
Through a long eternity.

## Conquered By Kindness.

"Who has done this?"

This exclamation came from Rob Brown, as he held up a large kite with two holes cut in it and one of the sticks broken.

Rob Brown had received this kite as a present from his cousin, and he was to fly it for the first time that day. He had taken a run down to the "storehouse"—a low wooden house where the boys of the village kept their playthings, such as skates, sleds, wagons, velocipedes, miniature yachts, kites, and a great many other things too numerous to mention—to fix a tail, which he had prepared the night before, to his kite when he found it in this condition.

"Who has done it?" he again asked himself, as he hung it up on a nail; "I would make him repent it if I knew who it was."

He was about leaving the house when his attention was attracted by seeing something glittering on the floor, and picking it up he at once recognized it to be a knife which he knew belonged to Joe Kellar. This explained all. Joe Kellar had always had a grudge against Rob, and they were never on good terms with each other; Joe had done this in spite.

"I'll have my revenge!" he cried, as he left the house and locked the door after him; "I know it was Joe Kellar who did it and I'll make him suffer for it. Ah! I know how I'll do it. He always brings water from the well in the afternoon about four o'clock, and I'll hide behind the corner of one of the houses, and when he comes along I'll pounce out on him and knock him down with the pails of water on top of him."

About four o'clock the same day, Rob might have been seen waiting at the corner of one of the streets of the village which he knew Joe would pass. He had not long to wait, for he soon saw some one coming along the street with a pail of water in each hand, which he knew was Joe. He hid himself behind the corner of the house as soon as he saw him, and awaited his approach.

At last he heard his footsteps; nearer and nearer they came until they reached the corner. Rob made one spring, caught him around the waist, and struck—no, he did not strike, he was too much astonished for that, for instead of having caught Joe around the waist, as he thought, he found himself in the arms of Mr. Smith, his Sunday school teacher, while Joe was nowhere to be seen.

"Why, Rob, what do you mean by this rude conduct? What is the meaning of your thus jumping out on a person?" asked Mr. Smith.

Rob was too much surprised to speak, far less to answer the questions put to him; but recovering at last from his astonishment, he concluded to tell Mr. Smith all. So he related the whole story about the kite and how he was about taking his revenge.

"Why, Rob, is this the way I have taught you to treat your enemies? I will tell you how to get a far better revenge than the one you were about to take. I

saw Joe just now going down the next street, loaded down with two pails of water; now you go and take one of the pails and help him home with it."

Rob did not half care about doing this, but seeing Mr. Smith looking him straight in the face he at last concluded to do as he told him, so he started after Joe. He soon came up with him and saluted him with: "Halloo, Joe, you've got a pretty heavy load; give me one of the pails and I'll help you home."

"Yes, they are pretty heavy," Joe replied, as he let Rob take one of the pails.

This was all that was said between the two, excepting the simple "Thank you" that Rob received as they parted.

Next day, when Rob had occasion to go down to the "storehouse," he was surprised to find his kite all repaired and as good as it was when he received it from his cousin, the two holes pasted up, and the broken stick replaced by a new one, and pinned to it was a note which read as follows:

"Rob—I am very sorry for what I did, but I have repaired it as good as I can, and I think it is as good as it was before I cut it. I hope you will forgive me, and hereafter let us be friends. \*JOE."

Rob folded up the note and started for home, but he had not proceeded far before he met Mr. Smith, who asked him:

"Well, Rob, how did your revenge work?"

Rob said nothing, but handed him the note, after reading which Mr. Smith said: "I thought so. You see by treating him kindly, you not only got your kite repaired, but also gained his friendship, where, if you had taken the revenge you were about to take at first, you would not only have gotten into a fight and gained nothing, but would also have made a bitter enemy."

## The Campbells.

The history of the Campbells in Scotland is both curious and interesting. The old Scotch guidwife, who, upon finding in the book of Job the story of his three thousand camels, exclaimed, "Then the camels must be an auld clan," was not quite right, for in fact the Campbells by that name are indeed among the most recent of the great clans of North Britain. The story runs somewhat after this fashion: Among the adventurers who followed the Norman conqueror into England was Gillespie la Canille, who afterwards engaged in the service of the king of Scotland, and in that service he also, with the good fortune that is characteristic of his adopted countrymen,

"Won the Lady of the North,  
The daughter of Macallum More."

a chieftain than whom there was no greater in all Scotland, and the leader of a clan second to no other in prowess and renown. And to the honors of that formidable chieftain, "the adventurous Norman," his son-in-law, succeeded. From him the clan received the name of Campbell, by which it has since been known. Our readers must go to their books of history to learn the details of the process by which the leaders of the Campbells, who still cherish the name of Macallum More, became dukes of Argyle, with the wild and extensive regions of Dumbartonshire and Lorne, and the Western Islands for their territories.

During the times of the civil wars the Campbells were found co-operating with the Parliamentary party, and in the reign of the second James the head of the clan became compromised in the attempt to make Monmouth king. Archibald Campbell, ninth duke of Argyle, whose father had been put to death after the restoration, himself a rigid Presbyterian and Covenanter, with great difficulty compelled himself to accept the new order of things; and when the standard of the Pretender was raised in the Highlands he threw himself unreservedly into the conflict. The failure of that ill-conceived and unfortunate enterprise, and his capture and execution, followed in quick succession, and it was in connection with the tragedy of his death that the name of Argyle received its highest renown. The prospect of death caused him no alarm. He asked no clemency of the government for himself, but spent most of the few days allowed him between his condemnation and his execution in efforts in behalf of his clansmen.

The day on which he was to die he dined at the usual time, conversing freely and cheerfully with those about him; and, as was his custom, after dinner, he lay down for a brief slumber. A privy councillor came to bring him a message, and demanded to be admitted to his chamber, where he was astonished to find the great man sleeping in his iron, as quietly as an infant in its cradle. This event, "The

Last Sleep of Argyle," has not only become historical, but also legendary, and the artists, statuaries, painters, and poets, have found in it an appropriate subject for their several arts, and the world, with one accord, does honor to his name and memory.

The present duke is not only the worthy representative of the ancient and renowned stock of Mac Allum More (the great Mac Allan), who was the friend and supporter of Bruce; but he is himself at once the head of the British aristocracy, and also a man of remarkable personal qualities. He is the recognized leader of the Liberal party in the House of Lords; the friend of Gladstone and Bright, and, of course, the opponent of Beaconsfield, whom, though his peer, he cannot fail to look upon as the *parvenu*, who has won his place simply by the arts of the adventurer. True to his inherited religious instincts and to the traditions of his family, he is a Presbyterian; we have heard it said, but cannot vouch for its truth, that he is a ruling elder.—*National Repository for August.*

## A Penny, and a Prayer, too.

"Was that your penny on the table, Susie?" asked grandma, as the children came in from Sunday School. "I saw it on the table after you went, and I was afraid you had forgotten it."

"Oh, no, grandma; mine went into the contribution box all safely."

"Did you drop anything in with it?" inquired grandma.

"Why, no, ma'am," said Susie, looking surprised. "I hadn't anything to put in. You know I earn my penny every week by getting up early and going for the milk."

"Yes, I remember, dear. Do you know just what becomes of your penny?"

"No, ma'am."

"Do you care?"

"Oh, indeed I do, a great deal. I want to do good somewhere."

"Well, then; every Sunday when you drop your penny in, why don't you drop a prayer in, too, that your penny may be blessed in its work and do good service for God! Don't you think, if every penny carried a prayer with it, the money the school sends away would do wonderful work? Just think of the prayers that would go out, some across the great ocean, some away off among the Indians!"

"I never thought of that, grandma. The prayer would do as much good as the penny if it was a real true prayer, wouldn't it? I'm going to remember, and not let my penny go alone again."—*Child's Paper.*

## Short Prayers.

I laid my baby in her bed last night—she is only a year and a half old—and this was her prayer. Looking up into the blue sky through the window she waved her little hand, and when I said, "Now I lay me," she added, "Down-ey-seep. Amen. Dood night!" That was all.

It was a very little prayer to be heard way up in heaven, but I do believe Jesus listened and was pleased to hear it.

Cousin Choate is older, four years old. He is always glad when the hour for morning prayer comes, and when his grandfather is from home he never fails to call the family together and to repeat his own little prayer, for he is the "head of the house," he thinks, when grandpa is gone.

One day grandpa was sick, away upstairs, and Choate went for a little visit to his room. "I'm sorry you're sick. Don't you want me to pray for you, grandpa?" he said. Then kneeling down by the bed he prayed, "O Lord, my grandpa is sick; please make him well. For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory for ever and ever. Amen."

You see he asked for just what he wanted, and for nothing else; so ought we to do when we pray for any needed blessing.

Smiles.

Jones (at dinner table, Friday)—"Isn't it strange that you catch fresh fish in salt water?" Mrs. J.—"Why should you expect the salt water would make the fish salt clear through?" Jones—"Well, I would think they might partake of their surroundings sufficiently to get corned, at least." Mrs. J.—"I know some human beings who partake of their surroundings sufficiently to get corned, myself." Jones is very silent.

This is the way of it. When Oliver Cromwell was Lord Protector of England he had a cap of liberty made as a stamp for all the government paper. After his

death, and when the Stuarts had returned, it happened one day that King Charles the Second wanted to write a letter. They brought him some of the Cromwellian paper. He noticed the stamps, and said: "What is that in the corner?" When he was told he flew into a passion and said: "Take it away. None of your foolscap for me." This little bit of history will make you understand why one class of paper which you use has so droll a name.

A story is told in Edinburgh of Professor Blackie, who became distinguished in the chair of Greek, that, being prevented from lecturing one day, he caused to be posted on the class-room door this notice: "Professor Blackie regrets he is unable to-day to meet his classes." A waggish student scratched out the initial letter of the last word of the sentence. The keen-eyed old man, noticing the prank that had been played on him, quietly erased another letter, and let the following to be read: "Professor Blackie regrets he is unable to-day to meet his asses."

"Madam, do you know that you possess one of the best voices in the world?" said a saucy fellow to a woman, the other day. "Indeed, do you think so?" replied she, with a flush of pride at the compliment. "I do, most certainly," continued the rascal; "for if you hadn't, it would have been worn out long ago!"

An old deaf aunt of the publisher Constable was on her death bed; and her mind, always eccentric, had begun to waver and fail. "Ann," she said to her attendant, "if I should be spared to be taken away, I hope my nephew will get the doctor to open my head and see whether anything can be done for my hearing."

"What shall I preach about?" said a minister to the pastor of a colored flock which he was about to address. "Well, mos' any subject will be 'ceptable," was the reply; "only I'd like to gib you one word ob caution." "Ah! What is that?" "Well, ef I was you, I'd tech werry light on de Ten Commandments." "Indeed! And why?" "Oh! cos I hab notice dat dey mos' always hab a damp'nin' effect on de congregation."

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