

THE HOME CIRCLE.

SEND THEM TO BED WITH A KISS!

Oh, mothers! no weary, discouraged,
Worn out with the cares of the day,
You often grow cross and impatient,
Complain of the noise and 'be play;
For the day brings so many vexations,
So many things going amiss;
But, mothers, whatever may vex you,
Send the children to bed with a kiss!

The dear little feet wander often,
Perhaps, from the pathway of right,
The dear little hands find new mischief
To try you from morning till night;
But think of the desolate mothers
Who'd give all the world for your bliss,
And, as thanks for your infinite blessings,
Send the children to bed with a kiss!

For some day their noise will not vex you,
The silence will hurt you far more;
You will long for the sweet, childish voices,
For a sweet childish face at the door;
And to press a child's face to your bosom,
You'd give all the world just for this;
For the comfort 'twill bring you in sorrow,
Send the children to bed with a kiss!

A TOUCHING SCENE.

It is always charming to see children manifest tender affection towards their parents, and this is still more pleasing when the "children" are themselves men and women.

The writer remembers being on a railroad train several years ago when directly in front of him sat a kindly-looking, snowy-haired old man, evidently unaccustomed to travelling, and as manifestly in his "second childhood." He was very talkative, and he told me all about the journey he was taking.

"I'm going out to Iowa to see my son Jimmy and my daughter Nelly. Just think!—I ain't seen either o' them children for six years, and if they ain't tickled to see me I'll be mistaken. An' this train seems to fairly drag. I get so impatient ev'ry time it stops at a station! Wish it'd keep right on an' never stop until we git to K—; that's where Jimmy an' Nelly live."

He began gathering up his few belongings when we were still an hour's ride from his destination.

"I want to be all ready to git right off when we stop," he said. "Jimmy and Nelly'll both be at the depot to meet me, although they live nine miles out in the country, and there ain't no need o' both o' them comin'. But they'll be there—you see if they ain't."

When we reached K—the excited old man started to leave the car in eager haste, but the train had not yet come to a standstill when a great, bearded giant of a man fully fifty years of age hurried into the car.

Jimmy!" called out the old man eagerly. "Here I am Jimmy!"

"Father!" cried the son, and he took the little old man right into his arms and hugged him, while tears stood in the eyes of both.

A stout, plainly-clad, middle-aged woman appeared at the car door and cried out:

"Father!"

Then she turned and called to some one on the platform, "Here he is! Here's father!"

"Nelly—my girl!" said the old man. The son and daughter both had an arm around the father as he left the car. On the platform were seven or eight grandchildren of from five to twenty years of age.

"Here's your gran'pa!" said "Nelly" joyfully; and a great hugging and kissing time ensued.

Of course, the passengers in the car and the bystanders on the platform smiled, but I think the most of them agreed with a lady on the car who said:

"It is a beautiful sight to see an old man loved and revered by his children and grandchildren; and I only wish that such exhibitions of affection were more common."—*Selected.*

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

A company of poor children, who had been gathered out of the alleys and garrets of the city, were preparing for their departure to new and distant homes in the West.

Just before the time for starting of the cars one of the boys was noticed aside from the others, and apparently very busy with a cast-off garment. The superintendent stepped up to him, and found that he was cutting a small piece out of the patched linings. It proved to be his old jacket, which, having been replaced by a new one, had been thrown away. There was no time to be lost.

"Come, John, come," said the superintendent, "What are you going to do with that old piece of calico?"

"Please, sir," said John, "I am cutting it out to take with me. My dead mother put the lining in this old jacket for me. This was a piece of her dress, and it is all I have to remember her by."

And as the poor boy thought of that dead mother's love, and the sad death scene in the garret where she died, he covered his face with his hands, and sobbed as if his heart would break. But the train was about leaving, and John thrust his little piece of calico into his bosom to remember his mother by, hurried into the car, and was soon far away from the place where he had known so much sorrow. We know many an eye will moisten as this story is told and retold throughout the country, and many a prayer will go up to God for the fatherless and motherless in all the great cities and in all places. Little readers, are your mothers still spared to you? Will you not show your love by obedience? That little boy who loved so well, we are sure obeyed. Bear this in mind, that if you should one day have to look upon the face of a dead mother, no thought would be so bitter as to remember that you had given her pain by your wilfulness or disobedience.—*Our Young Folks.*

THE TOUCH OF SYMPATHY.

When the heart is full of sympathy, some of it is bound to overflow. It may not manifest itself in words, to be sure, but it will find some equally effective way of cheering or consoling. Some years ago a widow who was spending the summer in a little town in New Hampshire, received word of the death of her only son, a young man of great promise, who at the time was travelling in Europe. The bereaved mother shut herself into her room with her sorrow, and the family with whom she had been boarding for several weeks, collected on the piazza, and talked over the shocking news.

"What can we do for her, poor soul?" said the head of the house, casting a pitying glance toward the closed room within which a heart was breaking.

"I don't see that we can do anything," replied his wife. "I'm sure I don't know what to say to her. And besides, I don't believe she is the sort of person that likes to hear expressions of sympathy."

"I'm almost sure she would like to feel that some one was near who was sorry for her," said Ethel, a girl of sixteen. "And unless you think I'd better not, I'm going into her room."

She was very pale as she entered the house and knocked at the closed door, but when she received no answer, she boldly pushed it ajar, and entered. The mother was lying upon the bed, her face stern and set, and her hands clenched. She took no notice of Ethel, even when the girl knelt beside her and began to stroke her tense fingers with a gentle, soothing touch.

After a time the muscles relaxed slightly, and the woman turned her head. She saw a young face white and drawn with pity, and two tender eyes looking upon her through sympathetic tears. There was a moment's hush, and then a great sob broke the stillness of the room.

"Oh, child!" she said, and then with a quick motion she laid her head on Ethel's shoulder, and shed those blessed tears which bring relief to hearts which have reached the limit of endurance.

Not a word had the young girl spoken. Indeed, she was not wise enough to comfort sorrow by means of speech. But as those who followed the footsteps of the Man of Nazareth found healing in the mere touch of His garments, so her loving presence and sympathetic touch had been as a balm of consolation to a bruised and broken spirit.—*Selected.*

The man whose ambition was to be good without much cost got through cheaper than he anticipated. He became good for nothing.