



The Family Circle.

A FASHIONABLE PRAYER.

Give me an eye to others' failings blind—
Miss Smith's new bonnet's quite a fright be-
hind!

Wake in me charity for the suffering poor—
There comes that contribution plate once more!

Take from my soul all feelings covetous—
I'll have a shawl like that, or make a fuss!

Let love for all my kind my spirit stir—
Save Mrs. Jones—I'll never speak to her!

Let me in truth's fair pages take delight—
I'll read that other novel through to-night.

Make me contented with my earthly state—
I wish I'd married rich. But it's too late!

Give me a heart of faith in all my kind—
Miss Brown's as big a hypocrite as you'll find!

Help me to see myself as others see—
This dress is quite becoming unto me!

Let me act out no falsehood, I appeal—
I wonder if they think these curls are real!

Make my heart of humility the fount—
How glad I am our pew's so near the front!

Fill me with patience and strength to wait—
I know he'll preach until our dinner's late!

Take from my heart each grain of self-conceit—
I'm sure the gentleman must think me sweet!

Let saintly wisdom be my daily food—
I wonder what we'll have for dinner good!

Let not my feet ache in the road to light—
Nobody knows how these shoes pinch and bite.

In this world teach me to deserve the next—
Church out! Charles, do you recollect the text?

CAPTAIN JANUARY.

(By Laura E. Richards.)

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

But the lady put both arms round her and drew her close, close, while her tears fell fast on the golden hair. "My darling!" she cried, "my dear, dear little one! It was the same storm; the same storm and the same ship. Your poor mamma was my own sweet sister Helena, and you are my niece, my little Isabel, my own, own little namesake. Will you love me, darling? Will you love your Aunt Isabel, and let her care for you and cherish you as your sweet mother would have done?"

Star stood very still, neither returning nor repelling the lady's caresses. She was pale, and her breath came short and quick, but otherwise she showed no sign of agitation. Presently she put up her hand and stroked the lady's cheek gently. "Why do you cry?" she asked quietly. "My poor mamma is in heaven? Don't you like her to be in heaven? Daddy says it is much nicer than here, and he knows."

Mrs. Morton checked her tears, and smiled tenderly in the little wondering face. "Dear child!" she said, "I do like to have her in heaven, and I will not cry any more. But you have not told me whether you will love me, Star. Will you try, dear, and will you let me call you my little Isabel?"

"I will love you," replied the child, "if Daddy Captain loves you; I will love you very much. But you must not call me that name, 'cause I'm not it. I am just Star. Does Daddy love you?" she asked, and then with a sudden note of anxiety in her voice, she exclaimed, "Where is Daddy? Where is my Daddy Captain? Did you see him when you came in?"

Her question was answered by the sound of voices outside; and the next moment the minister appeared, followed by Mr. Morton and Captain January. The old Captain hastened to place a chair for each of the gentlemen by the fireside, and then took his stand against the wall on the further side of the room. He held his weather-beaten cap in his hand, and turned it slowly round and round, considering it attentively. It might have been observed by one quick to notice trifles, that he did not look at the child, though no slightest motion of hers was lost upon him.

"George," said Mrs. Morton joyously to her husband, "here is our little niece, dear-

est Helena's child. She is going to love me, she says, and she will love you, too. Star, my darling, this is your Uncle George. Will you not give him a kiss, and be his little girl as well as mine? We have two little girls at home, and you shall be the third."

Star went obediently to Mr. Morton, who kissed her warmly, and tried to take her on his knee. "You are taller than our Grace," he said, "but I don't believe you are as heavy, my dear. Grace is just your age, and I am sure you will be great friends."

But Star slipped quietly from his arms, and, running to the Captain, took one of his hands in both of hers and kissed it. "I am Daddy Captain's little girl!" she said looking round bravely at the others. "Why do you talk as if I belonged to you?" Then, seeing the trouble in Mrs. Morton's face, she added, "I will love you, truly I will, and I will call you Aunt Isabel; but I cannot belong to different people, 'cause I'm only just one. Just Captain January's Star."

She looked up in the old man's face with shining eyes, but no tender, confident look returned her glance. The brown hand trembled between her two little white palms; the keen blue eyes were still bent fixedly upon the old woollen cap, as if studying its texture; but it was in a quiet and soothing tone that the Captain murmured:—

"Easy, Jewel Bright! Easy now! Helm steady, and stand by!"

There was a moment of troubled silence; and then the old minister, clearing his throat, spoke in his gentle, tranquil voice. "My dear child," he said, "a very strange thing has come to pass; but what seems strange to us is doubtless clear and simple to the Infinite Wisdom above us. You have been a faithful and loving child, little Star, to your beloved guardian and friend here, and no father could have cared for you more tenderly than he has done. But the tie of blood is a strong one, my dear, and should not be lightly set aside. This lady is your own near relation, the sister of your dear dead mother. Through the merciful providence of God, she has been led to you, and she feels it her duty to claim you, in the name of your parents. We have considered the matter carefully, and we all feel that it is right that you should hereafter make your home with her and your uncle. This may be painful to you, my dear, but you are a good and intelligent child, and you will understand that if we give you pain now, it is to secure your future good and happiness."

He paused; and all eyes, save those keen blue ones which were studying so carefully the texture of the battered woollen cap, turned anxiously on the child. A deep flush passed over Star's face; then vanished, leaving it deadly pale, a mask of ivory with eyes of flame. When she spoke, it was in a low, suppressed voice, wholly unlike her own.

"You may kill me," said the child, "and take my body away, if you like. I will not go while I am alive."

She turned her eyes from one to the other, as if watching for the slightest motion to approach her.

Mrs. Morton, in great distress, spoke next. "My darling, it grieves me to the heart to take you from your dear, kind Daddy. But think, my Star; you are a child now, but you will soon be a woman. You cannot grow up to womanhood in a place like this. You must be with your own people, and have companions of your own age. My children will be like your own sisters and brothers. My dear, if you could only know how they will love you, how we shall all cherish and care for you!"

"When I am dead?" asked Star. "It will make no difference to me, your love, for I shall be dead. I will not go alive."

"Oh, Captain January!" cried Mrs. Morton, turning to the old man, with clasped hands. "Speak to her! she will listen to you. Tell her—tell her what you said to me. Tell her that it is right for her to go; that you wish her to go!"

The old man's breathing was heavy and labored, and for a moment it seemed as if he strove in vain for utterance; but when he spoke his voice was still soothing and cheerful, though his whole great frame was trembling like a withered leaf. "Star Bright," he said (and after almost every word he paused to draw the short, heavy

breath), "I always told ye, ye 'member, that ye was the child of gentlefolks. So bein', 'tis but right that ye should have gentle raisin' by them as is yer own flesh and blood. You've done your duty, and more than your duty, by me. Now 'tis time ye did your duty by them as the Lord has sent to ye. You'll have—my—my respectful love and duty wherever you go, my dear, and you're growin' up to be a beautiful lady, as has been a little wild lass. And you'll not forget the old Cap'n, well I know, as will be very comfortable here—"

But here the child broke out with a wild, loud cry, which made all the others start to their feet. "Do you want me to go?" she cried. "Look at me, Daddy Captain! you shall look at me!" she snatched the cap from his hands and flung it into the fire, then faced him with blazing eyes and quivering lip. "Do you want me to go? are you tired of me?"

Heavier and heavier grew that weight on Captain January's chest; shorter and harder came his breath. His eyes met the child's for a moment, then wavered and fell. "Why—honey—" he said slowly, "I—I'm an old man now—a very old man. And—and—an old man likes quiet, ye see; and—I'd be quieter by myself, like; and—and so, honey—I—I'd like ye to go."

"You lie!" cried the child; and her voice rang like a silver trumpet in the startled ears of the listeners. "You lie to me, and you lie to God; and you know you lie!"

The next moment she had sprung on to the low window-sill, then turned for an instant, with her little hands clenched in menace, and her great eyes flashing fire that fell like a burning touch on every heart. Her fantastic dress gleamed like a fiery cloud against the gray outside; her hair fell like a glory about her vivid, shining face. A moment she stood there, a vision, a flying star, trailing angry light, never to be forgotten by those who saw; then, like a flash, she vanished.

Captain January tottered to his old chair and sat down in it. "The child is right, Lady and Gentleman!" he said. "I lied! I lied to my God, and to the little child who loved me. May God and the child forgive me!" And he hid his face in his hands, and silence fell for a moment.

Then Mr. Morton, who had walked hastily to the window, and was doing something with his handkerchief, beckoned to his wife. "Isabel," he said, in a low tone, "I will not be a party to this. It's an atrocious and vindictive outrage. I—I—you are not the woman I took you for, if you say another word to that old angel. Let him have the child, and send him one or two of your own into the bar—" but Isabel Morton, laughing through her tears, laid her hand over her husband's lips for a moment. Then going to the old man's chair, she knelt down by it and took his two hands in hers.

"Captain January!" she said, tenderly. "Dear, dear Captain January! the lie is forgiven; I am very, very sure it is forgiven in heaven, as it will be forgiven in the child's loving heart. And may God never pardon me, if ever word or look of mine come again between you and the child whom God gave you!"

The gray evening was closing in around the lighthouse tower. The guests were gone, and Captain January sat alone beside the fire in his old armchair. The window was still open, for the air was soft and mild. The old man's hands were clasped upon his knee; his heart was lifted as high as heaven, in silent prayer and praise.

Suddenly, at the window, there was a gleam of yellow, a flitting shape, a look, a pause; then a great glad cry, and Star flitted like a ray of moonlight through the window, and fell on Captain January's breast.

"Daddy," she said, breaking the long, happy silence, "dear Daddy, I am sorry I burned your horrid old cap!"

(To be Continued.)

THE TOBACCO SMOKING HABIT.

Gradually but surely the deleterious effects of tobacco smoking upon the human race must become clear and produce good results. The carefully recorded observations of Dr. Seaver, physician and instructor in physical culture, of Yale College, will be a great lever for those opposed to the use of tobacco.

For a number of years Dr. Seaver had been making observations respecting the physical and mental effects of tobacco-using upon students. In those statistics, recently published, Dr. Seaver shows that among the students at Yale smokers are found to be inferior both in mental ability and physical vigor to non-smokers. Smokers have less lung capacity and lung power than non-smokers. Their average bodily weight is less, as is also their stature. They have less endurance, both muscular and nervous, and are in every way physically inferior to non-smokers. In scholarship the smokers are far behind. Very few receive honors and among those of high standing in scholarship, only five smoked.

It will not be easy to successfully combat these facts. It will probably be said that, it is generally admitted that tobacco is injurious to the young. But anything that injures the youthful in so marked a manner cannot fail to be injurious to the mature. Why the young, growing boy will withstand many things that would upset a full grown man. And in the way of digestion, for example, and of assimilation, this is the universal rule. Behold what the average growing boy can digest and assimilate, and without inconvenience. And nerve force and influence are concerned in these processes, it must be noted, as it is contended that it is chiefly upon the nervous system of the young that tobacco exerts its injurious influence.

We are told that men have been known to smoke tobacco for seventy consecutive years and "yet retain perfect physical and moral health." Have such cases ever been carefully and scientifically investigated? Was ever a scientific post mortem examination made on such a case? Such men do die, and occasionally at an advanced age. What was the cause of death? Who can say? Who can say but that they might have lived ten years longer, and happier and more useful lives, if they had not used tobacco? It is said they always enjoyed "good health." Thousands of people think they have good health who plod along through life and hardly know what good vigorous health is, and who would feel vastly better if they were to live for a time in careful accordance with well known hygienic rules.

Furthermore, although we do find people who smoke during a long lifetime, and there are, it appears, many naturally of muscular, vigorous constitutions, with good ancestry, who can so smoke without appreciable injury—that is, appreciable to ordinary observation,—how is it with their progeny? A leading city physician, we cannot now recall his name, has said: "I have never known a habitual tobacco user whose children, born after he had long used it, did not have a deranged nervous system, and sometimes evidently weak minds. Shattered nervous systems for generations to come may be the result of this indulgence." The evil effects upon children of over indulgence in alcoholic beverages by the father or mother, are well known; while upon the father or mother hardly any or no injurious constitutional effects would be observable.

The very source of the tobacco smoking habit is enough to condemn it. Although a wise man once advised the sluggard to "go to the ant," civilized races in their progress would not naturally, one would suppose, go to savage races to seek for useful habits.

One good thing seems clear, that is this: While a few eminent physicians and others in Europe, such as Charcot, of Paris, and Spurgeon, advocate the use of tobacco, it is not easy to find one on this continent who can say much in defence of it, or more than that it is a useless, idle habit.—*Canada Health Journal.*

