

## FAMILY CIRCLE

## "Nebber Come Home No Mo."

The following little poem, which is considered by all who have read it a masterpiece, is from the pen of Mrs. F. G. De Fontaine, of Charleston, S. C., and will touch a tender chord in every breast. It is particularly appropriate at this season:

I've been waiting long for de good ole time,  
Dat'll nebber come no mo',  
When I used to work and rock an' sing,  
In de little cabin' do'.

My Sam was dar wid his fiddle—  
Po' Sam—he's gone—done dead;  
Dead for de want ob food an' clothes,  
Welter ober head.

An' little Mose, well, he's dead, too;  
How he used to dance an' sing!  
While Jim and Polly, an' all de res',  
Went roun' and roun' de ring.

Old missis—bless her dear ole soul—  
Would laff till her sides gib way,  
An' massa'd stop at my cabin jest  
To say, "How's ole mammy to-day?"

De boys—I mean ole massa's boys—  
Dey lubbed ole mammy, too,  
Who nussed 'em eb'ry blessed one,  
Clean down to little mas' Loo.

Po' Masso Loo! He went to fight,  
But he nebber come back no mo';  
In front of de battle roar.

He put his arms aroun' my neck  
An' say: "Mammy, I love you so!"  
He didn't see no harm in dat,  
Do his mammy was black an' po'.

Ole miss is died wid a broken heart  
When de lass of de boys was killed,  
An' massa bowed his head an' cried—  
Dat his cup ob sorrow was filled.

An' here I've sot a waitin' an' a waitin'  
For de good time comin' no mo',  
An' I see ole missus a callin' mammy  
Across from de udder sho'.

## A Touching Incident.

A lady in the street met a little girl between two and three years old, evidently lost, and crying bitterly. The lady took the baby's hand and asked where she was going.

"Down town, to find my papa," was the sobbing reply.

"What is your papa's name?" asked the lady.

"His name is papa."

"But what is his other name?—What does your mamma call him?"

"She calls him papa," persisted the little creature.

The lady then tried to lead her

along, saying, "You had better come with me. I guess you came from this way."

"Yes; but I don't want to go back. I want to find my papa," replied the little girl, crying afresh as if her heart would break.

"What do you want of your papa?" asked the lady.

"I want to kiss him."

Just at this time a sister of the child, who had been searching for her came along and took possession of the little runaway. From inquiry, it appeared that the little one's papa, whom she was so earnestly seeking had recently died, and she, tired of waiting for him to come home, had gone out to find him.

## Scolding.

With some, scolding is chronic.—Life is one long fret. The flesh is feverish, the nerves unstrung, the spirit perturbed and in a state of unrest. The physical condition and the material surroundings may have a strong tendency to disturb our equanimity and to exasperate our feelings; but we are apt to bear in mind that the scolding never did anybody good, and withal grows to be very uncomfortable to the party who indulges in it.

Inappropriate to anybody, scolding appears most hateful in parents and ministers. Set to be dispensers of kindness and love to those with whom they are more especially associated, it is horrible to see gall distilled instead of charity that blesses both parties. Scolding turns a household into a pandemonium, and a church into an inquisition. Bear in mind that kindness and gentle speech are a great deal easier to practice than their opposites. Why practice the worse thing when harder? Arrest yourself in the indulgence of this bad habit right here.—Begin now, and put yourself under bonds to be good natured.—*Zion's Herald.*

Good, kind, holy words dropped in conversation, may be little thought of, but they are like seeds of flowers or fruitful trees falling by the wayside, borne by some bird afar, happily thereafter to fringe with beauty some barren mountain, or to make glad some lone wilderness.

## An Astonished Editor.

An exchange says: "We find upon our table one of the newest of pictures. It is beautiful in design, small, but showing great artistic skill in its make up. The prevailing colors are green and black, the two blending so harmoniously that the effect is pleasing in the highest degree. We shall not, of course, presume to give an exact description of this picture, but some of the characters look so noble, so striking, that we cannot refrain from describing them. The head-center, or rather the hero of the picture, holds in his left hand a banner, in his right hand a sword; his hat is thrown on the ground, his head is thrown back, his left foot extended, and, taken altogether, his appearance is that of one challenging another to mortal combat, waiting for the other fellow to knock off the chip. His eyes are cast upward, resting on the word fi—Hello! what's this? Great snakes! if it isn't a five-dollar bill! We took it for some new kind of a chromo that had come in their rail. But we see how it is—either our devil has been robbing a bank or some delinquent subscriber has been conscience-stricken."

## Robert Hall on Refreshment.

A brother preacher, who happened to be lodging with the Rev. Robert Hall, whispered to him that he was in the habit of taking a little refreshment after preaching. The refreshment called for was a glass of brandy and water. "You cannot have it by that name, my dear sir!" replied Mr. Hall. "Call it by its proper name, and you shall have it." "And pray, what is that?" "Not refreshment, but liquid poison, and distilled damnation!" was the awful answer.—*Watchword.*

O happy people which sleep in Jesus! They perhaps go to their rest with furrowed brow and wasted features, but they wake up in beauty and glory. The shrivelled seed so destitute of form or comeliness, arises from the dust a beauteous flower. The winter of the grave gives way to the spring of redemption and to the summer of glory.—*Spurgeon.*