

Family Circle.

[FROM CHAMBERS' JOURNAL.]

"THEY'RE DEAR FISH TO ME."

A TRUE INCIDENT.

The Farmer's wife sat at the door,
A pleasant sight to see,
And blithe was the wee, wee bairns
That played around her knee.

When bending 'neath her heavy crook,
A poor fishwife came by,
And turning from the tollsome road,
Unto the door drew nigh.

She laid her burden on the green,
And spread its scaly store,
With trembling lips, and pleading words,
She told them o'er and o'er.

But lightly laughed the young guidwife,
"We're no sea-scurvy o' cheer;
Take up your crook, and gang your ways—
I'll buy no fish sae dear."

Bending beneath her load again,
A weary sight to see;
Right sorely sighed the poor fishwife;
"They're dear fish to me!"

"Our boat was out sae fearful night,
And when the storm blew o'er,
My husband, and my three brave sons,
Lay corpses on the shore.

"I've been a wife for thirty years,
A childless widow three,
I mean by them now, to sell again—
They're dear fish to me!"

The farmer's wife turned to the door—
"What was't upon her cheek?
What was there rising in her breast,
That then she sored could speak?"

She thought upon her ain guidman,
Her lightsome wife and three;
The woman's words had pierced her heart
"They're dear fish to me!"

"Come back," she cried with quivering
voice,
And ply's gathering tear;
"Come in, come in, my poor woman,
Ye're kindly welcome here.

"I kent na' o' your sailing heart,
Your weary lot to see;
I'll ne'er forget your sad, sad words,
"They're dear fish to me!"

Aye, let the happy-hearted learn
To pause ere they deny
The need of honest toil, and think
How much their gold may buy.

How much of manhood's wasted strength,
That woman's misery,
What breaking sighs might swell the cry:
"They're dear fish to me!"

THE MASKEES.

Yesterday night, as late I strolled
Through the orchards misty shade,
Coming to the moonlit alleys,
Where the sweet Southwind, that dallies
All day with the Queen of Roses,
All night of her breathy sighs,
Drinking from the dewy blooms,
Sighs, and scented glooms,
Of the warm-breathed summer night,
Long, deep draughts of pure delight,
Quick the shaken foliage parted,
Dwarf-like forms, with hideous faces,
Oris, contortions, and grimaces,
Still I stood beneath the lonely,
Sighing the sigh of only one;
"Little friends, you can't alarm me,
Well, I know you would not harm me!"
Straightway dropped each painted mask,
Sword of lath, and paper casque,
And a troop of rosy girls,
Ran and kissed me through their curls,

Caught within their net of graces,
I looked around on shining faces,
Sweetly through the moonlit alleys
Rang their laughter's silver bells,
Then along the pathway, light,
With the white bloom of the night,
I went peaceful, smiling slow,
Captives held in arms of snow.
Happy maidens of you I learn
Heavenly maskers to discern!
So, when seeing griefs and harms
Fill life's garden with alarms,
Through its inner walks enchanted
I will ever move undaunted,
Love hath messengers that borrow
Tragic masks of fear and sorrow,
When they come to do us kindness,
And but for our tears and blindness,
We should see, through each disguise,
Cherub cheeks and angel eyes.
—Atlantic Monthly.

THE HANDSOME REBEL.

My young readers have all heard of the rebels who are now so wickedly trying to overthrow our government and destroy the Union. Perhaps you have usually heard them spoken of as a poorly-dressed, uneducated, hard-looking set of men. You must not suppose, however, that this is always true of rebels. I will tell you of one who was no less guilty than these Southerners, who was neither poorly-dressed nor rough-looking, neither uneducated nor ill-bred, but the opposite of all these. Indeed, he was admitted to be the finest looking young man in the whole country. Among other things which people specially admired about him was his hair, which was uncommonly thick and heavy. He wore it, as many dandies now do, very long most of the time, for he had it cut only once a year, when it became too heavy for him to carry about, and then what the barber cut off weighed some six pounds or more,—enough to cover forty common heads, and make at least two dozen wigs. He had also a beautiful countenance, a comely form, and gentlemanly manners. All his friends were very proud of him, his father especially.

His father was the ruler of a nation which then contained several millions of people, and, as was the custom among them, had been appointed to that office for life. He was himself an excellent man, but he was too busy with state affairs to spend much time with his family, and therefore did not look as he ought after the moral training of his son. I suppose he left him principally in charge of his mother. She, unfortunately, was not as well fitted as some mothers to have the sole charge of her son, for she had never received any religious education. She was brought up in great style, and her parents were not pious people. I dare say she seldom

corrected or restrained her son, or taught him to govern his passions, but, on the contrary indulged him in everything. So he grew up, as I said, the finest looking young man in the country, but selfish, vain, and ambitious.

Soon after he became a man, he killed one of his brothers, and had to fly from the country for his life. But as it was known that he had great provocation from his brother, his father forgave him, and allowed him to return after three years. And how do you think he repaid this kindness? Why, by plotting to destroy that kind father's authority, and to make himself king.

For a long time he carried on his plot secretly. Being wealthy, he bought many horses and carriages, and employed a great number of servants. When he rode out he would sometimes have as many as fifty men along with him. Nobody thought anything of this, because he was the son of the king; and in this way, the people became accustomed to see him move about in great pomp.

He also, to gain his end, became very polite to all classes of the people. When any of them had grievances to present to the king, he would be sure to meet them early in the morning, before they could get to the place where the courts were held, and inquire into the case, and take sides with them. "Yes," he would say, "you have been much wronged, and ought to have redress; but," he would add, "there is no use in going to the court. You will find no judge there who will listen to you. If I were only one of the judges, I would have justice done in every case. Poor, worthy men should not then, plead in vain for their rights."

By these means he prejudiced the people against his father; for they could not suspect that such a fair spoken, handsome young man would lie about his own father. Besides, he was so polite to them all,—he would get down from his nice carriage and shake hands with everybody, and even kiss them; he appeared so very cordial that they could not help trusting him. Many of them began to think that he would make a better king than his father.

When he thought everything was ripe for the rebellion, he went to his native city, which had formerly been the capital of the nation, and there proclaimed himself the king. He had previously sent his emissaries through all the nation, and charged them to put themselves at the head of the rebellion at a given signal. He had also, induced the shrewdest politicians of his father's cabinet to join the conspiracy.

The old king was unsuspecting and entirely unprepared for the rebellion, and had to fly in great haste from his capital; for the first he knew of it, the son was marching against him with a large army. He had barely time to escape with a body-guard of about six hundred men, and some other small companies of troops.

It really seemed, then, that the rebellion would be a complete success. So confident were most of the people, that they flocked in great crowds to the army of the son; and one old political enemy of the father cursed him to his face, as he marched away from the capital, and flung dirt and stones at him. The king, however, only prayed to the Lord, and bore the abuse meekly.

The old cabinet-officer, when they reached the capital and found that the king was gone, said to the son, "Let me have a few thousand men, and I will go immediately and capture or kill the old man."

"Oh, no!" said another member of the newly-formed cabinet, who was secretly a friend of the father, and who wanted to gain time, "it will be better policy to assemble an immense army and lead it yourself, and not give the glory of the victory to any of your officers."

The vain young man was flattered by the idea of commanding a large army himself, and this was the plan adopted. The old politician saw that this would ruin the cause, and he went home and hung himself, to escape being hung by the king. That plan did ruin the son's cause, for the father found it out through two loyal clergymen, who had stayed unmolested at the capital, whose sons were concealed near by as scouts. These, by the quick wit of a woman who hid them, narrowly escaped capture, and reached the king in safety. The delay of the pursuit gave him time to cross the great river of that country, to gather an army, organize them, and prepare for battle. The best officers were on his side, and when the armies finally met, his generals gained a great victory. Twenty thousand of the rebels were left dead on the field.

And what do you suppose became of the chief rebel? His father was very anxious that he should be spared. He reviewed all the troops in person before the battle, and charged every general in the hearing of all the soldiers, to let nobody hurt his son. But the poor fellow was killed after all. His beautiful hair was the cause of his death. The battleground was an open woodland, somewhat I suppose, like the timbered barrens of Illinois or the oak-openings of Michigan. The son was on the back of a mule. Whether he had ridden a mule into the battle at first, or whether his horse had been killed under him and he had then hastily jumped upon the mule, I cannot tell. But the mule ran away and went under an oak tree which had thick limbs, and as the animal rushed under them, they caught the young man's long hair that was flying

in the wind, and held him fast. On went the mule from under him. His feet did not reach the ground, and there he hung, unable to get up or down.

One of the loyal soldiers saw him hanging there, and he went and told the principal general.

"Why didn't you kill him there?" said the general. "I would have given you five dollars in money and a new belt."

"It was contrary to orders," answered the soldier, "and I would not have done it for five hundred dollars; you would have court-martialed me yourself if I had."

The general preferred that the rebel should die by some other hand, but there was need of haste, so he went and killed him himself.

There was no telegraph then to announce the victory to the king, for he was not in the battle. He had to wait anxiously for a long time after the fate of the day was decided till the messenger could bring the news. At length one of the scouts came running in all out of breath, and told of the victory, but said nothing about the death of the son. Soon after, another came in and told all.

The king was terribly shocked and grieved that his son had been killed; and his grief over the young man for a time swallowed up all the joy of the victory. He blamed the general violently for killing him, when he could have taken him prisoner. It was said that so handsome a young man should come to such an end. But, there was no help for it. The general knew that the young rebel richly deserved to die; that he must die, or the rebellion would not be suppressed. He knew, too, that if he was taken prisoner, his fond father would interpose and screen him from justice, perhaps release him on parole, and then the trouble would not be ended; for the ungrateful son would soon be found in arms again.

The event proved that the general was right, for as soon as the people saw that the son was dead, they all submitted again to his father, even that cursing enemy, and he came back in triumph to the capital. That severity of the general was better for the nation, and therefore, in reality, more kind and benevolent on the whole, than the leniency of the king would have been; for it brought peace sooner.

I must now ask you some questions about this story.

- QUESTIONS.
1. What was the name of the handsome rebel?
 2. Who was his father?
 3. Who was his mother?
 4. What brother had he killed?
 5. In what foreign country did he live three years?
 6. Of what nation was his father king?
 7. What city was the capital?
 8. In what city did the rebellion break out?
 9. What cabinet officer was among the rebels?
 10. What secret friend of the father was in the son's cabinet?
 11. What were the names of the two loyal ministers?
 12. What were the names of the scouts?
 13. Who cursed the king?
 14. What river was crossed by the armies?
 15. Where was the battle-field?
 16. Who were the father's generals?
 17. Who was the son's chief general?
 18. What general killed the rebel?
 19. When was this rebellion?
 20. Where can we find the record of it?
- From *New Stories from an Old Book.*

ISRAEL BENTON'S BLESSING.

"Old Israel turned out of house and home. I declare that's too bad!"

Thus said a gentleman who was talking about the failure of Seaford & Co., that made such a stir some years ago.

Old Israel Benton was worthy of his name. A dignified, white-haired man, with a calm, and sweet countenance, who, with regard to moral probity, had lived in the courts of the Lord all the days of his life.

Everything was taken belonging to Seaford & Co. Not even the little house where Israel Benton had lived in comfort with his aged wife, was spared. For twenty years he had been connected with Seaford & Co., had done his duty with unflinching spirits and unflinching regularity. It had seemed to him as if he was to die in their honored employ. John Seaford had often said to him—

"Israel, don't tax yourself too hard; rest when you will, old friend; and if the time comes that you must lay by, why, remember that you and your wife are provided for." And so he had complacently looked upon himself as cared for up to the end of his good and honorable life.

The shock fell with added weight because the wife had for some time been ailing. Seaford & Co. were stricken as terribly as men could be for they failed through the dishonesty of others. They were true men both of them, men who followed the Bible precepts, and suddenly heaven had smitten them.

Israel came back from the store on that sad morning, not utterly cast down, but very heavy-hearted. It had been his custom for a long time to go out at six, and come back at seven for his breakfast and family worship. Here he was on the threshold no longer his. The words of the elder Seaford rang in his ears:—

"Israel, I wish we could have saved

your little home. It tries us very much that we cannot." He could answer nothing, for it was hard at sixty-nine to be homeless.

He could look into the pleasant tea-room, where Martha sat waiting for him, the little loaf on the table, the bright tin tea-pot, the snowy cloth, for whatever passed through Martha's hands came forth whiter and better, if that were possible.

"I can't bear to go in," he thought to himself, as he bustled about, hanging up his hat, brushing his silvery-glistening locks back from a broad forehead. There were two glass panes set in the door, and through them he saw the room, Martha's pale, gentle face, the sun streaming over the picture of Washington, and falling down to the faded lounge. At last he cried manfully unto his soul,

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul? Why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; and so he was fortified to go in, even to tell Martha, after they had eaten.

"I thought you made a small breakfast," was her quiet reply, but the tears were struggling up nevertheless. And again she said, as she moved her chair back,

"Well, Israel, we are old, and have never wanted. Some way will be opened for us."

At the moment there was a bustle at the door. A manly fellow of thirty came in, much excited; his hat in his hand.

"O, father, it can't be true!" he cried breathlessly; "I heard it down town."

"Wait a little, John," and the old man placed his tremulous hand on the siney arm, "we're going to read now. Sit down and calm yourself, my son, and we'll talk of this afterwards."

John fell into a chair, but the troubled look remained all through the reading of the Psalm, and possibly, while Israel prayed to his God.

"Teach us to bow humbly, my Father, O, teach us to say, Thy will be done!" was the last sentence of the child-like prayer of the faithful old man.

"Now, John," said Israel, smiling, as he arose. Martha, still sad, cleared the table softly, stopping every little while to listen.

"What in the world will you do, father?"

"I haven't had time to think," said the old man, sighing in spite of himself, "but we shall get along."

John shook the foot that hung over his knee, and his face grew darker and darker. He was thinking how impossible it would be for him to help his old father. He had married young, some said imprudently, but it was not so in the main, for he had found a cheerful, industrious wife. His only trouble was want of means—not absolutely want—but he received a very small salary, and his family was increasing. He already had four children, and only house room enough for them.

"If I had a place, father, you should come right with me. O, what a curse it is to be poor!"

"Hush, John, don't let me hear such language from your lips. God has appointed us each his share of sorrow. I have been comfortable all my life; perhaps mine is coming now! and John, if it is, there'll be only a shorter strife, for the old man is almost seventy."

One or two tears fell down Martha's pale cheeks, but she was very patient; she said nothing.

"If Biel was only like any other man," said John, starting up angrily, "it wouldn't matter; but think of your son and my brother being such a skinflint. I hope he will be poor before he dies."

"O, John!" cried Martha, reprovingly. "I am sorry to see that spirit in my son," said Israel, "it hurts me more than all my trouble."

"Well, father, don't think of it. I'm wrong, of course, and hasty, but I do wish, for your sake and mother's, that I had all Biel's wealth. That don't mend matters, however. I'm going home the street. I'll call in to-day or to-morrow," and off he went, hastily.

Walking himself into a perspiration, he suddenly confronted a tall, keen-looking man, just leaving a broker's office.

"Come back, Biel," he said, "I want to speak to you."

"It's only a minute, about father," exclaimed John, impatiently.

"Well, I'll give you five," said the broker, and went back into his office.

"You've heard of the Seaford's failure."

"Of course I have," answered the broker.

"And that father is turned out of house and home."

"Well, no, I didn't hear of that," replied the brother, knitting his brows slightly.

"Well, it's so. They haven't saved a cent. Even the poor little house must go. Now, what's to be done for father?"

"Why, can't you take him home?"

asked the broker, calmly.

"Me?" John's brow flushed hotly to the edge of his hair.

"Why, yes. Father'd be contented with you. He loves children, and I haven't any. Mother and my wife never could get along together. Besides we have leased the house and are going to board."

"You own half a dozen houses," cried John, angrily.

"Well, what of it? The best of them are well rented. I couldn't turn good tenants out! and the worst of them

—of course I wouldn't let him live there, among foreigners."

John stood still; his blood boiling. He was as impulsive as he was honest, and his hands tingled to shake his heartless brother, of whom he was ashamed.

"Biel, what will you do?" he asked, controlling his wrath.

"Well, I'll give two dollars a week towards his support, if you will give two."

John could no longer restrain himself. "Biel," he cried, "as Heaven is my witness, I am sorry that one drop of my blood runs in your veins; miserly and unfeeling as you are. You roll in wealth, you know it, and you thrust a burden upon a poor man like me. Don't smile. I've not come here to beg for myself, nor for father, either. He'd blush if he even knew I had come to you. No—not to beg for old Israel Benton, but to demand the right you would withhold. How ungrudgingly he has spent his little gains for your benefit; slaved to give you an education, and now, when poverty has come, and helplessness, you offer to give him two dollars a week. Shame on you!"

"You don't better your cause by such language," sneered the elder brother.

"My cause?" cried John again, hotly. "my cause? Biel Benton, do you disown the old man who gave you being? Is he not your father as well as mine? But I see there is no use in pleading with you. I am a poor man, but I'll deny myself even bread and water, and live in one room, but what my father and mother, since you throw their support upon me, shall be lodged and fed."

"I insist on contributing two dollars a week," said the broker, opening his pocket-book. "Here's the money for two months. At the end of that time I'll send another instalment for two months."

John's cheek turned deadly white. He took the money and made a motion as if he would tear it in pieces; then a better impulse moved him. In his poverty he had no right to throw away even this mean and grudging gift. He bestowed one look on his brother, that, hard as he was, made him quail, took his hat and left the office.

The old man heard it all with tingling cheeks, for tell it as delicately as John might, it could not be softened. "Don't feel so about it, John," he said, kindly. "It's very good of Biel; at least it will pay my little rent. I shall stay here, John—it's all arranged. The creditors are very good about it; and since morning I've got a situation."

"A situation!" cried John incredulously. "I know it will be too much for him," murmured Martha, looking up from her knitting.

"No, no, Martha, there's more strength in me than you think. It's tolerable pay, too; at least it will give us what little we want. I've taken a porter's situation in Harrison's, dear," he added, looking up, his lip quivering a little.

"A porter? Oh, father!" John laid his arms on the table; his head on them, and burst into tears. He had always admired his father, had been proud of seeing him in his clerical capacity, for the old gentleman had done a deal of writing for the Seafoots,—in that great handsome office with its mahogany desks and chairs; he so gentlemanly, with his white hair and pale, refined face. Now, to carry heavy packages; that old man; to be subject to the whims of under-clerks, it was too horrible, and John's sobbed as if his heart would break.

"Why, Johnny, my boy, Johnny, my good brave boy that you always were!" exclaimed the old man, patting him on the shoulder, trying to smile through the heavy tears that were rolling over his own cheeks, while poor Martha had turned her dim eyes away, and hidden them in her handkerchief.

"I—I can't help it, father. O, why am I poor?"

The old man went daily after that to his new business, but he had overrated his strength. One day John was hastily sent for, so was Abel Benton. The latter looked up from the click of hard gold to hear the message, Israel, his father, was dying. The former left his sick babe and weary wife, weary with work and constant care, and the two brothers met at the solemn death-bed. Israel Benton had burst a blood vessel, lifting some heavy weight, and now, calm, white and serene, he was "only waiting."

"John," he said, with a smile, and as John knelt down, he laid his hand on his boy's brown curls. "God bless you, my boy," he said, softly.

"Abel, come here," he whispered as his life ebbed. The conscience-stricken man came forward, fell on his knees, too wretched to speak.

"May God Almighty bless you, my son," exclaimed the old man, with fervent emphasis.

"O, father, forgive!" He but spoke to clay. With Israel Benton's last words consciousness had departed.

And Biel Benton went his way, but O, that blessing! It met him everywhere. It embittered every cup of joy. Strange to say, it seemed to him that the blessing was changed into a curse. And so it was while he kept his greed for gold. So it was while he felt that it was through his own wretched parsimony that his father had perished and his brother might perish. So it was till he came to John one day in the midst of his toiling, a haggard, suffering man, and holding out gold, title deeds, cried, in his anguish—

"Here, if you would save a poor soul, share with me; help me to dwindle with the demon that is drawing very little out of my life. John, your miserable business that is killing me; share with me if you would give me to my father's blessing, for it seems instead a curse that is killing me. And ever after when he saw John prosper, and John's babes smile in his childless face, and John's wife calling him the saviour of her husband's soul, a tremulous hand seemed laid upon bowed head, a sweet, unsteady word seemed saying—

"May God Almighty bless you, son."—*Watchman and Reflector.*

DHULEEP SINGH.

Have you heard of the interesting romance connected with this Indian prince? If we remember right, the Maharajah of the Sikhs, and he and his mother were taken as hostages in England some years ago, where he only became a Christian in name but truly converted man. The Begum never changed her religion, but remained an idolater and as such died in England. According to a promise made to the relatives in case of such an event, the body was to be delivered up to them to be burned, and we believe it was full ment of this promise that the Maharajah was permitted to go to India to care the remains of his mother.

On his way there he passed through Cairo, and visited the schools under the superintendence of the missionaries of the American Presbyterian Board. He was deeply interested in what he saw of the good work there, and of the progress made by the pupils, but was especially struck with the appearance of a young girl of sixteen, who was an assistant teacher of Miss Dales. He made many inquiries about her and learned that she was of a poor but worthy family (Coptic we believe); the little education she had she had received from the Mission School and there her chief study had been the Bible, of which she was a diligent and earnest student.

It was thought that Maharajah wished to obtain this young lady as a teacher for his people, but no; after he left Cairo he sent her an offer of marriage. He said that wealth and rank were nothing to him; he had enough for both of them if, as he had heard, she possessed the "pearl of great price," that was all he wanted; he had been praying for three years that God would give him a truly Christian wife, and he believed that the right one had at last been shown him. Would she have him?

On first hearing of this unexpected proposal, the young girl felt that she could not give up her place in the school. She said she knew she could do some good there, and she wished to be where she could be the most useful. Her father told her a higher sphere of usefulness was now open to her. But he would leave her to decide whether to accept it or not.

After several days spent in prayer over the subject, she gave her consent, and her acceptance was sent to the Maharajah. This happened in February; by last accounts, Prince Dhuleep Singh was again in Cairo, waiting for the five weeks to elapse before he could be lawfully married; he meanwhile devoting himself to the study of Arabic, and she to that of English, that so they may be able to converse a little together. He is loading her with pearls and diamonds enough to turn a girl's head; but under all the attentions she receives from him and others, she seems as modest as ever.

The English in Egypt cannot understand at all how the Maharajah, who is a favorite of the Queen and the English court and who might have had almost any lady of rank for the asking, should seek a wife of such humble birth. They insist she will not be received at court.

The Prince has large estates in England, and an income of some 300 or 50,000 pounds sterling. In personal appearance he is short and stout, but has fine features. He speaks English well and has scarcely any foreign accent. Better than all, he seems an earnest Christian. We hope he will not be prevented from marrying this young and interesting girl. God bless their union to themselves and to their people. It is a strange affair altogether.—*N. Y. Observer.*

ALL LOVE IS GOOD.—The attachment of anything in this cold, calculating world is worth something. The caress of a dog—the mute expression of welcome in the bright, full eye of a favorite horse—the purr of a common house-cat—are links in our chain of sympathies, and help to soften and enlarge our hearts.

Carry yourselves submissively towards your superiors; friendly towards your equals; condescendingly towards your inferiors; generously towards your enemies; and lovingly towards all.

As they, who for every slight infirmity take physic to repair their health, do rather impair it; so they, who for every trifle are eager to vindicate their character do rather weaken it.

Though few there be that care to be virtuous, yet fewer there be that would not desire to be counted so.

Never thrust upon another the burden you cannot carry yourself.

Nothing but what is God's dishonor, should be our shame.

Be cheerful, but not light; solid, but not bad.