Family Circle.

BLESSED IS THE MAN WHOM THOU CHASTENETH.

The following beautiful lines are by Sir Robert Grant, late Governor General of India:

- O Saviour! whose mercy, severe in its kind-Has chastened my wanderings and guided Ador'd be the power which illumined my blindness,

And weaned me from phantoms that smiled to betray.

Enchanted with all that was dazzling and fair, I followed the rainbow—I caught at the toy; And still in displeasures Thy goodness was Disappointing the hope and defeating the joy.

The blossom blushed bright-but a worm was The moonlight shone fair—there was blight

Sweet whispered the breeze-but it whispered And bitterness flowed in the soft-flowing

So, cured of my folly,—yet cured but in part,— I turned to the refuge Thy pity displayed; And still did this eager and credulous heart Weave visions of promise that bloomed but

I thought that the course of the pilgrim to Would be bright as the summer, and glad

as the morn ; Thou show'dst me the path-it was dark and All rugged with rock, and all tangled with

I dreamed of celestial reward and renown; I grasped at the triumph which blesses the brave—

I asked for the palm-branch, the robe, and the I asked—and Thou show'dst me a cross and

Subdued and instructed, at length, to Thy will,
My hopes and my longings I fain would resign;
O give me the heart that can wait and be still.

Nor know of a wish nor a pleasure but Thine. There are mansions exempted from sin and from woe:

But they stand in a region by mortals untrod; There are rivers of joy-but they roll not There is rest-but it dwells in the presence of God.

THE OLD HOUSE FAR AWAY.

The wild birds warble, the silvery rills Sing cheerily round the spot,

And the peaceful shade of the purple hills

Falls dim on my mother's cot; Its windows are low, and its thatch is low, And its ancient walls are grey; O, I see it! I love it! where'er I go! The old house far away!

The little clock ticks on the parlor wall, Recording the passing hours;
And the pet geranium grows rank and tall With its brilliant scarlet flowers; And the old straw chairs, so cozy and low, Where mother sat knitting all day; O, I see it! I love it! where'er I go! That old house far away!

Dear mother! how plainly I see her now, Reclining in that arm-chair,
With the sunset resting upon her brow, That was once so smooth and fair; With her crimpled border white as snow, And her once dark hair now grey; O, I see it! I love it! where'er I go!

In that old house far away! Not all the treasures the world affords, The riches of land and sea,

Nor all the wealth of earth's proud lords, The roof that sheltered each dear, dear head. And the humble floor of clay, Where the feet I loved were wont to tread In the old house far away!

-Dublin Journal.

[WRITTEN FOR OUR COLUMNS.] THE YOUNG BAVARIAN.

BY MISS WARNER, AUTHOR OF "DOLLARS AND CENTS.

CHAPTER I.

Bavaria is a beautiful part of Germany. In some of its districts there are high Alpine peaks, and lakes and glaciers; in others there are wide moors of moss and lichen; and in others still are great forests, and meadow vallies that are fifty miles long. Many rivers water the country; and it is full of wonderful buildings and strange old towers. The climate is temperate and healthy; the soil very productive, and though some parts are too cold for much fruit, many others are warm enough for vineyards and almond trees to thrive and bear abundantly.

Near one of the old towers in Bavaria there stood, some years ago, a farmhouse. The farmhouses in our own land have always several rooms and many windows; and though the woodshed may be close at hand the barn is some distance off. But this house had only one room, with the deep thatched roof overhanging it on all sides. In this room all the family slept. Each bed was of feathers, and instead of quilted comfortables each had a feather coverlet too; so that it was a little like sleeping between two great pillows. The front door opened into this room, and the back door opened out of it-into the stable, -where the restless horses stamped impatiently all the night long, and the quiet cows stood chewing the cud. In front of the house was a gay flower garden, and a vineyard, and a dancing brook below all. A great lime tree hung over the cottage and screened it from the sun.

Well, the old storks knew this cottage, and had built there nest year after year in the roof thatch; and there was great watching among the children in the spring, to see the first stork make his appearance. For every winter all the storks went south for their health, and to let their young ones see the world; spending the cold months in Algiers and Bagdad, and all such queer places; a man who could not go without food for twenwhere to be sure it was hot enough. And though the country people in Bava- fortably as on a bed, was unfit to be a pioneer ria did not, like the Greeks long ago, preacher.

pay a reward to him who first announced the storks' return; nor proclaim the arrival by sound of trumpet, as their forefathers had done in the last century; yet they watched none the less eagerly for their feathered friends. And no wonder, for he who saw the first stork on the wing, might know that good luck was hastening towards him; but if the bird was sitting still, so had his fortune gone to sleep for the pres-

ent. Then if the first stork arrived with soiled plumage, the following summer was sure to be wet and dirty; but woe unto him who heard the stork 'clappering' without having seen it !-it was certain then that he himself would make a clatter among the cups and dishes, and 'break much earthenware.' So these simple people believed, and no one had ever taught them any better.

The children, on their part, never doubted for an instant that the storks brought every new little baby brother or sister that came into the house; but they showed their gratitude in a queer way, for they used to throw all manner of things at the birds as they sat on the house roof; pelting them with sticks and little stones, and lumps of dirt. Or, indeed, I should say trying to pelt them,-for the storks held too high a position to be reached by such young mischief makers. Perhaps the farmer's wife thought that the intention made the deed, for as soon as she saw the children beginning this kind of sport, she never failed to look out of the door and say:

"Children, if you do that, old father stork will fly away; and then the wicked sprites will come and set fire to the roof.

So she had been taught in her childhood and now she tried to teach the same old superstition to her children. However, the sprites never came; and the young ones danced in the sunshine and grew fatter and stronger every day. As for the storks, they seemed enough like wicked things themselves sometimes, for they would fight! O, how they would fight. One day two of them had a duel which lasted one hour and a half, and only ended by their pushing each other into the well. There they splashed and struggled at a great rate, and each forgot what pleasure it would be to see the other drown, in the fear of drowning himself. And when at last the old farmer came and drew them out, they were quite cool and sober, and had as little to say as possible.

And so year after year passed by, until the old farmhouse echoed the voices of a whole handful of children, standing like a flight of steps, each one a little bit higher up in the world than the last; and the farmer and his wife thought they had not much to wish for in this world.

There came a time of trouble in all that region of country. The season had been unfavorable, the crops were scant and poor, and money was terribly scarce. Every one suffered, among the poorer people, and our old farmer with the rest. He could not wish that he had fewer of these laughing mouths to feed, but where should he find bread? And many a night after the young ones were sound asleep among the feathers, their father and mother sat considering with

tears what to do. At last it came to this: they could not stay and starve in Bavaria, therefore they must go away; and with very heavy hearts they resolved to set out to seek their fortune. Seeking a fortune is an excellent thing in fairy tales, but this was quite a different affair. There, the people may begin with ever so little, and may meet with all sorts of misfortunes, but they are sure to meet the fortune too, in the end. Some wonderful pussy brings it, or a fish hands up a ring from the depths of the sea; -which ring is a key to a gold mine or the forlorn fortune seeker, goes down a flight of steps into the earth, and finds jewels that it dazzles your eyes even to read about. You know how easily all this is managed in a fairy tale; but real life is another matter. None of these things were in store for the old German farmer. He knew that he was heir to a kingdom which cannot be moved,' but its fair borders lay beyond this world;

it was not yet time to go up and possess it. He had heard, too, of a country far across the sea, where everybody was free and happy and had enough; and he thought if he were but there, it would be easy to earn bread for his children. So he and his wife said to each other, night after night, and at last made up their minds to leave Bavaria for ever.

I cannot tell you what sorrow of heart it cost them, -how hard it was for the old farmer to sell the house where he and his father had lived so long,-but he did sell it; house, lime tree, stork's nests and all, and prepared for his journey. The feather beds and coverlets were packed in chests, and the children were scattered here and there among their friends; for the father and mother thought they would try the new land first themselves, before they brought out all their little ones. Only that they might not be quite childless and forlorn in a strange land, they would take John, the oldest child of all. So there were four to go, the farmer, his wife, his wife's sister, and John; and after many weary and sorrowful days and weeks, they had fairly left their native land, and turned their faces towards America.

Dr. J. M. Peck was accustomed to say that ty-four hours, and sleep on the ground as com-

SELECTIONS.

BENSON.

A SOLDIER'S STORY.

The battle was over and the day was lost. The fight had been terrible. The dead and wounded lay thick on the field. Shots were still flying, and shells screaming and bursting through our retreating with your money." ranks.

"Comrade," called a dying man, and his feeble hand took hold of one of the retreating soldiers. "Comrade!"

The soldier paused.

"Ah, Benson, God bless you! Take my pay from this pocket and send it to my mother! She needs it. Take her letters, too; I give them to you. You will find them a treasure. God reward you!"

The wounded soldier lay back to die, and his comrade passed on-a more thoughtful man for that trust-for those few dying words. So much is sometimes centered in so little.

Benson had been a reckless, desperate man. An orphan from his birth, cast loose upon the world to fight his way through it among the base, the grasping, the selfish, he had grown selfish and fierce. He had despised law, defied restraint, and followed his own strong will without fear and without principle—a reckless, dangerous man. But he was a man still. Down below the roughness, mourned his death. She was newly bestains and crimes of years, lay a tenderness born of a gentle mother; seldom him that could be stirred by love, and trust and confidence. The trust of that dying man had moved him. He had home; had given him his letters of affection; implored God's blessing on him. That trust was not misplaced; that confidence will not be abused; that prayer will not be unheard.

"Ah, Benson," shouted his, fellows, as he joined them, "give us a share! How much of a haul this time? Fierce enough for fight, but fiercer for plun-

"Plunder!" repeated Benson, and his eyes flashed. "Plunder? Say" that again!

"Blood's up," said one of the boldest; and no further remark was ventured. Benson walked on in silence. The earnest, imploring, confiding look of the dying man was before him; his failing voice still in his ears; his letters, his money in his bosom. His thoughts went forward to his own last hour. words? What would they be? For whom? Who would care when he should die? Who mourn for him? For whom had he lived? Whom had he blessed? Could he call on God for help in the final, fearful struggle? How could he appear before God in judgment?

The soldier at his side tried to rally "What's the trouble, Benson?" him, No answer.

Benson obeyed the request of the dying soldier. He delivered his last message; remitted his pay. Remembering asked Allan gruffly. it," spoken so feelingly, he added to it his own pay. friend," answered Silas, "in thinking He had no need of it, clothed and fed as you pay for every-thing."

he was; no mother, nor wife, nor child "Make it out that it's a mistake, and shoulder and said, "Charlie, I believe with many of the freegularities that prevail among us in a degree unknown at
shoulder and said, "Charlie, I believe mother. She may perhaps feel her loss shillings in your book," said Allan. somewhat the less for it. Better so, far "Thank you," said Silas; "but bebetter, than it should go in gambling or fore I begin to do it, will you just give in drink. His letter closed—"Had I me a draught from your well? It's the the place of him you mourn, to be a son ly getting a cup for him; "and it's a I can only offer you respect, and contri- much of anything else." bute my poor earnings for your com-

him by the departed son; so pure, so tender, so elevating. He found them a life together?" treasure, as the son had found them. They awoke in him a desire for purity; an aspiration for the better things than life." he had ever known; to be a better man vileness and carousing.

His comrades rallied him again and

again.
"What ails you, Benson? Come, let's have a hand at cards. It's a month | years of life to be in a good air."

pious. No answer; and they who knew him, knew better than to jest when he was

A letter came for him; a letter of thanks from the bereaved mother. It was full of gratitude and kindness. Benson's lips quivered, and he shaded

his eyes with his hand, as he read: "I shall regard you as my son. Your generosity, your filial tenderness, your sense of unworthiness, make you not un- neither work for nor pay for?" worthy in my eyes. My prayers go up to God for you! My blessing rests on

you!" Benson was indeed another man. He had new relations, new hopes, a new future. But will the change in him last? Will he not shake off his new relations? Will he not go back to his old ways.

Why should he? Were they the paths of ease and delight? Were they the paths of blessedness and peace? Were they not rough and thorny, full of pitfails, and were not beasts of prey crouching beside them? Why should one es- them.

ruption? Will he go back? Is not virtue life, are such as cannot be bought with better than vice? purity than vileness? | silver or gold; and they are freely givlove than lust? worship than blasphemy? | en to the rich and poor, without any Can he go back?

He can. Such is man's weakness. madness; such is the power of evil Pray God he may not go back!

Pay-day came. "Now, Benson, treat!" they call. "Not a red cent have you spent for weeks. You're getting stingy

Benson drew back. They rallied him again as they freely drank. "How many boys here have mothers?" he asked and waited.

"All!" "Have all mothers? My poor mother needs all I have and it shall be hers.

She shall not want while I riot.'' Some, who had forgotten or tried to forget their mothers in want and waiting far away in their lonely homes, remembered them now, and put down their cups. The next mail carried their welcome letters, and a welcome remittance. you get your new mother, Benson?"

"God gave her to me," he answered, in his manliest tone, "and I'll not ne glect her."

Nor did he. Month after month his timely remittance reached her; and when at last it came no more, she who had made him her son in place of the dead. knew well that she was sonless once more; that he, too, had fallen in fight, and she reaved by his loss.

He died not without God, nor without touched, but there. He had a heart in hope. He had learned to call on God. He had learned that He was his father, tender, loving, caring for him alwaysthat Christ was his elder brother. He trusted him with his last message for had received his words-"Whosoever shall do the will of my father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and Tolly and and sister, and mother."

A NEW THOUGHT FOR OLD BARLOW.

"So you won't give me anything?" "You needn't have put it in that way; I've got nothing to give," said Allan Barlow. "Nobody gives to me. I get nothing but what I work for and pay for, and it's rather hard to come upon such folks; you should go to them made inquiries for him everywhere. I as you may say, that gets plenty for nothing, and have more than they want." And old Allan Barlow leaned both his

away from the person he spoke to. The person he spoke to was a gray-

headed man, in workman's clothes. He Would a comrade pause to hear his last carried a little book in one hand, and in on the hunt for him, and it was all about the other held a pencil ready to write. You have told me of two sorts of

people," said Silas Pyne, "that I don't expect to meet with—those that have nothing but what they pay for, and those that have more than they want.' "Very like," said Allan;" but there's

some of both in the world for all that. I've got nothing but what I pay for, but I haven't got more than I want.' Silas smiled and shook his head.

"What dy'e shake your head at!" "Why at the mis

to care for. Let it go to the bereaved I'll give you leave to put me down five

not been motherless from my birth, I best water anywhere about."
might perhaps have been worthy to fill "That it is," answered Allan, readi-

to you, but I have been too abandoned. prime thing for me, that can't drink "Aye; what should we do without water," said Silas, taking a deep the letter. I cannot bear to see it. If

fe together?"

"Oh, it's wonderful useful;" replied answered, 'Let me go back and finish

"As to that," said Silas, "we couldn't than he had ever been. They spoiled his live well without it. Air, good fresh came and went with me. We went first came home you said to me, 'All that I taste for gambling; they made him abhor air, is the thing we couldn't by any to the temperance rooms, and he signed have belongs to my children, and I have means do without."

"And for that," said Allan, "you'll never have finer than this as blows over the common. I take it, it's worth ten

since you have played."

"You are right there," said Silas,
"And I should say you're a proof of it;
you look as firm as a rock, and as red as a rose."

"Not amiss," said Allan; "never "Why not? Guess you're getting knew much about sickness." "And yet you've lived many years,"

said Silas. "Just up to my threescore and ten," answered Allan, nodding.

Silas began to write in his book. "What are you putting down?" asked Allan.

Silas; "didn't you say that I should him and receive his last words. O, what have it, if I could prove that you had things more than you want that you dear mother, said the dying young man,

"What do you pay for air?" asked Silas.

"Pooh! nonsense!" said Allan. "For water?" said Silas.

"Pooh!" said Allan again. through threescore years and ten?" continued Silas.

"Oh, as to them-of course we never

the better blessings of salvation through | says: Jesus Christ? Surely such a thank offering would be but becoming."

about the five shillings."-N. Y. Meth-

A liberal Christian, who gives for the Some laughed and asked—"Where did find a blessing in determining beforehand to make such a consecration.

PRAYING MOTHERS.

A clergyman from California related the following incident, in connection with his own experience and observation:

As he had a large circle of friends and acquaintances at the East, and it was known that he was travelling to a great extent over California, he received many letters from anxious friends, begging him to hunt up a brother or a son, and endeavor to bring them to Christ. Many an earnest letter of this kind he had received. Among the rest was one heart, and skilfully unfolding the springs from a mother, so urgent, so full of entreaty, that it took a deep hold upon his heart. The letter told him how she had agonized and prayed for a son in California until she had lost all traces of him, and begged of him that, on her behalf, he would endeavor to look up the lost boy, who she feared was in the broad road to ruin, and, as he loved souls, do all he could to save him.

Then the speaker went on to say, "I hunted for that son a whole year. determined to find him, if possible. At last I found him in a gambling saloon, at the card table, deeply engaged in play. elbows on his garden fence, and turned In the midst of this game I approached him, and told him I wished to speak with crimson flush of disease from the rudhim. We descended into the street together. I told him how long I had been the salvation of his soul. He laughed influences that flow from real joy and me to scorn. He assured me I used my

time and money to very poor advantage in looking for him, and as he would take good care of himself, he did not know but thanks for all my painstaking would be superfluous. He said much that indicated that he looked upon my efforts with a haughty disdain and contempt. But I had a commission to fulfil. So I requested him to go with me to the temperance room and there sign the temperance pledge; and then I wished him to go acteristic of our times, is chargeable

yer-meeting with me. He flatly you have a pious, praying mother. I am here at the request of that mother. All this long year have I sought you, it comes into all the things that keep to a mother, none more than I.' I

with you. He went back and played specimens and instruments for the enter-out his game, and, good as his word, he tainment of my friends. When you the pledge. Then he went to the prayer-provided it on purpose for them; still I meeting. The man was soon in great think it would be respectable to ask your agony of spirit.

and witnessed a good confession before many witnesses. He was a liberallyeducated young man. He was, in procounty in which he resided. He was a trying a man who was indicted for gambling and similar offences just such as he had before been guilty of. The man at the bar was a desperado, and shot the judge upon the bench. He was mortally wounded, and life was fast ebbing away. He sent immediately for me, continued "Your name for five shillings," said the speaker; 'I had just time to reach precious words they were. 'Tell my that I am dying in the assured hope of "Yes; but you've never begun to do a glorious immortality beyond the grave. that yet," said Allan. Send to her a thousand thanks that she sent you that letter, and O, a thousand thanks to you, that you so faithfully folgoing—going to heaven. I shall meet put on anything again." her there. O, who can value a mother's count up the things that God gives us," prayer? And who would complain of might then unseat half a dozen of the said Allan; "I wasn't thinking of the faithfulness of a covenant-keeping passengers of an overloaded vehicles which God, if they would give him no rest, as It is too true that the problem while

NOVEL READING AND INSANITY.

Dr. Ray, of the Butler Insane Asydifference—yes, and more than they lum, Providence, Rhode Island, in nowant-and are taken as matters of course | ticing some of the prominent causes of without any praise or thanks to the Giv- the increase of insanity in our day, lays er. Come, now I have shown you that stress on the light reading of the age. you don't pay for the things that you It fails to develope the mental health couldn't do without, and I could tell you and strength needed to endure the triof many more—can't you find it in your als of life, and by cultivating a morbid heart to give something to give poor frame of mind, makes it more susceptisinners, young and old, a knowledge of ble to certain forms of insanity. He

"Generally speaking, there can be no question that excessive indulgence in "Well," said Allan, putting his hand novel reading necessarily enervates the in his pocket, "I'm not against giving mind and diminishes the power of enduyou a trifle, but I didn't know you was rance. In other departments of literagoing to talk that way when I said ture, such as biography and history, the mental powers are more or less exercised by the ideas which they convey. Facts are stored up in the memory, spread of the gospel all he earns in the hints are obtained for the further purfirst week in January, the week of pray- suit of knowledge, judgments are former, believes that other Christians will ed respecting character and actions, find a blessing in determining before- original thoughts are elicited, a spirit of investigation is excited, and more than all, life is viewed as it really has been, and must be lived. A mind thus furnished and disciplined is provided with a fund of reserved power to fall back upon when assailed by the adverse forces which, in some shape or other, all of us must expect to encounter. "In novel reading, on the contrary,

the mind passively contemplates the scenes that are brought before it, and which, being chiefly addressed to the passions and emotions, naturally please without the necessity of effort or preparation. Of late years a class of books has arisen, the sole object of which is to stir the feelings, not by ingenious plots; not by touching the finer chords of the of action; not by arousing our sympathies for unadulterated, unsophisticated goodness, truth and beauty, for that would assimilate them to the immortal productions of Shakspeare and Scott; but by coarse exaggerations of every sentiment, by investing every scene in glowing colors, and, in short, by every possible form of unnatural excitement. In all this there is little or no addition to one's stock of knowledge, no element of mental strength is evolved, and no one is better prepared by it for encountering the stern realities of life. The sickly sentimentality which craves this kind of stimulus, is as different from the sensibility of a well ordered mind as the dy glow of high health. A mind that seeks its nutriment from books of this description is closed against the genial sorrow, and from all the beauty and heroism of common life. A refined selfishness is apt to prevail over every better feeling, and when the evil day comes, the higher sentiments which bind us to our fellow-men by all the ties of benevolence, and justice, and veneration, furnish no support nor consolation.

"The specific doctrine that I would inculcate is, that the excessive indulgence in novel reading, which is a char-

ASKING FATHER.

A gentleman of fine social qualities, from place to place, in obedience to a always ready to make liberal provision request of that mother. I have the let- for the gratification of his children, a ter in my pocket asking this of me; man of science and a moralist of the would you like to see it?' The young strictest school, was skeptical in regard man was struck dumb for a moment with | to prayer, thinking it surperfluous to ask astonishment. I ran my hand into my God for what nature had already furpocket for the purpose of showing him nished ready to hand. His eldest son the letter: 'O,' said he, 'don't produce became a disciple of Christ. The father, while recognizing a happy change in the He read and re-read the letters given draught, "when you come to think how any young man owes a debt of gratitude spirit and deportment of the youth, still harped upon his old objection to prayer as unphilosophical and unnecessary.

"I remember," said the son, "that I Allan, "maybe the most useful thing in my game, and then I will come and go once made free use of your pictures, "To make a long story short, that added the son, "although God has proyoung man become hopefully converted, yided everything for me, I think it is respectful to ask Him, and to thank Him for what I use.'

The skeptic was silent: but he has cess of time, chosen to be a judge of the since admitted that he has never been able to invent an answer to this simple, conscientious judge. One day he was personal, sensible argument for prayer. -Congregationalist.

THE ADVANTAGE OF A TRUNK.

In reference to the overloading of animals, the late Sir Charles Napier gives an anecdote of an elephant, which really goes far to justify Pope's epithet of

"half-reasoning," as applied to it. "Here," Sir Charles says, "I cannot refrain from telling a story of one of the Scinde elephants taken in 1813, and called by some 'Kubador Moll.' He belongs to the baggage corps, and he has been attached to a regiment march ing up to Moulton. My letters tell me lowed me up, and hunted that whole that 'Kubador Moll' allows them year for me. Tell my darling mother I load him as much as they like, and the thank her for that love which never deliberately with his trunk takes off a "For health, and having been brought tired, and for the prayers which were again beyond the quantity he think never omitted for her far off son. I am fair to put on his back. They dare not

ing beside them: Why should one caped from folly again seek it? Escaped from folly again seek it? Escaped from danger, again rush into it? Escaped from danger, not how many the horse can draw.