

The Family Circle.

LET ME GO!

Let me go! my feet are weary,
In the desert where I roam;
Let me go! the way is dreary—
Let the wanderer go home!
I am weary of the darkness—
Of those lonely, failing streams—
Let me go! where fountains are flashing
In the light of Heaven's beams!

Let me go! my soul is thirsting
For those waters, bright and clear.
From the Fount of Glory bursting—
Ah! why keep the pilgrim here?
I can catch the far-off murmurs
Of Life's River, sweet and low,
Calling, from Earth's bitter waters,
Unto them—Oh, let me go!

Let me go! my heart is fainting
'Neath its weight of sins and fears,
And my wakeful eyes are failing
With these ever-falling tears!
For the morning I am sighing,
While Earth's long vigils keep;
Here the loved are ever dying,
And the loving live to weep!

Let me go! I faint would follow
Where I know their steps have passed;
Far beyond Life's heaving billows,
Finding home and heaven at last!
While my exiled heart is pining
To behold "my Father's" face,
They, in His own brightness shining,
Beckon me to that blest place!

Let me go! I hear them calling,
"Ho! thou weary one, come home!"
Words which on mine ear are falling,
Where'er my footsteps roam.
Ah! how gladly world I listen—
Gladly lay mine armor down,
And with eager footsteps hasten
Where awaits the conqueror's crown!

Let me go! Oh! who would linger,
Fainting, fearing, and aghast,
When before us lies a region
Where undying pleasures burst?
Let me go! my soul is springing
For its flight from sin's dark vale,
And would fain its way be winging
Where no storms will e'er assail!

Let me go! but, Heavenly Father!
Thou dost hear thine orphan cry!
When round my tempests gather,
Thou dost sit above the sky.
Trusting Thee, through Thine Anointed,
I can yet contented roam,
Knowing, in Thine hour appointed,
Thou wilt take the wanderer home.
—Drifted Snow Flakes.

THE SAXON WIFE.

[We extract from *The Early Dawn*, by the Schoenberg Cotta author, a few scraps from the "Lady Adeleve's discourse to her Nun Daughter," chiefly for the beauty and simplicity in which the loftier human sentiments are portrayed, but also as exhibiting the tone of religious superstition in Britain, before it was more vilely Latinized, and while as yet a sincere and scriptural heart experience was not lost among traditional corruptions.]

"But especially I remember all that your father said to me at that time, because so soon afterwards he was brought home with a broken leg from the chase, and was laid 'on the bed,' from which he never rose, although one of the best leeches in the land was a monk of the monastery at Tarrow, and attended him constantly, skilfully binding up the limb in tight ligatures. Before any surgeon could come, however, when he was brought 'in stunned,' I ventured myself to bleed him, as I had learned at the abbey of Whitby. And for this I shall reproach myself as long as I live, as one thing that hindered his recovery. For in my fright and distraction, I forgot the moon was waxing instead of waning; at which time the Archbishop Theodore himself said it was dangerous to let blood."

"Yet when once I with bitter tears told this to your father, he said, 'Surely, if the Lord Christ see it time to call me, he will see that his summons is delivered, be it by whose hand it may.' That is true, and it comforts me much to think so. But surely the compassionate Lord would never have given such a message to me. No doubt it was the distracting devil who confused my senses."

"Your father's illness was long, and his suffering (except from the treatment of the doctor) not great. Very often the good monks would come to visit him, and held edifying discourses, especially the young monk Bede, who had always wise words to say (either his own or from the innumerable books he knew); and also examples of the lives and deaths of good men to encourage us with, from the days of the Gospels to our own, when many can still remember the dying looks and words of Bishop Aidan, and of Cuthbert, and of the Abbess Hilda, Bishop Chad, and other saints."

"His story of the death of Bishop Cuthbert and his friend Herbert, went to my heart, partly because I had known the anchorite Herbert on the Derwent Lake in my childhood."

"Herbert was wont, the good monk Bede told us one day, 'to visit Bishop Cuthbert on his island in the lake every year, and to receive from him spiritual advice. Hearing that Cuthbert was come to the city of Carlisle, he repaired one year to him, according to custom, being desirous of being still more inflamed in heavenly desires through his wholesome admonitions. Whilst they alternately entertained one another with the delights of the celestial life, the bishop, among other things, said, 'Brother Herbert, remember at this time to ask me all the questions you wish to have answered, and say all you design, for we shall see each other no more in this world. For I am sure that the time of my departure is at hand, and that I shall speedily put off this tabernacle of the flesh.' Hearing these words, he fell down at his feet, and weeping, said, 'I beseech you by our Lord, forsake me not, but

remember your most faithful companion, and entreat the Supreme Goodness that, as we served him together on earth, we may depart together to see his bliss in heaven.' The bishop applied himself to prayer, and having presently intimation in the spirit that he had obtained what he had asked of the Lord, he said, 'Rise, brother, and weep not, but rejoice, for the Heavenly Goodness has granted what we desired.' And even so it happened. They saw each other no more in the flesh; but their souls quitted their bodies on the same day, the 20th of March, one from the wooded islet on the Derwent Lake, the other from the rocky island of Farne, in the sea; they were immediately again united and translated to heaven by the angels; and Herbert being by a long previous sickness disciplined to holiness as great as that of Cuthbert, on the same day they ascended to the same seat of eternal bliss, there to pass through all the endless stages of the glorious life together, twin-brothers in the heavenly world."

"When the good Bede had finished,

and I sat silently weeping by my husband's bedside, he took my hand and said,—

"Come, let us pray for this, even this."

"It would be sweet, indeed," he said, smoothing my hair, "but can we ask it?"

"Not yet, perhaps," I sobbed, "not now! but that he might spare us both till the elder ones could care for the younger, and then—"

"What if one of us should be left to bring all the flock to the other waiting in heaven, and to the Lord the Good Shepherd, who gave his life for all? Would not that also be sweet, my wife?"

"I could not answer, the words seemed so like a terrible doom of separation; but as I sit here, an old gray-haired woman, now that so many have gone, and gone, as I trust, home, I could almost think it might be sweet thus to close the eyes of all, and then follow them, if God willed it so, to Christ and to him."

"One thing perplexed me in the holy monk Bede, as in many of the monks at Tarrow. Much as he honored our Father Aidan as a true servant of God, he thought him and the Scotch monks in very great darkness about Easter and the tonsure, only indeed to be excused by their ignorance. One day, however, when I, who could not endure to hear a word of blame on those holy men, the teachers of our sainted mother the Abbess Hilda, had spoken to them of their devoted labors and self-denying holiness, and of the love all the people bore them, he said,—

"These things I much love and admire in Bishop Aidan. His love, his continence and humility; his mind superior to anger and avarice; to pride and vain glory; his industry in keeping and teaching the divine commandments; his diligence in reading and watching; his authority as a priest in reprobating the haughty and powerful; his tenderness in comforting the afflicted, and in relieving and defending the poor; his willingness to perform to the utmost all he found in the apostolical or prophetic Scriptures, because I doubt not they were pleasing to God; but I do not praise or approve his not observing Easter at the proper time. Yet this I approve in him, that in the celebration of his Easter, the object which he had in view in all he said, did, or preached, was the same as ours, that is, the redemption of mankind through the passion, resurrection, and ascension into heaven of the man Christ Jesus, who is the mediator between God and man."

"Nobler praise than this, even, the Abbess Hilda could not have desired for Father Aidan, wherefore I never again debated these points with the holy monk Bede, who in all things was so much wiser and better than I."

"But dearest to your father than even his words was, my reading to him in the Gospel of St. Luke, or in the Anglo-Saxon Psalter, or my repeating hymns and prayers which I had learned. Especially he loved the verses of the Saxon hymn, beginning,

O Lord beloved!
O God, my judge!
Hear me!
I know that my soul
Is wounded with sins.
Heal thou it,
Lord of Heaven!
For thou easily canst
Physician of us all.
O Light of light!
O joy of life,
Thou art the Saviour, God!"

"These words came back to me always as if spoken by your father's voice, so dear they were to him. And also the prayers in the Psalter,—

"O Lord our Redeemer! O God of truth! who hast redeemed mankind, sold to sin, not by silver and gold, but by the blood of thy precious Son, be our protector, and look down on our low estate, and because great is the multitude of thy kindnesses, O raise our desires always to partake them, and excite our minds to explore them."

"And—O Lord, who hast been our refuge before the mountains were brought forth; Author of time, yet without any limit of time thyself; in thy nature there is no past, to thee the future is never new. May no pride creep into our thoughts to avert us from the eyes of thy mercy."

"There were also hymns to the Virgin; but for these he did not care so much. He thought such elaborate

devotions must be more for the monks. Whatever others might do who had more time, he thought he should never have time enough to praise the living Lord who died to redeem us, and to beseech his mercy for his many sins."

"In that mind he passed those last precious days of weakness, and in that mind his spirit departed, as a sinful man calling with his last breath on the Saviour.

"No mysterious, unwanted light came into the chamber where he died; but great peace came into my heart as I looked on him, and prayed God to give me grace to lead all our little flock, as he had said, to join him again in heaven.

"Afterwards other thoughts came, dark and bitter hours, when I thought of the dreadful visions some have had of little sins being visited with frost, and fire, and torment in the other world, [purgatory]; of the devils who, the monks say, wait to accuse us; of the deathless serpents who whet their bloody teeth to pierce guilty souls; of dwellings most bright and fair, which they see from afar, but may not enter; of the angelic choirs whose radiance they hear, while the mocking devils say, 'There you may never dwell,' and the wretched soul exclaims, 'Wo is me that I ever saw the light of the human world!'

"Have things changed then in the other world since the poor beggar was carried from the dogs, and the pitiless rich man's gate to Abraham's bosom, or since the penitent thief, who had no time to do penance, and none to pay for masses to be said, went straight from the cross to Paradise?

"Since then, indeed, the compassionate Healer of men, the Lord who died for us, has gone into that world, and lives there. Can His welcome be less pitiful than Abraham's?

"Through all my terrors, sometimes those dying words of the Lord, so precious to my dying husband, come to my heart like my mother's voice when the storms were howling over our cradles amidst the mountains; all the rest—visions, prophecies, dreadful threatenings—seem to me but inarticulate howls and wails, and those words only living, human, and eternally true.

"Slowly they fall on my heart, and my heart responds: 'To-day,' and my head answers, 'To-day!'—not after countless ages, but to-day, straight from the farewells of our beloved to thy welcome! 'Shalt thou be with me in Paradise?' And I can only weep and say, 'With thee, pitiful Lord, with thee!' Then I will not think any more of the fiery valley or the fragrant fields, but of Thee, only of Thee. That promise is enough, for me and mine. 'Hildelith, my child,' said my mother, as she finished, 'thou hast been a nun from childhood, and art better and knowest more than I, can I be wrong?'

—A NOVEL MARRIAGE.

The Lancaster Express says that a large crowd of persons assembled in the Reformed Mennonite Church, in that city, on Sunday morning, to witness a marriage between two members of the new Mennonite persuasion. The ceremony was performed by Rev. John Kohr, assisted by Rev. Christian Witmer. To those of the audience who were never present at a wedding of members of this denomination the affair was novel and interesting. The sermon was appropriate to the occasion.

The preacher read from the 3d to the 10th verses of the 19th chapter of Matthew; and from the 22d verse to the end of the 5th chapter of Ephesians, basing his remarks on these passages of Scripture. The whole discourse was devoted to the duties of the candidates for matrimony to each other, and their spiritual relations to "Christ, the head of the Church."

At the conclusion of the regular exercises the marriage rite was performed in front of the pulpit. The bridegroom was asked whether he believed this sister of his faith was allotted by Christ to be his wife, and whether he was free from all other women persons.

Affirmative answers being given, similar questions were put to the bride and answered, when the twain were pronounced man and wife. The manner of bringing about marriages between the members of this denomination differs from that of other Christians. What is called "courting" is done by their preachers, the candidates for matrimonial honors not being allowed to visit the object of their affections.

When a brother wishes to take to himself one of the sisters as a wife, the fact of bringing about marriages between the members of this denomination differs from that of other Christians. What is called "courting" is done by their preachers, the candidates for matrimonial honors not being allowed to visit the object of their affections.

Tom cooled down directly at the thought of his teacher. "I'm sorry," he said, "if I spoke too hastily, and I don't bear any ill will to you, sir; but you ought not to have said that about the parish; for you know I'm an honest, hard-working lad, that would be ashamed to be beholden to anybody while I had a finger to help myself with. But, Mr. Grimes, I am going away directly, sir, so you will surely listen to me; you will never prosper in the long run without God's blessing; and his blessing cannot be yours if you break his commandments, and try to make other people break them too."

Mr. Grimes walked proudly away before the close of Tom's speech, and took no notice of it; perhaps he did not choose to hear it.

A HIGH STANDARD OF COMFORT.

The more numerous the comforts, viewed as necessities by the great body of the people, and the farther those comforts are removed from gross sensuality, the higher the moral condition of that people, is a principle in politics without an exception. The warm house, the neat furniture, the decent clothing, the well-weeded and flower-decorated garden, the favorite singing bird and sparrow, and the small but well-chosen collection of books, are enjoyments beyond the means of the idle, and not the choice of the tavern-hun-

THE WOODPECKER.
WRITTEN FOR LULU MAC.

A woodpecker sat on an old hollow tree, Smoothing his plumage so fine; And when he had finished his toilet, said he, "I am hungry enough to dine."

Then down on the wood went his head, tap, tap, And he instantly killed a black ant with a rap Of his bill, while an echo below muttered tap, Said the bird, "It is laughing at me."

The summer-wind toyed with his beautiful crest, Tossing his plumage so gay;

Said he, "My wee birds are home in my nest, While papa is dining away."

I must get them their dinner, so, tap, tap, tap,

These insects I'll easily catch with a rap

Of my bill," here the echo below said tap, Quoth the bird, "Get away you old pest."

And then off he went to his work with a will,

Tapping as hard as he could, When he hears a low whisper, "I pray you be still."

And beside him a great spider stood,

Quoth the spider, "Please stop your loud tap,

tap, tap, tap,"

Or you'll frighten that fly going into my trap,"

Here the echo below whispered tap, tap, tap,

And the woodpecker whetted his bill,

Said the bird to the spider, "Tis cruel in you

To worry and kill that poor fly."

Quoth the spider, "My friend, I suspect that is true,

But you are as guilty as I,

For your bill, on the bark never goes tap, tap,

But you seize some live thing with a merciless snap

Of your bill," here the echo below murmured tap,

As if it were mocking the two.

"Look a-day!" quoth the bird as he winked with one eye,

This spider must think I'm a sinner;

So rather tell him the wherefore and why,

I will gobble him up for my dinner.

That will save me much talking, so here it goes," tap,

And he gave the great spider a thundering rap

On the head with his bill, while the echo said tap,

When it ought to have, screamed oh, fie, fie!

Then away flew the hawk to the white oak tree,

But he had not a minute to spare,

For the woodpecker tapped just as merrily.

As if no fool had been there.

Then he swooped on his prey with an ill-natured snap,

Of his murderous bill, and omnious claws

Of his wings, while no echo answered tap,

But the insects all fled with glee.

Down in the field stood Dick Doyle with his gun,

Watching the hawk as he flew;

Quoth he, "You rascalion, I'll show you some fun."

If I take my aim steady and true."

Bang! went the bullet—right onward it sped

Through the air, till it shattered the fiery red-head

Of the hawk, and the terrified woodpecker fled

To his nest in the hemlock so dun.

INGLESIDE, Oct. 24, 1864.

L.