

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, falling 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!

THE SAXON WIFE.

[We extract from The Early Dawn, by the Schonberg Cotta author, a few scraps from the "Lady Adelaide'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 fully 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, skillfully 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."

"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 Farnie, 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 him 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 reproving 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 dearer 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, unwonted 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, 'Who 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 heart 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. 'Hildegard, 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 Menonite Church, in that city, on Sunday morning, to witness a marriage between two members of the new Menonite 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 is communicated to the preacher, who makes known to the sister the feelings of this brother, and, if no objection be made on her part, the banns are published in church, and the wedding takes place in due time.

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 spaniel, and the small but well-chosen collection of books, are enjoyments beyond the means of the idle, and not the choice of the tavern-hunter.

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, tap.

And he instantly killed a black ant with a rap Of his bill, while an echo below muttered ap, 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 birdies are home in my nest, While papa is dining away."

These insects I'll easily catch with a rap Of my bill; here the echo below said ap, 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, Or you'll frighten that fly going into my trap."

Here the echo below whispered ap, ap, ap, And the woodpecker whetted his bill.

Said the bird to the spider, "This cruel in you To worry me with 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, tap."

But you seize some live thing with a merciless snap Of your bill," here the echo below murmured ap, As if they were mocking the two.

"Lack-a-day!" quoth the bird as he winked with one eye, This spider must think I'm a sinner; So rather than let him the whilefore and why, I will gobble him up for my dinner."

That will save me much talking, so here it goes," tap, tap, tap, And he gave the great spider a thundering rap On the head with his bill, while the echo said ap, When it ought to have screamed out, fie, fie!

A hawk on a chestnut tree stared at this scene, Quoth he, "Here's a pretty affair; I think I must fly to that white oak so green, And hide myself cunningly there, And when you go yag fellow goes tap, tap, tap, I will settle his doings for him with a clap Of my claws, before echo can utter her rap; And I'll pick every bone in him bare."

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 not a foe had been there.

Then he swooped on his prey with an ill-natured snap Of his murderous bill, and ominous clap Of his wings, while no echo answered ap, But the insects all tittered 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 you 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. Incessant, Oct. 24, 1864. L.

TOM'S MASTER.

"So you are really going, Tom? I hoped you would have thought better of it."

"No, uncle," said the boy sorrowfully, but firmly. "I promised my mother on her dying bed that I wouldn't break the Sabbath, nor do what I felt was wrong; and I will keep my promise if I starve through it."

"My poor lad! it's of no use trying to turn you back, I know; but it's very hard for you to be turned adrift on the world so early." And he covered his face with one hand, while he rested the other on the youth's shoulder.

"It's no harder for me than for a thousand others," said Tom cheerfully; "I'm not a bit afraid of getting my own living, when I can have the least chance for it; but there's nothing to be had round about here just now, so I must go elsewhere. Only do not fret about it; I shall do very well, I have no doubt, and when I've made my fortune, I'll come back and see you all."

These rather boastful words were heard by somebody who was not meant to hear them. This was Tom's late master, who happened to be passing by. They made him very angry; for it seemed as if the boy cared nothing for the loss of his place, nor at all regretted the past. And he knew, though he would not own it, that he had done wrong in dismissing a poor, friendless boy from his service because he refused to work for him on Sunday; and, as is often the case, the consciousness of having injured him made him dislike him. So it was in a sharp, contemptuous tone that he said, "Come back when you have made your fortune, indeed! You are much more likely to come back to the work-house, I can tell you!"

The boy looked almost too indignant to speak. To be taunted thus by the man who had made him homeless and penniless, it was too bad! His cheeks flushed, and his lip quivered, as he exclaimed, "Take care, Mr. Grimes, that you don't go there yourself in the end."

"Hush, hush, Tom," whispered his uncle, "what would your teacher say if he heard you?"

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.

Such was the parting between Tom and his old master.

The parting between Tom and his uncle was far more tender and touching; for Tom's uncle was very fond of him, but then he had a sickly and a large family of young children to care for, and the times were hard, so he had to let him go, and trust him entirely to God's care.

With a sad yet a brave heart, Tom went his way—went to battle with life's trials in his boyhood, and to earn among strangers the bread which was denied him at home. But he took with him "a conscience void of offence," and a simple faith which made the promise of Jacob's own, "Behold I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest."

Was not the orphan-boy, after all, more to be envied than Mr. Grimes? Several years passed away, and Tom was almost forgotten—except by his uncle—in his native village. Not much had been heard of him since he left. It was said he had gone to Australia, and was doing very well there; but this was as much as any one knew about him.

One bright summer's day he unexpectedly came back, and brought with him a fortune! Yes, Tom was really a rich man; but I was not thinking of that just now; I was thinking that, although he had parted with his poverty, he still kept fast hold of his faith in God, and was more than ever devoted to his service. In finding money he did not lose his religion; and it is not every rich man who can say that.

God had greatly blessed the orphan lad, and proved in his experience the truth of these words, "They that honor me, I will honor." "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you."

But what became of Tom's master? He had lost his business, lost his credit, lost his health, and was now, in his old age, an inmate of the work-house—yes, of that very work-house which he had threatened the forlorn and friendless Tom!

And what do you think Tom did? Just what I hope you would have done if you had been in his place. He provided a comfortable lodging for Mr. Grimes, took him out of the work-house, and saw that he did not want anything as long as he lived.

Was not this heaping coals of fire on the old man's head?—Church of England Sunday School's Magazine.

THE WAY TO SPEAK TO BOYS.

Many years ago, a certain minister was going one Sunday morning from his house to his school-room. He walked through a number of streets, and as he turned a corner, he saw assembled around a pump a party of little boys who were playing at marbles. On seeing him approach, they began to pick up their marbles and run away as fast as they could. One little fellow, not having seen him as soon as the rest, could not accomplish this so soon; and before he had succeeded in gathering up his marbles, the minister had closed upon him and placed his hand upon his shoulder. They were face to face, the minister of God and the poor little ragged boy who had been caught in the act of playing marbles on Sunday morning. And how did the minister deal with the boy? for that is what I want you to observe.

He might have said to the boy, "What are you doing here? You are breaking the Sabbath! Don't you deserve to be punished for breaking the command of God?" But he did nothing of the kind. He simply said, "Have you found all your marbles?" "No," said the little boy, "I have not."

"Then," said the minister, "I will help you to find them;" whereupon he knelt down and helped to look for the marbles, and as he did so he remarked, "I liked to play at marbles when a little boy, very much, and I think I can beat you; but," added he, "I never played marbles on a Sunday."

The little boy's attention was arrested. He liked his friend's face, and began to wonder who he was. The minister said:

"I am going to a place where I think you would like to be—will you come with me?"

Said the boy: "Where do you live?"

"Why, in such and such a place," was the reply.

"Why, that is the minister's house!" exclaimed the boy, as if he did not suppose that a kind man and the minister of the gospel could be the same person.

"Why," said the man, "I am the minister myself, and if you will come with me I think I can do you some good."

Said the boy: "My hands are dirty; I cannot go."

Said the minister: "Here is a pump—why not wash?"

Said the boy: "I am so little that I can't wash and pump at the same time."

Said the minister: "If you'll wash, I'll pump."

He at once set to work, and pumped, and pumped, and pumped; and as he pumped, the little boy washed his hands and his face till they were quite clean.

Said the boy: "My hands are wringing wet, and I don't know how to dry them."

The minister pulled out of his pocket a clean pocket handkerchief, and offered it to the boy.

Said the little boy: "But it is clean." "Yes," was the reply, "But it was made to be dirtied."

The little boy dried his hands and face with the handkerchief and then accompanied the minister to the door of the Sunday-school.

Twenty years after, the minister was walking in the street of a large city, when a tall gentleman tapped him on the shoulder, and looking into his face, said, "You don't remember me."

"No," said the minister, "I don't."

"Do you remember, twenty years ago, finding a little boy playing marbles round a pump? Do you remember that boy's being too dirty to go to school, and your pumping for him, and your speaking kindly to him, and taking him home?"

"Oh," said the minister, "I do remember."

"Sir," said the gentleman, "I was that boy, I rose in business and became a leading man. I have attained a good position in society; and on seeing you to-day in the street I felt bound to come to you, and say that it is to your kindness, and wisdom, and Christian discretion—to your having dealt with me aggressively, that I owe, under God, all that I have attained and all that I am at the present day."

FEMININE DEVOTEDNESS.

At Lyons, when the city became the theatre of daily executions, a woman learned by chance that her husband's name was on the list of the proscribed, and instantly ran to avert the impending destruction, by securing his immediate flight. She compelled him to assume her dress, gave him her money and jewels, and had the inexpressible happiness of seeing him pass unsuspected. A few hours afterwards the officers of justice came to seize him. She had prepared herself to receive them, by putting on a suit of her husband's clothes, and answering to his name. She was led before the Revolutionary Committee.

In the course of the examination her disguise was discovered, and they demanded of her her husband. "My husband," she answered in a tone of exultation, "is out of the reach of your power. I planned his escape, and I glory in risking my own life for the preservation of his." They displayed before her the instrument of punishment, and charged her to reveal the route her husband had taken.

"Strike!" she replied, "I am prepared." "But it is the interests of your country that command you to speak," said one of the Committee. "Barbarians!" she answered, "my country cannot command me to outrage the sacred laws of nature." Her dignity and firmness awed even the members of the Revolutionary Committee, and a noble action for once overcame their spirit of desolating cruelty.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S WIFE.

The "Day Dreams of a Schoolmaster" contains a tribute to a departed one, the pathos of which comes direct from the heart, and which, for simple, unaffected tenderness, is not surpassed by any thing we remember having read:

Once upon a time, reader, a long, long while ago, I knew a schoolmaster; and that schoolmaster had a wife; and she was young, and fair, and learned; like that princess-pupil of old Aeschylus, fair and learned as Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother. And her voice was ever soft, gentle and low, reader; an excellent thing in woman. And her fingers were quick at needle-work, and nimble in all a housewife's cunning. And she could draw sweet music from the ivory board; and sweeter, stranger music from the chill life of her schoolmaster-husband. And she was slow of heart to understand mischief; but her feet ran swift to do good. And she was simple with the simplicity of girlhood, and wise with the wisdom that cometh only of the Lord—cometh only to the children of the Kingdom. And her sweet young life was as a morning hymn, sung by child-voice to rich organ-music. Time shall thro' his dart at death ere death has slain such another. For she died, reader, a long, long while ago. And I stood once by her grave—her green grave—not far from dear Dune-din. Died, reader, for all she was so fair, and learned, and simple, and good. And, I am told, it made a great difference to that schoolmaster.

SMILE.

Which will you do, smile and make others happy, or be crabbed and make everybody around you miserable? You can live among beautiful flowers and singing birds, or in the mire, surrounded by fogs and frogs. The amount of happiness you can produce is incalculable, if you will show a smiling face, a kind heart, and speak pleasant words. On the other hand, by sour looks, cross words, and a fretful disposition, you can make hundreds unhappy, almost beyond endurance. What will you do? Wear a pleasant countenance, let joy beam in your eye, and love glow on your forehead. There is no joy so great as that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant deed, and you may feel it at night when you rest and at morning when you rise, and through the day when about your daily business.