vice is good or not.'

The Family Circle.

THE CRUSE THAT FAILETH NOT.

Is thy cruse of comfort wasting? rise and share it with another, And through all the years of famine it shall serve thee and thy brother;

Love divine will fill thy storehouse, or thy hand

ful still renew ; Scanty fare for one will often make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving ; all its wealth is living grain, Seeds, which mildew in the garner, scattered,

fill with gold the plain. Is thy burden hard and heavy? do thy steps

drag wearily? Help to bear thy brother's burden; God will bear both it and thee.

Numb and weary on the mountains, wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow? Chafe that frozen form beside thee, and together both shall glow.

Is the heart a well left empty? None but God its void can fill ; Nothing but a ceaseless Fountain can its cease House less longings still.

Is the heart a living power? self-entwined its instrength sinks low; It can only live in loving, and by serving, love will grow. Author of Schonberg-Cotta Family.

THE YOUNG BAVARIAN.

"IT MISS S. WARNER, AUTHOR OF "DOL-LARS AND CENTS."

1. 18 1. CHAPTER III. - . K. z

lot in a palace instead of a tenement-They did not wait in idleness. house. And oh, those tenement-houses! With all the energy of faith and of -were they really built and owned, need, the poor Germans tried from some of the very worst of them-by day to day to make a living, but it men with more than heart could wish? was hard work. There were no vine- Men who built spacious, airy stables yards in those hot streets for the old for their horses, and superb barns for farmer to tend, there were no fields their cattle; men who lived in a wilfor him to plough, and people would derness of silk and velvet and gold, not even trust him with one of their and who, when they gave a ball, spread little door-yard gardens. How could carpets from the house to the carriagehe know anything of flowers, with way for the delicate feet of the ladies such a queer cap on his head? and as to pass over? Alas! "he that loveth to having such an outlandish-looking not his brother whom he hath seen, person at work about the place in any how shall he love God whom he hath way, it was out of the question; he not seen ?" might steal, and do all sorts of dread. It was a hot summer, and soon it ful things. So thought the house- began to be an unhealthy summer. keepers, the grocers, the merchants, to | Enough people die every season, in the whom he applied for work. close air of the city, but this year a

"Why don't you go West?" said new enemy crept in. The cholera came some of them, "if you are in such stealing along through the uncleaned want of a job. There's enough to do streets, creeping up the dismal stairs of there, and plenty of room to do it in. the tenement-houses; it began to do its Nobody wants you here."

work with a rapid hand, and among Ah, the West was a long way off! the very first that it struck down were and the road must be new paved with the old German farmer and his wife. dollars for every poor stranger that A few short hours of suffering, and God goes there; even the country that lies took them, and they were at rest. round about New York seems far away, to those who cannot pay their family began the world again alone; travelling expenses; and though the living on together, and cheering each farmer contrived to earn a little mo- other as they best might. For a little ney now and then, in one way or an- while: and then cholera seized upon other, still it was so very little, that the aunt too and John saw her carried the wants of each day were but scant- to the Potters, field and laid by the ily met. There was small chance of side of his father and mother, and in his ever laying by enough for that all the wide city he had not one human long western journey. It cost so triend. much to pay rent for his miserable From some funerals come back carlodging in the tenement house, and to riages full of people who have loved have been in any great business, such

with it will be fun. Here's the money." And suiting himself from the few clothes and the old German Bible spot, and keep picking there. Your basbasket, he runs off. So goes by the day; until a pelting

summer shower comes on, and drives the farmer's wife home; very weary, and by this time thoroughly wet too. But it is home, where her husband and John are, poor as the place may be; and in peace of heart they tell over the day's adventures, count their small gains, and season with thankful ness their light supper; then read of the love of Jesus and sing their evening hymn, and feel poor no longer. For "godliness is profitable for the life which now is," as well as for that which is to come; and the real poor that night in the great city, were those who, having everything else, knew nothing of the unsearchable

riches of Christ, and had no treasure

CHAPTER IV.

Everything that could go to the country

had gone long ago; and the best and

wholesomest parts of the town were

well-nigh deserted. But oh, those parts

where the poor people lived !---were

there no rich men, having more money

than they knew how to use, who could

have them cleansed and purified ?---if

not out of pity for the people, yet in

gratitude to Him who had cast their

It was a hot summer in New York.

in heaven.

were all John's possessions. But where should he go? Where should he live? Not a cent in his pocket, and scarce a word of English on his tongue. John looked once more round the old room, took up his bundle, and went forth into the August sunshine that was filling even that poor street with splendor.

"And out of sight an angel bright. Went close behind, with shining feet."

A MOTHER'S MORNING THOUGHTS.

Little bird-like voices are carolling a morning song in an adjoining room. Two sweet children, in all the freshness of health and vigor, greet the returning day with words of praise. One, a dear little pet of less than two winters, lies asleep on my arm. And Nor are they all. For nearly ten years learned to pick huckleberries." their father has cared for me, and by I have recalled this conversation, and the form of my old friend, who has long since passed away, to impress his tender love has made my pathway "blossom like the rose," And I have loving parents, brothers, sisters, and it upon the parent, and upon the friends innumerable, whose kindness iteacher, that a single sentence of inis without measure. Earth has much struction may shape the course of the of joy for me. Life is sweet, and yet, whole life of the child now under his spirit." I will accept it with thankfulbut the shaping of his son's whole character for life, and perhaps forever. ness as long as I can serve God by living, but I long, oh, I long for the How much wisdom we need to be able sight of a blessed Friend, whom, "not to say the right thing at the right time! having seen, I love;" a Friend in whose presence is "fullness of joy and at whose right hand, there are pleasures his teacher does well by him, don't forevermore." All earthly loves fade in the light of this heavenly love, even as change, or try another class, or another the morning star melts away in the light of the sun. This heavenly Friend than you could wish, stick to them, and make the most of them. The stone is "most sweet, yea, he is altogether lovely," and I can never be satisfied that rolls the least gathers the most until I "awake in his likeness" So it pains me not, on this calm

to learn and gather what is valuable.winter's morning, to know that the hectic deepens on my cheek-that death has set its seal upon my brow. There has been a struggle—but it is past—a struggle at the thought of leaving my little ones in their tender infancy without a mother's care; but the voice of my Beloved has spoken to my heart-"I will watch over them with more than a mother's care; I will love them with more than a mother's love." Then I gave them trustfully That I am burdened not so much with grain As with a heaviness of heart and brain : Master, behold my sheaves ! into the hands of my Saviour, and, my last care at rest, I listened to the sweet words, "In my Father's house are Through all my frame a weary aching leaves; For long I struggled with my helpless fate; And staid and toiled till it was dark and late; many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you; I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am there you may be also;" until my whole soul responded, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly "- Congregationalist.

HOW TO PICK HUCKLEBERRIES.

BY JOHN TODD, D. D.

When I first knew Mr. John Horseley he was an old white-haired man, and very rich. As he seemed never to buy bread; and the loaves were so the one just laid in the grave, or who as merchants and speculators now en-

They were soon put together, for a you find pretty fair picking, stick to that | 'Forbearing one another in love.' Their names are Bear and Forbear." ket at night will show whether my ad "Well, I'm sure!" said Miss Inquisi-

ive, and away she went home. "Well, sir, I followed my father's The simple meaning of it was, that advice, and though the children would Mr. and Mrs. Snarling had become Christians, and had taken these two wander about and cry out, 'O, Johnny, here's a world of them,' and 'here is Scripture bears home to live with them. splendid picking,' and 'here you can How I wish you would all take these fill your basket in less than no time,' two bears home with you, my young yet I stuck to my 'fair picking' place. friends. Yes, and keep them there. When we got through at night, to the Let them stay in the nursery-in the astonishment of every one, and my own no less, it was found that I had dining-room. Take them with you when you go to school-make them your companions wherever you go nearly twice as many berries as any other one. They all wondered how it They make no noise. They cost nothwas. But I knew. And that was the ing to keep. They can do no harmlesson that made me a rich man. but they may do a great deal of good Whenever I have found 'fair picking' Oh, if these two bears were only al-I have stuck to it. Others have lowed to come into every house, and changed occupations and business, and dwell there, how much trouble and ters, lies asleep on my arm. And have moved from one place to another. sorrow it would prevent! and how these treasures are mine—given me in I have never done so, and I attribute much good it would do *Rev. Dr.* solemn trust by my heavenly Father. all my succession by which I Newton. residence Treasures at the sea i anti

NEVER FRIGHTEN CHILDREN.

A schoolmistress, for some triffing offence, most foolishly put a child into a dark cellar for an hour. The child was greatly terrified and cried bitterly. Upon returning to her parents in the this life, with all its happiness, does care. Not only did property and suc- evening, she burst into tears, and not satisfy the cravings of the immortal icess hang, on the old minister's hint, begged that she might not be put into the cellar. The parents thought this extremely odd, and assured her that there was no danger of their being guilty of so great an act of cruelty, but it was difficult to pacify her, and when put to bed she passed a restless he is doing pretty well where he is, if night. On the following day she had fever, during which she frequently ex-claimed, "Do not put me in the cellar." school. If your advantages are less The fourth day after, she was taken to Sir A. Cooper, in a high state of fever. with delirium, frequently muttering, "Pray, don't put me in the cellar." moss. What was wise in picking When Sir Astley inquired the reason he found that the parents had learnt the punishment to which she had been subjected. He ordered what was likely to relieve her; but she died a week

after this unfeeling conduct. Another case from the same authority may here be cited. It is the case of a child, ten years of age, who, wanting to write her exercise, and to scrape her slate-pencil, went into the school in the dark to fetch her knife, when one of her schoolfellows burst from behind the door to frighten her. She was much terrified, and her head ached. On the following day she became deaf; and, on the next, so much so as not to hear the loudest talking. Sir Astley saw her three months after this had happened, and she continued in the same deplorable state of deafness.

A boy, fifteen years of age, was admitted an inmate of the Dunder Lunatic Asylum, having become imbecile from fright. When twelve years of age he was apprenticed to a light business; and some trifling article being one day missing, he was along with others locked up in a dark cellar. The children were much alarmed; and all were let out with the exception of this poor boy, who was detained until past

REFUGE.

There's not a care but what I cast on God;

There's not a care but what 1 cast on God; When amid pain and anguish deep I feel A peaceful quiet o'er my bosom steal; And with affection I can kiss the rod. Long years ago this thorny earth was trod By one who thither came from heaven to bear For our poor race, sin, sadness, sorrow, care; Sad seeds that ripen on earth's blighted sod. What He bore then, He's mighty to bear now; My beavy sins I hang upon His cross; My heavy sins I hang upon His cross ; My pains I see upon His pallid brow. Beneath the trouble that would often toss

My tempted soul, I see His meek head bow; And all the strength I gain is gathered from His loss.

-Caroline May.

"OUR YOUNG FOLKS."

"Tell our young folks to live for Such was the last message of a God." pastor's wife to the youth, among whom she had held, only a few months, a high, and it seemed to her, a sacred relation. May this wish of a glorified friend never be forgotten by the young peo-ple of ——, until it shall be gloriously realized ! There are youth in every parish, whose future is dear to God and to men. The writer feels warned by the voice of the dead, to "Tell the young folks, everywhere, to live for God.

And why? Because no object of life, lower than God, will truly satisfy them. The experiment has been repeatedly tried, and failed as often. Ask the pleasureseeker, the night-reveller; ask the gay dancer, the votary of wealth and fame; ask the absorbed student, "do these pursuits satisfy?" Compelled, they will all reply, "not yet."

Ask the witty, the wise, the petted Talleyrand. For four-score years, with an ambition worthy of a nobler object, he served himself. He was chief minis-ter of State, and the central idol of the gayest society of France. But, dying, with no results, except great fatigue of body and mind, a profound sentiment of discouragement for the future, and

disgust for the past." Even the brilliant and admired Chesterfield, when king of the world of fashion and letters, which he had aspired to rule, wrote to a friend :--- "I have run the silly rounds of business and pleasure, and I have done, with them all." And to the same friend he declares his morbid purpose with regard to the remaining years of his life: 'I am resolved to sleep in the carriage during the rest of the journey."

When a nation, almost a world, was at the feet of Voltaire, he sighed wearily, "I wish I had never been born."

What a great mistake did these men make! How desolate do their confessions sound, when we remember the dying ecstacy of Payson:---"I rejoice! I triumph!" or the sublime review of the great apostle-"I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

There is a prejudice on the part of many young men and young women linst living and laboring for God. But let the question be seriously asked, is there any better investment of youthinto prayers and labors for immortal souls? This is the work of the church; and will any other use of the gift of youth yield in return a deeper peace in this life, and equal satisfaction in another? --- Congregationalist.

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small

His wife, on her part, did her best and gentlemen that floated and that no proper place anywhere. hurried by !-- they might have bought | And so, jostled and slighted on earth, up her whole stock and gone home but watched and guarded from heaven, with full purses.

a nice-looking lady and her little girl, in at the old door, and up the crazy way to pick huckleberries. They in--just stepped out of a handsome car- stairs to the one room where he and riage. The horses paw the ground his aunt had lived. But everything with their eager feet, and the sunlight there was in a state of commotion. The glitters in the bright harness as they bed was stripped, the chairs were in the toss their heads-flinging off white middle of the floor, and the little strip specks of foam like snow flakes. of rag carpet was pulled up, and hang-The Bavarian goes timidly towards ing out of the window. the lady, with what little English she "O, there you are !" said a woman knows.

"Buy a broom, lady ?"

"O please do, mamma !" cries the little girl.

"What do you ask for it?" the la dy asks carelessly.

'Six cents."

"What a ridiculous price -Come Lucy,"-and they go into a shop to buy perfumery.

"I'll take one," says a little boy; just come in town for the day with his father, and walking up and down out paying rent? Not our landlord, I Broadway to do his own shopping. reckon. He's hardly stood it out till "I'll take one, what's the price?

"Only six cents."

"Tell you what, though, that's tremendous dear, when a person hasn't got but twenty five !" says young mas- You don't look as if you had much to ter, emptying his coppers out on the doorstep to count them. A little The woman hustled about, sweeping light summer jacket, white trousers, and talking together, and John stood white collar tied with a ribbon, a broad brimmed straw hat, red cheeks and a curly head, -- the Bavarian looks at the pleasant happy picture, thinking of little John at home in the tenement house.

"Now let's have the very best broom you've got," says the boy, the landlord kindly decided to take choosing out the six cents and clink whatever furniture and other trifles finding better picking, and thus they baby; and the way she'll sweep me himself about was his own things.

have known him and honored him; gage in, and as he was never accused of or, if he has been a soldier, there are being a dishonest man, it was always a to help on. Sometimes she wrought glittering files of his fellow soldiers, mystery to me how he became to be so at bits of beautiful German embroid- and military bands playing their sweet rich. I knew that his father was a ery; selling them for a trifle to the music. But John came, back all alone. poor country clergyman, and that shopkeepers, who sold them again at There had been no carriages to wait a good price. Sometimes, with a bas on his grief, no procession of kind from him. Meeting my friend one which they lived. They wouldn't bear ket on her arm, she made her way in- friends; he was the only mourner. To day, when our conversation happened the least thing from each other. Like Ex. Paper. to the gay bustle of Broadway, and the city officials, who had made all the to turn on the subject of gathering pro- a cat and dog, there was a constant stood there hour after hour trying to arrangements, it was nothing but the perty. I ventured to ask him how it snarling, and growling, and quarrelling. sell her wares herself. In the basket funeral of a poor foreigner, about was that he had been so successful in between them. But all at once it was were tidies of her own knitting, and whom they knew little and cared less; life. knitted German lace, and little brooms to the people on the sidewalk, among made of shavings. You might see in whom John threaded his way home, her wistful face how eager she was to he was only one of the common street find a purchaser,-O those rich ladies boys, always in the way, and having

The two, that were left of that small

John made his way through the streets, "God liveth ever!"-Here all shin towards his home. He called it home

who seemed to be taking care of all this confusion, "I didn't know as you was ever coming back. Come, you'd best bundle up what duds you've got, and be off. There's other folks comin to live her, now."

"Here?" said the boy, feeling bewildered.

"Ay, here," said the woman, "and to die here, too, maybe, as the last did. Good enough place for it. Who's going to let you keep a room like this with she was dead. So you'd better pick up your things before the new folks bring theirs, or they may chance to get mixed up; and that would be bad. lose."

still without trying to interrupt her. Many of her words he did not understand, yet the meaning of all that long speech was plain enough. Without waiting to hear more, John began to pick up his things, which was a very easy task; for, as the woman told him,

John could have received no property

"When I was a boy," said he, "my father was a poor minister. lived very plain, and dresssed very No harsh, cross words passed between ganized in this city. He took part in plain, but that never troubled us. them: Instead of this, they were obto eat, and my mother was one who other, and their house, from being a fell wounded near the famous crater. would contrive to have her children a scene of constant strife, became the "Badly wounded and in the hands of "God liveth ever!"-Here all shin- towards his home. He called it home when I was a little fellow, several lit- course this excited a good deal of sur- his mother. That was in August. The ing with comfort and sunbeams, comes yet, for want of a better; and he went the boys and girls came along, in their prise in the neighborhood. Everybody, autumn months came and went in sucvited me to go with them. And when the old couple. I saw their bright faces, and their little baskets, and the bright afternoon, I wanted to go with them. So I went tive, felt that she couldn't stand it any that he had survived his wounds, yet into the house and asked my mother. I saw she sympathized with me, but said I must go and ask father.

"And where is father?" "'Up in the study, of course "Up I bounded, hat in hand, and gently knocked at his door. He bade me come in.

"'Well, Johnny, what is your wish?'

"'I want, sir, to go with the children and pick huckleberries.' "'Where are they going?"

" 'Only to Johnson's hill, sir.

"'How many children are there?" Please "''Seven, besides myself.

let me go.' "'Well, you may go. Be a good boy, and use no bad words.'

"Away I scampered, and had just got to the bottom of the stairs, when my father called me back. 'O, dear, it's all over now. He's going to take it all back,' I said to myself. Trembling, I again stood in the door-way, expecting to have the permission with

drawn. "'Johnny,' said my father, with a those that ate up the wicked children peculiar smile, 'I have a word of ad who mocked the prophet Elisha; and vice to give you. You will find the they must have been dead long ago." berries growing on bushes standing in "Yes; but there are two other bears clumps, all over the lot. The children mentioned in Scripture." will pick-a few minutes at one place, and then go off to another, in hopes of

THE TWO BEARS.

And no less urgently do I want to

impress the lesson on the child, that if

huckleberries, is wise in every attempt

BRINGING OUR SHEAVES WITH US.

The time for toil has passed, the night has come

The last and saddest of the harvest eves ; Worn out with labor, long and wearisome, Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home,

Lord of the harvest 1 and my spirit grieves

Few, light and worthless-yet their weight

Full well I know I have more tares than wheat

Wherefore I blush and weep as at Thy feet

Yet do I gather strength and hope anew; For well I know Thy patient love perceives Nor what I did, but what I strove to do-

Thou wilt accept my sheaves. —Atlantic Monthly.

And though the few ripe ears be sadly few,

Brambles and flowers, dry stalks and withered

Each laden with his sheaves.

Yet these are all my sheaves.

I kneel down reverently, and repeat "Master, behold my sheaves."

leaves.

Last of the laborers, Thy feet I gain,

Sunday-school Times.

I remember reading, not long ago, about a man and his wife who were known to live very unhappily together. They were said to be the most quarrelsome people in the whole village in

observed by some of their neighbors We them: They didn't quarrel any more.

> At last an old lady in the neighborhood, whom we may call Miss Inquisilonger. She must find out what it was. So she paid a visit to their house, and village is talking about the wonderful

which has produced this change?"

you the change has been a very happy by two bears." "Two bears!" exclaimed Miss Inquisitive, lifting up her hands in astonishment.

"Yes, two bears; and I am very glad they ever came into our house." 1.a.H -"But what in the world do you mean?"

"I mean two Scripture bears." "Two Scripture bears! why, you puzzle me more and more."

"It's true, though." "I don't remember reading in the

Scriptures of any two bears, except

"Pray tell me where they are spoken of-for I don't recollect them."

ing the rest into his pocket. "No- had belonged to the rest of the family, will spend half of the afternoon in Gal. vi. 2, where it says, 'Bear ye one ton, and brought through three negro no longer esteem one who was addictthing will do but the best, for it's for for the rent, so that all he need concern roaming from one place to another. another in Enhes in 2 where it says Latter than Washer. and two men. ed. to such a habit - Rhode Island Now my advice to you is, that when the other in Ephes. iv. 2, where it says, Letter from Washington.

midnight. He became from this time nervous and melancholy; and sunk into a state of insensibility, from which he will never recover. The missing acts of charity, into works of love, article was found the following morning, exculpating the boy from the guilt with which he had been charged .-

▲ NEGRO MOTHER'S FAITH.

Not far from the Capitol lives an old that a great change had passed over negro woman, whose only boy enlisted last spring in the negro regiment orthe action of July 30th in front of We always had enough of something served to be gentle and kind to each Petersburg, and was one of those who school now, and you are not advanced to eat. and my mother was one who other, and their house, from being a fell wounded near the famous crater. enough to enter Willie's school." dressed neatly, if not richly. One day, thome of peace and happiness. Of the rebels" was the word that came to is so cross to me! He calls me a was wondering what had happened to cession, but brought no word of this only son of his mother, and she a

widow. His friends generally believed of the window." him dead. It did not seem probable that he had survived his wounds, yet of going to school to be called by such no one had the heart to say as much names; but it is a wonder to us that any to his mother. She continually said, teacher, who is in the habit of using said, "Mrs. Snarling, everybody in the "I trust in de good Lord." She did such language to his scholars, should not appear to think it possible that her be allowed the charge of a school. change which has come over you and boy would die. Much effort was made to Charley was not a bad boy; he was your husband. But nobody seems to, in the latter, half of November and the full of life and fun, and at his age-

know what it is owing to; so I thought first half of December to get word from nine years it was no easy matter for I would come in and ask you what it is him, but all to no avail. "Some one him to sit through two long sessions a which has produced this change?" ought to tell his mother." was often re- day, and remain perfectly quiet, espe-"I am glad to see you, Miss Inquisi- marked among those who were inte- cially, when his quick eye detecte tive," said Mrs. Snarling; "I assure rested in the case, yet no one spoke some roguery going on in the room. marked among those who were inte- cially, when his guick eye detected

> hear from him; she never wearied in ent from the same coming from a devising crude and simple plans for teacher, or any one to whom the child communicating with him. A week is accustomed to look up with respect. ago she said, "De Lord, He will per- Such words to him are like the elecvide, an' I shall hear from him, bime- tric shock, causing the whole frame to by." This was on Tuesday last. Thurs- quiver. But words of kindness and day afternoon he opened the door of sympathy will make him a captive at his old mother's little house, and walked | will.

prisoner and sent to Libby, where he form part of, the character of the child. One afternoon when he was sent out felt some years since, when hearing for wood—"O, golly," says he, "I jus' the language quoted above from a den forgot de way back!" He was teacher with whom we had been on f-for I don't recollect them." "We read about one of them in overland from Richmond to, Washing- timate of his character, and we could

A STORY FOR TEACHERS.

"I wish I could go to Willie's school, mother.'

"Why, my son; you have a good

"I know it, mother, but my teacher 'blockhead,' a 'young rascal,' and a good many other names; and to-day. when I was laughing at something funny, he told me he would fling me out

No wonder little Charley was tired

discouragingly to her. Who could do Hard names from a schoolmate, one to us. It has been brought about it? She wondered why she did not though unpleasant, are entirely differ-

Wasn't that a royal Christmas gift for child than to be noticed with kindthe trustful old soul? Half an hour ness by his superiors. This the child later she burst into the house of friends has a right to expect from his teacher who had aided her, with only, "My the one under whose influence he is boy's come! my boy's come!". He the greater part of the day, and much had not been wounded, but was taken of whose character will enter into, and acted as servant for about three months. We well remember the surprise we Schoolmaster.