

The Family Circle.

A SUNSET AT PORT ROYAL.

There called a distant whippoorwill,
Else wood, and bank, and field were still:
No sea-breeze sighed among the pines,
Or moved the overhanging vines.

No rustle from the myrtle stem;
The tide leaped in an even hem,
And silent swung the banks between,
Through shaded, leafy vistas seen.

And over all the twilight grew;
The faint earth drank the glistening dew;
And over the western heavens were bright,
And clouds were glorified with light.

A rosy bloom crept through their folds,
A long, slant splendor upward rolled,
And midway met the tender moon
With face half turned, as though too soon.

She'd climbed through vapory amethyst
To meet on slender ropes of mist
Those shining feet, which came to bring
The kisses of her lord, the King.

The dusky laborer homeward turned;
Afar the flickering camp-fire burned;
And tent lights glimmered through the gloom
Like stars gleamed by the harvest-moon.

And gathering round their cabin fires,
Worn mothers met with gray-haired sires,
And in a quaint, sad, thrilling key,
They sang, "O Lord, remember me."\*

And the drum beat out an answering hymn—
(Surely the Lord's remembering them!)
And out upon the busy street,
Were heard the pat of little feet.

And children's voices bold, and free,
Clomb up: "My Country 'tis of thee."
The sentry beat in answering time
The future of this sea-girl's clime;

And we gazed up, through damp and gloom—
Which had crept out from swamp so soon,
On paths which seraphs might have trod
In guiding souls up through to God.

\* A favorite negro melody.

THE YOUNG BAVARIAN.

BY MISS S. WARNER, AUTHOR OF "DOLLARS AND CENTS."

CHAPTER VII.

(CONCLUDED.)

A great many of the boys at the
Lodging-house, as I told you, their
regular street business. They are lit-
tle street merchants, very industrious
sometimes, often laying up money; and
having never known anything better
than New York, are in no haste to
quit it. But there are many others
who do not like this way of life, or
who do not succeed in it, or who have
a child's longing for a real home, or
a boy's desire to see the world, and
from time to time whole troops of such
children are sent to the West. Some
kind gentleman goes with them to
take charge; and at one town and
another on the way, some of the boys
are left to be received, or adopted,
into the families of the towns' people
or the neighboring farmers, and so on
until the whole troop is disposed of.
Generally, the boys turn out very
well; generally, it is said, they find a
kind home, and it is touching to see
how some of these wild young ones
who have spent their lives, so far, on
a muddy street crossing, or in the
worst city haunts, enjoy and love the
sweet country things which they now
see for the first time. I have read a
good many of the letters which they
write to the kind teachers at the Lodg-
ing-house, or to the agents of the Chil-
dren's Aid Society.

"I can plough and harrow, and ride
on horseback," writes one from Illi-
nois. "I have one cow to milk, she is
a very gentle cow. I have six pigs to take
care of. We have four horses, and one
calf, six pigs, two wagons, one buggy,
a fine lot of hens, one big dog, and
two cats. Oh, Illinois is a pretty
place!"

Even the cats look different there, I
suppose.

"I would not go back to New York
for any money," writes another. "The
fields and groves are so pleasant."

"I think there is as much fun as in
New York," writes a third, from In-
diana, "for all the apples and nuts are
free."

I must give you another bit of this
last letter, for the young writer was so
full of the new pleasure of being "re-
spectable" that he poured it out for
the benefit of his old friends at home.

"All the newsboys of New York,"
he says, "have a bad name; but we
should show ourselves, and show them
that we are no fools, that we can
become as respectable as any of your
countrymen, for some of you poor
boys can do something for your
country—for Franklin, Webster, Clay,
were poor boys once, and even Corn-
modore V. C. Perry, or Math. C.
Perry. But even George Law and
Vanderbilt, and Astor, some of the
richest men in New York—and Math.,
and V. C. Perry, were nothing but
printers, and in the navy on Lake
Erie. And look at Winfield Scott.
So now, boys, stand up and let them
see you have got the real stuff in you.
Come out here and make respectable
and honorable men, so they can say,
there, that boy was once a newsboy."

"Now, boys, you all know I have
tried everything. I have been a news-
boy, and when that got slack you
know I have smashed baggage. I
have sold nuts, I have peddled, I have
worked on the rolling billows up the
canal. I was a boot-black, and you
know when I sold papers I was at the
top of our profession. I had a good
stand of my own, but I found that all
would not do. I could not get along,
but I am now going ahead. I have
a first rate home, ten dollars a month,
and my board; and I tell you, fellows,

that is a great deal more than I could
scrape up my best times in New York.
We are all on an equality, my boys,
out here; so long as we keep ourselves
respectable."

To one of these Western homes went
our young Bavarian. He had been
respectable everywhere, but you can
guess how happy he was to see the
green fields again, and to run in the
woods and pick flowers. Then there
were such fine things to do on the
farm; and I suppose that milking the
cows, catching the horses, and work-
ing in the garden, and turning hay,
were just as pleasant to him as to these
other boys of whom you have read.
Ah, much pleasanter, for he knew the
love of God far better than many of
them; and so had joy from heaven in
his heart, as well as joy from earth.

By degrees, as John grew stronger,
he learned to plough, and to reap, and
to mow; and they were kind Chris-
tian people with whom he lived, who
taught him other things too, and gave
him a chance to study. So five years
passed away—then John wrote this
letter to his good friend in New York:

"Mr. M—, Dear Sir:—
Your letter of the 25th of October
has been received by me in good
health, and I am glad to learn that you
are all well. I should have answered
it before, had it not been that I calcu-
lated to change my address, and did
not know exactly where to. I had in
view to attend some higher school this
winter, and have chosen C— for
the place. I came last Tuesday to at-
tend college, and mean to stay for
some twenty weeks, and would like
very much to take a regular college
course somewhere, but cannot, on ac-
count of means. I am studying Green's
English Grammar, Robinson's Univer-
sity Algebra, and Willard's History
of the United States, and intend to
attend a reading and singing class, if I
can. I can choose my own place of
worship, and have chosen the Congrega-
tional church, of which Mr. R. is pas-
tor. I have to attend twice each Sab-
bath, and in the same place, according
to the rules of College.

"Where I shall be next summer, and
what I shall do, I do not know. I
would like to find some other business
than farming, if I could; if not, I know
I can that.

"I like it here in C— very well,
and what I have seen of this State, it
is one of the handsomest places in it—
more properly speaking, the neatest—
for I have not seen any place equal to
it in the West.

"Yours, respectfully,
JOHN —"

Well, children, that summer came—
the first summer of the war, and John
soon found out what he was to do, for
he entered the army as a volunteer.
Do you want to know why?

"This has been a good country to
me," he wrote to his friend Mr. M—
and it is my duty to do something to
defend its institutions; and I pray
God, if I fall in battle, I shall not die
like a coward, but like a brave man."

And now, as yet, God has not taken
him; he has been promoted, and is still
fighting for his adopted country. It
may be that he will live to do good
service in peaceful times—it may be
that from the midst of the battle, God
will call him to his Fatherland on
high. But living or dying, it will be
well with him, for "he that putteth
his trust in the Lord shall be safe."

For "God liveth ever."

THE WORKING MAN'S REBUKE.

He set his empty kettle on the table,
and threw himself on the homely
lounge. He was a laboring man,
his face brown with exposure, his
hands spread with toil. All day long
he had been out in the hot sun upon
the top of the house, slating the roof.
Sometimes his head was giddy, and
his back weak, but he strengthened
himself with thoughts of home and the
treasures there. And now at sound
of his feet, at sound of his voice, dim-
ples break over smooth red cheeks,
and loving fingers play with his curls.
He shuts his eyes to frame the picture
in his heart—the picture of his wife
getting supper—the picture of the
quiet and comeliness of the room—the
picture of his prattling baby. He feels
the coming cool of evening, and all
these things comfort him, yet he is
not quite grateful—not wholly happy;
for to-day while busy at his work, he
saw another picture that made him
envious; rich Sam. Marlowe, riding
out with his wife and child—a hand-
some trio; Sam, portly, contented,
and smiling, his wife, with a dainty
color in her cheek and rich garments
folded about her.

"He and I were boys together,"
thought the poor man, bending to his
work again, "and see how Pagan has
blessed him, though he began al-
most with nothing. Now he keeps
horses and a carriage, lives in a beau-
tiful house, has married a fortune, and
with plenty of leisure can bring up
his one boy, just as I have longed to
do by my Tom. I by marrying early
and poor, have brought burdens upon
Mary's shoulders that must be hard to
bear. Five little ones and I only a
day laborer yet!" and he sighed
wearily. All day the heavy heart
never left him, and his fellow-laborers
wondered what had come over their
usually merry friend; now he had
brought that shadow home with him—
the phantom horse and rider, the envy
and the care.

"My Mary is a handsome woman
than his wife," he muttered, nursing
his misery, "and yet she never
knows rest. As for taking her out
for a drive!"—he ended the sentence
with a bitter laugh.

Moments passed during which the
cloud grew thicker, heavier. A neigh-
bor passing by told of a strange dis-
ease that had lately appeared in
their midst; the doctor called it dip-
theria, she said, and it was a terrible
and fatal sickness. Then the door
shut, the voice faded away, but the
something dreary did not pass from
the man's heart.

Suddenly there was a sound of
alarm in the bright kitchen; "Harry,
come here."

He arose slowly and passed through
the door of the plain little parlor.
His wife held their babe in her arms;
the other children were gathered anx-
iously about her, looking on.

"What can be the matter with
him?" cried Mary; he seemed well
enough till now. But his lips are
blue, and suddenly he has ceased to
play; and hear how he draws his
breath! Harry, he is very sick, you
must go for the doctor."

Harry started at once; little Her-
bert was his idol—a most beautiful
and attractive child, winning and lov-
ing—a very angel in the humble home.
It was not long before the physician
was in their midst; his first glance
was startled, his second grave. Her-
bert was very ill; the terrible sick-
ness was upon him in its most fearful
form. All that night they ministered
to him in agony, for they felt that in
such struggles the frail little flower
would soon be broken from the stalk,
though shielded by their tenderest
care. And alas! when the morning
broke in unclouded brightness, the
sweet face of the babe was set toward
it, but it saw no light; the little spirit
had gone to its upper home, and left
the house desolate.

Then came the sad duties, the little
body to be dressed and kissed, and
lingered over for the last time—the
darkened room—the flowers brought
by loving hands to wreath about the
forehead, and place within the
slender baby fingers; and so they car-
ried and left him in a lowlier bed than
he had ever known, returning to find
another child in the power of the
dread destroyer.

How long a time elapsed no one
knew in that household, for the hours
passed by unheeded; but death came
again and again, and Harry and his
wife stood in their lone home desolate.
The strong man was bowed to the
earth with agony. For a time his reason
was threatened. He accused God; he
heaped curses on himself.

"I was envious of another," he
cried, "and see how God has smitten
me. Oh, give me back my children.
Only give me back the blessing of my
eyes, the jewels of my heart, and I'll
toil like a slave—not only through
the burning hours of the day, but into
the blackness and chill of midnight!
I would live on a crust, I ask not
even for comforts—but give me my
children, Lord, for I am bereft!"

His wife in the midst of her own
grief tried to comfort him; but he
would not listen to reason. He saw
only through the crowding earth,
black with damp, and horribly alive
with insect vitality, the beautiful
brows of his five little children, hid-
den away from him forever and for-
ever.

While this cruel sorrow was still
fresh upon him, came a letter post-
marked "England." His wife opened
it, and learned that an uncle of whom
they had heard nothing for years, had
died within a few months, and left her
husband his heir.

Over the five graves of his little
children, a treasure of gold was ready
to be poured. Harry listened with a
stone's glance. What was wealth to
him now? Oh, for just one loving
smile from the blue-eyed baby! Take
the treasure, dear Lord; I don't want
it now—rather give me a few feet of
earth beside my children. Heap up
the gold and put my little Bertie beside
it, living; only for one hour to let me
feel his dear lips pressed to mine, and
for that choice I would barter every
dollar. Oh, for poverty, blessed
poverty, with my children!"

A strong hand came on his shoulder;
it seemed to hold him with a vice-like
grasp.

"I say, Harry, do you know you're
fast asleep in the draft?"

Bewildered, up into the thick-
bearded face of the speaker the day
laborer gazed.

"Well, haven't you a word of wel-
come for your brother? What do
you see with those wild eyes of yours?
Is the man crazy?"

For Harry had flung himself upon
his knees, and with strong cries thanked
God again and again. Then he sprang
up and wrung the hand of his sail-
or-brother—ran past him, caught his wife
and kissed her, and gathering his
babies about him, held them all to his
strong, loving heart, while great tears
rolled down his cheeks. Then, as his
wife looked on wondering, frightened,
he cried in a choking voice—

"I dreamed they were all dead,
Mary, all dead—and I thank God that
it was only a dreadful dream. Never,
never shall I be envious again. Oh,
Mary, to see them as they lay there!"
—and again he covered their smiling
lips with kisses, sobbing in his joy.

And that was the way the repining

husband and father was led to give
up "envy and all uncharitableness."
Truly sometimes the Spirit doth come
to instruct us in our dreams.—Home
Monthly.

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

Talk to me of things celestial,
Far above the silent tomb;
Ling'ring yet in bonds terrestrial,
I am pining for my home.

Tell me of that rest remaining,
Where the saints with angels join—
Father, Son, and Spirit reigning,
One Jehovah all divine:

Tell me of the antheims swelling
Round the throne of Majesty—
Of that love, all love excelling,
Condescending to me:

Talk to me of things celestial,
For the world all here will decay;
For our souls all must pass away,
Through death's portal,
Life immortal,
Rises to eternal day.

"I WANT JESUS!"

On her death-bed lay an aged Chris-
tian. She had been pining in the bor-
der land for some years, "only waiting,"
and one morning, coming down stairs
to her breakfast, she was suddenly
seized with paralysis, her limbs ceased
to support her, and she was laid on
her bed, to rise no more. She had but
little use of the organs of speech, and
as she descended lower and lower
into the dark valley, her utterances
became fewer and more difficult day
by day. Her mind also failed with
her bodily powers, and it was very sad
for her friends, who had been wont
to enjoy her sprightly conversation, to
watch the slow and silent preparation
for that "sowing in weakness, corrup-
tion, and dishonor, to which all the
glory of humanity must be brought
down." For a while she exerted her-
self to welcome her friends when they
came to see her, but she was eventu-
ally obliged to desist.

An acquaintance calling, when she
was near the end of her suffering, was
told by her nurse, that she had almost
entirely ceased speaking, and would
probably never articulate much, if any
more. The dying eyes showed recog-
nition, but there was no motion of the
lips. Her friend sat by her and talk-
ed of the joys of heaven and tender,
loving sympathy of our Lord for his
weak and suffering children, and for
her as she lay helpless; how tenderly
his arms were around her, how pre-
cious she was in his sight. Presently
there was a moving of the muscles of
her mouth, and an effort to speak.

With great exertion, evidently sum-
moning all her energies, she finally
uttered the words, "I want Jesus,"
speaking that blessed name with all
the distinctness and emphasis in her
power—her pallid features lighting up
like the sudden blaze of an expiring
lamp, in the expression of that last
great want of the soul.

Ah! how many have "wanted Jes-
us" when heart and flesh failed, when
all the scenes and relations of earth
were fading and dissolving before their
dying eyes. They wanted Him, "that
liveth, and was dead, and is alive for-
evermore, and has the keys of hell
and death"—who, "since the children
were partakers of flesh and blood, also
himself likewise took part of the same,
that through death he might destroy
him who has the power of death, and
deliver them who through fear of death
were all their life time subject to bond-
age."

When the mighty soul of Cromwell
saw the dark vale opening before him,
and felt his valiant arm must submit to
be powerless in the grave, he called
for the Bible and requested that these
words of Paul, in Phil. 4th, might be
read to him, "I have learned in what-
soever state I am, therewith to be con-
tent. I know how to be abased, and I
know how to abound: everywhere and
in all things, I am instructed both to
be full, and to be hungry, both to
abound and to suffer need. I can do
all things through Christ, which
strengtheneth me." Repeating the
text himself, he said, "It's true Paul,
you have learned this, and attained to
this measure of grace; but what shall
I do? Ah! poor creature, it is a hard
lesson for me to take out. I find it
so;" but reading on to the thirteenth
verse, "I can do all things through
Christ which strengthened me," "then
faith began to work," says Thurlow,
"and his heart to find support and
comfort, and he said thus to himself,
'he that was Paul's Christ, was my
Christ too,' and so drew water out of
the wells of salvation."

These wells stood open long before
Cromwell's day, and many thousands
have drawn from them since. The
lofty and the lowly have felt the same
thirst, and have found the same living
water there.

A cherished daughter faded slowly
like a delicate rose, and all that skill
and all that love could do were un-
availing to arrest the steady and sure
decline.

When the last quivering breath was
passing away, and the spirit taking its
flight, her mother restrained the burst-
ing anguish of her heart, and kneeling
by the bedside, in a tone that can
never be forgotten, uttered, "Lord
Jesus, receive my darling."

She leaned over the dark abyss,
and placed her child in the strong arms
of a loving Christ.

All over the earth, the dying are
"looking unto Jesus."

On the battle-field, in the solitary
prison, the lonely sufferer, away from
home and kindred, leans in his last
agony on the tender bosom of him that
" hath loved us, and made himself an
offering and sacrifice to God for us."

None but an Omnipresent being
can meet this "want" of universal
humanity. The arms of infinite love
alone can unfold these suffering, sink-
ing souls of every age and every
clime. An incarnate God, stooping to
bear our sorrows and carry our griefs,
is the "confidence of all the ends of
the earth."

Yet there are great men, philoso-
phers, philanthropists, reformers, spiri-
tualists, moving on an elevated
"plane," and beckoning us to their
level, who tell us that the advancing
intelligence of the world is outgrowing
the necessity of faith in a divine,
atonement Saviour.

Whom will ye give us in his place,
oh ye wise men? We are rapidly
approaching the fearful hour when we
shall "want Jesus."

Things of yesterday, withering like
grass under the mower's scythe, we
shall want an everlasting God to bear
upon—one "who hath life in himself,"
yet a "God manifest in the flesh,"
who, when his human nature shrunk
from the terrors of dissolution, yet
bore them, that he might take away
the sting of death for us; who can
heal the wounds of sin in our souls
by his own dying blood; who will not
break the bruised reed nor quench the
smoking flax; who will lead us
through no darker path than he has
trod before, and who will eventually
change our vile bodies, that they may
be fashioned like to his glorious body
according to the working whereby he
is able to subdue all things unto him-
self!"

Such is Jesus our Saviour. Who
and what is yours?—Presbytery Re-
porter.

BURIED IN THE SEA.

It is soothing and softening to visit
the quiet grave-yard where lie the
ashes of those we love. There is a
melancholy pleasure in smoothing the
green turf that hides the loved and
cherished form, and in hanging wreaths
of immortelles upon the memorial
stone. We have seen graves, that
from year to year, in summer's heat
and winter's cold, bore the oft-renewed
tribute of affection, in the forms of
crosses, and clusters, and coronals of
living flowers. And this was no empty
offering, like many of those garlands
and bouquets that grace the ball-room
or the banquet. It bespoke a heart
full of tender love, and holy memories,
and cherished scenes of former sweet
association. Perhaps, too, it told of
hope, as well as of grief, of a land

"Where every flower, borne safe through death's
dark portal,
Becomes immortal."

In eastern lands; the women, robed in
white, pass one day of every week in
the cemeteries, among the turbaned
monuments, planting flowers, and show-
ing a delicate care for the dwellings of
the departed, which might well rebuke
the neglect of many in Christian coun-
tries. But the poor, sorrow-stricken
mother of the drowned sailor cannot
even have this little consolation. The
long seaweed was the shroud that
wrapped her son, the wild winds and
the tossing surge as it beat the ragged
rocks, was his only requiem. In the
dark depths of ocean he must lie, with
no memorial but that which she bears
in her desolate heart, till the solemn
morning comes, when "the sea shall
give up its dead."

"Oh, what a vast assembly will then
be gathered from the waters; and how
little will it matter then, whether the
mortal form reposed in the peaceful
churchyard among kindred and friends,
or alone, beneath the uneasy, angry
waves! It is natural and scriptural to
wish to lie in some sacred spot, beside
those whom we have known and loved
on earth, and affection bids us bury
our dead where we may visit and
beautify their graves; but this is, after
all, but a slight matter, not unworthy of
long thought or unavailing regrets.

The Christian wish should chiefly
be, that whether they lie near us,
where love may rear the memorial
stone, and visit often the hallowed
place, or far away among strangers, or
in the deep blue sea, they may "sleep
in Jesus." "Those that sleep in Jes-
us shall bring them to a land where there
is no death, no grave, no sorrow, and
where 'there shall be no more sea.'"

"Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

"Asleep in Jesus! ah, for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high."
—Seaman's Friend.

UNEVEN walking with a neglect of watch-
ing, makes a disconsolate soul.

SACRED LYRICS.

BY T. FIELD.

Salvation through Faith in Jesus,
Sinners groaning 'neath your load,
Asking how the way to God,
Are ye anxious to be whole?
Faith in Jesus saves the soul.

All the bliss the righteous hath
Came at first by humble faith;
Nought beside could make him whole—
Faith in Jesus ead his soul.

Nothing more can now be done,
Since the Father gave His Son;
Yield, in faith, to His control—
Faith in Jesus saves the soul.

Cease your frantic cries and tears;
Christ the sinner's friend appears,
Trust in Him and you are whole—
Faith in Jesus saves the soul.
RAD WING, MINN.

TURN HIM OUT.

Rude words—were they not?—to be
used toward a war-worn soldier. One
who had served his country on many
a toilsome march and on many a bloody
field, deserved more generous treat-
ment—did he not?

But alas! the brave fellow, who had
never surrendered to his rebel foe, had
yielded to an enemy equally dan-
gerous, if not indeed more to be
dreaded. This much I saw in a glance,
as I saw the poor soldier ejected from
a drinking-saloon, one of the many
that infest our streets, and heard, in
passing, the words at the head of this
article.

What the poor man had said or
done, I cannot tell. Perhaps he had
behaved in a very disorderly way; and
if so, it only made the matter worse.
But this did not keep me from pitying
him as he reeled away, perhaps to
squander some more of his money in
some other vile resort.

As I watched the blue-coated vol-
unteer staggering along, I remembered
that some father's hopes, some mother's
heart, were wrecked in that sad ruin.
Once full of promise, as little suspect-
ing the danger before him as any who
read these lines, the future was all
bright and cloudless for him; and for
those whose love was centered in him.
Perhaps a wife looks out from the
window of her dreary dwelling, antici-
pating his return from his drunken
orgies; perhaps children listen timidly
for his dreaded footsteps.

Soldier! the rum-seller is a deadlier
foe to you than the rebel sharpshooter,
who lurks and waits to aim his fatal
weapon at your heart. He would rob
you of your last dollar, rob you of
your good name, rob you of your
own self-respect, make you—if possi-
ble—as guilty and degraded a being as
himself; and then, when he could get
no more from you, would join with
others in shouting—"Turn him out!"

Boys, do you think there is no
enemy lying in ambush beside your
path, cruelly thirsting for your very
life? So thought this poor soldier
once, and yet he was snared and taken.
Be ever watchful. If your companions
urge you to drink; if they plead it
will do you no harm; if they point
you to older persons; and even to
some very good people, who occasion-
ally indulge in a glass of wine, or of
something stronger still;—remember
the soldier who was once so uncon-
scious of danger, and deemed himself
as strong in his resolution never to be
come intoxicated, as you can be. And
now, so low has he fallen, that the
very authors of his ruin "turn him
out."—Presbyterian Banner.

VERY PROUD TO-NIGHT.

It was a cold night in winter. The
wind blew, and the snow was whirled
furiously about, seeking to hide itself
beneath cloaks and hoods, and in the
very hair of those that were out. A
distinguished lecturer was to speak,
and, notwithstanding the storm, the
villagers ventured forth to hear him.
William Annesley, buttoned up to the
chin in his thick overcoat, accompanied
his mother. It was difficult to walk
through the new-fallen snow, against
the piercing wind; and William said
to his mother:

"Couldn't you walk more easily if
you took my arm?"

"Perhaps I could," his mother re-
plied, as she put her arm through his,
and drew up as close as possible to him.
Together they braved the storm, the
mother and the boy, who had once
been carried in her arms, but who had
grown up so tall that she could lean
on his. They had not walked far be-
fore he said to her:

"I am very proud to-night."

"Proud that you can take care of
me?" she said to him, with a heart
gushing with tenderness.

"This is the first time you have
leaned upon me," said the happy boy.

There will be few hours in that
child's life of more exalted pleasure
than he enjoyed that evening, even if
he should live to old age, and should,
in his manhood, lovingly provide for
her who watched over him in his help-
less infancy. It was a noble pride that
made his mother love him, if possible,
more than ever, and made her pray for
him with new earnestness, thankful for
his devoted love, and hopeful for his
future. There is no more beautiful
sight than affectionate, devoted, obedient
children. I am sure that He who com-
manded children to honor their father
and mother, must look upon such with
pleasure. May He bless dear William,
and every other boy whose heart is
filled with ambition to be a blessing
and "a staff" to his mother!