

The Family Circle.

GOD IN ALL, AND ALL IN GOD.

There in the loving bloom of morn,
There in the purple eve we see:
All things in heaven and earth, O Lord,
Live and move in Thee!

There in the spring's fresh joy and life;
There in the May-dew's misty glow;
There in the autumn's mellow blush;
There in winter's snow!

Life is not life without Thee, Lord;
Thou fill'st creation's wondrous whole;
Light is not light without Thy love—
Blank this boundless soul!

Thee, Lord, without, this seeing eye
Looks on a mist, a void, a blot:
Thee, Lord, without, this hearing ear
Hears, yet heareth not!

No, not the beauty of the earth,
Not the wide splendor of the sea;
No, not the glory of the heavens—
Save as seen in Thee!

No, not the fragrance of the woods,
Nor the deep music of the breeze;
Not all the hues of field and flower—
But Thyself in these!

No, not the valley or the hill,
The lake, the stream, the waterfall;
No, not the girding zone of blue—
But Thyself in all!

No, not the flash of diamond,
The glow of pale or rosy gem;
Not the fair marble's polish'd front—
But Thyself in them!

Without Thee day is darkest night,
With Thee the deepest night is day;
Earth's only sun, O Lord, art Thou—
Shine our night away.

Being of beings, Lord and God,
These in all things these eyes would see;
And all things round, beneath, above,
Lord in Thee, in Thee!

Most blessed Lord, great God of all,
My dawn, my noon, my night, my eve,
My light, my glory, and my joy,
Lord, in whom I live.

Give to me, every day and hour,
Some newer, holier, happier ray,
The earnest of my longing heart,
Lord, of Thy true day.

—Christian Treasury.

THE CLOUDED INTELLECT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STUDIES FOR STORIES."

(Continued.)

One day, on entering the cottage, she found the old grandfather at home ill; he had been ill, he said, for three days, though not so bad but that he could get up and sit by the fire; close at his side sat poor Matt, and both, though the day was hot, seemed to relish the warmth. Matt could attend to but one thing at a time; and his thoughts were now occupied with his grandfather, the plait of straw were laid aside.

As soon as he saw her he greeted her with vehement delight, pointing to two chairs successively, and saying:—
"Lady sit here; parson sit there."
She inquired if Mr. Green was coming.

"Yes, ma'am," said the old man. "I was taken very bad with a kind of fit, and my daughters were frightened and went and told him; but Matt calls every gentleman he sees 'parson,' and indeed every man that is not dressed like a fisherman. He has but three names for all men. He calls our men 'good men,' at least such as have nets, for they let him lie and bask on them, which he likes; then all them that have no nets he calls 'poor men,' and the rest of 'the world he calls 'parsons,' for our parson was the first gentleman he ever knew, and very good he has always been to him."

The clergyman shortly after came in, and poor Matt's teacher was warmly thanked for her kindness to the boy; he was anxious to see him plait, but Matt was pleased and excited by his presence, and not willing to fix his mind on his task; he accordingly turned to the grandfather, and began to converse with him.

The old man's illness was of a very serious nature; and at his great age it was not likely that he would get over it; yet he talked of approaching death with all that strange apathy so common among the poor, especially the aged poor; accordingly, the clergyman's remarks were all of a nature to rouse him from this apathy; he wished to place the solemn nature of death and judgment before his eyes, and to assure him that his feeling so little afraid of dying was not in itself any proof that his soul was in a safe condition.

The boy, who at first had sat by his grandfather, well pleased with the warmth of the fire and the presence of the parson, kept up a humming sound, expressive of comfort and contentment, till Mr. Green took a Bible from his pocket, and said gravely—
"Matt must be quiet now, parson is going to read about God."

Upon hearing this Matt's attention was aroused; and when he looked up and saw Mr. Green's serious face, his own assumed a look of awe; for it is a well known fact that feelings are communicated, with perfect ease, to those who are deficient in intellect, though ideas of a complex nature are often beyond their comprehension. Matt folded his hands and gazed fixedly at the "parson." The chapter he was reading was the eighteenth of Matthew; probably he chose it as being one of the lessons for the day; and if he had intended his lesson for Matt's instruction, he would have selected something that appeared easier to understand; but so it was, that when he came to the parable of the "King that would take account of his servants," Matt's attention and interest

became so evident, that he read slowly and very distinctly.

When he had finished, the boy's face overawed and anxious, and with a look of painful perplexity so often seen in persons like himself, was turned to him with breathless earnestness, and he said, repeating the last words addressed to him—
"Matt, Matt, sit you still; parson is going to read about God."

"Goddard," said the clergyman, "this poor boy's eager attention ought to be a very affecting thing to you, and, indeed, to us all; if he to whom so little sense has been given desires to know all he can, and to hear more than he can understand of his Maker, surely we ought not to treat the subject with indifference, but rather with interest and reverence."

"Ay, ay, sir," said the old sailor, respectfully, but with no appearance of particular interest.

"Parson, read some more," said Matt.

"So I will, my boy," replied the clergyman; and partly commenting on the text, partly changing the words for others that he thought would be better understood, he began to relate the parable thus—
"A great King said"—and in speaking he pointed upwards—"a great King said, Bring my servants to me, and I will make them pay me all the pounds that they owe me."

"And they brought one servant that owed a thousand pence, a great many, a great many, a great many. And he had no pence to pay."

"And the King said, he shall be put in prison, and never come out any more till he has paid all this money."

He had got so far when he observed that tears were trickling down the boy's cheeks, and that his countenance showed great alarm. He stopped at once and patted him on the head, saying to his grandfather that he had not intended to distress him.

"Parson did not go for to make Matt cry," said the old man; meaning, did not do it on purpose.

But Matt was not to be comforted, he refused to listen; and presently he broke away from his friends and hobbled out on to the beach, where he threw himself down under the shelter of a fishing boat, and continued to weep piteously; but whether he had been merely frightened by the solemn tone, whether his tears were shed from pity to the man who owed so much money, or whether, having been told that parson was going to read about God, he had, more by impression than by reason, set himself in the place of the debtor, it was quite beyond the power of any person to discover. But it was evident, as in former cases, that so much as he had understood had become perfectly real and true to him; and whether what had cost him so many tears was a right or a false idea, it would not easily be eradicated.

Poor Matt! they were obliged to leave him; and as he refused to listen to his new friend when she spoke to him, all that could be done was to desire little Becca to sit by him and try to divert him from his grief.

The wind was rising when his friend reached her lodging, and by nightfall it blew a gale. She looked out and saw the driving clouds swept away from before the moon, leaving her alone in the bare heavens till again they were hurried up from the sea and piled before her face, blotting out the bright path she had laid across the waters. The thundering noise of the waves, as they flung themselves down hissing and foaming among the rocks, and the roaring of the wind, kept her waking, and trembling for the mariners out on that dangerous coast; and the thought of that poor afflicted boy was present to her mind; for she had been told that he was always restless in storm, and that at night, while the family sat by the light of their one candle, he would stand, with his eager face pressed against the little casement, muttering that God was angry.

In the morning, gusts of wind and rain detained her indoors; but towards afternoon, though the wind did not abate, it became clear overhead, and she put on her bonnet and prepared to go out. Sea-sand in heaps lay against the houses in the village street; it had been blown up during the night. The poor were busy collecting the drift-wood from the shore, as well as the vast heaps of dulse and other weeds which the tide had brought in. She had passed on till the cliffs offered some shelter, and then crept into a cave and rested awhile; for she intended to go on and see Matt that day, and discover, if possible, the cause of his trouble.

Though the wind was now beginning to abate, it was not very easy to stand against it, and the noise in the cave was like the sharp, incessant report of guns. But she rose and determined to go on, being encouraged by the rapid subsiding of the wind, which seemed to go down in a deluge of rain; for black clouds were gathering over the troubled sea, which, excepting where a line of foam marked its breaking on the beach, was almost as black as themselves.

She passed on; and shortly, as she had expected, she saw the motionless figure of the boy; his white clothing fluttering in the wind, his face intent on the gloomy sky.

She called to him several times as

she drew near, but the noise of the wind and waves drowned her voice; it was not till she came close and touched him that he looked at her. His countenance was full of awe and fear.

"What is Matt doing?" she asked in a soothing voice.

"Matt was talking to God," said the boy.

"What did poor Matt say?" she inquired, compassionately.

The boy joined his hands, and looking up with a piteous expression of submission and fear, said, "God, God—Matt has no money to pay."

And then shaking his head, he told her, with reality of fear most strange to see, that he was going to be put in prison; God was going to put Matt in prison.

He was standing in the shelter of a fishing-vessel which had been drawn up above high-water mark; and as she turned away from him, not knowing what to say, he again looked up and began his piteous prayer.

The lady stood awhile considering; it was evident that, whether from the parable or the clergyman's words, or both together, acting on what previous knowledge he had, he must have derived some consciousness that punishment would follow his misdoings. He had long known right from wrong; he knew that he had often done wrong, now he had begun to look upon God as a Judge. Now he knew "that he had nothing to pay." In other words, he knew, however dimly, that he could not make satisfaction for his misdoings. What did it matter that he had derived this dim and distorted knowledge in a figurative way; something now must be done to quiet and comfort him. She resolved to venture on taking up the figure; and when the boy again muttered, "God, God, Matt has no money to pay," she turned towards him, and taking both his hands, said, in a clear, cheerful voice, "Jesus Christ has paid for poor Matt."

The child repeated these words after her; and as their meaning, helped by her reassuring face, gradually unfolded itself to his mind, an expression of wonder and contentment overspread his features. He sat down and wished again and again to hear these good tidings, and as he conned them over he gradually became calm and happy.

He sat so long silent in the shelter of the boat that his kind friend thought it possible that now his fears were removed he might have forgotten their cause.

But it was not so; he arose at length, and walking a few paces, lifted up his arms and face to heaven and cried out in a loud clear voice, "Man that paid, man that paid, Matt says, thank you, thank you."

A strange sight this, and strange words to hear! Many times the lady seemed to hear their echo during the silence that followed; and the boy repeated them over again with the deepest reverence, before she could decide whether to attempt any further enlightening of his mind. That by means of some picture, or the remembrance of something taught him by his benefactor, he had become aware that He whom he thus addressed was Man, became evident from his words; but the reverence and awe of his manner were such that she could not venture to undertake the hopeless task of instructing him in a mystery so far beyond his comprehension. It was sufficient, she thought, that he should pay to his Redeemer the reverence due to God, while in the act of addressing Him as Man.

[To be Continued.]

A SINGULAR BUT GOOD REPORT.

When quite young, in my boyish days, I had watched some sparrows carrying materials to build their nests, in the usual season, under the eaves of a cottage adjoining our own; and although strict orders had been issued that none of us should climb up to the roof of the house, yet birds' eggs formed a temptation too powerful to be resisted, and self-gratification was considered rather than obedience. A favorable opportunity presented itself; the roof of the house was climbed, and not only was the nest pillaged, but seized and carried away. It was soon stripped of its unnecessary appendages, that it might appear as neat as possible.

Among the things thus removed was a piece of paper which had been a page in one of Dr. Watts' hymn books, and which, thrown away, had been taken by the poor bird for the purpose of strengthening the nest, or increasing the warmth. A word or two caught my eye, and I unfolded the paper. Need I say that, boy as I was, I read these verses with curious feelings:

"Why should I deprive my neighbor
Of his goods against his will?
Hands were made for honest labor,
Not to plunder, nor to steal.

"Guide my heart, O God of heaven,
Lest I covet what's not mine;
Lest I take what is not given,
Guide my hands and heart from sin."

Had the bird been able to read and reason, it could not have selected a text more appropriate for reproof and instruction than this. What was contrived and done "in secret" was thus condemned from the house-top. My young readers should remember that when they do wrong, God sees them, and can send them reproof even by means of a bird.

EVA.

Can a bird with wounded wing,
Above the branches soar?
Can a mother gaily sing,
When the grass is withered o'er
A little heart, that bore
Her own heart to the shore,
Where angel-babies meet,
And play at Jesus' feet,
And creep the golden floor?

Through earth, forthvermore,
I see an open door,
Beyond the cloudy sleet,
Where my dear baby's feet
Have walked the path before.
I see her beckon from the other shore;
I listen as I dream,
That I am sailing softly o'er,
The ripple of life's stream.

What should I sing for now,
When her fair lily brow
Is glorified and white,
Under a crown of light?
I may not sing or weep
Above her in her sleep,
For the sweet angels keep,
Kindly, the flowers they reap,
And they will guard my bud,
In her pure babyhood,
Until I go to her,
A chastened worshipper,
To press her angel face,
To my fond heart's embrace.

Why should I sing ere then?
I will sing gladly, when
My fettered soul shall rise,
From this dim world of sighs,
To the sweet upper skies,
To meet my darling's eyes,
And feel her downy head
Upon my heart once more,
For oh! she is not dead!
She is went before!

—Wauville Blossoms.

THE SINGING-MASTER'S EXPLANATION.

The tendency of sacred music to soften the mind and prepare it for religious influence has been long acknowledged, and if we had more pious teachers of singing-schools, watchful of wayside opportunities, such occurrences as the following would doubtless be more frequent.

An instructor of this class was instrumental of revivals in his school; and many of his former pupils are now in heaven through his judicious improvement of objects, occasions, and verse-sentiments. Once, while practising the tune of Dundee, he paused to explain and deepen the meaning of the verse common to it:

"Let not despair nor fell revenge
Be to my bosom known;
O give us tears for other's woes,
And patience for my own."

He dwelt upon the fearful nature of despair, sooner or later to be the portion of all who refuse the gospel offer; of the sin of harboring revengeful feelings to any human being; of the duty of compassion to all the suffering, and the need of Christian faith and patience to endure the inevitable trials of life. The latter thought suggested the wonderful love and forbearance of Christ to such sinners as we all are, and hence the guilt of neglecting or ill-treating our heavenly Friend. He observed that one young lady seemed deeply affected by his remarks. Soon her companion, a pious female friend, arose and said, "May we retire a little while?" Consent being given, they both withdrew; and as it appeared, retired to a grove for conversation and prayer. During the few minutes there devoted to those spiritual exercises, the young lady became an adopted child of God; and when she again entered the school-room with her faithful companion, it was with the serene consciousness of the blessed change visible in her countenance and movements. The happy convert subsequently became most eligibly married; and after many years of Christian usefulness as a wife, mother, and friend, died rejoicing in the prospect of a second salvation. The young Christian who introduced her by prayer to the Saviour in that shady solitude, became the mother of one of our eminent theological professors in a western seminary.—*Amer. Messenger.*

CHRISTIAN CHEERFULNESS.

A true Christian can find elements of comfort in the most crushing afflictions; and looking to God, the burden is lightened, and the heart full of peace. A pastor tells the following story of one of his flock:

She was a poor widow and supported herself with the most rigid economy by knitting.

I saw her in the intense cold of last winter. The house was one upon which time had made such sad ravages that only one room could now be inhabited; and in that she dared not have a fire when the wind blew hard, because the chimney had become unsafe.

"How favored I am!" she said, "for when it has been coldest, the wind didn't blow much; or there was so much snow on the house, I could have a fire without danger; I cannot be thankful enough; and then," she continued, "Joseph has been at home almost all winter, and he could get my wood and water when there was so much snow I could not get out."

"But do you not feel very lonely when Joseph is away?"
"O, no; I get along very well through the day (her Bible lay on the table by which she was sewing), and when I can see the neighbors' lights in the evening, they are company for me. I have thought a great deal about sick people this winter; and then I think how favored I am that I can go to bed and sleep all night in health!"
I saw her again to-day. Rheumatism had disabled one foot, and she sat still sewing, with a swollen painful limb raised upon a cushion. "How favored I am!" she exclaimed; "when my poor Lydia was alive, I lost the use of both my feet for a time, and she took

care of me; but now I can get about by moving my foot upon a chair, and I make out to do my work, and get Joseph's meals ready nicely. What if it had been my hands? How favored I am!"

THREE FRIENDS.

A man had three friends—two of them he loved dearly, whilst he behaved somewhat indifferently toward the third, although this one was the best and most faithful to him. Once he was summoned to appear before court, where heavy charges had been brought against him, and he was not altogether innocent. He asked his friends, "Who among you will go with me, and plead for me; for I have been accused and the judge is angry?" The first of his friends excused himself at once, on the ground that he could not go with him on account of other engagements. The second accompanied him to the door of the judgment-hall, but there deserted him out of fear of the angry judge. The third of his friends, of whom he had expected the least, now went in with him and pleaded so earnestly for his innocence that he was acquitted.

A man has three friends in this world; but how do they act in the hour of death, when God calls him to judgment? Money, his dearest friend, will desert him first; his relations and intimate friends will go with him to the door of the grave, and then leave him also; but his Redeemer, whom he had often forgotten in life, now accompanies him through the valley of the shadow of death unto the throne of God, and there pleads for pardon and acceptance for him.

Let us all, therefore, confide in this good and faithful Friend, who will not desert us, but seek our highest good. Let not the deceitful objects of this world keep us away from him, but let us early seek his favor, and all will be well.—*Pastor's Helper.*

A LITTLE CHILD'S PRAYER.

A petition in the prayer of a very little child affected me deeply the other day. It was all his own, and lisped in a tone that seemed to come from the very depths of his little heart. "O, Heavenly Father, please not let the cow hook me, nor the horse kick me; and not let me run into the street, when my mother tells me not to."

Here is the feelings of helplessness. Straying from his mother's side, and begirt with dangers even at his own door, how weak is the little one! Who shall protect and defend him from harm? Tempted to disobey and forget, and to do those things which he ought not to do, where shall he get strength to do right? The child, even the little child, feels the need of help from One greater than he—greater even than father or mother; for no mother's eye can follow him every way, and no father's hand can be always near to befriend and save him. And this feeling of helplessness may lead him to look beyond father or mother, teacher or friend, to a greater than they all. If we have help at all, we must have the help of One who sees as always, who rules everywhere, who in his strength and greatness condescends to be mindful of us, who will hear us and will help us. This Almighty Being is God, the God of the Bible, who sent his dear Son to teach us to say, "Our Father," and to pray "Lead us—not into temptation, but deliver us from evil,"—and more than all has graciously added for the sake of those who might still think that children have no understanding of these things, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." How simple and necessary is prayer.
[Clarke's School Visitor.]

FAMILY WORSHIP.

Not a few Christians who desire, above all things, that their children should serve the Lord, neglect the best means to secure that result. They pray for them, are careful to have them attend Sabbath-school and public worship, and occasionally exhort them to seek the Lord. What more can they do? They can maintain a Christian atmosphere at home. The experience of the church proves that no influence equals home religion in converting children to Christ. And the most fit and potent expression of home religion is in family worship held every day. The reading of the Bible and prayer daily, when children are growing up, is like the perpetual sunlight, changing and renewing the hearts by gradual, silent progress.

Let parents read and kneel before the Lord, have all the children kneel, from smallest to greatest and they acquire a reverence and love for the Saviour, that will make them feel that a household without prayer is heathen, vulgar, intolerable. They love their parents, and revere their superior wisdom, and when from early childhood, they see them bow and pray, they come to regard prayer as an essential part of daily life.

THE BLESSING OF SORROW.

We must be smitten with the rod of God; but in the midst of judgment God remembers mercy, and makes the rod to be medicinal, and like the rod of God in the hand of Aaron, to shoot forth buds and leaves and almonds, hopes and mercies, and eternal recompenses in the day of restitution.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Rural Economy.

OVER-WORK.

Unwise above man is the man who considers every hour lost which is not spent in reading, writing, or in study, and not more rational is she who thinks every moment of her time lost which does not find her sewing. We once heard a great man advise that a book of some kind be carried in the pocket to be used in case of an unoccupied moment; such was his practice. He died early and fatigued. There are women, who, after a hard day's work, will sit and sew by candle or gas light until their eyes are almost blinded, or until certain pains about the shoulders come on, which are insupportable, and are only driven to bed by physical incapacity to work any longer. The sleep of the over-worked, like that of those who do not work at all, is unsatisfying and unrefreshing, and both alike wake up in weariness, sadness and languor, with an inevitable result, both dying prematurely. Let no one work in pain or weariness. When a man is tired he ought to lie down until he is fully rested, when with renovated strength, the work will be better done, done the sooner, and done with a self-sustained alacrity. The time taken from seven or eight hours' sleep out of each twenty-four, is time not gained, but the time much more than lost; we can cheat ourselves, but we cannot cheat nature. A certain amount of food is necessary to a healthy body, and if less than that amount be furnished, decay commences that very hour. It is the same with sleep, and any one who persists in allowing himself less than nature requires, will only hasten his arrival at the mad-house or the grave. This is especially true of brain-work.

HOW TO KILL WEEDS.

A correspondent of the *Genesee Farmer* writes on this subject:—
A good heavy crop of almost anything will check the weeds. But depend upon it he is a poor farmer who is always looking for some crop that will destroy weeds. Weeds are sent to compel lazy people to work their land. Good plowing, cultivating, hoeing, &c., are needed to make the land mellow, and to prepare it for the seed and the roots of plants; but who would do this if there were no weeds to destroy? Did you ever have a patch of land that you wished to rake over just as the weeds were starting? You can kill more weeds in this way in an hour than in half a day after they have grown larger. But the agricultural mind does not take in the idea readily. Set a man at it and he thinks it is a waste of labor, and will work with little spirit. But tell him to sow on some superphosphate, and rake it in thoroughly, and he will work with a will. Of course you must not tell him that your object is not to cover up the superphosphate, but to kill the weeds!

It is always better to yield to the prejudices of farm men—and they are awfully prejudiced—when you can accomplish your object without letting them know that they are doing in their own way just what you want done. I rather like a man who is thoroughly conservative. He generally has other good qualities associated with it that more than makes up for any excess of old foginess. I have always rather admired the old tenant farmers of Sir Robert Peel. When iron plows were first introduced, Sir Robert wished his tenants to try them. They complied, but of course made up their minds that they were useless. But what could they say against them. That they worked well could not be denied, but, "we be all agreed, Sir Robert," they said, "that they produce weeds!"

THE JAPAN PINKS.

All our readers know the old *Chinese Pinks* are a very pretty class of flowers, showy and bright, blossoming the first season and continuing in perfection for one or two seasons afterwards. They are always desirable for their bright colors, delicate markings and free flowering. Some years since a new and very superior addition was made to this family, said to be from Japan. They were disseminated in Europe, if we mistake not, by Heddewig, a celebrated florist, and were called *Dianthus Heddewigii*. They were single, of the most brilliant colors imaginable and superbly mottled and striped, and of extraordinary size, often under good culture being four inches in diameter. From this beginning in the hands of skillful florists sprang up a new family, called *Japan Pinks*. First was *Lasciniatus*, of taller growth than *Heddewigii*, with flowers very large and deeply toothed, then *Lasciniatus double*. Double varieties of *Heddewigii* were also produced, by hybridization with the *Chinese varieties*.

They are a most useful family, and no one planting will have cause to regret the expenditure. Seed sown in the spring will not produce flowers until about the middle of July, or later, but the second season they commence blooming about the middle of June and continue well through the summer. We have now nothing in the garden superior for a brilliant show to the *Japan Pinks*.