

The Family Circle.

HIMMELN GEHT UNSER BAHN.

HEBREW'S XIII. 14.

From the German. Heavenward still our pathway tends, Here on earth we are but strangers, Till our road in Canaan ends, Through this wilderness of dangers; Here we but as pilgrims rove, For our home is there above.

Heavenward still, my soul, ascend! Thou art one of heaven's creations; Earth can ne'er give aim or end Fit to fill thy aspirations; And a heaven-enlightened mind Ever turns, its source to find.

Heavenward still God calls to me, In His Word so loudly speaking; Glimpses in that Word I see Of the home I'm ever seeking; And while that my steps defend, Still to heaven my track ascends.

Heavenward still my thoughts arise, When He to His board invites me; Then my spirit upward flies, Such a ray from heaven lights me: When on earth this food has ceased, Comes the Lamb's own marriage feast.

Heavenward still my spirit wends, That fair land by faith exploring; Heavenward still my heart ascends, Sun and moon and stars outsoaring; Their faint rays in vain would try, With the light of heaven to vie.

Heavenward still, when life shall close, Death to my true home shall guide me; Then, triumphant o'er my woes, Lasting bliss shall God provide me. Christ himself the way has led; Joyful in His steps I tread.

Still then heavenward! heavenward still! That shall be my watchword ever; Heaven's delights my heart shall fill, And from vain illusions sever. Heavenward still my thoughts shall run, Till the gate of heaven I've won. [Miss Cox, 1841. Tr. Schmoltz, 1781.]

THE CLOUDED INTELLECT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STUDIES FOR STUDIES."

(Continued.)

The rain came down all that night and the next day. On the third day she went again to the old fisherman's cottage, and found the old chintz curtain drawn across the window in token of mourning. A neighbor came out of the next cottage and told her that the old man had died that morning at daybreak, and that his daughter had walked over to a village some miles inland to tell her brother and his wife. "Was the old man sensible to the last?" asked the lady.

"As sensible as you are now, ma'am, and often seemed to me to be praying. Would you like to see Matt, ma'am? he is in my house."

"Yes, I wish to see him. What does he know about his great-grandfather?"

"Why, ma'am, when his aunt woke him and dressed him this morning, she told that he would not see his grandfather any more, for that God had sent to fetch him."

"He was not frightened, I hope?"

"O no, ma'am—pleased, wonderfully pleased, and said he wanted to go too. He is a very strange child."

"Very strange indeed! but in some respects, I wish more were like him."

When Matt saw his friend, it reminded him of the great news about his grandfather; and he told her that God had sent for him, adding, "Matt wants to go too."

"Matt shall go some day," she answered, soothingly.

"Matt wants to go now," replied the boy.

His friend took him out on to the sands, and sat down with him. She tried to explain that some day God would certainly send for him; for she could only convey to him the notion of change of place, not of death. When Matt was once convinced that he should be sent for some day, he was very urgent to know what day; and when, after a great deal of trouble, his friend made him understand that she did not know what day, but that it might be any day, he sat long silent on the sand as if pondering, and then got up and began to move towards the cottage.

"What does Matt want?" asked his friend.

The boy looked at his hands, and replied, with calm and touching simplicity, "Matt must have his hands washed." Why? the lady wondered why; but she said nothing, she only rose and followed him. He had found the woman of the house when she entered, the mother of Becca, and was explaining to her that his hands must be washed, that God would send for Matt some day, perhaps it would be that day, and that Matt must be ready.

The woman no sooner understood what he meant than she sat down, threw her apron over her head, and began to cry bitterly; but little Becca was willing to indulge the boy's fancy; she, accordingly, fetched some water and some soap, and carefully washed his hands. But that done, he yet stood still, as if expecting something more; till she had asked him what he wanted; then he answered, with a kind of glad but solemn expectancy, "Matt must have his new cap on—Matt wants his fur cap on."

"No, Matt must not have his best cap," answered the child, "except on Sundays to go to church in." But Matt entered in his piteous way, till at last the lady begged that his new hat might be fetched; and when it appeared he was contented, and went gently out at the door, and looked up between the clouds, softly repeating that God would send for

Matt some day; perhaps it would be to-day, and Matt must be ready—Matt must always be ready.

"His poor aunt should have managed better," said Becca's mother, who had followed them out of doors; "she might have known if she said God had sent for his grandfather that Matt would take her exactly at her word. Howsoever, it's no use trying to explain it to him; and least of all trying to make out that it was not that but something different. The boy must not be contradicted, that would only confuse him more; but," she added, "it does seem a gloomy thing that he should always be expecting his death and always keeping himself ready for it."

"Does it seem a gloomy thing?" asked the lady.

"Why, yes, ma'am, I'm sure it would quite mope me to be so frequently thinking about death."

"Not if you felt that you were ready and were always desirous to keep yourself ready."

"But why should one, ma'am," answered the woman thoughtlessly, "so long before the time?"

"Ah, Mrs. Letts, we cannot tell that it is long before the time. Are we not told, 'Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh?'"

"Yes, ma'am; and Mr. Green a very little time ago preached a discourse on that text, a very beautiful one it was; but I never thought people had to get ready for death just as they get ready for paying their rent, or, as one may say, to lay up wood to be ready for the winter."

"Why not? must we not all die, as surely as we must pay our rent? Is not death as certain to come as winter?"

"Yes, sure, ma'am."

"Then the only difference in our preparing should be, that death being more important than those other things which you mentioned, we should prepare for it much more earnestly, seriously, and constantly."

"Yes, ma'am, that's what I meant. We should prepare at proper solemn times, on Sundays, when we have time to think of these solemn things, and not to be mixing it up with our work every day."

"Mrs. Letts, if you had earned no money as yet to pay your rent, and knew it must be paid on a certain day, should you say to yourself, 'This is a very serious matter; I must not think of it now that I am busy with my work, I must wait till I have a quiet hour; for it is a very important thing, and not to be thought of excepting at particular times?'"

"Why, no, ma'am; of course I should think of it early and late! Well, ma'am, perhaps you are right; in short, I am sure you are; but it is not very easy for poor folks to think about religion and death, as much as those who have nothing to do. However, poor Matt has few enough things to think about, and if it pleases him to think of being fetched to a better world, why, let him do it."

"O yes, let him do it," replied Matt's friend; "I believe he is ready whenever it may please the Almighty to summon him; and the time may not be so long that he will become impatient."

"I'm sure a long life is not to be desired by him, observed the woman; 'for he suffers a great deal in cold weather.'" So saying, she brought the boy into her cottage, and the lady took her leave.

The sun was shining pleasantly across the level sands as she walked homewards, and each cliff cast a clear reflection of its figure at her feet; the soft and shining waves broke gently on the shore; and the sky was peaceful and cloudless, only a flock of white gulls were wheeling about in it, serving too to increase its resemblance to its "twin deep," the blue sea, that was adorned, not far from the horizon, with a fleet of small fishing vessels, whose white sails were lovely in the sunshine.

The lady walked till she came to a large cave in the cliff, about half a mile from the poor old fisherman's cottage: here she had sometimes sat with Matt, teaching him his plaiting; and here she now entered and sat down to rest after her long walk.

It was a strange place; more a cleft in the rock than an ordinary cave, for it narrowed up above to a mere crack, which crack was strangely and beautifully festooned with hanging ferns of the brightest green; for they were constantly kept moist by the drops of water that filtered through the stone.

The sun was now low enough to shine into the dark cavern and make it warm and cheerful, and to show with clear distinctness the limpets that stuck to the rocks which here and there protruded from the soft sand, which flooded it, and the little pools of seawater that lay about in stony basins. These basins were rugged, and covered with green weeds, and within fringed with red and brown dulse and sea-weeds, and the tiny little fish were impatiently swimming about in them, and small crabs of the hermit tribe were dragging their bright shell houses along the slippery margins.

She sat down beside one of these little rocky reservoirs and enjoyed the sunshine and shelter, thinking, meanwhile, how she could further help and teach the poor child who had now so large a share of her sympathy. She decided that it was as well he should

be out of the way of his relations on the day of the funeral, both for their sake and his own; and she accordingly resolved to ascertain when it was to take place, and bring him there to sit with her till it should be over.

Accordingly, she made her appearance at the cottage on the morning of the funeral, and took away the boy.

She found him still "ready," still prepared and expectant, still occupied with the belief that God would fetch him, and that perhaps it might be "to-day."

She took him to the cave, that he might not see the mournful cavalcade proceed from the cottage-door; and when he was tired of plaiting straw and of looking at the little imprisoned fishes swimming about in their brown basins of rock, she opened her basket and gave him a nice dinner, such as she knew he would like.

Matt was very happy; and when he had done eating, he sat basking at the entrance of the cavern; pleased with watching the numerous rock pigeons that flew about among the cliffs and rushed past with their opalized wings and glossy necks, to peck at the seed-corn which his friend threw out to them.

He had made her wash his hands when he had finished his meal, and he had put on his cap, his best cap, and was sitting ready. In spite of all his amusement in watching the blue pigeons, he was still ready, still conscious of an expected summons; and when the last grain of corn had been carried up to the young birds in the nests, and all the sand was imprinted with the feet of the pretty parents, he withdrew his eyes from the place where they had fluttered and striven, and fixed them once more on the open heavens.

"Is Matt sorry that his grandfather is gone?" asked his friend.

Matt answered, "No," and said he wanted to go too; and then in his imperfect way, partly in words and partly by signs, he inquired what kind of a place it was where God lives.

"It was never cold," she replied; always warm and pleasant; Matt would never cry when he got there."

"Would nobody beat Matt there?" asked the child, wistfully; "wouldn't Rob beat him?"

"No; when Matt went to be with God, nobody would beat him any more."

A gleam of joy stole over the boy's face as he sat pondering over these good tidings; then with a sorrowful sigh he said, "Rob often beats Matt now." But at that moment the soft sound of a tolling bell was heard in the cave, and he turned his head to listen. It was the bell for his grandfather's funeral; and it was touching to see him amused and pleased with it, unconscious what it portended.

They stayed a long time in the cave; the boy being amused and diverted by the various things his friend found for him to look at, and by a grotto that she made for him with loose scollop shells; but in the midst of his pleasure that gleam of joy would often return to his face, and he would exclaimingly repeat that "some day he should go to God, and nobody should beat him any more."

At last, when the sound of the bell had long ceased, and the sun was shining full in at the mouth of the cavern, his friend took him home again; and finding the mourners already returned, left him with them, and took her leave—little thinking as she walked across the cliffs to her residence, that in this life she was to behold him no more.

[To be Continued.]

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Did a holy life consist of one or two noble deeds—some signal specimens of doing, or enduring, or suffering—we might account for the failure, and reckon it small dishonor to turn back in such a conflict. But a holy life is made up of a multitude of small things. It is the little things of the hour, and not the great things of the age, that fill up a life like that of Paul and John, like that of Rutherford, or Brainerd, or Martyn. Little words, not eloquent speeches or sermons; little deeds, not miracles, nor battles, nor one great heroic act or mighty martyrdom, make up the true Christian life. The little constant sunbeam, not the lightning; the waters of Siloah, "that go softly" in their meek mission of refreshment, not "the waters of the river great and many," rushing down in torrent noise and force, are the true symbols of a holy life. The avoidance of little evils, little sins, little inconsistencies, little weaknesses, little follies, little indiscretions and imprudences, little foibles, little indulgences of self and of the flesh, little acts of indolence or indecision, or slovenliness or cowardice, little equivocations or aberrations from high integrity, little touches of shabbiness and meanness, little bits of covetousness and penuriousness, little exhibitions of worldliness and gayety, little indifference to the feelings or wishes of others, little outbreaks of temper, or crossness, or selfishness, or vanity, the avoidance of such little things as these go far to make up at least the negative beauty of a holy life. And then attention to the little duties of the day and hour, in public transactions, or private dealings, or family arrangements; to little words, and tones;

little benevolences, or forbearances, or tenderesses; little self-denials, and self-restraints, and self-forgetfulnesses; little plans of quiet kindness and thoughtful consideration for others; to punctuality, and method, and true aim in the ordering of each day—these are the active developments of a holy life, the rich and divine mosaics of which it is composed. What makes you green hill look so beautiful? Not the outstanding peak or stately elm, but the bright sward which clothes its slopes, composed of innumerable blades of slender grass. It is of small things that a great life is made up; and he who will acknowledge no life as great save that which is built up of great things, will find little in Bible characters to admire or copy.—Bonar.

THE FOOLISH YOUNG CHICKEN.

There was a round pond, and a pretty pond too. About it white daisies and butterflies grew, And dark weeping willows, that stooped to the ground, Dipped in their long branches, and shaded it round.

A party of ducks to this pond would repair, And feast on the green water-weeds that grew there; Indeed, the Assembly would frequently meet To talk over affairs in this pleasant retreat.

One day a young chicken, who lived there about, Stood watching to see the ducks pass in and out. Now standing tall upward, now diving below, She thought of all things she should like to do so.

So this foolish chicken began to declare, "I've really a great mind to venture in there; My mother's oft told me, I must not go nigh, But really, for my part, I cannot tell why."

"Ducks have feathers and wings, and so have I too, And my feet—what's the reason they're not? Though my beak is pointed, and their beaks are round, Is that any reason that I should be drowned?"

"So why should not I swim as well as a duck? Suppose that I venture, and even try my luck; For," said she, "spite all that her mother had taught her, I really am fond of the water."

So in this poor ignorant animal flew, And found that her dear mother's cautions were true; She splashed, and she dashed, and she turned herself round, And heartily wished herself safe on the ground.

But now 'twas too late to begin to repent, The head she struggled, the deeper she went; And when every effort she vainly had tried, She slowly sank down to the bottom and died.

The ducks, I perceived began loudly to quack, When they saw the poor fowl floating dead on her back; And by their grave looks it was very apparent, They disapproved on the sin of not minding a parent.

THREE LESSONS

FROM THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF MR. LINCOLN'S DEATH.

While we make all possible allowances for the early education of Mr. Lincoln, while we remember his need of relaxation, and the duties he considered himself as owing to the populace; when we regard the fact that Christians, who should have set him a better example, were accustomed to frequent the same place, and it is supposed, to urge his presence; even then we must say we consider the attendance of the President of the United States at the theatre a sad mistake! That, had his moral influence and the evil of the example been pointed out to him, that noble, honest, benevolent man would not have yielded to any urgency, or invitation to attend that place. He was an uncompromising temperance man, for his own sake, and the benefit of others. And the same principle, and cheerful obedience of duty, which made him that, would, if properly presented, have led him to abjure the theatre. Would that all our government officers might think of these things, and give their influence upon the side of morality, the public benefit, and right.

From the sad place where the President was assassinated, we learn that we can never approve ourselves, if voluntarily found in those places, where death cannot appropriately find us. No man knows when, or where, or how death may meet him. He should frequent no place, engage in no amusement or business, be found with no companions, which should cause him a blush, or wring his heart with a regret, or leave his friends to mourn that he died there, or so engaged, or with such company.

Again, we cannot too scrupulously inspect the conduct and characters of men with whom we associate—especially strangers. There seems oftentimes, on the part of youth of both sexes, to be an idea that it is a desirable thing to be acquainted with persons who have seen much of the world, without enquiring which part of it they have seen, or with what motives. Those, too, who are conspicuously before the public, no matter in what character, are sought after by the weak. The inexperienced of youth is easily flattered by a few words, or a little notice from strangers; whom they suppose to be well posted in matters respecting the manners of society, and the ways of the world and before men of studied deceit, and ripe experience in crime, principles become corrupted; integrity ceases, and virtue falls. If all our youth would seek for companions who have more of native modesty, and know less of the world, it would be a blessing to their persons, souls and estates. The world is full of men and women who have travelled too much; have seen too much of the world, and know too much to be either safe companions, or truly good citizens.

Again, we see from what class of men

come some of the great crimes of our country. Prodigality, intemperance and lewdness are generally considered and found to be concomitants of the stage. The whole business of the stage is the practice of hypocrisy. It is one continual assumption of characters, dissimilar each to the other, and from his own who plays. To-day he acts the saint, and to-morrow the villain, with equal earnestness, and with a desire to produce equal impression. His exhibition of virtue is but a simulation; his presentation of vice oftentimes is set forth con amore. It was in this school of hypocrisy and vice that he was trained, who hath dared to lay his impious and deadly hand upon the Lord's anointed. Any place would be dreadful, wherein such a deed of horror had been committed; but the words of Mrs. Lincoln, that "dreadful house" meant more; and they speak that sad regret which is felt by every true patriot, and especially, Christian heart. That we could wish that our noble martyr had met his death in almost any other place than a theatre—by almost any hand rather than that of a depraved actor. This is a drop peculiar in our great cup of grief.—Rev. F. Starr, Jr., St. Louis.

LILY S.

Rev. Mr. Hammond has shown us the Photograph of a child Christian now one of the "millions of infant minds" who "compose the family abode" together with a letter from her mother, which last is so like what the mother of a such a child should say, and so expressive of how she should feel, that we cannot, unwarrantably as the liberty may seem, forbear to allow our readers to share with us its perusal.

B—, June 14th, 1865.

REV. MR. HAMMOND—MY DEAR SIR:—Among the most faithful and interested of the children attending upon your services while in this city, were my only daughter and son, Lily and Charlie S.—You were so kind as to write to Charlie, on the 19th of last October, to which he responded on the 31st of the same month. Each of the children had written you a note just before you left B., and it is to ask you to return Lily's to me, (if you still have it, and are quite willing,) that I now address you. This dear little child entered into her rest on the 17th of last April, at 8 o'clock, A. M. She passed through glory's gate, and walked in Paradise. During a painful illness of seven weeks, she evinced unwavering faith in our Redeemer, and entire submission to the will of her Heavenly Father. After excruciating suffering, she would say, "God will repay me for all this; if I live, I shall be happier in this world, and if I die, the rest of heaven will be sweeter to me." "I am not a bit afraid to die; I am ready at any time." When asked if she was willing to wait God's time, and suffer on, she willingly said, "They will be done." Not being old enough to reason on religious subjects, not a doubt clouded her mind. She simply accepted Christ as her complete Saviour, and loved Him so truly, that she longed "to be with Him where He is," and "feared no evil."

A little more than two years before you came to our city, Lily gave unmistakable evidence to me, that the Holy Spirit had begun His blessed work in her heart. Finding her weeping bitterly after listening to you the first time, I said, "Why is this, darling? Do you not think you are Jesus' little child any longer?" "Oh! yes, mama, but I can't help crying because I have not loved Him more." And she never ceased to love you, my dear sir, and to feel that through your teachings she had been brought nearer to Christ. I praise God, the covenant-keeping God, for the pleasant memories of her lovely life and triumphant death; but every memory of her is precious, and her written testimony of trust in Jesus would be very dear to me now. If then, you have her little letter, written when she was eight years old, I shall feel grateful to you for its return.

May you ever prosper in the noblest of all efforts, that of bringing souls to Christ, is the prayer of your friend.

There were also forwarded, with the above, some lines, written on the evening after Lily's translation, to which we also give place.

She has gone to rest in the early spring, That fair young bud of ours, As pure and lovely and innocent, As its early opening flowers.

We weep as we bend o'er her pale, still form, But for ourselves the grief, For us the loss of that fair, young life, So beautiful—yet so brief.

Not for her, who, while hovering yet on earth, Looked through the gates of Heaven, Longing to join that bright young throng, To whom the kingdom's given.

The home she has left so sad and drear, Is consecrated now; Christ has been here, and set his seal Upon that lovely brow.

Bring, then, those pale and silent flowers, And lay them on her bier; The Lily, too—her emblem fair—May rest in beauty here.

And let soft music swell the air, To bear our thoughts above; 'Tis fitting that our fairest gifts Should testify our love.

But oh! for strength like hers to bear; For grace to kiss the rod, Even with breaking hearts to say, "They will be mine," O God!

M. E. M.

"GOD IS BY ME."

Little Moses was seven years old. The hand of God was heavy upon him, and his mother, wishing to know if he still had his reason, bent over him and asked who was by him. In a low, sweet voice, Moses said, "God is by me." His mother turned to a friend, who did not understand his reply, saying, "I think he said, 'God is by me.'"—Again, in a stronger voice, and with emphasis, Moses said, "I did say so, mother, for God is by me." So, little children, if you love Jesus, he will be by you. He loves you more tenderly, and will care for you more gently than does your own dear loving mother. He will take you safely in his arms to heaven.—American Messenger.

Rural Economy.

PRAYING FOR RAIN.

The following is old, but the temper which it shows up holds as fresh as when it was thus satirized.

We heard a dozen men complain When Wednesday it began to rain: Just as before, when it was dry, They mourned a drought with many a sigh, And seemed most strangely to forget That water generally is wet! If all men's prayers were heard together, The world would have the queerest weather.

"My mill stands still!—O for some rain!" "My grain is down!—Ye clouds, refrain!" "My corn is parched!"—"Ah, Susan's bonnet."

"Don't let a drop of water on it!" "O, not to-day; our washings 'out!" "Roll up ye clouds, I go for trout!" "The hen's come off; the brood is drowned!" "Ah, let it pour! my boat's a ground!"

So, mid the murmurs of the world, The cloud, like banners, are unfurled; The rains descend, the bow is bent; The sky smiles clear, God's azure tent; Sweet springs and robins sing together, And, rain or shine, 'tis pleasant weather; The sower's hopeful seed is flung, And harvest songs are always sung.

HOGS IN THE APPLE ORCHARD.

Nobody sends as many apples to market as my neighbor John Jacobs. He always has apples to sell, and gets the highest prices. Folks prefer large apples; and such are always packed in Jacobs' barrels. You might search them with a candle, and not find a knotty fruit or a worm hole. Such Rhode Island Greenings and Roxbury Russets I have never met within the old States. They are as handsome as anything in the virgin soil of the West.

I was going to Jacobs' orchard last summer, and I had the curiosity to call and examine for myself. Says I, "Neighbor, what is there in your soil that makes such smooth, large apples? They are a third bigger than anything I can get, and my trees look as well as yours."

"The secret is not in the soil," John replied, with a twinkle in the eye, "but on it. Do you see those grunfers there? My pork brings me fifty cents a pound—eight in flesh, and the balance in fruit. I began to pasture my orchard ten years ago with hogs, and since that time I have had no trouble with wormy fruit. Apples as a general thing, don't fall from the tree unless something is the matter with them. Apple-worm and curculio lay their eggs in the fruit, and the apples drop early. The pigs devour the apples, and by September every unsound apple is gone and I have nothing but fair fruit left. The crop of insects for the next year is devoured by the pigs. They root around under the trees, keep the soil loose, manure the land some, and work over what I spread. The apples help the pigs, and the pigs help the apples."

I saw John's secret at once, and have profited by it. I never had so few insects as this spring, and I have given the pigs credit for it. In turning the orchard into a pasture, put in pigs—not landpikes, with snouts like levers. You might lose trees as well as insects in that case. But well bred animals, with judicious snouts, will root in a subdued and proper manner.—American Agriculturist.

COOL WATER.

At this season of the year a cool draught of water is a luxury which we may enjoy with a little care. By the following method, simple and inexpensive, water may be kept almost as cool as ice. Let the jar, pitcher, or vessel, used for water, be surrounded with one or more folds of coarse cotton, to be constantly wet; the evaporation of the water will carry off the heat from the inside, and reduce it to a low temperature. In India and other tropical countries, where ice cannot be procured, this expedient is common. Let every mechanic and laborer have at the place of their work two pitchers thus provided, and with lids or covers, one to contain fresh water for the evaporation, and he can always have a supply of cold water in warm weather. Any person may test this by dipping a finger in water and holding it in the air on a warm day; and after doing this three or four times, he will find his finger uncomfortably cold. This plan will save the bill of ice, besides being more healthful. The free use of ice water often produces derangement of the internal organs, which, we conceive, is due to a property of the water independent of its coldness.—Maine Farmer.

LIME WATER FOR CORRECTING ACIDS IN DOUGH, ETC.—When bread becomes sour by standing too long before baking, instead of using soda I use lime water. Two or three table-spoonfuls will entirely sweeten a batch of rising sufficient for four or five large loaves. I slack a small piece of lime, take the skin of the top, and bottle the clear water, and it is ready for use. A bottle full will last all summer.—Exchange.

HOW TO CATCH HAWKS AND OWLS.—Erect in the middle of your field a long pole. Set a steel trap upon the top, and the unwary hawk and owl will light directly in the trap. By this means hundreds may be taken in one season.