

The Family Circle.

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

The following memorable lines, from the matchless muse of Wm. Cullen Bryant, possess a touching and thrilling significance now. Any one who, for instance, visits the environs of Washington city, or traverses the District of Columbia, and the adjacent counties of Virginia and Maryland, will be sadly yet powerfully impressed by the presence of peace, and the rapid disappearance of the ravages of war under the luxuriance of the garbure of midsummer. The robe of grass and flowers is strewn over thousands of graves, and absence of troops, the silence of unguarded forts, the music of the birds, the lowing of the cattle, and the healthy handwork of the farmer, who resumes his happy toil in the very waste of the strife, make up a most suggestive picture. And then, to crown all, the victory was not for nothing. It was won for Truth, and its fruits will be gathered in the endless harvests of immortal years.—*Press.*

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery heart and armed band
Encounter'd in the battle-croud.

Ah! never shall the land forget
How gushed the life blood of her brave—
Gush'd, warm with hope and courage yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now, all is calm, and fresh, and still;
Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
And bell of wandering kine are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
The black-mouthed gun and staggering
wain;
Men start not at the battle cry:
O! be it never heard again.

Soon rested those who fought; but thou
Who mingled in the harder strife
For truths which men receive not now,
Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long
Through weary day and weary year,
A wild and many-weapon'd throng
Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And hench not at thy chosen lot,
The timid god may stand aloof,
The sage may frown—yet faint they not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The hissing, surging bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crushed to earth shall rise again:
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
When they who help'd thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust,
Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is peal'd
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

HE CLOUDED INTELLECT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STUDIES FOR STORIES."

(Concluded.)

Rob, as soon as Becca came in, got up, and said he supposed he need not stop there any more. If it had not been for his mother's telling him to stop with Matt, he might have gone out with his father in the boat, he said; and he now left the cottage in a very surly humor.

Becca crept upstairs to hear how her mother was, and saw her lying still, and evidently better; her sister, who was exhausted with many nights of watching, was sound asleep at the foot of the bed, and she and her patient had both slept through all the noise of the storm and of Matt's crying. Becca's mother woke as the child entered, and asked for a drink of cold tea, telling her to step quietly, that she might not wake her sister. The little girl held the cup to her mother's lips; the fever had subsided, but the poor woman was very weak; and when a rush-candle had been lighted, and her medicine given to her, she said she wished to be alone again, that she might sleep.

So Becca went down and gave Matt his supper, and ate her own. It was now quite dark, and Becca strained her eyes in looking out to sea, to try and discover whether the boats were coming home. The children had no candle, and the fire gave but little light; so Becca sat down, and Matt beside her; and the little girl was so weary that at length she sunk on the floor, gathered the thin cloak about her that she had worn on her walk to the town, and fell into a weary sleep.

A glowing log, in its fall upon the hearth, suddenly roused her, after a short slumber, and she started upright. Matt was still sitting beside her, but frightened and trembling, for the noise of the wind and waves was fearful. She tried to cheer the poor boy, but he would not be comforted; and every time a louder gust than usual shook the cottage, he would start up and hurry to the door, trying the lock, and begging that he might go out "and talk to God." Becca gave him another piece of bread, and brought him back to the fire; but at length, finding that he could not rest, and feeling sure that the door was securely bolted, she lay down again, and sank into a deep sleep, forgetting her troubles and fatigue, and dreaming that the wind went down, and that she saw her father stepping ashore from the boat, and telling her that he had brought in a fine haul of mackerel.

From hour to hour the child slept on, and the roaring winds moaned without, and the clouds raced across the dreary heavens, and the desolate sea was rough with foam, and the snow fell and fell, and the wind blew it away from the cliffs and swept it into the tumbling waves. But poor little Becca did not dream of these things; she slept sweetly in the warmth and glow

of the driftwood fire, with her little weary head upon a furled-up sail, which she was reclining on by way of a pillow; and she dreamed that she and Matt were walking in a field, a large field full of yellow buttercups, that the sun was shining pleasantly, and she was gathering handfuls of the buttercups for Matt to play with.

It was a very pretty field, she thought; and even in her dream she knew that she had been sadly tired, and that sitting in this quiet field was a very welcome rest.

What a long, sweet dream that was—the sweetest, perhaps, that little Becca had ever known, because it was after such great sorrow and such long wakefulness. At last, in the very dead of the night, she awoke, and she members were just dying out on the hearth, and the room above was very still, and through the uncurtained casement the large white moon was shining above the edge of a black cloud; it shone upon the brick floor and upon the little stool upon which Matt had been sitting, but Matt was not there; Becca was alone.

The little girl started up in a fright; who could have taken Matt away? No one; for she remembered that she had bolted the door. She slipped off her shoes and stole softly up the stairs, to see if he might have found his way into her mother's chamber. No—he was not to be seen; her mother and sister were soundly sleeping, and the dim rush-candle was giving light enough to show that no Matt was there. She went down again and tried the door, full of a vague terror. O, if Matt by long trying had found out how to open it, and had wandered out in the snow to look up on that bitter night between the clouds, what would become of him! She laid her hand upon the bolt—it was drawn back; then Matt had opened the door and pulled it after him.

Becca was but a little girl; and when she found Matt was gone, and that the men had none of them returned from fishing, and that her mother and sister were asleep, she sat down and cried for a long time before she could make up her mind what was to be done; and then she put on her shoes again, and tied on her shawl and bonnet, and opened the door softly, resolving to follow him.

It was very dark, but it had ceased to snow. Becca waited a few minutes, hoping the moon would soon come out; and when it did so, she saw distinctly the print of footsteps; they led away from the other cottages, and seemed to wander towards the direction of the cave.

But still Becca could not rest till she had run on to the cottage where Matt had lived. She tried the door, it was locked; and peeping in she was sure that no one was inside; so she turned away, and, as well as she could in the sweeping storm and raging wind, she made her way towards the cave, which she knew was the likeliest place for Matt to go to.

Sometimes running, sometimes groping in the darkness, sometimes wading through deep snowdrifts, and again cowering under a rock till the force of a stronger gust than usual had spent itself, the child went on, now full of hope that she should find Matt safe in the shelter of the cavern, now sick at heart for fear of what might have happened.

She felt the rocks with her hands, and went slowly on; she surely must be near the place; impatience to reach it made her too hasty, and she struck her face against a projecting ledge, and was compelled to wait for the coming out of the moon. A heavy wall of cloud was moving on—all the heavens behind it were quite bare. Becca watched them; the moon drew near its edges, and turned them of a silvery whiteness, then shone out cold and clear, and Becca found she was not far from the cavern; she ran and stumbled on; she was very near; the voice she was longing for arrested her on her way: "God! God!" it said, "O, send for poor Matt; let Matt go away."

In the entrance of the cavern, with the moon shining on his white face, and the bitter wind blowing about his thin clothing and uncovered hair, and driving the frozen snow over his feet, stood the boy. Great must have been the efforts that he used to get there, and now he did not see Becca nor answer her; his woe-begone voice and awe-struck face were directed to the now cloudless sky, and all his thoughts were given to that great Being whom in the midst of darkness he was seeking after.

The little girl touched him; he was cold as a stone; she shook his sleeves, but could not rouse him from his deep abstraction. "God! God!" he uttered more perfectly still, "and Man that paid, O, take poor Matt!"

The little girl, trembling and shivering with the cold, and faint with running against the wind, sank down upon the snow; and still Matt stood upright, and held up his beseeching hands, till exerting all her strength, she pulled him away, and got him to lie down father in where the snow had not yet penetrated, and where the cavern floor was dry. Then she took off the shawl that formed her own scanty covering; and as she lapped it over him, he said faintly, "Matt shall see God some day, and Matt shall never be cold any more."

She heaped some driftwood between him and the entrance of the cave to

keep the wind away, and then set off to run home for help; but before her exhausted feet, in the gray of the winter morning, had reached the cottage threshold, the fishermen, after their perilous voyage, landed a mile or two higher up, and going into the cavern for rest and shelter, found Matt on his bed. They took him up and chafed his stiffened limbs with their rough hands; they said he was frozen to death, and they laid him down again on his desolate bed, and mourned and lamented over him. Happy Matt! the summons had been sent for him to go, and join that God whom he had sought so long. The days of his darkness and feebleness are over,—he will never be cold any more.

Matt was buried in the village churchyard, and on his gravestone was written—"They that seek me early shall find me."

If any of us, knowing God better, have loved him less, and needing God's grace as much, have turned from His face, instead of seeking it, let us think of this simple poor child—"Let us seek the Lord while He may be found, let us call upon Him while He is near."

JENNETT HIGH.

BY CHISLON.

Loving hearts could not detain her;
Jesus whispered—and the brow
Paler grew, the hands were folded,—
She is crowned with glory now.

Broken hopes, and fond ties riven!
Yet how gently comforts fall;
Weary hearts on Jesus leaning,
Find Him truly "all in all."

Sweet it is to fade so early,
And escape earth's constant care;
Sweet to leave the fragrant memory
Of a life, though brief, so fair.

Flowers will bloom where thou art sleeping;
Tears will fall above thy rest;
But this thought shall cheer the mourner,
"With the ransomed thou art best."

PONTO AND FLIRT.

BY REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

Ponto was an old dog, and lay on the sunny bank just in front of the laurel bushes, so that he might have all of the sunshine, and none of the cold winds. He was very mild and grave in countenance, and when you went up to him he would get up, wink hard at you, and seem to say, "Yes, sir, we have met before!" He seemed to live in the past, so far as he took interest in any thing; but he was gentle and kind, and everybody seemed to be Ponto's friend.

Little Flirt was a dog of different stamp. He was all run and jump, and bark and play. He would often visit old Ponto, and then how he would scamper round him, look knowingly in his eyes, squat and look, and then jump and bound and bark, as if he would say, "Well, Mr. Ponto, did you ever see anything like that?" Old Ponto would look at him with awful gravity—as much as to say, "That's all well enough in a dog who has not yet come to the years of discretion."

But one day Flirt came out to see Ponto on a sober walk. His tail dropped, and his face was grave, and he walked like one going to a funeral. "Ponto," says he, "I'm going away to live."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. I am determined to stay here no longer. I am resolved to run away."

"Pray where will you run?"

"Oh, I don't know. I'll find somewhere!"

"Well, what's the matter?"

"Matter enough! I'm tired of my master. You have always said he was one of the kindest of masters. But I know better. You know old Cub, the brown horse, don't you?"

"I should think I did. I have run beside him times enough, and miles enough to know him."

"Has he not always been a good faithful old horse?"

"Not always old, but always good and faithful."

"Well, he has been sick lately. He has grown very poor. He would stand all day and bite his crib and gnaw the planks, and groan in pain. He has lost his appetite, and I thought he must die. But yesterday, when our master led him out, I thought, 'Well, now he will kill poor Cub, and put him out of pain, or else give him some comforting thing, he can eat!'"

"But instead of that,—O dear—how dreadful! he took him down to the blacksmith's shop, put the poor fellow in a frame in which they put oxen when they shoe them, and then turned the leather under him so that he could not stand on his feet, and then put a great stick in his mouth and fastened it open, and then he took a huge piece of flat iron (I believe they call it a file) and with that he sawed in between every tooth in the poor fellow's mouth. Poor Cub groaned, and the blood ran, but no matter—rasp, rasp went the file, till there was a parting between every tooth! If that ain't cruelty, I would like to know what is! I am going to run away! The man will be sawing my teeth next! Who knows?"

"Suppose Flirt you just run into the stable and see what old Cub is now doing."

A way bounded Flirt, and soon came back with a look of amazement.

"Why, Ponto, as true as you live, old Cub is eating hay as he never ate before!"

"Don't swear, Flirt, and say 'as true as you live;' but now sit down and learn a thing or two; it may do you good as long as you live. You must know, then, O wise Flirt, that horses are made to eat grass and to bite it, and draw it into their mouth. This naturally draws their teeth out and spreads them. Old Cub has been shut up in the stall and fed on cut feed for years. The consequence is, his teeth came tight together, and they arched, and this made him have what they call 'crib-biting,' or 'cribbering.' Now, master, by filing them apart has relieved the pain, and the old horse can eat as well as ever. He put him in the ox-frame and fastened his mouth open only as the easiest way for the horse. So you, young dog, see that it was not cruelty, but kindness in our master to file old Cub's teeth."

"Oh, I see it, I see it all. What a fool I was! I will never doubt my master again."

O child! you will often meet things in Divine Providence that seem strange to you, and which look as if God was not wise or good. But when these things come to be explained hereafter, we shall see that in everything God is wise, and good, and merciful. We can not always understand what he does, but "just and true are all his ways." Remember Flirt when you are tempted to doubt his wisdom or his goodness!—*S. S. Times.*

A SINGLE WORM KILLED THAT TREE.

During my sojourn at a place of resort for invalids, I was one day walking through the romantic ground, and park with some friends, when the proprietor of the establishment drew our attention to a large sycamore tree, decayed to the core.

"That fine tree," said he, "was killed by a single worm."

In answer to our inquiries, we found that about two years previously the tree was as healthy as any in the park, when a woodworm, about three inches long, was observed to be forcing its way under the bark of the trunk. It caught the eye of a naturalist who was staying at the establishment, and he remarked, "Let that worm alone, doctor, and it will kill the tree." This seemed very improbable, but it was agreed that the black-headed worm should not be disturbed.

After a time it was found that the worm had tunneled its way a considerable distance under the bark. The next summer the leaves of the tree dropped very early, and in the succeeding year it was a dead, rotten thing, and the hole made by the worm might be seen in the very heart of the once noble trunk.

"Ah," said one who was present, "let us learn a lesson from that dead tree. How many who once promised fair for usefulness in the world and the church, have been ruined by a single sin."

NEXT TO MOTHER.

A little girl six years old sat by a cradle where lay a fretful baby; she rocked it softly, and sang a soothing lullaby, but the great tears rolled down her cheeks, and she looked pitifully out of the open window. It was a lovely day in summer time, and the sun shone bright and warm upon the soft, waving grass, and upon rich masses of beautiful flowers. The birds sang sweetly, and seemed to say to her, "Come out, little one, come out, and be happy with us! Leave the close, dark room, and come into the sunshine." In the shrubbery two children were playing; she could see them from the window, flitting in and out among the lilac bushes, laughing and shouting in their careless happiness. Sometimes they would leave off a moment, and come running to the window, to entreat her to come out and play with them. But she only shook her head sorrowfully, while she said, "I can't leave little brother;" and then she rocked, and sang, and wept as before. By-and-by her mother came in. Her sleeves were rolled up, and her hands and arms were white with flour; it was plain to see that she was very busy.

"What is the matter, Mary?" she asked, wondering, seeing the pitiful picture of distress her little girl presented. "Why do you cry, my dear?"

"O, I want to go and play with cousin Olive and sister Kate," she sobbed out; "and I can't go, I can't go."

"Why, yes you can, dear. Leave Willie; it will not hurt him to cry a little, and I will take him by-and-by."

Mary only shook her head, and went on with her rocking. "I can't go, mother, unless you come and take him," she persisted in saying. And her mother, knowing how useless it was to attempt to turn her aside from doing what she thought was her duty, was compelled to leave her alone again.

It might have been an hour afterward that, having finished her work, she came in and relieved the faithful little nurse. But the sun was shining broad and hot in the garden, and her cousin Olive and sister Kate were tired of staying out of doors; they wanted to come in and play with their dolls. And thus the nice play in the garden, which she enjoyed so much, was over for that day. But fretful Willie was asleep, and there was a

smile upon her mother's face as she kissed her and called her "a good little nurse." So Mary went her way, happy and contented, and wondered why the birds seemed to sing sweeter and the sun to shine brighter for her than it did for other little girls.

Years passed on, and more brothers and sisters came with the years. There always seemed a cradle to be rocked, always some little one who wanted care and attention which only Mary could give; and she gave it freely now—no longer with tears—and the little ones gave her all they had to give—their reverence and love.

"We love her next to mother," they all said. "Kate is good for a romp, and Jenny tells us funny stories; but when we are sick, or in trouble, if we cannot have mother, let us have sister Mary."

My little readers, this is a true story I am telling you. Sister Mary still lives in a beautiful home, not many hundred miles away. Her brothers and sisters have grown to manhood and womanhood now, and have gone, one by one, from the old homestead. Another generation is growing up around her, and calling upon her, as their mothers of old, for her help and tender care. They all love Aunt Mary; she is "next to mother" still.

A BOY'S INFLUENCE.

N—was not a good town. Although there were a hard-working minister and people; although they met together weekly and prayed, yet wickedness grew none the less.

The young men loafed around the hotels; the little boys, following their example, swore and smoked, and said bad words.

Listen, my little ones, while I tell you how all this was changed. A little boy lived there then named Freddy. His parents were not religious, yet they felt how necessary it was that he should grow up a pure and honest boy.

One day they heard some boys with whom he was playing swear; his mother called him to the house, and told him if those boys should swear any more he could not play with them. He went out and told them what his mother said. They did not wish to lose Freddy, so they came into the house and told his mother they were going to swear no more. By-and-by other boys came in; but Freddy would not allow them to play unless they promised not to use bad words.

The Fourth of July was coming, and Freddy got his little boys together, and formed a military company. His mother made him hats, and his father gave him a flag with these words written thereon, "Little boys who do not swear."

The people were surprised to see this little company, and some praised and others jeered at them. On the stoop of one of the hotels sat a young man who had great influence among his fellows. He read the inscription with thoughtfulness, and resolved not to swear any more, and to see how many of his fellows he could get to do the same. He worked for a whole year, and the next Fourth had nearly every young man in the village enrolled in it. How happy all were then!

With joy the parents beheld their sons at home at nights; at church on the Sabbath; and saw many of them partake of God's holy communion.

Try, each little one, if you cannot accomplish as great results.—*Presbyterian.*

THE TAME BUZZARD.

I do not know how any one could think of getting a buzzard; but a gentleman did, and a very amusing bird it was. No cat ever took more delight in catching mice about the barn than he did. He missed his strokes about as often as he hit; but he would return to the charge again in nowise disconcerted. He took a deep interest in rats also, but was not as much inclined to pursue that sort of game; he was too lazy to take the trouble.

With all his tricks he could never be taught politeness or hospitality to strangers. If a strange gentleman came about the grounds to converse with the master, what should this saucy bird do but fly at his head, and knock his hat over his eyes! The greatest sport he had was to fly down at his master's feet and untie his shoes, never stopping to inquire whether it was agreeable to him or not.

When his lazy fits came on, you would not catch him hunting for mice and rats, and taking all that trouble. He would follow the gardener or potato-diggers out in the fields, and leisurely pick up the worms and bugs which they turned up with the soil.

I cannot speak much for this bird's magnanimity; that he was simply amusing, was the best that could be said of him. A poor wounded jack-daw fell into the water, and what should this tame buzzard do but pounce into the water, and hold the dave's head under until he was drowned. Now, if he had helped him out, it would have been worthy of a silver collar at least. But the poor bird knew no better, so we will not blame him. We should never think unkindly of any irrational animal, for it has no soul, and cannot sin. It only follows out the instincts God has given it for wise reasons.—*Presbyterian.*

Rural Economy.

SPEND LESS THAN YOU EARN.

To attain independence, so apportion your expenditure as to spend less than you have or you earn. Make this rule imperative. I know of none better. Lay by something every year, if it be but a dollar. If you cannot increase your means, then you must diminish your wants. Every skilled laborer of fair repute can earn enough not to starve, and a surplus beyond that bare sufficiency. Yet many a skilled laborer suffers more from positive privation than the unskilled rural peasant. Why? Because he encourages wants in excess of his means.

SPEND LESS THAN YOU EARN.—Whatever your means may be, so apportion your wants that your means may exceed them. Every man who earns \$10 a week can do this, if he pleases, whatever he may say to the contrary; for if he can live upon \$10 a week, he can live upon \$9 90.

Mark the distinction between poverty and neediness. Poverty is relative, and therefore not ignoble; neediness is a positive degradation.

If I have \$500 or \$600 a year, I am rich as compared with the majority of my countrymen. If I have \$3000 a year, I may be poor compared with the majority of my associates; and very poor compared to my next door neighbor. With either of these incomes, I may be positively free from neediness. With the \$600 a year, I may need no man's help. But with \$3000 a year, I may dread a ring at my bell; I may have my tyrannical masters in servants whose wages I cannot pay; my exile may be at the fiat of the long-suffering man who enters a judgment against me. Nor is this an exaggeration. Some of the neediest men are those who have large incomes. Every man is needy who spends more than he has; no man is needy who spends less. I may so ill-manage my money, that with \$3000 or \$5000 a year I purchase the worst evils of poverty—terror and shame. I may so well manage my money that with \$500 a year, or less, I purchase the blessings of wealth—safety, respect, freedom from debt, and the ability to aid my neighbor and the cause of Christ. Spend, then, less than your income. Let no pride lead you to entertain company in a manner inconsistent with your means. Let not your house be furnished with what, for you, is extravagance. Do not dress your children beyond your means.

Extravagance is a prominent national vice. Let us correct it.

THE CALIFORNIA HARVEST, 1865.

We take the following gratifying account from *The Pacific* of June 29. The crops this year upon the whole, are somewhat above the average of past several years in amount, and the quality is excellent. Some late sown grain will be very light, the dry season setting in too early. As a general thing, it is not safe to count upon late rains to help out the crops in this State. Hence hill land often produces better than bottom or valley land, because the former can be seeded with the first rains.

We can judge from the various estimates which we have seen, that the total of the grain crop this year in California, will exceed an average year by twenty-five to thirty-five per cent. This results in part from the greater breadth of land sown. It will be out of the power of speculators to manage this huge bulk of grain and flour. We may expect, therefore, that moderate prices will prevail during the whole year. These will be better both for producer and consumer.

Nevada and Idaho will furnish an outlet for large amounts of breadstuffs. But Oregon also will be on hand with its full granaries. We shall have, therefore, an increased market with supplies correspondingly large. It is good to know that there will be no lack of bread in the land.

HOW TO PRESERVE A BOUQUET.

A florist of many years' experience sends us the following recipe for preserving bouquets for an indefinite period:

"When you receive a bouquet, sprinkle it lightly with fresh water; then put it into a vessel containing some soap-suds, which nourish the roots and keep the flowers as bright as new. Take the bouquet out of the suds every morning and lay it sidewise in fresh water, the stock entering first into the water—keep it there a minute or two—then take it out, and sprinkle the flowers lightly by the hand with pure water. Replace the bouquet in the soap-suds, and the flowers will bloom as fresh as when first gathered. The soap-suds need to be changed every third day. By observing these rules, a bouquet can be kept bright and beautiful for at least one month, and will last still longer in a very passable state; but the attention to the fair but frail creatures, as directed above, must be strictly observed, or 'the last rose of summer' will not be left 'left blooming alone' but will speedily perish."—*Am. Artisan.*