

The Family Circle.

THE TOWER OF BOTTREAU.

The church at Boscastle (or Bottreaux) in Cornwall has no bells, while the neighboring tower of Tintagel contains a fine peal of six.

One day, a peal of bells from Boscastle was cast at a sundry on the Continent, and that the vessel which was bringing them went down within sight of the church tower.

The Cornish folk have a legend on this subject, which has been embodied in the following stanzas by Mr. Hawker:—

Tintagel bells ring o'er the tide, The boy leans on his vessel's side; He hears that sound, and dreams of home—

Soothe the wild orphan of the foam. "Come to thy God in time," Thus saith their pealing chime;

"Youth, manhood, old age past, Come to thy God at last." But why are Bottreaux's echoes still? Her tower stands proudly on the hill;

Yet the strange thought that home hath found, The lamb lies sleeping on the ground. "Come to thy God in time," Should be her answering chime;

"Come to thy God at last," Should echo on the blast. The ship rode down with courses free, The daughter of a distant sea;

Her sheet was loose, her anchor stored, The merry Bottreaux bells on board. "Come to thy God in time," Rung out Tintagel chime;

"Youth, manhood, old age past, Come to thy God at last." The pilot heard his native bells Hang on the breeze in fitful spells;

"Thank God," with reverent brow, he cried, "We make the shore with evening's tide." "Come to thy God in time," It was his marriage chime;

"Youth, manhood, old age past, Come to thy God at last." "Thank God, though whining knave on land, But thank at sea the steersman's hand!"

The captain's voice above the gale—"Thank the good ship and ready sail." "Come to thy God in time," Sad grew the bodine chime;

"Come to thy God at last," Boomed heavy on the blast. Up rose that sea, as if he heard The mighty Master's signal word.

What thrills the captain's whitening lip? The death-groans of his sinking ship. "Come to thy God in time," Swung deep the funeral chime;

"Grace, mercy, kindness past, Come to thy God at last." Long did the rescued pilot tell, When grey hairs o'er his forehead fell,

While those around would hear, and weep, That fearful judgment of the deep. "Come to thy God in time," He read his native chime;

"Youth, manhood, old age past, Come to thy God at last." Still, when the storm of Bottreaux's waves Is waiking in his weedy caves,

Those bells, that sullen surges hide, Peal their deep tones beneath the tide. "Come to thy God in time," Thus said the ocean chime;

"Storm, whirlwind, billow past, Come to thy God at last." —Christian Treasury.

THE PIC-NIC IN VIOLET VALLEY.

BY WILLIAM L. WILLIAMS.

One beautiful morning in September, Lina Ashby was called to the front door by a ring of the bell.

She found there two of her schoolmates, Cordelia Rollins and Mary Hemenway.

"Oh, Lina!" exclaimed Cordelia, as soon as she saw her friends' forms in the door-way, "we are going to have a little picnic in Violet Valley, and we have come for you to go with us.

There will only be about a dozen of us, and we are expecting such a nice time. We are going to meet on Oldtown Green, at nine o'clock. Will you go with us?"

Lina hesitated an instant, and then answered in a clear, firm voice, "No, I cannot go to-day."

"Why not?" exclaimed both Delia and Mary at once. "Because mother is sick, and I do not want to leave her all alone to do the housework," replied Lina.

"Did she ask you to stay at home to-day?" said Mary. "Oh no! But I know she does not feel strong, and as we have not been able to hire a girl since father died, she and I have done all the work, and with me to help her she gets tired, and I certainly would not have her to do all," was Lina's answer.

"I don't think it would do any harm just for one day," said Miss Rollins; "my mother is all alone, for our girl went off last night, and the new one won't be here till Monday morning. To be sure, my mother said I ought to stay and help her, and look after the children, but I could not lose the picnic on any account and; besides, Perry Moody will be there."

A shade of disappointment flitted across Lina's face, for she liked Perry Moody very much; he always told such funny stories, and he knew so many pleasant games; and she was almost tempted to ask her mother's leave to go; but then her mother's anxious face appeared before her, and she felt that her duty was first to her mother, then herself, and she declined accompanying her schoolmates.

"Who was at the door?" asked Mrs. Ashby, on her daughter's return to the breakfast room. "Cordelia Rollins and Mary Hemenway. They wanted me to go with them to a picnic in Violet Valley."

"Well, why didn't you go, my daughter," said Mrs. Ashby. "I thought you did not look very well to-day, mother, and I did not like to go and leave you to do all the work alone," said Lina, going up to her mother and imprinting a kiss on her forehead.

"You are a good girl, Lina," said her mother, "and I know that I can never repay you for your constant love and affection, but you will be repaid, Lina; such self-sacrificing love never goes unrewarded." "Repaid!" mother, exclaimed Lina,

"why, I was repaid long ago; who loved me and took care of me when I was a little helpless baby? who bought me all my pretty playthings, and made all my nice dresses? who petted and soothed me when I was in pain, and contrived all manner of amusements for me when I was in health? It was you, my dear mother, and if I live to be as old as Methuselah, I can never repay you for the love and kindness you have bestowed upon me."

As Lina supposed, her mother had a bad head-ache, and was obliged to go up stairs and lie down; Lina worked industriously, and in short time had everything in order, and found an opportunity to sit down a few minutes in the parlor to read.

In the meanwhile the boys and girls of the picnic had met, according to agreement, on Oldtown Green, and walked about three miles to Violet Valley. This was a beautiful spot among the hills, and so called on account of the profusion of beautiful violets which made their appearance, early in the spring, imparting delicious odor to the air, and causing the ground to appear as if covered with a royal carpet. It was too late in the season for violets, but the party found the place delightful, and soon instituted games, dances, etc., to make as merry a time as possible.

Perry Moody was disappointed at not seeing Lina among the rest. He inquired of Delia the reason of her absence. Delia's reply was, "Oh, she is an odd thing, and said she preferred doing house-work to pic-nicing."

Now Perry knew Delia's habits of prevaricating, and he concluded that there was some other reason for detaining Lina at home. So on the first occasion he slipped quietly away and hurried back to town. He soon was on the street leading to the Ashby's, when a sudden splash startled him, and looking up, he found that a child had fallen into a horse-pond near Mr. Rollins' house; in an instant he leaped over the fence and ran rapidly to the pond. He jumped in and seized the child in his arms and carried it in to its mother; the little thing was insensible, and a doctor was sent for, who, after much exertion, restored it to consciousness; Mrs. Rollins' gratitude was very great, and she expressed her thanks to Perry for saving the life of her darling boy; she said she was left all alone in the house, with four young children to take care of, and all the housework to do; and she had asked Cordelia to stay and help her, but she preferred going to a pic-nic. Her little Albert had slipped away slyly, and she was not aware he had gone till Perry brought him in half drowned in his arms.

Perry bade them good morning, and went on his way; but as he went along, he wondered how such a handsome girl as Delia Rollins could have the heart to leave her mother alone, while she was enjoying herself in the woods, and wondered if she would grow any better when she found what a narrow escape from death her little brother had had.

Perry soon reached Mrs. Ashby's house; Lina was sitting at the window, and she ran to the door to let him in. "I am real glad to see you," said she, "but why are you not at the picnic?" Delia and Mary told me you were going to be there?"

"I have been there," replied Perry, "and I returned to find you and ask the reason of your non-appearance." "Oh, I couldn't go," said Lina; "I had the breakfast things to clear away, the parlor and front entry to sweep, some pies to make, and dinner to get."

"Isn't your mother at home?" inquired Perry. "Yes, she is not very well, and I could not think of leaving her with all the care of the house."

"That's the kind of a girl," thought Perry, and he could not help contrasting her with Delia Rollins. "Give me the girl that thinks of her mother before herself, and tries to help her all she can; such a girl will never lack friends." Perry soon found the time passing very pleasantly, and Lina was by no means sorry that she had remained at home. She invited his company to dinner, and he accepted, and was surprised to find what a nice dinner Lina could prepare.

Meanwhile the picnic party was enjoying itself finely, with the exception of Delia Rollins. She felt very uncomfortable; a stone had rolled on to her toe and made it ache very badly; she had lost a gold ring from her finger; she was provoked at Perry Moody's absence, for she had boasted of him as being her particular friend; and then her conscience was continually smiting her for going off and leaving her mother to do all the work.

The party started for home early; and on the way Delia took a by-road which led round by the Ashby's house without passing her own. She stopped to tell Lina how much she had lost by not joining them in the morning, when, to her surprise and discomfiture, she found Perry Moody there; he informed her of the danger her little brother had been in, and he was shocked when, instead of showing any emotion, she exclaimed, "Oh dear, what a scolding I will get for not staying home and looking after the little torment."

A few weeks after this, Perry Moody went on a long voyage to sea; but during his absence, Lina Ashby received a good many letters from him,

and occasionally a package would come, enclosing some curious work of nature or art. At last he came home and married Lina. On his wedding-day, he was heard to remark to a friend:—"When I was a boy, I liked Delia Rollins because she had the loveliest face; but when I grew older, I liked Lina Ashby because she had the loveliest heart; the face will fade, but the heart never does."—Student and Schoolmate.

A REMINISCENCE OF MY PRISON LIFE.

BY MANUEL MATAMOROS.

In the first months of the third year of my imprisonment, my health was much enfeebled. I was often scarcely able to take a few steps in my chamber. I felt, and my friends agreed with me, that the time of my earthly removal was not far off, and I rejoiced in the hope that I would be in the presence of my Saviour. The governor of the prison, impressed, without doubt, with the seriousness of my illness, offered me, in the name of his chief, the choice of a man among the prisoners who might perform for me the duties of a servant.

I accepted the proposal. "Very well," he said, "and who will you have?" "Send me," I answered, "the worst criminal of all."

There was in prison a young man of twenty-eight, against whom there had been a number of charges, for only two of which he had been condemned to thirty-five years of penal servitude. He had been a chief of brigands. He was a man of savage energy and of interpid courage, who had many a time fought with the police agents sent to capture him, and in every such combat forced them to retreat. Such he had been, and was still, even in prison. Every one suspected him—his fellow-prisoners, who had often felt the effects of his brutal force, as well as the gaolers. Such was the man given to me for my servant. The governor was evidently well pleased to see him separated from the others. Though such was the case, I received him with joy, and felt myself moved with much compassion for him when I knew his history as it was told me by the gaoler. On his part, he undertook the service with pleasure, for near me his position was much improved in every respect. He enjoyed more liberty, and he had the privilege of receiving his old father, from time to time in my cell; he had been before permitted to see him only at a distance, and in the presence of the gaolers. By degrees the respect which the unfortunate man had for me changed into a lively affection. Often he said to my mother, "Ah! madam, if the shutting up of the gaolers in this dungeon would have set your son at liberty, I would have done it long ago, as I easily could." And I am sure he would have tried it, dangerous as it was, if I had not turned him from it. When I knew better his character and his thoughts, I was convinced that, notwithstanding his depraved and criminal life, he had still a heart susceptible of noble and generous sentiment. One day he said:—"If I had not met with vile friends, I would never have taken to robbery; but, pushed on by some cowardly fellows who did not dare to try it themselves alone, and once drawn into it in this way, robbery soon became a habit of my life. But," added he, with a look of satisfaction, "I never took any thing from the poor, and I never, either with my gun or my poignard, drew a drop of blood. I was a brigand without doubt, but a brigand who could boast of being always honorable." Poor unfortunate.

Certain details of his history were unknown to anybody. I was the only person to whom he communicated them, for had they been known, he certainly would not have escaped capital punishment. Thus I arrived by degrees at a knowledge of his deeper feelings.

One day, at the moment when I was beginning my morning worship, he was preparing to quit my cell. I induced him to remain; and he sat down beside me. I opened the Bible at the third chapter of St. John's Gospel. During the reading of it his face brightened up with a happiness that increased every moment. When I came to the 16th, 17th, and 18th verses, I read slowly and with emphasis; a deep emotion seemed to agitate him. I seized my opportunity, and read further the eighth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. We fell upon our knees, and it was given me to pray with much fervour and confidence for the man who had already inspired me with so much affection. When we rose, the tears were pouring down my companion's face. I knew not if, in my whole life, I have ever had a happier moment than this in which I saw this soul entering on the path of life eternal. I left him under the sweet impression, and later I asked him only, "What he thought of this that we had read together—this that God had spoken to us?"

"Ah! Don Manuel," he answered, "if I had known how to read, I would have learned to understand all about these things, and I never would have been a criminal! It is very beautiful. I never shall forget it. Ah! if I only knew how to read, I would not be so unfortunate."

"Well, do you wish me to teach

you? Do you want to begin now?" I asked. "Yes, yes," he said, with an expression of the most lively joy, and with an energy which characterized him. "Oh, yes—you are truly a father to me. Oh, may God reward you!" "Very well," I said, "your application will test the sincerity of your desire."

I gave him money to buy a primer, and, the same day, he had his book in his pocket. We began at once, and from that moment he took every opportunity of advancing in his study, taking advantage of the help of those prisoners who knew how to read. He employed in this way most of the day. His progress was rapid, and, at the end of a month and a half, he read tolerably. He continued to listen to the reading of the word of God every morning. He assisted, with a clearly indicated joy, in many of the religious and brotherly meetings which took place in my prison during my captivity. His peace gradually became most complete. He troubled himself no more about devising means of escape, for he was in a state of entire submission to the will of God.

Often I saw him reading, with his companions, portions of the New Testament. He distributed also the tracts which I had in my possession; and I am sure that his prudent and firm conduct at this time did much good. I was rigorously prevented from speaking with the other prisoners; but he felt himself happy when he could act as a means of communication between them and me, bringing to them a word of consolation, or some religious book which he would hand to them, saying:—"Take this, see what Don Manuel has sent you in the name of the Lord."

Thus he made, every day, progress in the way of life eternal. The increasing peace which his soul enjoyed was written on his countenance.

When asked, "How can you bear the idea of passing thirty-five years in the galleys?" "Oh, sir," my poor friend answered, "what is thirty-five years in the galleys to a man who had been condemned to an eternity of misery? Before I knew Don Manuel, I only thought of planning my escape, even though it had cost the sacrifice of life. I was in despair; but everything is now changed; I know that Jesus Christ came to save sinners; that by His merits my sins are all pardoned; that my past life can never be a means of condemnation to me, because Jesus is my intercessor. Therefore I shall go to the galleys tranquil and happy, for I am assured of the salvation that Jesus has purchased for me, and I rejoice that He has called me to quit this wretched career."

The moment finally arrived when my poor companion was obliged to leave the prison for the galleys. He shed abundant tears on parting with me. He was, however, able to say:—"I regret much leaving you, but let us be consoled with the thought that Jesus does not forsake us, and that the love of God to us is unchangeable. We shall meet again in His presence; is it not so?"

"Yes," I answered him, "let us be faithful unto death, and we shall wear the crown of life."

Here is a friend whom the Lord gave me in my confinement, one of the consolations that he vouchsafed me. The remembrance of this man who was only a vile criminal when he entered my prison, is now to me dear and precious. Oh! how touching this manifestation of the great love of God towards sinners. Of every soul where still exists the dominion of sin, it can make a temple of the Holy Ghost, and the criminal, even the most degraded, can thus be transformed into the image of our Divine Saviour.

"Come unto me," says the Lord, "all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest. I am meek and lowly in heart." Oh! yes, let us go to Him, just as we are, with the desire of reaching the measure of the perfect stature of Christ.

HOW TO WIN A CHILD'S HEART. The heart of a child is easily won. It needs no besieging, no formidable preparation for a grand assault, no advancing by regular approaches. You have only to go, in the name of love, and demand a surrender; and without parleying, the prize is yours. "Love begets love." Anger and hate beget anger and hate. Smiles are like musical voices amid the hills, which come back to those who utter them with all their original sweetness. Did you ever smile on a child without receiving an answering smile? On the contrary, when you have looked down coldly, perhaps with a frown, into the eyes of a child, have you not seen the reflection of your manner and expression in the mirror-like face of the little one?

Love children, and they will love you. Let children feel that you care for them—that you are interested in all that interests them, that you sympathize with them in all their little sorrows, and rejoice with them in all their little joys, and that you are their true and unselfish friend; and in those feelings you have the key to their hearts.

One word for you, dear teachers. You want to be loved by your scholars: then love your scholars. If you do love them, it will not be necessary

for you to say so, in order that they may be conscious of the fact. Children read hearts intuitively. They read your affection for them in every line of your face, in your moistened eye, in your unforced smile. They hear the declaration of it in every tone of your voice. They have the assurance of it in your manner—in your actions, which "speak louder than words."

Happy are ye who have the love of the little ones under your care. It is a fountain of no common joy to your own heart, and it gives you an influence over them which can be obtained in no other way. Thus may you win those dear young hearts to Jesus. God help you to do it!—S. S. Treasury.

PARADISE.

Once in a dream I saw the flowers That bud and bloom in Paradise; More fair they are than waking eyes Have seen in all this world of ours. And faint the perfume-bearing rose, And faint the lily on its stem, And faint the perfect violet Compared with them.

I heard the songs of Paradise: Each bird sat singing in his place; A tender song so full of grace It soared like incense to the skies. I heard the angels sing to his mate Beside the notes among the trees: The nightingale herself were cold To such as these.

I saw the fourfold River flow, And deep it was, with golden sand; It flowed between a mossy land With murmured music grand and low. It bath refreshment for all thirst. For fainting spirits strength and rest: Earth holds not such a draught as this From east to west.

The Tree of Life stood budding there, Abundant with its twelvefold fruits; Eternal sap sustains its roots, Its shadowing branches fill the air. Its leaves are healing for the world, Its fruit the hungry world can feed, Sweeter than honey to the taste, And balm indeed.

I saw the gate called Beautiful; And looked, but scarce could look, within; I saw the golden streets begin, And outskirts of the glassy pool. Oh harps, oh crowns of plenteous stars, Oh green palm-branches, many-leaved— Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard, Nor heart conceived.

I hope to see these things again, But not as once in dreams by night; Too soon they with my very sight, And touch, and handle, and attain: To have all Heaven beneath my feet For narrow way that once they trod; To have my part with all the Saints, And with my God. —Englishman's Magazine.

For the Little Folks.

FAMILIAR TALKS WITH THE CHILDREN.

SOMETHING FOR LITTLE BOYS.

If you, my little friend, will stop a few minutes and read some words in this column from these small boys, I think they will interest you. If you are in a great hurry, and have been saying to mamma, "I don't want to read any now; let me go and play first," then you may skip my words; but just read these boys' letters, and see if you don't think they are more happy than you.

Here is a letter from a boy in Massachusetts who was a "real wicked liar," and when a good many other boys were stopping at a meeting, to have Christians talk and pray with them, and tell them the way to be saved, he was so bad as to say to one who kindly asked him to stay, "I am not going to have you inquiring into my affairs."

The first night I went to meeting, I went to hear stories, and laughed at the people as they went over their sins. And when the inquiry-meetings came, I said I was not going to have you inquiring into my affairs, and went out. And I went on Wednesday afternoon, and stopped to the inquiry-meeting, and a friend came and asked me if I loved Jesus. I said I did; and he asked me how long. I told him about a year. Then you came and asked the same, and I told you about two days ago. And after I had gone home I was sorry, and the next time I went I was serious about my soul. And now I trust I have found Jesus. Please pray for me, that I may be kept in the right path.

I am not sure that the boy who told these lies is a Christian now; but I do know that Jesus is able to make just such boys real happy little Christians. And if this little boy, who was so very wicked, has, as he says, "found Jesus," and given himself up to him, then I know Jesus has received him and made him what the Bible calls a "new creature."

"JUST FOR FUN."

In the same place where this boy lived, was another boy, whom I well remember. I think he must have been about as bad as the one whose letter you have just read. This boy, with three others, came to some children's meetings one day, and made so much trouble, that a gentleman rose up in the midst of a meeting, in a large church, and reported them. Every one looked at them, and all were asked to pray for them, that they might never disturb a meeting again.

That same evening I heard a number of little boys, who felt that they had found Jesus, praying most earnestly that God would give these bad boys new hearts, so that they might love Jesus and work for Him. I think Jesus answered their prayers, for a few days after I received this letter, which you will read below.

Just as I had finished reading it to a large prayer-meeting, a gentleman rose and said, "That's my boy's letter. With some other boys, he had a children's prayer-meeting at our house last night, and I can but think that he

is a little Christian. He has made me a great deal of trouble, but now I ask the prayers of Christians that they may lead a different life." Many were in tears when he sat down. This boy, I think, was not more than ten or twelve years old.

I thought I would write you a few words, to tell you how I feel. I went to one of your meetings in the Centre Church, just for fun, sat and laughed and played all the time, not caring for what you said. I went to your next meeting, and stopped at inquiry-meeting to have a talk with some one, just for the fun of it. Perhaps you remember four boys in the Baptist church that Mr. Mitchell reported. I was one of them. Thus I went on, not caring for you or any one else, until at last you requested Christians to pray for me. My heart was touched, and from that time I have been striving to love Jesus; and now I can safely say, "Jesus is mine."

With much love, your young friend, \* This little boy, after he began to love Jesus, was one of those who used to sing "Jesus is mine." This sweet hymn I brought with me across the stormy Atlantic Ocean. Perhaps you would like to see it and learn it. Here it is. You can sing it to the tune "Happy Land."

NOW I HAVE FOUND A FRIEND.

Now I have found a Friend, Jesus is mine! His love shall be my end, Jesus is mine! Though earthly joys decrease, Though human friendships cease, Now I have lasting peace, Jesus is mine!

Though I grow poor and old, Jesus is mine! He will my faith uphold, Jesus is mine! He shall my wants supply, His precious blood is rich, Naught can my hope destroy, Jesus is mine!

When earth shall pass away, Jesus is mine! In the great judgment day, Jesus is mine! Oh! what a glorious thing, Then to behold my King, With joyful voice to sing Jesus is mine!

Farewell, mortality! Jesus is mine! Welcome, eternity! Jesus is mine! He my redemption is, Wisdom and righteousness, Life, light and happiness, Jesus is mine!

"I TOLD HIM I WAS A GREAT SINNER."

If you could see the written letter of this little boy, who lives "ap town" in the city of New York, you would think him very young, for I can hardly spell out the words. I love to get such letters as this one below, for I know they cost a good deal. This little fellow must have spent a long time over his letter. I think he asked his mother a good many times how to spell the words, and yet (unless the printer corrects them, as I hope he will not) you see some of them are not spelled quite right. No matter; you can understand him, I think. The time was when you and I could not write any better, so we will make the best of his little experience.

I don't know that you will understand him when he says, "I didn't know what happy is." He means that he didn't know what it was to be real happy until he found peace in Jesus. When he was playing with his little mates, he used, no doubt, to enjoy himself, and many a time went home saying, "We have had splendid sport, mamma." But if he has really given himself up to Jesus, he knows now that there is a happiness beyond what he ever enjoyed before.

Have you, my dear boy, found this new happiness? If not, you never will until you come to Jesus. Oh, think of what he suffered that you might be happy here and happy when you die and be happy forever, beyond the blue sky! What a wretched, stony heart you must have, not to love such a precious Saviour.

Let us now see what little "James" says for himself. When I first came to these meetings, I came to hear stories; then I became more engaged in listening to you, and one found that I was a great sinner, and I cried for my sins. I was sitting over in the corner, when Mr. Taylor came and asked me what I was crying for. Then I told him that I was a great sinner. Then you came and talked to me a great while. I went home that night with a sad heart. I prayed alone that night, and I asked God for a new heart, and I think he gave it to me, for I have been happy ever since. I didn't know what happy is, but I soon found out. So that is all at present. So good-by. Your little friend, JAMES.

My dear boy, will you not now go away alone and kneel down and offer this little

PRAYER.

Lord, teach me how to pray. Like this little boy, whose letter I have just read, help me to say, "I am a great sinner." Show me that I have as much need as he to weep over my sins. But tears can never wash away my black sins. Thy blood, dear Jesus, cleanse me from all sin. Oh! then, cleanse away my sins. I am sorry for them. I wish to forsake them and believe in Thee. Holy Spirit, help me to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, that I may be saved. I cannot change my wicked heart. I cannot make myself better. But Oh! give me a "new heart"; just now, and take me and make me thine, O God, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Do GOOD DEEDS.—One pound of gold may be drawn into a wire that would extend round the globe. So one good deed may be felt through all time, and cast its influence into all eternity. Though done in the first flush of youth, it may gild the last hour of a long life, and form the brightest spot in it.