

## The Family Circle.

## CHAMOUNY.

THE GENIUS OF THE ARVETRON SPEAKS.

Where the monarch of hills rears his head to the skies,  
And around him the ministers emulous rise;  
Where the pine on the precipice laughs at the wind,  
And Dni's haughty peak leaves the eagle behind;  
There, the deep seas of ice hide in azure my source;  
And there in the bosom of earth is my course;  
Through the workshop of nature unhindered I flow,  
Mid her crystals of rock, and her crystals of snow.

'Tis there I have founded my castle's bright halls;  
Its roof is of ice, and of ice its blue walls;  
The Lawline hath lent me his sheels for my doors;  
With crystals and agates inlaid are my floors.  
Though my roof melts away in the sun's summer blaze,  
On the halls of my palace shall man never gaze;  
For I call on the mountain to hide where I dwell,  
And the avalanche tumbles and covers me well.  
The towers of my castle in lawlines are made;  
On chambers of ice their foundations are laid;  
Like loftiest pyramids rising in air,  
O! who but my pyramids are fair?

How splendid they glisten at noonday in white!  
How sweetly the moonbeams play round them at night!  
And fairer than rose-light on beauty's young cheeks,  
Are the soft rosy hues, thrown by eve o'er their peaks.

And an arch through the ice have I hewn in my might,  
Its bow is of azure, and fearful its height;  
The floods of the mountains, all lashed into foam,  
Bend their heads as beneath it they burst from their home.

I gather the streams, from my glaciers that gush,  
And downwards I bid them all rapidly rush;  
With gladness they bound to obey my commands;  
As they spring o'er the rocks, how they clap their white hands!

But far from my glaciers I never will stray,  
Nor sluggishly wind through the valleys my way;  
I haste in Arve's bosom my waters to pour,  
And return to my home on the mountains once more.

[Baneroff, the Historian.]

## SNAGSBY—A STORY FOR YOUNG CLERKS.

When the widow Templeton obtained a situation for her son George in the office of Messrs. Longhurst, Latimer & Co., she thought herself peculiarly favored, and felt very sure that her boy would be successful. As for George himself, he was confident of rising to be a partner, and saw (in imagination) his own name in the firm. George was fourteen years old. His mother had done all she could to prepare him for a situation in a respectable office; he could write a good hand, was quick at accounts, an intelligent, civil, obliging boy, willing to learn and willing to work, and perfectly trustworthy, so everybody thought.

The firm of Longhurst, Latimer, & Co., was an old established concern; the sort of place in which it is difficult to obtain a situation without first-rate recommendations. But Mr. Latimer attended the same chapel as George's mother, and he was a kind-hearted man, and took a fancy to her boy; and so it came to pass that, when George was old enough, he offered to take him into his employment, and to give him one pound four shillings per month. One pound four shillings per month was a great sum, so George thought, and so thought George's mother. Six shillings per week—well nigh a shilling a day—surely it was very fortunate to begin with. And then the duties were not heavy. George had to go at nine in the morning, and he left at six in the evening, and he had one hour in the middle of the day for his dinner-time; and what he had to do at the office was to sit on a high stool, and look through a little trap in a wainscoted partition, and answer people who made inquiries, sometimes having to write messages, sometimes to address envelopes, and always to keep charge of the postage stamps. For this purpose, a quantity of postage stamps was given into his care, and he had to keep account how many were used. All this was very easy. "Any body," as Snagsby said, "could do it."

And so they might. Who was Snagsby? Snagsby was another lad in the office, aged sixteen, who wore a tailed coat and a stick-up collar, and tried to look like a man, in which he never very well succeeded. But Snagsby soon became George's oracle, that is to say, his chief counselor. George believed in Snagsby. Snagsby patronized George. Snagsby treated George as an inferior, as a small boy, as one who knew nothing, but one whom he—Snagsby the Great—condescended to notice, and for which act of kindness the gratitude and fidelity of George were but a poor repayment.

Snagsby! why, Snagsby has been to rages; he had the honor of being acquainted with somebody who knew somebody who was a great fighting man, and kept a public house somewhere in the Strand; besides, he was often going to the theatre, and knew a heap of things all unknown to George. Of course, he did not tell the firm of Longhurst, Latimer, & Co. what a remarkable man he (Snagsby) was, and how proud they ought to be to have him in their office; but he told George so, and he believed him. Neither did he, in any communication with the firm, address them as the "Governors," nor describe his salary as "a mean

screw" neither did he inform them that "Snagsby had his eyes open." All this sort of things was reserved for George, and George believed in Snagsby.

I mentioned that it was part of George's duty to look after the postage stamps. Nothing surprised him more, in attending to this part of his work, than the number of letters which Snagsby had to write. That gentleman was continually demanding stamps, with the order—"Stick it up to Miscellaneous;"—and to his dismay, George by-and-by ascertained that the number of letters actually sent out was less than the number of stamps consumed. He told Snagsby, and that young gentleman laughed and made fun of him, finally setting his book right for him; that is, making the account of letters and stamps correspond. George was very unhappy about it, scarcely knowing whether he was doing right or wrong; but he had a shrewd suspicion that Snagsby was not altogether honest.

But then Snagsby was so kind and so great a man. And how could he venture to say anything to him or about him? Snagsby was not to be resisted, except by a strong effort, and that effort George did not make. His mother noticed the alteration in him, and tried to find out the cause; but she could not. She saw that he had less care for the chapel, less care about his school friends, less care for herself, than he had before he went out into the world, and she spoke to him seriously and prayed for him.

And now Snagsby began to take George out with him. At first George declined. He could not go without letting his mother know, which seemed to Snagsby a highly absurd thing; but it was easy to let his mother know that a friend at the office had asked him home, and to obtain her leave to go. Well, they did not go home to Snagsby's, but up the river to Kew, and back by rail at ten o'clock. No harm in that. George told his mother all about it, and she was pleased that he had found a friend. And Snagsby came home to see George, and made himself very agreeable, and played on the flute, from the Union Tunebook, some plaintive music that George's father used to play, and set the widow's tears a flowing. Snagsby (so the widow said) was a very nice young man.

But George was not happy. The postage-stamp book had been made up several times. George had borrowed a few shillings from Snagsby, and to pay it back had—well, well, Snagsby made the book all right, and George was miserable.

The theatre was a place which George had never been to in his life, and when Snagsby described its attractions, he felt a strong desire to see a play. What harm could there be in it? that was what Snagsby wanted to know; and as George was not prepared with an answer, a note was posted to Mrs. Templeton, stating that—well, well, Snagsby wrote what George was to say, and George copied it, and put his name to it, and his mother thought he had gone with his friend to hear a lecture on the human eye.

George saw the play. The play was—I have not the least idea what it was, and I don't believe George had, for he kept thinking of the lie he had written and of the postage-stamp book locked up in the office-desk. He was very miserable; he could not laugh when the audience laughed, nor weep when they wept. He sat there confused, stunned, and wondered what he should do, and what would become of him.

The very next day George was promoted to be petty cash-keeper, and from his petty cash Snagsby drew largely. The misery which George had felt grew less as time wore on. He grew older and less sensitive. He went often to the play, and laughed and enjoyed himself with Snagsby. Where did the money come from? Well, well, the petty cash expenditure was rather heavy; but nobody said anything about it.

His wages increased to fifteen shillings a week. He began to assume a new position. He thought himself almost a man, and under Snagsby's instructions, began to smoke, and made himself very ill in the effort to acquire that useless practice. He was not careful, now, as to where he spent his evenings. If he was in by ten o'clock, no questions were asked; and so he did as he pleased, or as Snagsby pleased, and never seemed to notice his mother's anxiety, or to reflect on his own danger.

But one day he and Snagsby had a quarrel. That young gentleman made an extravagant demand on the petty cash, and because his wishes were not complied with, flew into a passion, and said many hard and bitter things. This made George unhappy and frightened, and when he went home he had almost made up his mind to tell his mother what he had done. But his mother had been attacked by sudden illness, and could not be disturbed. Watching beside her, George thought over the folly and wickedness of his conduct. He remembered the old lessons of truthfulness and honesty which she had impressed upon him, and kneeling beside her bed he wept and prayed for pardon.

The next morning Mrs. Templeton had in some degree recovered; but George had made up his mind to go

and tell the whole truth to Mr. Latimer. On reaching the office, he found that Mr. Latimer was there, and had just asked for him; and with a trembling frame and beating heart he went up to his master's private room.

Mr. Latimer was carefully reading a letter when George went in, but he motioned to him to sit down, and said nothing to him for several minutes. On looking up, he nodded familiarly, and asked how was George, and how was George's mother? George could scarcely reply that his mother was ill in body, and he sick at heart; that if Mr. Latimer would allow him to do so, he wanted to say something of importance; but Mr. Latimer interrupted him by saying:

"My dear George, I mean to make you a present—twenty-five pounds; eh! what do you say to that?" "Indeed, indeed, sir," said George, "I do not deserve this; indeed, indeed!" "Indeed, indeed," said the old gentleman, "deserving or undeserving, the twenty-five pounds are yours. This, I think, will make things straight."

He handed over one pound nine and a written paper, containing an exact list of every penny that George had taken. The whole sum amounted to twenty-three pounds eleven shillings.

George nearly fainted; he fell on his knees before Mr. Latimer and begged forgiveness.

"Frankly and freely I forgive you. Do not fear that your folly and your crime shall be heavily punished. I overlook both. Snagsby has led you into most of the mischief, and acting, as you might have expected he would have done, he has betrayed you to screen himself. What has become of him, I don't know; I shall not inquire. He has gone off with more than double the amount which you have taken; but I wish the matter to be kept secret, and I am resolved to give you another opportunity of being what you ought to be. No one shall know—not even your mother—what has taken place. You are welcome to what you have taken; you shall remain in my employment; but beware of evil company; beware of forsaking the old paths; beware of forgetting your God. There, go."

And so, refusing to hear any more about it, Mr. Latimer dismissed George from his room. George never forgot that interview. He turned over a new leaf; he began to lead a new life; he had, I think and hope, a new heart. And though the up-hill work was harder than the downward course at first, he persevered and was happy.

What became of Snagsby, I do not know. Some time since, however, I understand he was arrested on suspicion of forgery, but of this I am not quite sure.—*English Paper.*

## "I WAS A BAD BOY."

Years since I was appointed by a court to defend a man for robbery, committed at a toll-bridge in one of the interior counties of California. The prisoner was a strong, robust man, of about thirty-five years of age, and had the physical ability for earning an honest living, and being a useful member of society.

I took him aside to ask him about his defence to the charge. He uttered but a few sentences before he repeated the words at the head of this article, "I was a bad boy." He told me that he had been out of the State Prison but a few months. That on getting out, he went to the San Joaquin River and worked for a Squire—, and from there he went to the Mariposa, and was there at the time the robbery was committed, far away in another county. I suggested sending for witnesses, to prove where he was on the night of the robbery. He became absorbed by his own thoughts, and talked rather to himself than to me. Looking intently on the floor, he said—"No, it is no use. I was convicted before I was caught; but I was a bad boy." He asked how long he would be sent to prison.

When I told him for from ten to fifteen years, he said—"That will be as bad as for life. I had rather die. I shall then be old and broken down." With his eyes fixed, as above related, he sat silently for awhile, as though he was reviewing his past life, and then would utter parts of sentences, and seemed to be unconsciously speaking a part of the thoughts running through his mind. Again and again came the terrible reflection, "I was a bad boy;" and he uttered it with much emphasis. He declared that he would be revenged on the officers who arrested him. Again, he paused for a time. "I was a bad boy" broke the silence, and he went on talking in a confused way of what he could do if he could get clear from his charge. "I would go and work and be a decent man, if I can get clear of this; but I was a bad boy" said he. That one fact was clear to him, and he constantly referred to it as the cause of all his troubles; it was like the ghost of Banquo, ever present, and would not down at his bidding. If ever a human being realized the evils resulting from having been a bad boy, that man then saw and realized it. His experience had taught him that being a bad boy was what had made him a bad man, and brought him to sorrow and punishment.

The proof was clear, and he was convicted and sentenced to confinement at hard labor in the State Prison for many years. Before he was taken there, however, he, with several others, broke jail, and escaped to the woods. He wandered for days in the cold rain, with little or nothing to eat, until at length he reached the camp of an old companion in crime, where he rested and thought himself quite safe. But he soon learned that the wicked are safe nowhere. In a few weeks after he was found dead, by a trail in the woods—murdered by his wicked companion, doubtless. Thus ended the life of a man who was a bad boy.

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## THE WIND AND THE BREEZE.

A mighty wind went raging by—  
It was a wondrous sight;  
Stout trees bent down their branches high;  
Dark clouds of dust whirled through the sky,  
And nought around me could I spy  
But trophies of its might.

A little breeze passed gently o'er,  
I scarcely heard its tread;  
Yet freshness to the flowers it bore,  
And through the open cottage door  
Their fragrance floated in, once more,  
Around the sick man's head.

Then thought I, it were grand, I know,  
The strong, proud wind to be;  
But better far subdued to go  
Along the path of human woe,  
Like the mild breeze, so soft and low,  
In its sweet ministry.

## LIFTED OVER.

As tender mothers, guided baby steps,  
When places come at which the tiny feet  
Would trip, lift up the little ones, in arms  
Of love, and set them down beyond the harm,  
So did our Father watch the precious boy,  
Led o'er the stones by me, who stumbled oft  
Myself, but strove to help my darling on:  
He saw the sweet limbs faltering, and saw  
Rough ways before us, where my arms would  
fall!

So reached from heaven, and lifting the dear  
child  
Who smiled in leaving me, He put him down  
Beyond all hurt, beyond my sight, and bade  
Him wait for me! Shall I not then be glad,  
And, thanking God, press on to overtake?  
MARAH.

## HOW A DRUNKARD WAS CURED.

I was once a hopeless drunkard, a poor lost man. My friends made every effort to save me, but it was of no use. I resolved again and again, with many tears, to break off from the cruel bondage, but I couldn't. I took the most solemn vows that I would reform; but Satan was too strong for me, I could not stand to them a moment.

In despair I went to the Fishing Banks. There I felt drawn towards a poor young fisherman, whose face was very pleasing. There was a world of happiness in his face. I liked to look at it; and he kindly showed me how to fish. At last, out of gratitude for the little favors he showed to me, a perfect stranger, I pulled out my flask of liquor, and offered him a drink.

"No," he said, "I never taste intoxicating drink, and I ask the Lord Jesus to help me never to touch it." I looked at him with surprise. "Are you a Christian?" I asked. "Yes, I hope so," he said. "And does Jesus keep you from drinking intoxicating drink?" I asked. "He does, and I never wish to touch it."

That answer set me to thinking. It showed me a new power, one that I had never tried. I went home that night, and said to myself as I went, "How do I know but Christ would keep me from drinking if I asked him?"

As soon as I got to my room, I knelt down and told the Lord Jesus what a poor miserable wretch I was—how I had fought against my appetite, and had always been overcome. I told him if he would take away my love of drink, I would give myself up to him for ever, and ever love and serve him. And I tell you that Jesus took me at my word. He did take away my love of strong drink then and there; so from that sacred hour of casting myself on his help, I have not tasted a drop of liquor, nor desired to taste it. The old thirst for it is gone. When I gave myself to Jesus, I received him as a power in my soul against every enemy of my salvation, and he saves me in his infinite grace.

## CLOSER LOOKING.

A walnut tree stands before my window, sturdy and solid, clothed in its summer garb of green, from crown to lowest branches. I look at it, and see a symmetrical tree, with summer wealth of vitality and grace—a tree through which the wind sweeps and the sunlight plays from early dawn till twilight. But I look closer, and lo! the tree is full of life; for here, on the lowest branch, a bird looks out upon me with bright, confident eyes; and there one nestles deeper in among the boughs, and above, one swings upon a tuft of leaves. The tree is full of them—feathered bundles of bird-life. Early in the morning they sing from the topmost boughs, where winds rock them in time to their tunes. The tree-top is their orchestra—its centre is their sanctuary. At night, again, they go up and sit and sing through the twilight, chanting the day out. But through the day, when the summer heat is beating down, you would not believe that tree was tenanted, except for the soft, low chirping, and gentle, joyous twitter, and occasional flitting in and out.

So we look upon a certain people, seeing but the exterior and the out-

line of their character. But how often does a closer look, and an ear attent, reveal a rich inner life—an under current of patience and faith!—under the steady blaze of noon we see no sign, we hear no song; but let the morning light of God's countenance rest upon them, or let the shadows of some dark affliction creep over them, and from the mount of faith and trust goes up the calm sweet melody of song.

## For the Little Folks.

THEY WILL BE DONE ON EARTH AS IN HEAVEN.

NO I.

Heaven is all that glorious world above us where the sun shines, and the silver moon, and the bright stars. You see them all moving regularly, day and night, never jostling each other, never stopping, never hurrying, but, more regularly than any clock, making their revolutions,—because God has commanded them to do so. When God made them, he placed them there, to be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and for years. Some of them are large and some are small; some are nearer, and some further away; but they all equally obey God. Thousands of years they have been running, yet they are not wearied. Their multitude is greater than the sand of the sea, and beyond those we can see there are thousands of others; yet among them all there is not one star disobedient to the law of God.

These stars are worlds like ours, and a great many of them must be inhabited. For, if there was nobody living in any of them, how could David say, "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, then say I, What is man, that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man, that thou visitest him? Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor, thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands."—*Psalms viii.* God's children would surely be more precious to Him than empty stars.

We can only see the under side of the floor of heaven, and Oh how glorious it seems in the setting sun: but how much more glorious must be the inside of God's palace! Its streets are of gold. Its walls are diamonds. It is built beside a sea of glass, flashing glorious diamond fires. Its gates are of pearls. The tree of life is ever green, and bears fruit there every month. The pure river of the water of life flows out from beneath the throne of God. There is no winter there, nor summer's heat, nor sickness, nor crying, nor death. Everything is glorious, and every person is good.

There are people there like you and me, with hands and feet, and eyes and ears, who can walk, and speak, and sing, and pray, and eat, and drink, and go errands. Some of them once lived down here, like Enoch, and Elijah, and Jesus Christ. There are others there who never lived in this world, and are not at all like anybody you have ever seen, who are never a moment at rest, and are full of eyes, and are very near the throne of God. Some of them are older than this world of ours, and were present when it was made, and sang songs, and shouted for joy to see it so new and beautiful. They have wings, and can fly from the stars down to the earth as quickly as the lightning. When one of them showed himself in his glory to Daniel, he fainted from terror. How many other kinds of people there are, I do not know. Nobody has ever counted how many there are of them—ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands. They are not all crowded up in a promiscuous mob, but arranged in regular armies, called "hosts of the Lord," and over them there are officers, thrones and dominions, and principalities and powers, and all under the command of the Archangel, and he and all under the command of Christ, just as the soldiers in the armies of the Union are under their sergeants, and captains, and colonels, and generals of division; and these under the command of the generals of the Armies of the Tennessee, of the Mississippi, of the Shenandoah, and of the Potomac; and all the generals of these armies under Lieutenant General Grant, and he under the President. The design of which is, evidently, that all the soldiers may obey the orders of the President, and that all the angels and saints in heaven may obey the orders of the Lord of Hosts.

Once, the Bible tells us, some of the angels would not obey the commands of God, but preferred to obey Satan, who set himself up in opposition to God. He fought against Him. Michael and his angels fought against the Devil and his angels, and drove him out of heaven. God did not leave any person in heaven who would not obey his will. Every one there does God's will.

The commands which God gave them were that they should all love the Lord with all their hearts, and that they should love their neighbors as themselves, and try to do good to every body. Satan's command was that every person should love himself best, and do as he liked. All the selfish ones joined him, but all who were

not selfish kept their allegiance to God, and did the will of God from their hearts. Every one of them loves God's law and delights in it, and is loyal to it. Nothing pleases them better than to see people obeying it. They don't like rebels against God. They would rather have poor mortal men who love God for their friends, than the most splendid angels who rebelled against Him. Christ, the Prince of them all, says, "I delight to do thy will, O my God." They do God's will heartily.

The people in heaven do not get tired with doing God's will. It is now a great many thousand years since they began to serve God; and some of them have made a great many long, weary journeys down to this world, and up again; yet they are not ready to resign. Others have had a great deal of very painful service to perform. They have killed thousands of soldiers in one night; they had to kill all the firstborn in Egypt, and one of them had to kill thousands of the people of Jerusalem, because God commanded him. They have to go to all kinds of disagreeable places when God sends them, and they never murmur, but go as readily to the dungeon where Peter lies chained, or to the wreck where Paul is tossed at sea, or to the cow-house where Christ was born, or to the dunghill where Lazarus is dying, as you would go to church or to school.

If some of these people of heaven would get wearied of doing God's will, and should pick out some parts of it which they would rather not do; should take the easy parts—such as singing hymns, and playing harps, and walking in processions in the golden streets, wearing white dresses, and crowns of gold on their heads, and palms in their hands—and leave the harder duties to others, how long would heaven be heaven? The bad example would spread, and in process of time, selfishness would be the rule over all that world. Nobody can tell how terrible that would be. If now, when so many thousands of saints and angels in heaven are doing the will of God perfectly, and trying to reclaim this world of ours, it is, notwithstanding, so bad, what would it be if this example and labor of heaven's people should stop? This earth would become like hell, unless the people of heaven always did all God's will.

We see now three things about obedience to God in heaven. The people of heaven—

1. All do God's will, i. e., there are no rebels there, none who evade doing what God commands.

2. They do it heartily and cheerfully. It makes them happy to do what God wishes.

3. They always do it; do everything which God commands, whether it seems pleasant or unpleasant. God employs them in a different kind of service, sometimes, from ours. He gives them greater powers to serve Him. And they have harder fights to make with the powers of darkness, and greater sacrifices to make in doing good than fall to our lot. In these things we cannot be like them. But when we pray that God's will may be done in earth as in heaven, we mean that every person on earth—ourselves and others—shall always heartily know, obey, and submit to God's will, as the angels do in heaven. This is the way that God's kingdom comes, when every person here acknowledges God for his king, and does God's will. R. P.

## THE STOLEN RING.

It is well known that the magpie is very fond of jewelry, and that a tame raven in any neighborhood is a regular pest. If he can espy a sparkling finger ring, or any small but brilliant object, he makes no scruple of flying off with it to some collection of curiosities he has stored away securely out of reach. Rats seem to take a similar pleasure in carrying off articles that can be of no possible use to them for supplying bed or board. We all know that if he gets into your library he is one of the most unscrupulous plagiarists, appropriating whole chapters from your choicest works—but I suppose his apology is, that he does it in order that he may sleep the softer. But what excuse a rat could make for stealing a gold ring in a jeweler's shop, I cannot imagine. Yet a rat was caught in a trap once, with a small ring about his neck, which no art could remove without inflicting capital offence upon the offender. It had evidently been brought to the nest when the rat was very small, and in his inquisitiveness he had poked his head into it. A very troublesome piece of finery it proved, as it did not, by any means, grow with his growth, and it bid fair to become a "choker" indeed. The jeweler had the animal's skin preserved and stuffed, without removing the ring. Various small articles had been missed at different times from the shop, and different parties had been suspected. Now, of course, the old mother rat had all these pilferings laid at her door, whether justly or not. It is a bad thing to be guilty of any such act, even if you are ever so sorry for it afterwards. You will be sure to be suspected whenever anything is missing about you. "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold."