

The Family Circle.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Life may be given in many ways, And loyalty to Truth be sealed As bravely in the closet as the field, So generous is Fate; But then to stand beside her, When craven churls deride her, To front a lie in arms and not to yield— This shows, methinks, God's plan And measure of a stalwart man, Limbed like the old heroic breeds, Who stands self-poisoned on manhood's solid earth, Not forced to frame excuses for his birth, Fed from within with all the strength he needs. Such was he, our Martyr-Chief, Whom late the Nation he had led, With ashes on her head, Wept with the passion of an angry grief: Forgive me, if from present things I turn To speak what in my heart will beat and burn, And hang my wreath on his world-honored urn. Nature, they say, doth dot, And cannot make a man, Save on some worn-out plan, Repeating us by rote: For him her Old-World mold aside she threw, And, choosing swiftest way from the breast, Of the unchaunted West, With stuff untainted shaped a hero new, Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true. How beautiful to see Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed, Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead; One whose meek flock the people joyed to be, Not lured by any chest of birth, But by his clear-grained human worth, And brave old wisdom of sincerity! They knew that outward grace is dust; They could not choose but trust In that sure-footed mind's unflinching skill And supple-tempered will That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust. Nothing of Europe here, Or, then, of Europe fronting onward still, Ere any names of Serf and Peer Could Nature's equal scheme deface; Here was a type of the true elder race, And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face. I praise him not; it were too late; And some innate weakness there must be In him who condescends to victory. Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait, Safe in himself, as in a fate. So always firmly he: He knew to hide his time, And can his fame abide, Still patient in his simple faith sublime, Till the wise years decide. Great captains, with their guns and drums, Disturb our judgment for the hour, But at last silence comes: These all are gone, and, standing like a tower, Our children shall behold his fame, The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man. Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame. New birth of our new soil, the first American. Atlantic Monthly for September.

WHAT A FEW CAR-RIDES COST.

BY MRS. P. H. PHELPS.

It was many years ago, when the city cars were first used in Philadelphia, that John Benner, a boy who lived in the upper part of the town, happened to get a ride without paying for it. The car was full, and the conductor passed him without taking his fare. At first, John thought he would pay it as he left the car; then he repeated to himself what he had heard older people say:—"I am not responsible for another person's mistakes. If he don't do his business properly, it's not my fault, and I shan't go out of my way to do it for him." A poor, worthless plea of the selfish, who hope or wish to gain something by the short comings of others. How despicable to take advantage of another's weakness, or error, or misfortune. John felt like a thief when he left the car, his fare unpaid. He half expected to hear the conductor call him back; once he thought his hand was on his shoulder. But when he was safe at home, he boasted of his small knavery as if it were a virtue. "I didn't pay anything for my ride, mother." The weak, unreflecting woman only said, "didn't you?" And John went on boasting, "I've got six cents now for something else." Six cents! and that was all he sold his integrity and manliness for! How many other boys have sold them for a like trifle, making a woful bargain. He who sacrifices one particle of virtue or manliness or kindness for even millions of money, makes a fool's sacrifice, at which the fiends who hate men laugh. After this, John Benner obtained other dishonest rides, not so much by the oversight of the conductor, as his own cunning, poor wretched trickery! His success in this made him mean and trickish in other things. When he bought fruit for his parents, he purchased a handful from the dealer for himself; he nibbled the cheese and crackers at the grocery; and seemed to think it was all gain to get anything without paying money for it, never considering that he was paying away his character all the time, using himself up by inches. He excused these meannesses and dishonesties to himself by saying they were "nothing," it was nothing to pick up a few raisins or a cracker lying before one. Nothing! But some of these things have a queer way of growing somethings. When John rode in the cars without paying fare, he never thought of any notioning him except the conductor, and if he had, would no doubt have said, "Who cares? It's nobody's business but the conductor's and mine." A good Quaker noticed him, notwithstanding, and felt that it was his business to give him a check. So

one day when he had just left the car, and was still in plain sight, he said to the conductor:—"Conductor, I think thee is helping to make a villain of that boy. I have seen that he too often escapes thee in paying his fare. Thee had best be more mindful in future." The conductor marked the boy, with whose look he was already familiar. It was not long after that the young roguish had an invitation to be one of a party who were to have a festival in a fine grove on the New Jersey side of the Delaware, which they were to cross in the Camden ferry-boat. He was delighted in anticipation of the pleasure he should have. When the day came, and he had started to join the party, he found that he was late. But if he took the first car he might be in time. If came, and he beckoned for it to stop. The conductor saw him beckon, but never touched the bell. John screamed "Hallo!" in vain. The conductor had recognized him, and took no further notice of him. John ran to overtake the car, and leap upon it. He failed, and there was nothing for him but to walk as fast as he could to the ferry. He even ran. It was midsummer, and the heat was overpowering. Tired and panting, the sweat standing in great drops on his crimson face, he reached the wharf to see the boat loaded with its merry party, already half way to the Jersey shore. He was disappointed, angry, ready to cry. "Why didn't that car stop for me?" he growled. He was paying "for some of his rides then. How many was that pleasant festival worth?" It came to be time for him to go into a store. He was on the lookout for one where he could have suitable employment with a good prospect, when he saw an advertisement that a boy was wanted in one of the largest warehouses on the wharf. "That would just suit me," said John. "I should like of all things to be down there near the shipping." He applied at the place, and was sent into the counting-room to the head of the firm, a middle-aged man with a keen, gray eye, which he fixed on John in a way to make him turn pale. "Does thee want a place in my store?" he said. "Yes, sir," John answered. "What is thy name?" "John told his name." "Where does thee live?" "On T—street." "I think I know thee. I think I've seen thee in the horse-cars." "John was silent; and the gentleman added, "Thee aint just the boy I want. I don't believe I can give thee a place in my store." John started to go, and had reached the counting-room door, when the merchant called him back. "Perhaps I'd better tell thee why thee won't do for me. I've got an idea that a boy who steals his rides, might perhaps steal something else; if a person's honor and honesty aint worth more to him than a trifling flip, they aint worth enough for my purposes." John could not say a word, and left the store. He felt badly as he went away. He was now paying altogether too much for his rides. He felt it still more when an acquaintance of his, James Jarvis, told him that he had obtained the place denied to him. "It's one of the best places in the city; everybody says so," said James. "Everybody says I'm lucky to get it." "How came you to?" asked John. "They wouldn't take me there." "Why not?" "John did not care to tell why, and changed the subject. But his car-rides were not yet fully paid for; they will cost him during his whole life, not only in self-respect and honor and confidence, but even in money, and a heavy sum too. After having obtained situations in several stores, and filled them for a time, without winning much favor in any, he wanted to begin business for himself, thinking his cunning would bring him large success; and with much self-confidence, proposed to his old acquaintance, Jarvis, to form a partnership with him. Jarvis did not hesitate for an answer. "No, John," he said, "we do not think alike." "Why not?" urged John. "What you call a good bargain, I think the very worst. So we could never agree." "How is that?" "You call it a good bargain when you put off upon another what you would not take yourself, or take from him more than you would give. I call it a good bargain when the parties are equally favored and equally satisfied, when each man knows the other is fair, and can trust him in future dealings. I don't want to make new friends and new customers every day. Old faces please me best. You like a sharp trade, and the advantage on your side, so you must keep dealing with strangers, unless a few fools should happen to come in your way. No shrewd man will give you the advantage twice." Jarvis and Benner went into different partnerships in the same branch of trade, and it is interesting as well as instructive, to see how different their positions already—Jarvis respected and trusted by every one, especially by those who have had business with

him; but men shrug their shoulders, and look knowing, when they warn each other to keep a good look out for Benner. The one has already earned the name of "an honest man," the other that of "a sly dog." Benner's income is not more than half so much as that of Jarvis, for he has not one-third the number of customers, and with all his unscrupulous art cannot make so much profit on one sharp trade as Jarvis with less time and toil makes on three fair ones. Those car-rides to T—street had far better have been paid for in poor penny-bits at the time.—Congregationalist.

A TIME-KEEPING DOG.

A good sensible dog was Pry, as became one brought up in a strict Quaker family; but there was one trick they found it hard to break him of. He would go to weekly meeting every Thursday, though it was held two miles away, in a lonesome by-place. Up hill and down dale he would chase after woodchucks, and race after squirrels, in anything but a sober-minded way. Still, that could have been put up with, if it had been his only impropriety; but not only must he follow the family-wagon, but he must follow the family-into the church, and snug down by the warm stove in winter, and sit at his master's feet in summer. Though he was never known to be moved to bark by any provocation, yet it was not thought very decorous for a dog to sit in such a grave assemblage. "Thee must tie up Pry to-day, Isaac," said the mistress, in the early morning, to the serving-man. So the poor doggie was made prisoner in the barn, until the return of the family. He spent his time in anything but profitable reflection, if one might judge from his howls. The next week he fared no better; but after that he made up his mind to be even with them. "Thee'll find me, man Isaac, where thee can," was the private remark as he jogged over the cow-pasture, and stationed himself at a convenient lookout post. By what process he had discovered it was Thursday morning, was unknown only to himself. Pry valued his meeting privileges too much to give them up, even if he had to go without his breakfast for them. About half way on the road he joined the serious company, in great good humor with them and all the rest of the world. The good Friend, seeing the dog so set on his way, finally gave up his opposition, and Pry was not slow to see the change in his sentiments, and bounded on joyfully when the wagon first set out.—Presbyterian.

REST.

"I am so tired, mamma," said Harry Lee, as he threw himself into his mother's arms, at the close of a long summer's day, when warned by the gathering twilight, he had sought his home, a spot dear to the heart of every little boy and girl. "So tired?" said Mrs. Lee, taking off Harry's cap, and pushing back the damp hair from his forehead; "and what has my little son been doing to cause this weariness?" "Oh! mamma," said Harry, "I went with Sammy Lawson, Charlie Clark, and several other boys to 'Green's Hollow' to see the birds. The trees are full of them; and such heaps of eggs!" "I hope you did not rob the mother birds of their nests, my son?" said his mother, interrupting him. "Oh! no, mamma," said Harry, as his eyes filled with tears; "I would not do that for the world." "I rejoice to hear you say that, my son," said his mother with a smile; "well, what did you do, then? This did not occupy all of this long day?" "Then, mamma," said Harry, "I went with Willie Brown to see Widow Meeks; she had no wood, so Willie and I went to the forest, and brought her a great pile; she said that we were her good angels, which made me feel very happy. Then, dear mamma, I came home to see you." In saying these last words, Harry looked up with a smile into his mother's face, and tightened his clasp around her neck. "God bless you, my son," said Mrs. Lee, as she lifted her eyes to Him who had given her such a treasure in her dear and only child. "My little Harry will be often weary while treading life's journey," said Mrs. Lee; "but, my boy, that Friend of whom I have so often told you, will give you rest, if you early seek and find him." "Mamma," said Harry, whose drooping head showed but too plainly how wearied was his little frame, rousing at these words, "I do love Jesus, he kept me from disturbing the little birds, and made me glad to help Widow Meeks, did he not, mamma?" Many years have passed away since that summer's evening. Harry is now a man. He hears no more the voice of his gentle mother, who sleeps the dreamless sleep beneath the flowery turf of the village church-yard. Has Harry not been often weary during these years? Ah! yes, but the remembrance of those words of counsel have come to him, and as he bows before that early sought, and early found Friend, or pores over his precious Bible, his mother's dying gift, he tastes that rest "which remaineth to the people of God." My little readers, do you not often feel tired? As if you want-

ed some one to love you, and care for you? Seek then this Friend who has proved so precious to Harry. You are not too young. Jesus says, they that "seek me early shall find me."—S. S. Visitor.

WATCH, MOTHER, WATCH.

Mother, watch the little feet Climbing o'er the garden wall, Bounding through the busy street, Hanging cellar, shed, and hall; Never count the moments lost, Never mind the time it cost; Little feet will go astray— Guide them, mother, while you may.

Mother, watch the little hand Picking berries by the way, Making houses in the sand, Teaching us the fragrant hay, Never do the question ask, "Why to me this weary task?" These same little hands may prove Messengers of light and love.

Mother, watch the little tongue Prattling, eloquent, and wild; What is said and what is sung By the happy, joyous child. Catch the word while yet unspoken, Stop the vow before 'tis broken; This same tongue may yet proclaim Blessings in a Saviour's name.

Mother, watch the little heart Beating soft and warm for you; Wholesome lessons now impart— Keep, O keep that young heart true; Extricating every weed, Sowing good and precious seed; Harvest rich you then may see, Ripening for eternity.

THE INDUSTRIOUS FLY-CATCHER.

"There, my little dear, I must leave you now," said an old bat to a young one, as she hooked her up by her claws on a rafter in the loft above the garret, where she had taken up her winter quarters. You would hardly believe it, but two hundred and forty-three bats had sheltered themselves there, and slept through the long, cold winter. A workman counted that number as they emerged one by one through a chink near the roof, just at dusk one summer evening. The little bat made no complaint, but patiently hung by her claws, according to custom, until her mother should return from her foraging expedition. Mrs. Bat did not, by any means, approve of bringing up her family in a dainty manner, like her half-sister, Mother Mouse. She might make them a luxurious bed to saddle down in, if she chose. She preferred that her little ones should grow up hardy and strong. The sides of a dark old cave were good lodgings enough for little bats, though so damp and gloomy that no other animal would set foot in it. "A fine, warm night for hunting," said the bat, as she spread her silken wings in the moonlight. "Plenty of flies abroad in the farm-house, I'll warrant."

So she wheeled slowly around, with her mouth wide open—fly-catcher fashion—until she managed to blunder into the open window. Oh! what a commotion it made among the farmer's children. There was an immediate donning of hats and sun-bonnets, for Hannah in the kitchen had told them of bats getting "tangled" in children's hair, and also what sharp little teeth they had. It is a foolish old tradition, but many believe it still. Mrs. Bat had far other business on hand than pulling children's hair. Oh! what a buzzing there was among the flies. I think they must have recognized their old enemy. There is no patent fly-paper or powder that can begin to clear a room of them as quick. No more moths fluttering around the candles that night. The poor bat almost sings her wings pursuing a fine fat one into the face of the dazzling light! She quickly returned to the shadows about the ceiling, where the light was amply sufficient for the pursuit of her prey. After about an hour, her wings began to grow weary, and her hunger being satisfied, she sought for the window where she had entered. The old grey mouse had been greatly agitated ever since her entrance into the room, but the bat was not so blind to her own interests as to come within reach of her paws. Once in the open air, she thought all her dangers over, but alas! for all her fond hopes—an old owl had found, to his great discomfiture, that the chicken-house was closely secured, so he turned his attention to any smaller game that might come in his way. What should the first thing be, but our poor, tired bat, who was seized and devoured before she knew what was after her. I cannot say but her little one is hooked on to the rafter still, but hope some kind neighbor took compassion upon her, and instructed her how to catch her own flies.—Presbyterian.

EARLY CONVERSIONS.

In a recent general Sabbath-school meeting in Cincinnati, the Rev. Mr. Chester, Presbyterian, made an address on the early conversion of children, in which he remarked that so soon as a boy or a girl knew how to sin, they knew how to love God. "A boy of three can draw up with double fist and strike his fellow; the same child ought to be able to utter, 'Our Father who art in heaven.'" Further on he remarked that many and many a Christian did not know when or how early he commenced to love God, any more than he knew when he first began to love his mother. Conversion can be a very early thing, and it is the duty of us all to lead our children, no matter how tender their years, to the Saviour. The address was brief, but eminently emphatic and earnest.

THE HOUR OF PERIL.

The foundations of a gigantic mill were laid upon the banks of a rapid stream in Western New York, and the men of the little village near gathered to raise the massive frame to its place. Bent after bent was lifted, till the last and heaviest one alone was left. At the word of command, this rose above the strong arms which held the pikes, until it reached what builders call "the pinch in the bent," beyond which it passes with comparative ease to the vertical position, and there it stopped. The master-builder shouted, with alarm: "Lift, men, or die!" Every muscle was strained anew, but in vain. There it hung over the living throng, like an engine of swift destruction. Just then three men appeared in the highway, upon the brow of a hill, and the call for help fell on their ears; they saw the peril, and hastened away from the scene with cowardly fear. The chief workman mounted a plate above the trembling company, and in tears again shouted: "Lift, men, or die!" The struggle was fruitless—the frame was settling toward the exhausted throng. Meanwhile, the tidings had spread through the village; the women had gathered along the opposite banks of the current, and were anxiously looking up to the imperilled loved ones. The eye of the builder was turned upon them a moment, and then, with a fresh flood of tears, he exclaimed: "Mothers, if you would have sons; wives, if you would have husbands; and sisters, if you would have brothers, to-night, come and help us!" With the strong impulse of woman's nature, they rushed across the stream, and stood side by side with the dear inmates of the deserted homes. Then came the cry of distress once more: "Now, all together, lift or die!" And they did lift. Up—up—went the frame. A stroke of the hammer, and all was safe. The reaction confined some of that number to the house for weeks. We have often thought of the incident when a crisis comes to the church of God. The spiritual bent will rise before the power of faith, and then suddenly pause and hang in suspense before the fearful gaze of the believing heart. The Head of the Church issues his call to his servants; urged by the peril of the souls dear to them. If not obeyed, the falling bent crushes out the life which might have been saved. And so in national and individual history, the hour of decision comes when the summoning of forces in heroic harmony of effort alone can save from fatal reverse. Wise and happy that church, that nation, and that soul, whose discernment and moral courage are equal to this "tide in the affairs of men."—Tract Journal.

TAKING HIM AT HIS WORD.

In Glenfshire, in the Highlands of Scotland, there may be seen that rare thing, a wooden house. The Duchess of Bedford has a fine piece of woodland, and has built on it, from timber grown there, a hunting-lodge. The furniture is made of the same wood, each letter having the letter B richly carved on it; and in each room is a square box filled with cut sticks, all ready for that American luxury of long ago—a wood fire. The walls of the rooms are covered with tartan plaid in place of paper hangings; and both the house and its appointments are a great curiosity in the region. A little river, parted in the middle by an island, and generally fordable, flows in front of the lodge and between it and the road. At one time the duchess gave out invitations for a ball to be held in this unique place; but, unfortunately, before the day arrived heavy rains came, swelling the stream so that it could not be forded. The noble guests arrived, group after group, at the crossing; and my lady, the duchess, was in her glory on the other shore, while the vexatious river rattled and roared over the stones and round the island, as if in mockery at the disappointed revelers. There lived in this neighborhood a poor "daff lassie," of large proportions and great physical strength. She wandered about the country, carrying a huge pack on her back, filled with all manner of articles she could pick up or beg, and having always in her hand a Bible. She was a regular church-goer, and in this respect set a worthy example to many whose minds were not, like hers, astray. When the assembly was dismissed, she would always mount a wall near by and preach with great eloquence; laying down the points of her sermon with tone and gesture more emphatic than elegant. One day a grand young gentleman came to the stream, hoping to get over to the lodge; but the water was too high for him to cross without risk to his finery; and seeing Marsellie there with her inevitable bundle, he said, playfully—"I'll give you a crown, lassie, if you'll carry me over the river." She instantly dropped her huge pack, and before this young sprig of the Highland gentry had time to think of his dignity, she had him up and half way over. Here she stopped and sat him down on the island to rest herself. There was no help for him; so he had to make up his mind to go over to the lodge in the same style, as he could neither go backward nor

forward in any other way. But he resolved to have a little sport out of the poor demented creature. So, looking fiercely in her eyes, he asked, in sepulchral tones, "Marsellie, do you know whom you are carrying?" "O aye, I ken verra weel wha ye be," replied she. "Ye are the young Grant o' Grant?" "No, Marsellie," he said, sternly, "I'm the devil!" "Aweel, aweel," cried Marsellie, "if you's wha ye be, I'm unco glad to ken it; for is ye're himsel' ye canna drown?" And with this she pitched him, sans ceremony, from the island into the deepest water, leaving him to care for his broadcloth and his dignity as best he could, while she returned to the shore, shouldered her pack, and trudged on.

PRAY FOR THE AFFLICTED.

Recently, at the Fulton Street New York Daily Prayer Meeting, the assembly was much moved by the request of a brother for its prayers for himself and wife. They professed to love the Lord, and hoped in his mercy. They knew it was their duty to bow with resignation to God's dealings with them. Yet, when affliction fell heavily upon them, human nature, heavily sanctified, was such as to render it difficult always to say, "Thy will be done." Their trials had been heavy, and they wanted their brethren to pray for them that their great affliction might not cause them to murmur or repine. They were the parents of five children, four of whom had one after another died before July last, the fifth, a promising lad, was last month sent to a distant school. While there, with other boys, he went bathing, and was drowned. As he was leaving home for the last time, he placed in his father's hand a letter, and requested him not to read it until he had gone. After his departure his father opened the letter and read:—

New York, July 14, 1865.

DEAR FATHER:—I hope God will take care of you, and be with you, and give you success. Father, do you think you will miss me when I am away? O papa, you do not know how I will miss you. Will you pray for me, pray that God will send his converting Spirit, and melt my little heart? I will pray for you. I wish that my own dear father was coming with me. God be, with you and protect you. So prays your loving son.

JAMES E. M.

"Our house is left desolate," said the father, "but we are striving to be submissive, and to feel in our hearts that God doeth all things well. Do pray for us.

"God of all grace, we come to thee With broken, contrite hearts."

HE KNOWETH HIS OWN.

The illies which Jesus loves to gather in their early and delicate beauty, do not always grow in the carefully fenced and cultivated parts of his garden here. Often, like the little wood blossom, it is from among the thorns, and out of the tangled thickets of briery and desolate places, that they are taken to be transplanted to his garden above. Godly members of godless families, are hidden in dark cellars, or bleak garrets, from the eye of man; "the eye of the Lord is upon them that hope in his mercy, to deliver their souls from death, and to keep them alive in famine." The "incorruptible seed" of his own word, scattered, it may be, by a Sabbath-school teacher, in what seems very uncultivated and unencared-for soil, springs in God's good time; often in seasons of loneliness and pain, the little sufferer turns for solace to the simple Psalms and sweet Scripture verses, which, with a power never known before, speak peace to the pining heart, and testify of Jesus the ever living—ever loving—ever present Saviour. "And he who is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever," now, as in the days of his flesh, takes up young children into his arms and blesses them—and it is manifest to all who stand by, how tenderly "he gathers the lambs with his arm, and carries them in his bosom," and "is very gracious to them at the sound of their cry."—Family Treasury.

RELIGIOUS JESTING.

Wit and sorry ridicule in matters of religion are always attended with very evil consequences. They sort so very rarely with mature, cool reason, and calm consideration, that they always rather displace these qualities just in proportion as they prevail in the soul. The more habituated a person becomes to the reading and utterance of mere witticisms, the more does he incapacitate himself for sober deliberation. At every turn derisive Mirth steps in with its laughing mien. It throws itself athwart the path of investigation, and cuts up such a series of antics that we are entirely turned aside from our course. We try once more to reflect, but the jest returns; we laugh again, let go inquiry, and never attain to the knowledge of truth.—Herder.

THE MIND is like the body in its habits—exercise can strengthen, as neglect and indolence can weaken it; they are both improved by discipline, both ruined by neglect.