The Family Eircle.

REPENTANCE AND FAITH. "Repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ."

There was a ship, one eve autumnal, enward Steered o'er an ocean lake; Steered by some strong hand as if ever sunward Behind an angry wake, Before there stretched a sea that grew intenser

With silver fire far spread,
Up to a hill mist gloried, like a censer,
With smoke encompassed;
It seemed as if two seas met brink to brink, A silver flood beyond a lake of ink.

There was a soul that eve autumnal, sailing Beyond the earth's dark bars,
Toward the land of sunsets never paling,
Toward Heaven's sea of stars: Behind there was a wake of billows tossing. Before a glory lay.
O happy soul! with all sail set, just crossing

Into the Far-away;
The gloom, and gleam, the calmness and th strife, Were death before thee, and behind thee life.

And as that ship went up the waters stately, Upon her topmasts tall
I saw two sails, whereof the one was greatly
Dark as a funeral pall;
But oh! the next's pure whiteness who shall

utter? Like a shell-snowy strand, Or when a sunbeam falleth through the shutter On a dead baby's hand; But both alike across the surging sea, Helped to the haven where the soul would be

And as that soul went onward, sweetly speed unto its home and light,
Repentance made it sorrowful exceeding,
Faith made it wondrous bright;
Repentance dark with shadowy recollections,
And longings unsufficed,
Faith white and pure with sunniest affections,
Full from the face of Christ:
But both across the sun-hesilvered tide

But both across the sun-besilvered tide

Helped to the haven where the heart wou -Rev. W. Alexander.

[WRITTEN FOR OUR COLUMNS.] THE FUGITIVE SLAVE AND THE BOUND BOY:

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DAVID WOODBURN, THE MOUNTAIN MISSIONARY.'

CHAPTER I.

It was a wild December night, the you?" snow fell thick and fast, the wind, in fitful gusts moaned through the bare and who made me, and who was the trees, and whistled round the corners first man." of the house. Our family were gathered round a bright fire that blazed man?" and crackled up the ample chimney; but a band of anxious hearts was there, for father, we knew, was out in the storm. He had signified his inten- in a moment however, he brightened tion to return that night, and he never was known to break his promise needlessly. At last, however, we heard the country then was new, the forest near-

to take the horse round to the stable, Miss Joanna, for if Adam's name is and father presently appeared, bring- Adam, his wife must be Missus Adam." ing something in his arms, wrapped up in a blanket, which he quickly eyes to an uncommon extent, and reunrolled, and set the contents down marked, "Why, Jake, you know on the floor in the shape of a boy Adam is dead long ago, and so is his of perhaps five years old. Then turn- wife." ing to my sister, with a humorous Norah, I have brought you a pre-seen him often, and his wife too.

Norah said, "Oh, papa, what a funthe same.'

"One at a time, children, I can't an- | year to year, ever since. swer so many questions all at once; get something for this famishing child, you shall hear all about it."

half famished.

she, when he had finished his meal, "what is your name."

Name's Jake," was the quick rejoinder, "and I aint nobody's little man."

Poor Jake's story ran on this wise. as father related it to us all there assembled. His mother was a poor, exciting the country pretty generally; helpless imbecile, so weak in her people were then, as they have been mind that she was unfit to provide since, greatly divided in opinion, and very near me, in which were two little for her own wants, and was conse- families differed on the topic then just boys. They were very poor, and the fully to his better nature, he could not was no poor-house in the township, stoutly ignored the movement, forbid- and apparently neglected. The father he grasped the cup. Nor were there the paupers were farmed out by the ding his family to attend the Abolition was dissipated, but the godly mother wanting whispers that already, in sevoverseers to the lowest bidder—that is, lectures, which were indeed often trained them as best she could for usewhoever would maintain a pauper at scenes of riot and disorder. the cheapest rate, was the successful

Jake, was supported. ties of running away. At such times, tree, and here she and Jake had a but you will, probably." home that suited their tastes better to poor Betsy and her little one.

When the winter came, however, signed her, by harsh treatment.

seen anything of Betsy, stating that we all shrewdly suspected that some States."

and might perish with the cold. Short- deserted huts. ly after that, father left, to return home. As he drove through the thick wood, he thought he heard groans. Getting out of his sleigh, he waded through the snow in the direction of the sound, and presently reached a hollow tree, where he found poor Betsy, apparently in a dying condition, with little Jake sitting by her side,

crying most piteously. He took up the child, and wrapping him in the buffalo robe, carried him to the sleigh, and then drove rapidly to nearest house, where he procured assistance to remove the mother. She was made as comfortable as circumstances would admit, but she died that night; and father brought the child home, and gave him to Norah to train.

She accepted the gift, undertook the allotted task, and though Jake was neither a pretty or an engaging child, being dull, and by no means good tempered, she never once flagged in her labor of love. He was generally docile and affectionate; at least he loved Norah, who never failed him in any emergency. When, on occasions, he considered himself badly treated by the other children of the family, his unvarying cry was, "Now I'll jist go and tell Miss Norah." Poor little outcast! no doubt he often enough had reason for the big tears that were so ready to run down his chubby cheeks; for we were all young then, except Norah, who had attained the ripe age of eighteen.

I remember well, the first Sabbath evening after Jake was domiciled in our household. We were all assembled in the sitting-room, to recite the Shorter Catechism, a duty that was never omitted in our family, except for very pressing reasons. After the Catechism, with appropriate remarks and explanations, was disposed of, father turned to Jake, saying, "Well my child, what has Miss Norah taught

"Please sir, I can say, Our Father,

"Very well, now, who was the first

"Why, Adam."

"And who was the first woman?" Upon this, Jake hesitated a little,up, and answered promptly, "Why,

Missus Adam.' This reply had an unfortunate effect sound of sleigh-bells—a welcome sound on the risible faculties of the younger indeed; we knew it was he, for the members of the circle, causing quite a chuckle among the boys, and a titter ly unbroken for miles around us, and among the girls; but Jake defended travellers were rarely seen in the his position stoutly, saying, with a neighborhood. his head, "You needn't Mother called Pat, our hired man, laugh, Mister Fred, nor you neither,

Little Lottie then opened her blue

But Jake denied this fact, declaring twinkle in his eye, he said, "Here, that Adam was still alive, for he had

One of the boys present was engaged in a printing office at the time, ny present; much obliged to you, all and he wrote out this little dialogue, and it appeared in the columns of the Then we all crowded round, asking, village newspaper that week. This, I "who is it, and where did you get believe, was the veritable origin of him?" But father, as he laid aside his that famous saying, that has crept overcoat and wrappings, cried out, about, in one form or another, from

Jake increased in stature and use fulness as the years rolled on. He and give me a cup of tea, and then looked up to my sister Norah with a feeling that I think amounted almost Meanwhile the little waif thus unac- to adoration. Her word was a law to countably blown among us, stood in him in all his ways. With unwearied the centre of the room, looking from patience, she taught him to read and one to another in silent wonder, He write; but she never succeeded in imwas miserably clad, and looked, indeed, pressing even the first principles of arithmetic on his mind. Once, she Norah brought him a bowl of bread | bribed him, by the promise of a bright and milk, which he devoured in a very | red | pocket-handkerchief, to | commit | short time. "My little man," said two columns of the multiplication ing, says a writer in one of our extable to memory. Jake succeeded, and won the prize; but next day the whole in the remarks of a good ruling elder, was forgotten, and he could not tell a veteran of forty years' service. In

how many three times three make. When he was about ten years old, the great question of Abolition was following incident:quently on the pauper list. As there as they have always done. My father boys were sometimes dirty and ragged,

How well I remember him, as, sit- could not keep them decently clothed competitor for the prize. This was ting in his great arm chair, he often or regularly in school. the way Betsy Morrow, the mother of spoke to us on the subject, saying Betsy did not like her boarding- ware of these things; depend upon it, a returned foreign missionary. I house, and took frequent opportuni- they are the harbingers of a civil war learned his name, made his acquainthat will rend this country and deluge tance; and what was my surprise and

but you will, probably."

At such times Norah steed up ragged boys who, more than forty ally forsook the once prosperous young as he first praised the Lord for his goodness, and then thanked the kind Greenbacks hisself, isn't you?" Mr. than the one assigned them by the stoutly for the slave, and spared no years ago, was wont to play at my cold charity of the world; and while words in condemning the whole sys- door on the green hill-sides of Verthe weather continued warm, they did tem; and as for the rendition of slaves, mont! He had worked his way lied upon, and that frequently he was hear how near starvation they had and the negro equally so, for he added, very well, for the farmers' wives her whole soul revolted from such in- through college and seminary by his incompetent, from the effects of drink, been. around never refused a morsel of food | iquity, and then she would say: "Now, own exertions, and had been some for the transaction of business. papa, would you render up a fugitive years in the foreign field. His brother who had sought shelter with you?" had done the same, and is now a mis-Betsy fared worse; no doubt she was This was a poser, for the whole family sionary in Africa." So much for a the perilous brink on which he stood? quickly oftened frightened from the home as knew that Jake had been sent, time Christian mother's influence. "I have —no friendly voice to warn him of the sionary." and again, with bags full of bread and a son in Congress," said the speaker, On the evening in question, father bacon to the deserted huts of the char. "but I would rather that son would had stopped at a Colonel Warner's, in coal-burners, and they all knew that be like one of these—a sen-remain, the neighborhood. While there, the there were no charcoal-burners there humble, godly man—than a prayerless humble, godly man—than a pra had stopped at a Colonel Warner's, in | coal-burners, and they all knew that | be like one of these—a self-reliant,

she had again gone off with her child, | fugitive slaves were hidden in those

TO BE CONTINUED.

LITTLE EVA'S PRAYER.

One day a missionary's wife, while walking out, encountered a little girl in a dirty lane gleaning among the filth of the gutter for broken meat and rags. The poor child was very ragged, and her face was sad with an expression of loneliness and neglect. The lady approached her with kind words, and held out her hand, which was eagerly taken by the thin, bony fingers of little Eva. She had seldom heard the voice of kindness, and it went right down to her little aching heart. She was taken to the mission house, washed, fed, and arrayed in a complete suit of nice clothes. There she found a great company of children, all looking happy and neat, who a short time before were as neglected and uncared for as herself. Little Eva was amazed and delighted. "O how different," she thought. "is this place from my own dirty, dreary

Little Eva was asked if she would like to come and be one of the mission school. She said:

"Yes, if my parents will give their

consent." So she hurried home with a full heart to tell her parents of all she had seen and heard. They hardly knew their daughter in her nice clean dress. and with such a changed expression of countenance. Her parents were both intemperate and poor. They had very little use for Eva at home, and they soon gave their consent and she became a member of the mission

Eva improved very fast, and soon became an interesting and beloved scholar. She was taught the way to the Saviour, and delighted in praver and praise. She became very anxious and earnest for the conversion of her parents. She read to them from the Bible and religious books, and both at last became deeply convicted of sin.

One night, when the family had re-

tired, the father was deeply exercised in view of his sins. He grained in spirit, and inquired earnestly, What shall I do to be saved?" He rose, dressed himself, and tried to pray The heavens seemed like brass over his head. His wife could give no consolatory advice. So he called aloud upon God alone and in the darkness to pardon his sins, but he found no comfort. Now the thought struck

"God will hear Eva, if he will not hear me. She is good, and I am a poor, wicked sinner.'

Little Eva was called. She came down in her night clothes, and, kneel ing by the side of her father, clasped her hands, and prayed:

"O, God, won't you convert my father? He has been a very wicked man, but he is so sorry for it now.

God heard the little darling's prayer. He did convert her father, who found peace in believing. Very soon, too, her mother became a Christian, and they were all united in the bonds of Christian unity and love.

Not long after, little Eva sickened and died. But she was so happy in view of death, and a home with God and the bright angels, that every one said, "It is well with the child."

Not far from the city of Pittsburgh out a little way in the country, there is a little grave. The grass is green upon it, the bright houstonias of Spring open their little pink blossoms all around it; the birds sing their sweetest songs there, and the plain white headstone has the inscription—"EVA'

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

Dropping into a Conference meetchanges, I was very much interested illustration of the topic that was up, "Mother's Influence," he related the

"Many years ago," said he. "while residing in Vermont, a family lived

"I attended the late General Assemwords to this effect: "Children, be- bly at Pittsburg, and there listened to her favorite resort was a large hollow it with blood. I will not live to see it, astonishment to find that, in the person

LEISURE.

Sweet is the leisure of the bird; She craves no time for work deferred: Her wings are not to aching stirred
Providing for her helpless ones.
Fair is the leisure of the wheat;
All night the damps about it fleet;
All day it basketh in the heat, And grows, and whispers orisons

Grand is the leisure of the earth; She gives her happy myriads birth, And after harvest fears no dearth, But goes to sleep in snow wreaths dim. Dread is the leisure up above The while He sits whose name is Love, And waits, as Noah did, for the dove, To wit if she would fly to him.

He waits for us, while, houseless things, On the dark floods and water-springs, The ruined world, the desolate sea; With open windows from the prime All night, all day, He waits sublime, Until the fulness of the time Decreed from His eternity.

Where is our leisure?-Give us rest. Where is the quiet we possessed? We must have had it once—were blest
With peace whose phantoms yet entice.
Sorely the mother of mankind Longed for the garden left behind For we still prove some yearnings blind Inherited from Paradise.

JEAN INGELOW.

WHO DID IT?

"I have just dropped in, Mrs. Thompson, to get your receipt for making currant wine, for I think that yours is the best I have tasted anywhere, and want to make some just like it."

"I believe my wine is considered pretty good. Mrs. Lee; but I have three kinds of it, with some little difference in the manner of making. You must try each kind, and select which you like best."

With housewifely pride, Mrs. Thompson then displayed to her visitor various samples of her skill in the manufacture of domestic wine, giving her, at the same time, the necessary instruc tions for a novice in the art. Not much heed was paid by either of the ladies to little Hugh Lee, a child of imitation, but at last with evident and soon became as noted as her neighbor for the excellence of her homeinvariably when guests were entertained, was this beverage produced, nor was it strange that a liking for it soon developed itself in little Hugh.

"Come, boy's it's the Fourth of July; let us have a good time of it. We will go down to Connor's Cove, where we there, we can take a nice swim, and I old and mellow. What do you say?"

vorite with all his companions.

help from the bottle at all."

and be patriotic too." Will, however, could not feel the force of these arguments, and after no small discussion, the company of boys celebration at the church, where lawyer Stevens made a grand speech, after which there was a nice collation in the adjoining grove. The remainder of the boys followed Hugh to Connor's Cove, a secluded spot, where, before the day was over, some of them had taken their first lessons in the manly vice, as they deemed it, of inebriation.

Ten years have passed. A happy company has gathered to do honor to the union for life of the village beauty, Susan Templeton, and the young merchant, Hugh Lee. Many friends anticipated for the youthful pair a prosperous future, yet some of the older ones forboded ill from the strong inclination which Hugh had manifested to indulge with boon companions in a social glass, so that even upon this occasion, which appealed so powerconceal the feverish thirst with which eral instances, he had tarried too long pieces." fulness and duty. Her utmost efforts at the wine-too long for his own selfrespect-too long for the confidence of those whose esteem was worth more to him than all his stock in trade.

Ffteen years, and what à change has passed, like a dark cloud, over the fortunes of Hugh and Susan Lee! Downward and still downward Hugh's path found that he was not a man to be re-

Why, alas! was there no friendly danger, ere it should be forever too

Can you do nothing to save them? home so wretched.

"Here, Lee, is this your child?— walk her off, if she is," was the brutal answer; and the miserable father had so far forgotten the kindly heart that once beat in his bosom, as to raise his hand and drive away, with cruel blows, the child that had presumed to plead for him. Out into the cold, poor, hungry, ragged Nelly; back to the hovel that formed the drunkard's home What matters it that wives should weep, and children starve, and homes once the abodes of happiness become the haunts of despair, if but the pockets of the whiskey-sellers be filled with the money coined out of tears Oh, fairer they grow before they die:

Their brightest is their last.

and blood!

The winter had not yet passed when one morning the lifeless body of Hugh fallen

We are like leaves, too, O children, weak and small;

God knows each leaf of the forest shade:

He knows you each and all. and perished, as he was staggering home through the drifting snow from the shop where he had bartered away for rum his life, and all that makes life desirable, and all that sheds hope upon the future that lies beyond the grave. The happy child—the light-hearted boy—the promising young merchant the husband—the father—the pilgrim to eternity—how sad the end how common the story. Can our voices—our influence—our example help to stay the dreadful ruin?—Presbyterian Banner.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

missionary who had left home and friends and gone out to the far West to tell the poor Indians of the love of mother's steps, at first from a spirit of winter's day. He was not quite alone, for his wife and the wife of a brother fited by the instructions she received, eyes as they looked first at the mission- self." ary and then at the little table where their scanty breakfast had just been made wine. Not unfrequently, and set out. There was one small piece of ing a most terrible mortification on meat and three potatoes; that was all; no bread nor cakes; no flour in the barrel to make any; nothing more in dog, lay panting, and lolling his tongue the house to eat, and no place to go to buy food; for they were out in the wilderness, very far from any town, who were even poorer than themselves. will be by ourselves. We will have a There was no game either, for the shooting match, there is good fishing Indians had hunted the ground for miles all round them over and over had to live upon until he came back.

missionary's eyes, because he rememit; they had been asking their heavenhim cheerful and happy in the midst ance.—Mrs. Stowe of their poverty and distress.

"'Trust in the Lord, and do good so shalt thou dwell in the land and verily thou shalt be fed;" he repeated in a joyful, exultant tone; and with a pleasant smile invited his compromise, and he will be sure to fulfill it. We shall not be left to starve."

needed than we.'

one, and I will cut the meat into three grounds, pointing out the various fruit

outer door opened, and the first thing were seated on the verandah, the colcoming in, followed by an Indian who Mr. Chase, having no photograph, took held it in his hand.

Indian, who was much astonished to Chase greatly enjoyed the incident,

"Ah," said he, "now I know why, when I killed my deer seven miles was sitting together." hand stretched out to draw him from away, something said to me, 'go quickly and carry a piece to the mis-

This is quite a true story, dear chilthe neighborhood. While there, the there were no charcoal-burners there humble, gouly man—man a prayouted overseer called to enquire if they had to eat the said bread and bacon, but man, and President of the United in your very sight the same dangerous it not a blessed thing to have such a find no out. in your very sight the same dangerous it not a blessed thing to have such a find us out.

path on which poor Hugh had entered. | friend always able and ready to help us in every time of need? Do you It was a dark, wintry night when a not want such a friend, dear child? shivering, half-clad little girl edged Ah! he wants to be your friend. He her way up to the bar of the hard- invites you to come and put your trust featured, hard-hearted rumseller, to in him. He is waiting to receive you. implore him to sell her father no more | Will you not come and give your of that poison which was making his heart to Jesus, and trust him to save your soul, and to provide you with all you need to make you happy here and hereafter?_S. S. Visitor.

THE LESSONS OF THE LEAVES.

How do the leaves grow In spring upon their stem?
Oh, the sap swells up with a drop And that is life to them.

What do the leaves do Through the long summer hours?

The make a home for the wandering birds, And shelter the wild flowers.

How do the leaves fade

Never a leaf falls Until its part is done.
God gives us grace like sap, and then Some work to every one

You must grow old, too. Beneath the antumn sky But lovelier and brighter your lives may grow, Like leaves before they die.

Brighter with kind deeds, With love to others given;
Till the leaf falls off from the autumn tree,

A DOG'S FEELINGS.

Many people laugh at the idea of being careful of a dog's feelings, as if it were the height of absurdity; and Many years ago Mr. S-, a good yet it is a fact that some dogs are as exquisitely sensitive to pain, shame, and mortification, as any human being. See, when a dog is spoken harshly to, some six summers, who, following his Jesus, sat in his log-cabin on a cold what a universal droop seems to come over him. His head and ears sink, his tail drops and slinks between his legs, relish, drained every glass from which missionary were with him. The ladies and his whole air seems to say, "I wish his mother had sipped. Mrs. Lee pro- were very sad; tears would fill their I could sink into the earth to hide my-

> Prince's young master, without knowing it, was the means of inflicthim at one time. It was very hot weather, and Prince, being a shaggy

out, apparently suffering from the heat.
"I declare," said young Master
George, "I do believe Prince would be and with no neighbors but the Indians, more comfortable for being sheared." And so forthwith he took him and began divesting him of his coat. Prince took it all very obediently; but when he appeared with his unusual attire, have a bottle of prime whiskey, real again; and even if there had been, old and mellow. What do you say?" Mr. S—— had no gun, as the other laughter, and Prince was dreadfully The speaker was our friend Hugh, missionary had taken it and the canoe. mortified. He broke away from his now a fine, manly boy of sixteen, gen- and gone many miles a way to a fort master, and scampered off home at a erous in his impulses, and a great fa- to try to get some provisions to keep desperate pace, ran down cellar and them from starving; but they knew disappeared from view. His young "I like it very well, Hugh," said he could not return soon; they did master was quite distressed that Prince Will Simpson, "all but the whiskey. not expect him for ten days; and that I don't see any use in that. We can small piece of meat and the three pota-lowed him in vain, calling, "Prince! have a real good time without any toes were all that these three people Prince!" No Prince appeared. He lighted a candle, and searched the cel-"But, Will, the old folks will be Do you wonder that the ladies were lar, and found the poor creature cowdrinking their toasts to-day. Even the sad and troubled? that their eyes were ering away in the darkest nook under ladies, many of them, will join in a filled with tears as they looked at Mr. the stairs. Prince was not to be comglass of wine. Let us act like men, S-? No, it was not strange: you forted; he slunk deeper and deeper and I would probably have felt just as into the darkness, and crouched on the they did: and yet they ought not to ground when he saw his master, and have been troubled for the Lord has for a long time refused even to take promised to provide for his people. food. The family all visited and condivided, some going with Will to the But there were no tears in the good doled with him, and finally his sorrows were somewhat abated; but he would bered what God had said, and believed not be persuaded to leave the cellar for nearly a week. Perhaps by that time ly Father to help them out of their he indulged the hope that his hair was trouble, and he believed that their beginning to grow again, and all were prayers had been heard and would be careful not to destroy the illusion by answered. This was faith, and it made any jests or comments on his appear-

PORTRAIT OF CHIEF JUSTICE CHASE.

The Evening Post relates the following amusing incident:—During the recent southern tour of Chief Justice panions to sit down and eat. "Don't | Chase, formerly Secretary of the Treabe afraid," he said, "that is God's own sury, while at Key West, he visited a somewhat noted negro. This man is said to be the strongest person in all "No," replied the ladies, "we will Florida, and he possesses strength of not eat; there is not enough for us all, character as well as of body. He was and you must eat it that you may have formerly a slave in Maryland, but by strength for your work; you are more overwork purchased his freedom while yet young, removed to Key West, "No, no," said Mr. S—, "the where he prospered, and is now the number of potatoes shows how the owner of a large plantation. He very food is to be divided, we will each take politely conducted Mr. Chase over his He did so, and they began to eat.
They had not yet finished when the outer door opened and the first the first the course of the cours they saw was a quarter of venison, ored man said he would like very which you know is the flesh of a deer, much to have a portrait of his guest. from his pocket a one-dollar greenback "I come to feed you," he said in his and handed it to him. The negro native tongue. Ah! now the tears looked first at the picture on the end, 'If I lives fifty years, I shall always

No Hiding Place.—When we have done wrong and want to conceal the fault, late? Reader, would your hand, your dren, for I heard it not very long ago to detection. We must go where God is voice, have been enlisted in his behalf? from the good missionary's own lips; not, if we would be safe from detection;