

Eye Family Circle.

THE GIFT OF TRITEMIUS.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Tritemius of Heropolis, one day, While kneeling at the altar's foot to pray, Alone with God, as was his pious choice, Heard from without a miserable voice, A sound which seemed of all sad things to tell, As of a lost soul crying out of hell.

Thereat the Abbot paused; the chain whereby His thoughts went upward broken by that cry; And, looking from the casement, saw below A wretched woman, with grey hair a-flow, And withered hands held up to him, who cried For alms as one who might not be denied.

She cried, "for the dear love of Him who gave His life for ours, my child from bondage save— My beautiful, brave first-born, chained with slaves

In the Moor's galley, where the sun-smit waves Lap the white walls of Tunis!"—"What I can I give," Tritemius said: "my prayers."—"O, man

Of God!" she cried, for grief had made her bold. "Mock me not thus; I ask not prayers, but gold. Words will not serve me, alms alone suffice; Even while I speak perchance my first-born dies."

"Woman!" Tritemius answered, "from our door None go unfed; hence we are always poor: A single soldo is our only store. Thou hast our prayers!—what can we give thee more?"

"Give me," she said, "the silver candlesticks On either side of the great crucifix. God will may spare them on his errand sped, Or he can give you golden ones instead."

Then spake Tritemius, "Even as thy word, Woman so be it! (Our most gracious Lord, Who loveth mercy more than sacrifice, Pardon me if a human soul I prize Above the gifts upon his altar piled!) Take what thou askest, and redeem thy child."

But his hand trembled as the holy alms He placed within the beggar's eager palms; And as she vanished down the ladder shade, He bowed his head and for forgiveness prayed.

So the day passed, and when the twilight came He woke to find the chapel all a-flame, And, dumb with grateful wonder, to behold Upon the altar candlesticks of gold!

"I DARE YOU!"

BY JENNIE HARRISON.

"Pooh! I could do it easily, and be back here again before you could count fifty!"

"May be so: but you don't dare to try it!"

"Don't dare! now Tom, you know better!"

"Well, I dare you!"

The boy's eyes flashed. In a moment he was over the boundary line, skating skillfully over the forbidden ice; while his schoolmates looked on—some with astonishment, some with fear, and a few with shouts of applause. Clear to the other side he went, though the ice cracked and bent;—then, with a graceful turn, he was coming toward them again, swifter—swifter—with a look of pride on his glowing face; and the praises of the other boys already sounding in his ears.

"Good for you, Win!"

"Win by name, and win by nature!"

"Hurrah for——"

Who? where was he?—where the proud form and smiling face, and the dark hair uncovered in the moment of exultation? Gone? hidden, in one moment, from their sight, under the ice! and the waters rose up over the spot, as if their time of triumph had come then.

"O, what shall we do?"

"Run quick! get a rope!"

"Stand back! every one of you!"—and the voice, generally so kind, frightened them now with its sternness: and they looked in silence at the teacher's white face, as he drew off his gown and crept with it to the boundary line which he had marked for the boys that morning. Over that, too, so carefully, yet so quickly;—and the ice cracked—cracked! And the boys could none of them tell just how it was done, only that soon the dark dripping hair of the schoolmate appeared above the broken ice;—then his body—slowly, slowly dragged toward them, his hand clutching tightly the teacher's dressing gown.

The teacher did not speak; and they dared not. In his teacher's own strong arms, Winthrop was carried to the house, and warmed and rubbed—and—no, he was not dead—for, in a few moments, he opened his eyes, and, looking at the group of anxious, boyish faces gathered round, said, "All right." How it brightened every heart there! The boys could speak now.

"O, Win! I haven't counted the fifty yet!" burst out Tom, excitedly, trying to laugh—but if he had not been a boy, he would certainly have cried instead.

"Now, let me hear all about it," said their teacher calmly, as the color began to come back into Winthrop's cheeks.

"It was all my fault!" said Tom humbly.

"How came you to disobey my rule, Winthrop, and go beyond the boundary?"

"Why I hardly thought about the rule, sir; I wanted to let them see I wasn't afraid of the ice! they dared me to do it; and when any one dares me to do a thing——"

Winthrop stopped suddenly, as the recollection came over him of the cold, gurgling waters, and of those few terrible moments of suspense.

"Then you always dare to do it: is that what you mean?"

"Yes sir," but the voice was not as full of confidence as it had been half an hour before.

"And the end of your daring, this time, might have been——death!"

A shudder crept over every boy's heart.

"O sir! please don't! I dared him!" said poor Tom.

"And so you think a boy is a coward, who is dared to a thing, and doesn't do it?"

"It looks so," answered Winthrop.

"Ah, my boy; you must get rid of that idea; it is all wrong! He who refuses to do a sinful or a dangerous thing, even when people say 'I dare you,' is a true hero: and he who runs all risks, to do something, just because he is 'dared,' is by far the most cowardly and foolish! Don't look so down-hearted, Winthrop: I want you to be truly heroic—and I know you can do things very bravely sometimes. For instance, if I should say you may not go skating another day during this season—you would bear the punishment without a complaint, I think."

"Yes, sir!" answered the boy, with a touch of the old pride in his voice.

"Mayn't I bear the punishment? It was my fault."

"I haven't given any punishment yet, Tom, I have only given this lesson about true bravery, for you all to learn. And now be off, every one of you, and let Winthrop rest, while I go to examine my dressing-gown; and if it is entirely ruined, I'll pass a subscription around among you to get a new one!" And the kind man smiled as he left them, but his heart was full; and he went to thank God for the safety of his pupil, and to pray that he might become truly brave and noble.

Boys, never be "dared" into doing what is wrong. Do not take one step aside from the safe and straight path, no matter how many voices say "I dare you!" Be brave enough to say "I dare not," to every temptation.

And always,

"Dare to be right! dare to be true! All the world's scolding can never harm you! Stand, by your conscience, your honor, your faith; Stand like a hero, and battle till death!"

—New York Observer.

YOU WHO LIVE, SERVE HIM.

She was an idolized wife, a fond mother, yet we had not let her go from the shelter of the parental roof; we could not spare the youngest, the fairest, the most gifted, of our unbroken band.

Alas! she was the frailest, too, and we stood around her death-bed. All the rest had from childhood cherished the Christian's hope, but she only recently, during one of the delusive convalescences of consumption, had given good evidence of a change of heart, longing, and confidently hoping, to live and serve Christ.

Now we knew that she must die; yet, amid the surging of our great sorrow, we clung to the hope that our cherished one would mount joyfully, on the wings of her new-found faith, to her eternal home. But as we gathered from day to day around her bed, we found no joy. There was patience, and a degree of trust, which brought something of hopefulness and peace; but there was no joyful triumph over death. As our beloved pastor came to us, we met him with flowing tears, exclaiming, "O, that we could see her happy before she dies."

Standing beside her, he spoke of Christ's all-sufficiency and grace, and asked, "Can you trust Him to save your sinful soul?"

"Yes," she answered; but the word came from grieving lips.

"And are you not willing to die, if it is your Saviour's will?"

"No—O, no!"—she answered, pausing for breath between the words, "I cannot—be willing—to die—now—because—I have not—served Him."

"Yet no service could have availed anything for your salvation," replied our pastor. "Trust in Christ alone saves the soul. 'Christ is all!'"

"Certainly! (with what confident emphasis she spoke.) O, yes—I know—that—and I feel safe—in trusting Him; but I—so wanted—to live—that I might—serve Him."

"Jesus sees your heart, and accepts your desire to serve Him," replied our pastor; "you should yield your will to His and be even joyful to go to Him, without this life service, if he calls you."

"I ought—I know it—I pray—not to rebel. But it is—so hard—to die—without doing—anything—for Him—who—who—has done—all—for me."

We wept. Never, never, can I forget the grief of those trembling lips, those eager, longing eyes. They closed wearily; cold drops stood on the noble, wasted brow, and she murmured, as to herself, "Man's chief end is to serve God—first—and then—enjoy Him forever."

"Trust Him here, and you will both serve and enjoy Him perfectly and forever, there," whispered the pastor's wife, as she bent to wipe the cold drops away.

The beautiful eyes unclosed with a gleam of joy, which was quenched in sorrow, as she gasped:

"Forever—even—there—I shall mourn—that I—did not—serve Him—here. You who—live, serve Him—here."

So she died.

"No more death, neither sorrow, nor crying," whispered our pastor; and we believed the promise was for her; yet, alas for our breaking hearts! it was a look of grief we closed away beneath the shadowy lashes, and grief fingered

on the beloved lips, whispering to us even from the silent coffin:

"Serve Him—serve Him. You who live serve Him here."

For so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.—2 Peter i: 11. Congregationalist.

MADE WHOLE.

"As many as touched Him were made perfectly whole."

Wondrous words about a wondrous Saviour, and a living testimony of Jesus' power and willingness to save. The same Saviour who, eighteen hundred years ago, lived on earth, ministering to the diseases of men, is nearer of access to thee, weary, sin-sick soul, than if to-day he walked in Palestine.

How many there are seeking for cleansing, who deem it too simple to "wash and be clean." They think they should do some great thing. Such would do well to ponder the above passage.

A young lady from my Bible-class came to my room, a few days since, with the earnest inquiry, "How shall I find Jesus?"—After talking with her a few moments, it was evident that she was looking for "a more excellent way" than the one marked out by the cross. She expressed a desire to do something before coming to Christ, to make herself better; feared she was too sinful to come as she was into His presence.

After a silent, earnest prayer for help, I reminded her of Christ's own words: "They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick;" "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

In great distress she exclaimed, "O, if I could only find Him! where is He?"

"My dear Mary," I replied, "He is here in this room, tenderly waiting to receive you." As she sat weeping, this passage came to mind, which I repeated at once: "As many as touched him were made perfectly whole." She raised her head eagerly, and said, "Is that all?" and her face beaming with joy, extended her arms as if to embrace Him, crying, "My Saviour, my dear Saviour."

Think you not there was joy among the angels when Jesus proclaimed, as he did on earth, "Some one has touched me," and wrote with his own hand the name of another Mary in the book of life?

O, how simple, how free, how beautiful the plan of salvation. Poor sinner, will you not touch him also? Then shall you be made perfectly whole.—T. S. H., in Am. Messenger.

"I'LL NOT DISOBEY MY MOTHER FOR ANY OF YOU."

A TRUE INCIDENT.

Several boys were playing ball. In the midst of their sport the clouds gathered over their heads, and the rain began to fall. Freddie S— stopped and said, "Boys, I must go home; mother said I must not be out in the rain."

"Your mother! Fudge! The rain won't hurt you any more than it will us," said two or three voices at once.

Freddie turned upon them with a look of pity, and the courage of a hero, and replied, "I'll not disobey my mother for any of you."

I knew the boys to whom this remark was made, and that it required courage to face them in that way; but it was promptly and manfully done. He did not stop to consider whether he would be laughed at; he knew that he was right, and that was the governing thought in his mind.

Few mothers ask anything unreasonable of their boys, and yet how unreasonable multitudes of them are toward their mothers. Many a man has carried all his days a conscience that has smitten him by day and by night, for wrongs committed in his boyhood against his best earthly friend. It seems as though such things stand out in the memory more prominently than any other acts. Manhood mourns such errors, and weeps bitter tears over them. He who commanded, "Honor thy father and thy mother," knew well the human heart, and gave us that command to be remembered, and often repeated by us. Boys, learn to say, with Freddie, "I'll not disobey my mother for any of you."—S. S. Times.

A MOUSE IN THE PANTRY.

When I used to be out of temper, or naughty in any way, if grandfather was here, he would call to me—

"Mary, Mary, take care!—there's a mouse in the pantry."

I often used to stop crying at this, and stand wondering to myself what he meant. I often ran to the pantry, too, to see if there really was a mouse in the trap; but I never found one. One day I said, "Grandfather, I don't know what you mean. I haven't a pantry, and there are no mice in mother's, because I have looked ever so often."

He smiled, and said: "Come, and I'll tell you what I mean. Your heart, Mary, is the pantry. The little sins are the mice that get in and nibble away all the good, and that make you sometimes cross and peevish and fretful. To keep the mice out, you must set a trap for them—the trap of watchfulness."—Christian Treasury.

HAVE FAITH, AND STRUGGLE ON.

A swallow in the Spring Came to our granary, and 'neath the eaves Essayed to make a nest, and there did bring Wet earth, and straw and leaves.

Day after day she toiled With patient art, but ere her work was crowned, Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoiled And dashed it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought, But, not cast down, forth from the place she flew, And with her mate fresh earth and grasses brought, And built her nest anew.

But scarcely had she placed The last soft feather on its ample floor, When wicked hand or chance again laid waste, And wrought the ruin o'er.

But still her heart she kept, And toiled again; and last night, hearing calls, I looked, and lo; three little swallows slept Within the earth-made walls.

What Truth is here, O Man? Hath Hope been smitten in its early dawn? Hath cloud o'crest thy purpose, trust, or plan? Have Faith, and struggle on!

A CANDLE AS A BEACON.

Jean Ingelov's new book, "Stories told to a Child," has an account of the patient perseverance of a poor woman in one of the Orkney Islands, (whose father was lost in a storm), in setting a beacon in her window. There is on this island a huge rock, called the "Lonely Rock," dangerous to navigators. She says:

The long time ago of which I mean to tell, was a wild night in March, during which, in a fisherman's hut ashore, sat a young girl at her spinning wheel, and looked out on the dark, driving clouds, and listened, trembling, to the wind and the sea.

The morning light dawned at last. One boat that should have been riding on the waves was missing—her father's boat! and half a mile from his cottage her father's body was washed up on the shore.

This happened fifty years ago, and fifty years is a long time in the life of a human being; fifty years is a long time to go on in such a course as the woman did of whom I am speaking. She watched her father's body, according to the custom of her people, till he was laid in the grave. Then she lay down on her bed and slept, and by night got up and set a candle in her casement, as a beacon to the fishermen and a guide. She sat by the candle all night, and trimmed it, and spun; then when the day dawned she went to bed and slept in the sunshine.

So many hanks as she had spun before for her daily bread, she spun still, and one over, to buy her nightly candle; and from that time to this, for fifty years, through youth, maturity, and old age, she has turned night into day, and in the snow-storms of winter, through driving mist, deceptive moonlight, and solemn darkness, that northern harbor has never once been without the light of her candle.

How many lives she saved by this candle, or how many a meal she won by it for the starving families of the boatmen, it is impossible to say; how many a dark night the fishermen, depending on it, went fearlessly forth, cannot now be told. There it stood, regular as a lighthouse—steady as constant care could make it. Always brighter when daylight waned, they had only to keep it constantly in view, and they were safe; there was but one thing that could intercept it, and that was the rock. However far they might have stretched out to sea, they had only to bear down straight for that lighted window, and they were sure of a safe entrance into the harbor.

Fifty years of life and labor—fifty years of sleeping in the sunshine—fifty years of watching and self-denial, and all to feed the wick and trim the flame of that one candle! But if we look upon the recorded lives of great men, and just men, and wise men, few of them can show fifty years of worthier; certainly not of more successful, labor. Little, indeed, of the "midnight oil" consumed during the last half century, so worthily deserved the trimming. Happy woman—and but for the dreaded rock her great charity might never have been called into exercise.

But what do the boatmen and their wives think of this? Do they pay the woman?

No, they are very poor; but poor or rich, they know better than that. Do they thank her?

No. Perhaps they feel that thanks of theirs would be inadequate to express their obligations; or, perhaps, long years have made the lighted casement so familiar, that they look upon it as a matter of course.

Sometimes the fishermen lay a fish on her threshold, and set a child to watch it for her till she wakes; sometimes their wives steal into her cottage, now she is getting old, and spin a hank or two of thread for her while she slumbers; and they teach their children to pass her hut quietly, and not to sing and shout before her door, lest they should disturb her. That is all. Their thanks are not looked for—scarcely supposed to be due. Their grateful deeds are more than she expects, and as much as she desires.

How often, in the far distance of my English home, I have awoke in a wild winter night, and while the wind and storm were rising, have thought of that northern bay, with the waves dashing against the rock, and have pictured to myself the casement, and the candle nursed by that bending, aged figure. How delighted to know

that, through her untiring charity, the rock has long lost more than half its terrors, and to consider that, curse though it may be to all besides, it has most surely proved a blessing to her.

Few persons, like this woman, "let their light shine" so brightly for good.

FORAGING STORIES.

DRAWING RATIONS.

There are some episodes in the life of a soldier provocative of laughter, and that serve to dispense, in some manner, the *ennui* of camp life. A farmer, who did not reside so far from a camp of "the boys" as he wished he did, was accustomed to find every morning that several rows of potatoes had disappeared from the field. He bore it for some time; but when the last of his fine field of kidneys began to disappear, he thought the thing had gone far enough, and determined to stop it. Accordingly, he made a visit to camp early next morning, and amused himself by going round to see whether the soldiers were provided with good and wholesome provisions. He had not proceeded far, when he found a "boy" just serving up a dish of fine kidneys which looked marvelously like those that the good wife brought to his own table. Halting, the following colloquy ensued:

"Have fine potatoes here, I see."

"Splendid," was the reply.

"Where do you get them?"

"Draw them."

"Does Government furnish potatoes for rations?"

"Nary tater."

"I thought you said you drew them?"

"Did. We just do that thing."

"But how, if they are not included in your rations?"

"Easiest thing in the world. Wont you take some with us?" said the soldier, as he seated himself opposite the smoking vegetables.

"Thank you. But will you oblige me by telling how you draw your potatoes, as they are not found by the commissary?"

"Nothing easier. Draw 'em by the tops, mostly. Sometimes by a hoe, if there's one left in the field."

"Hum! ha! Yes; I understand. Well, now, see here. If you wont draw any more of mine, I will bring you a basketful every morning, and draw them myself."

"Bully for you, old fellow!" was the cry, and three cheers and a tiger were given for the farmer.

The covenant was duly observed, and no one but the farmer drew potatoes from that field afterward.

"THAT PIG."

A few nights since, as two of the regiments were at Annapolis Junction, a mischievous soldier, who was placed on guard at some distance from the main body, as he was walking, his rounds, shot a pig. A member of the other regiment, hearing the report, hastened to the spot, and demanded that the pig should be divided, or he would inform his officers. The prize was accordingly "partitioned" and served up to the friends of each party. The officers, however, observing the bones, soon found out the guilty party, and, on questioning him, he replied that he did it in obedience to the order he had received—"Not to let any one pass without the countersign." He saw the pig coming toward him, and challenged it; but receiving no answer, he charged bayonet on it, and the pig still persisting, he shot it. The officers laughed heartily at the explanation, and sent him to find the owner and pay for the pig, which, he states, was the hardest job he ever performed.—U. S. Service Magazine.

A TALE OF A DOG.

We know a very worthy family, residing near Germantown, that was lately the possessor of a dog that is a character. Billy, for such is his name, belongs to the poodle species. He is not such a poodle as lolls about on cushions, eats custard, nestles in ladies' laps, and barks querulously and constantly at everything and nothing. Billy is made of sterner stuff, and he is a perfect canine disciple of Demosthenes in respect to his fondness for action, action, action! The young men of the family afforded Billy a fair field for the exercise of his restless qualities, and when he was commissioned to do an errand, he never stopped for the formality of opening a gate; but he would clear the garden fence at a bound, and dash off to do the bidding of those who sent him. Billy would go to the store of an errand, taking written orders for what was wanted and the money to pay for it, and he never failed to do his errand faithfully and intelligently. He went to Germantown regularly for the evening paper, and we presume that he would have been too sharp to him, or to have put up with any other sheet than the *Bulletin*. Billy was always on the lookout for the interests of the family in which he was domiciled. When visitors came to the house, he could tell with half an eye who were respectable and trustworthy, and he paid no further attention to them except to skylark with them, if they desired it, or to play dog tricks for their amusement. But let a beggar or a suspicious-looking individual come about the place, and Billy was another dog; he made no unnecessary fuss

about it, but discreetly dogged the intruder from place to place with an air and a manner which declared almost as plainly as though he had said it: "I know your tricks, and I mean to keep an eye on you; so the sooner you take yourself off the better for all parties."

Billy was, of course, a great favorite with the boys of the neighborhood, and he participated in all the out-door amusements with the most refreshing vim and spirit. Even in such sports as "coasting," Billy was foremost among the foremost. Furnish him with a sled, and mounting upon it, he would go down the hill merrily, and when he reached the bottom, he would seize the rope between his teeth and away he would caper to the top of the hill, to join again his fellow-coasters on another and another descent to the bottom.

But Billy has become dissipated; he has turned "fire-sharp," he runs "wider macehen," and instead of being the denizen of a quiet mansion, he "bunks," at the engine-house. Deserting his old friends, he has been led away by the fascinations of the fire company to which he has attached himself; and while he maintains friendly relations with his old friends, by paying them occasional visits, he has taken up his permanent abode at the engine-house. Billy has an eye to the advantages of personal embellishment, and he frisks about and wags his tail at a wonderful rate whenever he is treated to a new collar, an oil skin cape, a red shirt, or any other personal ornament of a fireman cast. On such occasions he always dashes off to his old friends to show them his new finery, and he makes no secret of the pride which he feels in the display.

Within a few days he made his appearance, gotten up in most stunning style and evincing a corresponding degree of the most animated delight. His fireman cronies had developed his moustache and eye-brows by a judicious application of razor and scissors; these hirsute appendages were dyed a jetty black; his tall had received a dainty pink tint, and his long lapping ears were of a brilliant sofferino hue.

To the critical eye, Billy presented as ridiculous a figure as a lady with a gigantic water-fall attached to the rear of her head and with a trail of costly materials sweeping up the dirt of the sidewalk. But Billy, keen as he is in general, failed to appreciate the absurdity of his appearance, and after showing off his finery to his old friends, he promenade back to Germantown "as proud as a dog with two tails."—Evening Bulletin.

THE PURITAN FAMILY.

In the Puritan family, each member occupies the place assigned by Heaven. The father at the head was feared and obeyed as counsellor and judge, yet loved as parent and friend. The mother "opened her mouth in wisdom, and in her tongue was the law of kindness." In counsel, in discipline, the father and mother harmonized. In efficient and molding influence, the mother was undoubtedly the superior, but only because she acted in her own sphere, and faithfully discharged her own peculiar duties.

Said John Quincy Adams, "For what I am and for what I have done, I am chiefly indebted to my mother." Yet, who does not know that the mother of John Quincy Adams was the wife of the venerable President of the United States in the perilous times of our country's history, and that he not only ruled the nation, but also in his own household? The children in the Puritan family were in subjection. They revered and honored those whom God had placed over them. It is said of the children of the distinguished Dr. Edwards, that they were accustomed always to rise, as a mark of respect, when their father entered the room. Happy, indeed, such a family, and happy the influence that is brought to bear upon the forming mind in the midst of such relations.

DR. NOTT'S LAST HOURS.

A correspondent of the Boston Journal says: "The few last hours of Dr. Nott's life were peculiarly impressive. He sank into a second childhood that was peculiarly tender. He lay on his bed blind and apparently unconscious. His wife sat by his bedside and sang to him, day by day, the songs of his childhood. He was hushed to repose by them like an infant on its pillow. Wat's Cradle Hymn, 'Hush, my dear; lie still and slumber,' always soothed him. Visions of home floated before him, and the name of his mother was frequently on his lips. The last time he conducted family devotions with his household, he closed his prayer with the well-known lines:

"Now I lay me down to sleep, etc."

PUTTING FORMS FOR THINGS.

The man who anxiously avoids the shadow of a granite post, but dashes against the post itself, is not a whit more witless than he who fears the appearance of doing wrong, but is not afraid to do the wrong which he thinks will not appear. When Lord Chesterfield counselled hollow-hearted politeness—advised the forms of graciousness, instead of things themselves—he must have seemed to any superior order of beings, as the silly ape, who puts a wig upon his head, and expects to be revered as a judge.—Horace Mann.