

Eye Family Circle.

THE SONG OF LIGHT.

BY WM. FITZ PALMER.

From the quickened womb of the primal gloom... I painted the flowers of the Eden bowers...

THE SNOW-STORM.

"All hail the snow come down, all day... It was a dark December night, wild and stormy..."

then," he said innocently, "when we left home..."

"And where is your home?" I asked; "and who is your father?"

"Farmer Rutland," he replied, "we live at the High Farm."

"High Farm" happened to lie on the road to my own house, so I told Johnnie we would all go home together.

"Now, Johnnie," I said, "you keep hold of the skirt of my coat, and we shall soon be at High Farm."

The cold seemed to have become more intense, the falling snow more dense than ever.

"You are a brave little man," I said; "we will soon reach the farm now; think of the bright fire there, the nice warm milk and bread, and mother's loving kiss, all waiting for you."

"I cannot walk further," he sobbed. "O, take Nelly home, but let me lie down here. I will say my prayers again, and perhaps Jesus will send some one else to help me."

"No, no," I answered cheerily. "I cannot leave you behind, Johnnie; you must just make a horse of me, and mount my back. There, you are now, hold me fast round the neck, and whip hard to make me go better."

THREE BLASTS OF THE HORN.

Betty Fletcher lived on a farm in Vermont. It was before the land was much cleared. Farmer Fletcher's farm was on the edge of the woods, and there was a little path through the forest to grandma Fletcher's.

no Betty answered. It was not quite dark.

Mr. Fletcher went to the neighbors. "My Betty is lost in the woods," he cried; "come help me find her."

The men with torches and horses scoured the woods. One and another came back with no tidings of the lost child, then started back on a fresh scout.

It was just at sunrise that three short, quick blasts of a distant horn were heard. "Hark," cried the mother, listening, "hark!"

"Found, found!" cried a neighbor, clasping her hands. "That's the signal for finding her which the men agreed on."

Yes, the lost one is found. A man on the search spied little footprints on some wet moss; following on, he found a skein of yarn. Here is a clue to her, he thought, carefully and eagerly looking round; and a little further on he caught sight of Betty, fast asleep on the soft, brown leaves, beside an old tree which fell long ago.

"Betty, Betty, Fletcher," cried the man catching her up in his strong arms. The poor child opened her eyes with a frightened and bewildered look.

"Tell me what, Betty, dear?" said the man, almost choked with joy. "You are all in a tremble." "I prayed God to take care of me, and tell my father where I was; I did not know, I couldn't find my grandma's."

Then the man blew his horn three short, loud, glad blasts, which told the good news far and near. Tongue cannot tell what gratitude filled the hearts of those who heard it.

Mrs. Fletcher, at the first blasts of the horn, ran in the direction whence it came. And who can describe the mother's feelings when she clasped her darling child once more to her bosom?

How came Betty to lose her way? The children will want to know. She ran into the woods after a squirrel, and could not find the path again.

This will help us understand how happy our heavenly Father is when we are found. Found? Are we lost? The Bible says so. When we stray away from the right way, we are lost.

"VERY WELL OFF."

"Who lives in that small house under the hill," said one who came from the city to purchase a place for his family to occupy during the summer months.

"It is occupied by a man whose name is Giles," was the reply. "He don't seem to be as well off as the rest of the people here. Does he own any land?"

"Yes; he owns about fifteen acres." "His house is not much of an affair."

"It is small, but comfortable. He is out of debt, and his farm, small as it is, supports him; and a little more. He is very well off."

Mr. Giles was indeed very well off; much better off than the speaker above mentioned supposed.

In the first place, he had feared the Lord from his youth. His conversion took place when he was a child. His parents used to recount the singular mental exercises which he then experienced, though they had all passed from his recollections.

In the second place, he had a son, who was a Foreign Missionary. When the son was born, the father's heart rejoiced, and especially in the hope that he could give him back to the Lord in the ministry of reconciliation.

THE DONKEY AND THE HORSE. "Turn the pack-horse into the field," said the farmer, "and open the hay fence for him, I shall have stiff work for him to-morrow."

Next day the pack-horse was taken from the field, and laden with sacks of wool till his back was ready to break.

"Dear sir," replied the donkey, "I hope I know my place better. After the lecture you gave me yesterday, when I wanted a little of your hay, I wouldn't take the liberty of attempting to share your work; and I can assure you I've no greater wish to be a pack-horse to-day than you had yesterday to be a donkey."

For the Little Folks.

FAMILIAR TALKS—3D SERIES. II.

BY REV. EDWARD PAYSON HAMMOND.

THE PERSECUTED WANDERERS FROM MADEIRA.

If you, my little friends, could look in upon these meetings in the Hall of Representatives in this beautiful city, where President Lincoln once lived, you would soon find who the Portuguese children were.

THE SKELETON. Exactly fifty years ago the London Morning Chronicle published a poem, entitled "Lines on a Skeleton," which excited much attention.

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull, Once of ethereal spirit full; This narrow cell was life's retreat.

THE ONLY PRESCRIPTION. Gen. Howard, Superintendent of the Freedmen's Bureau, writes to the Rev. Dr. Bellows, in reply to a request that he compete for the prize of left-hand writing:

"I was invited to write for the prize, but for two reasons I abstained. First, I was too deeply engrossed in my present peculiar work; and secondly, I was conscious of an inability to write a fair hand."

"I heard a lady in the cars lately detailing the sufferings, mortifications, and repinings of a young man who had lost his right arm in the service. He said at first everybody received him kindly, showed him sympathy, and gave him aid; but now it had come to be an old story, and he received no special attention, and found it difficult to find a position where he could gain a livelihood."

"I will say to you, my dear sir, that there are times when the deformity and inconvenience come across the mind, and disturb the equanimity of those who are full of ambition to make the best of whatever befalls. I do not believe that even the plaudits of a grateful people, or the conscious pride arising from the glorious rewards bestowed upon patriotic efforts, will be enough to sustain the one-armed man so as to make him cheerful, hopeful, and happy at all times, so as to enable him to forget all the nervous pains and sensitive feelings that constantly assail him."

"My only prescription is a complete surrender of the heart to Christ."

doing good, they sought to kill him. His holy life was a rebuke to their wickedness.

When Mr. Hamilton got back to Scotland, he still thought a great deal of the little flock he had left away in the Island of Madeira, and he wrote them a beautiful letter. Though it was not written for children, I think you can understand it, for he wrote to them much as if they were children.

"I remember you every day in my prayers before God, giving thanks to him who called you out of darkness into his marvellous light. Life, light, salvation, the hope of glory, all spiritual and eternal blessings, are found in Christ Jesus our Lord; neither can they be found anywhere else."

"If you do not trust in Christ only, you cannot be saved. If you trust in your tears, prayers, works, persecutions or tribulations, you are certainly wrong, and walk far from the way of salvation. Such things are not Christ—such things are not your Saviour. Do not trust them, but only in Christ."

"If you depart from Jesus, you are poor, miserable, blind, and naked; you have nothing. Coming to Jesus, you become partakers of his riches, his white robes, his light, his wisdom, his happiness, joy, grace, and love; his kingdom and glory. Come, therefore, nearer to Jesus, and never leave off living and walking with him. Be very close to his pierced side. Hide yourselves within his heart. Bathe yourselves in the waves of his eternal love."

"If you do not trust in Christ only, you cannot be saved. If you trust in your tears, prayers, works, persecutions or tribulations, you are certainly wrong, and walk far from the way of salvation. Such things are not Christ—such things are not your Saviour. Do not trust them, but only in Christ."

"It is good to shed tears of sadness, thinking on your sins; but shed them looking to Christ crucified. It is good to pray, and to pray more and more earnestly; but you ought to pray trusting only in the merits of Christ. It is good to do the good works of faith and love; it is good to increase more and more in fortitude, charity, purity, and meekness; but see that you don't put any confidence in your own works. It is good, if necessary, to suffer persecution, shame, and death itself for the sake of the name of Jesus. But we ought always to remember that it is not for the sake of our personal sorrow and suffering, but only for the sake of the sufferings which Christ endured, that we are saved."

"If we have Christ, we have all: without Christ we have nothing. You can be happy without money, without liberty, without parents, and without friends, if Christ is yours. If you have not Christ, neither money, nor liberty, nor parents, nor friends can make you happy. Christ with a chain is liberty; liberty without Christ is a chain. Christ without anything is riches; all things without Christ are poverty indeed."

Next week I will tell you something more about these persecuted Portuguese, and also, perhaps, about how some of their little children in Springfield, Ill., seemed to love Jesus. SPRINGFIELD, ILL., April, 1866.

A FACT—A WARNING.

I had a widow's son committed to my care. He was heir to a great estate. He went through the different stages, and finally left with a good moral character and bright prospects.

But during the course of his education he had heard the sentiment advanced—which I then supposed correct—that the use of wines was not only admissible, but a real auxiliary to the temperance cause.

After he had left college, for a few years he continued to be respectful to me. At length he became reserved; one night he rushed unceremoniously into my room, and his appearance told the dreadful secret. He said he came to talk with me. He had been told, during his senior year, that it was safe to drink wine, and by that idea he had been ruined. I asked him if his mother knew this. He said no; he had carefully concealed it from her.

I asked him if he was such a slave that he could not abandon the habit. "Talk not to me of slavery," said he; "I am ruined, and before I go to bed I shall quarrel with the barkeeper of the Tontine for brandy or gin to save my burning thirst."

In one month this young man was in his grave. It went to my heart. Wine is the cause of ruin to a great proportion of the young men of our country. Another consideration is, that the habit of conviviality and hospitality is now directed to the use of wine.

"You give up your wine and I will give up my rum," says the dram-drinker. "Once I would not yield to this. Now I think I ought, for the purpose of checking intemperance. I will not speak for others; but for me to do otherwise would be sin.—Prof. Goodrich.

RANK NO OBSTACLE.

A good story of President Lincoln comes to us from Germany. A lieutenant in one of the German armies, whom debts compelled to leave to leave his fatherland and service, succeeded in being admitted to the late President; and, by reason of his commendable and winning deportment and intelligent appearance, was promised a lieutenant's commission in one of our cavalry regiments. He was so enraptured with his success, that he deemed it a duty to inform the President that he belonged to one of the oldest noble houses in Germany. "O, never mind that," said Mr. Lincoln; "you will not find that to be an obstacle to your advancement."—Independent.

"I was invited to write for the prize, but for two reasons I abstained. First, I was too deeply engrossed in my present peculiar work; and secondly, I was conscious of an inability to write a fair hand. However, my penmanship is quite as good as that formerly with the right hand."

"I heard a lady in the cars lately detailing the sufferings, mortifications, and repinings of a young man who had lost his right arm in the service. He said at first everybody received him kindly, showed him sympathy, and gave him aid; but now it had come to be an old story, and he received no special attention, and found it difficult to find a position where he could gain a livelihood."

"I will say to you, my dear sir, that there are times when the deformity and inconvenience come across the mind, and disturb the equanimity of those who are full of ambition to make the best of whatever befalls. I do not believe that even the plaudits of a grateful people, or the conscious pride arising from the glorious rewards bestowed upon patriotic efforts, will be enough to sustain the one-armed man so as to make him cheerful, hopeful, and happy at all times, so as to enable him to forget all the nervous pains and sensitive feelings that constantly assail him."

"My only prescription is a complete surrender of the heart to Christ."

THE DONKEY AND THE HORSE. "Turn the pack-horse into the field," said the farmer, "and open the hay fence for him, I shall have stiff work for him to-morrow."

Next day the pack-horse was taken from the field, and laden with sacks of wool till his back was ready to break.

"Dear sir," replied the donkey, "I hope I know my place better. After the lecture you gave me yesterday, when I wanted a little of your hay, I wouldn't take the liberty of attempting to share your work; and I can assure you I've no greater wish to be a pack-horse to-day than you had yesterday to be a donkey."

THE SKELETON. Exactly fifty years ago the London Morning Chronicle published a poem, entitled "Lines on a Skeleton," which excited much attention.

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull, Once of ethereal spirit full; This narrow cell was life's retreat.

THE ONLY PRESCRIPTION. Gen. Howard, Superintendent of the Freedmen's Bureau, writes to the Rev. Dr. Bellows, in reply to a request that he compete for the prize of left-hand writing:

"I was invited to write for the prize, but for two reasons I abstained. First, I was too deeply engrossed in my present peculiar work; and secondly, I was conscious of an inability to write a fair hand. However, my penmanship is quite as good as that formerly with the right hand."

"I heard a lady in the cars lately detailing the sufferings, mortifications, and repinings of a young man who had lost his right arm in the service. He said at first everybody received him kindly, showed him sympathy, and gave him aid; but now it had come to be an old story, and he received no special attention, and found it difficult to find a position where he could gain a livelihood."

"I will say to you, my dear sir, that there are times when the deformity and inconvenience come across the mind, and disturb the equanimity of those who are full of ambition to make the best of whatever befalls. I do not believe that even the plaudits of a grateful people, or the conscious pride arising from the glorious rewards bestowed upon patriotic efforts, will be enough to sustain the one-armed man so as to make him cheerful, hopeful, and happy at all times, so as to enable him to forget all the nervous pains and sensitive feelings that constantly assail him."

"My only prescription is a complete surrender of the heart to Christ."

* Copyright secured.