Spe Kamily Eircle.

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

BY JOHN KEBLE.

The following version of the Twenty-third Psalm is said to have been a favorite with the author. It was sung over his own grave, with touching effect, we are told. It is a faithful echo of David's Harp. My Shepherd is the Lord; I know

No care, or craving need:
He lays me where the green herbs grow
Along the quiet mead. He leads me where the waters glide, The waters soft and still,
And homeward He will gently guide
My wandering heart and will.

He brings me on the righteous path, E'en for his name's dear sake. What if in vale and shade of death

My dreary way I take? I fear no ill, for Thou, O God! With me for ever art;
Thy shepherd's staff, Thy guiding rod,
'Tis they console my heart.

For me Thy board is richly spread In sight of all my foes; Fresh oil of Thine embalms my head, My cup of grace o'erflows.

O, nought but love and mercy wait Through all my life on me, And I within my Father's gate For long bright years shall be.

THE WILD DUCK SHOOTER.

BY JEAN INCELOW.

The charity of the rich is much to be commended, but how beautiful is the charity of the poor!

Call to mind the coldest day you ever experienced. Think of the bitter wind and driving snow; think how you shook and shivered-how the sharp white particles were driven up against your face-how within doors, the carpets were lifted like billows along the floors, the wind howled and moaned in the chimneys, windows creaked, doors rattled, and every now and then heavy lumps of snow came thundering down with a dull weight from the roof.

Now hear my story. In one of the broad, open plains of Lincolnshire, there is a long, reedy sheet of water, a favorite resort of wild ducks. At its northern extremity stand two mud cottages, old and out of řepair.

One bitter, bitter night, when the snow lay three feet deep on the ground, and a cutting east wind was driving it about, and whistling in the dry frozen reeds by the water's edge, and swinging the bare willow trees till their branches swept the ice, an old woman sat spinning in one of these cottages, before a moderately cheerful fire. Her kettle was singing on the coals; she had a reed candle, or home-made rush light on her table, but the full moon shone in, and was the brighter light of the two. These two cottages were far from any road, or any other habitations; the old woman was, therefore, surprised, as she sat drawing out her thread,

other cottage; but the door was bolt garments. ed, and the old woman rose, and shufof a youth.

sententiously; "tramping folk be not his muddy clothes in a heap upon the wanted here;" so saying, she went floor, and as she proceeded to lift them as freely and pleasantly," she observed, ished answer the door.

She heard him rap the snow from his awhile ago." shoes against her lintel, and again and he should surely gain admittance mother, a care-worn, hard-working if he could only make her hear.

audacity, went to the casement, and it and inquired his business.

"Good woman," the stranger began, "I only want a seat at your fire."

effect to her words by her uncouth dialect; "thou'lt get no shelter here; I've to a cottage door. broken up with the hatchet.

the person who told it to me, stopped by a squire. and said, "Do you think the old woman was very much to blame?"

She might have acted more kindly," I replied; "but why do you ask?" "Because," said he, "I have heard gentle birth; but while she hesitated to thought, 'thou shalt come in here for or, at least, you wouldn't have, if you her conduct so much reflected on by sit down, he set a chair for her, and the sake of Him that had not where to knew how I telt. And how could I some who would have thought nothing of it, if it had not been for the consequences."

"She might have turned him away

less roughly," I observed. "That is true," he answered; "but in any case, I think, though we might give them food or money, we should hardly invite beggers to sit by the fire.'

"Certainly not," I replied; "and fire. this woman could not tell that the beggar was honest."

with my narrative." The stranger the other dottage. The bitter wind broken a hole in the ice near the decoy, pullin' it away? Just stop the craturs and two boys walk in love together.—
helped to drive him toward it It but it had iced over so fast, that in the l'il hould it for ye."

in him. His hand was so numbed posed the sport had excited him so any noise; he tried again.

A rush candle was burning within, and a matronly-looking woman sat get shelter in the other cottage. before the fire. She held an infant in her arms, and had dropped asleep; out his third knock roused her, and wrapping her apron around the child, she opened the door a very little way, and demanded what he wanted.

"Good woman," the youth began, 'I have had the misfortune to fall into the water this bitter night, and am so numbed I can scarcely walk."

The woman gave him a sudden, earnest look, and then sighed.

"Come in," she said; "thou art so nigh the size of my Jem, I thought at first it was him come home from sea." the water dripped from them with every step he took on the sanded floor.

"Thou art in a sorry plight," said the woman, "and it be two miles to the nighest house; come and kneel down before the fire; thy teeth chatter so pitifully, I can scarcely bear to hear

them.' She looked at him more attentively, and saw that he was a mere boy, not more than sixteen years of age. Her motherly heart was touched for him. Art hungry?" she asked, turning to tion that he kissed the baby, for when the table: "thou art wet to the skin. What hast thou been doing?"
"Shooting wild ducks," said the

"O!" said his hostess, "thou art one of the keepers' boys, then, I reckon?"

He followed the direction of her set upon the table, with a small piece of bacon on each.

"My master be very late," she observed, for charity did not make her be a proud woman, thou sits and talks use elegant language, and by her master she meant her husband; "but thou art welcome to my bit and sup, for I was waiting for him; may be it will leaving her clinking the three half put a little warmth in thee to eat and crowns in her hand, and considering drink." So saying, she took up a mug | what she should do with them. Her of beer from the hearth, and pushed it neighbor from the other cottage at his failure, and at the success of toward him with her share of the presently stepped in, and when she

"Thank you," said the boy; "but I am so wet I am making quite a pool and jealously. "O! to think that "Go ahead Artj before your fire, with the drippings good luck should have come to her voices as he started. from my clothes.

"Ay, thou art wet, in leed," said the search, and presently came to the fire | nearly a week's wages!" with a perfectly clean check shirt in her hand, and a tolerably good suit of clothes. "There," said she, showing frost was sharper than ever. Sheep them with no small pride, "these be my master's Sunday clothes, and if thou wilt be very careful of them, I'll

song, to hear a sudden knock at the going to put her "bairn" to bed, and and it was many a long year since ing to the rock, began to make his proceeded up a ladder into the room It was loud and impatient, not like above, leaving the boy to array himthe knock of her neighbors in the self in these respectable and desirable looking out at her casement, she spied ger every moment that he would lose

When she came down her guest fling to the window, looked out, and had dressed himself in the laborer's saw a shivering figure, apparently that clothes; he had had time to warm himself, and he was eating and drinking young nobleman informed her that he over the steep rock he fell to the But O! not half so strange as that "Trampers!" said the old woman, with hungry relish. He had thrown back to the fire without deigning to up, she said, "Ah! lad, lad, I doubt in telling the story, " as if I had been thy head has been under water; thy a lady, and no less! and then he The youth, upon this, tried the door poor mother would have been sorely brought a parcel out of his pocket, and called to her to beg admittance. frightened, if she could have seen thee

"Yes," said the boy; and, in imagiknocked as if he thought she was deaf, nation, the cottage-dame saw this sad creature like herself; while the youth-The old woman, surprised at this ful guest saw, in imagination, a beautiful and courtly lady; and both saw with all the pride of possession, opened the same love, the same anxiety, the inside, all over gold and red morocco, struggling in the moonlight through inside; and, bless him! a ten pound breaking ice, with no one to help him, "Nay," said the old woman, giving catching at the frozen reeds, and then I'm sure, when I thought he was a and tried to comfort his suffering playcreeping up, shivering and benumbed,

naught to give to beggars, a dirty wet But even as she stooped, the woman eritter," she continued, wrathfully, forgot her imagination, for she had slamming-to the window. "It's a taken a waistcoat into her hands, such to sell what we grow; so now, thank "Forgive me Jarvis!" That was all wonder where he found any water, too, as had never passed between them God, we want for nothing." seeing it freezes so hard, a body can before; a gold pencil-case dropped from get none for the kettle, saving what's the pocket, and, on the floor, among a the little history, never failing to add Jarvis made them friends. And so, heap of mud, that covered the outer that the young lord kissed her baby. through Arty's long confinement, On this the beggar turned hastily garments, lay a white shirt-sleeve, so white, indeed, and fine, that she told you what I thought the best part could to cheer him; bringing his books

> owner. He had thrown down his cap, him with the best clothing her home made you so kind to me when you and his fair eurly hair and broad fore afforded, she answered simply, "Well, knew I hated you?" head, convinced her that he was of I saw him shivering and shaking, so I said, with boyish frankness, "I say, lay His head." what a lonely place this is! if you had not let me in, the water would have may open her door every night of her all frozen on me before I reached home.

myself!" "It is very cold sport that, sir," said the woman.

The young gentleman assented most readily, and asked if he might stir the

"And welcome, sir," said the woman. reward." She felt a curiosity to know who he "No," said he; "but I must go on was, and he partly satisfied her by remarking that he was staying at Dean turned very hastily from the door, and Hall, a house about five miles off, had taken on trial. "Be aisy, now," says liams stands "highest of all," for waded through the deep snow toward adding that in the morning, he had Pat. "Be assy, now, says Jarvis conquered by love, and the they did this, they said it was their just unfolding their charms, she artlessly Jarvis conquered by love, and the was their just unfolding their charms, she artlessly Jarvis conquered by love, and the was their just unfolding their charms, she artlessly just unfolding their charms are charmed to the she artlessly just unfolding their charms are charmed to the she are

looked no less poor than the first; and, dusk he had missed it and fallen in, when he had tried the door, found it for it would not bear him. He had bolted, and knocked twice without at- made some land-marks, and taken tracting attention, his heart sank with- every proper precaution, but he supwith cold, that he had made scarcely much that, in the moonlight, he had

passed them by. He then told her of his attempt to "Sir," said the woman, "if you had

said you were a gentleman-The boy laughed. "I don't think I knew it, my good woman," he replied, 'my senses were so benumbed; for I was some time struggling at the waters edge among the broken ice, and then I believe I was nearly an hour creeping up to your cottage door. I remember it all rather indistinctly, but as soon as I felt the fire and drank the

warm beer, I was a different creature.' While they still talked, the husband came in, and, while he was eating his supper, they agreed that he should walk The youth stepped across the thresh- to Dean Hall, and let its inmates know hold, trembling with cold and wet; of the gentleman's safety; and when often had trials of skill, or rather of and no wonder, for his clothes were he was gone they made up the fire completely encased in wet mud, and with all the coal that remained to that It was no easy task, for there was not lie down and rest before it.

In the gray of the dawn the laborer returned, with a servant leading a horse, and bringing a fresh suit of

The young gentleman took his leave with many thanks, slipping three half crowns into the woman's hand, probably all the money he had about him. And I must not forget to menshe tells the story, the mother always adverts to that circumstance with great pride, adding, that her child being as clean as wax, was quite fit to be kissed by anybody!"

"Missis," said the husband, as they stood in the doorway, looking after eyes, and saw two portions of bread their guest, "who dost think that be?"

"I don't know," answered the Missis. with lords, and asks them in to supper -ha, ha!" So saying, her master shouldered his spade and went his way, heart was ready to break with envy of them wished to quarrel with him. door, and she should have been so foolish as to turn it away. Seven shillings and sixpence for a morsel of food woman, and, rising again, she went to lings and sixpence for a morsel of food an old box in which she began to and a night's shelter—why, it was

So there, as they both supposed, the matter ended, and the next week the were frozen in the fenny fields, and poultry on their perches, but the good woman had walked to the nearest town they had been so comfortable.

three young gentlemen skating along the ice toward her cottage. They sprang on to the bank, took off their under him. He glanced down for a strange, my little friends, that they skates, and made for her door. The moment, and his foot slipped. Down drove so good a man from their island? 'and I've been over to B--,' he says and I hope you will accept it."

as could be for a matter of ten minutes. master came home, and we opened the parcel, and there was a fine Bible service in his power. And then he resame terror at sight of a lonely boy and my name and his name written Jarvis is a Christian." note doubled down over the names. him; and though he spoke hopefully, poor, forlorn creature, he was kindly mate, Arty saw the tears in his eyes, welcome. So my master laid out part and knew they were from sympathy of the money in tools, and we rented a And then Arty "came to himself" in garden, and he goes out on market days another way: he held out his hand,

Christian was asked what induced her their play. She glanced from the clothes to the to take in a perfect stranger, and trust

The old woman at the other cottage future life to some forlorn beggar, but now-"I have given my heart to Catch me duck-hunting again by it is all but certain that she will never Jesus; I'm trying to be a Christian; open it to a nobleman in disguise.

Let us do good, not to receive more good in return, but as an evidence of each other." gratitude for what has been already bestowed. In a few words, let it be boys were talking softly, but very 'all for love, and nothing for

"DIDN'T you tell me you could hold the plow?" said the farmer to an Irishman he HIGHEST OF ALL.

"Well, I'll do something yet to show them that I'm somebody. You wait. Jary Williams shall see it too,

the mean little chap.' "Don't be angry with Jarvis, Arty; he is a kind hearted, good boy. More than that. I believe he's a Christian. If you failed, and he won the prize, you know it's not because he has tried to injure you; and he would do you a kindness any time, if he had the op- from the Island of Madeira. portunity, I'm sure."

"I'll have my name above his yet, Marion; see if I don't. I'm bound for Martin's Ledge." And with a dark face and a darker heart, Arty Fisher left his gentle sister, who had failed to soften his hard feelings toward his classmate.

Martin's Ledge was the name of a huge rock that formed one side of a hill which was a favorite play-ground of the boys; and the larger of them strength, in climbing its steep front. poor household, and the poor woman very much for either hands or feet to orept up to bed and left her guest to get hold of, and the rock stood nearly the sport. Here and there upon its sunburnt and storm-beaten face were initial letters rudely cut, fifteen, twenty, thirty feet from its base-memorial marks of the climbers; and one could be seen fully forty feet high, where Tommy Black, who was always more venturesome than the rest, and who afterward went to sea, had managed to leave a large T, but who did not never would own that he felt dizzy, and didn't dare to stay longer, though the boys said it was so.

> play about Martin's Ledge. Arty telling that he was all ready to climb.

> Williams? Jarvis, and they also knew the un-

"Go ahead Arty!" cried several

He went rapidly up the ledge at first; but there was less and less to hold upon as he climbed higher, so that he got on slowly. Twenty-five feet, thirty, thirtyfive—the boys knew from old marks when he reached those points-forty, forty one; and the boys shouted, "Highest of all, Arty!" The face of the rock was almost without a break here: still he held on, and gained one foot more; forty-two-he was two feet let the wear them till thine be dry." and bought a blanket. It was a wel- higher than the bravest. Then he She then explained that she was come addition to their bed covering, managed to get out his tools, and clingmark. Slowly and painfully he work-But it chanced one day at noon, that ed on that letter A; for there was danhad had such a cold, he could not gaavel-bed below. He had made his come to see her before. "He spoke mark highest of all; but it was unfin-

Arty was carried home, bruised and bleeding and unconscious. He came to himself to find that a broken arm and other injuries were the result of 'and bought you a book for a keep-sake, the day's work. He learned, too, that and I hope you will accept it." little Jarvis Williams had been the hours after the accident, offering any membered his sister's words, "I believe

The next day, Jarvis came to see This is how she generally concluded heart, and a loving word in reply from And at this point in his narrative, thought it could hardly be worn but of the anecdote. When this poor and telling him all about the boys and

"Jarvis," said Arty one day, "what

"Don't, Arty; you didn't hate me; help coming to see you, when you were hurt so badly? Besides, Arty, and O, Arty! if you would only try with me, how much we could help

When Arty's sister came in, the earnestly.

There is a place in Arty's heart where are written the names of all his

For the Little Folks,

FAMILIAR TALKS-3D SERIES. III. BY REV. EDWARD PAYSON HAMMOND.*

THE PERSECUTED BIBLE READERS OF I must tell you, my dear little friends, something more in this number about the persecuted wanderers

A few days ago, while riding in the cars near Springfield, Ill., I met one of these Portuguese, who was cruelly driven away from home and friends by the persecuting Catholics of Madeira. I wish you could have seen him, and heard him talk, as I did. about what he suffered for Jesus. He was but a mere boy when, in the Island of Madeira, he first heard Dr. Madeira. We were born and educated in the Kalley read out of the Bible about Roman Catholic Church; we have always the Saviour's love in giving Himself to die in our stead. Though he had

Him in return. wait to add his other initial. Tommy those who hated the Saviour, if he re-"Then I'll just tell thee; that be ed its handle from his pocket, and cars, "I gave up a home in the beau-"Then I'll just tell thee; that be ed its handle from his pocket, and cars, "I gave up a home in the beau-young Lord W———; so thou mayest clinked against the iron chisel inside, tiful Island of Madeira, for Christ's before all the world." sake; but He has promised me a more "Now, boys, let's see if I can't put beautiful one in heaven. And I am my mark highest of all. I'll be first so glad," said he, "that I live in a free here, anyhow! Who cares for Jarv country, where I can read the Bible as much as I please. I am happier They all knew what had happened with the Bible and Jesus, as mine, at school. They knew Arty's vexation | than with all the money of Madeira. And God has answered my prayer for those in Madeira who drove me away, heard the tale and saw the money, her manly spirit he had shown; but none and some of them have since become Christians, and fled to this country. My own father and brother were among the number."

I might tell you of many other persecuted Portuguese whom I saw and talked with in Springfield; but I want to tell you something now of the hard work these people had to get away from their island home, off in the Atlantic Ocean. Dr. Kalley himself, who mind. had made so many sacrifices to teach these poor people the way to be saved through faith in Christ, came near being killed in trying to escape from the island. He had spent eight long years in efforts to do the people good; he had been a physician both to their souls and bodies; he had cured the sickness of hundreds and perhaps thousands of them. Above all, he had told them of the Great Physician. viour and seek to drive Him from this

Dr. Kalley gave up a pleasant home, with a library worth thousands of dol lars, and all he had, to save his life. But Jesus left his glorious home in heaven, came to this world, where He knew He would be murdered, and And then they all talked as pretty first to run for help, and to bring the gave Himself up a sacrifice for our surgeon; and that, with the heart of a sins, to save our lives. He was not and went away. So I waited till my brother, he had lingered near for obliged to do this; but such was his love for us, that He was willing to do it. His words in John x. 18 are: "I lay down my life. I have power to lay it down, I have power to take it again."

The flock that were left as sheep without a shepherd, after Dr. Kalley was driven away, were treated with every cruelty; their houses were broken into and plundered, their steps were watched by spies, hundreds of them had to flee away to the caves in he said, but it came from a penitent the mountains, and were there hunted down, and, like sheep, killed by these fiercer wolves. But they were true to their horses, lay down to sleep near an old their Saviour, they were more ready tree on fire. Eight days after this, a neighbor "But," said my friend, "I have not Jarvis came every day to do what he both one that I thought the best part could to cheer him hringing his books."

The priests gave orders to have all The priests gave orders to have all their Bibles seized and thrown into dead. One of the horses had broken loose,

the fire; but they contrived different been tied.—Journal. ways to keep them. Some had to bury them in the earth, others wrapped them in a cloth and hung them in trees where the leaves were thick. It is no wonder they were glad there There is no man who uses intoxicating was some way of escape from their drinks habitually, or even when ocwicked enemies. Two hundred of casion offers, but sleeps under a tree these were kindly received on board that is steadily burning off at the 1005 —and Jarvis's eyes were glistening of a ship called the "William of Glas- and it is leaning in the direction where gow," which brought them to this side he lies. And every man that lies of the Atlantic Ocean.

Among the two hundred passengers of the ship "William," was one family of Romanists, who had persecuted these very Bible readers who were fleeing for their lives. They were very poor, and all on board pitied them; and though these poor, persecuted ones had but little which they playmates whom he loves best, and on could call their own, they seemed that record the name of Jarvis Wil. glad to share it with those who had eldest rose was fading, but below and around before hated them. When asked why

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'Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, pray for them which despitefully

use you and persecute you." It may seem strange to you, my dear little friends, that these people should have been hated so much be. cause they loved to read in the Bible about the Saviour; but so it was. The priests found that whenever the Por. tuguese read the Bible, they no longer came to them to get their sins forgiven. but went straight to God, in Jesus' name, for pardon. When a company of them arrived in this country, fifty. eight of their number signed a paper. which I copy for you. It explains more fully the reasons why they were so much persecuted. It was not written for children; but still I think you will understand it.

"We, the undersigned, are all natives of

been in the habit of attending mass, confession, and various ceremonies, feasts and fasts hardly ever heard of Jesus, yet, as soon as he heard of what Jesus had suffered in our stead, he at once trustof the Church. We knew of no other way get hold of, and the rock stood nearly suffered in our stead, he at once trust-upright, and stretched away up some ed in Him, and was made a new crea-sixty feet; so that there was danger in ture. When he thought of how Jesus Bibles we received from him, we learned, for left his happy home in heaven, and the first time, that we must be saved by the was willing to come as an exile into blood of Jesus, and not by penance, and this world, to suffer for us, he felt Virgin and saints are not mediators, for there that he could never do enough for is only one mediator between God and man, and that is Christ Jesus. When we began Him in return.

His father was a rich Papist, able to give him all he needed; yet he loved Jesus and his cause, even more than read it. The priests began to take our Bibles father or mother. As he found that and to burn them. Many of the Bible readhe was almost sure of being killed by those who hated the Saviour, if he remained in the Island of Madeira, he from our homes and our country—have wanfled away, with many others, on board | dered in mountains and slept in caves be he boys said it was so.

a ship to this country. He told me to live according to its precepts, and for no other reason. We were compelled, by the many of the boys were, as usual, at in a little, low cellar, to save his life. priests and Government in Madeira, to flee With a face lit up with joy, he said to away and leave all our goods, and houses Fisher joined them. A hammer show- me, as we were riding along in the and lands, and on this account we are destitute in a strange country. To the truth of

Some of these very people have now lived for years in Springfield, and their good lives have proved the truth of the above words.

How thankful should you be, my little friend, that you live in a land of Bibles and Sabbath-schools, and that you can read about the Saviour, who loved us and died for us, as often as you choose. I hope that, like a good many of these dear little Portuguese children in Springfield, you will learn to trust Jesus, and then you will meet them in heaven. Or, better still, I hope you have come to Jesus, and so, by believing in Him, got a new, "Bible-loving heart." And if so, you will understand these simple little lines, which have just come into my

THE PRECIOUS BIBLE.

I love the precious Bible, Which God himself has given To teach the old and children too The way that leads to heaven.

I love the precious Bible; 'Tis full of life and truth;
'Twill guide me from the path of sin,
And shield my tender youth.

I love the precious Bible It tells me of a Friend Who died to save my soul from death;

He'll keep me to the end. I love the precious Bible; It speaks of Jesus' love, Who for my soul was crucified,

That I might live above. I love the precious Bible; No wonder people die Rather than part with that dear book, Which came from God on high

I love the precious Bible; So did the Portuguese Who left their native island To read it all in peace.

They loved the precious Bible More than all earth beside; And sooner than part with it, In caves they had to hide.

They loved the precious Bible, And kept it, though they died; They felt they ne'er could learn enough Of Christ, the Crucified.

O, yes, I love the Bible; Lord, help me to obey All that is written in thy word, And read it every day. Springfield, Ill., April, 1866.

SLEEPING UNDER A BURNING TREE.

A couple of gentlemen living on Bouf River, in Louisiana, were out hunting hogs, when, becoming tired, they dismounted, and hitching

Nothing is more common than this recklessness. Myriads sleep under a burning tree every day of their lives. down to sleep with his sins unforgiven, sleeps where the burning tree will crush him, sooner or later, unless he remove his sleeping-place. Moldering skeletons of the dead lie thick around him. Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead !- Boston Recorder.

THE attention of a little girl being called to a rosebush, on whose topmost stem the which three beautiful orimson buds were these little buds have just awakened in time to kiss their mother before she died.