

Eye Family Circle.

(For the American Presbyterian.) ONLY A LITTLE BROOK.

A little girl about nine years old was dying. She had felt great fear of death, but just at the last moment, a look of rapture came over her face, and exclaiming, "Mother it's only a little brook," she breathed her last. I saw the incident in the Norfolk Virginian.

All night beside the dying child, the mother watched and wept. With gentle touch she smoothed her brow, and back the ringlets swept. She held the little dimpled hand, that clung to her's so tight. And strove to calm the trembling heart, that shuddered with affright.

The rounded cheek, all fever-flushed, was paling hour by hour. The violet eyes were growing dim; the lovely household flower was fading fast! No mortal love, could stay the angel hand, that came to bear the darling child, to the far better land.

O, earthly love! O, mother love! it's bitter work to say "Thy will be done," when Christ's sweet will, would take our babes away; When little steps we guided first along life's "morning street," Are tottering where the eternal seas rush by with sounding feet.

"O, mother, help me!" cried the child, "For I am sore afraid; I know that Jesus loves my soul! but I would fain have stayed Right here in this dear home of ours, with every one I love; It seems so lonely in that great wide heavenly land above!"

"It seems so far! those cruel waves are capped with crested foam; I'm all alone! and I must leave my mother and my home!" "If I could feel the 'Saviour's' arm around me, folding strong, I think the way would hardly seem so weary and so long."

The mother knelt beside the bed, and lifted up her prayer To Him, whose ear is never shut to sounds of man's despair; He heard, and sent on swiftest wing, a minister of light, To open those timid eyes, a glimpse of glory bright.

All swiftly through the fields of air the kindly spirit sped; All noisily he entered in, and hovered o'er her bed. The pallid watchers only saw the morning wan and gray, That came to bear their darling one, from earthly love away.

They only saw the cold blue light, that barred the eastern sky; They only saw the purple flush, when came the sunrise high; They only heard the morning wind about the casement moan, They could not see, they could not hear, what came to her unknown.

But suddenly the violet eyes were opened in sweet surprise. The parted lips were smiling now, she saw the fair sunrise. The brightness of another land, where never night shall come, The golden gleam, the diamond sheen, of our immortal home.

"O, mother!" cried the little voice, with sweet triumphant tone, "I'm not afraid! I'm not afraid! I am not all alone: The river's rushing at my feet, I did not dare to look; But heaven is on the other side! it's just a little brook!"

That day, they wept with salt, salt tears, about the form so cold; They parted round the marble face, the sunny curls of gold; But up in yonder shining land, the land of song and story, Another harp was thrilling to the touch of one in glory. M. E. M.

NEVER GIVE UP.

[From a little volume entitled "What to do," in press by the Presbyterian Publication Committee, by the Author of "Piety and Pride," &c. &c.]

"I cannot! I'm sure I shall never be able to learn this hard lesson!" said little Fred, stamping his foot, throwing down his book, and almost crying with anger. "I won't learn it, either!"

Fred did not see that his mother was standing in the door-way looking at him, for his back was toward it—"Fred! Freddy!" she said, coming into the room, "suppose you try once more. Try, try again, the little song says. You must not give up so, my boy."

"But, mother," said Fred, "there is no use in my trying. I shall never be able to learn it! never!"

"Very well, my son," said Mrs. Brown, "lay aside your books, while I read to you, what Solomon says, 'He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand, but the hand of the diligent maketh rich.' Do you wish to grow up to be an ignorant man?"

"No, ma'am."

"Then, my son, go diligently to work over your books. 'Never give up' is an excellent motto for a boy. Try again, Fred, never give up. Life is called a battle, and if we would be conquerors, we must be persevering and diligent."

Not many days after, Fred came running into his mother's room, holding an open book in his hand. "Mother! mother!" he said, "I wanted to do as you told me, and I did not wish to be a stupid man; so I tried, and tried again, to learn this hard lesson. Now I can say every word of it. Just hear me, mother."

Yes, Fred had learned his lesson perfectly. "Now, my son," his mother said, "ever remember that, to accomplish our object, we must never give up before we try. Persevere; be diligent. With folded hand we can do nothing."

"I'll do better next time, mother," said Fred, as he ran off, delighted with Paul Deane's. How much better and doer! He felt, than if he had given any other name to his books away!

"No, no; I'll never give up again," he said, "and by-and-by I'll be a man, and do something for mother."

Fred had a kind mother, who worked very hard to support him; he knew this, and would often say to himself, "Never mind, I'm going to work for her by-and-by." But poor Fred gave up too easily. Let us see if the hard lesson had taught him that by perseverance we can accomplish great things.

The hard lesson having been really learned, Fred felt encouraged to go on trying to overcome greater difficulties. "If I can do one thing," he said, "I can do another. I mean to try, and as mother says, 'never give up.'"

From the very bottom of the class, Fred began to find himself slowly going up; until, one day he was at the head. Purely from trying, and never giving up.

Daily he watched his mother working for him. "Why can't I do something to help her?" he said, "I'm twelve years old. I will; yes, I will." These thoughts were passing through his mind one morning, as he walked down the street with his little dog at his side. Turning his head to look into a handsome store-window, he saw on a paper inside, "A boy wanted."

"A boy wanted," he read it over and over, while his heart beat against his breast. "If I could get a place like that," he said, "why I could help mother, I'm sure I could." His thoughts were full of it, and he ran as fast as he could to ask his mother if he might, not try to get the place.

She gave her consent, "for," she said, "Fred, I'm obliged to take you from school for awhile, because I cannot pay the bills. You may try, my boy."

Fred was very impatient to be off at once, lest some one else should have procured the place before him. He made himself very neat, brushed his clothes, and blacked his shoes as brightly as possible. Then, eating his dinner, he hurried back to the store.

The paper was still in the window, and with a great fluttering at his heart, Fred walked into the fine store.

"I'm afraid," said the gentleman, "that you are too small."

"I'm twelve years old, sir," said Fred, standing very erect, "and I could try."

The gentleman smiled, and said, "I should like to have you, my boy, if you were only a little stouter. I don't think that you would be able to take home large bundles like that; would you?"

"I could try, sir; mother says, we ought never to give up."

"You are the right kind of a boy, my son. I'll give you a trial—you may come in the morning."

Fred was almost breathless with delight; he ran home as fast as his feet could carry him, to tell his mother of his success. "Mother," he said, "I'm glad I got that hard lesson; because now, whenever I feel like giving up, I think of it; and I say to myself, I won't give up yet. I'll try again. I mean to be a rich man some day; so as to take care of you."

"Go on, my dear boy," his mother said, "persevere, but don't forget that it is God who giveth us the power to do. Ask him to keep you from temptation and sin, and to help you to overcome the difficulties that may come in your way."

Fred determined to follow his mother's advice; and he entered upon his duties resolving to do his best, and never to give up if he could help it. He got very tired at first, running here and there with heavy bundles; but then he said to himself, "I learned that hard lesson; and if I go on trying I shall get a better place by-and-by." Thus, he comforted himself one hot summer day, as he carried along several bundles strapped together, and slung across his shoulder. He stopped for a moment to rest on the steps of a fine house, for he was very warm and tired; and while he was wiping the perspiration from his brow, the door was opened, and Mr. C——, the proprietor of the store he was in, came out.

"Ah, Fred, is that you?" he said, "you look tired."

Fred thought for a moment, before he answered. For would it be brave or manly to say he was tired?

"This very warm sir," he said, with a slight shake of his head.

"That it is, my boy," said the gentleman, smiling, to see with what an air of confidence Fred shouldered his burden.

For two whole years Fred remained errand boy in Mr. C——'s handsome store. His motto had always been, never give up! Temptations and difficulties had frequently come in his way, but he had not forgotten the hard lesson, and his mother's daily admonition, "Trust in God, my son, and never give up trying to do right." So, on Fred battled his way, gradually gaining the good opinion and confidence of those around him. His wages had from time to time been increased, and now he was really able to do something to help his mother.

"Mother! mother!" he exclaimed, bounding into the room on New-year's eve, "look here! look here! Mr. C—— has given me a twenty-dollar gold-piece for a New-year's gift, and here is a note and a dress-pattern for you!"

"My boy! my darling boy!" said Mrs. Brown, lifting her hands.

"This comes from not giving up. Let us read the note."

Better—better still, Mr. C—— had offered Fred a situation behind the counter, and much better pay.

O, it was a happy, happy evening to Fred and his mother.

"I'm glad I learned that hard lesson," cried Fred; "it taught me never to give up."

"God bless you, my son," said his mother, with tearful eyes, "and lead you ever in the right way!"

Eight years longer Fred labored on in the same store; never giving up, though he had often felt like it. He persevered in everything, until he gained a thorough knowledge of the business, and had made himself indispensable to the house. Another change has taken place in Fred's circumstances. He is a partner now. See him walking arm in arm down the street with that elderly gentleman! How pleasantly they seem to be talking now, as they stand before a pretty cottage-garden.

It is Fred's new home, to which he has just taken his mother; there she is coming to meet them, with smiling face. Fred supported his mother now. She no longer sits up late to sew by candle-light for him; there is no need for that. Fred was a kind, good son. The hard lesson had taught him how to be successful in life.

Think of Fred, my dear children, if you should be tempted to give up, and to say, "I can't!" Do as he did; "Try, try again." "Go on—don't give up. What is to hinder you from succeeding as well as Fred?"

It was very pleasant to Fred, after the week's labors were over, to be able to spend one day out of the seven—the Sabbath-day—between church and home. It is Sabbath-morning, and Fred and his mother are going to church. Fondly she leans upon his arm. And how carefully he guides her steps, for she is not strong. The bells are ringing, calling God's people together to worship Him.

Just watch the people—see how kindly they extend their hands to the young man who has risen so happily by God's blessing on his exertions and perseverance.

Don't give up, my boys! Remember, there is no disgrace in honest labor. If you do not succeed the first time, try again. Learn the hard lesson. Overcome the difficulties by repeated efforts. Trust in God and do good, and "verily thou shalt be fed." He will help you, if you ask Him. He will be your strength and your guide, if you trust in Him. Don't give up!

THE ART OF WIFE PRESERVING.

A woman must make herself obvious to her husband, or he will drift out beyond her horizon. She will be to him very nearly what she wills and works to be. Unless she adapts herself to her husband, he will fall into the arrangement, and the two will fall apart. I do not mean that they will quarrel, but they will lead separate lives. They will be no longer husband and wife. There will be a domestic alliance, but no marriage. A predominant interest in the same objects binds them together after a fashion; but marriage is something beyond that. If a woman wishes and purposes to be the friend of her husband—if she would be valuable to him; not simply as the nurse of his children and the directress of his household, but as a woman fresh and fair and fascinating to him, intrinsically lovely and attractive, she should make an effort for it. It is not by any means a thing that comes of itself. She must read, and observe, and think, and reach up to it. Men, as a general thing, will not tell you so. They talk about having the slippers ready, and enjoin women to be domestic. But men are blockheads—dear, and affectionate, and generous blockheads—benevolent, large hearted, and chivalrous—kind, and patient, and hard-working, but stupid where women are concerned. Indispensable and delightful as they are in real life, pleasant and comfortable as women actually find them, not one in ten thousand but makes a dunce of himself the moment he opens his mouth to theorize about women. Besides, they have an axe to grind. The pretty things they inculcate—slippers and coffee, and care and courtesy—ought indeed to be done, but the others ought not to be left undone. And to the former, women seldom need to be exhorted. They take to them naturally. A great many more women follow boorish husbands, with fond little attentions than wound affectionate ones by neglect. Women domesticate themselves to death already. What they want is cultivation. They need to be stimulated to develop a large, comprehensive, catholic life, in which their domestic duties shall have an appropriate niche, and not dwindle down to a narrow and servile one, over which those duties shall spread and occupy the whole space.

There are women less foolish. They see their husbands attracted in other directions more often and more easily than in theirs. They have too much sterling worth and profound faith to be vulgarly jealous. They fear nothing like shame or crime; but they feel that the fact that their own pre-occupation with homely household duties precludes real companionship, the interchange of emotions, thoughts, sentiments, a liv-

ing and palpable and vivid contact of mind with mind, of heart with heart. They see others whose leisure ministers to grace, accomplishments, piety, and attractiveness, and the moth flies toward the light by his own nature. Because he is a wise and virtuous and honorable moth, he does not dart into the flame. He does not even scorch his wings. He never thinks of such a thing. He merely circles around the pleasant light sunning himself in it without much thought one way or another, only feeling that it is pleasant; but meanwhile Mrs. Moth sits at home in darkness mending the children's clothes, which is not exhilarating. Many a woman who feels that she possesses her husband's affection misses something. She does not secure his fervor, his admiration. His love is honest and solid, but a little dormant, and therefore dull. It does not brace, and tone, and stimulate. She wants not the love only, but the keenness, and edge, and flavor of the love, and she suffers untold pangs. I know it, for I have seen it. It is not a thing to be uttered. Most women do not admit it even to themselves; but it is revealed by the lift of the eyelash, by a quiver of the eye, by a tone of the voice, by a trick of the finger.—Gail Hamilton.

SIR WALTER SCOTT ON THE SABBATH.

It may not be without its use the submitting to our readers the following opinion on the Sabbath question, of one whom none could certainly accuse of bigotry, namely, Sir Walter Scott. It is taken from the Quarterly Review, of 1828: "If we believe in the Divine origin of the commandment, the Sabbath is instituted for the express purposes of religion. The time set apart is the Sabbath of the Lord,—a day on which we are not to work our own works, or think our own thoughts. The precept is positive, and the purpose clear. For our eternal benefit, a certain space of every week is appointed, which, sacred from all other avocations save those imposed by necessity and mercy, is to be employed in religious duties. The Roman Catholic Church, which lays so much force on observances merely ritual, may consistently suppose that the time claimed is more than sufficient for the occasion, and dismiss the peasants, when mass is over, to any game, or gambol which their fancy may dictate, leaving it with the priest to do on behalf of the congregation what further is necessary for the working out of their salvation. But this is not Protestant doctrine, though it may be imitated by Protestant Churches. The religious part of a Sunday's exercise is not to be considered as a bitter medicine, the taste of which is, as soon as possible, to be removed by a bit of sugar. On the contrary, our demeanor through the rest of the day ought to be not sullen, certainly, but tending to instruction. Give to the world one-half of the Sunday, and you will find that religion has no strong hold of the other. Pass the morning at church, and the evening according to your taste or rank, in the cricket-field, or at the opera, and you will soon find thoughts of the evening hazards and bets intrude themselves on the sermon, and the recollections of the popular melody interfere with the Psalms. Religion is thus treated like Lear, to whom his ungrateful daughters first denied one-half of his stipulated attendance, and then made it a question whether they should grant him any share of what remained."

FOR WHAT CHILDREN ARE MOST GRATEFUL.

Parents spend a life of toil in order to leave their children wealth, to secure them social position or other worldly advantages. I do not understand the worth of these things. Had they not been valuable, there would not have been so many providential arrangements impelling men to seek them. I would not only show that there is something of infinitely greater value, not only to the parent, but to be transmitted to the child. What does the child most love to remember? I never heard a child express any gratification or pride that a parent had been too fond of accumulating money, though the child at that moment was enjoying that accumulation. But I have heard children, though their inheritance had been crippled and cut down by it, with a glow of satisfaction on their features, that a parent had been too kind-hearted, too hospitable, too liberal and public-spirited to be a very prosperous man. A parent who leaves nothing but wealth or similar social advantages to his children, is apt to be speedily forgotten.

However it ought to be, parents are not particularly held in honor by children because of the worldly advantages they leave them. There is comparative little gratitude for this. The heir of an empire hardly thanks him who bequeathed it. He more often endeavors before his time to thrust him from his throne. But let a child be able to say my father was a just man, he was affectionate in his home, he was tender-hearted, he was useful to the community, and loved to do good in society, he was a helper of the young, the poor, the unfortunate; he was a man of principle, liberal, upright, devout—and the child's me-

memory cleaves to that parent. He honors him, reveres him, treasures his name and his memory, thinks himself blessed in having had such a parent, and the older he grows, instead of forgetting, only reveres and honors and remembers him the more. Here is experience and affection sitting in judgment on human attainments. It shows what is most worth the seeking.—Ephraim Peabody.

SABBATH-SCHOOL WORK.

"Teacher! who sitt'st with little band, Leading their thoughts to the better land! Telling of Jesus, whose dying love Hath purchased for them the joys above, Rejoice that to thee the work is given, Of turning those youthful minds to heaven."

Is it not a glorious sight to go to some small, quiet village where no Christian Church is found, but where, from Sabbath to Sabbath, the friends of Christ gather the children, to tell them of Jesus? What thoughts come to the heart, as we sit and look upon the bright countenances of those children! What changes may come to them! The boy to-day may be the noble-hearted, earnest Christian of coming years. This little garden of the Lord's hath only immortal flowers, not one shall cease to live, they shall blossom and bloom to win others in paths of peace and eternal happiness, to make the world more beautiful, to fill it with praises to the Creator; or they shall be those flowers which receive the sunshine and the rain, God's gifts, only to lead others into paths of eternal death. Yes, each child here has its work to do.

It was said by one, as she passed through Westminster Abbey, and looked upon the splendid monuments of poets and sculptors, warriors and statesmen, of kings and queens, that all these faded away as she stood by one which bore the name of "Isaac Watts." She says: "I could only remember the hour when my mother, kneeling by me, taught me the child's petition which this very Watts long years before had framed." Could he look down from the walls of the Golden City and behold the hundreds which visit that grave, or the thousands which his hymns have blessed, truly he would feel how little he knew of the fruit of his life while he was on earth.

It is said that, after the death of the missionary Stoddard, at the still evening hour, those whom he had taught would go to his grave and sing sweet songs of Zion; and, says one who listened to those songs, "Who could wish a better monument than those songs of victory which arose above that lonely grave in the still evening air of a Persian sky?"

So the teacher in the Sabbath-school may, from week to week, be building a monument more durable than marble; there he may so bend the twig, that it may grow up a beautiful fruit-bearing tree in the vineyard of the Lord. Labor will not be lost in this work, for as the Master hath said, so it will be, that "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones, a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."—Boston Recorder.

REMARKABLE ESCAPES OF EMINENT MEN.

Some years ago, a young man holding a subordinate position in the East India Company's service, twice attempted to deprive himself of life, by snapping a loaded pistol at his head. Each time the pistol missed fire. A friend entering his room shortly afterward, he requested him to fire it out of the window; it then went off with out any difficulty. Satisfied thus that the weapon had been duly primed and loaded, the young man sprang up, exclaiming, "I must be reserved for something great," and from that moment gave up the idea of suicide, which for some time previous had been uppermost in his thoughts. That young man afterward became Lord Clive.

Two brothers were on one occasion walking together, when a violent storm of thunder and lightning overtook them. One was struck dead on the spot; the other was spared, else would the name of the great reformer, Martin Luther, have been unknown to mankind.

The holy St. Augustine, having to preach in a distant town, took with him a guide, who, by some unaccountable means, mistook the usual road and fell into a by-path. He afterward heard that his enemies, having heard of his movements, had placed themselves in the proper road, with the design of murdering him.

Bacon, the sculptor, when a tender boy of five years old, fell into the pit of a soap-boiler, and must have perished had not a workman, just entering the yard, observed the top of his head, and delivered him.

When Oliver Cromwell was an infant, a monkey snatched him from his cradle, leaped with him through a garret window, and ran along the leads of the house. The utmost alarm was excited among the inmates, and various were the devices used to rescue the child from the guardianship of his newly-found protector. All were unavailing; his would-be rescuers had lost courage, and were in despair of ever seeing the baby alive again, when the monkey quietly retraced his steps

and deposited his burden safely on the bed. On a subsequent occasion, the waters had well-nigh quenched his insatiable ambition. He fell into a deep pond, from drowning in which a clergyman, named Johnson, was the sole instrument of his rescue.

At the siege of Leicester, a young soldier, about seventeen years of age, was drawn out for sentry duty. One of his comrades was very anxious to take his place. No objection was made, and this man went. He was shot dead while on guard. The young man first drawn afterward became the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress."

Doddridge, when born, was so weakly an infant, he was believed to be dead. A nurse standing by fancied she saw some signs of vitality. Thus the feeble spark of life was saved from being extinguished, and an eminent author and consistent Christian preserved to the world.

John Wesley, when a child, was only just preserved from fire. Almost the moment after he was rescued, the roof of the house where he had been fell in. Of Philip Henry a similar instance is recorded.

John Knox, the renowned Scotch reformer, was always wont to sit at the head of the table with his back to the window. On one particular evening, without, however, being able to account for it, he would neither himself sit in the chair nor permit any one else to occupy his place. That very night a bullet was shot in at the window purposely to kill him; it grazed the chair in which he sat, and made a hole in the foot of a candlestick on the table.

Many years have now elapsed since three subalterns might have been seen struggling in the water off St. Helena; one of them, peculiarly helpless, was fast succumbing. He was saved to live as Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington.

The life of John Newton is but the history of a series of marvelous deliverances. As a youth he had agreed to accompany some friends on board of a man-of-war. He arrived too late; the boat in which his friends had gone was capsized and all its occupants drowned. On another occasion, when tide surveyor in the port of Liverpool, some business had detained him, so that he came much later than usual, to the great surprise of those who were in the habit of observing his undeviating punctuality. He went out in the boat, as heretofore, to inspect a ship, which blew up before he reached her. Had he left the shore a few minutes sooner he must have perished with the rest on board.

THE FIRST AMERICAN TRAITOR.

On the 14th day of June, 1801, at Gloucester Place, London, at the age of sixty-one years, died Benedict Arnold, the first American traitor. Like the traitors of the present time, he was employed and trusted by his country, received promotion and honor at its hands, and then, because a check had been temporarily put to his ambition, basely betrayed the nation that had reposed confidence in him. His fate was that of all traitors. Cursed by the country he had betrayed, he was scorned and despised by the nation to whom he had dishonorably sold himself. At last, unhonored, unpitied, he died in merited obscurity, and has become a synonym of the basest treachery wherever the English language is spoken. The following acoustic on the name of Benedict Arnold, containing the fiercest invective of his treason, is ascribed to the pen of his cousin, Oliver Arnold. It is unsurpassed in bitterness.

Born for a curse to virtue and mankind, Earth's broadest realm ne'er knew so black a mind, Night's sable veil your crime can never hide, Each one so great 'twould glut historic tide. Defunct, your cursed memory will live, In all the glare that infamy can give; Curses of ages will attend your name, Traitors alone will glory in your shame.

Almighty vengeance sternly waits to roll Rivers of sulphur on your treacherous soul, Nature looks shuddering back with conscious dread On such a tarnished blot as she has made; Let hell receive you, riveted in your chains, Doomed to the hottest focus of its flames.

British sentiment concerning this American traitor is sufficiently shown by the following extract from the Proceedings of Parliament:

"March 20, 1782. On the Earl of Surry's rising in Parliament, to make his motion about removing ministers, he happened to spy Arnold, the American seceding general, in the House, and sent him a message to depart, threatening, in case of refusal, to move for breaking up the gallery; to which the general answered that he was introduced there by a member. To which Lord Surry replied, he might, under that condition, stay, if he would promise never to enter it again. With which General Arnold complied. This is the second instance of public disrespect he had met with; the king having been forced to engage his royal word not to employ or pension him—a just reward for treachery, which is ever odious."—Curwen, page 338.

Unless the world is degenerating, the names of Jeff. Davis, Floyd & Co. will yet be equally odious to all men.

A GERMAN PRINCESS, Maria Dorothea, took leave of a Christian missionary with these words: "Christians never part for the last time—Adieu."