to take care of you and keep you The Family Circle.

THE HIGHWAY TO MOUNT CALVARY. Repair to Pilate's hall Which place when thou hast found, There shalt thou see a pillar stand To which thy Lord was bound. 'Tis easy to be known By any Christian eye; The bloody whips do point it out From all that stand thereby.

A little from that place, Upon the left-hand side, There is a curious portlie door, Right beautiful and wide. Leave that in any wise, Forbid thy foot go thither; For out thereat did Judas go, Despair and he together.

But to the right hand turn, Where is a narrow gate, Forth which St. Peter went to weep His poor distrest estate. Do imitate the like, Go out at sorrow's door, Weep bitterly as he did weep, That wept to sin no more.

By this direction, then, The way is understood— No porch, no door, nor hall to pass, Unsprinkled with Christ's blood. So shall no error put Misguiding steps between, For every drop sweet Jesus shed Is freshly to be seen.

A crown of piercing thorns There lies imbrued in gore! The garland that thy Saviour's head For thy offences wore; Which when thou shalt behold, Think what his love hath been, Whose head was laden with those briers T' unload thee of thy sin.

Follow his feet that goes For to redeem thy loss, . And carries all our sins with Him To cancel on his cross. Look on with liquid eyes, And sigh from sorrowing mind, To see the death's-man go before, The murdering troupes behind

Then press amongst the throng, Thyself with sorrows wed; Get very near to Christ and see What tears the women shed; Tears that did turn Him back, They were of such a force-Tears that did purchase daughter's names, Of Father's kind remorse.

Think on their force by tears-Tears that obtained love; Where words too weak could not persuade How tears had power to move Then look toward Jesus' load, More than He could endure, And how for help to bear the same A hireling they procure.

Join thou unto the cross, Bear it of love's desire; Do not as Cyrenæus did, Who took it up for hire. The voluntary death That Christ did die for thee, Gives life to none but such as joy Cross-bearing friends to be.

Up to Mount Calvary If thou desire to go, Then take thy cross and follow Christ, Thou canst not miss it so. When thou art there arrived His glorious wounds to see, Say but as faithful as the thief, "O Lord, remember me."

Assure thyself to have A gift all gifts excelling, Once sold by sin, once bought by Christ, For saints eternal dwelling. By Adam, Paradise Was sin's polluted shade; By Christ, the dunghill Golgotha A Paradise was made. [Samuel Rowland, 16th century.

from all harm?" "Yes; and I think I know what you mean. The journey is my life, and the friend is God."

long, weary way. At first it leads and listen to your faintest whisper. To resent slights is natural and easy; through pleasant fields, with but now He was a little child once, and He but you may depend upon it, it is not and then a cloud to sadden you or a knows just how hard it is to pass by the spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ. thorn to pierce your tender feet; but the "lions." He loves you, and will "He that is slow to anger is better by and by there will be more lions, gently, very gently carry you over the than the mighty; and he that ruleth more clouds, and very many rough rough, thorny places, if you will let his spirit, than he that taketh a city." places for you to pass over. This Him. Mothers, let your children know To keep in check the pride and anger Friend will go with you all the way, if you will only take His offered hand." "Will the naughty lions eat Harry up?"

"No, pet; the lions are the temptations that are ever near us, and if we yield to them, they will do us more the jewels in your crown of rejoicing fest?" For except we have the spirit harm than a roaring lion. Don't Clara remember eating the nice cake in the pantry? When mamma asked her if she had done it, did not something say, 'Tell her no'?"

"Yet I didn't, grandpa," said the little one with a joyous smile

"No; you conquered the lion, shut his mouth up so he couldn't bite, by saying 'Yes.' Next time it wont be so hard to say it. 'Tis these prayers that help us to do right. My mother prayed for her little boy very long ago, when I did not need this cane to support my trembling form.

'I remember once in particular; it was in this season of the year. went with my father to the mill, and while we were there, a boy by the name of Martin came along, and asked if I might go with him and see them cut grain with horses. That was before there had been many machines; the grain was nearly all cut with a hook. Father thought Martin was not a good boy; but I plead so hard, he let me go after I promised to return very soon. We hastened away and followed on and on after the brightlycolored machine. I was so pleased with it that I forgot my promise till it began to grow dark; then I begged Martin to go home with me, for I dared not go alone. He would not leave till after supper, and I, too sad and tired to eat, went out behind the house and threw myself down upon the grass. O, how I longed to be at home in my own dear little bed!

"We went across the fields till we were out of sight of the house. Then Martin refused to go farther, saying, We must lie down here and stay till morning.' I besought him with tears to go on, though I was very tired. He still refused, and at last I laid down. There were myriads of stars as possible. He crossed him whenshining brightly above us, and the ever he could; found fault with him, soft breeze rustled through the corn; | and took every chance of showing his but I could think of nothing but dislike to him before his fellow-clerks; home. I seemed to hear mother's voice talking to God about her lost boy. I could see her bending to kiss sister 'good-night,' while her tears fell upon the pillow because of her naughty son.

slumber, disturbed by terrible dreams. thought of his widowed mother and perance to make money, and as you Drops of water falling in my face his dear young brothers and sisters, say, 'Money makes the mare go,' Bill awoke me, and I started up in terror. and he determined not to be troubled. Meyers, bring out your mare, and I'll Dark clouds hid the bright stars, "This is a part of the discipline," he fierce lightning flashed through the would say to himself. "It is not half blackness, and deep-muttering thun-

The children went out hand in hand, thoughts.

"You are right, Harry, and it's a His great white throne, bend down cious Saviour. you talk to God as if He were your which is apt to spring up in our hearts soul? Do you believe this faithful Father. In the sacred hours of even- is perhaps the hardest thing that we ing, in the bright, joyous morning, are to do. Yet how much easier it is bend the knee with them and teach if, when tempted, as we often are, we their lisping voices to repeat our would bridle our lips sufficiently long Father's name; and it may be, at the to ask, "How would Jesus have me last, you will find them numbered as do? What spirit would He manion the other shore.

A TRUE SPIRIT.

A convert in India, entreated to give up the Christian religion, said: "I love Jesus Christ beause he loved me, and I must obey Him. Even if I knew heaven were full, and there was no room for me, I should still love Him, and live for His honor and glory.' Efforts were made to convince him by argument. He said: "Should they even be able to bring sophistical arguments which I could not answer, I should not be troubled. I have an inward experience of the love of Christ which can never be shaken or removed !" His relatives wept over him as going to perdition. He said to the missionary: "Threats I can bear; arguments do not shake me; but the hardest thing to bear is the persecution of tears. It almost breaks my heart to hear them; but not even for this can I leave Christ."

Other converts and inquirers in his native village were told that he was about to return to his old faith. He said: "Should I go back, they would all be discouraged. I thank God that he has helped me to stand firm for their sakes. No; if my own soul were nct worth saving, I would cling to Christ, in order to bring them to him also !" Surely this is the spirit of primitive consecration and endurance.

HOW WOULD JESUS HAVE ME DO?" There is much power in an humble spirit.

A young man was acting as clerk in a large commercial house in the city. An older clerk cherished a great dislike to him, and seemed determined to make his situation as uncomfortable even going so far as to accuse him to his employers.

Robert was not only a noble, but a Christian young man, and tried to pon the pillow because of her naughty have the spirit of his Saviour. Many what I mean." on. "At length I fell into an uneasy stand this, and I wont." Then he to make money, and I lecture on tem-

The unfriendly clerk turned quite

of Christ we are none of His .- A merican Messenger.

TEMPERANCE ANECDOTE.

The Rev. T. P. Hunt, the temperance lecturer, tells the following storv :---

A small temperance society had been started in a community very much under the control of a rich distiller, commonly called "Bill Meyers." This man had several sons who had become drunkards on the facilities afforded by their education at home. The whole family was arrayed against the movement, and threatened to break To-morrow the serried line of ships Will quick close after her as she slips Into the unknown deep once more; To-morrow, to-morrow, some on shore With straining eyes shall desperate yearn up any meeting called to promote the This is not parting? return, return! With straining eyes that a straining to a neighboring district for temperance volunteers for that particular occasion. He then gave out word for a meeting, and at the time found his friends and enmies about equal in numbers. This fact prevented any outbreak, but could not prevent noise.

Mr. Hunt mounted his platform; and by a few sharp anecdotes and witty sayings soon silenced all noise except the sturdy "Bill Meyers"-the old Dutchman crying out, "Mishter Hunt, money makes the mare go." To every shot which seemed ready to demolish

him, the old fellow presented the one shield, "Mishter Hunt, money makes the mare go." At last, Mr. Hunt stopped and addressed the imperturbable German :---

"Look here, Bill Meyers, you say that money makes the mare go, do you?" "Yes, dat ish just what I say, Mishter Hunt."

"Well, Bill Meyers, you own and work a distillery, don't you?" inquired Mr. Hunt.

"Dat is none of your business, Mishter Hunt. But, den, Ish not ashamed of it. I has got a still, and work it too."

"And you say, 'Money makes the mare go;' do you mean that I have come here to get the money of these people?"

"Yes, Mishter Hunt, dat ish just

leaving the old man alone with his round in his conduct, and became one tain the grounds of this confidence, I Solomon imported silver, gold and thoughts. Little ones! talk to God with your also became a devoted Christian, doing work which Christ accomplished on for his own cavalry and chariots he own sweet voices, for He will, from all he could to win others to the pre- the cross for sinners was done for procured from Egypt. In this place vou ?"

> Bible, and believed what I read." And now, dear reader, have you read in the Bible, and believed what ed value of a shekel of silver, amountyou have read? It is written, "Christ | ed to about £17 sterling, an enormous Jesus came into the world to save sin- sum for those days. ners." Does this bring comfort to your saying?

"WILL SAIL TO-MORROW."

The good ship lies in the crowded dock. Fair as a statue, firm as a rock; Her tall masts piercing the still blue air, Her funnel glittering white and bare, Whence the long soft line of vapory smoke Betwixt sky and sea like a vision broke, Or slowly o'er the horizon curled Like a lost hope fled to the other world,

She sails to-morrow-Sails to-morrow.

Out steps the captain, busy and grave, With his sailor's footfall, quick and brave, His hundred thoughts and his thousand cares, And his steady eye that all things dares; Though a little smile o'er the kind face dawns On the loving brute that leaps and fawns, And a little shadow comes and goes, As if heart or fancy fled—where, who knows? He sails to morrow—

Sails to-morrow.

Love keepeth its own through life and death : Though she sails to-morrow-

Sails to-morrow.

Sail, stately ship ; down Southampton water Gliding fair as old Nereus' daughter : Christian ship that for burthen bears Christians, speeded by Christian prayers; All kind angels follow her track ! Pitiful God, bring the good ship back ! All the souls in her forever keep Thine, living or dying, awake or asleep. Then sail to-morrow!

Ship, sail to-morrow

THE CONTENTED YOUNG SHEPHERD.

Have you read that wise and pleasant book, the "Pilgrim's Progress?" If Bible meeting by the chaplain of the so, you will remember good Christian Swansea county prison, is given in and his wife Christiana, with Evangelist, Faithful, Hopeful, and others they met on their journey. It was when Christian came to the Valley of Humiliation, under the guidance of bold Mr. Great-Heart, they saw a boy feeding his father's sheep. Though poorly dressed, he was of a ruddy face and very happy. As he sat by himself, he was heard to sing very sweetly.

"Hark," said Mr. Great-Heart, "to what the shepherd's boy saith." So they hearkened, and he said-

He that is down needs fear no fall; He that is low, no pride; He that is humble ever shall Have God to be his guide

I am content with what I have Little be it, or much; And, Lord, contentment still I crave, Because thou savest such.

Fulness to such a burden is. That go on pilgrimage; Here little, and hereafter bliss,

Is best from age to age.

Then said the guide, "Do you hear

Being anxious, however, to ascer- just referred to, Arabia had no horses it is mentioned that a horse brought She st once replied, "I read in the from Egypt cost one hundred and fifty shekels of silver, which at two shillings three pence each, the accept-

Though the horse has long been the companion and the servant of man, yet his native country cannot with certainty bestraced. It seems probable that he was first domesticated in Egypt, but the precise period is not known. About two thousand years before the birth of Christ, when Abraham was driven into Egypt by the famine which raged in Canaan, Pharoah offered him sheep, oxen and camels. Horses would doubtless have been added, had they then existed or had they been domesticated in Egypt. Fifty years after-ward, when Abraham journeyed to Mount Moriah, to offer up his only son, he rode upon an ass, which, with all his wealth and power, he would not have done had the horse been known. Thirty years later, an account is given of the number of oxen, sheep, camels, goats and asses which Jacob sent to appease the anger of Esau; but no horses are mentioned. Twenty-four years after this, when famine again devastated Canaan, and Jacob sent into Egypt to buy corn, we first hear of horses. Wagons drawn by horses were sent by Joseph into Canaan to bring his father into Egypt. Even then, however, horses do not seem to have been used as beasts of burden, for the corn which was to be conveyed some hundreds of miles to afford sustenance to Jacob's large household, was carried on asses .-- Journal of Commerce.

THE GERMAN PRISONER AND THE GOSPEL OF ST. JOHN.

A touching incident, related at a the Bible Society Reporter :--

"Among the prisoners recently under his charge there was a young woman, a German by birth, who, although she could speak a little English, was unable to read in that language. She was brought up a Roman Catholic, and had never read the Scriptures. She asked him for a book in her own language, and he was glad to have it in his power to place in her hands the Gospel of St. John in German. He visited her in her cell, but made no further allusion to the book than to ask whether she read it. He, however, noticed a great change in her manner, both in her cell and in the ohapel. The day before her discharge, he visited the prisoner, and during the conversation she manifested considerable emotion. Presently she ventured to say: 'Will you please, sir, to give me the little book which you left with me?' It did not occur to him at first that she meant the German Gospel, and him? I will dare say, that this he therefore said that the books were then said: 'O, sir, I am so sorry for that; nothing has ever done me so much good as that little book. I am sure that, if I had read it before, I should never have been sent to prison. When she was asked what book she is; I am sorry to part with it. I never read such a book before.' The chap-lain then remarked: 'If that is the book you refer to, I will give it to you with all my heart, and may God bless it to your soul!' She then went down on the floor, pressed the little volume thank Him, and I thank you for it. I shall read it again and again, and I am sure that I shall never come to

[Written for the American Presbyterian.] "TALKING TO GOD." BY MARY LOUISE.

'Twas harvest-time, and in the fields were heard the voices of the merry a golden flood, making the glad earth | talk to God. The rain fell in torrents, of his daughter's sitting-room, musing we groped in the darkness between with closed eyes upon the happy past. the rows of corn to a distant stump. The soft breeze lifted the snowy locks lying upon his calm, peaceful brow, lined by so many years of toil and roar of thunder, and the tree under weariness; but now he was nearing the other shore, he was "only waitflames!

"How near we had been to death! ing" for the coming of the angels, and to his dulled ear came the dip of their | I think we both thanked God then for His care over us. That was a terailver oars as they bore his loved ones rible night; all through its long hours over the river. the rain came pouring down, and we lay shivering with fear and cold.

rowful.

"What became of Martin?"

"He died in prison, friendless and

Little feet were heard tripping along the hall, and a childish voice said, When it began to grow light we crept "Where's mamma?" The old man's thoughts went back to a little pair of home. O, how mean I felt. I thought for Robert. He was poor and without even the sky was weeping because I had been so naughty. Martin left me at the gate, and I went slowly up the feet that wandered restlessly in search of "mother" away back in the past.

Two children appeared at the open door and approached their aged friend, a tall, dark-eyed boy leading by the hand a sister, whose little hands had plucked the flowers of four brief summers.

There was a look of sacred awe upon their faces, and the little girl arms, saying, 'Mother, mother, I've maid softly, "Mamma is talking to God, grandpa." "Yes," continued Harry; "she's talking to Him about me." "I and her face was wet with both our "she's talking to Him about me." "I and her face was wet with both our "she's talking to Him about me." "I and her face was wet with both our "she's talking to Him about me." "I and her face was wet with both our "she's talking to Him about me." "I and her face was wet with both our "she's talking to Him about me." "I and her face was wet with both our "she's talking to Him about me." "I and her face was wet with both our "she's talking to Him about me." "I and her face was wet with both our "she's talking to Him about me." "I and her face was wet with both our "she's talking to Him about me." "I and her face was wet with both our "She's talking to Him about me." "I and her face was wet with both our "She's talking to Him about me." "I and her face was wet with both our "She's talking to Him about me." "I and her face was wet with both our "She's talking to Him about me." "I and her face was wet with both our "She's talking to Him about me." "I and her face was wet with both our "She's talking to Him about me." "I and her face was wet with both our "She's talking to Him about me." "I and her face was wet with both our "She's talking to Him about me." "I and her face was wet with both our "She's talking to Him about me." "I about talking to Him abou am glad, dear children, very glad you tears when I told her of the lightning. man. The hand of death had been have a mother that talks to Him. Sit "After we were dressed she led me upon him, yet he was now back to life down and let me talk to you a little away to her room, and we knelt down by the careful nursing and prayerful while." Clara sprang into his lap, by her bed while she prayed for me. love of his injured friend. It had been and from that moment Mr. Hunt had throwing her arm about his neck and I can still hear her voice, though it a severe ordeal for Robert, but when all the ground to himself. putting her bright young face up to has long been hushed in death: 'Keep he saw the color come back to the hig withered cheek. Harry sat down my son from straying from the right cheek, the brightness to the eye, and on a stool near them, lifting his dark again, dear Father; make him a good strength to the entire system, he was eyes to the face of his grandfather. little boy.' Then she thanked Him glad.

"Harry, do you know the reason for keeping me safe from all harm your mother talks to God about you through the long night. so often ?"

"Not quite; please tell me."

were many lions and tigers by the from straying. side of your path, waiting to spring "Harry and Clara must always reside of your path, waiting to spring ther nor no other of your friends about them." sould help you, and there was only one person who was able to assist you,

as bad as they treated the Saviour, and der rumbled around us. I crept closer he opened not his mouth. I profess to to Martin, praying to God in my fear. follow him-how would he have me reapers as they felled the ripened That is the way, Harry-when the act?" Thus questioning, he grew grain. The warm sun poured down wicked are in trouble, then even they quiet. He knew that nothing had happened to him or would happen but laugh in the sunlight. Grandpa Wil- | but we dared not remain longer under | what was permitted of God; and howlerd sat by the vine-draped window the tree, for fear of the lightning; so ever grievous to him, he knew it was needful or it would not have been perthe rows of corn to a distant stump. mitted. Instead of treating his asso-When we paused, a bright flash lit ciates in the same manner, he showed up the sky, quickly followed by a meekness and forgiveness for insult, respect to his employers, and attention which we had lain was wrapped in to his duties.

Slowly but steadily he won his way along in spite of evil communications. He was respected by his employers, and confided in as no other was.

Months passed. The pestilence broke out in that city, and among the most severe cases was that of the clerk who had shown such a marked dislike friends, but Robert watched at his ceeded, as he pointed to another son : bedside with the love of a brother. "The Saviour returned love for hate; path, my heart throbbing quick and gentle loving words for contumely loud. My mother met me at the door; and scorn. If I follow him, I must her clothes were dripping with the do the same." With such reflections rain and her face was so sad and sor- it was easier for him. As he looked upon the pale wasted, features, he saw "I rushed into her outstretched one for whom Christ died; and should and got a tumble."

was able to walk about a little, he whose declining health warned us to "It is many years since my mother called Robert to his side. "Robert, I expect talked to God about her son, but ask your pardon for my conduct. I've world. "Supposing you were ready to start through all my youth and manhood been very cross to you. I was angry en a long, long journey, over rough the memory of her has been with me, because I could not have my friend in hills, across deep rivers, and there and her prayers have kept my feet your place, and I determined to make it as unpleasant for you as possible. for me." I meant to drive you away; but you upon you at any moment; your mo- member their mother talked to God have been too much for me. Your I inquired. spirit I have never seen before. It beats me;" and tears came into his eyes. my sins." "No brother could have taken care of who could smooth the rough places alone; no mother ever asked God to me as you have. If this comes of re- this blessed and consoling fact?" and close the mouth of the lions,— welp him do right. There! Aunt Mary ligion, I want it. Will you teach me The answer was readil don't you think we would all ask him is calling you." how I may gain such a spirit?"

bring out mine, and we'll show them together."

By this time the whole assembly was in a titter of delight; and even Meyers' followers could not repress their merriment at the evident embarrassment of their oracle. In the meantime, we must premise that Mr. Hunt knew a large number of the drunkards present, and among them the son of Meyers himself.

"Bill Meyers, who is that holding himself up by that tree?" inquired Mr. Hunt, pointing to a young man so drunk that he could not stand alone. The old man started, as if stung by

an adder, but was obliged to reply :---"Dat ish my son; but what of dat, Mishter Hunt?"

"Good deal of that, Bill Meyers; for I guess that son has been riding your mare and got thrown too!"

Here there was a perfect roar from

about as if his legs were as weak as potato vines after frost?" "Well, I suppose dat ish my son,

too," replied the old man, with a crest-fallen look. "He has been riding your mare, too,

At this point the old man put up ner and exclaimed :- "Now, Mishter will be still."

This announcement was received with a roar of applause and laughter,

IS THE MATTER SETTLED?

"Is the matter settled between you One morning, when the sick man and God?" I asked solemnly of one

> "O yes, sir!" was her calm reply. "How did you get it settled?"

"The Lord Jesus Christ settled it

"And when did He do it for you?" "When He died on the cross for

"How long is it since you knew The answer was readily given,

boy lives a merrier life, and wears the property of the county, and could more of that herb called heartsease in not be given away. Her lips quivered, his bosom, than he that is clad in silk | and her eyes were filled with tears. She and velvet."



We often look with wonder and awe upon the many fine specimens of this noble animal which are seen in our meant, she took it out from the place cities. What would man be and what where she kept it, and said : 'Here it could he do without a horse? His presence, and the service and the benefits which he bestows upon man, seem to us alone a sufficient proof of the existence of God and of the degree of care and protection which he exercises toward man. A hundred animals, quite as useful and as capable of to her heart, and exclaimed: 'O! being domesticated for the service of He has blessed it to me already. I man, might easily have been created by the same Power that made the horse. This one, however, was sufficient, and all parts of the assemby, and, as soon as the Creator only designs to furnish jail again." as order was restored, Mr. Hunt pro- us with what is necessary for our use and requisite for the development of "Bill Meyers, who is that staggering our faculties, only this one was given.

We confess that we have often lamented the fate of the horse, when we to be told of a private in one of the Mashave seen him, as he frequently does, sachusetts regiments-the 14th, I evincing not only more of the virtues think. It seems that his captain was of usefulness, amiability, and effort, but noted for his love of good things, and even a higher degree of intelligence one day told the high private to go for than his owner or driver. One is some oysters; also giving him, in his sometimes strongly tempted to believe, usual jocose way, the command, "Don't if this animal could walk erect and come back without them." possessed hands and the power of speech, he would be the superior of seen of him for several days, and the man, and to wonder if all his intelli- indignant and disappointed captain regence, docility and usefulness is never ported him as a deserter, and gave him to receive any other reward than his up as a "lost child." But lol after the measure of corn and oats, until the lapse of nine days, the captain beheld time comes for him to end his brief his reported deserter, Bailey, coming but laborious and useful existence. into camp, leading a train of four We cannot resist the thought, some wagons loaded with oysters. Aptimes, that he is a higher intelligence proaching and respectfully saluting than we suppose, perhaps a fallen the amazed captain, Bailey reported: spirit, degraded in its embodiment, "Here are your oysters, captain" and working out a life of probation could not find any at Alexandria, so called Robert to his side. "Bobert, I expect her early removal from this and pennance, and never look at a fine I chartered a schooner, and made a intelligent horse, without feeling in voyage to Fortress Monroe and Norsome degree an increase of reverence folk for them. There's about two and thankfulness to the Almighty hundred bushels; where do you want Creator.

that the first domestication of the horse trip, hired his men, and sold oysters was in Egypt and not in Arabia, enough in Georgetown, before reportas some have supposed. When the ing, to pay all expenses, and leave Israelites came into Canaan we find him a profit of a hundred and fifty that the Canaanites went out to fight dollars. Two hundred bushels were against them, with many chariots and divided among the regiment, and horsemen.

AN OBEDIENT PRIVATE.

During the war, a good story used

Off went the man, and no more was

"Here are your oysters, captain; them?"

The Bible seems to decide the point Bailey, it seems, really did make the Bailey returned to his duty as if no-

Six hundred years after the time thing had happened. N. Y. Oitison.