

The Family Circle.

PSALM VI.

Domine, ne in furore.

Chasten me, O Lord! but not in anger, Chase me not in Thy displeasure sore, Spent with weeping, wearied out with languor.

"Peace, my child, for I, thy loving Father, Smite in love, and never smite in vain; One by one the children round me gather, Perfected by pain."

Every night I lay me down in sorrow, Every morning finds me drowned in tears, Endlessly, to-morrow and to-morrow Grow to months and years.

"Yet through paths as sad, and hearts as hollow, I, thy Lord and Master went before; My discipline, is it hard to follow With the cross I bore?"

No; but should my spirit fading, dying, Lose that presence, vision wearing dim, Can I, in the grave's dark chambers lying Even remember him?"

"Christian, by that low and narrow portal, Not so sad thy trembling soul should be; By the breath which made that soul immortal, He remembers thee."

Hush, my heart, the Lord has heard thy weeping, Let Him stay thee as it likes Him best; None can harm thee now, awake or sleeping, Laboring or at rest.

RALPH NORTON.

A STORY OF QUEEN MARY'S TIME.

(Concluded.)

For nearly a year after his father's death Ralph remained at home, assisting his brother Hubert; but at length he grew weary of his quiet village life.

"Mother," he said, suddenly, one day, "I should like to go to London."

"Wherefore?" she asked. "What wild scheme is this?"

"I think I could gain a livelihood better there. Besides," he added, blushing, "I should like to see the great city."

"Foolish boy, thou little knowest what risk thou art running. Thou art in danger even in this little village, ever since Queen Mary hath forbidden reading the Bible. Bethink thee, if thou art taken in London thou wilt surely be burned."

"I will be careful, mother," said the boy, eagerly; "I will hide my Bible, and none shall know that I read it."

"Nay, Ralph, I cannot consent. Say no more."

A week passed away, and Ralph tried hard to be contented, but in vain. At length, yielding to his repeated entreaties, his mother consented, and a few weeks beheld him fairly installed as apprentice to a London silversmith.

It was not long before his frank, winning manners gained the affection of his master and fellow-workmen, and he soon became a general favorite. There was one exception, however. Ralph shared the same room with a dark-browed youth named Philip, who was also an apprentice. He soon conceived a violent dislike to the newcomer, which was increased by the general favor in which Ralph was held, while he himself was feared and disliked by all.

He soon found out, from some careless words, that Ralph favored the Reformed religion, and he instantly determined upon the poor boy's ruin. Some time passed away, when one day entering suddenly the room which he shared in common, he saw Ralph hastily slip a book into a little recess in the wall, almost concealed by a curtain. He pretended not to notice it; but no sooner did he find himself alone in the room, than he plunged his hand into the recess and brought forth the Bible.

"Ha! ha! Master Ralph, I have thee now," he exclaimed, smiling in triumph. "Here be work for Bishop Bonner, I trow." Carefully replacing the volume, he left the room.

The next morning two men in long black robes suddenly entered the shop where the workmen were engaged. The master started in dismay, for he recognized the dreaded apparitors, or government officers.

"Whom seek ye, my good masters?" he asked.

"We seek," said the foremost, sternly, "a young heretic whom thou hast been harboring, named Ralph Norton."

"Ralph!" echoed the master in astonishment. "Ralph Norton! a braver, better boy never lived. Surely thou art mistaken."

"I tell thee nay," said the other, "therefore point him out quickly, or it will go ill with thee."

"He is not here; even now he departed to carry home some work for a customer."

"Show me his room, then, and beware how thou triflest in this matter. Stay, here is one who will assist me," and he turned toward Philip.

The latter arose with alacrity, and led the way to the bed-chamber. The chief apparitor followed, while the other remained in the shop. Philip soon produced the Bible, which he placed in the officer's hands.

"Yes, that is the accursed book," he said, with a satisfied smile. "Now produce the young heretic, and our work is done."

"Never fear," said Philip, "he will be here anon."

"Now, my master, what say'st thou to that?" asked the officer, handing the book to the silversmith.

While the bewildered man was glancing over the pages, Ralph entered from the street, but stopped short in the doorway on seeing the two officers.

"The bird is caged," said the second, quickly stepping behind him and closing the door.

"Young man, art thou the owner of this book?" demanded the other. "I am," answered Ralph, calmly.

"You hear," said the officer, turning to the frightened workmen, "he admits his guilt. Young man, you are my prisoner."

Ralph saw that resistance would be in vain, so he quietly submitted, and the officer, producing some cord, proceeded to bind his wrists tightly together. The pain was severe, for the slender cord cut into the flesh; but Ralph, compressing his lips, bore it bravely.

So they passed out into the street, out into the bright October sunshine, which pierced through even the smoke and fog of London. Ralph's cheeks glowed with shame, as he passed through the well-known streets, for he knew that many a familiar face was looking at him from door and window. Then a sudden thought came to comfort him.

"They bound Jesus and led him away? Shall I be ashamed to follow in my Lord's footsteps?" and he even smiled, forgetting his aching wrists.

At length they reached the prison, and the dark doors, which seemed to shut out all hope, were closed upon him. Several weeks passed drearily away, broken only by a hurried trial. Philip testified against him, and he was speedily found guilty and sentenced to death.

Many of the bystanders exchanged pitying glances as they noticed his youth, but the cruel Bishop Bonner, who acted as judge, remarked with a brutal laugh, "Burning is too good for the heretics; they ought to be roasted before a slow fire."

Back again in the dreary prison-cell. It was a cold, dismal day in November. Ralph shivered, for there was no fire in the room, and the stone floor seemed even more damp and chilly than usual.

"So thou art cold, my pretty bird," said the brutal jailer, laughing as he set down the prisoner's evening meal. "Thou wilt be warm enough soon, I trow. In two days there will be a grand bonfire at Smithfield for thee and a dozen other heretics. How dost thou like the prospect?"

Do not wonder that poor Ralph pushed aside his coarse bread untasted that night. He had never feared to die, for he had learned with Paul that "to depart and be with Christ is far better." But he was young, and life seemed very fair and beautiful just then; he remembered his mother, whom he loved so fondly, his gentle brother Hubert, and the two brave boys, Guy and Geoffrey; never had his heart so clung to that village home as now. Then, too, the awful death he was to die; should he be able to glorify God by bearing it bravely? Suddenly he remembered his father's dying words, and throwing himself upon his knees, he sent up a despairing cry to God for help.

His prayer was answered. The holy peace of God fell upon his troubled spirit, and when at length exhausted he threw himself upon the heap of straw which served for a bed, he slept as sweetly as a tired child.

It was late in the following day when he awoke. A dense, damp fog had crept in through the narrow, barred window, and the few dim rays of light which entered seemed unable to contend with the darkness.

Earnestly did Ralph pray that morning, for he remembered what the morrow would bring forth, and quietly, calmly he sat down to wait. His beloved Bible had been taken away, but many sweet texts which he had learned in childhood came back to comfort him in the silence and gloom.

Suddenly, as if with one accord, all the bells in the city began ringing a merry peal. The sound penetrated even the thick walls of the prison, and Ralph started up to listen. Then he heard shouts, faint and indistinct at first, but gradually swelling into a sound like the roar of many waters. Nearer and nearer it came, till at length he could distinguish the words "Long live Queen Elizabeth!"

It was some moments before he could realize, in his bewilderment, that the bloody Queen Mary was dead, and that the new queen reigned in her place. He knew that the Princess Elizabeth had always been a Protestant, and hope once more sprang up in his heart.

The afternoon grew darker, but to his great wonder, no jailer appeared with his evening meal. Happily he had saved a part of his dinner, with which he now satisfied his hunger, and, after giving God thanks, lay down to rest.

Early in the morning the door of his cell was thrown open, and a new jailer announced to Ralph that he was free. He had no sooner gained the street than he was caught up by the noisy, rejoicing throng, among whom were many of his fellow-workmen, and borne in triumph to the shop. Philip in the confusion had suddenly disappeared, and was never heard of again.

Ralph became a prosperous silversmith; and his little ones, clustered round his knee in the winter evenings, never wearied of hearing the tale of his sad imprisonment and strange release.—Little Pilgrim.

THOUGHTLESSNESS.

"Henry, cease making that noise; it disturbs your mother."

So called out Henry's father to his little boy. Henry's mother had been quite sick for several weeks, and it was extremely important for her to be kept perfectly quiet.

Henry was, in the main, an excellent boy. He was ordinarily very kind and obedient to his parents, had very few evil habits, and was liked greatly by all his playmates for his amiability and obligingness.

But there was one thing Henry had not yet learned. It was to think; that is, to be considerate in regard to the bearings and consequences of what he did. Hence he often, without any bad motives, did things which were annoying to those around him, and made his presence much less welcome than it had otherwise been.

On the present occasion, Henry was sitting, with two little boys of his own age, on the door-step at the back of his house, busily engaged in playing "jack-stones." Of course these bits of iron, as they struck each other, gave out a sharp, clicking sound.

Henry at once ceased making this noise when he heard his father's words, and sat conversing with his little friends in a low tone of voice. But gradually the impression of his father's command faded from his recollection. Soon, without any intention whatever to annoy his mother or disobey his father, the clicking sound went up to the sick-chamber as before. A moment after, Henry's father appeared. He dismissed the other boys to their homes, then, taking Henry by the hand, led them to an apartment where they were entirely alone.

"Henry," said he, "did you designedly disobey me, by making that noise again after I had forbidden you to do so?"

"No, father," said Henry; "I did not. When you spoke, I laid my jack-stones at once aside, and they began to go again while I was talking, and only because I did not think. I did not mean to disobey you."

"I fully believe you, my son. But I wish to impress your mind now with this idea, that a failure to think is not a good excuse for doing what we ought not to do, or for not doing what we ought to do. God has given us thinking faculties. Every one is bound to use those faculties. That we fail to think, is no excuse which either God or man can accept. No human law would accept it. Should you light a match and unthinkingly throw it where it would set fire to your neighbor's house, the law would require you to pay the damages. Multitudes of sinners die in impotence and perish forever in hell because they will not consider." Now, my boy, try to remember hereafter that it is your duty to think; to consider the nature, and quality, and probable consequences of your actions. If through thoughtlessness, you do what may result in injury either to yourself or others, that fact will never furnish a satisfactory excuse either to your own conscience to your fellow-men, or to God."

Boys, learn to think.—S. S. Visitor.

REYNOLDS AS A PAINTER OF CHILDREN.

Reynolds never appears more in his glory than in his representation of children. In spite of the host of affections which gather round the young, the distinctiveness of their ways, and the attractiveness of nature fresh and unsophisticated, this singularly winning and picturesque stage of life had been almost overlooked by preceding masters. The painters of religious subjects represented children as seraphic beings, and the painters of portraits represented them with the formal air which they wore when they sat for their pictures. The happy idea occurred to Reynolds of representing them as they are seen in their daily doings, when animated by the emotions which typify their lives to us. The fondest parent could not observe them more closely, or take a keener delight in their dawning traits and engaging simplicity. He said "that all their gestures were graceful, and that the reign of distortion and unnatural attitudes commenced with the dancing-master." He has recorded on canvas the whole round of boyish and girlish existence. He presents them to us in their games, their pursuits, their glee, and their gravity. Their archness and their artlessness, their spirit and their shyness, the seriousness with which they engage in their little occupations, and the sweet and holy innocence which is common to the majority of the young, are all embodied with unrivalled felicity. No class of his works abounds equally with examples of that transient expression which, he said, "lasts less than a moment, and must be painted in as little time." He called it "shooting flying," and considered that the power of fixing these passing emotions was "the greatest effort of the art." Northcote truly asserts that "there never was a painter who gave them so completely as Reynolds himself."—London Quarterly Review.

THE WREN'S NEST.

"I took the wren's nest— Heaven forgive me! His merry architect so small Had scarcely finished their wee hall, That, empty still, and neat and fair, Hung idly in the summer air. The mossy walls, the dainty door, Where Love should enter and explore, And Love sit carolling outside, And Love within chirp multiplied;— Heaven forgive me!"

How many hours of happy pains Through early frosts and April rains, How many nights as eve and morn, O'er springing grass and greening corn, What labors hard through sun and shade Before the pretty house was made!— One little minute, only one, And she'll fly back, and find it—gone! I took the wren's nest: Bird, forgive me!

Thou and thy mate, sans let, sans fear, Ye have before you all the year, And every wood holds nooks for you, In which to sing and build and woo; One piteous cry of birdish pain— And ye'll begin your life again, And quite forget the lost, lost home In many a busy hour to come. But—your wee house keep I must Until it crumble into dust. I took the wren's nest: God forgive me! —Miss Mulock.

TABLE MANNERS; OR, HOW TO DEAL WITH UNRULY CHILDREN.

Little Ella Edmonds came one morning to breakfast in a very cross state of feeling. She felt quarrelsome, and so she quarreled with her bread and butter. She glanced round the table with a disgusted air, and rudely said, "I don't want any of this breakfast."

"O, yes, my dear, you do," said her father, who always liked to get easily over difficulties; "here is a nice piece of toast."

"I don't want it. I hate toast," was the ungracious answer to her kind father.

"See," added her father, not noticing Ella's disrespectful words, "how good it is. Try this little piece," and he laid the daintiest bit on her plate.

"I shan't eat it if you put it there," returned Ella; "I don't want it, and I won't have it;" and her blue eyes were so altered by bad temper, that they looked really ugly; and her mouth, which was just big enough when she was pleasant, was now pouted out big enough for two.

"Ella," said her mother, "have I not forbidden you to say you do not like this or that which you find on the table?"

"Well, I don't want toast."

"Then take a piece of bread and butter. You need not eat what you do not like; but when a thing is offered, you are simply to say, 'No, I thank you, if you do not wish for it.'"

"I don't want any breakfast," and a terrible pout swelled her lips.

"You may leave the table. Is it for a child like you to say you will not eat the food prepared for the family, and to say it in that impertinent manner?"

Ella moved not. She felt impudent, and she meant to act impudently.

Her brother and sister glanced at this youngest child of the family, and remembered that they were not allowed to act and speak as Ella dared to do. A young cousin seemed very much astonished. A lady, who was visiting the house, could not help wondering how Mrs. Edmonds could sit so quietly.

But Mrs. Edmonds was quiet was that of stern resolve. She poured the coffee, helped every one at table to toast and eggs, while Ella sat sullenly looking on. At last she began kicking against the leg of the table. Now this was a positive insult to every one at the table, and every one felt indignant, with the exception of good Mr. Edmonds. He only wished Ella would not do it, and gently said, "Ella, Ella, dear, don't do so."

When Mrs. Edmonds had attended to her family group, she rose from her seat, turned Ella's chair from the table, dislodged the child by a resolute grasp, and marched her with a quick step into the next room, and closed the door upon her.

Just as this was going on a girl came in, bringing a plate of Ella's favorite fried cakes. "O! I want some fried cakes!" screamed Ella, as the door closed on her voice.

Mrs. Edmonds quickly resumed her table duties, and requested that no one would notice Ella. She would attend to her after breakfast.

Mr. Edmonds remarked that he guessed Ella would be good now, as she liked these cakes so much.

"She shall not taste them this morning," quietly answered Mrs. Edmonds. "It seems to me I would not be so particular this morning. These cakes would make Ella a good girl right off, without any more trouble."

Mrs. Edmonds laughingly remarked, "Without any more trouble to you, perhaps; but I should be all day in conflict with a little rebel who had carried her point. Only think what a discomfited general I should be. I am determined that this fault shall never be repeated without being punished. Repeated forgiveness has failed; other measures are now necessary."

"What will you do next?" inquired the indignant father, who had hated stringent measures.

He was soon to retire to his office, and would suffer no annoyance from the neglected faults of ill-managed children, never thinking that mother must suffer their manners the live-long day, and that the interruption or su-

perision of her house plans was quite as serious an evil to her as the disarrangement of his business papers could possibly be to him.

"I do not exactly know," replied his wife; "I am settled only on one point. The great fault of impudence shall be met by severer and severer measures until it is corrected."

"She is nothing but a child, you must remember."

"There is my great encouragement. I can control her now. The power is in my hands. Her happiness is committed to me, a sacred trust. But let her will rule a few years more; let her feel sure that her pouting, crying, impertinence and pertinacity can conquer us, and our power is gone, consequently her respect and love for us. Her evil habits will have strengthened beyond our ability to control, and we shall have a little mistress in the household, who will rule us all with despotic power, and secure her own wretchedness for life."—S. S. Times.

FALSE TEACHING.

Mr. Spurgeon, in a Sabbath-school address, justly criticizes a style of speaking to children which we fear is not confined to Scotland:—

I have heard, with both surprise and sorrow, from some Sunday-school teachers, addresses which seemed to me to be this: Dear children, be good boys and girls, remember the Sabbath day, obey your parents, and so on, and you will go to heaven. Now, I venture to say that if such teaching were to be pronounced in the pulpit it would be regarded as atrociously legal and utterly unscriptural; and why should such talk be given to children? The same Gospel that will save the adults will save the children; but to dilute the Gospel and keep down its doctrines seems to render the Sunday-school a mere name and farce, and indeed to educate children in a false system of faith. If a child be saved it is not by obedience to parents—excellent and necessary as this is—but by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Why not give the child, though in a different language, the same truth you give to the parent? I noticed on a door as I came along, "Mangling done here." I am afraid it is often done in the Sunday-school classes. That is to say, the whole truth is not brought forth. It really should not be so. You would not like your children to be fed on the refuse of what has been given to another; why, then, should the refuse of doctrine be left to the children?

FREDDIE'S TRIUMPH.

"What are the principal productions, Robert?" asks the teacher of the geography class.

"Thunder and lightning, earthquakes and volcanic eruptions," confidently speaks up Robert, who, in performing the difficult feat of peeping in his book to count out his question, and catch the leading words of the answer, has stolen the wrong paragraph. His enumeration of productions is cut short by the general laugh which runs round the school-room.

Now, the teacher has enacted some injudiciously stringent laws respecting "no laughing," in view of which he sternly commands, "All who laughed come out into the floor."

Nobody stirs. The teacher looks cross, and the scholars glance timidly and questioningly, one upon another, and wait. The room is very still. You can hear the tick-tick, tick-tick of the clock; but you cannot hear the great conflict—which God and the angels are watching—the silent conflict between the good and evil in the heart of the youngest, little five-year-old Freddie. He knows that he laughed, that he is acting a lie by sitting still; yet, poor little one, it is his first week at school. He has known only love at home, and fears the stern, cold "master." Then why should he move, when all the rest, so much older and wiser, are still?

So pleads the voice of evil; but the good triumphs, and little Freddie walks resolutely up to the teacher's desk alone.

"So it was only Fred who laughed," says the teacher, in a tone of bitter irony, his eyes upon the school.

Poor little Fred trembles at the bitter tones, which he thinks are for him, yet he looks up through his tears, and whispers, with white lips, "Yes, sir; I laughed."

"You have done bravely, little Fred," says the teacher, with a burst of unwonted enthusiasm. "Turn round and show the school a noble boy, and may the sight shame them as it ought. I shall set down Robert's name and the names of all those who have added disobedience and falsehood to the offence of laughing at him, and settle accounts with them after school; but you, my honest little Freddie, are excused from all blame."

How happy now is Fred; how wretched are the others! So it ever is, ever must be, dear children. All manner of deceit generally brings its own speedy punishment, even here. Yet that is not the end, or the worst of it; for our kind Heavenly Father, who has prepared a beautiful home for those who love him, says, "There shall in no wise enter into it anything that maketh a lie."

Now, my little friends, won't you do me the favor to look out the references, and answer the following questions?—

Who cannot lie? Titus i. 2. Who cannot tell the truth? John viii. 44.

Where will all liars forever dwell? Rev. xxi. 8. Who will be their father? John viii. 44.

Who will be their companions? Rev. xxii. 15. When you have answered these questions, I am sure you will be ready to say, "The lip of truth shall be established forever; but a lying tongue is but for a moment."—Congregationalist.

BE HONEST.

AN INCIDENT AT A RECENT FIRE.

A few days after one of the large fires which have been so frequent in our land during the past few months, a gentleman who had kept a hat store, which had been burned, was accosted in the street by a boy, who said: "Mr. H—, I have got a whole armful of hats that belong to you. I carried them home the day of the fire so that no one should steal them. If you will tell me where to bring them I will go right home and get them."

The gentleman appointed a place, and the boy ran away toward his home. Soon he appeared with his hats, and sure enough, he had all that his two arms could hold.

When he had lain them down, the gentleman began to try first one and then another on his head. When he found one that fitted him he said, "There, my little man, that is yours."

He was a poor boy, and a nice new hat that was "just the fit" was a greater treat to him than to many boys.

When the little fellow fully realized that the hat was his own he began to caper about and cried, "See, see, I have got a new hat, and didn't steal it either. I know another boy that has got an armful of hats, and I don't think he means to bring them back at all."

The boy that wears that hat can hold his head up straight, and look every one in the face, because he is an honest boy.

But O, that other boy! There must be a hard spot somewhere in his heart, that must feel very heavy when he thinks of those hats. Man may not know, but God sees; and when he looks down on that heart he sees THEIR written there.

My little readers, which boy will you be like? Remember "Thou God seest me," and do not let Him ever see thee written on your heart.—Evangelist.

LOSING THE HAPPY OUT OF THE HEART.

A mother, who was leaving her home on a visit, told her little boy and girl not to go through a gate at the bottom of their garden, which opened into the woods. The children were very happy for a long time after their mother had gone, but at last, in their play, having reached the gate through which they were not to pass, the little boy began to feel an earnest desire to go into the woods. He persuaded his sister to follow him. Nothing appeared to disturb them, and after some rambling and playing about, they returned, having concluded not to tell their mother where they had been, unless she asked them; she had not expected them to disobey her, and never thought of inquiring. Notwithstanding this, the little boy did not feel comfortable. He knew he had done wrong, and he could not help feeling unhappy.

When Sunday night came, and the little boy had been washed for bed, he and his mother commenced to have a nice talk, as they usually had at that time. James could not keep his sad secret any longer from his kind mother, so he told her what he and his sister had done; and then in some sort to show that her command was need less, he said that nothing had happened to them. The mother let him know that something *did* befall them, and that they had lost something, and urged her little boy to think what it could be. Perhaps she meant they had lost the habit of obedience, and would be easily led to do wrong again; or perhaps she meant they had lost her confidence. The little boy could not think for a long time of anything he had lost. He knew that he had left his ball safe, that his knife was in his pocket, and that his slate-pencil was at hand when he wished to use it. But as he continued to think, he remembered how uneasy and uncomfortable he had been all the week, and at last, in a low, sorrowful voice, he said, "Mother, I did lose something in the wood, I did—I lost the happy out of my heart."

DRINKING BY THE ACRE.

"Come in, and take a drink, eh?" said Tim McMoran to John Nokes, as the latter was returning weary and worn from his day's labor.

"No," replied Nokes; "I've made up my mind that I can do better with land than to drink it."

"Who's asked you to drink land, I'd like to know?"

"Well, I find that every time I drink sixpence worth of liquor, I drink more than a good square yard of land, worth three hundred dollars an acre."