

Eye Family Circle.

WHO IS MY SAVIOUR?

Who is my Saviour? He
Who made and kindled the beautiful flame
Of the Southern Cross, and spangled the sea
With the silver light of the Pleiades,
And callest the stars by name.

Who is my Saviour? He
Who stands a Lamb on the hill of Zion,
Yet guideth Arcturus and all his sons,
The polar host, and the shining ones
That girdle the strong Orion.

Who is my Saviour? He
Who, girl with the seraphim's deep devotion,
Scathed the young sun with a robe of splendor,
And the moon with a mantle of beauty tender,
And fashioned the Alp and the ocean.

Who is my Saviour? He
Who smiled upon man's primeval sleep;
Yes, Earth, with his Reheims, wrapped in a
fold;
Through Egypt rolled a river of blood,
And buried its pride in the deep.

Who is my Saviour? He
Who guided the tribes by a pillar of flame,
And taught them a long millennial year.
By judge, by monarch, by psalmist and seer,
Till the hour and the God-man came.

Who is my Saviour? He
Who toiled in the carpenter's shed for his food,
And shaped for the Nazarene cradle and bier;
Who wept with the sorrowing, sympathy's tear,
And on Calvary poured his blood.

Who is my Saviour? He
Who hung upon Golgotha's cross of shame;
A conqueror fell in the awful strife,
And liveth for ever, the Prince of Life,
Through ages unending the same.
—George Paulin.

THE SCEPTIC SUBDUED.

"I cannot feel as you do. I wish I could; but I was born a sceptic—I cannot help my doubts. Other people swallow down these visionary things; but as for me, I can't. I do not know there is a God; and if there is, what he has to do with us particularly, I can't see. Nature has her laws, and whoever breaks them will bring evil upon his own head; that is about all that I can see."

Thus spoke an eminent politician as he walked with a Christian friend through the blackness of a winter's night. It was bitter cold, and the snowflakes powdered the rich fur coat wrapped about him, and whitened the thick clusters of raven hair that peeped out from beneath his cap.

Yes, John Hunter was a sceptic. A man of rare intellectual powers, wielding a mighty influence, and yet no God! No hope for the future—walking in the darkness satisfied, contented. Almost every body had given him up. He parried reason skillfully and calmly, and to all human appearance, it seemed impossible to make an impression on the rocky soil of his heart.

But one friend had never despaired of him; they had been boys together, sat on the same form at school, played at the same games. Manhood opened to both invitingly.

Ambitious of worldly honor, and feeling what it is, the power to sway men to his will, John Hunter early entered the political arena, and it was not long before his fellow-countrymen applauded to his heart's content. He was a successful man.

The other, Jasper Schumann, was a quiet, unobtrusive man, a humble mechanic, supporting his family by his daily labor, a cheerful, happy Christian man; of every-day life, these two were still friends whenever they chanced to meet; and when absent on his political circuit, John Hunter was always remembered as Jasper Schumann gathered his loved ones around the family altar.

It chanced, on this particular night, Jasper Schumann had been pressing the matter of personal religion on the attention of John Hunter, and now his only reply was, "God has more power over your heart than you have, John, and I mean still to pray for you."

"O, I'm willing that you should do that, if it's a comfort to you; go on; but I shall never change. I've read more books of divinity than most ministers. I've about as much as I can do in this world, and must run the risk of another. However, let's change the subject. Where! how the snow flies! Here's a restaurant; let us stop and order supper."

How warm and pleasant it looked as they entered! The bright gaslight streamed over the glitter of cut glass and silver, falling into the hearts of the flowers lavishly strewn over the richly tinted carpet, while splendid mirrors and marble tables reflected the waves of light dazzlingly. Goodly viands were placed before them, and their conversation had been genial and pleasant. John Hunter was on the point of rising, when a strain of soft music came through a half-opened door—a child's voice. Passionately fond of music, the politician stopped to hear.

"Sweet, isn't it?" as his eye caught Jasper Schumann's.

"We've no time to hear you now; out of the way!" cried the waiter; and the little voice was hushed.

"But I want to hear him," said John Hunter; "let him come in here."

"It's against the rule, sir."

"Very well, send him to the reading-room," and the two gentlemen followed a small, slight figure in patched coat and little top hat.

The room was quiet. John Hunter walked to the opposite side and motioned the little boy to his side.

Timidly the child looked up; his cheek was brown, but a flush rested there, and out of the thinnest face, under the arch of a massive forehead, deepened by masses of soft brown hair, looked two eyes, whose softness

and tenderness would have touched a heart harder than was John Hunter's.

"What do you sing, my boy?"

"I sing German or English," was sweetly answered.

"Why, child, what makes you tremble so? Are you sick?"

As if unheeding the question, the child began to sing. His voice was wonderful, and simple and common as were both air and words, the power and purity of the tones drew many of the gentlemen from their tables. The little song commenced thus:—

I'm but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home,
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home.
Dangers and sorrows stand
Round me on every hand;
Heaven is my Father's land,
Heaven is my home.

The tears were in John Hunter's eyes, and his voice was tremulous.

"Look here, child, where did you learn that song?"

"My mother learnt it to me."

"And do you suppose there is such a place?"

"I know there is; I'm going to sing there."

"Going to sing there?"

"Yes, sir; we shall all sing in heaven; father and mother both said so."

"Where does your father live, child?"

"In heaven."

"Your mother?"

"She went too, last spring," while the tears dropped over the thin cheek.

John Hunter was silent; his eyes were brimming over.

"Who do you live with?"

"I live with gramma now, but it won't be for long."

"Why so? What makes you talk so?"

"I have just such a cough as mother had. When she went, she said it would not be long. There won't be any pain up there, sir."

"How do you know?"

"The Bible tells us so."

John Hunter had a praying mother; his heart traveled backward; once more he knelt at her knee, a simple-hearted child. Where was that mother now? Years ago she had gone to her rest, her last breath fluttering out in a prayer for her only son.

The little boy turned to go.

"Child, have you been to supper?"

"Gramma will be waiting for me."

"Have you no overcoat?"

"These are all the clothes I have, sir."

"His father was an organist," said Jasper Schumann. "The mother was also a musician, but they were both in consumption when they landed. They were not here long."

Along the snowy streets, down in the dark alleys, walked John Hunter, a little, trembling child's hand in his.

At an old, dingy apartment they stopped. Up broken, creaking stairs they climbed.

"Here we are, and here is gramma," said the boy, as the door jarred on its hinges; and an old woman tottered across the room.

"O, Harman, has anything happened to you?"

"Only this kind gentleman came home with me," and again the slight body was racked with that terrible cough.

"Poor child! poor child!" and the grandmother held out her arms to the little sufferer.

John Hunter had taken it all in, the want and care that had driven the parents to their graves. It was no place for him. "I'll see you again soon," and he groped his way down stairs.

He did not forget his promise. All that money could do was done; but it was too late. Harman was dying of disease; the grandmother, of want and misery.

The winter had not gone when we find John Hunter and Jasper Schumann again walking the streets together. No longer in a fashionable square, but through lanes and alleys, till they came to the gloomy building where lived Harman Stein. They had not seen his face at the window, and it looked gloomier than ever as they mounted the stairs.

A slight rap at the door did not arouse any one. The room was not empty, as they had at first thought. Harman lay on his bed, the cold, clammy sweat standing on his forehead, while his cheeks were crimson.

"I was in hopes to find you better, child."

"O, no, sir; I did not expect to get well. Mother said we should all meet up there."

The eyes of the two gentlemen met, and it would be difficult to say which felt the most deeply.

"You have been so kind, I should like to sing for you; but I can't sing any more, it hurts me; it won't be so there."

"Is there any one you expect to meet there?" asked John Hunter's friend.

"The blessed Jesus; I shall meet Him; mother said he loves little children."

"And you love Him?" asked Jasper Schumann, with a trembling voice.

"Love Him, when he has taken care of us ever since they went away! Some days gramma and I had nothing to eat, but we knew he would not forget us; and at night, when we could not sleep for the cold, we could think of Him, and what they were all doing up there. Mother said it was such a beautiful place, more beautiful than

anything we had ever seen." The blue eyes closed wearily.

"There is something in this," said John Hunter; "children are not led away by their imaginations; and if there is a heaven, where will my portion be?"

"You love Jesus," said Harman, addressing the hardened sceptic. "Everybody that loves Jesus will be there. O, I am so happy."

With a little sigh his eyes again closed.

"Are faith and hope nothing?" asked Mr. Schumann, pointing to the face taking on such strange beauty.

"To feel as that little boy does I would gladly give all that I possess," was the broken response.

"And this you can have without money and without price. Yield your stubborn will, your sceptical doubts, and accept the offer of mercy."

There was no answer; the shadow of death rested over that little room.

The physician Mr. Hunter had called, came in and shook his head; it needed no great skill to see that the messenger was near.

Presently the hands moved, the eyes opened.

"O, there is mother! and there are the angels; they are coming for me."

The voice was gone, the hands were still, but the celestial brightness lingered yet on the face.

"You cannot doubt the reality of something here more than this world can give," said Mr. Schumann.

"It is incomprehensible," said John Hunter. "Neither can I longer doubt the reality of a religion that can comfort, sustain, and render triumphant a death like this."

Not many days, and the aged grandmother followed.

John Hunter is still a leading man and a politician; but he is no longer a sceptic. His days are filled up with usefulness. "Not for myself, but for others," is his motto; and when he dies the world will be better for his having lived in it.

THE EDGE OF THE CATARACT.

A good many years since, a steam-boat was accustomed to make daily trips between Buffalo and Niagara Falls. The nearest point to which she could approach the mighty cataract was Chippewa Creek, about ten miles distant, on the Canada side. One day there was a pleasure excursion, and several hundred men, women and children went down from Buffalo.

After spending the day in all sorts of amusements, in looking upon the falls, admiring the rainbow, passing under Table Rock and behind the falling water, they gathered themselves on board of the boat toward night, to return to their homes. By some miscalculation of the engineer, sufficient steam had not been generated, and when, after passing out of the creek, the boat met the strong, rapid current of the river, instead of going forward, she was slowly, slowly borne backward toward the dreadful cataract. The people on board, as may well be imagined, became instantly alarmed.

The color fled from their cheeks—they stood in speechless horror—the roar of the cataract sounded fearfully distinct in their ears, as slowly, slowly they were still borne back toward it. At length the engineer bethought him of the oil with which he lubricated his machinery. He threw it into the furnace—the flames blazed up more intensely—steam was generated, more rapidly—the wheels moved round with increased velocity—there was a pause, as the Titan forces were contending for the mastery. A moment more, and there was an upward movement. Now slowly, slowly, the boat passed against the current. In a short time the point of danger was passed, and a long, heavy sigh of relief broke from the bosom of every one on board.

A venerable, gray-haired man there was among them. He lifted his hat from his head, and said, in a voice trembling with emotion, "The Lord has delivered us; great is the name of the Lord. Let us pray." And down upon the deck knelt the multitude, while the heartfelt offering of thanksgiving went up to God, who had wrought for them so great a salvation. But it did not end here. The feeling that had been awakened by the near approach of death did not, with all, pass away when the danger was over, as is very often the case. Even there, on the brink of that awful precipice, many found their Saviour. A revival followed in the church to which a large number of them belonged—it was a Sabbath-school excursion—and many found peace in believing. One, a man of great wealth, dedicated much of it to God in the building of a church, as a memorial of his gratitude for being snatched from destruction, both in this life and the life to come. Thus God got unto himself many from the carelessness—as we term it—of that engineer, through which the lives of hundreds were for the moment imperilled. He chose this way to work out his gracious purposes toward that people.

It is thus that the gate of heaven seems often hard by the gate of hell. God takes the heedless sinner and shakes him over the mouth of the pit. He trembles all over. He sees sin; he sees righteousness; he sees wrath; he sees grace; he sees judgment; he sees love. He looks up and calls upon the name of the Lord.

The Lord saves; and the delivered soul praises Him forever. A new song is put into his mouth. He rejoices in the Lord.—*Christian Treasury.*

THE MAN.

Is a man a whit the better
For his riches and his gains?
For his acres and his palace—
If his inmost heart is callous—
Is a man a whit the better?

And if a man's no whit the better
For his coffers and his mines,
For his purple and fine linen,
For his vineyards and his wines,
Why do thousands bend his knee,
And cringe in meat servility,
If a man's no whit the better?

Is a man a whit the worse
For a lowly dress of rags?
Though he owns no lordly gentile,
If his heart is kind and gentle,
Is a man a whit the worse?

And if a man's no whit the worse
For a poor and lowly stand,
For an empty, even pocket,
And a brawny, working hand,
Why do thousands pass him by,
With a cold and scornful eye,
If a man's no whit the worse?

THE LITTLE SCARECROW.

Barbara was a little English girl. She was very pretty and sweet-looking, for her temper was very sweet. She was only six years old, yet she had to work in the fields all day, scaring away the crows and other birds from the grain. She had a little wooden clapper, with which she made a loud noise, that frightened them. It was very tiresome to her to keep making it, and hearing it all day; but she did it patiently and cheerfully, for it was her duty.

The first thing in the morning, as soon as it was light, she was dressed and in the field, driving off the early birds, and looking as fresh and sweet as the flowers beside her, her yellow curls golden in the sunlight, and her blue eyes clear as the dew-drops. But when the sun rose high, and shone hot and burning, the little thing wilted like the flowers, and would have gone to sleep like some of them, only it would not have been right. She climbed upon the stump against which she had been leaning, and clapped the harder when she felt herself growing too tired and sleepy. What she had to do she would do. Clap, clap! She was earning two English pence a day. What a little woman, earning money and helping her parents. They worked hard; she could work hard. Clap, clap! Still the noise was disagreeable and tiresome.

"Come, Barbara, come and play," somebody called; "come, Barby."

It was her neighbor Josy, older than she, and who ought to have been watching the grain fields as well as she; but he was too lazy, and no one would trust him.

"Barby," he called coaxingly, "I can't, Josy." "I've got something here I want to show you," he still coaxed. "What is it, Josy?" "Come and see." "I can't."

And the clapper made the loudest noise to drive away temptation from Barbara. If she heard Josy any more, she might want to go and see what he had. She must not hear him. Clap, clap! Were the birds so very thick then? No; but temptation was growing strong, and must not be listened to, not a minute. Never for a single minute should any child listen to it. Shut your ears when that wrong word is said.

"Barby," again. "Barby, why don't you come and play? nobody'll know it." "Yes, they will. And want you please to go away, Josy?" "I tell you nobody'll know it, Barby. You needn't tell, and I want; you can play with me just as well as not."

"I do wish Josy'd go away," Barbara sighed, feeling very tired, and then the clapper sounded deafeningly loud again. She wondered if God and the angels really saw how hard she tried to be good, and if they really cared anything about it. Dear child, of course they did. Every clap was heard by them; every struggle of her little soul to do right was watched by them with the deepest interest, as deep as if she had been the statelyst lady in the land.

"Barby!" The dutiful child was growing stronger, the angels were strengthening her, and she spoke firmly:—"I cannot play with you, Josy; and the squire's men said you must not come into the field."

The squire himself was at hand, and had heard all. "Barby!" called a voice richer and heavier than Josy's. Barbara was startled. There was a rustling among the grain, her name was called again, and the squire had found the faithful little girl.

"You're a darling scarecrow," he said. "Why, who taught you to be so good, and to do my work so well?" "My mother," Barbara answered in a sweet, low tone.

"Well, then, here's something to pay her for it," said the squire, pinning a pound-note into the crown of her straw hat, which was hanging on her arm; "and, darling, here's a shilling for you," he added, putting a coin into her hand. "Now I'll drive off the birds while you carry them home and get a half-hour's rest, but be sure and don't play with Josy; he might tempt you too much."

Barbara blushed and courtesied, and said, "Thank your honor," a great many times, and then ran home with all speed, her weariness quite forgotten. The half-hour was not ended

when she was again at her post. The squire had already found her work so tedious and tiresome, that he was glad to be relieved, and praised her for coming so soon. As he was leaving her, he stopped to pat her rosy cheek, and bade her tell her father that she was to have double wages, since one faithful child was worth more to him than two unfaithful ones.

When he came upon Josy, laying in the grass, he forbade his entering the fields again. "You are worse than the thieving crows," he said. "They only want to spoil the corn, but you want to spoil children who are better than you."—*Child's Paper.*

THE HOUR OF NEED.

"In the first year of my marriage," relates a pious German, "I had one day, not a farthing in the house, when my wife came and asked me for a thaler to pay the weaver, who was to bring her some cloth home in the evening. The weaver was poor, there was not a person in the village of whom we could borrow money, and my wife, unaccustomed to such embarrassments, burst into tears and sobs. I tried to comfort her by telling her that our heavenly Father knew what we needed, and that perhaps the bad weather might prevent the weaver from coming that day. I commended the matter to the Lord, for I saw no means of human help. In the evening, I heard with grief the sound of the house bell. My wife hastily entered the room, and said, the weaver is here! I was going to sit down at a table, and was just taking down a book from the shelf above me, when at the very moment a piece of money rolled out of it and fell rattling on the table. My wife and I stood motionless; we felt distinctly the presence of God, who so exactly knew what we needed, and bestowed it upon us at the very moment when we required it.

"Some time after, I remembered that about three months before, when I was carrying this book with several others from the bookseller's shop in Stuttgart to my house, I met my brother-in-law on the way; he owed me a thaler; and as both my hands were holding the books, I asked him to put it inside of the uppermost book. So the thaler's falling out was quite natural. But that it should have been put in the book to help me in my hour of need and did not fall out of it before, was a providential incident, the remembrance of which has cheered my wife and myself in many times of trial."

THE POOR YE HAVE ALWAYS WITH YOU.

It was a bright, beautiful June morning when I met, upon one of the quiet streets of the city, a poor, miserable-looking cripple. A thrill of pain first impelled me to pass silently by; but then the thought came to my mind, "Perhaps a few kind words might prove like sunshine to his heart."

He was pitifully deformed; the cords and tendons of the system having become contracted, so that his crooked limbs crossed each other, making him walk in a tottering, staggering manner. His arms were curved, so that they could no more be straightened; and his fingers drawn up, so that they looked more like the claws of some large bird than parts of a human hand. His long, light hair, falling from beneath a crushed hat, partly shielded his distorted face from notice. One arm pressed against his side a portfolio of cheap pictures, by the sale of which he gained the pittance that still held the soul to that poor, suffering body.

He was pleased to have his pictures praised; and, though he could hardly talk plainly, he did not seem unwilling to receive a little wayside call. I asked him if he did not get weary of his heavy portfolio. "O, yes, ma'am," said he; "but it buys my bread. It is all I can do."

"Have you a mother living?"

"I had one, ma'am, who always took care of me; but she died four years ago."

"Have you no father?"

"I never saw my father. He is dead, too. A kind man took care of me after mother died; but he's been dead a year now, and I've no friends—no home."

"You know of God and heaven?"

"O, yes, ma'am," and his face gleamed with a holy light, as, looking heavenward, he said, "I have got a trust, ma'am."

How beautiful he seemed then! Like one transformed, I saw in him the image of our dear Saviour, as I answered, "O! you have a home, then, and a rest not far away. If you are Jesus's child, nothing can really harm you; for with a great deal of love he's watching over you. Life here looks dark and full of trouble; but your best friend suffered more, even than you. He was lonely. He had no home, and enemies were all about him; but he is in a beautiful home now; and if you truly love Him, he is preparing a mansion there for you, too."

"O, yes! there I shall be like any other—there I shall be like Him."

The faith of this simple, humble Christian, whom the Saviour calls "one of the least of these my brethren," awakened emotions too deep for

other words; and simply saying, "Goodbye, my friend; I hope we shall meet one day beside our Saviour," I hastened to the silence of my room, to dwell upon the wonderful love of Him "who seeth not as man seeth" but makes "his dwelling with the humble and the contrite ones."

A few days after, I learned that this poor youth was suffering the taunts and jeers of rude boys, and that even well-dressed ladies and gentlemen stood upon the street-corners laughing at his awkward gait. O, how I wished they could have shared the secret which that bright morning revealed to me—that he was one of Jesus's friends.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me," are the words of Christ. Be careful, then, how you treat the unfortunate. The weakest and most miserable children have the tenderest care of the Great Father. Act toward the poor as you would to the Man of Sorrows, were he beside you; then, when all his friends shall throw off the mask of poverty and human wretchedness to be clothed upon with a Redeemer's righteousness, you may be welcomed as one of those who, through kindness to some of them, shown on account of love to the dear Saviour, have entertained the Master himself unawares.—*Freedman's Journal.*

A PROTESTANT DOG.

Henry VIII. desired that his representatives should appear with great pomp, and accordingly the ambassador and his colleagues went to great expense with that intent. Wiltshire entered first into the audience-hall; being father of Anne Boleyn, he had been appointed by the king as the man in all England most interested in the success of his plans. But Henry had calculated badly; the personal interest which the earl felt in the divorce made him odious both to Charles and Clement. The pope, wearing his pontifical robes, was seated on the throne, surrounded by his cardinals. The ambassadors approached, made the customary salutations, and stood before him. The pontiff, wishing to show his kindly feelings toward the envoys of the "Defender of the Faith," put on his slipper according to custom, presenting it graciously to the kisses of those proud Englishmen. The revolt was about to begin. The earl, remaining motionless, refused to kiss his holiness's slipper. But that was not all; a fine spaniel, with long, silky hair, which Wiltshire had brought from England, had followed him to the episcopal palace. When the Bishop of Rome put out his foot, the dog did what other dogs would have done under similar circumstances—he flew at the foot and caught the pope by the great toe. Clement hastily drew it back. The sublime borders on the ridiculous: the ambassadors, bursting with laughter, raised their arms and hid their faces behind their long, rich sleeves. "That dog was a Protestant," said a reverend father. "Whatever he was," said an Englishman, "he taught us that a pope's foot was more meet to be bitten by dogs than kissed by Christian men."—*D'Aubigne's Reformation, vol. IV.*

THE BLIND MAN'S SERMON.

A few persons were collected round a blind man, who had taken his station on a bridge over a London canal, and was reading from an embossed Bible. Receiving from the passers-by of their carnal things, he was ministering to them spiritual things. A gentleman, on his way home from the city, was led by curiosity to the outskirts of the crowd. Just then the poor man, who was reading in the fourth chapter of the Acts, lost his place, and, while trying to find it with his finger, kept repeating the last clause he had read: "None other name—none other name—none other name." Some of the people smiled at the blind man's embarrassment; but the gentleman went away deeply musing. He had lately become convinced that he was a sinner, and had been trying, in many ways, to obtain peace of mind. But religious exercises, good resolutions, altered habits, all were ineffectual to relieve his conscience of its load and enable him to rejoice in God. The words he had heard from the blind man, however, rang their solemn music in his soul: "None other name!" When he reached his home and retired to rest, these words, like evening chime from village tower nestling among the trees, were still heard: "None other name—none other name—none other name!" And when he awoke, in more joyous measure, like matin bells saluting the morn, the strain continued: "None other name—none other name—none other name!" The music entered his soul, and he awoke to a new life. "I see it all! I see it all! I have been trying to be saved by my own works—my repentance, my prayers, my reformation. I see my mistake. It is Jesus who alone can save. To Him I will look. 'Neither is there salvation in any other. For there is none other name—none other name—none other name—under heaven given among men whereby they must be saved.'"

How little really a rich man does when he does nothing but give.