# The Family Circle.

#### THE ANSWERING HEART.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIEB.

HER window opens to the bay, On glistening light or misty gray, And there at dawn and set of day In prayer she kneels:
"Dear Lord," she saith, "to many a home
From wind and wave the wanderers come; I only see the tossing foam Of stranger keels.

Blown out and in by Summer gales, The stately ships, with crowded sails, And sailors leaning o'er their rails. Before me glide; They come, they go, but nevermore Spice-laden from the Indian shore, I see his swift-winged Isidore The waves divide.

O Thou! with whom the night is day And one the near and far away, Look out on you gray waste, and say Where lingers he: Alive, perchance, on some lone beach Or thirsty isle beyond the reach Of man, he hears the mocking speech Of wind and sea.

O dread and cruel deep, reveal The secret which thy waves conceal, And, ye wild sea-birds, hither wheel And tell your tale. Let winds that tossed his raven hair A message from my lost one bear-Some thought of me, a last fond prayer Or dying wail!

Come, with your dreariest truth shut out The fears that haunt me round about O God! I can not bear this doubt That stifles breath.

The worst is better than the dread: Give me but leave to mourn my dead

Asleep in trust and hope, instead

Of life in death!

It might have been the evening breeze That whispered in the garden trees, It might have been the sound of seas That rose and fell: But, with her heart, if not her ear, The old loved voice sne seemed to hear: "I wait to meet thee; be of cheer,

### OHERRIES OF HAMBURG.

In the early part of the sixteenth century cherries were very rare in Germany. There had been a rot, and it was with the utmost difficulty that any could be preserved. But a citizen of Hamburg, named Wolf, had in the middle of the town a walled garden, and in the garden he had gathered the rarest of cherry trees, and by constant watchfulness he had kept away the disease from his fruit, so that he alone possessed healthy cherry trees, and those in great abundance, bearing the juciest of cherries. All who wished cherries must go to him for them, and he sold them at the highest prices, so that every season he reaped a great harvest of gold from his cherries. Far and near Wolf's cherry trees were known, and he grew richer and more famous.

One season, when his cherry trees were in blossom, and giving promise of an abundant crop, a war broke out in the North of Germany, in which Hamburg was invaded. The city was besieged, and so surrounded by the enemy that no help could reach it. Slowly they consumed the provisions that were garnered, but famine was staring them in the face: nor did they dare yield to the enemy, for in those days there was little mercy shown to the conquered, and while any hope remained the people held out, making vain sallies into the enemy's camp, and growing weaker daily, as less and less food remained to them.

Meanwhile, the enemy grew more fierce without. The heat was intense, and had dried up the brooks and springs in all the country about, so that the besiegers were becoming wild with thirst; it made them more savage, and the Commanding Ceneral would listen to no terms, but swore to destroy the city, and to put all the inhabitants, soldiers and old men, women and children, to the

But would it not be better thus to be killed outright than to suffer the slow death of famine? Wolf thought of these things as he returned one day to his garden in the midst of the city, after a week of fighting with the enemy. In his absence the cherries had ripened fast in the hot sun, and were now superb, fairly bursting with the red juice, and making one's mouth water at the sight.

A sudden thought came into his head as he looked at his cherries, and a hope sprang up that he might yet save his fellow-townsmen. There was not a moment to lose, for twenty-four hours more of suffering would make the town delirious. He brought together all the children of the town, to the number of three hundred, and had them dressed wholly in white. In those days, and in that country, the funeral processions were thus dressed. He brought them each into his orchard, and loaded each with a branch, heavy with rich, juicy cherries, and marshalling them, sent them out of the city, a feeble procession, to the camp of the enemy. The dying men and women filled the streets as the white-robed children passed through the gates and out into the country.

The besieging General saw the procession drawing near, concealed by the boughs they were carrying, and he suspected some stratagem, as if it were Birham wood coming to Dunsinane. Then he was told that they were the children of Hamburg, who had heard that he and his army were suffering of thirst, and were bringing lucious cherries to quench it. Thereat he was very angry, for he was of a cruel and violent nature, and said that they had come to mock him, and he would surely have them put to death before his eyes, even as he had sworn he would do to all the people of the city.

man's heart was touched; a spring of fatherly love that had long been choked up in him, pleasure." broke forth; he was filled with pity, and tears came to his eyes, and what the warriors of the town could not do the peaceful children in white did-they vanquished the hard heart. That evening the little cherry bearers telling him sh returned to the city, and with them went a all the world. great procession of carts filled with provisions for the starving people; and the very next

day a treaty of peace was signed.

In memory of this event, the people of Hamburg still keep, every year, a festival called the Feast of Cherries; when the children of the city, clad in white garments; march through the streets, holding green boughs, to istering to the enjoyment of her little browhich the people, coming out of their house, | ther. hasten to tie bunches of cherries; only now the children are chubby and merry, and they eat the cherries themselves .- Riverside Magazine for Young People, March Number.

#### A BOY'S VIOTORY.

school-house, careless and jolly, just from a tle sister, who had spared no pains in amusgame of ball. A boy came round the corner ing him, and who had taken such delight in of the school-house, with an old cloth cap on listening to his merry laugh, had gone, and his head, and wearing a loosely-fitting garment a cross, sullen little girl had taken her place. of some very coarse cloth. In his hands No wonder he was feetful and determined were an iron stove-shovel and a hod of not to be pleased.

'Here comes old Dust and Ashes,' shouted one of the group, springing forward, and giving the coat a twitch.

'Hallo! what's the price of sackcloth?' The boy's cheeks flushed in an instant. The shovel rang on the gravel-walk, and his fireside. It is a law of our being that every fingers clutched; but as quickly his cheek sin, sooner or later, brings its own punish-The shovel rang on the gravel-walk, and his paled again, and clenching his teeth, as with ment; and often the innocent suffer as well a great effort to keep back something, he turned a little and muttered the word "mo-

sick and wants to see his mother.'

The boy in the course frock turned away, and rapidly disappeared behind the old barn; having finished her work, relieved her of the then breaking into a run, he fled swiftly down | care of baby, unable to restrain herself any the path to the maple woods, his faithful longer, she rushed up stairs and burst into a Hunter bounding and racing through the

et and crimson and yellow, bathed in the vellow haze of the still October afternoon. In among their shadows he sprang, his feet to twinkle in the blue sky, she began to rustling the already fallen leaves, and fling- think upon her naughty conduct, and how ing himself in a little hollow, he buried his face in his hands. Poor Hunter stood by, unkind she had been to her little brother, wondering why his young master, any more her darling brother, whom, after all, she than himself, could possibly think of any- loved so dearly. At this thought her tears thing but birds and squirrels at such a time. Then the boy, seizing his only playmate in ther called her for tea, she was ready to his arms, cried,

'O, nobody loves me, nobody loves me in the world but you, Hunter! O, mother, mother, why did you die?'

And the sobs came fast and thick, and the tears flowed like rain. Long did the motherless boy wail and cry, till from very wearibrought relief, and the holy quiet of the grand old woods filled him with solemn and comfort and harrings of the grand old woods filled him with solemn and comfort and harrings of the speak on the solemn and comfort and harrings of the speak on the solemn and comfort and harrings of the speak on the solemn and comfort and harrings of the speak on the solemn and comfort and harrings of the speak on the solemn and comfort and harrings of the speak on the solemn and comfort and harrings of the speak on the speak of the spe

heavenly thoughts of his angel mother. remembered his agony and loneliness, and heart, spare yourself Katy's tears and sorthe year of toil as the ward of a cruel uncle. He remembered his, eagerness to go to and jeers his humble station and coarse clothing had earned him. Again the angry rebellious thoughts came up, as his eye fell on his coarse frock, and the quivering sobs returned; but then came the words of that mother, and how her poor fingers had toiled to make that frock, the best she could give him. Though coarse its texture, every thread was hallowed by a mother's love. He took her Bible, and read the precious promise to the widow and orphan, again and again. New and strange thoughts came to him, and there, in the grand old forest, with the autumn sunset shimmering the golden maple leaves, was a new purpose borr. in his soul. He had begun to conquer himsel Henceforth there was no hesitation for him. Body and soul he devoted himself to God. Companions may jeer, but Jesus reigned in his heaven.

The years rolled on, and the boy became a man, but the purpose formed in the old maple grove burned in his bosom yet; and now his feet tread the deck of an Indian steamer, bearing him swiftly to the chosen scenes of toil, for these words are in his heart: "I must be about my Master's business." -The Congregationalist.

### KATY'S SELFISHNESS.

"Katy, lay down your book, and come amuse the baby while I finish Willie's jack-

Katy looked up as she replied, "Yes, mamma, in one minute;" but directly she was again absorbed in her book—"The History of the Swiss Family Robinson"—a Christmas gift from her papa.

Presently her mother called again, in a leasant tone, "Katy, dear, are you com-

ing?"
This time Katy did not raise her eyes from the book as she said, "I will come as soon as I have finished this page, mamma!" but it was not until her mother had summoned her for the third time and that too in a somewhat peremptory manner, that tue and to heaven; it may be but the genial tinge of the Chinese or Yellow Sea, is also, Katy threw down her book with a sigh and sunshine of your heart, diffusing joy among probably, due to this influence. The beautislowly entered the nursery. She was think- the loved ones at nome-whatever it may be full phosphorescence of the sea, which is fre- ating that we have no great ones.

and he saw the poor children, so thin, so is to be interrupted in such a nice story pale, so worn out with hunger, the rough just when I was in the most interesting part too: that troublesome baby, he spoils all my

Yet this was the same little girl who, on that very morning, had lavished the most him all manner of endearing names, and telling him she would not part with him for

Deep down in Katy's heart there was springing up a germ of selfishness, which made her prefer her own gratification to the pleasure of helping her mother or min-

patient jerk, which made him scream with become irritable from long waiting and nedid herself that there was something wrong A dozen boys stood on the green by the that afternoon. His kind and pleasant lit-

> You see, children, that a bad example is contagious, and one wrong and wicked feel- of kindness and charity and Christian living, ing, fostered and indulged, will not only as shall make us a blessing to our generation make its possessor miserable, but likewise and give us here the earnest of heaven. destroy the peace and comfort of a whole family, casting a shadow over the brightest as the guilty.

Katy did not struggle against the wicked er!"
'Ho! ho!' shouted the other. 'The baby's heart, but yielded to it, though she felt every moment that she was growing more and more unhappy, and when her mother, passion of tears. By degrees, her sobs became fainter and fainter; and when she Most graciously stood the maples, all rus- finally became calm, she sat down by the window, for it was growing dark, and look-ing out on the peaceful stars as they began deeply she had grieved her mother, and how burst forth afresh, and by the time her mothrow herself in her arms and ask her for-

> "Good Katy, come back again!" said Eddie, who was scarcely three years old. Katy smiled, her own sunny, pleasant smile; and baby, stretching out his arms,

cooed his approbation. Katy; and bravely trying to overcome the Only one year ago she had died, and he first selfish desires as they spring up in your

Above all, remember the holy example of school, his trying to pay his way by working the blessed Saviour, whose whole life on about the school-room, and the unfeeling jibes | earth was marked by unselfish deeds of love | Jesus in vain? He is a good Saviour! He and kindness.

### A CUP OF COLD WATER.

There is a pleasant story told of a man living on the borders of an African desert, who carried daily a pitcher of cold water to the dusty thoroughfare, and left it for any thirsty traveller that might pass that way. from his vest-pocket the well-worn Bible, There is something so quiet and spontaneous, so genial and unselfish in this little act of kindness, that it meets an instinctive response from the common heart. It is such a little thing, and yet so full of blessing to the weary pilgrim, panting with thirst amid burning wastes and under tropical skies! There is such an outgleam of goodness from the humble deed, that it touches our hearts with genial sympathy, and glowing impulses of kindness for the needy and sorrowing of our world. Such humble deeds of pity need heart, and his mother waited for him in but an infusion of the Christian element, in the motive—love to Jesus—to make them not only beautiful in the eyes of men, but beautiful in the sight of Him, who said: "And 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."

Not only in African deserts may such deeds be done. Our world is a spiritual Sahara, a vast desert full of pilgrims that are way-worn and weary, to whose fainting lips may be pressed, by loving hands, the cup of cold water. And here we touch what is the special beauty of the benediction of Christ upon the kindly deed, however humble. There may be wanting the talents, or position, or beneficence, but Christ tells us, that the least gift to one of His needy disciples for His sake, shall not lose its reward. It may be but a look or warm grasp of sympathy to some disconsolate spirit; it may be but a visit to some lonely couch of sickness with your flowers and the divine promises and the offered prayer; it may be but a word of encouragement to some one weary with the moned her for the third time, and that, too Sabbath-school, and taught the way to vir- attributed to the same cause. The peculiar

But when the procession came before him, ing to herself all the while, "How hard it of kindness and love to any one of Christ's disciples, in His name, and for His sake, He takes it as a flower of remembrance and will press it in the Book of Life, and keep it forever. Yes, these little generosities of every of earthy matter brought down by the large day life, these ministries of charity that run rivers that flow into it, together with the along the by-ways of a great city, blessing the poor and neglected—those pulses of love tender caresses on her baby brother, calling that run through our homes and circulate around the globe, are beautiful in the sight of Jesus! And when He shall come in His glory He will remember the "cups of cold What had wrought so great a change in Katy's feelings? I will tell you, my little self utter that final welcome, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the original qualities received from the hands of world,"—with the unexpected supplement, the Great Creator. The amount of common the least of these my brethren, ye have done mated at three million cubic miles, or five

Let no one say, however limited or lowly Katy took up the laby with a rough, im- his sphere, that there is nothing in the common routine of daily life to inspire him with terror and affright, and, as he had already become irritable from long waiting and nethe teaching of Christ, invest the humblest salt, while in the Mediterranean the percentthe teaching of Christ, invest the humblest salt, while in the Mediterranean the percentglect, it was a long time before she could deed of a loving heart in his service, though age is 4-18. The saltness of the sea is a propacify him. Baby knew as well as Katy it be but the giving of a cup of cold water, vision of infinite wisdom to preserve its containing the saltness of the sea is a propacity him. with a divine beauty and glory. What would we greater, than what, in opportunity, God hath given to us all? And shall we let the fewness of our talents discourage us, in constant and genial living for Christ, and His needy disciples, or allow the humbleness of earthly fortunes to shade the brow that may be radiant with the crown of virtue? No, rather let us use our gifts and opportunities, though feeble and few, in such ways

"This world's not 'all a fleeting show, For man's illusion given,—
He that hath soothed a widow's woe, Or wiped an orphan's tear, doth know, Lutheran Observer.

#### THE BRAVE SAILOR.

Many a Christian must covet the fearlessess of the honest fellow, the annexed account of whom in some of the writings of Dr. Robert Newton is so well adapted to stir he put a little thugar in," said Charley. every pious heart to emulation. Few, indeed, if they would sincerely try the experiment, would be found unable to imitate the sailor's courtesy:

A merchant and ship-owner of New York was standing at the entrance of his warehouses conversing with a gentleman on business. A pious sailor belonging to one of his vessels came to the warehouse to enter it, but observing that the door was occupied. modestly stepped aside, not willing to interrupt the conversation.

While waiting there he heard the name of Jesus profanely used, and on turning to look, he observed thas it was his employer position, and standing in front of the gentleman with his head uncovered, and his hat under his arm, he addressed the merchant in this language:
"Sir, will you excuse me if I speak a word

to you?"

the crew of his vessel recently arrived, and cannot help loving them. Some lose the

"You won't be offended then, sir, with a poor, ignorant sailor if he tells you his feel-

ings?" said he.
"Certainly not," replied the merchant.
"Well, then, sir," said the honest-hearted sailor, with much feeling, "will you be so kind as not to take the name of my blessed took my feet out of the horrible pit and miry clay, and established my goings.' O, sir! don't, if you please, take the name of my Master, the Lord Jesus, in vain! He is your Creator as well as mine, and He has made you, and preserves you, and is always doing you good."

This was said with so much earnestness and feeling that the gentleman was quite touched. His eyes filled with tears, and he

"My good fellow, God helping me, I will never again take the name of the Lord Jesus Christ the Saviour in vain."

"Thank you sir," said the honest tar; and putting on his hat, he went away to his

### OLD OCEAN.

The shades of color observable in the ocean differ as widely as its different depths, to which, indeed, they in great measure owe their existence. As a rule, a greenish tinge glory, but the widow for the glory of is the indication of shallow water. The blue, which is the most universal characteristic of the ocean, is lighter or more intense in proportion to the depth of the sea, the color being darkest where the depth is more profound. The green color, which occurs about the meridian of London, and is liable to frequent changes in position and intensity, has been attributed by Dr. Scoresby to the existence of myriads of animals; but, according to others, the comparative shallowness in these seas, with the quantity of earthy matter brought into them by the numerous rivers, is sufficient to account for the general hue. At a few miles from the shore, however, in clear, calm weather, "the deep mate and radical nourishment from the means, for great achievements or enlarged blue sea" exhibits its characteristic color, which is due to the fact that the waters ab-sorb all the other prismet is bused on the same and sorb all the other prismatic hues, and reflect the blue alone. The general color is greatly other it grew straight forward between affected by atmospheric changes, and almost every tint may occasionally be seen under the head. The caterpillars are three in the brilliant sunlight, which, at times, gives long and half an inch in diameter, and the waters the appearance of burnished gold.

the coast of California, it is admitted, owe the true and false feet and the eyes

quently observed, is ascertained to have the same origin. The Black Sea often presents the aspect from which it takes its name, and which is considered to be due to the quantity atmospheric influence of the frequent storms which occur in those latitudes.

Why the sea is salt is a question which has often afforded a subject of speculation, and formerly it was conjectured that this peculiar quality arose from the existence of immense salt basins at the bottom of the ocean Experience and scientific investigation have nowhere justified this theory, and there is now no doubt that its saltness is due to the "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of salt held in suspension by the ocean is estitimes more than the great mass of the Alpine mountains. Some waters are far more salt than others. The Mediterranean is above the Atlantic in this respect. In the Baltic there is found only 1-18 per cent. of tents from putrefaction.

We cannot here dwell on the innumerable curiosities of the ocean, which everywhere teems with life of various kinds; nor can we touch upon its active influence in changing the surface of the earth, here undermining or sweeping over a coast, and there receding and leaving dry land where once it found its bed. But, with all its power in this respect. its limits are circumscribed. One mightier than the ocean has said, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; and here shall thy proud waves be staid." "He hath compassed the waters with bounds, until the day and night come to an end."—Quiver.

#### WHAT MAKES THAT BOY SO SOUR?

We have seen the following question and inswer in more than one of our exchanges "Charley, what makes you so sweet?" said a loving mother to her little boy, as she pressed him to her bosom:

One, in commenting on it, says:

"This was a queer conceit for a little boy. There was no sugar put into the dust of his body, but I suspect that some sugar—the sugar of love—had been put into his heart. That was what made him so sweet and precious to his mother."

When we find a cross, crabbed, sour little boy, we should like to ask him what makes him so sour. What do you suppose he would say? Would he say.

"I dess when Dod made me he put a little vinegar in?"

Well, I don't know what he would say; but I don't think it is so. When God made who was speaking. Instantly changing his man, he made him good; but sugar may be converted into vinegar by man. The little boy made himself sour. He turned the "thugar" into "vinegar."

Here is another comment:

"God has put a little sugar into the dispo-sition of all children. Some of them keep The gentleman, recognizing him as one of it there, and they are always sweet, and we sugar that God gave them, and then they become sour and disagreeable. Keep yourselves always sweet, dear children, with the sugar of love, and you will always be loved.'

> vays mean to do right, but somehow or other I find myself naughty." "Meaning to do right is not enough, my love," said the mother; "you must do right, and then naughty won't find you."

"Mother," said a dear little girl, "I al-

## "DO THY LITTLE.

A certain king would build a cathedral, and that the credit of it might be all he own, he forbade any from contributing to it receion in the least degree. A tablet was the side of the building, and on it has carved, as the builder. But the he saw in a dream, an angel, who cam and erased his name, and the name of widow appeared in its stead. This was times repeated, when the enraged king moned the woman before him, and der ed, "What have you been doing? and have you broken my commandment?" trembling woman replied, "I loved the Lord, and longed to do something for his name, and for the building up of his church. I was forbidden to touch it in any way; in my poverty, I brought a whisp of hay f the horses that drew the stones." And king saw that he had labored for his and he commanded that her name sh be inscribed upon the tablet.—Ralph W

### AN EXTRAORDINARY TREE

Dr. Stanley G. Haynes, in a short p let entitled A Ramble in the New Zealan tells the following remarkable tree. "The pata tree is said to have a mo markable mode of commencing its exi The young plant takes root in the he caterpillar, which buries itself before (or is killed by its strange parasite), enables the young plant to obtain a grows from the caterpillar's head; eyes; on one of them the stems arise quite dry and brown, without indications The Red Sea, and the Vermillion Sea, off having been decomposed. On the contra mouth are well preserved.

WE confess small faults, by way of insing