THE AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN, THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1867.

The Family Circle.

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OARL SPENCER.

The thoughtful verses by this writer entitled, "Is Slavery Dead?" were somewhat marred by typogra-phical errors, as they appeared in our issue of the 14th inst. We print them again to-day in another column. They were written, with singular prescience, in June, 1865, by a young and timid girl of sixteen, whose poems published in *Hours at Home, Harpers'* Magazine, and other serials, have already made her widely and favorably known. The following verses are certainly very beautiful,

and would do credit to the pen of a mature and prac-ticed writer; but they will be read with the more in-terest, when it is known that the author was but fourteen years of age at the time they were first given to t le public.

LOVE, HOPE, AND FAITH. Love, Hope, and Faith-the blessed sisters three, Which Heaven vouchsafes to weak Humanity. Hope with her anchor, Faith with lifted eye Its hope and faith, are thine

O precious gifts, that only God could give! Love, Hope, and Faith! by you alone we live, Strength for the present, respite from the past, And promise for the last,-All these are yours, O mighty Hope and Faith Ye go with us till death.

But thou, O gift, all precious things above, By whose sweet name is called the Highest Love, What is thy mission? To upraise and crown What hatred hath cast down. To make of all the evil world a road To lead us up to God.

O fairest, strongest, holiest of the three, Dwelling with God in His eternity ! Making in lowliest human hearts thy shrine As in the Heart Divine; Greater art thou than even Hope and Faith, Thou conqueror of death. -Catskill.

POOR BOYS DON'T NEED SKATES.

In visiting a friend in her splendid new home, we were shown over parlors, library, halls, and chambers, and at last into the room of her little son. It was richly furnished, and adorned with pictures, and every thing else to please a boy. A large closet opened from the room, in which were toys of every description. Among other things, we noticed, hanging from brass hooks on the wall, three nice pairs of skates. Turning to the young gentleman of thirteen years who was following us about, we said, "Whose are all these skates?"

"Mine," he replied.

"But you don't use them all at once ?" we said pleasantly.

"Oh, no! he answered: "two pairs are good for nothing: I have outgrown them.

"What are you keeping them for?" "Why, they are too good to throw away !" he said in surprise.

"Why don't you give them away?" "'Cause," he replied, dropping his head, and blushing.

"Oh! because you expect your feet to be small enough to use them again," we said with a smile.

"No; but "-

"Oh! you are keeping them for your little brothers ?" we said. Rob was an only child. "No; but they're mine; that's why I keep

them," he replied, a little vexed. "Well, Rob," I said, "I know they are yours, and that they are only in your way,

sidewalk. And, for a long time, Johnny came every day and marched up and down before the windows, with a stick over his through a shed to threaten the poor wife, which was, doubtless, our present First of shoulder for a gun to show his gratitude; and the little benefactor felt well repaid for the sacrifice he had made. He was a far happier boy than Rob with his rusty skates. Remember that poor children need play as well as bread and butter and warm clothing; and any thing which will add to their happiness will be as a deed of charity.-Child at Home.

HEPSIBAH.

I do not know why the name, which I have placed at the head of this little sketch, is commonly considered a very plain and homely one. It has a beautiful meaning, "the Lord delighteth in thee!" and its sound is soft and sweet.

Years ago, in my school-days, I knew a young girl named Hepsibah, "Hepsi" we called her. She was not at all pretty. Her face was freckled-and her form was not very graceful, but still she had a wonderful gift. She pleased people without apparent effort. Everybody loved her. The little girls carried the puzzling sum to Hepsi, sure that she would leave her own difficulties, whatever they were, to help them though theirs. The teacher always felt that in her, she had a friend, and a co-adjutor-one who was interested in keeping up the good or der, and the moral character of the school. Hepsi was unselfish! In these days we often hear of "me" and "mine" from people in high estate, who ought to be thinking of the county and its welfare, rather than of their own glory and aggrandizement. This dear girl had learned the Gospel motto. "In honor preferring one another." She had not much of the world's goods to give away, and it was only a smile here, a tear

there, a gentle word of help now and then, that she could bestow, but these were ever most willingly offered. What she gave, she gave at once, willingly, gladly, lavishly and without osetntation.

I need not say that Hepsi was a Christian. At a very early age she gave her heart to the Saviour, and she was still young when He took her to himself. After a long sick ness, borne in all the patience of love, death came to take the sufferer home. The little shop where Hepsi's father daily sat, mak ing and mending shoes, was closed, and the parents, brothers and sisters mourned for the dear eldest one, who had gone from them. With slow steps the funeral cortege passed from the narrow street, through green lanes, and flower fringed fields, to the little burying-ground, where her flesh rests in hope.

Can we doubt that her name is Hephzibah, as the Bible orthography is, in that shinning home, where it may be said, of every saint, "The Lord delighteth in thee!" M. E. M.

"THE PUIR MAN'S BED." "Hide me in thy pavilion."

In days gone by, it was the custom of all in the Scottish Highlands, who were themselves above want, to keep in some loft or shed, always ready for use, what they called "The puir (poor) man's bed." It would have been a public disgrace for one whom Others will be summoned upon the most un-God has blessed with a home to turn any fellow creature away; to shelter and feed the needy was looked on as simply acknowledging and manifesting gratitude for God's favor. Many most touching and beautiful instances of the reward of this hospitality are left for our encouragement. "Wad ye ha' visits fra' angels, spread sheets on the puir man's bed," was verified a thousand times in the dark days of persecution, when the blood of the holy was scented by the royal soldiery from rock to glen, and from castle to cot. One of those who had made himself obnoxious by his refusal to submit to the king's edict, and who had signed the | tion of those, upon whom some of these solemn league and covenant, considered himself safe because he was neither a preacher nor a prominent leader among his brethren. So he went on quietly plowing and sowing his fields, and, in the meantime, feeding and clothing the outcasts, and going secretly to their meetings in those caves and glens made immortal by their unflinching fidelity to Christ. One day he was startled by hearing that a band of the king's men were in search of him, and in a few minutes would be at the farm! His wife, white with the fear that the very name of Claverhouse inspired, besought him to spectable of city or country gentlemen and flee for his life. She suggested the barn, gentlewomen. The person, whose good na-the graveyard, and the adjacent grove, as ture or simplicity put him momentarily in places for hiding; but the old man said, the power of his facetious neighbor, was Na, I'll go nawhere fra my ain hame; gin my hour has na' come, they canna kill me; ridiculous errands "hunting the gowk." The but gin it has, I'd rather go to heaven fracter term "gowk" was a common expression for this bonnie spot than any ither! Our God, a cuckoo, which was reckoned among the Janet, is a covenant-keeping God, and I'll silliest and simplest of all the feathered prove him now! Sin iver we've had a hame, | tribe. we've spread a pillow for the wanderer, as weel as welcoming every ane at our ingle side. 'Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will remember him in time | tion, an April fool-" poisson d' Avril" being of trouble.' I ha' considered the poor, and this is the day o' trouble, sa there can be na | fish, easily caught by deception, singly and doubt o' deliverance! I'll na run a foot, but | in shoals, at this season of the year. The just lay my head on the puir man's pillow, | term "April fool" was, therefore, probably, no-

one of them saw a ladder leading to the April. In some of the German classics fre-"puir man's loft." Mounting it, he stood in quent mention is made of the Aprilen Narr, that the farmer himself could be there, he returned to his companions saying, "there's nane there but a vagrant asleep; seek him at the castle where the gude wife said he'd gone for shelter."

ken! They went their way-those men of warned, forearmed." If, on the forthcoming blood—and then he came forth to praise God for his great deliverance. The shelter he chase to a neighbor, who has expressed no had prepared for others, had changed from desire for your presence-or if you are be a poor room in a loft to a high tower into which he had run and was safe. He had considered the poor, and the Lord remembered him in trouble. He lived through all the dark days of persecution, till he saw peace upon Israel and heard religious liberty proclaimed on all those fair Scottish hills.

If we desire angels for guests, we must prepare for them, and look for them. If we would have a high tower for a refuge in the time of danger, we must build one for those now in terror, and then when our own dark day comes it will be ready, and we can find shelter there.—Era.

IS SLAVERY DEAD?

(Reprinted on account of typographical errors.)

DEAD ! is it dead ? Bury it deep! bury it deep! Lest it should waken and raise its head Out of a SLEEP.

Dead! is it dead ? Ring the bells that men may know It goeth down to its burial bed, And let it go.

Dead! is it dead? Over its grave a tablet set, And write: "By all that rule in dread This doom be met."

Dead ! is it dead ? Proclaim it to the universe: "The storm is past from overhead,

Dead! is it dead ? Roll the rock abve its tomb, And plant a new growth overhead, To rise and bloom.

Ring! the old tyrant's dead! The fair estate is free: Ring for the brave new heir instead ! Come, Liberty ! -Catskill.

ORIGIN OF "APRIL FOOL."

"April the First stands mark'd by custom's rules, A day of being, and of making, Fools."—Old Ballad.

The First of April, which is again close at hand, is distinguished in the calendar by the singular appellation of All Fool's Day." I would be a curious exception to common experience, if, on the present occasion, multitudes were not betrayed into a due observance of the peculiarities of this memorable epoch in the division of time. Many grave and unsuspecting people will, doubtless, be sent upon frivolous and nonsensical errands. founded pretexts out of their warm beds, an hour or more before the accustomed time. Others will be enticed to open packages, promising ample remuneration, but full of disappointment-and others, as they pass along the streets, will be captivated by the sight of pieces of spurious coin, which, when they essay to lift, they will discover securely nailed to the pavement-together with vari ous whimsicalities, which, under other circumstances, would be deemed highly offensive, but, happening on the First of April. are considered, if not agreeable, at least comparatively harmless. For the satisfactricks may be practiced, we have sought to discover the origin of this strange custom, which we regard as a very silly one, wholly unbecoming the gravity and sincerity that should characterize the Christian. Brady's " Clavis Calendaria," published in 1812, mentions, that more than a century previous the almanacs designated the 1st of April as "All Fool's Day." In the northern countries of England and in Scotland the jokes on that day were practiced to a great extent, and it scarcely required an apology to experiment upon the gravest and most reture or simplicity put him momentarily in called a "gowk"—and the sending upon a cuckoo, which was reckoned among the In France, the person made the butt, upon these occasions, was styled "un poisson d' Avril"-that is, an April fish-by implicaalso applied by that nation to a species of whence sa monie prayers ha' risen for me | thing more than an easy substitution of that opprobrious epithet for fish, and it is quite likely, that our ancestors borrowed the cusfooleries is observed, also, among the Hindoos, attended with the like silly species of witticism. By many it is believed, that the term "all" man calendar respecting the 1st of Novem-They thought some nobleman in the re- ber: "The feast of old fools is removed to gion had given him shelter, and were about this day." The oldest almanacs extant, lor of the University of Paris, and the the-going away, when one of their number in- however, have it all (and not old) Fool's ological leader of the reformatory councils sed Shepherd has also said. sisted on searching the premises, lest they Day. Besides the Roman "Saturnalia" and of Pisa and Constance in the early part of "I give unto them eternal life, and they might be accused of going on a fool's er- the Druidical rites, superstitions which the the fifteenth century, felt that he had a shall never perish, neither shall any man early Christians found in existence, when greater work to do. After taking a promi- pluck them out of My hand."

and cow-house explored, when, coming back was the Festum Fatuorum or Fool's Holiday, age, he retired to a convent at Lyons, and the room with low, dark rafters, whose only so that even the Germans of the olden time should commence. And on his death-bed, furniture was a chair and a bed, in which understood to practise their cunning April he sent for the little ones that they might last a man was lying. Never once thinking arts upon their neighbors quite as well as pray for him. we of the present day.

Enough has been here quoted to prove that the custom is of very ancient existence, but the precise origin thereof remains undiscovered, and will have to be dug from some Ah! the strong pavilion in which God of the musty chronicles of antiquity. And had caused him to hide was beyond their now, reader, remember the adage: "Foreof the musty chronicles of antiquity. And 1st of April, you are sent upon a wild goose trayed into any other position, that will cause you to feel and look ridiculous-you Ŵſ cannot lay the blame to our charge. intend this as a timely caution to you to be on your guard.-Lutheran Observer.

DR. HAYES AND HIS POLAE DOGS.

The doctor's account of his dog team, and the method of managing these brutes, is very entertaining. He says:

"I have a superb turn-out, twelve dogs and a fine sledge. The animals are in a most excellent condition, every one of them strong and healthy; and they are very fleet They whirl my Greenland sledge over the ice with a celerity not calculated for weak nerves. I have actually ridden behind them over six measured miles in twenty-eight minutes; and, without stopping to blow the team, have returned over the track in thirtythree. Sonntag and I had a race, and I beat him by four minutes. I should like to have some of my friends of Saratoga and Point Breeze up here, to show them a new style of speeding animals. Our racers do not require any blanketing after the heats, nor sponging either. We harness them each with a single trace, and these traces are of a length to suit the fancy of the driver-the longer the better, for then they are not so easily tangled, the draft of the outside dogs is more direct, and, if the team comes upon thin ice, and breaks through, your chances of escape from immersion are in proportion to their distance from you. The traces are all of the same length, and hence the dogs run side by side, and, when properly harnessed, their heads are in a line. My traces are so measured that the shoulders of the dogs are just twenty feet from the forward part of the runners.

"The team is guided solely by the whip and voice. The strongest dogs are placed on the outside, and the whole team is swayed to right and left according as the whip falls on the snow, to the one side or the other, or as it touches the leading dogs, as it is sure to do if they do not obey the gentle hint with sufficient alacrity. The voice aids the whip, but in all emergencies the whip is the only real reliance. Your control over the team is exactly in proportion to your skill in the use of it. The lash is about four feet onger than the traces, and is tipped with cracker' of hard sinew, with which a skilful driver can draw blood if so inclined; and he can touch either one of his animals on any particular spot that may suit his pur- all the pulsations of the meeting, may help pose. Jensen had to-day a young refractory both to conviction and conversion. The og in the team, and, having had his patience quite exhausted, he resolved upon extreme measures. 'You see dat beast?' said he. 'I takes a piece out of his ear;' and sure enough, crack went the whip, the hard sinew wound round the tip of the ear, and snipped it off as nicely as with a knife. "The long lash, which is but a thin taperit rolled out to destination is a most difficult undertaking. It requires long and patient practice. I have persevered, and my perseverance has been rewarded; and if I am obliged to turn driver on emergency, I feel equal to the task; but I fervently hope that the emergency may not arise which requires me to exhibit my skill. "It is the very hardest kind of hard work That merciless lash must be going con-tinually; and it must be merciless, or it is of no avail. The dogs are quick to detect the least weakness of the driver, and measure him on the instant. If not thoroughly convinced that the soundness of their skins is quite at his mercy, they go where they please. If they see a fox crossing the ice or come upon a bear track, or 'wind' a seal, or sight a bird, away they dash over snowdrifts and hummocks, pricking up their short ears, and curling up their long, bushy tails for a wild, wolfish race after the game. If the whip-lash goes out with a fierce snap, the ears and tails drop, and they go on about their proper business; but woe be unto you if they get the control. I have seen my own driver only to-day sorely put to his metal and not until he had brought a yell of pain from almost every dog in the team did he conquer their obstinacy. They were running after a fox, and taking us towards what appeared to be unsafe ice. The wind was blowing hard, and the lash was sometimes driven back into the driver's face, hence the difficulty. The whip, however, finally brought them to reason, and in full view of the game, and within a few yards of the treacherous ice, they came first down into a limping trot and then stopped, most unwillingly. Of course, this made them very cross, and a general fight-fierce and angry-now followed, which was not quieted until the driver had sailed in among them, and knocked them to right and left with his hard hickory whip-stock."

Every room has been invaded, and barn they commenced their labors in England, nent part in all the leading questions of the found his chief delight in the instruction of little children, saying that it was with little children that the reformation of the church

PEACE.

Fierce was the wild billow. Dark was the night: Oars labored heavily, Foam glimmered white,-Mariners trembled, Peril was nigh; Then said the God of God, "Peace! It is I."

Ridge of the mountain wave, Lower thy crest! Wail of Euroclydon, Be thou at rest ! Peril can none be, Sorrow must fly, When sayeth the Light of Light, "Peace | It is I!"

Jesus, Deliverer! Come Thou to me; Soothe Thou my voyaging Over Life's sea! Thou, when the storm of Death Roars, sweeping by, Whisper, O Truth of Truth ! "Peace! It is I."

"YOU'VE GONE OVER IT."

One Sunday morning an old gentleman was going to church. He was a happy, cheerful Christian, who had a very great respect for the Sabbath. He was, however, somewhat singular in his manner of giving reproof. As he was going along, he met a man driving a heavily loaded cart through the town.

When the old gentleman came opposite the cart he suddenly stopped, and lifting up both hands, as if in alarm, he exclaimed, as he gazed under the cart:

"There, there, you are going over it; you have gone right over it.

The driver was frightened, and instantly cried out "Whoa, whoa," and brought his horse to a stand.

He then looked under the wheels, expectng the mangled remains of some innocent child, or at least some poor dog or pig, that had been crushed to death.

But, after looking all about, and seeing nothing under the wheels, he looked at the gentleman, who had so strangely arrested his attention, and anxiously asked, "What have I gone over, sir?"

"Over the fourth commandment, my friend," was the reply; Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy?

SAVED BY SINGING.

A good leader of sacred song in a prayer meeting is almost as important as a good minister. Hymns chosen without appreciation of the spirit of the meeting, or sung without life and unction, may disturb religious enjoyment, or even turn aside interest awakened. On the other hand, appropriate hymns, sung by one whose heart feels quickly following incident is in point: Some time in the year 1836 a youth of many prayers had been brought by Divine grace to feel his sinfulness, and was led to trust in Christ. The examination of his conversion had been made by the pastor and elders of the church, who were all satisfied. The Sabbath was drawing nigh when he was ing strip of raw seal-hide, was swung with a | to stand before a large congregation and shipstock only two and a half feet long. It is avow his faith in Christ. His soul was much very light, and is consequently hard to handle. | agitated, and Satan was busy with suggest-The peculiar turn of the wrist necessary to get | ions. He betook himself to earnest prayer. that God would strengthen him, that he might manfully bear his testimony for that dear Friend who had bought him with His blood. Just before the services began, while the pastor was looking for a hymn, an aged servant of Christ arose and gave out that well known hymn by Dr. Watts:

And gone the curse,

and that you can do as you please with them Will you give them to me for a poor boy who works all day to help his mother, and who would enjoy skating these moonlight nights? "Poor boys don't need skates; they hain't

time to use them," said the little miser; and as his cheeks crimsoned with shame, he turned the key, and put it in his pocket, lest the useless skates might be taken away by force.

Now, that was a great mistake the selfish boy made when he thought that poor children need no amusement. They are just like others in their wants and their tastes. They love play quite as well, and need it a great deal more, than those whose parents are able to provide constant pastime for them, -whose whole lives are one long playtime. So Billy Macduff worked all day in the foundry, and at night stood with his cold hands in his pockets, and looked on while other boys skated,-except as one stopped and loaned him his skates,--while two pairs were rusting on the brass hook in Master Robert's closet. But there was something worse than that going on; Rob's heart was rusting too; and soon it will show to the friends who are neglecting it, the rough, unlovely surface which only strangers see now.

In contrast with this selfish child of wealth, we remember a boy, who, when the war came on, felt that he must have a soldier's cap and a drum; little realizing, poor child! the horrors of the battles he was imitating in play. These trifles were his delight; but one day a poor laundress came to the house when he was equipped with them, bringing with her a feeble, hunch-backed boy to help with the basket. He had heard of little Jimmy before: the poor neighbors all said his deformity had been caused by the abuse of a drunken father in his infancy. He did not think the unfortunate little dwarf would care at all for play; but when he saw the cap and drum, he whispered almost aloud, as he pulled his mother's skirt, "Oh, if I only could have a sojer cap and a drum ! I'll carry the basket alone every day, mother, if you'll only buy them."

Off came the cap, and the string that held the drum; and, in another moment, poor Jimmy, arrayed in them, was, in imagination as brave a soldier as our army boasted. The poor woman asked the lady if she were will-

ing her son should give them. "Yes, perfectly willing he should give them. He must, however, do it from his heart, not expecting money to go out and replace them That would be my gift, not

his," replied the wise mother. "I want to give them to Jimmy myself," said the good child; and he had his reward when he saw the poor boy clapping his thin little hands, and jumping with joy on the

no' encamp around me!" Scarcely had he stretched himself out in tom from France, with this change in the his humble hiding-place, when, with jeer and | phrase peculiar to the occasion. A day of curse, the blood-thirsty soldiers galloped up to the door and demanded of the terrified Janet, her husband.

and mine; and see if the angel o' the Lord do

"He's na by me," she replied, "and ye canna expect me to do the work yer master is a corruption of auld, or old, thereby pays ye for doing; go yer way and seek him | making it originally "Old Fool's Day," in if ye will; but ye'll not find him. He's hid- confirmation of which opinion the following den by ane as has more power in the High- observation is quoted from an ancient Ro lands than has yer master, the king!"

I rand.

TEACH THE CHILDREN.

The celebrated Gerson, although Chancel-

"What sinners value 1 resign; Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine. I shall behold Thy blissful face, And stand complete in righteousness."

This was sung by the whole congregation; the young man's fears all left him; he was filled with unutterable joy, an dfelt that he could bear his testimony before all the world. The hymn has been precious to him during the past thirty years, during which time he has been constantly bearing his testimony for Jesus; has been all the time, and is now, a warm-hearted laborer in the Sunday-school, During the late war he consecrated money, time and labor in the work of the Christian Comission.

A text of Scripture, verse of a hymn, or sweet song of Zion, often proves to the weary and timid Christian like the sprig of moss in the desert which animated and inspired Mungo Park. Let Christians often speak in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, on the pilgrimage of life.

THE SURE FOLD.

"Why that moisture about the eyes, wife?" "Only it was a foolish fancy. I was just looking at baby, and thinking that any stranger could come and take her from my arms, and she would not know the difference between a mother's love and a stranger's caresses."

As these words were uttered, others came to my mind, and cheered the heart.

They were, "My sheep know My voice. and a stranger will they not follow." More pleasing still was the remembrance, that since His silly sheep are sometimes lured lor of the University of Paris, and the the-away by the sweet sounds of sense-the bles-