

The Family Circle.

VENI SANOTE SPIRITUS.

[TRANSLATION.]

HOLY SPIRIT from above,
Shine upon us in Thy love
With Thy heavenly radiance.

Father of the poor below,
Who dost every gift bestow,
Light our hearts to gladden us.

Of the soul the dearest guest,
Of the heart the sweetest rest,
Sent of God to comfort us.

Freshness for the summer's heat,
In our tears a solace sweet,
Sweet repose in weariness.

Let Thy faithful in Thy sight
Feel Thy cheering, heavenly light,
Warning and enlightening us.

Oh! without Thy quickening power,
We must perish in an hour,
Everything condemning us.

Wash the guilty conscience pure,
Be of sin the final cure,
With Thy dews refreshing us.

Warm our coldness with Thy rays,
Move our stubborn lips to praise,
Call us from our wanderings.

For Thy faithful, oh! provide,
While they in Thy grace confide,
Sacred sevenfold peace with Thee.

Give them virtue's best reward,
Give salvation with the Lord;
Give them joy unceasingly.

—Christian Intelligencer.

COALS OF FIRE.

Joe Deamer was a country boy. His next neighbor, Mr. Armitage, was a very wealthy farmer, but very, very mean. "Take care of Number One!" was his motto and faithfully did he carry it out. No poor widow would have dared to gather the smallest bundle of fagots on his grounds. No belated traveller might expect a night's lodging within his walls. If any venturesome sportsman should happen to shoot a rabbit within his fine woods, he stood a fair chance of being treated like his game. Once, indeed, while the selfish man was shaving, he had seen from his window, some one crossing a distant corner of his field, and had rushed out brandishing his razor, his face half-covered with lather, and his red mouth opening and shutting with rage, to drive the intruder off.

Between this ogre's domains, and the land of a Mr. Crawford, ran a little stream which, when frozen over, made a fine skating-place. Thither the boys of the vicinity had repaired; not without hesitation, it is true, for there was some doubt on their minds to which of the neighbors the water belonged to; if it was Mr. Crawford's they knew that they were quite welcome to skate there. The surest way to settle the question would have been to ask; they seem not to have thought of that, however, but took the benefit of the doubt.

Well the first afternoon, in the midst of the earliest excitement of the sport, down came Mr. Armitage, swearing at them, as far off as they could hear him; with him was his big growling dog, Tartar, apparently as angry as himself; and the famous gun, which was his especial pride and pleasure. With a kick to one boy and a cuff to another, he accused them of "ruining his ice," and threatened them with all the terrors of both dog and gun, if they ever "set foot on his premises again." Tartar, too, snapped at Joe Deamer's leg, fortunately not hurting him seriously; and the boys with swelling hearts and angry looks, quickly unbuckled their skates and left the spot.

Another skating place was soon found at some distance, but you may be sure Mr. Armitage's conduct was not easily forgotten. The moon was now increasing and the boys took especial delight in skating by its light. One night Joe Deamer was returning home after the sport, whistling cheerily to himself, when he suddenly saw a light, which seemed rapidly increasing.

"Mr. Armitage's barn!" he exclaimed stopping to look—and then in boy phrase, "Pshaw, let it burn for the stingy old rascal!—Serves him right!" and Joe turned to walk on.

But suddenly the fire, by association recalled some words of a verse which his father had taught him the day before,—they were these—"by so doing, thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head?" Joe well knew to what duty those words pointed. He stopped short,—the rush of many thoughts and feelings caused such a hot flush to mount to the boys' brow, that he took off his cap, and stood one instant with bared head under the cold solemn moonlight.

Only one month before, Joe had taken upon himself, in the Church of God, the solemn vow of consecration to Christ's service. He truly loved his Saviour and daily tried to honor him;—and now what a fall! He knew not what hand had kindled that fire,—perhaps it was an act of revenge for some of Mr. Armitage's meanness;—but whatever the motive, it was a wicked deed, and one whose wickedness, Joe felt that in his thought, he had shared. Bitter shame for the momentary baseness was the first emotion, then an upward glance, a thought of prayer, and Joe seemed lifted up, as to the clear starry sky above him, above all earthly hatefulness and sin—as though in his soul he heard the voice of Him who is invisible.

This resolution of purpose was the work of an instant; in the next, Joe had leaped over the fence, taken the shortest cut to the farm-house, and was rapping on Mr. Armitage's closely-barred doors and windows, shouting "Fire! fire!"

The farmer and his hired men, and even his wife and children rushed out in alarm; and Joe directly found himself filling buckets with water, at the very spot from which he had been driven a few days before. Not an instant did he stop to think of that, however, but worked with hearty good will. The barn was not saved, but much loss was prevented by their exertions.

I do not know whether Mr. Armitage ever felt, or expressed any gratitude to Joe for his disinterested kindness; I do not know whether any thought of shame ever touched his hard heart when he remembered it; but this I know, that the boy's heart was light and happy when he lay down to sleep that night, and it was not the fun of skating that made it so. And this, too, I know,—that the step taken in that one moment, was a long stride in Joe's upward path,—a leap, by the aid of Christ's ever present grace, which rendered after steps easier; it was the first of a series of conquests over sinful self, which proved the simple country lad a true hero of the cross.—*Ger. Ref. Messenger.*

THE OUT FINGER.

Harry was an orphan boy. His father was a fisherman, who was lost one stormy night at sea. He then went to live with his grandmother in her old-fashioned cottage. As the son of a fisherman, he always took a delight in real boats, but there were none to be seen in any direction in the village where he had come to live, so he resolved to make some. With a bit of wood and a knife he sat down on an old-fashioned three-legged stool, and soon had carved and rigged an entire fleet, one of which was duly launched on a bowl of water. But alas! before the ship-building operations were complete, the knife slipped, and Harry's finger was severely cut. Like other little boys in trouble he ran to his mother, with cheeks pale from fright, though making very manly struggles to keep in the tears. A few kisses and a little soothing sympathy were very useful and then the cut finger was shown to the house-surgeon, who was no other than grandmother herself. She pronounced it very bad indeed, and prescribed the dockyards should be closed for the present, and boat-building suspended, in order that the wounded hand might get rest, and its owner a sleep, if possible, in her lap. Now grandmother's lap was just the place to tempt one into a doze. For she was a kind, loving old woman, who could sing a sweet lullaby as she rocked gently backwards and forwards, and threw her apron, like a curtain, over the little sleeper's face. But Harry did not want to go to sleep, a great comfort to him. So when the cut finger he wanted a story, which he declared, would be properly closed and bound up, the little boy lay quietly in grandmother's arms, telling his mother that he was a sick sailor in hospital, going to listen to a long story. By this gentle hint grandmother was reminded of his wishes, and after a lengthened pause she began.

"Harry, I cannot tell you a story about boats, but I can tell you a little one about sheep and lambs. There was once a very good man who had a great many sheep and lambs; he was very fond of them, and showed by his kindness how much he loved them. Every morning this shepherd led his flock into a beautiful green field, where the grass was very soft and pleasant. On three sides of this field there was a thick hedge, and on the fourth a lovely clear stream ran. The only entrance was a very little gate, in one side of the hedge. The shepherd did not wish any of his flock to go through the thorny hedge, knowing that the lambs especially were delicate, and that their soft wool would be torn by the briars. One day, however, when the sun was shining very brightly, a little motherless lamb began to complain in a most discontented manner, saying that he was much too warm, and that he would try if there was any nice cool spot where he might rest at the other side of the hedge. So, preferring his own way, the foolish little lamb pushed through the bushes, the sharp thorns of which tore his white wool and hurt him greatly. He wandered on, still expecting to find the shade he had wished for, until he was suddenly stopped by his leg being caught in a snare set by some cruel boy to catch weasels.

"Now he began to be very sorry that he had disobeyed his kind shepherd—he cried and moaned, and every moment he was becoming weaker and weaker from pain. The good shepherd heard the cries, and pitied his poor little wandering lamb. He said, 'I love that lamb still, I will go and bring him home again.' This kind, forgiving shepherd went to the same spot in the hedge through which the little lamb had passed, and pushed his way through the thorns. The thorns tore his hands and feet, and some even pierced his forehead and the blood streamed down his face. However, he went on because he wanted to save his little lamb. When he came to the place where the lamb was, he saw it could not stand for its leg was broken. He therefore took it up in his arms and pressing it to his heart, seemed to say, 'I forgive you all.' Then the gentle shepherd set the broken leg, and put a soft ointment on the wounds of the lamb, and said, 'You will soon be well again.' The little lamb now loved his shepherd even more than before he had left the green field, and it gave him deeper grief to see the blood streaming down the shepherd's face than to bear the pain of his own wounds. The shepherd had quite forgiven him, and what was better than all, he told him he would never allow him to wander away again and be lost. Then he

placed the happy lamb on his shoulder, and took him into the green field again. Not through the thorny hedge, but through the beautiful little gate, and then the gate was closed that they might go out no more."

"Harry, do you know who I mean by the good shepherd?"

"The Lord Jesus Christ, I am sure, grandmother."

"And can you tell me any more about this good shepherd, Harry?"

"Father used to talk to me a great deal about him, and how He once walked on the water by night and stilled a storm. Oh! if He had only come again that night to dear, dear father, but perhaps He did."

And father told me about the fishes that were caught, ever so many, without breaking the net, and another time about the wandering sheep. I used to say a long hymn; may I repeat a little bit for you, granny?"

"I will be very glad to hear it, Harry."

So, sitting up in her lap, he began in a low, steady voice—

"Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas he that loved my soul,
'Twas he that washed me in his blood,
'Twas he that made me whole,
'Twas he that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas he that brought me to the fold,
'Tis he that still doth keep."

"I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold!
I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam,
But now I love my Father's voice—
I love, I love his home!"

"And how may we show we love the Saviour, Harry?"

"Father used to say, by trying to obey what he tells us in the Bible."

"Just so, Harry, and if we love and obey the good Shepherd, He will guide us while we are on earth, and when we die He will take us to be with Him for ever in heaven, where all is lovely, and glorious, and bright; and we shall be perfectly happy there, for God will wipe away all tears from our eyes."

Little Harry now got a good-night kiss, and was carried off by his mother to the white-curtained cot in the next room, where he was soon dreaming grandmother's story over again with numerous variations, and quite forgetting the cut finger.—*Child's Companion.*

CURIOUS CLOCK.

Many years ago there was a clock made by one Droz, a mechanic of Geneva, which was renowned for its ingenious construction. This clock was so made as to be capable of performing the following movements. There was exhibited on it a negro, a shepherd, and a dog. When the clock struck, the shepherd played six tunes on his flute, and the dog approached and fawned upon him. The clock was exhibited to the king of Spain, who was greatly delighted with it.

"The gentleness of my dog," said Droz, "is his least merit. If your majesty touch one of the apples which you see in the shepherd's basket, you will admire the fidelity of this animal."

The king took an apple; and the dog flew at his hand, and barked so loud that the king's dog, which was in the same room during the exhibition, began to bark also; at which the superstitious courtiers, not doubting that it was an affair of witchcraft, hastily left the room, crossing themselves as they went out. Having desired the minister of marine, who was the only one who dared to stay behind, to ask the negro what o'clock it was, the minister asked, but received no reply. Droz then observed that the negro had not yet learned Spanish; upon which the minister repeated the question in French, and the black immediately answered him.

At this new prodigy the firmness of the minister immediately forsook him, and he retreated precipitately, declaring that it must be the work of a superhuman being. It is probable that in the performance of these tricks, Droz touched certain springs in the mechanism, although that is not mentioned in any of the accounts of his clock.

THE CONVERTED GEOLOGIST.

A skeptical geologist was once travelling in company with an exploring expedition, more than a thousand miles from his home. One day, he was seized with an unaccountable anxiety about his friends at home. He appeared so depressed and troubled, that it excited the observation of his companions. He feared that his wife was ill or dying; though, at the last news from home, she was in usual health. His associates strove to laugh away his fears. One suggested that he was turning spiritualist. But their efforts were all useless. His anxiety increased to such a degree, that he took a Bible and went alone by himself and read and prayed by turns with an earnestness he had never felt before in any pursuit. Though he had tried to disbelieve in God and the Bible, he well knew that there was help for him nowhere but in its teaching. The Lord met with his soul in those lonely wilds, and spoke sweet words of peace. He went once more to his duties with a heart light and glad. The next letter home was one that filled the heart of his pious wife with greater joy than she would have felt had he announced the discovery of a gold mine. Her whole soul was filled with wonder and admiration at the marvellous way God works to accomplish his designs of good. But a short time before, she had been led to establish a female prayer-meeting with eight of her friends, in which the wanderer had been especially prayed for. His conversion to God was the blessing most earnestly asked. It was just about this time that his anxiety commenced,

without any visible cause. When he reached his home in Boston, he united at once with the church, and husband and wife sat down together at the table of the Lord.

What blessings have followed the female prayer-meeting, wherever it has been conducted with humility and faith! Have you one in your church? If not, can you not form one without delay? There is a wonderful power in united prayer. Oh! let us do what in us lies to make this winter marked for its revivals. Let us besiege the throne of grace for our dear impenitent children, husbands, brother and sisters. God will grant us his blessing if we only ask in faith.

HOW TO CATCH MONKEYS?

I have heard of a company of hunters who caught a number of monkeys in the forests in Brazil in the following amusing way: They had a lot of little boots made just large enough to be drawn easily over a monkey's foot, and filled the bottoms with pitch. With these they set out for the woods, and found themselves under the trees, where the monkeys went rattling on over their heads, but never for a moment removing their eyes from them. Then they placed the little boots where they could be seen, and commenced taking off their own boots. Having done this they let them stand awhile near the little boots. All this the monkeys very carefully noticed. The hunters were too wise to attempt to catch them by climbing the trees; they might as well have expected to snatch the moon as to lay hands upon one of these little fellows. They had an easier way than this, and one much more effectual; they simply sat down under the trees while the little chatterboxes were rattling on over their heads, but never for a moment removing their eyes from them. The hunters now taking up their own boots, having carefully looked over them, drew them slowly one after the other upon their feet. Not a motion escaped the observation of the monkeys. Having replaced their boots they hurried away into thicket of undergrowth not far off, where they were hidden from the sight of the monkeys, but where they could see every thing that happened under the trees. They left the small boots all standing in a row.

The monkeys soon descended from the trees, and imitating the motions of the hunters, thrust their feet into the boots set as a trap for them, chattering and gesticulating all the time, in great glee. As soon as they were fairly in the boots, out sprang the hunters from their hiding places and rushed among them. The monkeys affrighted at once started for the trees, but only to find that they had destroyed their power of climbing by putting on the boots. So they fell an easy prey to their cunning enemies. This is the way the monkeys were caught, and how many young persons are caught in the same way. In their desire to do what they see other persons doing, they fall into serious trouble, and often bring upon themselves ruinous habits that follow them to the grave.—*Boston Courier.*

THE "COOL OF THE EVENING."

Sydney Smith was complaining of a gentleman, who, although many years his junior, was in the habit of addressing him by his Christian name, a privilege which, as Sydney Smith remarked, he only allowed his most intimate friends.

Shortly after, the gentleman in question entered the room, and familiarly addressed Smith as "Sydney," inquired how he thought of passing the day. "For my part," he added, "Archbishop of Canterbury (the then Dr. Howley) has often invited me to pay him a visit at Addington Park, and I think I shall drive down and return in the cool of the evening."

"Ah," returned Smith, "then let me give you a piece of advice, I know something of the Archbishop; he is a very excellent man, but rather proud; so don't call him 'William'; he might not like it."

A roar of laughter followed this significant speech, and as the discomfited youth left the room, Smith turned and quietly remarked:

"I think I have settled the 'cool of the evening,' at last."

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

There are many things of which we have a much more vivid perception at some times than at others. The thing is before you; but sometimes you can grasp it firmly—sometimes it eludes you mistily. You are walking along a country path, just within hearing of distant bells. You hear them faintly; but all of a sudden, by some caprice of the wind, the sound is borne to you with startling clearness. There is something analogous to that in our perceptions and feelings of many great facts and truths. Commonly we perceive them and feel them faintly; but sometimes they are borne in upon us, we can not say how. Sometimes we get vivid glimpses of things which we have often talked of, but which we had never discerned and realized before. And for many days it has been so with me. I have seemed to feel the lapse of time with startling clearness.

I have no doubt, my reader, that you have sometimes done the like. You have seemed to actually perceive the great current with which we are gliding steadily away and away.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

SILENT PRAYER.

There is often an effectual fervor in the united silence of supplication beyond all the earnestness of uttered prayer:

The devoted missionary, William Cary, rejoiced in seeing two of his sons take part in the blessed ministry of Jesus. But a third son was still far from God. At a meeting of the Baptist Missionary Society in London, Andrew Fuller, in his sermon, alluded to

this fact, and after a moment's pause said, with intense feeling,—

"Brethren, let us send up a united and fervent prayer to God, in solemn silence, for the conversion of Jabez Cary."

The appeal, followed by the solemn pause, produced a deep impression on the congregation of some two thousand, and from hundreds of hearts ascended earnest petitions for the conversion of this young man, "and the Lord hearkened and heard it." The next letters borne to them over the seas announced the conversion of this child of many prayers, nearly at the time when this meeting was held.

ADVENT HYMN OF THE DEVONPORT SISTERHOOD.

O Jesu, our redemption!
Loved and desired with tears,
God of all worlds creator,
Man in the course of years.

What wondrous pity moved Thee
To make our cause Thy own,
And suffer death and torments
For sinners to atone!

O Thou, who piercing Hades
Didst break the captives' chain,
Who gloriously ascend'st
Thy Father's throne to gain;

Subdue our many evils
By mercy all divine,
And comfort with Thy presence
The hearts that for Thee pine.

THE CUSTOM.

During a severe storm a raft of choice lumber was broken up by winds at sea, and driven up a harbor, where a portion was stranded on the shores belonging to a citizen who was new to the location, and perhaps unacquainted with the laws and customs relating to estrays of the kind. Straightway he applied his beasts of burden to the prize, and having hauled it into his field betook himself to his noonday refreshment. Meantime the proprietor of the lumber appeared with his men, and in a short time had the material in the form of a raft, which they were propelling through the water when the owner of the land appeared upon the bank, surprised at the turn affairs had taken, he paced the strand for a while, and then raised his voice.

"Mr. P.—," said he, "what is the custom here regarding lumber that comes to a man's shore?"

"Well," said P.—, applying himself vigorously to his setting pole, "the custom appears to be to steal it."

ALWAYS BEHIND.

When Farmer Milton's boy went after the cows, there was one, who was called "Old White Face," that always stayed behind. No sooner were the bars let down, and the call made Co! Co! Co! than "Brindle" and "Bright-eyes" and "Broken Horn" would stir their stumps at once, and make their way to the road home. But "Old White Face" would keep cropping and cropping a bit more as if nobody had called for her, and nobody wanted her milk.

Sometimes it was needful to go to the very further part of the pasture and crack the whip pretty smartly, before she would stir a peg. "Lazy old brute!" muttered the farmer's boy, "why can't you come when you're called, as other cows do? I have to go after you almost every day. Why can't you come when you're called?"

"So I say, Tom," said Farmer Milton, who was just on the other side of the fence, and heard what he said. "I often call you in the morning, and you snooze till I come up close to your bed and bawl out as loud as I can. You use to hear at first, and start at the first call, but you thought you would lie still a minute longer one day, and two minutes the next, and now the habit is very hard to break."

"And there's another call, Tom, that you have heard many a time. It is a more important call than mine. It is God's call! Have you not heard it from your Sunday-school teacher, and from the minister, and from the good books you got from the library. Oh, my boy, if the poor dumb beast could speak as the ass in the Bible story, she might say,—'Obey your Master's call, my lad, before you beat a poor old cow for not obeying yours.'"

Tom drove the cows home without saying another word, and I hope he remembered what Farmer Milton said to him.

NO SILENT PARTNERS.

The *Congregationalist* has some pertinent words for those undecided ones who wish to enjoy the hopes of a Christian life without having a share in its toils and sacrifices:

A minister in Brooklyn was recently called upon by a business man, who said,—

"I come, sir, to inquire if Jesus Christ will take me as a silent partner?"

"Why do you ask?" said the minister.

"Because I wish to be a follower of Him and do not wish anybody to know it," said the man.

The reply was, "Christ takes no silent partners! The firm must be 'Jesus Christ & Co.,' and the names of the 'Co.,' though they may occupy a subordinate place, must all be written out on the sign-board."

Reader, are you trying to be a secret Christian? Jesus Christ takes no silent partners!

A NEW TITLE.

This story, which is rather good, comes to us from England. A sub-dean was talking to a dean about the titles accorded to church dignitaries, in the tone of a man who feels himself aggrieved. "An archbishop," said he "is a most reverend, a bishop is a reverend, and a dean is a very reverend. Don't you think a sub-dean should have some prefix of the kind?"—"Well, yes," answered his superior, "I certainly agree with you. How would rather reverend do?"