

The Family Circle.

MY PSALM.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

I mourn no more my vanished years; Beneath a tender rain, An April rain of smiles and tears, My heart is young again. The west winds blow, and, sighing low, I hear the glad stream run; The windows of my soul I throw Wide open to the sun. No longer forward nor behind, I look in hope and fear, But, grateful, take the good I find, The best of now and here. I plough no more a desert land To harvest, weed, and tare; The manna dropping from God's hand Rebukes my painful care. I break my pilgrim staff, I lay Aside the looting oar; The angel sought so far away I welcome at my door. The airs of spring may never play Among the ripening corn; Nor freshness of the flowers of May Blow through the Autumn morn; Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look Through fringed lids to heaven, And the pale aster in the brook Shall see its image given. The woods shall wear their robes of praise; The south wind softly sigh, And sweet, calm days in golden haze, Melt down the amber sky. Not less shall madd'ned deed and word, Rebuke an age of wrong; The graven flowers that wreath the sword Make not the blade less strong. But smiting hands all learn to heal, To build as to destroy; Nor less my heart for others feel Than I the more enjoy. All as God wills, who wisely heeds To give or to withhold, And knoweth more of all my needs Than all my prayers have told! Enough that blessings undeserved Have marked my erring track— That whoso'er my feet have swerved, His chastening turned me back— That more and more a Providence Of love is understood, Making the springs of time and sense Sweet with eternal good— That death seems but a covered way Which opens into light, Wherein no blinded child can stray Beyond the Father's sight— That care and trial seem at last, Through memory's surest air, Like mountain ranges ever past, In purple distance fair— That all the jarring notes of life Seem blending in a psalm, And all the angels of the strife Slow rounding into calm. And so the shadows fall apart, And so the west winds play, And all the windows of my heart I open to the day.

THE SILVER CUP.

Little Emma Herbert was an only daughter, and was named after her grandmother, with whom she was a very great pet. On one of her birth days, her grandmother sent her a present of a very beautiful silver cup. It was very heavy and elegantly carved, and on it was her name and the date of her birth. Emma's mother was very careful of this beautiful cup, and would not allow her to use it very often, lest she should let it fall and bruise it. Mrs. Herbert had a young servant-girl living with her named Phebe. Phebe was a pleasant, good-tempered girl, and very fond of children, and whenever she was at her work, Emma was always playing about her, or pretending to help her, and Phebe would tell her stories or sing to her, for she knew a great many pretty hymns and melodies. One day Mrs. Herbert had given the silver cup to Phebe to clean, and as Phebe sat under the veranda by the kitchen door, cleaning the silver, Emma, as usual, was helping her to do her work. Now there was a very deep well just by, from which the water was drawn up by a bucket. The cook had just drawn some water, and set the bucket down on the little shelf inside of the mouth of the well. Phebe had stepped into the house for something, and so little Emma ran and stood on tiptoe, and looked into the bucket. The water looked so cool and sparkling she thought she should like to take a drink, and then she thought what a nice thing it would be to drink it out of her own beautiful silver cup. Phebe had not returned yet, so little Emma ran and took her cup, and went back to the well. She could not just reach over the stone top, and was standing on tiptoe, and trying to dip her cup down to the water in the bucket, when she heard her mother's voice calling to her from the upper window. "Emma! where are you, Emma?" Emma knew she had done wrong in taking the cup without permission, and she was afraid to have her mother see it in her hand; for she knew she would find fault with her, so in her fright she dropped it, and, instead of falling into the bucket, down it went, striking all along among the stones of the well; then Emma heard a splash when it reached the water, and she knew her beautiful silver cup was at the bottom of the well. Oh, how sorry she felt then that she had not let it alone! But she had not much time to think about it, for just then Phebe returned, and as soon as she looked for the cup, she screamed out, "Oh dear! Emma's silver cup is gone. Emma! Emma! have you taken your silver cup?" "No," said Emma. Poor Phebe ran about in great trouble,

asking the cook and every one else if they had seen Emma's silver cup, but they all said they had not seen it since she was rubbing it on the bench. Phebe then began to cry. "Oh dear!" she said, "Mrs. Herbert will blame me, and think I have taken it." As soon as Emma heard this she was very sorry that she had not told the truth at once, but now she did not like to say she had told a lie, so she kept silent. You see, my young readers, how one wrong act brings on another. Emma knew she was doing wrong in taking the cup without permission; so to save herself from being blamed, she told a lie, and then was willing to let the blame fall upon another, rather than confess how naughty she had been. Mrs. Herbert felt very sad when she heard that the cup was lost, not only because it was very valuable in itself, and a gift from Emma's grandmother, but because she was sorry that there was any one about her house who would do so wicked a thing as to steal. She felt certain that Betty, the cook, who had lived with her a great many years, would not take so much as a pin or needle that was not her own; and no one else had been about except Phebe and Emma. The cook said that Emma had declared she had not touched the cup, and her mother had never known Emma to tell a falsehood. Besides, she thought Emma would have no object in taking her pretty cup, of which she thought so much; and hiding it. So she said that no one could have taken it but Phebe. Then, too, she said she remembered hearing Emma and Phebe talking about the cup together, and Emma said, "This is a beautiful cup, is it not, Phebe?" And Phebe said, "I guess it is a beautiful cup. It is worth a great deal of money. Won't you give it to me? I should like such a cup very much." All this made it appear as if Phebe had taken a fancy to the cup, and hid it until she could have an opportunity of selling it. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert talked the matter over, and concluded that it was best to send Phebe away. They said they thought it could not be right to keep her any longer, as she would set Emma such a bad example, and they would be likely to suspect her if anything was taken. So it was determined that Phebe should go. Mrs. Herbert called her, and talked to her a long time, and gave her a great deal of advice, but told her that she could not keep a person about her whom she suspected of doing such things. She begged her to tell her before she left what she had done with the cup. But Phebe only cried and said she knew nothing of it from the time she left it on the bench and went to get a little more of the chalk, with which she was cleaning the silver. Emma, who was playing about, knew nothing of all this, till, missing Phebe, she went to her room, and found the door locked. She called several times, but there was no answer. At length she heard some one sobbing, and she called again. "Phebe! Phebe! won't you please let me come in? I want to see you very much!" Then the door was unlocked, and opened, and there was poor Phebe crying bitterly. Her little trunk was standing open on the floor, and the clothes were all scattered around, and there she sat down on the floor among them, and began to cry again. "What is the matter, Phebe?" Emma asked. "Oh, my poor mother!" sobbed Phebe. "Is your mother dead?" asked Emma. "Oh, no! but she'll be so sad when she knows a child of hers has been turned away from a good place for stealing," said Phebe. "The last thing she said to me was, 'Phebe, never say a word that is not true, and never take a pin that is not your own.' Oh, my poor mother! what will she say?" "But, Phebe, are you going away?" You must not go away, said Emma. "Yes, I must. Your mother thinks I have stolen your silver cup, and has given me notice to leave." "I know all about it," exclaimed Emma. "Don't cry any more, dear Phebe. I will go straight to mother to tell her the truth. I had rather be whipped ever so hard, than have you cry so, Phebe, or go away from here." So saying, Emma darted off to her mother's room, and, throwing herself into her lap, and putting her arms around her neck, she said, "Oh, dear mother, don't send Phebe away. I took my silver cup to get a drink, and dropped it in the well, and then did not dare to tell you of it." Emma's mother looked very much displeased, and said, "I should have been glad, Emma, if you had come of your own accord and made this confession, before you were driven to it by seeing Phebe's distress. This whole affair has given me a great deal of pain; but this is the most painful part of it—to think that my own little daughter has done such a wicked thing, and that poor Phebe has been so unjustly suspected. But come, we must go to Phebe, and tell her who has done all the mischief." "Oh, dear mother, I have told a lie, and am very, very sorry." "And, Emma, I shall require you to tell your father and brothers the whole story, and they shall determine what your punishment shall be," said Mrs. Herbert. This was a sore trial to Emma; but she

knew that her mother was in earnest, that she never said what she did not intend to do, and she felt that she was right, and that there was nothing for her to do but to submit. Phebe, you may be sure, was very happy to find that she was no longer thought guilty, and that she was not going to be sent away; but she felt very sorry for Emma, and very much shocked to find that she had committed so great a sin. Emma's brothers, who heard all about what had happened, asked their father to have the lost treasure recovered, and one day, when Emma was out, a man was seen to descend the well with a ladder and a hook, and in a few moments he came up with something bright in his hand, and Emma's brothers shouted and clapped their hands for glee. "He's got it, father! he's got it!" they screamed. Yes, he had brought up the cup, but the boys' faces lengthened when they saw how dreadfully bruised and battered it was, by bounding against the sides of the well as it went down to the bottom. On the evening of the day when the silver cup was lost, while the family were assembled for tea, Emma's father took her on his knee, and said, "Well, has my little daughter been a good girl to-day?" She answered, "No, father, I have been very naughty, and mother says I must tell you all about it." So with many tears and blushes of shame Emma related the whole thing exactly as it had occurred. Her brothers, who were very fond of their sister, thought she had been punished enough, and could not bear the idea of having her suffer any more, but her father said he was afraid it would not do to pass over so great a sin so lightly. He said the first fault of dropping the cup he would not have minded so much, if she had not told the falsehood, and persisted in it, but he was afraid, if something was not now done to make her remember it, she would go on in this course and become a confirmed liar. "The most effectual mode of punishment of which I can think," said he, "is to leave Emma at home alone, while the rest go to make their visit to grandmother at Willow Grove." This was entirely unexpected to poor Emma, who had always been accustomed to spend the midsummer holidays at her grandmother's beautiful place in the country, and she had talked of little else for some weeks; so she began to cry again very sadly, and her brothers began to cry too. When they were doing in begging their father to let Emma go with them. "Dear father," said they, "we shall none of us enjoy ourselves at all, if Emma is left at home. We feel sure that she will be good after this. She is so sorry, dear father. Take her for our sakes, and we will all strive to be very good." Then her father said, "Emma shall have her choice. You know, Emma, you have always taken your silver cup with you to your grandmother's to show her how nicely you have kept it. Now you may either stay at home, or go to Willow Grove with the rest, and answer your grandmother when she asks you where your cup is." After some hesitation, and a great deal of teasing from her brothers, Emma concluded to go to Willow Grove, but still she was so very fearful of her grandmother's displeasure, that she could hardly make up her mind to go when the time came. As we said, the lost cup was found, but Emma knew nothing about this, and supposed it was still at the bottom of the well, never to be seen again. At length the day came for going to the country, and all were in high glee except poor Emma. She was the first to feel sad when starting for such a visit. The grandmother was delighted to see them all; and as soon as they had taken off their hats, they were called in to dinner, which had been waiting some time for them. What was Emma's surprise when she saw her own silver cup standing by her plate, almost as smooth and bright as it was the day she first received it. It was filled with beautiful, sparkling water. She took it up to see if it was really her own cup. Yes! there was her name, "EMMA HERBERT," and the date of her birth; but there was a line engraved below that she had never seen before. It was this: "ALWAYS SPEAK THE TRUTH." "So, Emma," said her grandmother, "I see you have kept your cup as nice as ever. I am glad you are so careful of it." Now, thought Emma, is the time; so she said, "Grandmother, I have got a sad story to tell you about this cup." Then she told her grandmother the whole story of her disobedience and falsehood, not seeking to excuse herself in any way. She ended by saying, "But, grandmother, I have felt very sorry about it ever since, and I prayed to God to forgive me, and to keep me from ever being so wicked again." Her grandmother was much grieved to hear this sad account, and she talked a long time to Emma and her brothers. "See," said she, "how much sorrow one sin brings to many hearts. Poor Phebe, how she suffered when falsely accused, and expected to be sent from her place! How sad Emma's parents have felt about it, and her brothers too! How unhappy she has been herself, and how grieved her grandmother feels! But, above all, Emma has offended her kind Father in heaven. But I am

happy to find that she feels how necessary it is for her to have His forgiveness. I really think that Emma will never forget this, and as it has been the first, so I hope it will be the last act of the kind of which she will be guilty." I am happy to say that her grandmother's wish was fulfilled. Emma grew up to be a girl of the strictest truthfulness. She has been long married, and has now a little family of her own. In a conspicuous place on her mantle-shelf stands the gift of her grandmother, and she often points her children to it, and tells them the story of "THE SILVER CUP," and bids them remember its motto—"ALWAYS SPEAK THE TRUTH."—Children's Friend. TREASURE. "What I spent that I had; what I kept, that I lost: what gave, that I have."—Old English. Every coin of earthly treasure We have lavished upon earth, For our simple worldly pleasure, May be reckoned something worth; For the spending was not losing, Though the purchase were but small; It has perished with the using, We have had it—that is all. All the gold we leave behind us When we turn to dust again, (Though our avarice may blind us) We have gathered quite in vain; Since our mother can direct us, By the winds of fortune tossed, Nor in other worlds expect us, What we hoarded we have lost. But each merciful oblation (Seed of pity wisely sown), Which we gave in self-negation, We may safely call our own; Thus, of treasure freely given, For the future we may hoard, For the angels keep in heaven, What is lent into the Lord. THE ROPE OF FAITH. A COLLIER'S SERMON. "Brethren, I am now going to show you how a poor sinner is saved by grace, and I am sure many of you have been so saved. Let us take the case of a miserable man in the pains of conviction. He is, we will suppose, down at the bottom of the pit of despair. Now, let us ask him how he got there, and how he means to get up. On the bench of the pulpit to the right hand, the preacher curved and hollowed his hand, and applying his mouth to it, spoke aloud this imaginary colloquy, as if from the surface down through the pit-shaft, after the manner of the "bankman" at the colliery. "Hallo! hallo! who's down there?" "Oh, minister, a poor sinner; a miserable sinner." "How came you there, my poor brother? how came you there?" "My load of sins weighed me down, and I fell deeper and deeper." "Oh wretched man that you are; how do you mean to get up?" "I never shall get up. I am lost! lost! forever! I've been trying ever so long to climb up by the side of the shaft, but I cannot; I fall down again." "You cannot succeed of yourself. I'll send you down the rope of faith. Lay hold of that, and you will be got out." "Cling to it, cling to it; here it is!" (imitating the paying out of a rope.) Now then, it must be down to you. Lay hold of the only hope set before you. Have you got hold now?" "I'm so feeble, I can hardly grasp it; but I think I have got a good grip now." "Then pull away, lads! Let us help this poor sinner up. Oh how heavy he is. Why what have you got besides yourself hanging on the rope?" "Only a few good works of my own." "Good works! good works! Throw them down. Down with them, or they'll break the rope." "Well, if I must, I must; but sure they would do me some good." The preacher continued to represent the lifting, but suddenly stopped, as if his arms had received a check; exclaiming to the imaginary ascendant: "Why, what is the matter now? What are you struggling with?" "Doubts and fears, sir; I am afraid I cannot hold on." "Lay firmer hold of the rope. Doubts and fears are nothing to strong faith. But what now? Trembling again. What is it now?" "A great fight of afflictions, master; and I cannot hold on." "Hold on, sinner; hold on; you'll come out of the afflictions. But what is this? Shaking again? What can be the matter now?" "Strong temptation, master. Oh, I shall fall! I'm falling! Oh help me! Oh help me!" "So we will. But ah, what dreadful thing has happened now? The weight is three times as great. What a horrible noise. What have you got there?" "It's the devil himself has gripped me. He is gripping me hard. Oh, minister, I'm lost! I'm lost!" Hereupon, the excitement in the congregation became intense. Women wept, men rose up, and the minister, seizing the opportunity, continued: "Now, lads, let us all pray and pull together. This poor sinner is in great danger. But Satan cannot long buffet him. The great Captain is with us, and He is too strong for demon and devil." Straining at, and lifting the imaginary load, the preacher greatly excited himself

as well as his hearers. Finally he appeared to succeed in bringing the imperilled and hard-gripped penitent to the surface. Then with great effect, he uttered the words, "Lads, he's safe! He is saved! There he is! The rope of faith never broke yet, and I knew it wouldn't break now."—Guthrie. MARRIAGE AND THE SABBATH. Vestiges of Eden are rare; yet two institutions have survived the wreck and come down to us, witnesses of that happy and perfect condition in which they originated. These are the marriage relations and the Sabbath. As the bunch of grapes from Eschol was a visible testimony to Israel of the fertility of Canaan, so do these divine appointments remind us of the felicity of Paradise. The Marriage bond lies at the foundation of domestic happiness, is the source of home joys and pure affections, without which the world would be far more blank and miserable, and wicked than it is. Paradise lingers with us, in a measure, in the sweet and sacred relations of the family. The other memorial of Eden is the Sabbath—God's reservation to himself of a share of the time measured out to men by the celestial clock-work—the motions of those heavenly bodies which are for times, and for seasons, and for days and for years. And while the halloing of one day in seven was an assertion of God's right and authority, and a memorial of his creative work, it was, at the same time, a rich benefaction conferred upon mankind. With what surpassing loveliness must that first Sabbath have been invested! With what splendor must the sun have invested forth as a bridegroom from the chambers of the east, and how must the primal earth have rejoiced in his radiance! The rivers and lakes reflect his gladdening beams; the bright-hued flowers open their petals; the birds make the groves echo with their sweet melodies; and the parents of our race, untainted by thought or breath of sin, bow down in loving adoration and glorify their beneficent Parent. No jar or discord mars the full harmony; no sound of strife or wailing; no groan, nor shriek, nor sob, nor curse vexes the air; but one grand, thrilling, universal chorus of praise, and love ascends to the King eternal, immortal, invisible. And even now, what is so redolent of Paradise as a calm, bright Sabbath morn, when nature has just put on her robes of vernal beauty, and the busy world, hushed and peaceful, enjoys a bright respite from care and toil.—Bishop Lee, of Delaware. WAKE UP, SOLOMON. "Wake up, Solomon! It's time to get up," shouted young Harry to his sluggish brother one fine July morning, as he jumped gayly out of bed, and began dressing himself. "What time is it?" yawned Solomon. "Nearly six," replied his brother, "and mind Sol, we start at seven." "It's too early to get up yet," said Solomon. "I'll snooze till a quarter to seven." So the lazy fellow turned round, and was soon fast asleep again. When he awoke his room looked very full of sunshine. The house was very quiet, too, and rubbing his eyes, he muttered, "I wonder if it is seven o'clock yet?" "Crawling out of bed, he dressed himself and went down stairs. There was nobody in the parlor, nobody in the sitting room, nobody in the dining room. "What can be the matter?" thought Solomon, as he rang the bell for the maid to bring him his breakfast. "Where are they all?" he asked, as soon as she appeared. "Gone to the city," replied the maiden. "They started two hours ago." "Why, what time is it?" "Nine o'clock." "Nine o'clock! But why didn't they call me?" "You were called at six o'clock, and wouldn't get up. Your father wouldn't have you called again. He said he would teach you a lesson." "It's too bad!" cried Solomon, dropping his head upon the table and bursting into tears. It was too bad, that the lazy boy did not learn the lesson of that morning so as to turn over a new leaf in the book of life. I am sorry to say he did not. He loved sleep. He hated work. He was the slave of lazy habits, and is so to this day. What sort of a man will Solomon Slow-coach be? Well, if he don't die of idleness before, he becomes a man, he will be a shiftless, good-for-nothing fellow. He won't have any knowledge, because he is too lazy to study; nor any money, because he is too lazy to work; nor any good character, because he is too lazy to conquer himself. Wake up, Solomon! Wake up, my dear boy! Shake off the chains that are upon you! Be manly, be wic, awake, be something! If you don't wake up you will soon be a lost boy. Wake up, Solomon, wake up! If you don't, you will make shipwreck of your life. It is the sin, even of the best of saints, when they see how deep the knowledge of Christ lies, and what pains they must take to dig for it, to throw by the shovel of duty, and cry, "Dig we cannot." To your work, Christians, to your work.