The Family Circle.

[COMMUNICATED.] "OUT OF THE EAST."

BY STOCKTON BATES. Out of the east comes up the morning sue, Into the west he sinks, when day is done. The clouds, along the far horizon's rim, Gleam through the western twilight shadows dim; The changeful castles of the dying day, Charm for awhile—then crumble to decay; Or, flashing into flames of glorious light, Illume the darkling pathways of the night.

Out of the east slow lifts the round-faced moon Till in the zenith swings at night's dark noon. Far o'er the landscape fall the mellow rays, The soft reflection of the solar blaze. Into the west she passes from the sight. Soon as the eastern slopes are bathed in light, Nor lingers on the green or flowery lawn To welcome with her smiles the rosy dawn.

Out of the east the countless train of stars Follows the sun into the western bars, And, slowly disappearing, melts away
As fades the taper in effulgent day.

The wheeling squadrons proudly seem to roam
Beneath Night's grand, o erarching, sable dome,
While far along the northern flank, on high, Auroral banners wave athwart the sky.

Out of the east the wise men came to view The infant Sayiour, whose bright star they knew, And followed, till the guiding beams at rest, Reposed upon the cradle of the Blest. Then all the stars a glorious anthem raise Of heavenly music and adoring praise; While low the wise men, bowed in worship lie Before the mighty Lord of earth and sky.

Out of the east the fierce Barbarie hordes, With uncouth armor and unwieldy swords. Swept o'er the earth like a resistless wave, Crushing the nations that they came to save. Into the west, where proud Atlantic pours Its wrathful billows on the trembling shores, They passed, usurping all the helpless land From Persia's Gulf to Baltie's frozen strand.

Out of the east, the little pilgrim band Came, in the Mayflower, to a happier land; Came from opression to be ever free, Nor feared the dangers of a wintry sea Into the west they came and freedom found; And, at their sturdy axe's ringing sound, Primeyal forests fell beneath the blows And cot and hamlet magic-like arose.

Out of the east the current onward rolled, Until it reached the land of wine and gold. Along the swelling streams and western plains New cities rose bedecked with lofty fanes. Into the west, advancing sure but slow, The mighty civilizing armies go,
The conquerors by the plough and not the sword,
Who make the west the "Garden of the Lord."

THE RESOUE.

Little Mary Neale was fond of play, as indeed most little children are. She often wandered away from her father's house about the garden and even into the open fields. One day her mother was very busy, and Mary wandered farther than usual. On and on she went until at length she came to the railroad track. This track had been covered with gravel, and the smooth, white pebbles at once attracted her attention. So she sat down between the rails, thoughtless of danger, and began to gather and play with the pretty white stones. After playing awhile she began to feel drowsy, and then she laid her head upon the iron rail and fell

soundly asleep.
While Mary lay asleep and unconscious of danger, the terrible locomotive with a long train of cars attached to it, came thundering along the track. A long way off the engineer who managed the locomotive saw something lying on the road, and as he kept his eye fixed on the object he was horrified to see that it was a little child. He at once blew his loud whistle, but the child did not move. He gave the signal to put down the brakes, and it was done. But still the train moved on, and it seemed inevitable that in another minute the child would be crushed to death beneath the ponderous wheels.

But the engineer was a man of generous and noble impulses. Hastily running forward along the side of his locomotive, he fixed his feet firmly between the bars of the cow-catcher in front, and laying hold of the iron rail with one hand, leaned forward as far as he possibly could. Just as the locomotive was ready to rush upon the sleeping child, and leave it a lifeless, bloody, and mangled mass of flesh, this noble man, at the risk of his life, seized her with his unused hand and lifted her upon the cowcatcher unharmed. So little Mary's life was saved.

Do you not admire the bravery of that good engineer and his eagerness to save the life of that child? But you, my young reader, have continual opportunities to do a far nobler thing. You live in a world where all are sinners, and where all who are not followers of Jesus are in danger of perishing for ever. You can do very much if you have a heart to do it, to point sinners to Jesus Christ and persuade them to embrace him as a Saviour. Thus you may be instrumental in saving souls from going down to eternal death. And is it not a far better thing to help save an immortal soul than a mortal body? Oh try, my young readers, to remember and to feel what awful danger some of your young friends are in, and do day by day, what you can for their salvation.

You admire that noble-hearted engineer. And do you not think little Mary Neale and her parents always loved him and desired in every possible way to show their gratitude to him? Yet all that he did for Mary was as nothing to what Jesus has done for us. The engineer only risked his life. Jesus laid down his life of set purpose, and of his own will, in order to save us from enduring eternal death. He suffered in our place what no man ever suffered or can ever fully comprehend, especially while in this world. Ought you not then to admire Jesus, and to love him and to do all you possibly can to testify your gratitude for the unspeakable blessings he has purchased for you by laying down his life on your behalf?

> When justice by our sins provoked, Drew forth its dreadful sword, He gave his soul up to the stroke, Without a murmuring word.

This was compassion like a God,
That though the Saviour knew The price of pardon was his blood, His pity ne'er withdrew.

-S. S. Visitor.

LITTLE MOLLIE.

How deeply the gospel is needed by the children of the South is shown in the following from the Sunday School World:

About two miles from the meeting-house I found an old lady with several grand-children living in a little log cabin. Whilst conversing with them, "grandma" drew from her pocket a "plug of tobacco," and took a large chew, and then turning to me said, "Stranger, do you chaw?" at the same time proffering me some. Never having used the weed, I respectfully declined.

Talking with a little girl eleven years old, I found she was not only unable to read but grossly ignorant of spiritual things. I soon gained her confidence; so she talked freely with me, telling me of what to her was a great loss, the death of her favorite " Tabby. Said I," Mollie, you know you have to die,

"Yes," said she, "I spees I will when I get old, like grandma," specs I will when I get old, like grandma," specs I will when you are young. What will become of your when you die?"

"I reckon they'll bury me up in the ground as I did Tabby, and that'll be all." "Don't you know, Mollie, you have a soul that cannot die, nor be buried up in the ground, but will be alive when your body returns to dust? If you are good and love Jesus, it will be happy with Him in heaven; but if naughty and wicked, will suffer in the fires that are never quenched.

With a look of astonishment she said, 'Why no, I never heard nothing about such things. I never knowed there was any other world but this." S.S. Missionary re port from N. Carolina.

"WHAT'S THE USE OF LIVING?"

That is what Susy Baker was much in the habit of saying. Life didn't go very smoothly with Susy. She had a cross husband, and sickly children, and was very poor. So she often became discouraged; and as she re-counted her trials, sometimes to her husband, sometimes to her neighbors, and sometimes only to herself, she would wind up sonnie these hands to do good things with; with the disconsolate question, "What's the and, if he does bad things with them, they use of living?"

A good woman, who was going by her cabin one day, happened to hear the sad words, and stopped to see who it was that spoke. She looked in at the open door; and there sat Susy in an old rocking-chair, leaning over, with her elbows on her knees, and her head on her hands, her face clouded and unhappy. The good woman looked steadily at her for a moment, and then said, "I think

there's great use of living."
Susy started as she heard the words—for she did not know any one was near,—and, looking up, saw a very pleasant, bright face gazing in upon her. The face smiled, and then the lips began to speak.

"I used to feel very much like you, my the use of living. It's something just to ty pepper to dit in Freddie's eyes and make count up the good and beautiful things God has given us. There's this lovely sunlight, d and beautiful things God and the pure, sweet zir, the cool showers, the trees and grass and vegetables and fruits. Then there's the nice still, dark nights to sleep in when we are tired; and a husband to work "-

Here Susy interrupted; "He's a cross old

"My husband was cross once; but he isn't now. I think it was as much my fault as When I left off fretting and scolding, he got to be as pleasant and good-natured as any body need to be."

Susy opened her eyes. "I can't help fretting," said she; "for the children are always ailing." "Just the way mine were once, till I

learned to take care of them."

"Why, what did you do?" "I gave them very simple food, mush and milk, bread and butter, potatoes and salt, rice, and such plain, nourishing things. I put them to bed early, and had the room well aired where they slept. I dressed them warmly with flannel next the skin, and then let them play a great deal in the open air. I let them help me all they were able, and

praised them every chance I could get." "Stop, stop!" cried Susy. "I shall have to begin all over new. Where shall I be-

"Kneel down, my good friend, and ask the Lord to teach you how to live so as to please him; and then I am sure you will find, as I have, that there's great use and great comfort in living."—Freedman's Journal.

"HOW MUCH DO I COST YOU?"

A little daughter, ten years old, lay on her death-bed. It was hard to part with the pet of the family. The golden hair, the loving blue eyes, the bird-like voice—the truthful, affectionate child! How could she be given up? Between this child and her father there had always existed, not a renatures. He fell on his knees by his darling's bed-side, and wept bitter tears. He thousand times! strove to say, but could not, d'Thy will be Eusebius telle done!" It was a conflict between grace and

"Papa, dear papa," said she at length.
"What, my darling?" answered her father, striving for composure.

"Papa," she asked, in faint, broken tones. 'how much do I cost you every year?" "Hush, dear, be quiet!" he replied, in great agitation, for he feared delirium was coming

To soothe her, he replied, though with a broken voice, "Well, dearest, perhaps two hundred dollars (£40.) What then, darling?" "Because, papa, I thought-maybe-you would lay it out this year-in Bibles-for poor children—to remember me by."

gotten—the sorrow of parting, the lonely future. Nought remained but the mission of they speak, would bear witness that there I love, and a thrill of gratitude that in it he learned by heart almost all the Epistles; of and his beloved were co-workers.

"I will, my precious child," he replied, kissing her brow with solemn tenderness. dreds and thousands after her to heaven."

The child's very soul beamed forth in a long, loving gaze into her father's eyes; and head uncovered. Joshua Barnes is said to still gazing she fell asleep. Waking in a have read a small pocket Bible a hundred few minutes, she spoke in a loud, clear voice,

and with a look of joy.
"Oh, papa, what a sweet sight! The golden gates were opened, and crowds of children came pouring out—oh, such crowds! And life. John Boyse, one of the translators of they ran up to me, and began to kiss me, our Bible, had read all the Scriptures before and call me by a name. I can't remember he was five years old; his mother read them what it was, but it meant, Beloved for the father's sake!'

She looked up, her eyes dreamy; her voice died into a whisper, "Yes, yes, I come! I been recovered from their memories. In come!" and the lovely form lay there untenanted of the lovelier spirit.

John Lee arose from his knees with a holy triumph on his face. "Thank God," said he, "I am richer by another treasure in heaven!'-S. S. Visitor.

TRUSTÝ HANDS.

Three-year old Freddie owned a pair of very busy little hands. Mamma loved them, every one of the dimpled fingers was precious to her; but she did not love the mischief she often found them in; so she took Freddie in her lap one day, and said to

"Are my Freddie's little hands trusty hands?"

"Don't know. What are t'usty tannies, ma ?"

"Trusty hands, my love, are hands which can be trusted—that is depended on—to do right, and not to do wrong. God gave my are not trusty hands. God cannot trust them; mamma cannot trust them.'

"Not t'usty tannies when Freddie goes to work-basket?"

"No. Can Freddie think of any more places where his hands haven't been trusty?' "Yes: in tugar-bowl." Mamma nodded assent; and Freddie went on confessing his sins, with a very thoughtful look.

"Out titchen, too, tannies went in flour, in dough, in water-pail, in 'tarch, in clothes basket, in coal tod, in 'tove oven, when Fred die burnt not t'usty tannies." "Anywhere else?" asked mamma, quite

startled at this revelation of what Bridget had to put up with in her "swate darlin." "Not t'usty tannies in panty too," conpoor woman; but, thank God, I've got all tinued Freddie: "went into wice and waisover it now; for I have found out what's ins and mince-pie-meat and pepper, - 'naugh-

> him cry: Bridget says so." "I must have a serious talk with Bridg-

more places, sonnie?" tired telling," said three-years with a sigh, and a mournful look at the fair plump hands. Freddie's tannies goin' to be t'usty tan-

That afternoon, Freddie's mamma left him alone in the parlor a few minutes, but returned in haste, fearing her little boy might be injuring something. She found him standing before the "what-not," his hands tightly folded, as he whispered,-

"T'usty tannies mustn't touch." When his bed-time came, mamma said, before he knelt to lisp his little prayer,—

"Does our heavenly Father see that the hands he gave his little Freddie have been trusty hands to-day?"

"Tried to be t'usty, ma; but Freddie for-dot when he pinched kitty's tail a-purpose, and splashed all the water out of the basin onto hisself."

Then mamma had another little talk with her boy, and he added to his usual prayer, "Please, God, make little Freddie's tannies wholly t'usty tannies to-morrow."

Freddie remembered better the next day; and by and by, after a great deal of praying and trying, the hands came to be perfectly trusted anywhere.—S. A. F. H, in Child at Home.

REMARKABLE EXAMPLES OF BIBLE READING.

Many of the anecdotes compressed within the following paragraph it is easy to verify; and every reader will acknowledge the value of the lesson which they are intended to teach. Remarkable as some of them are, not one approaches what is relatfamous Mohammedan; namely, that, during lationship merely, but the love of congenial his confinement in the prison of Bagdad, where he died, he read over the Koran seven

Eusebius tells us of one who had his eyes burned out in the Diocletian persecution, library of Christ. Theodosius the younger don me and yet remain a just and holy Be. was so familiar with the word of God, that ing.'

"The minister shook his head mournfully, he made it a subject of conversation with favorite author, and that the Scriptures laddie."

"But please—papa, how much do I cost were his pure delight. Tertullian spent a greater part of his time in reading the Scripthem in that language. Cranmer is said to of life. have been able to repeat the New Testa-A beam of heavenly joy glanced in the father's heart: the joy of one noble loving spirit mingled with its like. Self was for that the world has ever seen. Ridley said: "The walls and trees of my orchard, could which study, although in time a great part was lost, yet the sweet savor thereof, I trust, I shall carry with me to heaven." Sir "Yes," he added, after a pause, "I will do it every year as long as I live. And thus book of God so much his study, that it lay my Lilian shall yet speak, and draw hunman used to read three chapters of the Bible every day on his bended knees, with his the whole Bible through twelve times a year. William Romaine studied nothing but the Bible for the last thirty or forty years of his than one of whom it was said, that if the Bible had been lost, the whole might have short, was there ever an eminent Christian who was not remarkable for his study of

THE BEAUTIFUL LADY.

Methodist Magazine.

Scripture as he had opportunity? - Wesleyan

There is a gentle lady, very fair;
Her looks are saintly and her voice is rare;
She walks through all the town,
Nor fears to soil her gown.

They say this lovely lady's not afraid Of any being that the Lord has made; She sees her Father's look Within the meanest nook.

And so she walks serene through every lane Where hunger struggles fierce with sin and pain, And angry curses leap In passion wild and deep.

She does not even tremble at the sight; She stands and gazes like a lity white, Till, awed to peace, they see Her spotless purity.

She stays beside the couch when all have fled, And lays upon her breast the dying head, And sings away all fear With voice serene and clear.

She takes the little children in her arms, And gives them bread to eat, and mildly calms Their throbbing hearts that beat, And wipes their bleeding feet.

Dear children, tell me will you go with her,— This lovely lady, each her messenger,— And have with her their home?

Her name I think, is Charity below; But when her bright, immortal wings do grow,
The angels there above In heaven will call her Love.

A BLIND LEADER.

In all State churches there are ministers who, having no personal knowledge of the new birth, are unable to comprehend the convictions of an awakened soul, or to dithought mamma. "I had no idea of rect to the way of salvation by Christ. A all this." To Freddie she only said, "Any striking illustration of this is given in the interesting Memoir of Rev. Duncan Dunbar, "Freddie 'members lots; but Freddie's by Dr. Chaplin. Young Duncan had an overwhelming sense of sin, and seeing no way of pardon, was driven almost to despair. A friend writes of his feelings at this

"You must have heard of his awful state of mind before he obtained peace through the blood of the Lamb. He was in Montrose, and one day made up his mind to commit suicide, and thus put an end to his suffering, as he in his desperation thought, and this was his plan: to run along on the parapet of the bridge and then drop down, that it might be thought an accident, as he was known to be fond of daring and fearless of danger.'

His pastor, a worthy man in the Scotch church, was utterly perplexed by his mental state. He said to him:

"The cause of all your trouble is quite plain to me. Ye are the son of worthy Christian parents, yourself an upright lad, bound to set a good example to your companions. Ye have been unfaithful, and God is frowning on ye. At the next sacrament come forward and take your place among the children of God, and after partaking ye will be at peace I think.'

"After a little reflection, a new solution of the mystery appeared to the minister, and in a solemn tone he said, looking keenly into his young parishioner's eye, Duncan, my lad, ye have always borne a good name in the place and been a great favorite, and all point to ye as an example for the young. But I fear, from your present condition, that ye have deceived us all! Ye must have committed some awful crime, which is tormenting your conscience and driving ye to deed, and earnestly believed in the East, of a spair. If this is so, ye may confess it freely to me, in the strictest confidence, and I will still be your friend. What ha' ye been do

ing, laddie?'
"'Nothing in all my life, sir, that I would not be willing my parents should know. It is the sins of my heart, which none but God his trial for murder, he is said to have com nature, such as he had never before exper- and who repeated in a public assembly the can see, my rebellion against Him, my replained of his fellow-prisoners for insultant the can see, my rebellion against Him, my replained of his fellow-prisoners for insultant the can see, my rebellion against Him, my repeated in a public assembly the can see, my rebellion against Him, my repeated in a public assembly the can see, my rebellion against Him, my repeated in a public assembly the can see, my rebellion against Him, my repeated in a public assembly the can see, my rebellion against Him, my repeated in a public assembly the can see, my rebellion against Him, my repeated in a public assembly the can see the can s very words of Scripture with as much ac- jection of Christ, in short, my exceeding ing him through the walls of his cell, and had been lying apparently unconscious. She curacy as if he had been reading them. vileness in his sight, which makes me wish screaming to him. "You are a bloody man. I had never been that he reading them to read the reading to him." Jerome says of Nepotian, that by reading I had never been born! I am so full of sin On examination, the charge was found and meditation he had made his soul a that I cannot see how God can noscible per wholly remardless. The cannot see how god can noscible per wholly remardless the cannot see how god can noscible per wholly remardless the cannot see how god can noscible per wholly remardless the cannot see how god can noscible per wholly remardless the cannot see how god can no sciple per wholly remardless the cannot see how god can no sciple per wholly remardless the cannot see how god can no sciple per wholly remardless the cannot see how god can no sciple per wholly remardless the cannot see how god can no sciple per wholly remardless the cannot see how god can no sciple per wholl p that I cannot see how God can possibly par wholly groundless. The accusing voices

> the old bishop as if he had been one of them, admitted that he saw no help, and dismissed echoes. Surely it is "fearfully and wonder be read to read the read t Augustine says that after his conversion he his soul-stricken guest with the cheering as fully made." It is so constituted as to regis ceased to relish even Cicero, his former surance, L think ye are losing your mind ter its own crimes, conduct its own trial, and

The light which the minister could not give was given by an old schoolmaster. to tures, and committed large portions of them to memory. In his youth, Beza learned all Paul's Epistles in Greek so thoroughly, that when he was eight years old, he could repeat with the could repeat the could re

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.

Ex-President Van Buren's recently pub. lished volume on political parties in the United States contains the following letter. which narrates an original anecdote of Wash.

Ogdensburg, N. Y., April 30th, 1857 HON. M. VAN BUREN:

Dear Sir:-During the session of the Pres.

byterian General Assembly in Cincinnati, in May, 1852, I dined twice at the hospitable mansion of Hon. Jacob Burnet, now deceased. He was born in Newark, N. J., in 1770, and was the son of Dr. William Bur. net, who was in the medical service of his country through the Revolution Judge Burnet was acquainted with our early distinguished statesmen, and his conversation was rich in the recollection of their manners and characters. He related an anecdote of Washington, which he had from the lips of Alexander Hamilton. 🤙

When the Convention to form a Constitution was sitting in Philadelphia, in 1787, of which Gen. Washington was president, he had stated evenings to re eive the calls of his friends. At an interview between Hamilton, the Morrises and others, the former remarked that Washington was reserved and aristocratic, even to his intimate friends, and allowed no one to be familiar with him Gouverneur Morris said that was mere fancy, and he would be as familiar with Washing. ton as with any of his other filends. Hamil.

ton replied,-"If you will, at his next reception eve. ning, gently slap him on the shoulder, and say, My dear General, how happy I am to see you look so well, a supper and wine shall be provided for you and a dozen of your friends."

The challenge was accepted. On the eye. ning, appointed a large number attended, and at an early hour Gouverneur Morrisen tered, bowed, shook hands, laid his left hand on Washington's shoulder, and said.—

"My dear General, I am very happy to see you look so well."

Washington withdrew his hand, stepped suddenly back, and fixed his eyes on Morris for several minutes with an angry frown. until the latter retreated, abashed, and sought refuge in the crowd. The company looked on in silence.

At the supper, which was provided by Hamilton, Morris said,-

"I have won the bet, but have paid dearly for it, and nothing could induce me to re-Yours truly, peat it." JOHN FINE.

MR. WADE AND JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS.

Benjamin F. Wade and the late Joshua R. Giddings used to be constant competitors at the bar in "old benighted Ashtabula," their place of residence. In the early part of his practice, Wade was defending a man against an action of slander, and, after having concluded a very effective speech to the jury, sat awkwardly leaning on the counsel table, and facing Giddings, who was attempting to be eloquent in behalf of his slandered client. "Old Gid." as he was familiarly called, knew a little smattering of Shakspeare, and now determined to bring that great author to his aid.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said he, with much ardor,

"He that steals my purse, steals trash; But he that robs me of my good name" (Ahem!)

At this point, to his great discomfiture, Shakspeare deserted him. He repeated,

But he that robs me of my good name'" (Another pause.) Takes that I never had," whispered Wade, as if prompting him, and so distinctly

as to be heard by all in the room. Amid the laughter and his own confusion, Giddings brought his speech to such a "lame and impotent conclusion," that his client recovered but six and a quarter cents for his lost character.

POWER OF CHRISTIAN LIFE.

There is one department of Christian evidence to which no skill or industry of the champion of revealed truth can do justiceone also with which the skeptic is little disposed to meddle. It is that which is spread before us in the noiseless and almost entirely unrecorded lives of thousands of the faithful followers of Christ. Ambitious of no distinction, intent only on the Master's service, pursuing the even tenor of their way in the discharge of common duties, their lives are ennobled, and sometimes become heroic through the lofty purity of their aims, and singleness of their devotion to life's great end. No theory of infidel philosophy can account for them. The attempt to explain them by means of enthusiasm or fanaticism is an insult to common sense.

WHEN Professor Webster was awaiting were imaginary merely the echoes of a guilty conscience. But it is a fearful thought pronounce condemnation against itself.