

The Family Circle.

THEY ARE NOT LOST.

Oh, wherefore do we weep and call them lost, The good who early die; Surely our Heavenly Father loved them most, And so he bade them lay their burdens by, And pass into the sky.

LITTLE MAY'S LEGACY.

CHAP. V.—MAY-BIRD'S WISH.

TIME went speeding on. Summer days gave place to autumn, when yellow leaves fell from the trees in golden showers, leaving them at length bare and stripped, to bend and bow beneath the wintry blast.

CHAP. VI.—MAY-BIRD'S GIPSY BOY.

As Farmer Somers went hurriedly out of the gate into the field, he stumbled over something. His heart was heavy with foreboding, his grief so absorbing, that he scarcely paused to see what it was; but he felt his coat-tail held, and looking down, saw a thin, wretched boy, half-starved and ragged, gazing up at him with beseeching eyes.

CHAP. VII.—MAY-BIRD'S DEATH.

It was on the next Sunday evening that Miss Smith went to see May, and to read with her, as she often did. Her mother was putting baby to bed up-stairs, and when Miss Smith said, "good-by," the spring twilight had deepened, and May was alone, for her father and Robin were gone to evening service at a church not far distant.

CHAP. VIII.—MAY-BIRD'S DEATH.

It was on the next Sunday evening that Miss Smith went to see May, and to read with her, as she often did. Her mother was putting baby to bed up-stairs, and when Miss Smith said, "good-by," the spring twilight had deepened, and May was alone, for her father and Robin were gone to evening service at a church not far distant.

CHAP. IX.—MAY-BIRD'S DEATH.

It was on the next Sunday evening that Miss Smith went to see May, and to read with her, as she often did. Her mother was putting baby to bed up-stairs, and when Miss Smith said, "good-by," the spring twilight had deepened, and May was alone, for her father and Robin were gone to evening service at a church not far distant.

and sunshine, my bird, to be all strong and hearty again. Come now—to please me, you will say yes."

The little thin arms were wound around the great brown neck of the farmer, and May whispered, "Very well; to please you, father, I will try."

"There's my darling. Mother will get your whey ready first, and dress you warm and nice, and I will be back by half-past eleven."

"Will she go?" asked Mrs. Somers when her husband came down.

"Yes; but it is only to please me. She is a fading flower—a fading flower," and the voice, so cheery and encouraging a moment before, sank into a painfully hoarse whisper, "God help thee and me, wife!" and then Farmer Somers was gone.

May was dressed and ready by the time appointed; and carefully and tenderly the strong arms bore her into the open air—a light burden—her father scarcely felt it.

May was very quiet and silent. She rested her head on her father's shoulder, and looked around and above her. Up at the sweet blue sky, with here and there, a fleecy cloud sailing past.

Up at the tall elm trees by the barn, where the rooks were so busy, building their airy nests, and cawing their monotonous, but pleasant notes.

Then around, at the pretty tiny spring flowers in the borders, and in the field adjoining, at some tender lambs, close to their mothers' side, who were nibbling the short young grass and "daisy" buds.

"Father," said May, "do you know the hymn about the spring that never ends? I used to know it, but I forget it." May broke the silence with these words.

"No, my May-bird. I am no hand at remembering hymns," said her father. "Are you tired?"

"No; that is, I am always tired now. But I like the air; it is so sweet and fresh." May shut her eyes, and presently began, "I remember two verses." And the weak childish voice repeated slowly, and softly,

"There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign; Infinite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain."

"There everlasts spring abides, And never-withering flowers, Death, like a narrow stream, divides This heavenly land from ours."

The child felt herself involuntarily pressed closer, as the last two lines were uttered.

"It is only a narrow stream, father," she went on, half to herself, half to him; "I do not think I shall be afraid, for Jesus will be there. There is something about 'living green' in another verse; but I cannot remember. 'Take main now, father—please.'"

Sadly and sorrowfully her father complied, laying her on her little bed, and leaving her mother to attend to her. Then he rushed away to his work again.

As Farmer Somers went hurriedly out of the gate into the field, he stumbled over something. His heart was heavy with foreboding, his grief so absorbing, that he scarcely paused to see what it was; but he felt his coat-tail held, and looking down, saw a thin, wretched boy, half-starved and ragged, gazing up at him with beseeching eyes.

"Stop—please—a minute." "What are you doing here?" asked the farmer, somewhat sternly.

"I've runned away from the gipsies, and have come ever so far, to try to find the little girl, who—who—"

"What! are you Jim?" asked Mr. Somers, in a sort of glad surprise; for all through that dark and sad winter the question had been so oft repeated—to Miss Smith, to her father and mother, and to Robin, by little May, "O, what has become of Jim?" And then she would sigh, and "I wish—I wish I knew," would follow.

Jim—for Jim it was—could hardly speak now; he was worn down with fatigue and hunger; he could only gasp out, "They nearly beat me to death, because I would not thieve; and then I runned away. I wouldn't thieve no more! I told her so; and I kept my word—I did!"

Farmer Somers turned towards home again. He could scarcely bring himself to touch the heap of dirt and ragged clothes; but he saw the child was sinking from exhaustion, and, rousing him while lifting him by the arm from the ground, he bade him follow.

With feeble, tottering steps, poor Jim obeyed. Mr. Somers led him around to the back-door, and then, setting him up against the wall of the kitchen, went to get some milk, in which he steeped a bit of bread. Morsel after morsel he patiently put into Jim's mouth; and when Mrs. Somers came down with the news that May had fallen into a sweet sleep, she found her husband employed in stripping off Jim's filthy rags, and covering him, for the time, with an old smock-frock.

"Here, wife," he said, "this is more in thy way than mine; and it's no fit work for the girls. Just get some warm water, and make the child sweet and wholesome, and then he shall have some more good food. He is well-nigh starved to death. We must be kind to him, wife—we must be kind to him, for he is our poor May-bird's Jim."

Poor Jim! many a time, as the operation of washing went on, he sank into a stupor, and Mrs. Somers had to arouse him, and put into his mouth a spoonful of something to revive him.

At last he was dressed in an old suit of Robin's, and the kind hand of May-bird's mother cut off masses of the long tangled hair, and soothed the child, and spoke tender words to him for May's sake.

At last poor Jim burst out into a fit of convulsive sobbing, which he seemed quite unable to stop.

"What is it, poor child? what is it?" asked Mrs. Somers. "I am not hurting you; am I?"

"O no; no!" sobbed Jim; "only nobody has ever been kind to me before. I never cried when they beat me; but I cannot bear this."

The good and motherly woman was touched to tears herself. She bid Jim not fret, and try to eat the dinner she now set before him.

Jim obeyed. He could have eaten twice as much; but Mrs. Somers knew after long starvation that would be dangerous. Then he curled himself up on a piece of matting by the fire, and was soon in a long dreamless sleep.

That evening, as May's father carried her down stairs, he said, "What will you say, May-bird, to an old friend turning up?"

"What!—Jim?" asked May, with greater interest than she had shown about anything of late.

"Ah, yes—we will see," and Farmer Somers laid his darling on two chairs ready for her, and then pointed to the corner where the forlorn gipsy boy still slept heavily.

has ever been kind to me before. I never cried when they beat me; but I cannot bear this."

The good and motherly woman was touched to tears herself. She bid Jim not fret, and try to eat the dinner she now set before him.

Jim obeyed. He could have eaten twice as much; but Mrs. Somers knew after long starvation that would be dangerous. Then he curled himself up on a piece of matting by the fire, and was soon in a long dreamless sleep.

That evening, as May's father carried her down stairs, he said, "What will you say, May-bird, to an old friend turning up?"

"What!—Jim?" asked May, with greater interest than she had shown about anything of late.

"Ah, yes—we will see," and Farmer Somers laid his darling on two chairs ready for her, and then pointed to the corner where the forlorn gipsy boy still slept heavily.

"How glad I am!" said little May. "Robin," to her brother who was making some fire for his fishing-rod in the deep window-seat, "you will be kind to Jim."

"I?—yes, but I shall not have anything to do with him, that I know of," said Robin.

"Poor Jim! poor Jim!" said May, looking at the weak, distressed little sleeper, with tender pity; "what did he say, father?"

"That he would not steal; and so they ill-used him, and then he ran away."

"He was nearly starved to death, poor child," said Mrs. Somers; "and he cried like a baby at a kind word."

"You will let him be a farm boy now, father; won't you?" said May, "and Robin, you will teach him of evenings—Robin dear, for my sake?"

Robin made a gruff reply—something like—"No good comes of gipsies."

But Mr. Somers said, "Yes, my May-bird. I will keep the lad at work. Matthey is getting too unmanageable for me now; and if Jim is a good steady boy, he will just fit in handy; but as to the teaching, we will leave that to you, my May; will we not, mother?"

Little May sighed, and held up her mouth to her father's face; the lips were hot and parched; and the farmer's stout heart quailed. Must he part with her?

It was on the next Sunday evening that Miss Smith went to see May, and to read with her, as she often did. Her mother was putting baby to bed up-stairs, and when Miss Smith said, "good-by," the spring twilight had deepened, and May was alone, for her father and Robin were gone to evening service at a church not far distant.

Presently, May saw Jim sitting in the deep window-seat; and wondered if he had been there all the time of Miss Smith's visit, unperceived.

"Jim, is that you?" Jim came down from his seat to the little girl's side.

"Jim, you will not forget to be good, to love Jesus, and try to do his will!"

"No," said Jim, in a husky voice. "I am going away; Jim—I am going very soon; but you won't forget what I say; and you will be good and obedient to my father, Jim."

"That I will," said Jim. "But are you going away?"

"Yes, Jim, yes—to that beautiful country I have told you about, where Jesus is."

Jim took the little thin hand in his, and held it tight, so tight, that it almost pained May; then saying, "I won't forget, never!" he slipped out of the kitchen.

Little May did not come down-stairs any more—cold March winds blew fiercely, and the tender flower withered beneath their breath. No one could now be blind to the fact, that May was going home. Her father was slow to believe it; but the truth was forced on him at last. "May must go!"

Father, she said one evening, when she was lying in his arms—a position which rested her more than any other now—"father, I leave Jim to you; I have prayed to God so much for him, you will keep him and take care of him for my sake. He knows about Jesus now; and I think he will be good. Father, kiss me; remember, I leave poor Jim to you."

The farmer could scarcely make any answer; his voice shook so; but he took Jim as a parting gift from his dearly-loved child, and promised to cherish him for her sake.

There was a silence; then presently May said, "Ask mother, and Robin, and Jim to come. I want them to sing the beautiful hymn you taught Jim."

They did as she wished, with trembling voices, the child herself joining in clear, though weak tones.

"Around the throne of God, in heaven, Thousands of children stand; Children whose sins are forgiven, A holy, happy band, Singing, 'Glory, glory, glory!'"

Not many hours after, and little May was amongst those blessed, happy children—and washed in the pure and precious flood; she entered into rest; and saw Him who redeemed her, and whom, while yet on earth, not having seen, she had loved so well. Happy little May!

SHOPPING FOR FUN.

We commend the following extract from the Diary of a Miller, recently issued by Messrs. Hurd & Houghton.

"She deliberately took off her own bonnet and commenced trying on those that were on the saloon-table. One after another she took them up, and put them on her head, till she had seen about thirty casting their differently combined tints over her complexion. She invited my comments and suggestions upon each one. She showed herself in each of the five mirrors of the saloon, and in all the various lights she could command, and placed herself in every conceivable attitude before them."

"One thing or another was the fault in every one of them. She had asked the price of all, and cheapened them each to the lowest possible fraction for which they could be bought."

"She then went to the side-table, and performed the same operation upon herself with fifteen or twenty more. There were none that exactly suited."

"Haven't you some put away in drawers?" she asked. I went the same rounds with a dozen drawers containing six or eight bonnets apiece.

"When those were exhausted, she pointed to the window, and asked if I would be kind enough to bring her two handsome bonnets that were hanging there."

"Something in the inner life, probably it was that attribute of the individual denominated penetration, admonished me that she didn't wish to purchase a bonnet, but was seeking an afternoon's entertainment at our expense. Another something—whether it was a spirit tapping, or tapping at the inner door, I know not—admonished me that there are times when, to practice the forbearing policy of the remarkable patriarch of whom I have been speaking, is to cast pearls before swine. Instead of starting for the desired bonnets, I looked her steadily in the eye, while I modulated my voice to a very respectful tone, and replied:

"If you really wish to buy a bonnet, I will go down and get them; but I fear they will suit you no better than the others have done."

"She saw that her rôle was played to the end, and a successful actress she had proved herself. She had confined her audience in the closest attention for about two hours. The other two bonnets were beyond her reach. With the most immitable coolness and unconcern, she looked me back, and replied:

"I don't wish to buy a bonnet. I bought mine last week."

THE INDIAN AND HIS DOG.

In the county of Ulster, near the line of the State of Pennsylvania, lived a man whose name was Le Fèvre. He was the grandson of a Frenchman who was obliged to fly from his country at the revocation of the edict of Nantes.

He possessed a plantation on the very verge of the valley towards the Blue Mountains, a place of refuge for animals of the deer kind.

This man, who had a family of eleven children, was greatly alarmed one morning at missing the youngest, who was about four years of age. He disappeared about ten o'clock. The distressed family sought after him, in the river and in the fields, but to no purpose. Terrified to an extreme degree, they united with their neighbors in quest of him. They entered the woods, which they beat over with the most scrupulous attention. A thousand times they called him by name, and were answered only by the echoes of the wilds. They then assembled themselves at the foot of the mountain of Chestnut (or Chestnut trees), without being able to gain the least intelligence of the child. After reposing themselves for some minutes, they formed into different bands, and night coming on, the parents in despair refused to return home.

"Derick, my child! Derick, my poor little Derick! where art thou?" frequently exclaimed the mother, in language of the deepest distress; but all was of no avail. As soon as daylight appeared, they renewed their search; but as unsuccessfully as on the preceding day. Fortunately an Indian, laden with furs, coming from an adjacent village, called at the house of Le Fèvre, intending to repose himself there, as he usually did when travelling through that part of the country.

He was much surprised to find no one at home; but an old negro, kept there by her infirmities, "Where is my brother?" said the Indian.

"Alas!" replied the negro woman, "he has lost his little Derick, and all the neighborhood are employed in looking after him in the woods."

It was then three o'clock in the afternoon. "Sound the horn," replied the Indian, "and try and call thy master home. I will find his child."

The horn was sounded; and as soon as the father returned, the Indian asked him for the shoes and stockings that little Derick had worn last. He then ordered the dog, which he brought with him, to smell them, and then, taking the house for his centre, he described a circle of a quarter of a mile, semi-diameter, ordering his dog to smell the earth wherever he led him. The circle was not completed when the sagacious animal began to bark. This sound brought some feeble ray of hope to the disconsolate parents.

The dog followed the scent, and barked again; the party pursued him with all their speed, but soon lost sight of him in the woods. Half an hour afterwards they heard him again, and soon saw him return. The countenance of the poor dog was visibly altered: an air of joy seemed to animate him; and his gestures indicated that his search had not been in vain. "I am sure he has found the child," exclaimed the Indian, "bit whether dead or alive was at present the cruel state of suspense. The Indian then followed his dog, who led him to the foot of a large tree, where lay the child in an encfeebled state, nearly approaching death. He took it tenderly in his arms, and hastily carried it to the disconsolate parents.

Happily the father and mother were in some measure prepared to receive their child. Their joy was so great, that it was scarce a quarter of an hour before they could express their gratitude to the kind restorer of their child.

Words cannot express the affecting scene. After they had bathed the face of their child with their tears, they threw themselves on the neck of the Indian, whose heart melted

in unison with theirs. Their gratitude was then extended to the dog: they caressed him with inexpressible delight, as the animal which, by means of his sagacity, had found their beloved offspring; and conceiving that, like the rest of the group, he must now stand in need of refreshment, a plentiful repast was prepared for him, after which he and his master pursued their journey; and the company, mutually pleased at the happy event, returned to their respective habitations, highly delighted with the kind Indian and his wonderful dog.

GOD SEEN IN ALL HIS WORKS.

In that beautiful part of Germany which borders on the Rhine, there is a noble estate, as you travel on the western bank of the river, which you see rising its ancient towers on the opposite side, above the grove of trees about as old as itself.

About fifty years ago, there lived in that castle a noble gentleman, whom we call Baron. He had only one son, who was not only a comfort to his father, but a blessing to all who lived on his father's land.

It happened on a certain occasion that this young man, being away from home, there came a French gentleman to the castle, who begged to talk of His Heavenly Father in terms that chilled the old man's blood; on which the Baron reproved him, saying, "Are you not afraid of offending God, who reigns above, by speaking in such a manner?" The gentleman said he knew nothing about God, for he had never seen him.

"He," this time did not notice what the gentleman said; but the next morning he took him about his castle grounds, and took occasion first to show him a very beautiful picture that hung on the wall. The gentleman admired the picture very much, and said, "Whoever drew this picture knows very well how to use the pencil."

"My son drew that picture," said the Baron.

"Then your son is a clever man," replied the gentleman. The Baron then went with his visitor into the garden, and showed him many beautiful flowers and plantations of forest trees.

"Who has the ordering of this garden?" asked the gentleman.

"My son," replied the Baron, "he knows every plant, I may say, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall."

"Indeed," said the gentleman, "I shall think very highly of him soon."

The Baron then took him into the village, and showed him a small neat cottage, where his son had established a school, and where he caused all young children who had lost their parents to be received and nourished at his own expense. The children in the house looked so innocent and so happy, that the gentleman was very much pleased, and when he returned to the castle, he said to the Baron, "What a happy man you are to have so good a son!"

"How do you know I have so good a son?"

"Because I have seen his works, and I know he must be good and clever, if he has done all that you have shown me."

"But you have not seen him."

"No; but I know him very well, because I judge of him by his works."

"True," replied the Baron, "and in this way I judge of the character of our Heavenly Father. I know by his works that he is a being of infinite wisdom, and power, and goodness."

ANECDOTES OF DR. WAYLAND.

[From the Life published by Sheldon and Co.]

At a subsequent period of his life, he was conversing with a brother in the ministry, who had held a number of public positions, and who remarked, "Whatever I have been I have always been thinking of something else, and preparing myself for another position."

Dr. Wayland replied, "I have gone on just the opposite principle. Whatever I was doing, I have always fixed my mind on that one thing, and tried not to think of anything else."

During a visit to Boston, Mr. Wayland attended the trial of Judge Prescott, then under impeachment, and heard the speech of Mr. Webster. He says, "I lost, as I suppose, some reputation, if I had any to lose, by saying that I thought Mr. W. a less eloquent man than Dr. Norton."

I stand to whatever God has said; what men infer from it is merely human, and weighs with me just nothing. As a Christian, I think I can, in my poor way, defend what God has said; what man has inferred from it, man may defend if he can; I am not responsible.

Only a few plain people found their way down to hear the awkward young stranger, just settled at the North End. No crowd thronged the long plank walk that led from the street back to the old and unattractive wooden meeting-house; nor did any benches obstruct the aisle, as Mr. Winslow, gravely preceded the minister, and ushered him into the desk. Nor was the new minister, a man calculated speedily to draw a crowded house, and impart popularity to a waning interest. His manner in the pulpit was unattractive; he was tall, lean, angular, ungraceful, spoke with but little action, rarely withdrawing his hands from his pockets save to turn a leaf, his eye seldom meeting the sympathetic eye of the auditor. To those who conversed with him, he appeared abstracted and embarrassed. The work of composition was laborious, and, with his habits of study, consumed so much time as to leave him little leisure to win by personal intercourse, the affections of the people.

How often have we heard him quote those memorable words addressed by the first Napoleon to the Polytechnic School: "Young gentlemen, never waste a half hour; if you do, the time will come when you will be embarrassed, and perhaps will fail of your destiny, for want of what you might have gained in that half hour."