

The Family Circle.

MABEL'S RESOLVE.

Mamma has not kissed her, nor put out the light; Yet I see, through the curtains, as I peer, Her blue eyes are closing; she'll soon be asleep. I will tell you: Big Bridget, the cook, went away This morning, and Mabel, throughout the long day, Has helped in the kitchen, up stairs and all round— A brisk little housemaid as ever was found. 'Twas a droll sight to see her, and made us much fun, With her sleeves fastened up, and a long apron on, First washing the dishes, then dusting a shelf, With a great feather-duster as tall as herself. Now standing on tiptoe, as small as a fairy, Skimming the cream from the milk in the dairy; Now peeping to see if the biscuits were brown, And merrily laughing to find how they'd grown. But she was most pleased, when at last, with a broom, She had chased a black spider quite out of the room; "He was going, mamma," she said, ready to cry, "To eat for his supper this dear little fly." And what do you think were the last words she said, As mamma laid her darling at night up to bed? "When I'm a big lady, and go to housekeeping, I shan't leave a cobweb for spiders to sleep in!" Mrs. H. F. BRINGTON.

THE UNKNOWN DAY.

A small, low-ceiled room, scantily furnished, but scrupulously neat, and giving evidence of tender, womanly care; its window-shutters, however, nearly closed, as though the entrance of the golden autumn sunlight were an intrusion; the balmy air and soothing rural sounds, that could not be excluded, stealing gently in; such was the scene of the trial of an immortal soul: externally, indeed, a peaceful scene—but the trial, as it were by fire. On a low bed in one corner of this apartment lay a young man, silent and motionless. To a close observer, only, would he have seemed as young as he really was; for a few months had done upon him the work of years—his face was haggard and weary-looking, as though three, instead of a single, score of years, had left their traces there. The dark hair and bright restless eye were all the vestiges of youth that physical and mental agony had left untouched. He lay like one exhausted by some sharp conflict, his eyes closed and his lips firmly compressed, only half conscious of what surrounded him, but vividly alive to all that passed in the mysterious world within. The sound of a familiar step, and the touch of a hand on the latch were, however, sufficient to open the dreamy eyes, and bring to them something like an expression of pleasure. No wonder, for as the door opened, a noble-looking woman entered,—one of those women of whom it is rare good fortune to number two or three in all the round of one's acquaintance, who combine in rare proportion all the elements of true strength of character with the most gracious and generous benevolence, whose very presence elevates, soothes, and strengthens us,—sisters of Mercy indeed, the highest merely human embodiment of "peace on earth, good-will towards men." "Ah, Cousin Margaret, have you come at last?" said the youth, holding out his hand as she approached him. "How I have longed to see you!" "And I have longed to come to you, Robert," returned the lady, as she bent over him and kissed his forehead in her gentle motherly way, "but you know why I could not." "A pressure of the hand he held was his only response, while Cousin Margaret's eyes filled with tears, and for a moment she turned away her head. These signs of emotion, and her mourning dress, told a tale of bereavement and sorrow, and no one could look into her countenance without recognizing in her a capacity for suffering equal to her power of loving, and both in no ordinary degree. But, accustomed to control her own feelings for the sake of others, she yielded no further to them, and when she again addressed her young cousin, her voice was clear and steady. Not many words of condolence were needed between these friends; they well understood each other's heart; one word, one look, could convey more inner sympathy than many can express in a long conversation. "Ah, Cousin Margaret," exclaimed Robert Earl, "how little did I think, when I last saw you, do you remember those pleasant hours on New Year's Day, when we were speculating on what might be before us in this year?—that before we should meet again, you would have visited the dark valley of death, and I should have become—the helpless wreck you see me!" "He leathen his own ways by ways they know not," said Cousin Margaret, reverently and softly, as if half to herself. Robert scarcely heeded, but went on: "How full of life I was then! How I boasted myself of the morrow! I felt like a traveller just coming to the end of a toil-some journey; and my land of promise, which seemed to lie just before me, was to be no idle, useless life, but one spent in my Master's work. I rejoiced in my youth and strength—I thought it was all for His dear sake, but I must have been terribly self-deceived. The last day in the dear old Seminary came—a pleasant spring day; how vividly I remember the faces that surrounded me then! Professors, classmates and friends; and every word of solemn charge still rings in my ears. The next day came our early parting, and how joyously we all set out for home! But oh, cousin—one short hour

his voice grew husky; there were no tears in the bright eyes, but great drops of sweat stood thick and cold on his forehead. His cousin wiped them tenderly away, pressing his hand, but without speaking. "I do not recollect," he continued, recovering himself a little, "anything about the accident; only the speed of the train in which I was, which seemed none too great as it approached home,—a terrible roar and a crash, then a blank; and from that day until this, I have lain here, and God only knows how long I shall thus lie helpless. For the surgeons say, that if I ever walk again, it will not be for years, and then but slowly and feebly. Dear Cousin, do not think me weak,—but, indeed, it is such a relief to say all this to you. I cannot, I dare not add to poor Mother's burden by a word of complaint, and I lie here, miserably thinking it all over, through long days and sleepless nights, until I sometimes think I shall lose my reason. Think of it,—all the hope of my life dashed from me, just on the eve of fulfillment. My sacred, my loved profession,—mine no more. And my dear Mother and Eva, whom my father confided to me with his last breath. How can Mother ever live burdened with such a charge as I? And how is my poor sister to be educated? Cousin Margaret, why, why did not God let me lie down in the grave with your little Harry, rather than live to burden those I long so to serve? Mine is a lost life,—yes, worse than lost!" His cousin had let him talk on without interruption, wisely judging that in thus giving vent to emotions repressed through weary months, he would find the most direct relief from their violence. But now she drew tenderly near him, and in a low, gentle voice, said, "Have you forgotten God's promises, Robert?" "No, I do not,—I cannot forget—the words; I say over to myself, 'Whom God loveth, He chasteneth, and many, many other gracious words; they sound sweet, but far off, like music played at night for the ears of others, and only half heard through a dream, quite as though I had nothing to do with them. I know I love the Hand under whose correction I lie, and yet, I am tossed with cares and anxieties that are too great for me,—I doubt, no, not Him, Cousin, but myself. I made a fatal mistake, which has blasted my life,—and there. I must have so deceived myself. Why, why did I ever imagine myself called to the holy ministry? My presumption has been deservedly punished!" And the young man groaned aloud. "Dear Robert, had you been permitted to stand at the sacred desk, whom and what would you have preached?" "Can you ask, Cousin?" "Who, but Christ, and Him crucified?" "And would it have been words alone, or a living, personal Saviour? Ah, my dear boy, if you cannot appropriate the promises, think not of them, but fix your thoughts on Him alone; true, you cannot trust, you cannot understand, yourself, but you can rest in Him. If the thoughts of your mother and sister disturb you, if you can find no promise profitable to you concerning them, remember His human nature, and His perfect sympathy, and only trust. You cannot do the work you had pitched in for yourself; yet say, 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?' Believe me, the answer will come! His work is manifold, and if He will that you shall still live, it must be for Him, and in Him! Can any life be a hopeless wreck, that is hid with Christ in God?" "I have been wrong, Cousin. I have known that all along! I have tried to pray—God knows I have! But my prayers have never seemed to rise higher than my head. If any one had told me that I was practically an infidel, I could not have credited it, but, indeed, it has been true! and it has required this fearful providence to reveal that truth to me. Self has filled my view, instead of Christ—and the Gospel! I would have preached, had never yet penetrated my own heart." The lady here checked him, knowing that he was quite exhausted; but she sat silent by him, in secret prayer for him, until he fell into a quiet sleep. Then she left him, to bestow on his mother what comfort and assistance she could. From the time of this short conversation, there was a change in Robert's state. The grace of God had accompanied his cousin's simple words, and cleared away the strange mist, the result in a great measure of pain and anxiety, which had obscured his spiritual vision. He began to feel that life, the gift of God in Christ, could not be bought but a blessing; and that there must be something still for him to do and to enjoy on earth, else he would not be permitted to remain. Every word of the Saviour's had a new and vivid signification, when viewed in the light of His personal and living presence; and he recognized the promise that is for this life that now is, as well as that which is to come, as standing high above all the chances and changes of time. The command "Rejoice evermore," had troubled him, as one to which obedience seemed impossible; but now that, by God's help, he had cast aside his fetters of unbelief, he learned that in all things that formed part of his inheritance, he might, nay, it was his duty to take holy and comforting delight. With the dawn of this new impression, he surprised his sister Eva, on the morning following the conversation above related, by requesting her to open the windows, which in his despairing mood he had always wished closed. It was done; and the glorious daylight,

by they as perplexing as they may. I have never been quite free from inward struggles, but He has given me grace through all things to hold fast to this truth,—and now the bitterness of that trial is quite gone. It has pleased the Father, too, to let me carry out my wish, though not in my own way. I have never forgotten my early vows; I have striven to do His work, and been blessed with a greater share in it than I dared hope. Even my worldly affairs, He has cared for, and I have had the joy of working for my loved ones, often in weakness and pain, it is true,—but that has only sweetened the sacrifice, for Christ hath suffered;—and I praise Him, they have never known want. Mine is a happy, happy life," said Robert, looking thoughtfully out where afar, the stars gleamed-out one by one "in the infinite meadows of heaven."—R. H. S. in Ref. Church Messenger.

MY BROTHERS.

True poetry has been defined by Mr. James Russell Lowell as "Satin's combinin' morril truth With phrases such as strikes," though perhaps Mr. Lowell didn't exactly mean that as his definition of poetry. In the following little gem there are moral truths and striking phrases. It is from the pen of Mrs. Lushington—a most charming person—wife of the eminent Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow, and sister of Mr. Tennyson. It was addressed to some of her American friends.—Harper's Magazine.

COMPENSATION.

"I have read," says the author of a recent work, "a beautiful illustration of this point: A lady, travelling in Europe, visited with her brother, a town in Germany, and took lodgings with a remarkable couple, an aged man and lady. They were husband and wife. They lived by themselves, without child, or servant, subsisting on the rent accruing from the lease of their parlor and two sleeping rooms. The lady, in giving an account of the persons, says: 'When we knocked at the door for admittance, the two aged persons answered the knock together. When we rang the bell in our rooms, the husband and wife invariably came, side by side. And our requests and demands were received by both, and executed with the utmost nicety and exactness. The first night, having arrived late by the coach, and merely requiring a good fire, and our tea, we were puzzled to understand the reason of this double attendance. When the time to retire came, the lady was surprised to see both the husband and wife attending her to her chamber, and, on looking, with some seriousness, towards the husband, the wife, noticing her embarrassment, said to her: 'No offence is intended, Madame, my husband is stone blind.' The lady began to sympathize with the aged matron on the great misfortune of having a husband, quite blind. The blind man exclaimed: 'It is useless for you, madam, to speak to my wife, for she is entirely deaf, and hears not a word, you say.' Says the lady-boarder, here was an exemplification of the Divine law of compensation. Could a pair be better matched? They were indeed 'one flesh.' He saw through her eyes, and she heard through his ears. Ever after, it was most interesting to me to watch the aged man and his aged partner in their complete inseparableness. Their sympathy with each other was as swift as electricity,—and this made their deprivation as nothing."

SHAKESPEARE'S MORALITY.

It is sometimes alleged as an impeachment of Shakespeare's morality that he does not encourage virtue by making it always successful, nor discountenance vice by always defeating its aims. The innocent often fall under the machinations of the guilty, and the guilty often triumph on the ruins of innocence. And are we then to reduce virtue and vice down to an arithmetical calculation of profit and loss? And do we expect a system of morals, in which temporal interest and duty are identical. If we are moral, merely for wages, then we had hypocrisy to selfishness, and deserve to fail. If we would not rather die with Desdemona than live, and flourish as Iago, the more pity for us. Truth and virtue never offer to compromise with us, to insure success, in return for our homage. It is not virtue, but that old Serpent the Devil, that promises us thrones and kingdoms, full purses and fine dinners, if we will but fall down and worship him. The poetry or philosophy, which represents virtue and vice as sure of present recompense is a lie, and, as such, can only come directly or indirectly of the Father of Lies. Shakespeare, rightly understood and tested, has shown a degree of moral purity, of which we have few examples in literature. Indeed, we can hardly regard as extrava-

gant eulogy, the declaration of Mrs. Montague—"that he was one of the greatest moral philosophers that ever lived." His morals, moreover, have such a savor of Divine truth, that they furnish proof of his own mind having been deeply imbued with the pure morality of the Gospel. In the great world of woman, Shakespeare stands not the first only, but is yet the sole authentic oracle of truth. In nothing, perhaps, does he so deeply and divinely touch the heart of humanity, as in the representation of woman. Next to the Bible, he is the best benefactor of womankind; for, next to the Bible, he has done most towards appreciating what woman is, and towards instructing her what she should be. "His writings contain at once the reality and the apotheosis of womanhood. The incomparable depth, and delicacy, and truthfulness, with which he has exhibited the female character, are worth more than all the lectures on social morality the world has ever seen." And, yet it is curious, that so few, even of intellectual women, care about reading him. We were, somewhat amused at a lecturer, recommending the young ladies of a Female Seminary, to read the Bible, and Shakespeare. Of course it was right to recommend them to read the Bible, and it would probably do no harm to mention Shakespeare, for it is not likely one, out of ten, would heed the recommendation. Of all the intellectual, reading ladies we have known, we can think of but one or two that ever read Shakespeare, with any spirit or enthusiasm. But, still we should feel some hesitancy in giving an indiscriminate recommendation to young ladies, to read Shakespeare, for we do not believe it is a suitable book for all readers.—Lutheran Observer.

ANECDOTES OF DR. WAYLAND.

[From the Life, published by Sheldon and Co.] "If you learn to do as much work in one day as you used to do in two or three days, you are as good as two or three such men, as you formerly were, boiled down to one." An incident related by his pastor happily illustrates his habits of study:—"During eight years I was his pastor, with an intimacy peculiarly free; and yet never but once did I venture to intrude on his morning and choicest study hours." Knowing the annoyance he felt at the briefest interruption at such times, I had often studied with locked door, or did not respond when solicited. I had invariably regarded his wishes. But necessity knows no rule. I rapped at the door of his study when he was most secluded. There was no response. I then gave the Faculty rap. Still no answer. Satisfied that he was within, and that, if he knew my errand, he would welcome me, I addressed him by name, saying, 'Dr. Wayland, I must see you.' To this he replied in a gentle tone, 'Come in, Pastor.' I opened the door. Crossing the threshold, I found him, pen in hand, standing with his back to the little light which crept through the shutters nearly closed. In this room, thus darkened, he was thinking!

He was ill at ease when not actively employed, as he once said, "I find doing nothing a most laborious and time-consuming business!" "In the early part of the recent rebellion, one of my friends who had been for a few years captain of a first-class merchant vessel, was anxious to secure some appointment from the naval department, in which his seamanship might be of service to his country. I introduced him to Dr. Wayland, thinking that a recommendation from such a source would materially assist my friend in his patriotic purpose, and then, after some words of explanation, retired, leaving them in earnest conversation. When I next saw this aspirant for naval promotion, he said, 'What sort of a man is Dr. Wayland? I supposed he was only a clergyman; but I never passed so severe and searching an examination about everything that belongs to my profession as a sailor. He seems to know everything about a ship.' I am not surprised at the election of Mr. Pierce, but I am surprised at the greatness of his majority. I gave the Whig leaders more credit for forethought and common sense than they deserved. They surrendered principle, and tried availability. They have lost election, principle, honor, and all. I sorrier that there is now no Whig party. They have no principles to which they adhere and profess none of any power in opposition to the Democrats. They cannot make another stand. The next move will be a division of the Democrats; and this will again give an opportunity for choice. I think you may safely look upon the Whig party as defunct. When Jefferson was elected, Hamilton advised the Federalists to disband, and unite with the best part of the Democrats. They did not follow his advice, but died by inches, until the very name became a word of reproach.

"You will learn, before long, that politicians are generally among the stupidest and most mole-sighted of men." It must be so, for they are pre-eminently selfish. "Mr. Ardnon is here, and I have scrawled my ornithological courage up to the sticking-point of one hundred dollars. I had great misgivings as to the matter of duty. One hundred dollars is a considerable talent, and I doubted whether I had a right thus to appropriate it. However, I made out a view of the case that satisfied me. It seemed to me that so complete and beautiful an exhibition of this portion of the works of God ought to be procured, and on this ground I thought I was justified in purchasing the work. I am much pleased with Audobon's moral-temper. He seems habitually to refer what he sees to the wisdom and goodness of God. I think he would hardly agree with the notion of our friend B., that creation is no proof of the being of a Creator. Talking to him of animals, I said, 'The buffalo is certainly very stupid.' 'Stupid' said he; 'man is the only stupid animal I ever saw.'