THE AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1868.

The Family Circle.

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THE VICTIM.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON. A plague upon the people fell, A famine after laid them low : Then thorpe and byre arose in fire, For on them brake the sudden foe; So thick they died, the people cried, "The gods are moved against the land." The priest in horror about his altar, To Thor and Odin lifted a hand: "Help us from famine And plague and strife! What would you have of us? Human life? Were it our nearest, Were it our dearest, (Answer-oh, answer!) We give you his life."

п. But still the foeman spoiled and burned, And sattle died, and deer in wood. And bird in air, and fishes turned And whitened all the rolling flood ; And dead men lay all over the way, Or down in a furrow scathed with flame, And ever and aye the priesthood moaned, Till at last it seemed that an answer came : "The King is happy In child and wife; Take you his nearest, Take you his dearest-Give us a life,"

The priest went out by heath and hill ; The King was hunting in the wild; They found the mother sitting still; The range and the mother sitting still; She cast her arms about the child. The child was only eight summers old. His beauty still with his years increased His face was ruddy, his hair was gold. He seemed a victim due to the priest. The priest exulted. And cried with joy, "Here is his nearest, Here is his dearest-We take the boy !" \$D

ш.

IV. The King returned from ont the wild, He bore but little game in hand. The mother said, "They have taken the child, To spill his blood and heal the land; The land is sick and the people diseased, And blight and famine on all the lea: The boly gods, they must be appeased, So I pray you tell the truth to me. They have taken our son, They will have his life. Is he your nearest? Is he your dearest? (Answer-oh, answer!) Or I, the wife ?"

The King bent low, with hand on brow : He stayed his arms upon his knee: "Oh, wife, what use to answer now, For now the priest has judged for me ?". The King was shaken with holy fear ; "The gods," he said, "would have chosen well; Yet both are near, and both are dear, And which the dearest I cannot tell!" But the priest was happy, . . His victim wond We have his nearest, We have his dearest, - His only son !" the de the difference

VI. The rites prepared, the victim bared, The knife uprising toward the blow, To the altar stone she sprang alone-"Me, me- not him, my darling-no !" He caught her away with a sudden cry ; Market Suddenly from him brake the wife, And shrieking, "I am his dearest, I— I am his dearest!" rushed on the knife!

I was going out with him to examine the ty. Through the influence of friends who had grounds, I saw a little girl jumping the rope. emigrated to America, he made up his mind ter of youth, or in the season of age with she had such a happy face, and when she to go, too, and take his wife and only child, the untamed vigor of middle life. To enjoy and after I did so, I noticed that the tears You did kiss me so much like my mother used to do'-and then her eyes reminded me | daughter of your son Carl !" very much of our dear little Carl's eyes. whom we lost so many years ago-I said

was something like this:

stopped for a week or two, until I heard the circumstances, when I had her promptly removed to my Orphan Asylum. The parents

left no papers describing their circumstan-ces, and even the little girl's name was not known. She called herself Lorlie, and so I wrote that in our registry as her name. She has been a very dutiful, happy, and loving child, from the time I took her to nation. When the call for troops came in the present. And that is all that I can tell you about her."

reading, and when she became old rengingh shores of b she attended the village school in the valley to the sea." below. One day, when she was a little over twelve years of age, she read in a child's paper about how a little American girl had "Why cannot I do the same thing?" So she thought over it, and prayed over it a good deal, and at last determined to lay the subject before her grandparents. The old people shook their heads and dis-

"But," said she, "if I can do all that I school, provided the children will come to it, will you have any objections then ?" They answered that their principal fear

"But," said she, "if my health continues

saw me she wished me such a pleasant a little girl named Lorlie, with him. The 'good-morning,' that I was attracted to her rest of their history you know already. As at once. I went up to her and kissed her, you will see, from what I have written, the little girl whom you received from me, and came into her eyes; and when she said, who has lived with you ever since, is none other than your own grandchild, the only

many of the children that we receive; but only their blessing upon their own grand-I know, at least, a portion of the history of daughter, but to leave in her hands the pro-vigor is developed, the season of middle life I know, at least, a portion of the history of little Lorlie. Her parents had emigrated from a Silesian village, and were on their way to Hamburg to take passage for America as emigrants. But the typhus fever in easy circumstances, never forgot her Sunt that this adaptation is one essential condition happened to be raging at Silesia at the time day school, nor could any of the children, of our happiness. Each senson prepares its

A MOTHER'S PATRIOTISM. GENERAL CLINTON B. FISE Barrates the

following instance of sublime Christian de

"I remember one old lady in Illinois, how she gave all she had to the cause of the 1861, when Massachusetts' blood had made you about her."" "You did right to take her," said the old man; "and, with God's blessing, we will do our best to supply the place of her own pa-ronts." Lorlie grew rapidly under the influence of the fresh mountain air, and assisted old Mr. and Mrs. Lamsen, whom she called grandfather and grandmother in every posred the pavements of Baltimore, when grandfather and grandmother, in every pos-sible way. She soon exhibited a taste for that flows by our farm must wash the shores of but one country on its pilgrimage

"The boy marched off to battle. He went with me through many a weary march, and bloody fight, and skirmish. He was a been so useful in starting and conducting a Christian boy, reared in the Sunday-school, Sunday school. She then said to herself: and he always carried his Bible with him. "In one of our lengagements the twas wounded and the surgeon told him he would die. Charley said he would like to see his mother, but he hadn't money enough to send for her. The Soldier boys of my escort and generous souls they were - gathered around him and made up a purse, and sent

"But," said she, "if I can do all that I ters, cheerful and happy, with a Bible and do now, and can also have a little Sunday- a Methodist hymn book in her satchel. I took her to the hospital. She took his hand, cheerfully thanking God that she saw him alive, and there she sat, day after day, watching all the child she had in the world -watching for him to die.

were dim; his pulse, was getting slow. ... I took him by the hand and said :

the season of youth, we must be young; to enjoy that of middle life, we must be in the full tide of our powers of body and mind; ing in.

and to enjoy that of age, we must be old. This fact, if properly understood, would save a great deal of anxiety and distress.

The young, fascinated with the season of immediately in my heart, 'If I can take this little girl, I will do so,' for I knew you a way I cannot describe, both old Mrs. Lam- pleasant, beyond this halcyon season, into would like her. I asked the gentleman if sen and Lorlie had had the impression, for another, which for them carries with it no would nike her. I asked the gentionian it is not not include the impression, for another, which for them carries with it is no be would permit me to have her, and he said: 'Yes. She is a little girl that, I think, you will love very much.' I then asked one ever expressed her opinion on the sub-the years that are silently conducting them 'as something like this: "It is impossible to tell the history of people died; they were able to bestow not crossing the bridge before they come to it. will be adapted to us, and that when we reach the season of old age, we shall in like manner feel a complete adaptation to it, and

always different things from what we feared

learned gentlemon in question (was it Mr. Prideaux?) hinted that this ritualistic addition to the services at St. Alban's, might have been made on strictly sanitary principles. The congregation was poor, it was composed of the dregs of a had neighbor-hood, and, in short, needed a decided fumi-

Q-Quite right, my child. And now, per. haps you can tell me, lastly, why, in these processions banners are often carried?

A.-I can. They are to provide against rain, in the event of the roof suddenly fall.

And so on:

On the merits of the various questions at ssue in the Ecclesiastical Court we have no opinion to express, but if practices are to be It is impossible to describe the effect youth, are often found fretting in view of defended, it is better that those who under. Which this letter had upon old Mr. and Mrs. the rapid passage of days which threatens take to shield them, should do so uncom-Lamsen, and upon Lorlie; but somehow, in to leave them sooner than they then feel is promisingly, and on intelligible grounds. If however, there is a party in the Church of England, who take their stand upon "in. conse as a disinfectant," we strongly recommend them to get in a supply of Messrs. Rimmel's vaporizers forthwith. Let them him what was her history, and his reply ject. And thus, by a strange providence, to what they call the "joyless season of be sure the "Censer" by any other name, would smell not only as sweet, but a good deal sweeter, to a large section of their oppo-nents.—Londen Tomahawk.

ola suria noigile i to actioned initiale all suria noigile i to actioned out of a **ANECDOTES OF** D**E, WAYLAND** From the Life published by Sheldon and Co.]

"Dr. Stillman once said that the oftener happened to be raging at Silesia at the time they left, and they had not more than they left, and they had not more than reached our town before both of them, fath-er and mother, were taken sick, and soon died. The child was taken care of by the proprietor of the little inn, where they had stopped for a week or two, until I heard the sinctrimitences more That heard the sinctrimitences more that heard the sinctrimitences more that to be conducted any of the children, day school, nor could any of the children, of our happiness. Each season prepares its own judgment; and each may be equally an oven was heated, the easier it was to beautiful, if we shall be found, when we reach it, properly prepared for it. But the last is instrinsically the highest and the solution of the active exertion of youth and solution the more they had volving the active exertion of youth and manhood, it looks more steadily up to the bright Star of Hope through the fleafless branches," and reposes more fully in the hea-branches," and reposes more fully in the hea-things, as in the power to do the same things venly and divine—longing to ascend and be at rest. The same fact holds true in regard to the duties, temptations, and afflictions which, before we come to them, we fear and dread When we actually meet them, they are always different things from what we feared always different things from what we feared the better he will preach.

always different things from what we feared they would be, because we are better pre-pared for them. Eyen the dread of death, which we often deeply feel when we are in good health, is removed, if we are true to the present, when the moment of dissolution comes.—*Reformed Churck Messenger.* VALETUDINARIAN CHRISTIANITY. That highly entertaining, if not absolute-ly lively case, which, under the title of "Martin a Mackonochie," is destined to play no unimportant part in the history of eccle-siastical dispute in the nineteenth century, has afforded us matter for a good deal of sostastical dispute in the nineteenth century, has afforded us matter for a good deal of so-ber reflection. Of this, however, hereafter, For the moment, we merely wish to sug-gest to churchmen of a certain school a new line of defence that has been recently sup-plied by one of the able counsel engaged for the defendant. In his anxiety to clear his client from any possible soupcon of impropriclient from any possible soupcon of impropri-ety in the latter henceforth found Mr. Wayland ety in the habitual use of incense, the the clearest and most edifying preacher he had ever heard.

In time the pastor learned, that one of the minority, an honest and worthy tradesman, was embarra sed in business. He ples. The congregation was poor, it was composed of the dregs of a bad heighbor-hood, and, in short, needed a decided fumi-gation. This idea is at once original and vigorous. It places Ritualism on united a vigorous. It places Ritualism on quite a wards of the firm of Jones, Lows, and Ball). different basis, and, if it does not reflect Mr. Wayland at once called to see Mr. Jones, boldly into the very face of the Record that time he wished, and to sell him more goods even that amiably disposed journal may not if he desired. He was saved from failure even that aminory usposed journal only this timely interposition, and became a be unable to overlook... Who in the world by this timely interposition, and became a can object to such Ritualism as this? No prosperous and benevilent man of busi-Dr. Wayland has related that Mr. Winsthing in the shape of a catechism, that must low, the sexton, once said to him with considerable concern, "I saw that yesterday, Q.—What is the cope of the second state of the stockings of the stockings of the stocking of t hedd his suggestion. This incident illus-trates his readiness to receive advice from whatever quarter. While he trasted greatly Gregory III. adopted it as a preventive: to his down meditations for principles and general laws, yet in practical matters he courted advice. One of his friends has said, "I was always afraid to advise him, for he was disposed to give more weight to my advice than I thought it was entitled to?

votion:

couraged her somewhat-" For," said they, "you are not old enough for such important work; and, besides, with your present tant work; and, besides, with your present studies and with your duties at home, we don't think you have time enough." "But ? Seid the duff to do do duff that T

was her health would not allow it. U

And the priest was happy ! • O. Father Odin. We give you a life! Which was the nearest ? Which was his dearest? The gods have answered : We give them the wife !!" [Good Words for January.

THE COTTAGE ON THE MOUNTAIN.

High up on a mountain, just under the shelter of a friendly rock, there stood a little cottage, which looked, from the valley below, like a swallow's nest built in a wall. You would hardly think that ivy could grow so high up; yet the cottage of old Mr. Lamsen and his wife was covered with a splendid growth of ivy. The roof was covered with straw, and stones were placed here and there over it to keep the thatch in place. There was a little garden stretching back of the house; but the only occupant of the premises, save the old man and his wife, was a goat, which had been their pet for a number of years.

One beautiful spring morning, the old woman was leading a lit le girl up to the cottage; but by and by, little Lorlie became so tired that she could not walk any further. Then said Mrs. Lamsen: "I will carry you, poor child ! for you have come with me a long distance, and I know you are very tired."

"But, grandmother, I am heavy, and you are old," said the child.

"Ohl no, you are not so heavy. I am used to carrying heavy things up to our little cottage, and I am sure I can carry 'you.'

So little Lorlie was soon on the old woman's back, and after an hour and a half they were both within the enclosure of the little ivy-clad house. Old Mr. Lamsen greeted his wife and little Lorlie, whom he had never seen before, with a pleasant smile, as he brushed his gray locks back off his ears with his rough mountaineer hands.

His wife said to him: "I went to the Orphan-house yesterday, in the town of N-, and told the gentleman having charge of it that I wanted a little girl to live with us and be our child. You know that is what we agreed upon a good while age, if we could ever find a little orphan girl to suit us."

"Yes," said he; "you are quite right, and I am glad you have brought this little girl. But how did you happen to select her from so many others?"

"I will tell you the real reason," she answored. "The gentleman showed me a great many children, of different ages, andfrom different countries. I confoss that I did not fancy any of them particularly,

the rest of my work, will you then con sent?" The old people were very good, and ac-

customed to prayer, and their next mestion was a very natural one. "Have you lasked the Saviour ?? said thev.'

"Yes," replied Lorlie, "I have asked Him a great many times, and He has always anwered the same thing q' h must work the works of Him that sent me, while: it is day. the night cometh when no man can work,

The old people finally gave their consent, and Lorlie's next care was to see her little friends, and get them to promise to come to her Sunday-school, which met on Sunday afternoons, at three o'clock, in a little room that her grandparents hired for her in the village below. She took great pains to interest the children and secure them good teachers. As the school increased, her undertaking became very successful, and it grew from year to year, until nearly all the children in the village, became members of it.

Old Mr. Lamsen and his wife died about the time that Lorlie became a young lady. And now I must tell you a remarkable circumstance that occurred not long before their death. One day the old man received a letter from the proprietor of the Orphanhouse from which his wife had taken Lorlie years before. The letter was to the following effect : "The history of little Lorlie, whom you

took from my Orphan-house, a number of years ago, was not fully known to me at the time when I committed her into your hands, but since then it has fully come to light. A lawyer from Silesia came to our town some weeks ago, and instituted inquiries in reference to the two persons who. died at the inn of typhus fever. Those persons were Lorlie's parents, and the lawyer has ascertained facts in connection with them which will be of interest to you. He identified them by means of a letter written by the father to a friend at home, dated Globe Hotel, April 16th, 1846.' This letter has been preserved, and it is by means of it that I am now able to tell you, through the friend to whom it was written, the history of Lorlie's parents. Her father was named Carl Lamsen, and he came to Silesia many years ago, when a little boy. He never could give any account of himself, except that his parents lived in a little house covered with ivy, high up on the mountains; and that when he went down the valley one

" ' How is it this morning?" "'General,' said he, 'I' feel Tam going to the front,' and his eyes brightened." His mother stood by him, singing :

" Jesus can make a dying bed Feel soft as downy pillows are, While on his breast I lean my head

And breathe my life out sweetly there."

" She gave up her boy as cheerfully as you would give a dollar. We buried him in the swamp. She would to his funeral, and thanked God she had a son to give to the nation.

"Such graves are scattered all over the country. They appeal to us to day that we shall not let this government of the people, for the people, and by the people, perish from the earth.

On Fame's eternal camping ground Their silent tents are spread,

And glory guards, with solemn round, The bivonac of the dead. With a life Carlon 1 15

BEAUTIFUL AND TRUE.

At a festival party of old and young, the question was asked: Which season of life is most happy ? After being freely discussed by the guests, it was referred for answer to by the guests, it was referred for answer to the host, upon whom was the burden of fourscore years. He asked if they had not noticed a group of trees before the dwelling, and said the When the spring comes, and in the soft air the budg are breaking on the trees, and they are covered with blossoms. I think how beautiful is spring! And when the summer comes, and leovers the trees with its heavy foliage, and singing birds are all among the branches, I think how beauti-ful is summer! When autumn loads them with golden fruit, and their leaves bear the gorgeous tint of frost, I think how beautiful is autumn! And when it is sere winter, and there is neither foliage nor fruit, then I look up, and through the leafless branches, as I could never until now, I see the stars shine through."-Dr. Adams.

This, we think, is very beautiful, and what is better still, exactly true, Each, season has its charms. Life is a progression, and the seasons beyond youth can only be properly appreciated and enjoyed in proportion as with the progress of time we really develop ourselves into them. If an unde-veloped youth could suddenly be placed day, the stage-driver gave him a ride to the into the season of middle age, or if the other end of his stage route. He wandered young man of middle age could, in like manoff, when there, without thinking of it, and ner, be ushered into the season of old age, the would not think and therefore desirable thing. Processions is in itself a healthful, it beautiful; he would not be hanny. The and therefore desirable thing. Processions nection with the traffic and the traffic and the season of the the stage-driver could not find him again. Young Carl went from place to place, and at last went to Silesia, where he learned a at last went to Silesia, where he learned a orowh info the season, that he is in the have the benefit of a walk.

though that may have been my fault. As trade, married, and acquired some proper. grown into the season, that he is in the have the benefit of a walk.

gienic precaution! Let us suggest somedisarm all further opposition :

be worn by rheumatically disposed minis. ters

Q.-Can you tell me when it first came into use? A. Yes; in the year A. D. 372, when

Q. Quite right, my child; and now can you tell me why it is sometimes adorned with worked flowers, and variously orna mented with fringe, gold, or satin? A.-When the case is considered severe these things are not unfrequently added for the sole purpose of increasing its warmth.

Q .--- You rightly referencemonial to its true origin-a desire to minister to the comfort and health of those engaged in services of a religious character." Can you tell me why candles are lighted upon the altar ? illustrated in various "ways at A thing is lighted in order that the heat produced by nature is violated ??' must combustion may create an upward current of air, and thus carry off the noxious gas not unfrequently generated in crowded places of public resort. indo Marit

Q.-You are quite right, my child; and

"A." Black is a color that is painful to the eves. Out of consideration for those of the congregation who are affected by looking versation, the pastor had occasion, in reworn.

Q.-What is the use of flowers? A.-They supply oxygen, and thereby counteract the injurious effects of too much. carbonic acid.

Q-Why is the service intoned? A.-To strengthen the lungs of the minis ter and the congregation.

out?

He was always very fond of the interchange of thought and feeling. Dr. Stow writes -----

"He once called upon me apparently for no other purpose than to discuss the question, When is a thing preved ?' I do not remember the answer I gave; but it differed from his, which he gave in form, and then A. Yes, I can, and will. They are proved, when it must be so, or some law of

We have heard Dr. Wayland mention that he once called dpon a mother, who had been bereaved by the death of her daughter. The afflicted mother poured out her now let me hear you reply briefly to the heart, and told nim now the cant when a now let me hear you reply briefly to the in her bosom, had never been absent from questions I am about to put to you. Why her for a day, had been the mainspring and motive of her life, and how utter now was her desolation." Not long after this conas nearly as possible the very language of the bereaved mother. The people in amazement, heard, their fown deepest emotions delineated; and many of them expressed their wonder that a man so young could know so much of human nature:

He preached about 1825 a sermon upon intemperance, exhibiting not alone the ruin-Q-Why is the organ to be used through; ous effects of indulgence in the vice, but A.—For the purpose of invigorating the promote it. The next day, a member of legs of the organist, and of giving plen; y of his church called upon him and said, "I exercise to the blower," of have been in the babit of selling liquor at the sinfulness of doing aught that would Q.—You talk of exercise, my child. Can my store. But if what you said yesterday you now tell me why processions in church is true, if is wrong, and I ought to abandon