

The Family Circle.

"TO-DAY I MUST ABIDE AT THY HOUSE."

Yea, enter in, thou gracious Guest,
Lowly and poor my home:
Yet where Thy welcome footsteps rest,
Riches and beauty come.
Fairer than sheen of palace walls,
The radiance of Thy presence falls.

For Thee my humble board I spread;
Scaupy and mean my fare;
But where Thy smiles of love are shed,
Are viands rich and rare.
My bread becomes as manna fine,
And water turns to choicest wine.

No treasure rare and strange have I,
My peerless Guest to show;
Yet pearls around me lie,
And priceless jewels glow:
Entranced, I view the wondrous store
That entered with Thee at my door.

I scarce may dare, with speech of mine
Thy answering words to Thine,
But when my glance is raised to Thine,
Thou readest all within;
And strains flow forth as pure and sweet,
I sit in rapture at Thy feet.

How can I hope to please my Guest?
To serve is all I try;
Yet when, to do some mild behest,
On eager wing I fly,
And haste again to meet Thy smile,
How radiant has it grown the while!

Happy, indeed, the roof wherein
My Lord this day doth rest,
More happy if it might but win
Him for a constant guest,
Lord, in the heart I open wide,
Enter, and evermore abide.

-Zion's Herald.

WHAT A LITTLE BOY CAN DO.

"I wish, I wish, I wish," said a little boy, who awoke early one morning, and lay in bed thinking. "I wish I was grown up, so as to do some good. If I was governor, I would make some good laws; or I would be a Missionary; or I would get rich, and give away so much to poor people; but I am only a little boy, and it will take me plenty of years to grow up." And so, was he going to put off doing good till then? "Well," he said to himself while he was dressing, "I know what I can do. I can be good; that is left to little boys." Therefore, when he was dressed, he knelt and asked God to help him to be good, and try to serve Him all day with all his heart, and not forget. Then he went down stairs to finish his sums.

No sooner was he seated with his clean slate before him, than his mother called him to run into the wood-house and find his little brother. He did not want to leave his lesson, yet he cheerfully said, "I'll go, mother," and away he ran. And how do you think he found his brother. With a sharp axe in his hand. "I chop," he said; and quite likely the next moment he would have chopped off his little toes. The little boy only thought of minding his mother; but who can tell if his ready obedience did not save his baby brother from being a cripple for life?

As he was going on an errand for his mother, he saw a poor woman, whose foot had slipped on the newly-made ice, and she fell; and in falling she had spilled her bag of beans, and basket of apples, and some little boys were snatching up her apples and running off with them. The little boy stopped and said, "Let me help you pick up your beans and apples," and his nimble fingers quickly helped her out of her mishap. He only thought of being kind; he did not know how his kind act comforted the poor woman long after she got home, and how she prayed to God to bless him.

At dinner, as his father and mother were talking, his father said roughly, "I shall not do anything for that man's son; the old man always did his best to injure me." "But, father," said the boy, looking into his father's face, "does not the Bible say we must return good for evil?" The little boy did not know that his father thought of what his son had said all the afternoon, and said within himself, "My boy is more of a Christian than I am: I must be a better man."

When he came home from school at night, he went to the cage and found his dear canary-bird dead. "Oh, mother! and I tended birdie so, and I loved him so, and he sang so sweetly," and the little boy burst into tears over his poor favorite. "Who gave birdie's life, and who took it again?" asked his mother, stroking his head. "God," he answered through his tears, "and He knows best," and he tried to hush himself.

A lady sat in a dark corner in the room. She had lost her two children; and though she hoped they had gone to the heavenly land, she would rather have had her little sons back again. But when she beheld the little boy's patience and submission to his Father in heaven, she said, "I too will trust Him, like this little child." Her heart was touched, and she went home with a little spring of healing gushing up there, and she became henceforth a better mother to the children yet left to her.

When the little boy laid his head on his pillow that night, he thought, "I am too small to do any good; but oh, I do want to be good, and to love the Saviour, who came down from heaven to die for me. I do want to become one of the heavenly Father's dear children."

The heavenly Father's children are sometimes called children of light; and does it not seem as if beams of light shone from this little child, warning, blessing everybody that came in his way? Who will say he did not do good.

"YOU CANNOT STRAIGHTEN IT, SIR"

Lewis Brown had very kind parents, who desired to set him a good example. They endeavored to instruct their little son according to God's word. Instead, however, of profiting by the lessons he received, he frequently caused his parents much unhappiness by his naughty conduct. He was idle and disobedient, did not always speak the truth, and on several occasions took what was not his own.

One day Mrs. Brown made a cake, which she put away in the cupboard, the key of which she kept in her work-basket. Lewis saw the cake, and it looked very tempting to him. In his heart he coveted it.

Mrs. Brown shortly afterwards went out to see a neighbor, and Lewis thought he would try to open the cupboard, so he slyly took the key from his mother's basket, and crept softly into the dining-room, opened the door of the cupboard, and there found the plate of cake. He took two pieces; one of which he ate, and the other he put in his pocket.

He then placed the pieces so as to make the plate look as though it had not been disturbed, very carefully locked the door again, brushed up the crumbs, and then put the key where he found it.

Ah, naughty and foolish lad! He thought, "It will never be found out," but he was sadly mistaken. Sooner or later such wicked children are found out. But even if their earthly parents should never discover the thefts, God knows all about them, and he has said, "Be sure your sin will find you out."

After dinner Lewis was taking a drink at the table, when some of the water fell upon his clothes. He suddenly pulled out his pocket-handkerchief to wipe it off, when some large crumbs of cake fell upon the carpet. His little sister, about a year and a half old, picked up one of them, and called out, "tate! tate!" for she could not speak plain enough to say cake. This led Mrs. Brown to examine into the matter, and instantly Lewis was found out. His father and mother were much shocked and grieved. They saw that Lewis was forming very wicked habits, and they prayed that God would teach them what was best to be done with their naughty child. He was, of course, severely punished for taking the cake; but his father was very anxious to impress on his mind the danger of forming sinful habits, which would grow with his growth, and strengthen with his strength, until they would bind him, as with iron chains. At last he thought of a plan by which he hoped, under the Divine blessing, to teach his son this important lesson.

In the orchard, not far from Mr. Brown's house, there was a young tree, so very crooked, that he had determined more than once to cut it down. Close by were some young trees, which were remarkable for their straight and beautiful appearance. Mr. Brown directed his men to take an axe, with some stakes and ropes, and go down into the orchard, to see if they could not straighten the crooked tree. He told Peter, the gardener, to go down at the same time, and put some more fastenings upon the pear-trees. His object in all this was to teach Lewis a lesson.

After they had been gone a short time, Mr. Brown saw Lewis running from the barn to the house, and he called to him—"Come Lewis, my boy, let us go down to the orchard, and see how Peter and the men get on with their work; we shall have time enough before school begins."

When they arrived at the orchard, they first saw Peter tying cords around the pear-trees, and fastening them to the stakes, which were driven into the ground by the side of the trees. It seems that when they were little trees, they were fastened in this way near the ground, to keep them straight. As the trees grew up they were fastened in the same way, higher and higher, till, by-and-by, they were strong and firm enough to need no such security. Some of them were so much inclined to grow crooked, that they had to put three stakes down, and fasten them on all sides, but by beginning early, and keeping a constant watch, even these were kept straight.

"These pear-trees seem to be doing well, sir," said Peter: "we have to train them up pretty close to the stakes; but it is the only way, sir. They must be taken near the ground, when a bit of twine will hold them, and be followed up when they get out of reach. It is the only way, sir." They went on a little further, and there were the men at work on the crooked tree. They had a long stake on this side, and a short one on that: here a rope, and there another; but all to no purpose. Indeed, they were surprised to think that Mr. Brown should send them to do such a piece of work.

When Lewis and his father came to the crooked tree, one of the men was just saying to the other, "It will never do; you can't straighten it, and so you may as well let it alone."

"Ah!" said Mr. Brown, "do you give it up? Can't you brace it up on one side, and then on the other?" "Oh no, sir," said one of the men, "it's too late to make anything of it. All the rigging of the navy could not make that tree straight."

"I see it," said Mr. Brown, and yet a bit of twine applied in season, would have made it as straight as those pear-trees, yonder. Well, men, you can go to your mowing."

"I did not expect them to do any thing with that tree, my son," said Mr. Brown, turning to his little boy, "but I wanted to teach you a lesson: You are now a little twig. Your mother and I want you to become a straight, tall, and useful tree. Our commands and prohibitions are the little cords of twine that we tie around you to give you up. Prisons and Penitentiaries are the ropes and chains upon crooked trees, which were not guided wisely when they were twigs. We see that you are disposed

to grow crooked. If you are not kept straight now, you certainly will not be likely to grow straight by-and-by. If you form evil habits now, they will become stronger and stronger, till nothing can break them. If, while you are a green and tender sprout, we cannot guide you, we surely cannot expect to do it when you become a strong and sturdy tree. But if we do all we can to guide you in the right way now, we may hope for God's blessing upon our labors, and that He will, for Christ's sake, keep you from the evil that is in the world, and make you a wise, useful, and happy man."

THE DYING HOURS OF BUNSEN.

One of the most learned men of modern times was Bunsen, a great author and Prussian Ambassador to England. In the *Christian Register* we find this interesting sketch:

His sufferings were severe, but his faith and courage were not shaken. He wished to live longer, with the view of completing his literary works. When his physician told him definitely, that his life was so near to a close, and that all his plans and arrangements and hopes in this world must be abandoned, he arose from his seat, and uttered the following words:—"O God, into thy hand I commend my spirit." He called his dear ones and revealed to them his feelings. He spoke of his wife in the most endearing terms, and gave to his children, one after the other, his parting blessing. He prayed with a solemn voice, "O God, bless my friends and my dear native land." With thankful recognition he mentioned his dear and faithful friend Niebuhr, who first introduced him into public life, and remained true to him to the end. He addressed his faithful servant, who nursed him with self-denial and tender attachment, and thanked him heartily. Then he spoke of his past public career; how frequently he manifested his infirmities; but he indicated his future hopes also.

"The richest experience of my life has been the knowledge of Christ. What love and benevolence towards humanity I leave this world; I bear no malice in my heart towards any one."

"O, what bliss it is to look down from that eminence on our past life. Here on earth our path is frequently obscure; but upward it grows brighter, continually brighter. I am already in thy kingdom, Lord, of which, previously, I have had a more foretaste only."

"How beautiful are thy mansions, O my God." When he spoke these words his face was radiant with heavenly glory.

The uncommon lustre of the setting sun drew his attention. Taking a glimpse through the window, he said, "O, how beautiful! The love of God shines through all things." Then he turned to those present, and said, "God bless you forever! My end is nigh, and I have an ardent longing to depart; let us depart in Christ. God is love and desiring to give love. *Christus recognoscitur; Christus est; est Christus victor.* To live for Him is to conquer. There is no death in God; I see Christ, and through Him I see God. Christ sees us, and He must become all in all. I die in peace with all humanity."

These words he uttered alternately in English, French, Latin and German. "Those who live in Christ, in the love of Christ are His, but those who live not in the love of Christ are none of His."

"Clearly do I see that we are all sinners, we have nothing if we have not Christ in God. We have life only so far as we live in God. Sinners as we are, in God we have eternal life. Christ is the Son of God, and we are only so far the children of God, as the spirit of the love of Christ dwells within us." These were the last words of Bunsen. He died on the 28th day of November, 1860.

FLYING FROM THE DRAGOONS.

Few of the stories of the persecutions in Scotland are told with the picturesque simplicity which characterizes the following from the "Memoirs of Rev. John Blackader." Mr. Blackader a minister of God's word in the kirk of Scotland, had been obliged to fly from his home for the offence of preaching the Gospel to those who could not conscientiously attend the services of the Episcopalian and "Indulgent" ministers. Edinburgh seemed to offer the likeliest opportunity for privacy and concealment, although it was forbidden to reside in that or any other town in the kingdom. Having secured his books and papers, he set out with his wife, leaving the children, three sons and a daughter, under the care of a nurse and a servant.

The very day of his departure Turner had orders from the Bishop of Galloway to apprehend him. His second son, then a boy of ten years old, gives the following minute but artless narrative of what passed: "About this time (the end of winter 1666), Turner and a party of soldiers from Galloway, came to search for my father, who had gone to Edinburgh, to seek about where he might live in safety. These rascally ruffians beset our house around, about two o'clock in the morning; then gave the cry, 'D—d Whigs, open the door.' Upon which we all got up, young and old, excepting my sister, with the nurse and the child at her breast (now Colonel Blackader, deputy-governor of Stirling Castle). When they came in, the fire was gone out: they roared out again, 'Light a candle immediately, and on with a fire quickly, or else we'll roast nurse and bairn and all in the fire, and make a braw bleeze.' When the candle was lighted, they drew out their swords, and went to the stools and chairs, and drove them down, to make the fire wick, and they made me hold the candle to them, trembling all along, and fearing every moment to be thrown quick into the fire. Then they went to search the house for my father, running their swords down

through the beds and bed-clothes; and among the rest they came where my sister was, then a child, and as yet fast asleep, and with their swords stabbed down through the bed where she was lying, crying, 'Come out, rebel dog!' They made narrow search for him in all corners of the house, ransacking presses, chests, and flesh-stands. Then they went and threw down all his books from the press upon the floor, and caused poor me to hold the candle all this while, till he had examined his books; and all they thought Whiggish, as they termed it (and brave judges they were!) they put into a great horse-craze, and took away (among which were a number of written sermons, and some printed pamphlets). Then they ordered one of their fellow-ruffians to climb up to the hen balks, where the cocks and hens were; and as they came to one, threw about its neck, and then down to the floor w't; and so on till they had destroyed them all. Then they went to the meat-ambry, and took out what was there; then to the meal and beef barrels, and left little or nothing there. All this I was an eye-witness to, trembling and shivering all the while, having nothing but my short shirt upon me. So soon as I was relieved of my office, I began to think, if possible, of making my escape, rather than to be burned quick, as I thought, and they threatened. I goes to the door, where there was a sentry on every side, standing with their swords drawn; for watches were set round to prevent escape. I approached nearer and nearer, by small degrees, making as if I were playing myself. At last, I get out there, making still as if I were playing, till I came to the gate of the house; then, with all the little speed I had (looking behind me now and then, to see if they were pursuing after me), I ran the length of half a mile in the dark night, naked to the shirt. I got to a neighboring town, called Brigend of Mennihyvie; where, thinking to creep into some house to save my life, I found all the doors shut, and the people sleeping. Upon which I went to the cross of the town, and got up to the uppermost step of it; and there I sat me down, and fell fast asleep till the morning. Between five and six a door opens, and an old woman comes out; and seeing a white thing upon the cross comes near it; and when she found it was a boy, cries out, 'Save us!—what art thou?' With that I awoke, and answered her, 'I am Mr. Blackader's son.' 'O my pair bairn! what brought thee here?' I answers, 'There's a handle of fearful men, with red coats, have burnt all our house, my brother, and sister, and all the family.' 'O pair thing; says she, 'come in and lie down in my warm bed,' which I did; and it was the sweetest bed that I ever met with."

After this his whole family was dispersed over the country and forced to lead a wandering homeless life, imploring shelter wherever charity was brave enough to offer them protection. From the severe act against "Contributions," it was hazardous and illegal to give them relief; and many who had the inclination, wanted the courage to do it, as they were thereby exposing themselves to ruinous fines, or corporal punishment.

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

With eager arms a mother pressed
A laughing babe against her breast.

Then thus to heaven she cried in prayer:
"Now even as his face is fair,
"O Lord! keep thou his soul within
As free from any spot of sin."

From heaven the Lord an answer made—
"Behold! I grant as thou hast prayed."

Within her door the darkness crept,
And babe and mother sweetly slept.

From belfry rang the midnight bell:
The watchman answered, "All is well!"

The mother, by the cradle side,
Awoke to find the child had died.

With grief to set a woman wild,
She caught and clasped the marble child,—

Until her heart against his own
Was broken, beating on a stone!

"O God!" she cried in her despair,
"Why hast Thou mocked a mother's prayer?"

Then answered He, "As I have willed,
Thy prayer, O woman, is fulfilled!

"If on the earth thy child remain,
His soul shall gather many a stain;

"At thy behest, I stretch My hand
And take him to the heavenly land!"

The mother heard and bowed her head,
And laid her cheek against the dead,

And cried, "O God! I dare not pray—
Thou answerest in so strange a way."

In shadow of a taper's light,
She moaned through all the livelong night;

But when the morning brought the sun,
She prayed, "Thy will, O God, be done!"

-Theodore Tilton.

RICHARD WEAVER'S STYLE.

The following is given as a specimen of the style of preaching of Richard Weaver, the popular lay preacher of Great Britain:

Now, this woman that lost her piece of silver, wasn't it just natural that she should think more of that one than of the other nine she had got safe in her purse? And wasn't it just natural that the man should care more about his lost sheep than about the ninety-nine that hadn't strayed away? Here's a farmer owns a hundred sheep. Well, at night he counts 'em and he makes one short. He goes over them again; perhaps he's reckoned wrong. No, it's only ninety-nine again. He goes in to his wife, who is sitting by the kitchen fire, waiting till he comes to supper. "Why lass, there's one gone. Poor thing, he must have got over the wall. (Ah! the devil's always

ready to help a poor sheep of Christ over the wall.) He starts in search of him. By and-by he sees the foot-marks,—ah, yonder he is! But now he has to mind where he treads; he has to make a spring now and then over some boggy place, and the land is all sopping wet. But he sees the track of the wanderer, and now he hears "Ba-a," and the great, soft eyes of the creature stare up at him from a quagmire, as if to say, "O, master, help me out." He takes him and puts him over his shoulder, and the black mud drips down his jacket; but he doesn't mind that. At last he comes to the brook that skirts his orchard, and then he washes all the filth away; and the poor thing trots into the fold with such a happy bleat, as if to say, "Thank you, sir." Now, that's how Jesus fetches back His wanderer. Only he doesn't put him across His shoulders; He puts him into His bosom, and then He takes and washes him in the fountain filled with His own precious blood. That's what He did for me eight years ago.

"Oh! happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away."
And that's what He is ready to do for you.
Hallelujah! He can save to-night.

LINKS IN THE CHAIN.

The blast, that drove the storm clouds across the heavens shook the oak, and the acorn-cup, loosened from its fruit, fell on the pathway.

The cloud burst; and a rain-drop filled the acorn-cup.

A robin, wearied by the sultry heat of an autumn day, and troubled by the fury of the storm, hopped on the path, where all was calm, and drank of the rain-drop. Refreshed and gladdened, he flew to his accustomed place in the ivy that overhung the poet's window, and there he trilled his sweetest, happiest song.

The poet heard, and raised from his reverie, wrote a chant of grateful rejoicing. The chant went forth into the world, and entered the house of sorrow and uttered its heart stirring accents by the couch of sickness. The sorrowful were comforted, the sick were cheered.

Many voices praised the poet. He said: "The chant was inspired by the robin's song."

The robin said: "My song would have stuck fast in my dry throat, but for the rain-drop."

"I should have sunk into the earth had not the acorn-cup received me," said the rain-drop.

"I had not been there to receive you, but for the angry blast," said the acorn-cup.

And so they that were comforted praised the blast; but the blast replied: "Praise Him at whose word the storm ariseth, and who from darkness can bring light, making his mercies oftentimes to pass through unseen, and unsuspected channels, and bringing in due time, by His own way, the grateful chant from the angry storm-cloud."

ORIGIN OF DOUBT.

A great part of the doubt in the world comes from the fact that there are in it so many more of the impressive as compared with the originating minds. Where the openness to impression is balanced by the power of production, the painful questions of the world are speedily met by their answers; where such is not the case, there are often long periods of suffering till the child-answers of truth is brought to the birth. Hence the need for every impressive mind to be, by reading or speech, held in living association with an original mind able to combat those suggestions of doubt and even unbelief, which the look of things must often occasion—a look which comes from our inability to gain but fragmentary visions of the work that the Father worketh hitherto. When the kingdom of heaven is at hand, one sign thereof will be that all clergymen will be more or less of the latter sort, and mere receptive goodness, no more than education and moral character, will be considered sufficient reason for a man's occupying the high position of an instructor of his fellows. But even now this possession of original power is not by any means to be limited to those who make public show of the same. In many a humble parish priest, it shows itself at the bedside of the suffering, or in the admonition of the closet, although as yet there are many of the clergy who, so far from being able to console wisely, are incapable of understanding the condition of those that need consolation.—Geo. MacDonald.

A FEW WORDS TO A FATHER.

Take your son for a companion whenever you conveniently can; it will relieve the already over-burdened anxious mother of so much care. It will gratify the boy; it will please the mother; it certainly ought to be a pleasure to you. What mother's eye would not brighten, when her child is fondly cared for? And when his eye kindles, his heart beats, and his tongue prattles faster and faster with the idea "of going with father," does she not share her little boy's happiness, and is not her love deepened by her husband's consideration, so just, and yet too often so extraordinary? It will keep him and you out of places, society, and temptation into which separately you might enter. It will establish confidence, sympathy, esteem, and love between you. It will give you abundant and very favorable opportunities to impart instruction, to infuse and cultivate noble principles, and to develop and strengthen a true manhood. It will enable him to "see the world," and to enjoy a certain liberty which may prevent that future licentiousness which so often results from a sudden freedom from long restraint.

Let God steer for you in a storm. He loves to be trusted.