

The Family Circle.

SPRING AND SUMMER.

[We find this little gem of beauty quoted by the "London Spectator," from a little book of Poems written for a child, by Two Friends:]

Spring is growing up, Is it not a pity? She was such a little thing, And so very pretty! Summer is extremely grand, We must pay her duty. But it is to little Spring That she owes her beauty.

All the buds are blown, Trees are dark and shady, It was Spring who dressed them, though, Such a little lady! And the birds sing loud and sweet Their enchanting notes. (It was Spring who taught them, though, Such a singing mistress!)

From the glowing sky, Summer shines above us; Spring was such a little dear, But will Summer love us? She is very beautiful, With her grown-up blisses, Summer we must bow before; Spring we coaxed with kisses!

Spring is growing up, Leaving us so lonely, In the place of little Spring We have Summer only! Summer, with her lofty airs, And her stately paces, In the place of little Spring, With her childish graces!

HOW CARLOS THANKED HIS PARENTS.

In a little village in the neighborhood of Madrid, the great capital of Spain, there lived, about a hundred and fifty years ago, a shoemaker, who had an only son. The man and his wife were poor, but they saw the necessity of giving Carlos a good education, which was a very uncommon thing in Spain at that time. Carlos grew more intelligent from year to year, for he paid great attention to his books. It was the wish of his parents that he should join some profession—be a lawyer, a preacher, or a doctor. But still it was time enough to think about that hereafter. Carlos must be well educated, so that he could be prepared to enter any profession.

There was one peculiarity which distinguished Carlos above all his playmates and friends—he loved his parents, respected their word, and was never known to regard their advice as worthless. He became distinguished in school as being the best scholar in arithmetic and writing. Though he was not a large boy, yet he wrote a very beautiful hand, and was frequently called on to set copies for the rest of the scholars. By and by he passed through the different grades at school, and was already in his eighteenth year. His mother had privately laid aside a little money from year to year, without saying anything to anybody about it, which she intended to give to Carlos to travel with when he became old enough to travel alone. She now told him what she had done, and expressed her wish that he might travel through different parts of Europe, particularly France and Great Britain. Greatly to the surprise of her husband and of Carlos, she brought out a little bag of gold, and said that it had been her savings ever since Carlos was an infant.

The arrangements were all made for Carlos to start off on his journey, and even the day was fixed. But how little he knew what was before him! Just then the Spanish Succession War broke out—a war which was carried on by two different persons who were rivals for the throne. Of course everybody had to enter the army, and the young men first called on were those who were about the age of Carlos. He had to engage in the war, and was compelled to enter the navy. His parents expressed great sorrow at his departure, yet they told him these words when he left them one beautiful May morning: "You have never disobeyed us intentionally, and you leave with our blessing. Only remember the instructions we have given you—always pray regularly night and morning, read the little Bible which you have, and always bear in mind that your Heavenly Father sees all you do, and knows all your thoughts."

The vessel on which Carlos was to be a sailor was to leave Cadiz, a great Spanish seaport, four days from that time. Carlos did not know where the vessel was going to sail to; he only knew that she was to leave. Life on the sea was very strange to him, and it was several days before he knew where the vessel was bound. By and by he found out that she had been ordered to South America, and was going to sail directly around Cape Horn, and land at Lima, Peru. On the voyage, Carlos became a favorite with everybody. Though he was only a common sailor in the navy, like two hundred and fifty others on the same vessel, he yet became distinguished above the rest by his pleasant manners, intelligence, and general good conduct. After the vessel reached Lima, there were more sailors taken on board; but one of the officers who had come over from Spain landed at Lima, made his headquarters there, and by special request took Carlos with him as his book keeper and secretary. Carlos was very much pleased with this arrangement, for he did not like the sea at all. He staid in the city three years, and increased in the confidence and love of his employer from day to day.

Having saved a little money during the time of his employment, and land being very cheap in the neighborhood of Lima at that time, he told the officer that he would like to buy a piece of land, and that it was lawful for a soldier, in case he had money enough, to buy his freedom from the service, and therefore he would make application to buy his freedom. The officer was very much surprised at this statement, but he

could say nothing against it. He made it a very easy matter for Carlos to buy his freedom, and also advised him to buy a little piece of land if he had a disposition to become a farmer.

Six years passed by, during which time Carlos increased in means, and became one of the largest landowners in all the neighborhood of Lima. Everything that he did seemed to prosper. Many of the natives of the country were very dishonest, and they led anything else but industrious and respectable lives. But they all respected Carlos, for whenever he employed anybody, he paid him well for it, treated his neighbors well, and his intelligence led him to be consulted on very important matters.

He could not forget his parents, however, who lived far off in Spain. He wrote to them several times, on one occasion sent a large sum of money in a letter, but he had never received an answer to any of his letters. He knew that he owed all his property to the Lord, and that his parents, by their advice and good example, had been the instruments of his success. He became more anxious all the time to go and see them. Finally a favorable opportunity came for him to sell his property, for just then land and all kinds of property rose greatly in value. Having sold all that he owned, and received the payment for it in gold, he was greatly surprised to see that he was worth so much.

He took passage again for Spain. The voyage was pleasant, but the nearer he reached his native land, the more anxious he became as to whether his parents were still living or not. At last he reached Cadiz, and proceeded on his way towards Madrid. Having got to Madrid, he started out as rapidly as possible, taking all his baggage and money with him, for the little village which he had left eighteen years before.

"Oh!" said he, on his way, "how changed everything is! I wonder if my parents will be very different, like everything else around me!" All at once he heard the clock of the village church strike ten—it was ten o'clock at night. In no house that he looked at did he see a light. Finally he came up to the house in which he had been born. His heart beat in anxiety; he was so excited that he could scarcely wait to rap for admission. The door was locked; there was not a sound to be heard, and it seemed as if it was unoccupied. He rapped louder again, and then he heard a slight noise in the rear of the house. He called out: "Wake up! wake up! your son Carlos is here!"

The old shoemaker and his wife had long since gone to bed, and they were alarmed at the noise. "It is thieves!" they said. "Are the doors and windows all secure?"

In the mean time Carlos repeated his knock, but with a good deal more violence than before. "You cannot deceive me," said the old man. "My son has been in South America many years, if he has not been dead long ago."

"He is not in South America; I tell you; he has come back, and it is he who is standing at the door, and wants to see you and his mother."

The old lady then said in a low voice: "Let us get up and see who this fellow is. It cannot be possible that it is Carlos, for we have never heard of him since he left home." Carlos was so impatient that he could not wait. "Hurry, hurry!" he said; "let me in! I have waited so long already." Just then the old-fashioned door-bolt was pulled back, and Carlos showed with so much violence, that he came near injuring both of his parents by pushing the door against them. The excitement was intense on both sides. Carlos had found his parents living, for which he could not be thankful enough; and the parents, who had long ago given up all expectation of ever seeing him again, forgot every trouble in their past life in the joy they had in meeting their long-lost son.

It was three o'clock in the morning before they stopped talking, when Carlos went to bed in the same little room that he had occupied when a boy. The next day was taken up in telling the experiences of the past eighteen years. Carlos gave a long account of all the prosperity that he had met with, and his parents told their own history during the same time—the changes that had taken place in the village, who had died, who had got married, and how the country had been getting along. Carlos told his parents that they need not work any more now, for he had enough money for them to live on comfortably.

He built them a very neat house, and supplied every want. He often said to them: "It is you who have been instruments in the hand of God of all the prosperity that I have enjoyed. There has scarcely been a day that has passed during all the eighteen years when I was away from you, that I did not feel supported by your prayers. It was your example, your advice, and your prayers that led me to form good resolutions; and when away from home, it was the memory of what you had done, and the confidence that you were still praying for me, that comforted and supported me in my business."

The news had long passed through the village, and indeed, had been published in many of the papers in Spain, that Carlos had returned, and that he prospered very much in his absence.

Now I must tell you what the inscription was that Carlos took care to have cut on a beautiful marble slab, and placed over the door of the new house in which he and his aged parents lived:

"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them."—The Methodist.

We, clinging to the present, in our fear of front the future, miss the joy of both.

SPIRIT AND FORM.

There were once two sisters who desired greatly to be loved.

One said, "If I am loved, all things will the more easily serve me." The other said, "If am loved, I can the more easily serve all things."

So they went forth together in search of loveliness. Soon they came to a rose tree full of blossoms, and the first sister stopped to admire and praise the tree. "O beautiful tree!" she cried, "impart to me the secret of your charms, that I may wear them before the eyes of men."

"Nay," replied the tree, "I will give you the spirit of my beauty."

"But it is bloom and perfume that men praise," she cried. "Give me these, I pray thee."

"And I," said the second sister, "will take thy spirit, O friendly tree; for it is whispered to me that spirit beautifies form."

So the rose tree gave them each what they asked, and they went their way. Presently they came to a finch's nest, and the finch was singing in a kind of rapture that seemed to pour floods of melody around them. So they stopped to admire and wonder.

"O heavenly bird," cried the first, "give to me the spell of your music, that I may win praise and love."

"Nay," replied the finch, "but take the spirit of my song, and welcome."

"It is the song," she said, "men listen to; the spirit they do not heed. So give me the song."

"But I," spoke the sister, "will take your spirit, delightful warbler; for something tells me that the spirit it is gives value to the song."

Accordingly the friendly finch gave each what she desired. And onward they sped, asking in the same terms gifts from sunbeams, clouds, waves, stars, and all things beautiful and lovable; and receiving like answers and like gifts to those the rose tree and finch had bestowed on them.

At last they came to a great market-place, where everything was bought and sold, and there the first sister began to serve herself with her presents of bloom, melody, willow grace and sunny splendor. The people grew intoxicated with her charms. They called her dressing rooms, and crowned her with flowers. She led an easy, gay life; but no one of all the careless throng was moved to nobler thoughts by her gifts and graces. It was just the lip that sang, and the eye that sparkled; no informing spirit of beauty and loveliness lay hidden behind them.

The second sister stood apart from the great busy crowd, and, seeing men cheat and steal, traffic and overreach, her heart grew heavy in her bosom. "My wares are nowhere prized," thought she; "I have come into the world too late or too early," when a being from another sphere bent down and whispered in her ear:

"Go to the fountain, young maiden, take a cup of clear water and hold it against the light. When the people see you gazing intently therein, they will run to you and ask you what you behold; for these sordid, eager crowds still reverence a vision clearer than their own. Speak to them of the better life. All men hold a tradition of this better life. It is like some blessed thing they have lost long ago."

The young stranger did as she was bid, and it all came to pass accordingly; for hard men and mean men, cheats and thieves, slanderers and haters, all stopped to hear of the better life. Her sister passed away like a morning cloud, because the beauty of form has no immortality. But she who had smote their inmost souls with yearning and regret was remembered, forever; and she it was who first taught us that the spirit of flowers, birds, waves, stars, and trees breathes of something fairer than this world, something beyond—the better life.

[COMMUNICATED.]

"I KNOW ALL, BUT SOMEHOW I DON'T CARE."

A minister visited an aged man, who had regularly attended church services, and spoke to him of Jesus; urging him to accept of the offer of salvation, which is made through Christ. The old man listened attentively, but addressing his pastor said: "Spend your time and strength upon the young; labor to bring them to Jesus; it is too late for such as I. I know that I have never been a Christian. I fully believe that when I die, I shall go to perdition; but somehow, I do not care. I know perfectly well all you say; but I feel it no more than a stone."

How many have heard the simple story of the cross so often that it fails to make an impression upon them! It was not always so. That well-known story once caused the now cold heart to thrill, and prompted it to a life of devotion to God's service. But its promptings were unheeded, and they became fainter and fainter, until they have almost ceased.

Parents and Sunday School teachers, the hearts of the little ones committed to your care are moved, as you speak to them, Sabbath after Sabbath. Your words are calling loudly to them to begin a Christian life. With God's blessing, your words will call forth the awakened soul to fight the decisive battle with Satan. This struggle ended, each succeeding one will be less difficult, and although familiarity with Christian truths will make the impressions which they produce less and less; yet they will ever be sufficiently strong, to lead to a life of constantly increasing usefulness. We saw this fact well illustrated in our recent experience as a nation. When our late war began, and Christian men and women visited the hospitals, how deeply were they moved to pity! That pity prompted them to labor for their suffering fellow-men. The noble work was continued; but towards the close many had become so familiar with these scenes, that suffering failed to awaken the

feelings which had once been so strong; and yet by listening to their dictates in times past, the habit of working had been formed to such a degree that the very sight of a wounded soldier was sufficient to call forth every energy!

When the heart of a child is touched, see to it that the impression does not die away, without bearing fruit. Be faithful in labor and in prayer, now. Each Sabbath is making your work less promising. Feel that the happiness of souls throughout all eternity may be resting upon your efforts today, and then, with God's blessing, you will never hear a member of your class say, "I know all, but somehow I don't care." DELTA.

THE HONEY-COMB OF THE PSALMS.

BY REV. THEO. L. CUYLER.

WHILE we do not agree with some of our Scotch-Irish brethren that the Psalms of David are to be our only vehicle of sanctuary praise, we do agree with them in the profound love they bear to these wonderful lyrics of the Divine Spirit. We claim the privilege to sing not only them, but "Jesus, lover of my soul" and "Rock of Ages," likewise. We insist on singing the New Testament as well as the Old; but we heartily acknowledge that in all the Old Testament there are no utterances dearer to the devout heart than these delicious melodies. Sweeter are they than honey, and the honey-comb.

When we come to the Book of Psalms, we seem to leave the world and to enter the temple of Jehovah. Hitherto we have been in patriarch's tents, in royal courts, and in the camp of the warrior. But now the gates of God's house swing open before us, and we hear the solemn voices issuing forth: "How amiable are thy tabernacles, oh! Lord of hosts! Blessed are they that dwell in thy house. Come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our Maker."

As we enter this sublime house of prayer, the paltry vanities of earth pass away from our sight. Our souls are drawn upward from the world; and something of the feeling which overawed the disciples on the Mount of Transfiguration steals over our spirit. Before the soul's inner eye are unfolding things the most tender, the most melting, the most soothing, and the most lofty and majestic. At one time we are lifted into adoring rapture as we hear the voice of inspiration chanting forth, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth forth his hand-work. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge." Then the mighty roll of triumphant anthems shake the arches. "Oh! sing unto the Lord a new song; for he has done marvellous things. His right hand and his holy arm have gotten us the victory. Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein!"

And then, again, a low and plaintive sound steals upon the ear, like a lamentation for the dead. As we listen, we hear a voice, as the voice of a mourner waiting forth: "Have mercy upon me, oh, God! according to thy loving kindness; according to thy tender mercies, blot out my transgressions. Create in me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, oh, God! thou wilt not despise!"

This every utterance of devotion, from the loftiest praise to the lowliest penitence, finds here a place. In this epitome of the Scriptures, nearly everything that belongs to the divine glory or to the Christian's experience is embodied. Both the external universe of God, and the internal realm of the human heart are alike unfolded. All that can alarm the wicked, revive the penitent, console the afflicted, and elevate the saint are to be found in this marvelous and comprehensive Book of Psalms. Sweeter are they than honey, and the honey-comb.

WHY DON'T WE HAVE A REVIVAL?

We need one surely, if ever a church did. It is many years since we had such a season. The older members are leaving us for the church above, and no new ones are coming forward to take their places. Our prayer-meetings are quite well attended. We talk about a revival. We pray for one. We often sing, "Saviour, visit thy plantation"—still the blessing does not come. Last Thursday, eve our pastor spoke to us very earnestly on the subject, and we felt that we must have a revival. As I walked home a brother said to me, "Oh, how much we do need a revival. But how shall we get it? I asked, "We must work and pray in faith," was the reply. Then you believe according to our faith it will be given unto us? I continued—Surely I do, said the brother with emphasis. How many does it require to claim the blessing? I said:

"If two, or three of you are agreed touching anything it shall be given you, he replied."

Well, brother, we have been waiting for the whole church long enough. Let us wait no longer. We two are agreed touching this one thing: "Let us then pray in faith and labor till the blessing comes. Shall we?" O, I cannot promise. I want a revival, but I fear my prayers will do no good. I have not faith enough.

Nor I, brother, but we can get it. Only ask and it shall be given. Will you? I dare not promise.

Then will you not go to work and try to bring others? Let us ask those about us to be Christians now. Let us begin to-day, and try to lead some one to Christ. Will you? Oh, I have no gift at talking. I am not the one for that. My life is too poor, I really cannot say a word to do anybody any good.

Well, brother, what will you do for a revival? You have not faith enough to pray till the blessing comes, and you are too

humble to speak to any one. Forgive me, but do you really wish for a revival?

We parted. I met another friend and another. Both these wished for a revival, but they could do nothing. All were depending on others' prayers and labors.

Why do we not have a revival? I ask myself to-night.

Ah, we are all waiting for others to pray and work, while we in our pride say, "I pray thee, Lord, have me excused."—The Congregationalist.

GRAMMAR AND TEMPERANCE.

Dr. Duffield has published an admirable little book on the Bible rule of Temperance. It is absolutely exhaustive of the whole biblical aspect of the subject, and ought to be read by all who have any doubts about the Scriptural grounds for total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. It is somewhat amusing to note the flippant criticism of one of our contemporaries on the scholarly discussion of a great moral subject, by a distinguished minister of the Presbyterian Church. This fastidious critic, passing over all the excellencies of the work, lights on what he presumes is a grammatical blunder, and chuckles over his smartness in catching this distinguished Doctor napping. Dr. Duffield says: "The unfermented wine is nutritious, of easy digestion, sets light upon a weak stomach, &c. Ah! "Sets light!" Two grammatical errors, says this ultra-crepidarian critic,—two mistakes in one short sentence. "Sets light!" What grammar!

A young friend, who noticed this criticism, wants to know what we think of it. We think the critic as far from good grammar as good breeding. He has some dim recollection of the misuses of set and sit among uneducated people, and concludes that because it is wrong to say a man sets, it is wrong to say, unfermented wine sets. He remembers that in Kirk's English Grammar light is an adjective, and, as such, it cannot be the right word here. He forgets, or never knew, that light is sometimes used by the best authorities as an adverb. We presume, if he had his way, he would correct the Doctor's sentence, by making it read—"fermented wine sits lightly." Our advice to the critic is, not to meddle much with problems of grammar; and our answer to the young friend is, to trust the English of such a scholar as Dr. Duffield against a regiment of such superficial grammarians.—Lutheran Observer.

INVOCATION.

BY MARY FORBES.

Stoop to me, lofty and Lowly One—
Stoop very near!
Smile on me, blessed and Holy One—
Make the way clear.
Show me the Truth in its goldenness,
Without alloy;
Rich, rare and ripe in its oldness,
Bearing a joy.
Give me that Life in its purity,
Glory and peace,
Which, through an endless futurity,
Is not to cease.
Startle my soul from inanity,
Break up its sleep;
Cry to my heart of humanity,
Deep unto deep.
Glow on my being's intenseness,
Till the live flame,
Mounts through the earthly denseness,
To its great aim.
Have me all day in Thy keeping,
Endure Thine hand
When the lone midnight is creeping,
O'er Life's strand.

ENGLISH CHILDREN.

Let us take a drive through some of the streets of London. As we stand waiting in the hall for a cab, the governess passes us with her charge. She is a bonnie-looking, lady-like girl, neatly dressed in drab-colored merino; and by the clatter they all make, the troop is well supplied with thick-soled, heavy boots. They are going for their three or four mile walk. There is a park opposite where they might ramble and play; but as the father says they must get out of the sight of the house—out of familiar surroundings—so twice a day they are sent off, and never do less than their two miles, except in rainy weather. There's the kind of training to make bluish roses bloom on each hearty, healthy face. No wonder Englishmen and English women look ruddy and strong, in spite of their ale, when one sees such foundations laid. The little children are only manly, only womanly, so-called, in one thing, and that is politeness. Well-bred children in England may well be termed little ladies and gentlemen. "I beg your pardon," and "I am giving you too much trouble, I fear," are so ready on their six-year old tongues! They express themselves so well, and so gracefully! I imagine they are taught more reverence for their elders than is customary in other countries. They are never sham-faced or skulking, and their wholesome countenances are as good to look at as pictures.

William Wilberforce once passed through Dorchester while the infidel Carlile was confined there in prison. The Christian philanthropist visited him, and endeavored to engage him in a conversation on the Scriptures. But he declined to converse; said he had made up his mind, and did not wish to be perplexed again. "How, sir," said he, in an awful manner, as he pointed to the Bible which Wilberforce held in his hand—"How, sir, can you suppose that I can like that book? for, if it is true, I am lost forever." "No," replied Wilberforce, "this is not the necessary consequence, and it need not be; that book excludes none from hope who will seek salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ."