

The Family Circle.

For the American Presbyterian.

THE GOSPEL THE POWER OF GOD AND THE WISDOM OF GOD.

BY REV. C. R. RUSSELL.

Hail, conquering Jesus, all divine!

'Twas heavenly wisdom formed the plan,

The power of God from ruin saves,

His conquering arms, from shore to shore,

Then let the powers of hell arise,

THE LAUREL BUSHES.

The home of Willie and Etta Herman was just at the foot of a sunny, sloping hill,

Willie was just eight years old; Etta was two years younger: they loved each other dearly,

One fine summer's morning, they had been tossing their ball on the grass by the house.

"Come, Etta, let's see which can roll furthest up hill."

Etta agreed, and they chose the smoothest place they could find, and started up the hill.

Willie, having the strongest arm, could almost always "beat," and this so elated him,

Suddenly, a terrible change came over the little fellow. It was as if some strong, evil spirit had entered into him,

"You mean, ugly old bushes!" and other angry words,—more than you would like to hear,

"Oh, Willie!" said Etta, "you know mother has told us not to break the laurel-bushes, they are—"

"Hush up! I don't care!" was Willie's only answer. His face was very red,

At last he succeeded in getting his ball, and, as his passion subsided,

"Why, Willie, my son," she said, "what is the matter? Your hands and face are quite bloody and dusty!"

"It was the laurel bush, mother," said Etta. "that hurt his face,"

"The old thing stopped my ball, mother," interrupted Willie,—"and I couldn't get it out for the longest time!

"Oh, Willie, Willie!" said his mother, shaking her head reprovingly,

It was even so, and worse; for in a few hours, in spite of his mother's careful bathing,

It so happened the next day was the birthday of Willie's cousin Emily,

Mrs. Herman and the children had been invited by Emily's parents to spend that day with them.

Uncle Henry was to bring the spring wagon for them early in the morning;

It was too late to send any word; and

good Uncle Henry came, according to promise, very early in the morning.

After they were gone, and the mother was ready to take her sewing,

"And, dear mother," he said, "I am so sorry for you, too! If you would only have gone, mother, I am sure I should not have been afraid to stay here alone."

Willie's mother smiled kindly upon him, at the first part of this speech,

"Hate it? oh, no, my son, I am sure you will not, when you remember how beautiful it is, and Who made it."

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"And, mother," exclaimed Willie, beginning in spite of himself, to be interested in laurel.

"I do not know, Willie," replied his mother, "whether men have yet found any use for the poison in the laurel."

"Didn't He know it would make my hands and face sore, mother,"

"After all, Willie, dear, was the laurel really the cause of your trouble?

But, dear Willie, there is worse poison than laurel-juice—it is the poison of sin in our hearts."

"I know, mother, you have told me,—it was that made me get so mad at the bush. But how can I help it? I can't take that poison out."

"No, dear son, you cannot. But if you pray in Christ's name, He, the Great Physician, by His Holy Spirit, will take it all away."

"But, mother, I haven't a minute's time to stop and watch—when I get angry, I do and say things without knowing what they are."

"Dear Willie, just as different sorts of plants contain different kinds of poison, so every one of us has some kind of sin."

"Now, mother, I will not hate the beautiful laurel any more. I will love it, for it will always remind me of this talk;

"Let that make you remember another thing, dear child,—that no one can do wrong without injuring some one beside himself."

"I hope He will, dear mother," said the little boy seriously.

Willie did not forget. Year after year, when the laurel appeared in bloom,

Oh, beautiful skill of the Christian mother,—to teach her child to turn the dark and painful chastisement of this earthly life into elements of healing,—to recognize and to love his Creator's and Father's Hand.

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THE SKY. It seems to me that in the midst of the material nearness of the heavens God means us to acknowledge His own immediate presence as visiting, judging, and blessing us.

And the other half to the light manual labor at the desks in the school-room proper.

There are a great many of these half-poetical and half-prose stories, having somewhat of a theatrical character, taught and performed in the kindergarten.

The exercises and employments at the kindergarten are sure to be brought away by the children, and enter largely into their home-life.

All dark and chill was my dwelling, Dreary the night outside; Alone in the shadows dreaming,

I heard the dash of the tide, As when we went down to the shore, Down through the mist and the wind.

Two of us went at the daybreak, Over the grey rocks, to the sea; And up through the sweet, still morning,

I bitterly cried, "Take me! She'll miss me even in heaven,"

Dear Lord, she is but a child, "Not yet," was the answer given;

I knew they were chanting praises Beyond the shadowy tide; But the creeping grass and daisies Would o'er their faces hide.

Oh how could they sing in heaven? I groping in mists of tears! O how could they be so silent,

Through all my desolate years; Is the soul so changed in glory? Can they smile while we yearning look?

To-night, in the shadows grieving, I heard the voice of the sea; Weeping I prayed in the darkness,

"O light they cross on me." And he heard for strange silence fell, "I knew," was the lying sea;

"Can it be that I dreamed? Ah, well, What matter? they came to me! Yes, came to my silent dwelling,

Their faces so young and fair; The pillar of cloud was lifted; Heaven's glory seemed shadowed there.

Weeping for joy, I said; "Dreaming, I thought you were cold and dead,—" Thank God, it was only seeming, And I am so glad," I said.

I had grown strange 'neath my sorrow, Almond buds bloomed in my hair; Lo, young with the youth of angels,

The faces they used to wear; But it grew dark in my dwelling,— "Twas dark as the grave outside— Still its low requiem knelling, I heard the voice of the tide.

Yet tell me not that when dreaming, My heart lost its long dull pain,— That into my darkness shining,

Sleep scattered their smiles again; Say that a heavenly vision Came o'er the mystic tide,— Their faces from fields Elysian, Their angels stood by my side.

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Scientific.

RAPIDITY OF SENSATION.

If a needle be stuck into one of the fingers, the sensory fibres take the impression through the nerve and the posterior root to the spinal cord and thence to the brain.

Professor Donders, of Utrecht, has recently been making some interesting experiments in regard to the rapidity of thought, which are likewise interesting.

For the eye to receive an impression requires .077 of a second, and for the ear to appreciate a sound, .149 of a second are necessary.

TRIUMPHS OF GENIUS.

We sometimes think of genius as a wayward, fickle faculty; but it is rather that persistent power of the soul, which, like faith, laughs at impossibilities.

To discover the secret and solve the problem became the dream of Charles Good-year's life. The difficulties and failures which he encountered only made it more dear to him.

Why do these breathing-holes of perdition open their devouring mouths around the theatre as naturally as ashes gather about the crater of a volcano?

Of the French Revolution the celebrated Edmund Burke writes: "While courts of justice were thrust out by Jacobin tribunals, and silent churches were only funeral monuments of departed religion."