

The Family Circle.

IN MEMORY OF GEORGE AGUSTUS ARROW-SMITH.

By M. E. M.
Thou art gone from this earthly home,
To the land where all is light...

We miss the beautiful brow
That beamed with the joy of youth,
That voice so tender and low...

For Faith clings fast to the cross
Though nature's voice may speak
And in the silent of years...

Whose low call summoned thee,
Thou hadst given Him all thy life,
Thou hadst given Him all thy love!

We toil o'er the mountain steep,
With many a patriot's cry
And we watch the long grey shadows sweep...

Oh! why do we sorrow, so,
When thou art forever glad?
Why do we suffer our tears to flow...

Gone to thy Saviour's breast,
Gone to thine endless home!
Gone where our loved are blest...

For the hopes that withered here,
Shall blossom in the sky—
The knowledge eagerly gathered here...

[The subject of these lines, died in Yonkers, New York, on June 25th, after an illness of forty-eight hours. His disease was congestion of the brain.]

OLD FATHER MORRIS.

A SKETCH FROM NATURE BY MRS. STOWE.

Of all the marvels that astonished my childhood, there is none I remember to this day with so much interest as the old man whose name forms my caption. When I knew him, he was an aged clergyman, settled over an obscure village in New England.

It is in vain to attempt to give a full picture of such a genuine unique; but some slight and imperfect dashes may help the imagination to a faint idea of what none can fully conceive but those who have seen and heard old Father Morris.

Suppose yourself one of half a dozen children, and you hear the cry, "Father Morris is coming." You run to the window or door, and you see a tall, bulky old man, with a pair of saddle-bags on one arm, hitching his old horse with a fumbling carelessness, and then deliberately stamping towards the house.

"How d'ye do, my darter? is your daddy at home?" "My darter" usually makes off as fast as possible, in an unconquerable giggle. Father Morris goes into the house, and we watch him at every turn, as, with the most liberal simplicity, he makes himself at home, takes off his wig, wipes down his great face with a checked pocket handkerchief, helps himself hither and thither to whatever he wants, and asks for such things as he cannot lay his hands on, with all the comfortable easiness of childhood.

I remember to this day how we used to peep through the crack of the door, or hold it half ajar and peer in, to watch his motions; and how mightily diverted we were with his deep, slow manner of speaking, his heavy, cumbersome walk, but, above all,

with the wonderful faculty of "lemming" which he possessed.

His deep, thundering, prophetic "A-hem-ing" was like nothing else I ever heard; and when these performances, the parlor door of one of these performers, I heard suddenly happen, brothers calling, in a one of my room, Charles, Charles! Father suppressed, "Come, the door open!"—and Morris has the signs of a long, a desperate follow in which I sincerely sympathized, rate to-morrow is Sunday. The old man in the pulpit. He is not now in his humble little parish, preaching simply the hours of corn and planters of potatoes, but there sits Governor D., and there is Judge B., and Counsellor P., and Judge G.—in short, he is before a refined and literary audience. But Father Morris rises; he thinks nothing of this; he cares nothing; he knows nothing, as he himself would say; but "Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." He takes a passage of Scripture to explain; perhaps it is the walk to Emmaus; and the conversation of Jesus with his disciples. Immediately the whole starts up, boys, young, living and picturesque: the "road to Emmaus is a New England turnpike; you can see its mile stones, its mill-stalks, its toll gates. Next the disciples rise, and you have before you all their anguish, and hesitation, and dismay—talked out to you in the language of your own friends. You smile; you are amused; yet you are touched, and the illusion grows every moment. You see the approaching stranger, and the mysterious conversation grows more and more interesting. Emmaus rises in the distance, in the likeness of a New England village, with a white meeting house and spire. You follow the travellers; you enter the house with them; nor do you wake from your trance until, with streaming eyes, the preacher tells you that "they saw it was the Lord—and what a pity it was they could not have known it before!"

It was after a sermon on this very chapter of Scripture history that Governor Griswold, in passing out of the house, laid hold on the sleeve of his first acquaintance: "Pray tell me," said he, "who is this minister?" "Why, it is old Father Morris."

"Well, he is an oddity—and a genius too, I declare!" he continued. "I have been wondering all the morning how I could have read the Bible to so little purpose as not to see all these particulars he has presented."

I once heard him narrate in this picturesque way the story of Lazarus. The great bustling city of Jerusalem first rises to view, and you are told, with great simplicity, how the Lord Jesus "used to get tired of the noise;" and how he was "tired of preaching, again and again, to people who would not mind a word he said; and how, when it came evening, he used to go out and see his friends in Bethany." Then he told about the house of Martha and Mary: "a little white house among the trees," he said; "you could just see it from Jerusalem." And there the Lord Jesus and his disciples used to go and sit in the evenings, with Martha, and Mary, and Lazarus.

The narrator went on to tell how Lazarus died, describing, with tears and a choking voice, the distress they were in, and how they felt messages to the Lord Jesus, and he did not come, and they wondered and wondered, and then he went, winding up the interest by the graphic simile of an eye witness, till he woke you from the dream by his triumphant joy at the resurrection scene.

On another occasion, as he was sitting at a tea table, unusually supplied with cakes and sweetmeats, he found an opportunity to make a practical allusion to the same family story. He said that Mary was quiet and humble, sitting at her Saviour's feet to hear his words; but Martha thought more of what was to be got for tea. Martha could not find time to listen to Christ. "No," she said, "I am cumbered with much serving—around the house, frying fritters and making gingerbread."

Among his own simple people, his style of Scripture painting was listened to with breathless interest. But it was particularly in those rustic circles, called "conference meetings," that his whole warm soul unfolded, and the Bible in his hands became a gallery of New England paintings.

He particularly loved the evangelists, following the footsteps of Jesus Christ, dwelling upon his words, repeating over and over again the stories of what he did, with all the fond veneration of an old and favored servant.

Sometimes, too, he would give the narration an exceedingly practical turn, as one example will illustrate. He had noticed a falling off in his little circle that met for social prayer, and took occasion, the first time he collected a tolerable audience, to tell concerning "the conference meeting that the disciples attended" after the resurrection.

"But Thomas was not with them." "Thomas not with them!" said the old man, in a sorrowful voice. "Why, what could keep Thomas away? Perhaps," said he, glancing at some of his backward auditors, "Thomas had got cold-hearted, and was afraid they would ask him to make the first prayer; or perhaps," said he, looking at some of the farmers, "Thomas was afraid the roads were bad; or perhaps," he added, after a pause, "Thomas had got proud, and thought he could not come in his old clothes." Thus he went on, significantly slipping up the common excuses of his people; and then, with great simplicity and emotion, he added, "But only think what Thomas lost! for in the middle of the meeting, the Lord Jesus came and stood among them! How sorry Thomas must have been! This representation served to fill the vacant seats for some time to come.

At another time, Father Morris gave the details of the anointing of David to the king. He told them how Samuel went to Bethlehem, to Jesse's house, and went in

with a "How d'ye do, Jessie?" and how, when Jesse asked him to take a chair, he said he could not stay a minute; that the Lord had sent him to anoint one of his sons for a king; and how, when Jesse called in the tallest and handsomest, Samuel said "he would not do;" and how all the rest passed the test; and at last, how Samuel says, "Why, have not you any more sons, Jesse?" and Jesse says, "Why, yes, there is little David, down in the lot," and how, as soon as ever Samuel saw David, "he slashed the oil right on to him," and how Jesse said "he never was so beat in all his life."

Father Morris sometimes used his illustrative talent to every good purpose in the way of rebuke. He had on his farm a fine orchard of peaches, from which some of the ten and twenty-year-old gentlemen helped themselves more liberally than even the old man's kindness thought expedient.

Accordingly, he took occasion to introduce into his sermon one Sunday, in his little parish, an account of a journey he took; and how he was "very warm and very dry;" and how he saw a fine orchard of peaches that made his mouth water to look at them. "So says he, 'I came up to the fence and looked all around, for I would not have touched one of them without leave for the world. At last I spied a man, and says I, 'Mister, won't you give me some of your peaches?' So the man came and gave me nigh about a hat full. And while I stood there eating, I said, 'Mister, how do you manage to keep your peaches?' 'Keep them!' said he, and he stared at me; 'what do you mean?' 'Yes, sir,' said I; 'don't the boys steal them?' 'Boys steal them!' said he. 'No, indeed!' 'Why, sir,' said I, 'I have a whole lot full of peaches, and I cannot get half of them'—here the old man's voice grew tremulous—"because the boys in my parish steal them so." 'Why, sir,' said he, 'don't their parents teach them not to steal?' And I grew all over in a gold sweat, and I told him 'I was afraid they didn't.' 'Why, how you talk!' says the man; 'do tell me, where you live?' 'Then,' said Father Morris, the tears running over, 'I was obliged to tell him I lived in the town of G.'" After this Father Morris kept his peaches.

Our old friend was not less original in the logical than in the illustrative portions of his discourses. His logic was of that familiar, colloquial kind which shakes hands with common sense like an old friend. Sometimes, too, his great mind and great heart would be poured out, on the vast themes of religion, in language, which, though homely, produced all the effects of the sublime. He once preached a discourse on the text, "the High and Holy One that inhabiteth eternity;" and from the beginning to the end it was a train of lofty and solemn thought. With his usual simple earnestness, and his great, rolling voice, he told about "the Great God—the Great Jehovah—and how the people in this world were flustering and worrying, and afraid they should not get time to do this, and that, and t'other. But," he added, with full-hearted satisfaction, "the Lord is never in a hurry; he has it all to do, but he has time enough, for he inhabiteth eternity." And the grand idea, infinite leisure, and almighty resources, was carried through the sermon with equal strength and simplicity.

Although the old man never seemed to be sensible of anything tending to the ludicrous in his own mode of expressing himself, yet he had considerable relish for humor, and some shrewdness of repartee. One time, as he was walking through a neighboring parish, famous for its profanity, he was stopped by a whole flock of the youthful reprobates of the place: "Father Morris, Father Morris! the devil's dead!"

"Is he?" said the old man, benignly laying his hand on the head of the nearest urchin; "you poor fatherless children!"

But the sayings and doings of this good old man, as reported in the legends of the neighborhood, are more than can be gathered or reported. He lived, far beyond the common age of man, and continued, when age had impaired his powers, to tell over again the same Bible stories that he had told so often before.

I recollect hearing of the joys that almost broke the old man's heart, when, after many years' diligent watching and nurture of the good seed in his parish, it began to spring into vegetation, sudden and beautiful as that which answers the patient watching of the husbandman. Many a hard, worldly-hearted man—many a sleepy, inattentive hearer—many a listless, idle young person, began to give ear to words that had long fallen unheeded. A neighboring minister, who had been sent for to see and rejoice in these results, describes the scene, when, on entering the little church, he found an anxious, crowded auditory assembled around the venerable teacher, waiting direction and instruction. The old man was sitting in his pulpit, almost creaking with fulness of emotion as he gazed around. "Father," said the youthful minister, "I suppose you are ready to say with old Simeon, 'Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for my eyes have seen thy salvation.'" "Martin, Martin," said the old man, while the tears streamed down his cheeks, and his whole frame shook with emotion.

It was not many years after that this simple, and loving servant of Christ was gathered in peace unto Him whom he loved. His name is fast passing from remembrance, and in a few years, his memory, like his humble grave, will be entirely grown over and forgotten among men, though it will be had in everlasting remembrance by Him who "forgetteth not his servants," and in whose sight the death of his saints is precious.

The keeping of the Sabbath is a work that is never done till life is ended.

GEORGE. A STORY FOR LITTLE MEN.

Once there was a Man and his name was George. He was a very good man. He was very fond of doing good. There was once a great War in the land where he lived, and he felt sorry for the soldiers. He spent his own money, and got money from other folks, to buy things for the soldiers when they were sick, or fighting. When the war was over he went about telling the poor folks about God. All the folks who knew him loved him. He used to hold meetings with them; and pray with them; and sing with them; and because he sung with them, a few of his own folks, said that George was bad, and should not go to church with them any more. They did not mean that he was very, very, wicked, but only that he was a bad Man, for some-times singing out of a different book from them-selves.

George liked to sing. These folks of his said he might sing all day long, and would love him, if he would sing only out of their little book. George said that he liked this book, but he liked other books too. They said, No! and said he should not. Then they told a great many folks to come and hold a big meeting about George's singing, and they came, oh, how many. They talked about it ever so long. Some of the folks, said, it is too bad to scold George, for he is good. But the big-gest num-ber said, if he will say that he has done wrong, and will promise to stop singing those bad Hymns, we will let him to church; but if he will not be must be CUT OFF!! George could not promise to do this, for he said the people who sung these Hymns loved God, and were so good folks as his own.

So George was CUT OFF!! He can-not go to his own church any more; and because he will not sing out of the lit-tle Psalm book when he goes there, but because he will not take the Psalm book with him, when he goes to an-oth-er church or meeting and sing, all a-lone out of it, while all the oth-er folks sing out of their book. This would make a bad noise, and he does not wish to do so. This is why he is CUT OFF!

I do not know what George will do. I am sorry for him. He is a good man. But he is CUT OFF!! I do not know what this means, but our min-ister says this is what the folks at the big meet-ing did. My father says he won-ders how George will feel when he sings this verse in the lit-tle Psalm book,

"Although they curse with spite, yet Lord, Bless Thou with loving voice; Let them ashand be when they rise; Thy servant let rejoice, Let Thou mine adversaries all With shame be clothed over; And let their own confusion Them, as a mantle cover."

I am sure I can-not tell.—N. Y. Evangelist.

Rural Economy.

THE JUONDA STRAWBERRY.

REV. J. KNOX:—Dear Sir:—I have just heard that you have agreed to act as editor of the "Agricultural Department" of the "Christian Advocate," and I feel like writing to congratulate you on the arrangement; or rather I would congratulate the paper and its reader on having obtained your consent to enter on this work. Gathering valuable information, as you do, both by experience and observation, the world should hear from you, week by week, and I doubt not will hear not only through that paper, but through a host of its exchanges, and be the wiser and better.

Now I have a few words of good news about the JUONDA—"Our 700," as you call it; and others who have tried it, feel like pointing to it with some pride, and sharing the possessive "Our," which you prefixed modestly, instead of "my." Some of us feel as if it bid fair to be called "our 700," by cultivators at large in our country.

But let me come to facts, and then you can judge whether I am too enthusiastic. My plants were set out about the beginning of the severe drought of last summer. The runners were not kept off as they should be, to secure a good crop. All the winter and spring they were unprotected by as much as a handful of straw, and they were mulched with straw after they were in blossom. I suppose leaving out the vines and cabbages planted with them I had about 1/2 of an acre occupied with the plants. I had heard many prophecies that they "Would be a failure;" "Would not set fruit;" "Would not succeed for any one but Knox," &c. &c.; but in good time they did blossom, and did "set fruit" and ripened, and people would say that they had never before seen such strawberry beds in New Castle. And now for the points which made them "such beds."

1. Their size. Some of my berries, (which I always said were 1/2 below yours) measured between 6 and 7 inches in circumference, and I never saw man, woman, or child attempt to eat one of the largest ones at one bite. Some of them weighed nearly one ounce.

2. Their uniformity of size. In order to get a basket worthy of exhibition, I had not to "pick over my patch," as a neighbor expressed it, but could take them as they came. From 45 to 55 berries, picked as they were ripe, filled a quart. I bought a quart of other berries from a gardener and found it to contain 196.

3. Their productiveness. They were not ripe as early as Wilson Albany, and some others, but they continued on bearing some time after the others had failed. We picked fruit from our Juundas almost, if not altogether, three weeks.

4. Their solidity and value for shipping. I sent 24 quarts by stage to a friend 30 miles distant. They were sent on Monday morning, and he reported that the last of them were in good condition on Friday evening following.

5. Their beauty. I need not tell you of the beauty of a dish of Juundas, but I do wish every one who has never seen such a sight could look on the colored photograph by which I caught the size, form and color of a plate of these berries.

If you soon visit New Castle call at the Photograph rooms of Gillespie or Mitchell, or the studio of Miss Smith, and judge for yourself.

6. Their dollar value. They sell readily when others are a drug. They bring nearly or fully twice as much as common berries. One gardener said that if all his berries had been Juundas he would have realized \$900 instead of less than \$200 from his beds. That the market is not yet glutted is evident, since one day near the last of June I had a purchaser for 100 quarts for the Pittsburgh market.

In speaking of monied value I must not forget to tell you of plants. Already 43,000 plants have been engaged in large quantities, and many in smaller numbers by the hundred and by the dozen. I have frequently said to those who admired my Juundas, "They are not a fair sample this year—and I am sure are 1/2 below Mr. Knox's crop in every respect," but the usual reply has been "They are good enough for me."

I for one want to thank you for bringing such a berry into general notice, and hope that the "Our 700" may yet become a national term—unless you get something still better.

NOTE.—We thank friend Wylie for his congratulations, and excellent article. With a few such practical correspondents we would have no difficulty in making this department of the paper interesting. We will have something to say soon in reference to the Juunda Strawberry, which we regard, after a trial of nine years, as much the most valuable strawberry of which we have any knowledge.—Pittsburg Christian Advocate.

BEECHER ON HIS FARM.

In Mr. Beecher's earlier days he edited an agricultural paper, and has ever shown the liveliest interest in rural pursuits. His farm at Peekskill, N. Y., is becoming famous, and in the course of time will be a point of great attraction to every lover of nature. Mr. Beecher spends much of his time there; with what enjoyment, the following litter, published in the N. Y. Ledger, will tell:

"MY DEAR MR. BONNER:—You must expect no article from me this week. I am engaged. I was never more busy in my life. Let me relate my occupations. At about half past three in the morning, I wake. The light is just coming. I do not care for that, as I do not propose to get up at such an hour. But the birds do care. They evidently wind up their singing apparatus over night. For when the first bird breaks the silence, in an instant the rest go off, as if a spring had been touched which moved them all. Was ever such a noise! There are robins without count, wood-thrushes, orioles, sparrows, bobolinks, meadow-larks, blue-birds, yellow-birds, wrens, warblers, cat-birds, (as the northern mocking-bird is called), martins, twittering swallows. Think of all the noise made by mixing all these bird notes together. Add a rooster, or a solemn old crow to carry the bass. Then consider that of each kind there are scores, and of some kinds hundreds within our reach, and you will have some faint conception of the opening chant of the day.

You may not believe that I wake so early. But I do. You may be still less inclined to believe that after listening for ten minutes to this mixture, I again go to sleep. But I solemnly do! Nor do I think of getting up before six o'clock. Whether I should emerge even then, if it were not for the savory odor that begins to steal through my cottage, I cannot tell. After breakfast there are so many things to be done first that I neglect them all. The morning is so fine, the young leaves are so beautiful, the bloom on the orchards is so gorgeous, the sounds, and sights are so many and so winning, that I am apt to sit down on the veranda, for just a moment, and for just another; and for a series of them, until an hour goes by! Do not blame me! Do not laugh at such farming; and such a farmer. The soil overhead bears, better and larger crops, for a sensible man, than does the soil under foot! There are blossoms in the clouds. There is fruit to be plucked, to those who know how to pluck it!

But then sky-gazing and this dallying with the landscape will not do. What crowds of things require the eye's attention! Flowers must be sown. Shrubs and trees pruned. Vines looked after. A walk taken over the hill to see after some evergreens, with many pauses to gaze upon the landscape, many birds to be watched, as they are confidently exhibiting their domestic traits before you. The kittens, too, at the barn, must be visited,—the calf, the new cow. Then every gardener knows how much time is consumed in noticing the new plants. For instance, I have some eight new strawberry beds that need watching, each one purporting to be a world's wonder. I am quite anxious about eight or ten new kinds of clematis; two new species of honeysuckle; eight or ten new and rare evergreens; and ever so many other things—shrubs and flowers. What shall I say of the new peas, new beans, rare cucumbers, early melons, extraordinary potatoes!

Speaking of potatoes, do you know anything of the Early Rose? Let me tell you. One hundred bushels were sold this spring to one man, for eighty dollars a bushel! Since then they have been selling by the pound, at the increasing price of one, two, or three dollars a pound. It takes about three potatoes to make a pound.

Montana farmers are trying to domesticate the buffalo.