

The Family Circle.

THE CHILD SAMUEL.
 Hush'd was the evening hymn;
 The temple courts were dark;
 The lamp was burning dim
 Before the sacred ark;
 When suddenly a Voice Divine
 Rang through the silence of the shrine.

The old man, meek and mild,
 The priest of Israel, slept;
 His watch the temple-child,
 The little Levite, kept;
 And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
 The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

O, give me Samuel's ear!
 The open ear, O Lord!
 Alive and quick to hear
 Each whisper of Thy word,
 Like him to answer at Thy call,
 And to obey Thy first command.

O, give me Sam's that still
 A lowly heart, Thy will
 Where in Thy hand
 Or wags his mind!
 By dayning faith,
 Assigned
 Life and death;
 To read with childlike eyes,
 That are hidden from the wise.

HAVE I NO FATHER?

It was once in an awful storm at sea; we were for many hours tossed about in sight of dangerous rocks; the steam engines would work no longer; the wind raged violently, and around were heard the terrific roar of the breakers, and the dash of the waves, as they broke over the deck.

At this dreary and trying time, while we lay, as might be said, at the mercy of the waves, I found great comfort and support from an apparently trifling circumstance, it was, that the captain's child, a little girl of about twelve years old, was in the cabin with us. He had come two or three times, in the midst of his cares and toils, to see how his child went on, and it is well known how cheering is the sight of a captain in such a time of danger. As our situation grew worse, I saw the little girl rising on her elbow and bending her eyes anxiously to the door, as if longing for her father's re-appearance. He came at last. He was a large, bluff, sailor-like man; an immense coat, great sea boots; and an oilskin cap with flaps hanging down on his neck were streaming with the water. He fell on his knees on the floor beside the low berth of his child, and stretched his arms over her, but did not speak.

After a little while, he asked if she were alarmed. "Father," the child answered, "let me be with you, and I shall not be afraid."

"With me?" he cried; "you could not be with me, and I shall not be afraid."

"No, father, I will not be afraid if you take me with you. O! father let me be with you!" and she threw her arms round his neck, and clung fast to him. The strong man was overcome; he lifted his child in his arms, and carried her away with him.

How much I felt her departure! As long as the captain's child was near, I felt her to be a sort of pledge for the return and care of greatest danger the father would run to his child; I was certain that were the vessel about to be abandoned in the midst of the wild waves, I should know of every movement, for the captain would not desert his child. Thus in the presence of that child I had comforted myself, and when she went, I felt abandoned, and for the first time fearful, I rose, and managed to get on deck. The sea and sky seemed one. It was a dreadful sight; shuddering, I shrank back and threw myself again on my couch. Then came the thought: the child is content; she is with her father; "and have I no father?" O God I thank thee! in that moment I could answer, Yes. An unseen father, it is true; and faith is not as sight, and nature is not as grace; but still I knew I had a Father; a Father whose love surpasseth knowledge. The thought calmed my mind. Reader, does it calm yours?

Oh! cries the trembling soul, the storm is fearful; the sky is hid; we walk in darkness and have no light. "Be still, and know that I am God," saith the Lord; be happy, and know that God is thy Father.

"Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God." All things are under the dominion of Christ, and all things, yea even terrible things shall work together for good to them that love God. Tempest-tossed soul; as the child clung to her father's bosom, so cling thou to thy God; in the moment of thy extremity he will appear to be with thee, or take thee to be with him.

A WIFE'S INFLUENCE.

A Christian woman gave her hand to the man on whom she had already placed her tenderest affection. He possessed almost every grace, but was destitute of the grace of God. By spending the early part of his life in a foreign land, and associating with those who had the reputation of gentlemen, he had imbibed the fashionable habit in that place of using God's name in vain in common conversation. His new and much loved wife sought to reclaim him. She knew the only way to his heart. She took advantage of his love for her to win him to Christ, and she effectually succeeded.

One day, as she was standing before him, in company with a few friends who were

listening to his conversation, he seemed to give additional interest, as he saw her what he was relating, he raised her Christ. He looked at his chin. "O!" in tears. He was saying, "How much I love hand and gently said she, "if you with it." said dear named. He was unable my heart by asked her forgiveness, and His heaven. In this way he was to proceed, and is now an eminent ex soon lety, save.

PETTY THIEVING IN ITALY.

With plenty of money and little time—perhaps for studying either the language of the people among whom we are wandering, always meeting with one's own countrymen, no matter how remote or unheard of a spot one may have the curiosity to visit, it is little wonder, perhaps, that the poverty-stricken Italians should consider us—as they really do—mere "travelling money bags," and believe that it is a virtue to oblige said bags to leave the greatest possible amount of their contents in their own debt-laden and tax-cursed country. It would be amusing, were it not so vexatious, and did not their peculating propensities extend to everything, great and small. One would not care were one only occasionally victimized, but "a constant dropping of water will wear away stone," and constant thieving wears away the most stolid patience of the sufferer.

Take the one article of wood, which is very dear in Italy. When you buy a load, if some one does not watch it constantly until the last moment, you will, in one way or another, lose half of it. You must first see that the man who brings it to your door throws it all out or he will carry away part of it. Then having seen the wood fairly on the ground, it is necessary to keep one eye, at least, on the man who saws and carries it into the house, for these men have small boys commissioned to play about the door, who watch for an opportunity and slip around the corner and into open doorways with one or two sticks at a time until they have accumulated several arms-ful for him. Or, as happened to a friend of ours, the man who threw off the wood, thinking himself unseen, thrust a large quantity down the cellar of the adjoining house, having already made an arrangement with the man who occupied it to return in the evening and divide with him!

Another lady friend having ordered a load, the man who drove the cart stopped a few doors off, and taking a large number of the sticks, laid them in the open hall, then went on, deposited the rest at her house, drove back, and rejoicing that which he had stolen, made off with it.

We were happily relieved from all this annoyance. The same kind friend who secured apartments for us in the house where he has long resided, sent out into the country in the autumn and engaged sufficient wood for us all to burn through the winter. Our good Padrone, who seems to have all of the best and none of the worst traits of an Italian, and who deserves to be an American, he is so honest and true, went to the station, on his arrival, followed it to the house, and had it immediately deposited in the cellar, and locked in! then hired two men to "saw and pile it," locking them in also, going at an hour agreed upon every noon and night to let them out. No chance for thieving there; and it did not occur to the Padrone that he must look after anything but the safety of the wood. But as the winter advanced, we began to complain that the wood was too long, wouldn't go into the stove, &c. The Padrone came in and looked at our basketful with round eyes, and said, "Why, this has only been sawed once, and I paid the men for sawing it twice!" With a troubled countenance he went hastily to the cellar and returned with a still more woful expression. Upon a close examination he found that the men had sawed the greater part of the wood only once, and piled it up, then sawing the remainder in three pieces (each stick) had spread it carefully over the top of each pile, and it was impossible to see that all was not as it should be without pulling the whole down. After finishing each day's allotted task, they probably lay on the floor and slept until the Padrone went down to let them out. Upon cutting the sticks in two, they were not long enough to reach across the "andiron," so when other resources failed, we had the not too exciting amusement of planning and arranging a respectable looking and comfortable fire out of too-long and too-short wood, but the poor Padrone was more unhappy about it than were his tenants.

When a few Americans happen to meet they usually console themselves and amuse one another by relating the tricks played upon them, and warn each other of what is to be expected in that line in the future.

One day a friend related us a little incident which passed before his own eyes in Rome. A physician recommended an intimate acquaintance of his to drink ass's milk, a common practice here among feeble and debilitated persons. The patient knew how difficult it is to obtain what you are willing to pay for not only exorbitantly, but all that the vender asks—even then he will cheat you and lament that he didn't charge more, which if you had given him he still would have grumbled and deceived you if possible; so this gentleman ordered that the animal should be driven to his door every morning and there milked, congratulating himself on having for once, at least, been "smart enough for an Italian." But—some little time after, a lady said to our narrator while chatting with him—"By the way, you are a friend of the invalid gentleman who lives opposite me, and I think I should tell you of a little scene which I witnessed while looking from my window a day or two since. Your friend thinks that he obtains pure milk, but the man who drives the animal to the door always

stations himself on the side next the street, keeping the animal between himself and the house. When he had half filled the dish into which he milks, I saw him pour a quantity of water into it from a bottle which was concealed in his bosom."

Of course, this little episode was immediately communicated to the invalid, who was not so feeble but that he went down to the door the next morning, when the milking was going on, and at the right moment at a given signal, pounced upon the unsuspecting diluter, and caught him with the bottle in his hand. Fancy the tableau!

—*Corr. Boston Advertiser.*

NELSON.

Human nature is ever very frail. No man ever had a stronger sense of it under the influence of a sense of justice, than Lord Nelson. He was loth to inflict punishment; and when he was obliged, as he called it, "to endure the torture of seeing men flogged," he came out of his cabin with a hurried step, ran into the gangway, made his bow to the General, and reading the articles of war the culprit had infringed, said, "Boatswain, do your duty." The lash was instantly applied, and consequently the sufferer exclaimed, "Forgive me, Admiral, forgive me!" On such an occasion, Lord Nelson would look around with wild anxiety, and, as all his officers kept silence, he would say, "What! none of you speak for him! avast! cast him off!" and then add to the suffering culprit, "Jack, in the day of battle remember me!" and he became a good fellow in future. A poor man was about to be flogged—a landsman—and few pitied him. His offence was drunkenness. He was being tied up; a lovely girl, contrary to all rules, rushed through the officers, and, falling on her knees, clasped Nelson's hand, in which were the articles of war, exclaiming, "Pray, forgive him, your honor, and he shall never offend again." "Your face," said the Admiral, "is a security for his good behavior. Let him go; the fellow cannot be bad who has such a lovely creature in his care." The man rose to be a lieutenant.

CAN'T RUB IT OUT.

"Don't write there," said a father to his son, who was writing with a diamond on the window.

"Why not?"
 "Because you can't rub it out."
 Did it ever occur to you, my child, that you are daily writing that which you can't rub out?

You made a cruel speech to your mother the other day. It wrote itself on her loving heart and gave her great pain. It is there now, and hurts her every time she thinks of it. You can't rub it out.

You whispered a wicked thought one day in the ear of your playmate. It wrote itself on his mind and led him to do a wicked act. It is there now; you can't rub it out.

All your thoughts, all your words, all your acts are written in the book of God. The record is a very sad one. You can't rub it out.

Mind me! What you write on the minds of others, will stay there. It can't be rubbed out any how. But, glorious news! what is written in God's book can be blotted out. You can't rub it out, but the precious blood of Jesus can blot it out if you are sorry, and will ask Him.

Go, then, O-my-child, and ask Jesus to blot out the bad things you have written in the book of God.

THE NEED OF A MEDIATOR.

One of Dr. Bellows' recent letters from the Old World to *The Liberal Christian* contains the following passage:

Another thing has impressed me deeply in coming into closer contact with Judaism and Mohammedanism, both profoundly theoretical faiths—the absence of a Mediator has not added to their spirituality or their purity. Without dogma and without ritual, (in our day,) they are both intensely formal, and superstitious beyond belief. God is so far off that their disciples cannot correct the false impressions given of him in one age by fresh consultation with the image or Representative of His character. He is too high and holy to be investigated; He paralyzes thought and refuses sympathy. He remains an unknown God. There is no progress in such religions, but only retrograde movement and deterioration. Judaism and Mohammedism saw their best days in their earliest years. Christianity alone has the elements of progress in it. Its human character, which it owes to Christ's position in it, keeps it in sympathy with earnest life; and it derives strength, freshness, and perpetual re-birth from the fact that Christ is re-born in the heart of every new generation, the same, yet ever more and better, because more deeply understood. Institutions, especially of a religious kind, must have some flux in them, or they harden into alien forms, and finally become crusts and prisons for the soul. The Mediator is really the perpetual renewer of Judaism. The Holy Spirit proceeds from the Father through the Son; and the Greek Church owes no small part of its deadness and want of relation to the age to its denial of this essential and catholic truth. I wish those who think the Christ a transient element in the mono-theistic faith, would study Judaism, (which is still a great fact,) and Mohammedism, (which is still mightier,) with reference to the unmoral and unspiritual influence proceeding from their purely theistic theology. I think it would throw great light on the question of questions now agitating the liberal Church, how far we can have and maintain all that is best and most vital in Christianity and leave Christ out of the account. I am fully persuaded that the working principle of the Gospel is the person of Christ; and that a public religion would cease to exist were He exorcised from the faith, and his mediatorial office first

slighted and then denied. He is, I doubt not, the perpetual Mediator and vehicle of religious truth; the High Priest who is never to give up his office while human life endures; and I am confirmed in my confidence that real progress and true spiritual life and growth will come just in proportion to the union of free thought and large liberty with tender devotion to His guiding life and holy leadership. God, in purely theistic systems, is either unhuman, that is, unintelligible, or else too human, that is, such another as ourselves, and without life to give. The mediatorial character of Christ and His religion supplies the true super-human—God brought close to human sympathies, but always above them. Christ alone keeps the soul from worshipping its own image, under the name of God. God made man in his image, but is fatal to reverse the process. Christ prevents it.

"HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP."

O, earth so full of dreary noises!
 O, men with wailing in your voices!
 O, delved gold, the wallers, heap!
 O, strife, O curse, that'er it fall!
 God makes a silence through you all,
 And "giveth His beloved sleep."

Yea! men may wonder while they scan
 A living, thinking, feeling man,
 Confirmed in such a rest to keep;
 But angels say—and through the word
 We think their happy smile is heard,
 "He giveth His beloved sleep."

For me, my heart that erst did go
 Most like a tired child at a show,
 That sees through tears the jugglers leap—
 Would now its wearied vision close,
 Would child-like on His love repose,
 Who "giveth His beloved sleep."

And friends, dear friends,—when it shall be
 That this low breath is gone from me,
 And round my bier you come to weep,
 Let one most loving of you all,
 Say, "Not a tear must'er her fall,
 He giveth his beloved sleep."

—Mrs. E. B. Browning.

BENEVOLENCE.

At a missionary meeting among the negroes in the West Indies, it is stated that the following resolutions were adopted:

1. "We will all give something."
2. "We will all give according to our ability."
3. "We will all give willingly."

At the close of the meeting a leading negro took his seat at the table, and with pen and ink, to put down what each came to contribute. Many advanced to the table and handed in their contributions—some more, and some less. Among the contributors was an old negro who was very rich, almost as rich as the rest united. He threw down a small silver coin. "Take dat back again," said the chairman of the meeting, "dat may be 'ording to de fast resolution, but not 'ording to de second."

The rich old man accordingly took it up and hobbled back to his seat much enraged. One after another came forward, and all giving more than himself, he was ashamed, and again threw a piece of money on the table, saying:

"Dar—take dat!"

It was a valuable piece of gold, but was given so ill-temperedly that the chairman answered:

"No, sir; dat won't do! Dat may be 'ording to de fast and second resolutions, but not 'ording to de third."

He was obliged to take it up again. Still angry with himself, he sat a long time, until nearly all were gone; he then advanced to the table, and with a smile on his countenance, laid down a larger sum of money. "Dar now, berry well!" said the presiding negro, "dat will do; dat am 'ording to all de resolutions."

Reader, this simple narrative contains in a nutshell the formula of benevolence. The first duty is to give; the second is to give according to your ability, and third, which is equal to all, is to give willingly.—*Copied from an old London paper.*

"WE NEVER DRINK."

On the stage were seven or eight soldiers from the Eighth Maine Regiment. While at the stage house, in Lincoln, there came into the office a poor blind man—stone blind—slowly feeling his way with his cane. He approached the soldiers and said, in the gentlest tone—

"Boys, I hear you belong to the Eighth Regiment. I have a son in that regiment."

"What is his name?"
 "John—"

"O yes; we know him well. He was a sergeant in our company. We always liked him."

"Where is he now?"
 "He is a lieutenant in a colored regiment, and a prisoner at Charleston."

"For a moment the old man ventured not to reply; but at last, sadly and slowly, he said—

"I feared as much. I have not heard of him for a long time."

They did not wait for another word, but these soldiers took from their wallets a sum of money, nearly twenty dollars, and offered it to the old man, saying—

"If our whole company were here we could give you a hundred dollars."

The old man replied—
 "Boys, you must put it in my wallet, for I am blind."

But mark what followed. Another individual in the room, who had looked on this scene, as I had, with feelings of pride in our soldiers, immediately advanced and said—

"Boys, this is a handsome thing, and I want you to drink with me. I stand treat for the company."

I waited with interest for the reply. It came.

"No sir; we thank you kindly; we appreciate your offer—but we never drink."

The scene was perfect—the first was noble and generous; the last was grand.

Rural Economy.

MANAGEMENT OF YOUNG CHICKENS.

BY S. EDWARDS TODD.

Very few young chickens, or young turkeys, are allowed to die for want of food, while immense numbers are seriously injured by cramming their little crops with food that they did not need, and also with unsuitable nourishment, even if the birds were hungry. Most people seem to think that because the young of mammiferous animals desire nourishment as soon as they are born, chickens, and all kinds of birds, should have something to eat as soon as they burst their shell. But such a conclusion is an egregious error. Young birds of the air, and the young gallinaceous fowls, and turkeys, do not require food until they are more than twenty-four hours old. Strange as it may appear, a wise and wonderful provision has been made for the nourishment of the young birds. Just before the little chick bursts his shell, the yolk of the egg out of which the bird is hatched is drawn through an opening in the breast into the crop. This is a wonderful provision of nature for maintaining the life of a young bird, until the animal instinct is so perfectly developed as to enable the young animal to choose proper food and to reject that which is hurtful. Birds of the air never feed their young ones until thirty or forty hours after they are hatched. When I was a small boy, and even after I became a man, I have wondered why it was that birds did not feed their very young ones. I knew they did not feed them, as I have watched them until I was satisfied that they did not feed them the first day of food until they were more than one day old, when the little fellows would open their mouths for something to eat. The truth is, they were born with a crop brim full of the choicest quality of food—the yolk of the egg. After that is digested they are hungry; and to appease the hunger of such little, delicate, unfledged existences, we cram their delicate crops with raw Indian meal—which the digestive powers of a horse can scarcely concoct into nourishment. It is a mystery to me, that many professedly intelligent people ever raise a single chicken, or young turkey, by such management. A newly-born babe can digest a dish of saddle-rock oysters, or a cut of porter-house steak, quite as easily as a young turkey or chicken can digest raw Indian meal, or kernels of wheat, or wheat grits. Do you know, my reader, why an old hen tries hard to steal her nest, and when she has stolen it why she will rear more chickens than the same hen will be able to hatch, when one that has never laid an egg supervises her laying—and sitting? The truth is, an "old setting-hen" is endowed more scientific knowledge than many chemists. When an old hen can succeed in stealing her nest, she will usually remain on it after the eggs are hatched, until hunger has prompted every little chick to start out in quest of food.

After the yolk in the crops of the young chicks is digested, another yolk should be provided for them. They need soft, tender, delicate food. Think for a moment, how would you succeed in rearing your young ones—a pair every month. Were they to feed their young with rough, hard food, they know they would never rear a single bird. For this reason they prepare "dove's milk" for their tender offspring by taking the choicest food they can find into their own crops, mingling water with it, triturating, macerating, soaking, and stirring it up, thus producing a rich, delicate fluid, which they disgorge into the throats of the young doves.

Taking the hint from this fact, we are taught the eminent importance of preparing soft, delicate, and nourishing food for young chickens. Graham flour, cooked and made thin with milk is one of the best kinds of feed for all kinds of young chickens or turkeys. Some Indian meal may be cooked with the Graham. But avoid all coarse and raw feed for young chickens. Curd is still better. Everything that has been salted should be kept away from young chickens and young turkeys.

STEALING FRUIT.

We have already stated that little is now said on this subject, but we know the evil still to be a formidable one. Many are deterred from planting the best fruit trees for fear of those animals, which are to them more formidable than the unruly street cattle, known by the name of vagrant boys. We have been apprehensive that the general silence on this subject has not been favorable to the improvement of public opinion, and we cannot have a thorough cure until public opinion becomes enlightened. It was only a few months ago that we had the best pear tree in our garden entirely stripped of its crop in a single night. Suspecting, from several circumstances, including his tracks in the soft soil, the man who did it, we sent a servant immediately to inquire of him if he had any pears to sell, aware that if he were innocent he would merely say no, and think nothing further of the matter, but if guilty he would know by the inquiry being made at that time that he had certainly been detected. The result was, that although a near neighbor, he avoided us for the next six weeks. Possibly this hint may be of use to others who are similarly annoyed. But the best cure, in connection with an impassable thorn hedge, is a connection on the part of the thief that the whole community will be against him, as police detectives, judge and jury. We hope this subject will not be forgotten by horticultural journals, that the proper education of the people at large on the subject will be regarded as worthy of attention.—*Country Gentleman.*