

The Family Circle.

JACOB'S LADDER.

The following stanzas are from a recent prize poem, delivered at the University of Oxford, England, by the Rev. William Alexander:

Ah! many a time we look on starlit nights Up to the sky as Jacob did of old, Long looking up to the eternal lights, To spell their lines in gold. But nevermore, as to the Hebrew boy, Each on his way the angels walk abroad, And nevermore we hear, with awful joy, The audible voice of God.

STORY FOR THE LITTLE FOLK.

HENRIETTA'S HAT.

Miss Marsh's Sunday-school scholars were all in their places, one bright May morning, in good time. They were four little girls, between eight and twelve years old; and on this bright morning their faces were particularly bright, and their eyes sparkled with pleasure; for each had on, for the first time, fresh pretty spring garments, and hats that looked as if they had been taken out of the milliner's bandbox only the night before, and were making their first appearance at church.

Perhaps each one, as they regarded the others, imagined her own a little prettier or finer; and though the hymn was sung, and the Lord's Prayer repeated, the new hats were not entirely forgotten; for Mary whispered to Lucy, who was sitting next to her, between the verses of the hymn: "I like blue flowers better than ribbons; don't you?"

The four pairs of eyes, after having taken a good view of the members of their own class, went roving all around the school-room, spying out every new hat and dress, and perhaps, comparing them with their own. We say perhaps—we cannot tell; for there is only one who sees, and knows, and can understand all that goes on in the hearts of children, as well as in the hearts of grown-up persons.

The lesson in the catechism had commenced, when the school-room door opened, and a little shy, poorly-dressed child came in, and walked timidly toward Miss Marsh's seat, and stood at the end of the bench, waiting for the girls to make room for her to sit down.

Her face and hands were clean, though she wore no gloves; and her clothes, though old-fashioned and darned, and even patched in some places, were neat and whole. She had on a straw hat, intended for summer; but the straw was very yellow, as it had been worn a good deal, and its narrow purple ribbon around the crown the girls could see, at one glance, was faded and had seen the sunshine a great many times.

Mary poked Lucy slyly, and though they were all staring at the strange little girl, not one offered a seat, or offered to make room for her, until their teacher said reproachfully:

"Girls, give Henrietta a seat." Then they all moved and crowded together so closely for Henrietta that none of them should touch her clothes, giving the poor child the seat nearest the wall the furthest from them. Mary who sat next to her, took good care to draw her new dress carefully under her, whispering, as she did so something to her friend Lucy that made them both laugh, until catching their teacher's reproving glance, they colored and were silent.

The finest, dressed children are not always the best scholars, for when the chapter was read, Miss Marsh told Henrietta to commence, and she read her two verses plainly and distinctly pronouncing all the words correctly; and Mary whose turn came next, stammered over words of two syllables, and could not manage to pronounce the word Jerusalem without some assistance from Miss Marsh. The girls did not smile at that, however; for they would hardly have thought of calling Mary, who was such a nice-looking, well-dressed girl, stupid or dull, or blamed her for never having improved all the opportunities and advantages that had been given her.

When the time came for her to read again, she read: "There was a certain rich man, which was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day."

"What does this mean, Mary?" asked Miss Marsh.

"Ma'am" answered Mary, gazing at her vacantly, and looking idly about the room, while her teacher explained the story of Lazarus and the rich man, who had all the good things of life in this world, but who must have had a hard ungrateful, uncharitable heart, or he would not have suffered a poor diseased man to take only crumbs that fell from his bounteous table, while he was enjoying every good gift that riches could procure him; or if he was not uncharitable, he was careless and thoughtless, and had no compassion for the poor.

There was no time for longer explanation, and in the afternoon, when all of the class but Henrietta were present again, Miss Marsh asked the question:

"What does the lesson we read this morning teach us?"

"That riches cannot carry us to heaven!" promptly answered one of the girls.

"Certainly; but us try a few verses. I And now I will read not the faith of our wish you all to listen to the Lord of glory, with my brother."

Lord Jesus Christ, come unto your assembly respect to gold ring, in godly apparel, "For is in also a poor man in vile a man, and ye have respect to him that and the gay clothing, and say unto said thou here in a good place; and of the poor, Stand thou there, or sit on my footstool, are you not then par- al in yourselves, and are become judges of evil thoughts?"

"What does this teach us?" asked Miss Marsh.

There was no answer at first; the girls looked at each other, and at last one replied:

"God is no respecter of persons." "The same chapter tells us, that if we have respect for the rich and despise the poor, we are guilty of sin. Have we been guilty of this sin to-day?"

The girls were silent and Miss Marsh continued:

Last week I went to see a poor old woman who lives alone, with no other person but her little grand daughter. She has not always been so poor; but it has pleased our Heavenly Father to take away from her many of the blessings of life, and now, when she is poor and old, she has barely enough to eat. The father of her granddaughter is a wretched drunkard, who cares nothing for his mother or his child. Her mother is dead, and as long as she can remember she has received nothing from her parent but cruelty and neglect.

"I went to see her, to beg her to come to Sunday-school. She has not been here for a long time. Her grandmother said: "She cannot come; for the girls will laugh at her old clothes, and I can get her no better."

"Send her next Sunday," I said; "and I do not believe there is a scholar in our Sunday-school that will laugh at her old clothes."

The old grandmother's eyes filled with tears when I urged her to let her come, and fearing she might not be able to come to-day, I sent her a hat, that had been worn before, but was perfectly good. I do not think any of my scholars were ever better pleased with a pretty new hat than this poor child was when she received the old one, that seemed like new in her eyes, though it had been used a whole summer, and its ribbons were a little faded. The grandmother was as well pleased, and both of them hoped it would be a fine day, and then there would be nothing to prevent her from being here. She came in timidly, and shrank toward her place, but contented and satisfied, I have no doubt, with the clothes she wore, the best she possesses. How was she received by her classmates?

"I am afraid they had none of the feeling that the angels had who carried poor Lazarus in their bosoms to heaven. There were no smiles, no kind looks, no words of welcome, for the poor girl; nothing but cold, and perhaps, scornful looks, met her; and the little hat she had put on with so much pleasure before she started to Sunday-school was eyed rather contemptuously, as it was compared with its finer neighbors; and when she took her seat, given unwillingly by better dressed girls, they drew away their dresses, fearing they might touch the patched and old-fashioned but neat clothes of the poor child.

"I am sure this made her unhappy and uncomfortable, and she may have gone home with tears and said: 'I cannot go to school again to-day; my clothes are so poor, the girls do not want me to sit by them, or be in their class.'"

The girls all hung their heads. Lucy blushed, and even Mary forgot for the moment her new hat and its blue flowers.

"Let us try and remember that God is no respecter of persons, and strive to root out this sinful weakness from our vain hearts," said Miss Marsh.—The Methodist.

Little Bessie had got a present of a new book, and she eagerly opened it to look at the first picture. It was the picture of a boy sitting by the side of a stream, and throwing seeds into the water.

"I wonder what this picture is about?" said she; "why does the boy throw seeds in the water?"

"O, I know," said her brother Edward, who had been looking at the book; "he is sowing the seeds of water-lilies."

"But how small the seeds look!" said Bessie. "It seems strange that such large plants should grow from such little things."

"You are just sowing such tiny seeds every day, Bessie, and they will come up large, strong plants after a while," said her father.

"O no, father; I have not planted any seeds for a long while."

"I have seen my daughter sow a number of seeds to-day."

Bessie looked puzzled, and her father smiled and said, "Yes, I have watched you planting flowers, and seeds, and weeds to-day."

"Now I know that you are joking, for I would not plant ugly weeds."

"I will tell you what I mean. When you laid aside that interesting book, and attended to what your mother wished done, you were sowing seeds of kindness and love. When you broke the fish that you knew your mother valued, and came instantly and told her you were sowing seeds of truth. When you took the cup of cold water to the poor woman at the gate, you were sowing the seeds of mercy. These were all beautiful flowers, Bessie. But I hope my little girl has been planting the

great tree of 'love to God,' and that she will tend and watch it until its branches reach the skies and meet before His throne."

THE CLEANSING BLOOD.

A visitor among the poor was one day climbing the broken staircase which led to a garret in one of the worst parts of London, when his attention was arrested by a man of peculiarly ferocious and repulsive countenance, who stood upon the landing-place leaning with folded arms against the wall. There was something about the man's appearance which made the visitor shudder, and his first impulse was to go back. He made an effort, however, to get into conversation with him, and told him that he came there with the desire to do him good; and to see him happy, and that the book he had in his hand contained the secret of all happiness. The ruffian shook him off as if had been a viper, and bade him begone with his nonsense, or he would kick him down stairs. While the visitor was endeavoring with gentleness and patience, to argue the point with him, he was startled by hearing a feeble voice, which appeared to come from behind one of the broken doors which opened upon the landing, saying:

"Does your book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

For a moment the visitor was too much absorbed in the case of the hardened sinner, before him to answer the inquiry, and it was repeated in earnest and thrilling tones:

"Tell me, O tell me, does your book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

The visitor pushed open the door and entered the room. It was a wretched place, wholly destitute of furniture, except a three-legged stool and a bundle of straw in a corner, upon which were stretched the wasted limbs of an aged woman. When the visitor entered, she raised herself upon one elbow, fixed her eyes eagerly upon him, and repeated her former questions, "Does your book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?" He sat down upon the stool beside her, and inquired, "My poor friend, what do you want to know of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?" There was something fearful in the energy of her voice and manner as she replied, "What do I want to know of it? Man, I am dying! I am going to stand naked before God. I have been a wicked woman, a very wicked woman, all my life. I shall have to answer for everything I have done," and she groaned bitterly as the thought of a lifetime's iniquity seemed to cross her soul.

"But once," she continued, "once, years ago, I came by the door of a church, and I went in—I don't know what for. I was soon out again, but one word I heard there I have never forgot. It was something about blood which cleanseth from all sin. O, if I could hear of it now! tell me, tell me, if there is anything about that blood in your book?" The visitor answered by reading the first chapter of the first epistle of St. John. The poor creature seemed to devour the words, and when he paused, she exclaimed, "Read more, read more." He read the second chapter—a slight noise made him look round; the savage ruffian had followed him into his mother's room, and though his face was partly turned away, the visitor could perceive tears rolling down his cheeks. The visitor read the third, fourth, fifth chapters, before he could get the poor listener to consent that he should stop, and then she would not let him go till he promised to come again the next day. He never from that time missed a day reading to her until she died, six weeks afterward; and very blessed was it to see how, almost from the first, she seemed to find peace by believing in Jesus. Every day the son followed the visitor into his mother's room, and listened in silence, but not indifference. On the day of her funeral he beckoned him to one side as they were filling up her grave, and said: "Sir, I have been thinking there is nothing I should so much like as to spend the rest of my life in telling others of the blood which cleanseth from all sin."

Thus the great truth of free pardon through the blood of Christ sinks into the soul and saves it. Thus grasped when all else is gone, it has power to sustain the drowning spirit, and lift it up above the floods that are going over it. Thus it breaks the heart of a stone, which nothing else could touch, and turns the abandoned persecutor into the zealous teacher of Christianity.

THE LATE DR. DUFFIELD.

A recent sermon by the Rev. Dr. Conway P. Wing, of Carlisle, Pa., contains a touching tribute to the worth of this great and good man, who for eighteen years was pastor of the First Presbyterian church of that place, and for whom the people of the town ever cherished the greatest respect and love. His successful ministry while in charge of this church, was shown in that six hundred and ninety-seven persons were admitted on profession of their faith, and two hundred by certificate, making an average of a little more than forty-eight persons each year of his pastorate. The discourse alludes in fitting terms to the early life, and to the mental discipline and literary qualifications of the deceased; to his long and useful labors as a pastor in Detroit, and to the happy and beautiful close of his well spent life.

His heart was in thorough sympathy with men. The good which many do is rather from an overruling Providence and because their own pleasure happens to lie in the direction of what is useful. Many find their highest virtue in pursuing their ends on account of the intrinsic desirableness of the objects themselves, rather than for the benefits they secure. Such is not the spirit of the true servant of Christ, and especially of our departed brother. The great end for which he lived was to save and bless his fellow-men. He took delight in science, in social life, and in a beautiful world around him. But he would have renounced them at any moment had they not been subservient to a higher and philanthropic aim. Others give up even life on fields of glory, but it is the enthusiasm of the conflict, and the eclat of public applause which predominate over all higher influences and give power to motives which otherwise had been feeble. But he and such as he are sustained by no such outward motives, they are impelled to action and self-denial by a simple love of man. They "honor all men" by aiming at their elevation through the only means which recognize the true nobility and totality of their being. And it is to such alone—to such as mean our good, who pray for it and devote their lives to it—that we can feel real gratitude, and upon their memories we bestow our sincerest blessing.

The way of goodness is after all the way of true honor. When we behold this aged Christian and minister of God after a life of continual struggle, standing before a whole community and receiving the honors and congratulations of a large circle of admirers, we could not but see that it was the homage which the world was compelled to pay to virtue and true goodness. Let us all go forth to our remaining work on earth, resolved to be holier, firmer, to our principles, and more devoted, to the only course which can end in a glorious victory. In the language of one of the last hymns our departed brother sang on earth, let us exclaim:

"What sinners value I resign, Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine."

DE. BETHUNE, THE BABIES, AND THE TRADES.

"Common Sense" was Dr. Bethune's theme, and most worthily did he treat it, keeping the audience in the best of humors, and frequently sending them off in a roving gulfaw of laughter. "No one," commented the Doctor, "who has had considerable acquaintance with the interior of households, can have failed to have noticed the large number of children, who, if we may trust their relations, are endowed with a commanding talent of some kind or another. In every house there is at least one such. And it won't do to doubt the assertion—for who should know better than the father or the mother?—that these children are all destined to do something great in the world. The tutor afterwards confirms the prophecy, and his pupil, and lastly, there falls into the parent's hand a copy of the prodigy verses, which he peruses and exhibits with pride and trembling, fearful that the trials of the world should be too great for the sensitiveness of genius. But, notwithstanding this abundance of remarkable children, great talent was rare in the world and this much more so. Poets, artists, sculptors, musical composers, were like the few planets among the multitude of inferior stars. The world was popular with ordinary

men, and only here and there could be seen a head which towered above the rest. And it was well it should be so, for genius cannot stoop to the drudgery for which it has no aptitude. The mass must labor for those who translate great ideas for limited understandings. The flowers of Hymettys will not bear transplanting among the leeks and cabbages of the kitchen garden. What lady afflicted with a literary husband does not find him generally as peevish as a sick baby? and (said the Doctor) I will venture tremblingly to add, what husband who is blest with a literary wife, has not learned that one of her best talents is for getting up a row? The wife of a literary husband, doubtless, has usually right on her side. We hear a great deal said of Xantippe, the scolding wife of Socrates; but she had reasons for scolding. Let me suggest that any man, who, like Socrates, should give all the market-money to a beggar, and bring home to dinner the ambrosial-locked and young dandy, Alcibiades, might deserve a ducking. It is well we have not many of these inconsistent geniuses. What would the world be if we had nothing else? The fields would be bare of all but weeds; the ships would rot by the side of the wharves. No fair, crisp linen would clothe the board for the domestic sacrament, no hand would smooth the pillow for the sick head, and children would fill the houses with wailing, because there would be no one to succor them.

Dr. Bethune, his audience discovered last night, has a wholesome dread of blue-stockings, and still more of the "strong-minded" class of ladies. A woman, he said, who hates to be a woman, and loves to strut about the street in the guise even of the ruder sex, loses respect for herself, and gains in return possession of the awkwardest garment that men are condemned, for their sins, to wear. Where, exclaimed the Dr., is the man, who, as a man, is not willing to say, "God save Victoria?" Not because she is a queen, for we care little for that, but because in all her domestic, womanly relations, as wife, mother, daughter, she had proved herself an exemplar of her sex. Fancy Victoria putting on Bloomers and presiding at a Woman's Rights Convention. Only by the plastic powers of religion and love should woman rule over the present and all coming generations. And let us mainly rely on every-day men and women for the amenities of life—on men who never wrote a line of poetry in their lives—on women who answer the well known description of the poet:

"Her household motions light and free, With steps of virgin liberty; A countenance in which do meet Sweet records, promises as sweet.

"A creature not too bright or good For human nature's daily food, For transient duties, simple wiles, Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles."

INTEMPERANCE IN WINE COUNTRIES.

We drinkers have been in the habit, for many years, of playing off the wine countries against the teetotalers; but even this argument fails us when we question the men who really know the wine countries. Alcohol appears to be as pernicious to man in Italy, France and Southern Germany, where little is taken except in the form of wine, as it is in Sweden, Scotland, Russia, England and the United States, where more fiery and powerful dilutions are used. Fenimore Cooper wrote: "I came to Europe under the impression that there was no more drunkenness among us than in any other country.—England, perhaps, excepted. A residence of six months in Paris changed my views entirely. I have taken unbelievers with me into the streets, and have never failed to convince them of their mistake in the course of an hour. On one occasion a party of four went out with this object; we passed thirteen drunken men within an hour; many of them were so far gone as to be totally unable to walk. In passing between Paris and London I have been more struck by drunkenness in the streets of the former than in those of the latter." Horatio Greenough gives similar testimony respecting Italy. "Many of the more thinking and prudent Italians abstain from the use of wine; several of the most eminent of the medical men are notoriously opposed to its use, and declare it a poison. One-fifth, and sometimes one-fourth of the earnings of the laborers are expended in wine." I have been surprised at the quantity, the emphasis and the uniformity of the testimony on this point. Close observers of the famous beer countries, such as Saxony and Bavaria, where the beer is pure and excellent, speak of this delicious liquid as the chief enemy of the nobler faculties and tastes of human nature. The surplus wealth, the surplus time, the surplus force of those nations are chiefly expended in fuddling the brain with beer. Now no reader of this periodical needs to be informed that the progress of man, of nations and of men depends upon the use they make of their little surplus. It is not a small matter, but a great and weighty consideration,—the cost of these drinks in mere money. We drinkers must make out a very clear case in order to justify such a country as France in producing a billion and a half of dollars worth of wine and brandy per annum.—James Parton, in the August Atlantic.

Rural Economy.

THE BEST GRASS FOR BUTTER.

If you aim at a great flow of milk, feed young timothy and white clover; if you aim at the best results, both in quantity and quality of butter, feed on fresh pastures of white clover and timothy in summer, and early cut timothy and wheat bran in winter. The grass must be cut when heading out; or better, young aftermath well cured. Avoid roots and garden stuff in general, if you wish a good quality of butter—though it is held that those fed while milking, or immediately before, will remedy the evil.—Valley Farmer.

WORK FOR A WET DAY.

A practical farmer jots down the following as appropriate:

Barnyard to shovel up and manure to haul to next fall's wheat ground.

Go over and fix up all fences.

Barry doors, yard gates, etc., to mend.

Drains and wash-water outlets to be attended to.

Mowing machines to be put in order; also, horse rake and hay tedder.

Grass wagons, mend harness and bags, wash carriages.

Cut and haul wood and clean out cellar, whitewash, etc.

Hen-house to clean out, and compost for corn to make.

MANURE.

A few simple rules will enable us to manage a manure heap so as to avoid any very great loss:

1st. Prevent all loss by drainage and soaking.

2d. See that the animal excrements are covered with moist straw.

3d. See that while too much water is avoided, there is a sufficiency to keep the manure moist.

4th. Moisture and packing prevent fire fanging—that is, too rapid fermentation.

5th. If you find it convenient to use a few bushels of plaster, sprinkle them over the heap so that the plaster will be incorporated with the successive layers. It will thus prove of great service.—Country Gentleman.

THE LAST MILK FROM THE UDDER.

Dr. Anderson says he has found, by practical analysis, in one instance, that the last cup of milk drawn from the cow's udder contained sixteen times as much cream as the first one. This separation of cream from milk takes place, in part, in the udder of the cow, particularly if the cow is suffered to stand at rest for some time previous to milking. If there are people who doubt that there is a difference in richness of milk first drawn from cows and that of the last drawn, their doubts will be speedily removed by milking half a dozen cows, and setting the first half drawn from each cow separate from the latter, half.

SEARCHES IN HORSES. It is asserted, can be cured by applying every morning a mixture composed of one drachm of sulphate of zinc and two ounces of glycerine.