

The Family Circle.

BILL AND JOE.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Come, dear old comrade, and I
Will steal an hour from days gone by,—
The shining days when life was new,
And all was bright with morning dew,
The lusty days of long ago,
When you were Bill and I was Joe.

You've won the great world's envied prize,
And grand you look in people's eyes,
With H O N, and L L, D.
In big brave letters fair to see,—
Your fist, old fellow! how are you, Joe?
How are you, Bill? How are you, Joe?

You've worn the judge's ermine robe;
You've taught your name to half the globe;
You've sung mankind a deathless strain;
You've made the dead past live again;
The world may call you what it will,
But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare, and say,
"See those old buffets bent and gray,
They talk like fellows in their teens!
Mad, poor old boys! That's what it means,
And shake their heads; they little know
The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe!"

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,
While Joe sits smiling at his side;
How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,
Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes,—
Those calm, stern eyes that melt and fill
As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar what is fame?
A fitful tongue of fleeting flame;
A giddy whirlwind's heaving gust,
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust;
A few swift years and who can show
Which dust was Bill and which was Joe?

The weary idol takes his stand,
Holds out his bruised and aching hand,
While gaping thousands come and go,—
How vain it seems, this empty show!—
'Till all at once his pulses thrill:—
'Tis poor old Joe's "God bless you Bill!"

And shall we breathe in happier spheres
The names that pleased our mortal ears,
In some sweet lull of harp and song
For earth-born spirits none too long,
Just whispering of the world below
Where this was Bill, and that was Joe?

No matter; while our home is here
No sounding name is half so dear;
When fades at length our lingering day,
Who cares what poisonous tombstones say?
Head on the hearts that love us still,
Hic jacet Joe, Hic jacet Bill.

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GRACE ROCHE'S LEGACY. CHAP. I.

By the Author of Margaret and her Friends.—From Claxton's Reprint.

About half a mile from the village of Woodthorpe, just where a shady lane opens on a tract of breezy downs, stood a small cottage by the wayside. It was built of stone, and the roof was thatched; but the thatch was hidden in many places by large tufts of house-leek, which sent up its numerous leafy branches of pale red star-like flowers. There was a good piece of ground around the cottage, and one sunny border was well stocked with herbs of all kinds, particularly with rosemary, rue, tansy, lemon-balm, and many other aromatic plants to which village traditions attribute medical virtues. Large clumps of the common mallow flowered against one side of the cottage; the garden hedge was of elder, and the water fig-wort grew by the side of a small stream which flowed through the garden. The only inhabitant of the cottage was an old woman, whom years and rheumatism had bent nearly double, and who had the reputation of being a miser, and also of being a "wise woman," or even a witch. An ominous shake of the head usually accompanied the expression of this last opinion, and any further inquiries called forth strange stories about a black cat, which was said often to appear on moonlight nights at a certain breach in the hedge, and of a surly one-eyed dog, who made a practice of flying at any one, who ventured even to stop for a moment at the garden gate.

No one in Woodthorpe had ever seen the inside of the cottage since its present occupant had lived there, (and that was nearly twenty-four years) except Dr. Clay, the village surgeon, who had been sent for many years back to set a finger which the old woman had broken in a fall. There had been quite a crowd of village gossips waiting round the door of the doctor's house for his return from Grace Roche's cottage.

"He would have seen something; that was certain sure!"

"Now they should know all."

Great was their disappointment then, when Dr. Clay burst into a hearty laugh at their eager faces, and anxious inquiries; and told them, in his straightforward good-humored way, to go home, and mind their own business, and not trouble themselves about the affairs of their neighbors.

If they followed the first part of the good doctor's advice, it is certain they took no heed of the second; and strange stories, the weak invention of idle brains, continued to be circulated, founded on the least possible amount of fact. The consequence was, that an eccentric, miserly old woman, an enemy to one so much as to herself, who, for the mere love of hoarding, had denied herself the common necessities of life; who had shut up her heart against love of kindred and friendly sympathy, and had chosen to live unloving and unloved; this fit object for pity and nothing more, was magnified, by folly and ignorance, into a being to be feared and dreaded. This is no fancy picture—the original may be found in many country districts, even at the present day. Any miserable creature, living alone, who, by the oddity of her manner, the crossness of her temper, the habit of speaking to herself, or any other signs of "the dotage which attend on comfortless old age," attracts the

attention of her credulous neighbors, is immediately looked upon with suspicion.

Poor wretched old Grace Roche! Her story had little romance or mystery attached to it. In her case "the love of money" had proved "the root of all evil." It was love of money which had led her, in days gone by, to exert such an unjust influence over her infirm and weak-minded father, that, at his death, it was found he had left all he had to Grace; to the utter exclusion of her two brothers, both of whom were much younger than herself. It was the love of money, also, in the lowest form of that most degrading vice, which led her, after her father's death, to shut up herself and her ill-gotten wealth in the solitary cottage in Woodthorpe lane.

Thenceforth began the life of lonely privation, which, at the time this tale begins, she had led for nearly a quarter of a century. In early life, Grace Roche had acquired some knowledge of the medicinal properties of native herbs from a great aunt, with whom she had lived; and, upon taking up her abode in Woodthorpe lane, she set up as a herb doctor. Her fame spread abroad, and, strange to say, was increased by the reports as to her manner of living, and the stories about her black cat, who was fully believed to have its share in the cures said to be performed by its mistress! No patient ever entered the cottage. Grace received her visitors in a small wooden porch outside the cottage door—which door she carefully locked behind her while preparing the required medicine.

She must have made a good deal of money during those long lonely years—for her advice was never given without fee. But increase of wealth made no difference in her niggardly way of living, and she never allowed herself any fare except a pint of skimmed milk, fetched daily from a farm nearly opposite the cottage, and some coarse bread.

Andrew and Geoffrey Roche, Grace's two brothers, had both made way in the world; all the more from having felt that they had nothing to depend upon but their own steady industry. It is a question, whether "being born," as the proverb says, "with a silver spoon in his mouth," is, in reality, an advantage to a young man. Certain it is, there is no bread so sweet as that which is earned by "honest sweat;" and that there is no greater earthly happiness than to feel that "heart within, and God o'erhead," we are making way in the battle field of life. Andrew and Geoffrey Roche began the world with scarcely a penny they could call their own, but they "put their shoulders to the wheel," and earned for themselves a respected position in their native village; whilst their sister Grace, with her ill-gotten and ill-used wealth, dragged on a miserable existence, and only escaped being burnt as a witch, because she was living after such barbarous customs had ceased to exist.

Andrew and Geoffrey had found a firm friend in Mr. Kelly, the pastor of Woodthorpe. He it was, who, at the time of old Jacob's death, had lent the young men a helping hand, and had advised with them as to their future course.

Before their father's death, both lads had led an idle sort of life. Brought up to no business, and relying upon the property they expected to inherit, the knowledge that they were left without a penny, came upon them like a thunder-bolt.

Mr. Kelly was the only one who did not condole with them on their disappointment. He knew that "want of occupation is not rest," and that an idle life is far from a happy one. They were both strong and active, and there was no reason why, with God's blessing, they should not get on. The result was, that Andrew entered into the service of the worthy miller of Woodthorpe; whilst Geoffrey went to live with the wheelwright of the village, who was distantly related to the young Roche's mother. The young men were of different dispositions.

Andrew was frank, merry, light-hearted,—always looking at the bright side of things—and laughing at his brother Geoffrey for being so fond of wearing "black spectacles," as he called it. Certainly, Geoffrey Roche generally contrived to make the worst of everything, and secretly nursed a lingering regret in his mind for what "might have been" had Grace acted fairly by them.

Andrew Roche served his master well and faithfully; and, in the course of a few years, married the old miller's only daughter. The young couple went to live in a neat cottage on the bank of the mill-stream. It was about the time when Grace Roche fell down and broke her finger; and as Andrew was riding along Woodthorpe lane one morning, on his way to a distant market-town, he saw the already bent and miserable-looking form of his sister, who was gathering herbs in her garden. She had held no sort of communication with her brothers for years past; but, as the young man rode along—his mind full of bright visions for the future—the contrast between himself and his sister struck him more forcibly than it had ever done before; and, impelled by a sudden kindly feeling, he stopped his horse at the garden gate.

"I hope your finger is doing well, Grace," said her brother, in his pleasant genial voice.

She made no answer, but continued her occupation of picking herbs, without so much as raising her head.

"I heard of your accident, and didn't like to pass you by without asking after you. I owe you no ill-feelings, Grace; for ought I know, you did the best thing that could be done for me. I might have turned out to be a bad man, if I had led an idle life much longer."

She had stopped her work now, and was standing quite still, looking at her brother with a strange expression in her cold grey eyes.

"Is it me or my money you're asking after, Andrew Roche?" she said, with a sneer.

"Nay, Grace, I want none of your money. Bessie and I have quite sufficient for our

moderate wants. It was nothing but kindly feeling that led me to speak to you as I was passing."

"Kindly feeling!" she almost shrieked; "what have I to do with kindly feeling? I have none, and I want none. And why not be honest at once, and tell the truth, instead of coming here, canting about kindly feelings, indeed. Much kindly feelings you and yours can have towards me. Go home to your wife, Andrew Roche, and tell her the success of your scheme for getting Grace Roche's money. But I saw through it all; and, rest assured, neither you nor yours will ever handle a penny of mine."

Andrew was too happy to be angry even at this unjust imputation; and he replied in the same good-humored tone, "You wrong me, Grace; and in your heart I think you know you do. You say you want no kindly feelings. You may change your mind some day. God has given us hearts to love one another, and you may live to mourn the want of that kindly feeling you are now so willing to throw away."

So saying Andrew rode off, leaving his sister still standing, gazing after him with the same sneer on her face—the same look in her keen grey eyes.

That evening, when sitting at tea with his sunny-faced little wife, Andrew told her the adventures of the morning.

"To think of our envying her, or wanting her money," cried Bessie, with a happy contented laugh. "She's the last person in the world I'd ever think of envying. Poor Grace," she added, in a kind and subdued tone, "she deserves our pity instead of our envy."

"True, Bessie," said Andrew, "and I have no ill-feelings towards her, notwithstanding all the harsh things she said this morning; and if ever I can do her a good turn, I'll do it; that's all. We might have been like her for what we know, had not God's grace ordered it otherwise. That thought should keep us humble, and make us kind in judging the faults of others, Bessie."

Geoffrey Roche had likewise married; but, unfortunately, not so wisely as Andrew had done. His wife was the daughter of a small farmer in the neighborhood; and her disposition too much resembled that of her husband's, whose gloomy nature and useless regrets she encouraged rather than otherwise. This foolish conduct brought its own punishment. It was a constant thorn in their sides; a skeleton in the cupboard; the bitter drops which poisoned their cup of worldly happiness. With quite as much worldly prosperity—for Geoffrey's relative, the wheelwright, was dead, and the whole business now belonged to Geoffrey, there was far less real content and comfort in his household than in Andrew's little cottage by the mill-stream.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WILLIE'S FAITH.

Willie was the only son of his parents. When very young his mother began to teach him about God and heaven, and his mind seemed to drink in all the sweet things she told him, just as the flowers receive into their bosoms the drops of dew that give them strength and beauty. Before he was three years old he would often sit gazing into the sky and would say:

"Willie's watching for the holy angels, and waiting to hear them sing."

The lesson that his mother endeavored to impress most deeply upon his young heart was that of faith in God: faith in Him for all things, and that for Jesus' sake he would bestow upon him all necessary good.

When he was four years old a terrible shadow settled down upon him, and by the time Willie was seven, their home and every thing was taken from them, and they were thrown upon the charity of friends. Soon Willie's clothes and boots began to wear out, but his mother was so poor to purchase new ones. On one occasion he came to her saying:

"Mother, can't I have some new boots? My toes are all out of these. The snow gets in, and I am so cold!"

A tear filled his mother's eye, when she answered, "Soon, Willie, I hope to give them to you."

He waited patiently several days, until one morning, as he stood at the window watching the boys trundling their hoops, he sobbed:

"O mother, it is too hard! Can't I get some boots anywhere?"

"Yes, Willie, you can."

"Can you?" he eagerly exclaimed. "Where? Where? Tell me quick!"

"Do you not know, my son?" replied his mother. "Think now."

Willie stood for a moment, as if in deep thought; then with a smile looked up to his mother's face, and said:

"Oh, I know! God will give them to me, of course. Why didn't I think of that before? I'll go now and ask him."

He walked out of the parlor into his mother's room. She quietly followed him, and, standing concealed from his view, saw him kneel down, and covering his face with his hands, he prayed:

"Oh God! father, drinks; mother has no money; my feet get cold and wet. I want some boots. Please send me a pair, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

This was all. He often repeated his pitiful little petition, and the best of all was, he expected an answer to his prayer.

"They'll come, mother!" he would often say, encouragingly; "they'll come when God gets ready."

Within a week, a lady who dearly loved the child came to take him out walking. He hesitated for a few moments, but soon determined to go, and they started off. At length the lady noticed his stockings peeping out at the toes of his boots when she exclaimed:

"Why, Willie, look at your feet! They will freeze. Why didn't you put on a better pair?"

"These are all I have, ma'am."

"All you have! But why don't you have a new pair?" she inquired.

"I will, just as soon as God sends them," he confidently replied.

"Tears filled the lady's eyes, and with a quivering lip, she led him into a shoe shop near by, saying, "There, child, select any pair you please." The boots were soon selected, and a more happy, thankful boy never lived.

On his return he walked into the centre of the room, where his mother was sitting, and said—

"Look, Mother! God has sent my boots! Mrs. Gray's money bought them, but God heard me ask for them, and I suppose he told Mrs. Gray to buy them for me."

There he stood, with an earnest, solemn light in his eye, as though he were receiving a new baptism of faith from heaven; then quietly added—

"We must always remember how near God is to us," and, kneeling at his mother's feet, he said, "Jesus, I thank you very much for my new boots. Please make me a good boy, and take care of mother. Amen."

Willie is now fourteen years of age, and is a consistent member of the Church of Christ. In all things he trusts his Saviour; every desire of his heart he carries directly to God, and patiently waits the answer, and it always comes.

"Ask and it shall be given you."—Matt. vii. 7.—Children's Friend

MY FIRST LESSON.

In my earliest years my dearest playmate was little Henry G., of a neighboring family, a sweet child less than three years old. I loved him dearly, and his sisters often committed him to my charge in our plays.

But little Henry was taken sick. For two weeks he lay on his little bed, while I almost hourly crept softly into the room, growing sadder every day to see the dear sufferer unable to smile. One morning when I rose, I went to my mother and repeated my daily question, "How is little Henry?" With a sad tenderness of voice, and yet with a smile I still remember, she said, "Little Henry is well, my dear."

"Is he mamma?" said I with a bright-eyed face. "May I go up and see him?" "Yes my dear, when you have taken your breakfast." At last my mother took my hand and led me to his room.

She drew me to the place where his crib was covered with a white sheet, and turning it down, lifted me to look on the small form lying there cold and still. I can feel even now the thrill which trembled through my young heart as she said, "See, dear, little Henry is well!"

"Oh, mamma, he is dead!" and I laid my head on her shoulder and sobbed aloud. We sat there alone in my grief, and my dear mother, in low, sweet tones, told me how Christ had called the little ones "blessed," how he said, "Their angels do always behold the face of my Father who is in heaven." She told me of the flower-seed, planted in the garden to die, and rise again to life and beauty. And thus, she said, would little Harry lie in the grave till the resurrection morn, when he would be once more alive, sweeter, prettier than ever, lovelier than the loveliest flower, and would never die again. "So, darling, little Harry is well, is he not? His soul is with Jesus, and his body will sleep only till Jesus comes again." For many years, when I heard of one who had died, my first thought and my first question was, "Is he well?"—Messenger.

JESUS MADE ME WHOLE.

"Brother, we need your help in our prayer-meetings. Can you not give us a word of exhortation or experience? Can you not lead us in a short prayer?"

"No I can't; I have no confidence, or talent. I know I could not say a word."

"Well, brother, we are organizing our forces to go into the world and fight against sin. We shall try to draw men from Satan's ranks into Christ's army. You will at least aid us in the fight. You can, by saying a word, privately, help us recruit for Jesus."

"Ah, you do not know how weak and slow of speech I am."

"Always thought you were a good talker; I never knew before that you were troubled for words."

"Well I know I can talk sometimes, and about some things, but I cannot speak upon religious subjects, especially to those who are not Christians. I always think of what I used to be, and fear they will remember my former life, and so my words, if I could speak, would do no good."

"You speak of your former life; then you do think you are different from what you once were?"

"Different! Oh, blessed be God, sinful as I am, I know I am a new creature. Old things have passed away. All things have become new, nothing but Jesus' love could overcome my wicked heart, and help me to give up my slavish devotion to the intoxicating cup. I used to profane the name I now love. Yes, poor a Christian as I am, I know Christ's love has made me different. Death used to be truly the king of terrors to me. I trembled at his very name. Now I think of him no more, but of Jesus, who will bear all his children safely to the other shore."

"And who has wrought all this change?"

"Who but Christ could do it?"

"When the Master was on earth he saw, at Bethesda's pool, a poor man who had been sick for thirty-eight long, weary years. He was poor and friendless. Christ, looking upon him, and pitied him, and said to the man who had not walked for almost forty years. Take up the bed and walk. Now life flowed through his veins; health came back again; joy was in his heart; he was a different man. Does he sit down to enjoy this new, this priceless blessing? No; he went round and told the Jews that it was Jesus who had made him whole. He told

them of the Great Physician, that they might go and be healed. And how could they help believing, if they had ever seen the cripple before?"

"So brother, you have the same reason for speaking a word for Jesus. He has made you whole. You feel that you are different. All who see you know it. Can you not tell those whom you meet that it is Jesus who has wrought this change in you? Can you not ask them to go and be healed, also?"

"Go to those who are as you used to be. Tell them how Jesus has helped you; perhaps they will listen gladly."

"Tell the simple story of your healing in your little gatherings for prayer. Tell it as you have told it to me."

"He who has made you whole, may bless your words to the healing of many a sick soul, to the comforting of many a desponding Christian heart."

"Your words have been blessed to me, brother; will you not let others share the blessing?"

"And the man departed and told the people, that it was Jesus which had made him whole."—Sunday School Times.

A MODFL PATRIARCH.

How completely the pastoral life of the East now reproduces the pictures so vividly drawn for us in the Scriptures, has been many times remarked, but it is long since we have seen so eloquent and striking a description of a scene which fulfills these conditions as in the following picture of a model patriarch among the Algerines, from Mr. Henry Blackburn's "Artists and Arabs."

"Around the camp this evening there are groups of men and women standing, that bring forcibly to mind those prints of the early patriarchs from which we are apt to take our first, and, perhaps, most vivid impressions of eastern life; and we cannot wonder at French artists attempting to illustrate Scriptural scenes from incidents in Algeria. There are Jacob and Joseph, as one might imagine them, to the life; Ruth in the fields, and Rachel by the well; and there is a patriarch coming down the mountain, with a light about his head as the sun's last rays burst upon him, that Herbert might well have seen when he was painting Moses with the tables of the law. The effect is accidental, but it is perfect in an artistic sense, from the solemnity of the man, the attitude of his crowd of followers, the grand mountain forms which are partially lit up by gleams of sunset, and the sharp shadows cast by the throng. This man may have been a warrior chief, or the head of a tribe; he certainly was the head of a large family, who pressed round him to anticipate his wants and do him honor. His children seemed to be everywhere about him; they were his furniture, they warmed his tent and kept out the wind, they begged for him, prayed for him, and generally helped him on his way. Looked upon as a colored statue, he was in some respects a perfect type of beauty, strength, and dignified repose—what we might fitly call a 'study,' as he sat waiting, whilst the women prepared his evening meal; but whether from a moral point of view he quite deserved all the respect and deference that was paid to him, is another question. As a picture, as we said before, he was magnificent, and there was a regal air with which he disposed the folds of his bournous, which we, clad in the custom of advanced civilization, could not but admire and envy. He had the advantage of us in every way, and made us feel it acutely. He had a splendid arm, and we could see it; the fine contour and color of his head and neck were surrounded by white folds, but not concealed."

A gentleman once said to Rowland Hill: "It is sixty-five years since I first heard you preach, and the sermon was well worth while remembering. You remarked that some people are very squeamish about the manner of a clergyman in preaching, but you then added: 'Supposing one is hearing a will read, expecting to receive a legacy, would you employ the time in criticising the lawyer's manner while reading it? No; you would give all your interest to ascertain if anything were left to yourself, and how much. Let that, then, be the way in which you listen to the gospel.'"

For more than 100 years Mont Blanc has been treated as the monarch of European mountains; the peaks in the northern part of the Caucasus being either unknown or forgotten. Few people thought they were in Europe; all the heights standing on the eastern shores of the Euxine being generally considered, like the main chain of the Caucasus, as in Asia. Yet Elbrus and Kasbek are both in Europe; and as three Alpine climbers—Messrs. D. W. Freshfield, A. W. Moore, and C. C. Tucker—have just been to their summits (respectively 18,526 feet and 16,540 feet), they are in future to be known as the superiors to Mont Blanc.

A correspondent of the *German Town Telegraph* says a few sprigs of gum or elder, fresh from the bush, if deposited in and about grain boxes, will be an effective protection from rats and mice; also, that the stalks and leaves of the common mullein will drive rats from their haunts.

Goats are pronounced profitable to farmers if for no other purpose than clearing the land of noxious weeds, which they will devour with avidity in all stages of their growth.

Every farmer's family can find good use for the soot which is usually so abundant in their stove-pipes and chimneys. Twelve quarts of water well mixed with soot, will make a powerful liquid manure, which will improve the growth of flowers, garden vegetables, or root crops. In either a liquid or solid state it makes an excellent top-dressing for grass or cereal crops.