The Family Circle.

THE ICONOCLASTS OF TOURNAY. JA story of the Dutch Reformation, from Owen Meredith's "Chronicles and Characters," being the concluding part of his piece called: Adolphus Duke of

Suddenly, a shout, As though Hell's brood had broken loose, rocked all Heaven's black roof dismal and funereal. As when a spark is dropt into a train Of nitre, swiftly ran from brain to brain A single fiery purpose, and at last
Exploded, roaring down the vague and vast
Heart of the shaken city. Then a swell
Of wrathful faces, irresistible,
Sweeps to the great Cathedral doors; disarms The Guard; roars up the hollow nave; and swarms Through aisle and chancel, fast as locusts sent Through Egypt's chambers, thick and pestilent.

There, such a sight was seen, as, now and then, When half a world goes mad, makes soher men In after years, who comfortably sit.
In easy-chairs to weigh and ponder it, Revise the various theories of mankind, Puzzling both others and themselves to find

Yells, howlings, cursings; grim tumultuous throngs; The metamorphoses of mad despair; Men with wolves faces, women with fierce hair And frenzied eyes, turned furies: over all The torchlight tossing in perpetual
Pulsation of tremendous glare or gloom.
They climb, they cling from altar-piece-and tomb; Whilst pickaxe, erowhar, pitchfork, billet, each Chance weapon caught within the reckless reach Of those whose single within the receives reach Of those whose single will a thousand means Subserve to. (terrible wild kings and queens, Whose sole dominious are despairs), through all The marble monuments majestical Go crashing. Basalt, lapis, syenite, Pornbyry, and pediment in sulfit. Porphyry, and pediment, in splinters bright, Tumbled with claps of thunder, clattering Roll down the dark. The surly sinners sing A horrible black santis, so to cheer
The work in hand Andrevermore you hear
A shout of awful joy, as down goes some Three-hundred-years-old treasure. Crowded, come To glut the greatening bonfire, chalices of gold and silver, copes and cibories, Stained altar-olöthis, spoiled pictures, ornaments, Statues, and broken organ tubes and vents, The spoils of generations all destroyed In one wild moment! Possibly grown cloyed And languid, then a lean iconoclast, Drooping a sullen eyelid, fell at last To reading lazily the letters graven Around the royal tomb, red porphyry-paven, Black-pillared, snowy-slabbed, and sculptured fair, He sat on, listless, with spiked elbows bare. When (suddenly inspired with some new hate To yells, the hollow roofs reverberate As though the Judgment-Angel passed among Their rafters, and the great beams clanged and rung. Against his griding wing) he shrieks: "Come forth, Adolphus, Duke of Guelders! for thy worth Should not be hidden." Forthwith, all men shout: "Strike, split, crash, dig, and drag the tyrant out! Let him be judged!" And from the drowsy, dark; As though the Judgment-Angel passed among Enormous aisles, a hundred echoes bark And beliew, "Judged!"

Then those dread lictors all, Marching before the magisterial Curule of tardy Time, with rod and axe,
Fall to their work. The cream-white marble cracks,
The lucid alabaster flies in flakes,
The iron bindings burst, the brickwork quakes Beneath their strokes, and the great stone lid shivers With thunder on the pavement. A torch quivers: Over the yawning vault. The vast crowd draws
Its breath back hissing. In this sultry pause
A man o'erstridee the tomb, and drops beneath; Another! then another. Still its breath The crowd holds, hushful. At the last appears, Unravaged by a hundred wicked years, Borne on broad shoulders from the tomb to which Broad shoulders bore him; coming, in his rich Robes of magnificence (by sweating thumbs Of savage artisans,—as each one comes stare into his dead face.—smeared and smu Adolphus, Duke of Guelders, . . . to be judged !!

And then and there, in that strange judgment-hall. As, gathering round their royal criminal.

Troop the wild jury, the dead Duke was found To be as fresh in face, in flesh as sound, As though he had been buried yesterday; So well the embalmer's work from all decay Had kept his royal person. With his great Grim truncheon propt on hip, his robe of state Heaped in wast folds his large-built limbs around; The Duke lay, looking as in life; and frowned A frown that seemed as of a living man

Meanwhile those judges their assize began. And, having, in incredibly brief time,
Decided that in nothing save his crime The Duke exceeded mere humanity, Free, for the first time, its own cause to try, So long ignored,—they peeled him, limb by limb, Bare of the mingled pomps, that mantled him; says stript, singed him, stabbed him, stampt upon him,

His cheek, and spat upon it, slit his throat, Crusht his big brow, and clove his crown, and left Adolphus, Guelders' last own Duke, bereft Of sepulture, and naked, on the floor Of the Cathedral. Where, six days or more He rested, rotting. What remained, indeed, After the rats had had their daily feed, Of the great Duke, some unknown hand, 't is said, In the town cesspool, last, deposited.

GRACE ROOHE'S LEGACY. CHAP. II, & III. By the Author of Margaret and her Friends - From Claxton's Reprint.

Time passed on. There was not much spare room in that little cottage by the millstream; for a group of merry, bright children had sprung up around Andrew and his wife, drawing their hearts still closer together. They had had their sorrows. "The Reaper" had visited the green earth, and taken away two treasured blossoms from the miller's family; but the sorrowing parents had been enabled to say, even in their deepest grief, "The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord!" and could look upon their dear ones, not as lost but only as gone a little

while before. Their eldest child was a boy, named Frank, after his mother's father; the other remaining children were girls. Frank Roche was a merry, light hearted, industrious youth, the life of all at home, and a favorite with everybody. He was a striking contrast to his cousin Geoffrey, the wheel wright's only child. Young Geoffrey was really to be pitied. He had been reared in a most unhealthy moral atmosphere, and his disposition had suffered in consequence. His father's discontented disposition had increased with his advancing years; and he already looked quite ten years the senior of his elder brother Andrew. It was a bad home for a

ly reminding him of what his prospects of his youngest grandchild. The old man would have been if he had had his "rights;" was still hale and hearty, and took a plane and the youth had early come to look upon himself as a much injured individual, on children. As to Geoffrey, he left his dark whom fate had cruelly imposed a life of toiling industry, in place of the "independence" to which he was entitled. How few understand the real meaning of the word "independence." A writer says, "The king is the least independent man in his dominion; the beggar the most so!"

to one another, notwithstanding the great dif- it required. It would have gone badly, then, ference in their dispositions; and the happiest portions of Geoffrey's youthful days were those which he spent with his cousin after work on the summer evenings, fishing for trout in the stream in the neighborhood, or by his uncle's cheerful fire-side during the

long winter nights.
"I cannot think how you manage to take things so easily," said Geoffrey to his cousin, one evening, as they were lishing in the mill pond. "You have been defraided of your 'rights' just as much as I have, and yet you don't seem to care a gush about

Frank could never keep from laughing whenever his cousin began to talk about their "rights."

"I suppose the reason is, Geoffrey, that I feel I have still plenty of rights, as you call them, left me, of which no one can deprive me. ve me." [GF HTP OLITING WEE] Why, what rights have you, Frank?"

tiful world, in which God has placed us;

Frank was not laughing now, and there ments in his way, by leading him to dwell was a slight tone of reproach in his voice upon what was his father struin, and would as he answered his cousin, "God forbid that, soon become his 2188." I should ever 'look forward' to any such . The widow was slient for a time, if not time, Geoffrey; but, whenever the shall please convinced. And Andrew's influence over Him to call my fether hence, the will leave his nephew was so great, that the latter seem to all his family what Solomon says is better than great what Solomon says is better than great whence heritage plied himself steadily to work; and at the

of a 'good name.'"

"You need not take things so seriously, Frank, I meant no harm, I can assure you; only, when I look at Aunt Grace, and think

"Would you change places with Aunt Grace, if you could, Geofficy?" asked Frank with a returning smile.

It was now Geoffrey's turn to ladgh out-right, as he protested that nothing would

erable being as Aunt'Grace? No; No!" "Then I say we have the best of it, after all," said Frank. "I'm quite sure Lamnot wretched and miserable; neither are you, Geoffrey, except when you think a little too much about your 'rights!' And there's mether, she's happy enough a bless, her heart -and as to father," continued Frank, pointing to a hale jovial looking man, who was advancing towards them through the mea-

"No, indeed;" sighed Geoffrey, as, he my wife. What say you to my choice, thought how little his own father resembled Frank?"

"that it was enough to scare all the fish with me this year, why who knows but that child; resist him and he will flee from you." away. What have you been laughing next tear I shall be able to offer Millie a Would that all might learn in childhood away. What have you been laughing about?"

"Frank asked me if I would change places with Aunt Grace," said Geoffrey.
"And you said 'Yes," of course. "Did I, though? I'm not quite so foolish

as that, Maggie." "That's right, my boy," cried his uncle, slapping him on the back."

"A wicked miserly old woman," said Geoffrey; "who, as father says, deserves-" Nay, nay, Geoffrey, lad; no bitterness. Milly Northway had long wished to make If we cannot, in truth, speak much good of her his wife but had felt that his prospects your Aunt Grace, let us abstain from speak- were not yet good enough to allow of his your Aunt Grace, let us abstain from speaking evil. I have long since forgiven her, from my heart, any wrong she may have done me; and L'ye'been all the happier for it, Geoffrey! Believe me, those who bear malice, pay a heavy penalty for so doing. It is time for you to be leaving off now, boys, I think," continued Andrew Roche; it for the solution of the solution

syllabub, which their mother has promised them, to celebrate Susie's birthday." Geoffrey did not require much pressing; and, the two lads put up their fishing tackles, and walked towards the cottage.

Mrs. Roche was but little changed since her marriage. Her figure was somewhat brain; but all that was noble in his mind more matronly; and a keen observer might protested against such a course, as taking a have detected a few silver threads mingling with her dark brown hair; but there was the same sunny face, the same loving smile, umphed; and, with a sad heart, but a clear the same bright blue eye, and the same kind conscience, he determined to conceal his twenty years before, that he had brought a perpetual "sunbeam" to enliven his home. And he had never had cause to change his opinion. Every wife has it, to a great extent, in her own power to be either a sunbeam or a dark cloud in her home. Every one feels the difference there is in the outer world, between a bright sunshiny day, and one obscured by heavy thunder clouds; and whom he had been spared beyond the time there is just as wide a difference in domestic usually allotted to mortals, he passed away. life between that home where cheerful goodhumor reigns, and one over which the evil shadow of ill-temper rests.

It was a merry party that evening, in the so many happy years had been past. It was miller's cottage. Mrs. Roche's father had Frank and his sister Maggie who went to young man. His mother, too, was constant come in from the mill, to drink the health live in the house adjoining the mill.

was still hale and hearty, and took a pleascloud outside his uncle's cottage, and was as cheerful and happy as the rest, while he was

CHAPTER III.

The next few years brought great changes along with them. The elder Geoffrey had worried himself into a premature old age, Andrew Roche did the best thing he could and had died quite suddenly. His affairs for his nephew. He invited him constantly were found to be in anything but a prosperto his house; and encouraged, in every way, ous condition; for his unhappy disposition the intimacy between him and his cousin had prevented him from paying that active Frank. The two lads were much attached and zealous attention to his business which with Widow Roche and her son, had not Andrew Roche come forward to help to set matters straight. By his exertions, his late brother's affairs were restored to something like order; a decent provision made for the widow, and young Geoffrey started afresh with every prospect of success. He was a clever workman, and there was no reason why he should not make his way in the

world, digastre were not "I'm sure we are very much beholden to you, Andrew," said the widow, in a plaintive voice; "and it sonly through being de-prived of our rights," as I may say, that has consented!"

And Frank wa

than he could put up with.

"Now, Mary," he said to his sister-in-law, quite angrily; "if you wish your son ever to be good for anything in the world, have "Why, what rights have you, Frank?"

"The right to earn my own living, and the power of doing so, which is true independence; the power of enjoying this beautiful world in which God has placed. rights' that brought my poor brother to his grave; and would you encourage your "Nonsense," interrupted Geoffrey; "that is not what I mean. What heritage have you to look forward to when when uncled Let him set to work manfully; hopefully; dies, for example?"

> end of a twelve-month, was doing a prosper-ous trade, and was enabled to repay his uncle some money he had advanced him. So far all was well.

> "I say, Frank; I shall be two-and twenty, to morrow, old fellow, almost time to be looking out for a wife; isn't it?"

> Frank had looked in at the wheelwright's for he and his cousin were as warm friends

> as ever.
>
> "Better wait a little longer, Geoffrey?"
>
> "Oh, I don't mean to marry yet; but it is as well to make sure of your wife, when you have one in your eye."

"And have you fixed upon any one, Geof-

There was some anxiety in the tone of Frank's voice, and Geoffrey observed it.

"Do you thing I should have been wiser to have waited a little longer?" "That depends," said Frank.

dows, with a party of merry laughing girls - Well, I don't mind telling you, old felaround him, "I don't think he looks very low. I have have had and cerets from you. It's Millie Northway I wish to get for

Uncle Andrew.

"Well lads, what sport?" said the miller as he came near.

"Not much," they replied; "the evening is too bright."

"We heard you both laughing so loud," said Maggie Roche, Frank's eldest sister, "that it was enough to scare all the fish

comfortable home." Geoffrey was so full of his own happy thoughts, that it never struck him as strange that his cousin did not wish him success, and that he went away rather more abrupt ly than was his wont.

Need we tell the reason? A dark cloud had fallen over Frank's hitherto sunny life; and it seemed all the darker from having been lotally unexpected. He had long loved poys, I think?" continued Andrew Roche; his mind that as Geoffrey had not yet spo-for the dew is falling thick and fast. Come ken to Milly, he might be before hand with home with us to supper, Geoffrey; the girls him, and speak to her first himself. He was have been whispering something about a passing Milly's cottage at the very moment this thought came into his mind. He had as good a chance as Geoffrey-nay, he had sometimes almost funcied that Milly had rather a preference for him. Should he go in at duce, and learn her decision? These thoughts passed quickly through Frank's mean and dishonorable advantage of his cousin's confidence. His better nature triheart which had made Andrew Roche feel, feelings within his own breast, until time twenty years before that he had brought a should enable him to overcome them.

But some events soon happened in his home which made his doing so a harder task than he had expected. His grandfather was suddenly taken ill, and the attack soon proved fatal to him. Peaceful and happy were the closing scenes of the old miller's life. And, surrounded by his children, to

The mill had now become the property of Andrew and his wife. They did not, how. ever, remove from their old cottage in which so many happy years had been past. It was

" Maggie shall turn out, remember, Frank. my boy, whenever you bring home your wife," said his father.

Frank smiled almost a sad smile, as he replied-"Maggie will have to wait a long while

before I turn her out, father." "You'll sing a different song some day, Frank, never fear; meantime, there's the mill, and a good house too: no bad home to

bring a wife to, I should say." And so Frank felt-andit increased his reotherwise than his conscience told him he should do. It was a great temptation; for a month, and Geoffrey had not found an opportunity of speaking to her before she went. And when she returned home, almost her first visit was to Andrew Roche's cottage, as she and Frank's sister had been companions from early childhood, Frank was glad he was not living at home when she called; and he avoided meeting her until his cousin had spoken to her.

He was very busy in the mill one morning, when Geoffrey rushed in flushed with excitement.

"Give me joy, old fellow," he exclaimed, as he drew Frank aside; "it's all right; she

And Frank was able to wish him joy in Andrew Roche was an easy good-temper- all good faith and sincerity; and no one ed man, but this speech was almost more ever knew the struggle that had taken place on the unseen battle-field of Frank Roche's

"I certainly am surprised," said Mrs. Roche to her husband, when Geoffrey's engagement was known to her. "I-had all along hoped that our Frank had a liking for Milly Northway; but I suppose it is all for

TO BE CONTINUED: The Windship

"GET THEE HENCE, SATAN." A little girl sat upon the large stone door step of her father's house, and beside her was a boy about the same age. He had been eating a fresh, rosy apple, and had thrown the core into the gutter beyond the walk, and watched it as the muddy water carried it from his sight; then turning back to his playmate, who seemed to be absorbed in the pictures of a new book, he said:-"Give me a bite of your apple, Katy;

mine's all gone." "Not now; wait till I eat it," was the abstracted reply; but the voracious little fellow, not quite content to wait, took the apple up, turned it round and round, smelled at it a little, and then began to toss it lightly in his hands, each time catching it again. I expected to see his teeth go into it; but shop to have a chat. He frequently did so; he was too honest for that. At last it dropped from his chubby hands, and rolled across the walk into the gutter, and it was

borne away: 🚐 Histoxclamation brought the large eyes of the little girl upon him. The rich blood mounted to her brow, and with a spring she was upon her feet, with one hand raised apparently to strike the shrinking form beside her. But it did not fall; and as she stood, her hair thrown back, the hand poised in the air, the whole face and form showing a struggle within, I prayed that she might not be too strongly tempted. A most er secret to her than I had meant. The - Well, I don't mind telling you, old fel- ment more, and the clear triumphant tones of her voice fell on my ear :-

> sound too, and coming to them, asked the meaning. Again a blush mantled the noble brow of the child, but it was humility and There was a native grape-vine close by, shame that caused it, while with slightly blue with its less refined abundance, but my brow of the child, but it was humility and drooping head, she answered, "Satan wanted me to strike Freddie; but I didn't."

The mother drew her within her arms, and kissed her, saying: "That is right my Would that all might learn in childhood to resistathe power of temptation with the Holy Spirit's help! Truly the world would be better for it.—Christian Banner.

THE OLDEST CHRISTIAN HYMN. In Book III. of Clement of Alexandria, is given

Church. It is there (one hundred and fifty years black-walnut of its bitter-rinded store. after the Apostles) asserted to be of much earlier origin. It may have been sung by the "beloved but then how brightly their breasts, that Disciple" before he ascended to his reward. The following version will give some imperfect idea of its spirit:

Shepherd of tender youth, Guiding in love and truth, Through devious ways; Christ, our triumphant King; We come Thy name to sing, And here our children bring, To shout Thy praise.

Thou art our holy Lord!
The all-subduing Word, Healer of strife! Thou didst Thyself abase, hat from sin's deep disgrace Thou mightest save our race And give us life.

Thou art wisdom's High Priest! Thou hast prepared the feast Of holy love! And in our mortal pain None calls on thee in vain; Help Thou dost not disdain, Help from above.

Ever be Thou our Guide, Our Shepherd and our pride, Our staff and song! Jesus! Thou Christ of God! By the perennial Word, Lead us where Thou hast trody Make our faith strong.

So now, and till we die, Sound we Thy praise on high And joyful sing.

Infants, and the glad throng, Who to Thy Church belong, Unite and swell the song To Christ our King!

The sacrifice of human prudence on the altar of God is one of the most difficult.

Rural Economy.

THE ROBIN.

The return of the robin is commonly announced by the newspapers, like that of eminent or notorious people to a wateringplace, as the first authentic notification of spring. And such his appearance in the orchard and garden undoubtedly is. But, in gret—but never made him think of acting spite of his name of migratory thrush, he stays with us all winter, and I have seen him when the thermometer marked 15 de-Milly had been absent from Woodthorpe for grees below zero of Fahrenheit, armed impregnably within, like Emerson's Titmouse, and as cheerful as he. The robin has a bad reputation from people who do not value themselves less for being fond of cherries. There is, I admit, a spice of vulgarity in him, and his song is rather of the Bloomfield'sort, too largely ballasted with prose. His ethics are of the Poor Richard school, and. the main chance which calls forth all his energy is altogether of the belly. He never has those fine intervals of lunacy into which his cousins, the cathird and the mavis, are apt to fall. But for a that and twice as muckle's a that, I would not exchange him for all the cherries that ever came out of Asia Minor. With whatever faults, he has not wholly forfeited that superiority that belongs to the children of nature. He has a finer taste in fruit than could be disc tilled from many successive committees of the Horticultural Society, and he eats with a relishing gulp not inferior to Dr. Johnson's. He feels and freely exercises his right of eminent domain. His is the earliest mess of green peas; his all the mulberries I had fancied mine. But if he get also the lion's share of the raspberries, he is: great planter, and sows those wild ones in the woods, that solace the pedestrian and give a momentary calm even to the jaded victims of the White Hills. He keeps a strict eye over one's fruit, and knows to a shade of purple when your grapes have cooked long enough in the sun. During the severe drought a few years ago, the robins wholly vanished from my garden. I neither saw nor heard one for three weeks. Meanwhile a small foreign grape-vine, rather shy of bearing, seemed to find the dusty air congenial, and, dreaming perhaps of its sweet Argos across the sea, decked itself with a score or so of fair bunches. I watched them from day to day till they should have secreted sugar enough from the sunbeams, and at last made up my mind that I would celebrate my vintage the next morping. But the robins too had somehow kept note of them. They must have sent out spies as did the Jews into the promised land before I was stirring. When I went out with my basket, at least a dozen of these winged vintagers bustled out from among the leaves, and alighting on the nearest trees interchanged some shrill remarks about me of a derogatory nature. They had fairly sacked the vine. Not Wellington's veterans made cleaner work of a Spanish town; not Federals or Confederates were ever more impartial in the confiscation of neutral chickens. I was keeping my grapes a secret to surprise the fair Fidele with but the robins made them a profoundtattered remnant of a single bunch was all "Get thee hence, Satan! get thee hence?" the bottom of the basket, as if a humming-The mother within the door heard the bird had laid her egg in an eagle's nest! I could not help laughing; and the robins seemed to join heartily in the merriment. cunning thieves preferred the foreign flavor. Could I tax them with want of taste?

The robins are not good solo singers, but their chorus, as, like primitive fire worshipers, they hail the return of light and warmth to the world, is unrivalled. There are a hundred singing like one. They are noisy enough then, and sing, as poets should, with no afterthought. But when they come after cherries to the tree near my window, they muffle their voices, and their faint pip, pip, pop! sounds far away at the bottom of the garden, where they know I in Greek) the most ancient hymn of the Primitive shall not suspect them of robbing the great They are feathered Pecksniffs, to be sure, look rather shabby in the sunlight, shine in a rainy day against the dark green of the fringe-tree! After they have pinched and shaken all the life out of an earthworm, as Italian cooks pound all the spirit out of a steak, and then gulped him, they stand up in honest self confidence, expand their red waistcoats with the virtuous air of a lobby member, and outface you with an eye that calmly challenges inquiry. "Do I look like a bird that knows the flavor of raw vermin? I throw myself upon a jury of my peers. Ask any robin if he ever ate anything less ascetic than the frugal berry of the juniper, and he will answer that his vow forbids him." Can such an open bosom cover such depravity? Alas, yes! I have no doubt his breast was redder at that very moment with the blood of my raspberries. On the whole, he is a doubtful friend in the garden. He makes his dessert of all kinds of berries, and is not averse from early pears. But when we remember how omnivorous he is, eating his own weight in an incredibly short time, and that Nature seems exhaustless in her invention of new insects hostile to vegetation, perhaps we may reckon that he does more good than harm. For my own part, I would rather have his cheerfulness and kind neighborhood than many berries.-J. Russel Lowell in Atlantic Almanac.

> The Old Testament is indeed a less full revelation of mercy as a doctrine or a scheme of salvation, but the mercy itself is there, in overflowing measure, and expressed in the most pathetic language. It is peculiarly the emotional part of Holy Scripture.— Tayler Lewis in Lange's Genesis.