

The Family Circle.

THE ANSWER.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Spare me, dread angel of reproof,
And let the sunshine weave to-day
Its gold-threads in the warp and woof
Of life so poor and gray.

Spare me awhile: the flesh is weak.
These lingering feet, that fain would stray
Among the flowers, shall some day seek
The strait and narrow way.

Take off thy ever-watchful eye.
The awe of thy rebuking frown;
The dulllest slave at times must sigh
To fling his burdens down;

To drop his galley's straining oar,
And press, in summer warmth and calm,
The lap of some enchanted shore
Of blossom and of balm.

Grudge not my life its hour of bloom,
My heart its taste of long desire;
This day be mine: be those to come
As duty shall require.

The deep voice answered to my own,
Smiling my selfish prayers away:
'To-morrow is with God alone,
And man hath but to-day.

'Say not thy fond, vain heart within,
The Father's arms shall still be wide,
When from these pleasant ways of sin
Thou turn'st at eventide.

'Cast thyself down,' the tempter saith,
'And angels shall thy feet upbear.'
He bids thee make a lie of faith,
A blasphemy of prayer.

No word of doom may shut thee out,
No wind of wrath may downward whirl,
No sword of fire keep watch about
The open gates of pearl.

A tenderer light than moon or sun,
Than song of earth a sweeter hymn,
May shine and sound forever on,
And thou be deaf and dim.

Forever round the Mercy-seat
The guiding lights of Love shall burn;
But what if, habit-bound, thy feet
Shall lack the will to turn?

What if thine eye refuse to see,
Thine ear of Heaven's free welcome fail,
And thou a willing captive be,
Thyself thy own dark jail?

O doom beyond the saddest guess,
As the long years of God unroll
To make thy dreary selfishness
The prison of a soul!

To doubt the love that fain would break
The fetters from thy self-bound limb;
And dream that God can thus forsake
As thou forsakest Him!

GRACE ROACHE'S LEGACY. CHAP. V.—VII.

By the Author of Margaret and her Friends.

Sally, what do you think?" said Jem Price, as he entered the farm-house kitchen, where many of the farm laborers were eating their supper. "Geoffrey Roche has got all of old Grace's money!"
"Yon don't say so!" burst from a chorus of voices.
"But is she dead, then?" asked Sally.
"Not yet, but she's dying. Dr. Clay says so. I have just come from the cottage. I went to take something to Missus; and I heard Grace Roche say the very words, that she'd left all to Mr. Geoffrey. She said the 'all' three times, so that there should be no mistake.
"And has Frank got nothing?"
"Not a penny; those were her very words, too."
"Then all I can say is, that it's a great shame," said Sally, indignantly. "And how does poor Mr. Frank seem to bear it?"
"He doesn't seem to care anything about the matter; indeed, he looks far more contented like than Geoffrey."

CHAP. VI.

There was no change whatever in Grace Roche when Dr. Clay saw her later in the evening. Frank and Geoffrey were still with her, and expressed their intention of remaining until late that night; and the doctor said he would come up as early as he could the following morning. As he returned towards the village, he called at the parsonage to let Mr. Kelly know how Grace was.
"What do you think of her state?" asked the pastor.
"It is just one of those strange cases upon which you cannot reckon with any degree of certainty," said the doctor. "She must have a wonderful constitution to have withstood so severe an attack; and, having done so, it is possible she may recover altogether. The chances are, I should say, rather against her than otherwise; but I shall be able to speak with more certainty after I have seen her to-morrow morning."
The pastor then told Dr. Clay the strange scene he had witnessed in the cottage that evening; expressing his fears of the bad effect it would have on Geoffrey Roche.
"The old passion is only slumbering, I fear. I remarked the restless expression which has lain dormant so long, rekindled in a moment on his face as he listened to his aunt's words. I much fear that this one evening will be far towards undoing

all that his uncle has effected with so much trouble. If Grace Roche should recover after all, why—
"Is that case, Geoffrey Roche stands a chance of being a ruined man."
After a few more words, Dr. Clay wished his friends good evening, and proceeded through the village towards his home. The usually quiet little place seemed quite in a commotion. Groups of people were assembled at the doors of the houses, and all were talking in excited tones.
"O, here's Dr. Clay; he will tell us," cried a voice from the midst of a larger group than the others.
The doctor found himself suddenly surrounded, and came to a stand-still from necessity. The speaker was a shrewd-looking, bald-headed little man, a retired tax collector, who had scraped together a small "independence," and had bought a cottage and a few acres of land at Woodthorpe.
"What is it you want to know, Mr. Flamank?" said the doctor, quite unsuspectingly.
"How many thousands is it that Mr. Geoffrey Roche has come in for?" asked the little man, laying a great stress on the word "Mister," which, it was remarkable, he had never before used when speaking of the young wheelwright.
The news had, indeed, spread like wild-fire from the farm-house kitchen, and had received various additions on the way.
"Whatever you are talking about?" said the doctor, angrily; and trying to force his way through the group; but he found himself seized by the button-hole.
"Whatever is the total amount of the property left by Mrs. Grace Roche to her nephew?" asked the ex-tax collector, in an insinuating tone.
"Grace Roche is not dead, my good man, and—
"Not dead!" echoed several voices.
"No," cried the doctor; "and you are all, I suppose, acquainted with the old proverb, 'He that waits for dead men's shoes, may go long enough barefoot.'"
As he said these words, Dr. Clay freed himself, by an effort, from Mr. Flamank's grasp, and contrived to reach his home without further interruption.
Later in the evening, Frank and Geoffrey walked together through the now quiet village, on their way home. Their aunt had shown no further sign of consciousness during the evening; but had fallen into a heavy slumber shortly before they left the cottage, and Nanny Wilkes had expressed her opinion that her patient would recover.
The cousins walked for some time in silence; each busy with his own thoughts.
"Strange!" said Geoffrey, at length; "you had as much right to a legacy as I had, Frank."
"Don't let that trouble you, Geoffrey; I have long since ceased to think anything about Aunt Grace and her money—if, indeed, I ever did so; and, I believe," he added, earnestly, "that I have been all the happier for so doing."
Geoffrey Roche replied only by a deep sigh.
"Any one not in the secret would set me down for the heir, instead of you, Geoffrey."
"All is so uncertain, you know, Frank."
"Nay, nay; nothing could be plainer than Aunt Grace's words."
"Yea, I know that," said Geoffrey "but then—
"But then, what?"
Geoffrey was silent. He was ashamed for Frank to know what was passing in his mind—ashamed to own that the wild feeling of pleasure he had felt on the first announcement of his aunt's intentions towards him, made when he believed her at the point of death, had changed into something very like disappointment, now that there seemed a chance of her recovery.
"Aunt Grace isn't a woman to change her mind," continued Frank, never suspecting the true cause of his cousin's uneasiness. "You saw how she remembered the old grudge she bore father. No, no, you're safe enough; and it will be all the better for you to wait awhile. You and Milly will love one another all the more for having helped each other up the hill of life, instead of riding up it in a carriage-and-four."

CHAP. VII.

Grace Roche slept soundly all night; and when Dr. Clay went to see her in the morning, was in a fair way for a speedy recovery. She was quite sensible, and made no allusions whatever to the events of the previous evening. Her only anxiety seemed to be to get rid of Nanny Wilkes; as she feared "the expense of a nurse would ruin her!"
But the doctor told her Nanny must stay for another day or so; and, very much against her will, Grace was obliged to consent. She never mentioned her nephews' name; and when Dr. Clay cautiously alluded to their having both been there the previous evening, she said, "Folk were ready enough to come when they thought anything was to be got; and that she wanted no one to come asking after her."
As Dr. Clay was going home, he met Geoffrey and Frank on their way to their aunt's cottage. He told them all that had passed, and advised them not to go to see her; as she was quite out of danger, and their visit would only have the effect of exciting her ill-feelings against them.
"Are you think she will be sure to recover, sir?" said Geoffrey; and it must be owned, his tone expressed anything but intense happiness at the prospect.
"I see nothing whatever to prevent it—all bad symptoms have disappeared, and she is as sensible as you or I."
Geoffrey sighed; and he and Frank, turning round, walked by the side of the doctor's pony, towards the village. They met the clergyman, who was going out to see how Grace was, and told him of the wonderful improvement in the old woman's health; and of the probability of her speedy recovery.
Mr. Kelly observed Geoffrey's gloomy countenance, and, more accustomed to study

character and read people's hearts than Frank Roche was, he formed a shrewd guess of what was passing in Geoffrey's mind. He laid his hand kindly on the young man's shoulder—
"Will you take the advice of your clergyman, Geoffrey?" He waited for an answer.
"I'm sure, sir, you'd only advise me for my good," stammered the young man; "and I'd be very much obliged to you."
"Is it not only the advice of your clergyman, Geoffrey; it is the advice and experience of an old man, whose race is nearly run, and who has seen a great deal of the world, and whose daily prayer is for grace and wisdom to guide his flock in the right way. You must strive to banish from your mind all thoughts of the events of last evening. If, in due time, your aunt should fulfill her promise, and leave you her money when she dies, may God enable you to make a good use of it; but all is so uncertain, that it would be the height of folly for you to allow any expectations of that money to turn your thoughts away from the life of health and industry before you. You are under the shadow of a great temptation, Geoffrey. The present may be an important turning point in your life, either for much good or much evil. Take my advice, then;—go home and apply yourself industriously to your business; and forget, if possible, that you have ever heard of such a thing as Grace Roche's Legacy. And, above all, added the old clergyman, solemnly, "pray to God that you may not be tempted to 'trust in riches.'"
"Thank you, sir," said Geoffrey; "I will try and follow your advice."
The pastor proceeded to Grace's cottage, and Geoffrey and Frank parted at the entrance to the village.
"Come and spend the evening with us, Geoffrey," said his cousin; "father's coming home this afternoon, and Maggie and I are going to drink tea at the cottage. I know they'll all be glad to see you."
"I won't promise, Frank—I will if I can."
Geoffrey went to his shop, but he could not settle to work. "I shall do better to-morrow," he thought; so instead of trying to rouse himself and set up to the pastor's advice, he left home again and strolled into the village.
The reception he met with there was not calculated to strengthen any good resolutions. Congratulations to Mr. Geoffrey, met him on every side.
"I wish you joy, Mr. Geoffrey," said the landlord of the Half-Moon, touching his hat respectfully as he spoke. "I wish you joy of your new prospects, sir,—although it's only what you had a right to expect after all. Will you let me have the pleasure of drinking your health, Mr. Roche?"
Geoffrey was, generally speaking, a very steady young man; but the landlord's flattery sounded so sweet in his ears, that he could not refuse his request. He went in; one glass of ale followed another—one neighbor after another dropped in, quite by chance. Mr. Flamank amongst the number, who out-did all the rest in paying court to Geoffrey; and thus it happened, that, excited by the ale, and scarcely knowing what he said for did, he was persuaded to order a "quiet little dinner," for that evening, to celebrate his new prospects. Mr. Flamank invited himself. It was astonishing to see the warm interest he had suddenly begun to feel in Geoffrey Roche; indeed, that young man's friends seemed to have increased in number to a wonderful degree within the last twenty-four hours. The dinner was ordered for ten, at four o'clock. And, with aching head and stupefied brain, Geoffrey Roche left the Half-Moon, and staggered, rather than walked, towards his home. It is needless to say he had up thoughts of inviting his cousin Frank. Something within him told him that Frank would refuse.
"Why, Geoffrey, what is the matter?" said a sweet gentle voice; "are you not well? I'm sure you are not; you fatigued yourself too much, last evening."
Geoffrey had staggered against Milly Northway, who was coming in an opposite direction.
"I'm all right, Milly; let me pass, will you?" cried Geoffrey, as Milly would have detained him.
Something in his tone and manner caused Milly to turn very pale. "Let me come with you," she said; "let me see you home."
"Let me pass, will you?" exclaimed Geoffrey, roughly pushing the young girl aside. "What right have you to stop me?"
—I'm the heir now, you know; and laughed a drunken laugh as he spoke.
Milly shuddered. He passed by her without another word; and, as she watched his reeling form, she felt that a dark shadow had fallen between her and her bright dream of happiness. Geoffrey reached his home somehow or other, and flung himself on the bed; where, after a couple of hours' feverish, disturbed slumber, he awoke with a splitting headache, and the consciousness that in little more than an hour's time he must be at the Half-Moon to receive his guests.
That evening, as Andrew Roche rode through Woodthorpe, on his way home from Oldfield, he was startled by the unusual sound of boisterous merriment, which proceeded from the Half-Moon, as he passed. The loud-ringing of glasses on the table—the hip, hip, hurrahing, and other sounds of drunken revelry, jarred on his ear, as he passed through the generally quiet little village. He met an old friend at the end of the lane leading down to his cottage, and checked his horse for a moment to speak to him.
"Whatever is the meaning of all that noise at the Half-Moon?" asked Andrew.
"You've not heard the news, then," said his friend. "Old Grace Roche's was nearly dying; and has declared Geoffrey her sole heir, and the foolish fellow is treating all his friends on the strength of his expected legacy. It will prove a bad day for him that he ever heard of it—mark my words."
Andrew Roche hastily made his friend

good evening, and quickened his horse's pace towards his home.
There was all affectionate welcome to the loved husband and father, Frank and Maggie were amongst the group; a weight seemed taken off Andrew's mind as he recognized the cheerful countenance of his son.
"We're all here, father," cried Frank. "I asked Geoffrey to come up to tea with us; but we have seen nothing of him as yet."
There was much to tell on both sides as they sat at tea together. Frank told his father all about Grace's sudden illness, and almost as sudden recovery; and of the announcement she had made that Geoffrey was her heir.
"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Andrew, when his son had finished; "it will be his ruin." And he related what he had heard whilst passing through Woodthorpe.
"Will you go to him this evening, father?" said Frank.
"No, my boy; I'll wait till to-morrow. I could do no good to-night. He may feel different to-morrow morning."
Late—very late—that night, the landlord of the Half-Moon, assisted by two or three of Geoffrey's new friends, almost carried the young heir to his house, where they laid him on his bed in a state of perfect insensibility.
How true it is that "every drunkard clothes his head with a mighty scorn."
[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]
SCULPTORS OF OUR OWN FACES.
[The following, from the Atlantic, is beautiful, but covers only a part of the truth, as is the case with many of the best things in that Journal. We can trust our readers to supply the great beautifying power, which all may possess, but which the writer has not named.]
The human face is a sublime, a beautiful, a mysterious revelation. The life experience traces itself upon the living clay, and for a brief moment the soul looks through a splendid mask of time, transfigured or disfigured by bodily habits, vices, or passions.
It is a great misfortune to be preoccupied with vulgar or trivial things; they cannot make the heroic face. The reason that poets have such beautiful faces, in spite of habits like Burns's and Poe's, is that they contemplate beautiful things and think grand and generous thoughts. All the great painters have been handsome and remarkable looking men; Titian, and Raphael, and Rubens, and Vandyke readily illustrate my statement. Tintoret had a solemn and grand face; Da Vinci, a noble and beautiful face; Rembrandt, a sagacious, honest, profound face. Our fine sculptors, Brown, Ward, Palmer, and Thompson, have something Continental about their faces, and do not look narrow, but as if illuminated by a ray of the ideal. The finest faces in Europe were the faces of Shakespeare, Molière, and Goethe. Their faces prove to us that just in the measure that we escape sordid thoughts and material cares, and occupy our minds with the beauty of nature, the wit of men, the poetry of life, we set to work as skilful sculptors, who day by day models with an imperceptible and sure hand the heavy, expressionless clay; and in time the rude features become almost grand with goodness like Lincoln's, beautiful with tranquillity like Washington's, or Titanic like Webster's.

Scientific.

GEOLOGICAL CHRONOLOGY.

Rev. Rob't Patterson, D.D., is continuing his very bold, readable, but (from a scientific point of view) somewhat skeptical articles on geology. We give extracts from that in the last number of the Family Treasure:
Leading geologists, indeed, are becoming ashamed of the extravagant demands of their brethren upon time, or rather upon eternity; perceiving plainly enough that their inflated figures must speedily fall by their own bulk, if they escape the torches of the witty critics who argue that to judge of the formative period of our earth by its observed rate of present progress, is much as if one should measure a youth of six feet high, and finding that he grew half an inch last year, should conclude thence that he was a hundred and forty-four years old. Philips, in his address to the geological society, therefore, begs them to moderate their millions somewhat, as it is unpleasant to become the world's laughing-stock.
The rapidity of many geological formations, formerly assumed to have been very slow, is now demonstrated. Peat bogs, in which human remains have been found at the depth of twelve feet, whence an immense antiquity was inferred, have been found to grow a foot in five years. In thirty-six hours a green tree is converted into a fossil in California; and into lignite in a week; while before your eyes you behold the hardest porphyry converted into potter's clay, and the hardest granite so softened by the acidulated atmosphere that you can crush it with your hand, or cut it with a knife, as easily as unbaked bread. I have seen this metamorphic action affecting all the strata of the Napa Valley.
On the coast of England flints have been found, the stony covering of which has so completely the aspect of ancient rock as to warrant the conclusion that they were the growth of countless ages, but on removing the flinty matrix you find a coin-bearing the head of an Edward, a James, or even a George; or a bolt or an anchor bearing the mark of some existing firm. We have had men counting the successive thin layers of delta and sedimentary deposits as indications of so many floods; but we know now that these give no such traces, as a mass of fine clay deposited in quiet water will stratify, in a few hours, into dozens of layers.
Colonel Foster, in a lecture before the Chicago Academy of Science, reported for the benefit of the 300,000 readers of the

Chicago daily papers, informs us that in excavating the ground for the New Orleans Gas Works the laborers discovered the skeleton of a man at the depth of 16 feet; and that scientific men have pronounced it 50,000 years old, basing their assertions upon the known deposits of the delta of the Mississippi. But the actual survey of the United States engineers proves that the whole ground on which New Orleans stands to the depth of forty feet, has been deposited within 4,000 years. Indeed, one may see cotton-wood saplings of six or seven inches diameter, with two or three feet of sediment above their original roots. The process of constructing the deltas of rivers has also been wonderfully accelerated by simply taking notice of a number of facts which the Lyell school conveniently ignore. Yet, in the face of repeated corrections, they go on publishing their blunders, year after year, as scientific facts. Dr. Andrews thus exposes Lyell's enormous blunders about the age of the delta of the Mississippi:
"Sir Charles Lyell has repeatedly published his famous calculation of the age of the delta and alluvial bottoms of the Mississippi River, notwithstanding that almost every datum of his estimates has been proved to be false by the United States Army engineers, in their laborious and careful survey. Sir Charles concluded, as the result of his hasty visit to the Mississippi many years ago, that the delta and bottom lands had an age of above 100,000 years. From information picked up here and there, he adopted the following false data:
Area of the delta..... 13,600 sq. miles.
" " " Alluvial plain above, about..... 16,000 "
Depth of the delta..... 568 feet.
Annual amt. of sediment brought down by the river..... 3,702,758,400 cubic feet.
Time required to bring earth enough for the whole delta and alluvial plain above..... 100,500 years.
Almost every item here is a huge blunder. Brig. Gen. Humphrey, Chief of the United States Army Engineers, with all the resources of the War Department to sustain him, has made a most thorough and exhaustive survey of the Mississippi, a work of years of toil. It will suffice to put the results of the two men beside each other for comparison:
According to Lyell.....
According to Gen. Humphrey.....
Time spent in the survey..... A few weeks.
Area of the delta, square miles..... 13,600
Depth of the delta, feet..... 568
Proposition of solid sediment to the water in the Mississippi..... 3,000
Amount of solid matter annually brought by the river, cubic feet..... 3,702,758,400
Rate at which the delta now advances into the great Gulf, per year, feet about..... 50
Age of the delta and alluvial plain, years..... 100,500
4,000
It will be seen that Gen. Humphrey's survey shows the annual amount of sediment brought down by the river to be above five thousand times greater than Lyell stated it. It is curious to observe that the age of the delta, as calculated by the United States survey, corresponds pretty closely with the age which we calculated for the peat beds of the Somme and other cotemporaneous deposits of Europe.
Thus we might go on assaulting in detail almost every geological computation of time, and proving the error of the computation. In some cases, these calculations prove so preposterously absurd that they become standing jests. Lyell, and a score of other savans, gravely cite the researches of Herner, who bored down 70 feet into the soil of Egypt for bits of brick and pottery, and calculated that the Nile had been depositing that seventy feet of mud over them during the last 30,000 years. The matter was solemnly reported to the British Association; the French Institute, and not one of these learned men had common sense enough to put the question in its proper form, viz: How long will a brickbat require to sink seventy feet into a mud bank? All Egypt is only a vast mud bank every year during the inundation; and the brickbats probably reached their bed in one season. At any rate bricks of the reign of Mohammed Ali have been found deeper than Herner's.
RATE OF CHEMICAL CHANGES.
Mr. A. Vernon Harcourt of London closes a paper "On the rate at which Chemical actions take place," with the following propositions which embody the principal conclusions to which an examination of the cited cases of gradual Chemical change has led: 1. The rate at which a chemical change proceeds is constant under constant conditions, and is independent of the time that has elapsed since the change commenced. 2. When any substance is undergoing a chemical change, of which no condition varies, excepting the diminution of the changing substance, the amount of change occurring at any moment is directly proportional to the quantity of the substance. 3. When two or more substances act one upon another, the amount of action at any moment is directly proportioned to the quantity of each of the substances. 4. When the rate of any chemical change is affected by the presence of a substance, which itself takes no part in the change, the acceleration or retardation produced is directly proportional to the quantity of the substance. 5. The relation between the rate of a chemical change occurring in a solution, and the temperature of the solution is such that for every additional degree the number expressing the rate is so multiplied by a constant quantity.