

The Family Circle.

"HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP."

BY LILLIAN HOPE.

Leave her to sleep. Fold the pale hands above the pulseless breast;— Leave the dear maiden to her quiet rest;— Why do you weep?

We loved her so! Her smile the brightest of the smiling throng. Her step the lightest, hers the sweetest song. A month ago!

A week ago, Her fair cheek flushed like roses after rain. It ne'er had known the withering touch of pain A week ago!

But yesterday, She brightly smiled as I stood trembling near, And whispered, "Love hath power to banish fear, I know the way."

The night came down, A starless night, a night without a moon; And on our brows as rayless and as seen, A thorny crown.

We tried to pray, But in the gloom we faltered one by one, We could not say, "Thy will alone be done," We could not pray.

Till one whose faith, Tho' often tried was stronger than our own, Bade us remember He who heard each moan Had conquered death.

We breathed her name, But angel wings were rustling o'er her—hark! Lo! thro' the solemn silence and the dark, The summons came.

Beloved, sleep— Fold the pale hands above the pulseless breast;— Leave the dear maiden to her dreamless rest;— But let me weep.

Marquette, Mich.

DUNIE AND THE ICE.

I believe only six of the Pardoe children went to church that day,—though it may have been seven. But, if I am not accurate as to numbers, the story of their adventure is perfectly true.

They lived on an island in the middle of the river, in a little world by themselves. It was early spring time. The earth appeared to be covered with a patchwork quilt of white-brown and grayish-green. Under this ragged old quilt the forces of nature were hard at work. The dry grass was undergoing thorough repairs, and the "sod" would "turn to violets" one of these days. All in due time; but just now things looked dismal enough. The trees were only sketched in outline, and even the willows showed as yet no little vapory touches of green. The roads were full of holes, and, as Grandpa Pardoe said, it was "dreadful travelling underfoot." Overhead it was scarcely better. It seemed as if the "upper deep" had tipped over, and was pouring itself into the lap of the earth.

But on this particular Sunday the dripping clouds were ready for a day of rest. The wee bit girlie of the house, Dunie Pardoe, looked out of the window, and said with intense surprise, "Why, mamma, mamma, 'tain't yainin'! There's a little bit o' sun o' days. I sawed it!"

"She's a precious baby to tell the news," cried Brother Phil, smothering her with kisses. "I've a great mind to take her to Sabbath-school. May I, mother? She wants to see things as much as anybody else."

"Well, if you take her, Philip, you must be responsible for her," replied the busy Mrs. Pardoe, who was at that moment tying the sheets of the next to the youngest. "Perhaps, with so much to do, her mind had slipped into a hard knot; it seems to me, if she had had full possession of her faculties, she would never have consented to let Miss Julia go out when the roads were scarcely navigable except for boys' boots. Dunie clapped her hands.

"O, will they let me in?" she asked, "for when I go to the school, then somebody comes that's a teacher, and tells me, 'Go home, and says I must n't stay.'"

Dunie was three years old, and the "committee-men," overlooking her peculiar merits, had not considered her a scholar. But this was only a Sabbath-school; nobody would object to her going, just for one day.

Then there was a scramble to get her ready; but when she was fairly enveloped in her Rob Roy cloak and red quilted hood a murmur of admiration ran round the room. Who so beautiful as our Dunie? Such a splendid, "adust complexion," such wonderful "Indian-red" eyes, shaded by the blackest of lashes! She was a little sister to be proud of. "Not one of the other ten had ever been so cunning or so fat."

Well, they took her to church, and, in order to get there, they had to cross a bridge. They looked over the railing, and saw around the piers a few logs floating in the high water, though they could not move far, being locked in with ice.

"I shouldn't think," said Mary, with mook gravity, "twas proper for logs to go swimming n' Sunday."

"Nor I either," said Phil; "they ought to be 'taken up' for it. But come let's hurry; we're late."

"Hurry!" echoed four childish voices,— "hurry with Dunie!"

"My shoes won't walk," said the little one, by way of apology. It was her feet which were at fault. They were not large enough to carry her plump little body; and though she had now enlarged them with mud, that did not seem to help the matter at all. There was no way for it but to carry her in arms, "for fear they might lose her in one of the holes."

They reached the main-land at last, and the church; and I believe Dunie only spoke in meeting once; and then she said "I so tired." Phil observed that afterward the clergyman preached faster,—from sheer pity, he presumed.

Dunie practised gymnastics just a little, and now then opened her rosy mouth, inlaid with pearl, and very gently yawned. But soon the "spirit of deep sleep" fell upon her, and she lost the Sabbath school exercises which followed the sermon. This would hereafter be a subject of regret to Dunie; but it was just now a real relief to her five "responsible" brothers and sisters.

After their lessons had been repeated, and school was out, the six Pardoes started for home. But a change had come over the weather. The wind had started up from a sound sleep, and was blowing as if all the people in the world were deaf, and must be made to hear. "Never mind," said the eldest sister, cheerily, "It will blow us home. Dunie, what made you talk in church?"

"I never," replied the young culprit, rubbing her eyes. "But," added she, indignantly, "that man up in the box, he kep' a talkin' all the time."

"But what made you go to sleep, dear, and lose the Sabbath-school?" said Moses, who was next younger than Phil, and, though kiplidly disposed, had a peculiar talent for making little ones cry.

"I went asleep in Sabber-school?" sobbed Dunie, completely discouraged,— "in Sabber-school? Where'd they put it? I never sawed it."

"There, don't you tease her, Moses," said the youngest but two. "We've got as much as we can do, to get her home,—for I begin to believe she's chip-footed.—I do."

The next to the oldest was about to correct his brother, and say "club footed," when a frightful noise was heard,—not thunder, it was too prolonged for that. It was a deep sullen roar, heard above the wail of the wind like the boom of a cataract.

The ice was going out. There is always more or less excitement to New England children in such an event. This was an unusually imposing spectacle, for the ice was very strong, and the freshet was hurrying it down stream with great force.

The white blocks, interwoven with snow, were as blue as heart as turquoise, and they trembled and crowded one another like an immense company of living things. The powerful tide was crushing them between vast masses of logs, or heaving them upward to fast headlong and sideways, and crumble themselves into smaller fragments.

The sun came out of a cloud, and shone on the creamy, frozen waves in their mad dance. Then they sparkled and quivered as if the river had thrown up from its unquiet bed a mine of diamonds.

"How splendid!" exclaimed the children, lost in rapture.

"But it makes me scared," said little Dunie, falling, face downward, into a mud puddle.

"Why, what are you afraid of?" said Moses, picking her up, and partially cleansing her with his pocket handkerchief. "The ice can't touch us."

"Hullo there!" screamed the toll-gatherer, appearing at the door of his small house with both arms raised above his head. "Children, children, stop! Don't go near the bridge for your lives!"

"O, it's going off, it's going off!" screamed the five Pardoes in concert, joined by the terrified Dunie, who did not know what was "going off," but thought likely it was the whole world and part of the sky.

The children forgot to admire any longer the magnificent white flood. The ice might be glorious in beauty, but alas! it was terrible in strength. How could they get home? What would become of them? They saw their father's house in the distance; but when and how were they to reach it? It might as well have been leagues away.

"Twill be 'days and days,'" cried Mary, "before ever we'll be able to cross this river in boats. What will be done with us? For we can't sleep on the ground."

"And nothing to eat," wailed hungry Moses, tortured with a fleeting vision of apple-pie and doughnuts.

"It is a hard case," said the toll-gatherer, compassionately, "but you don't want to risk lives. Look at them blocks, crowding up against the piers; hear what a thunder they make; and the logs coming down in booms. You step into our house, children; and my wife and the neighbors, we'll contrive to stow you away somewhere."

Crowds of people were collecting on the bank, watching the ice "go out." The Pardoes stood irresolute, when suddenly there was a shout from the other end of the bridge, as loud and shrill as a fog-bell, "Children, come—home!"

It was Mr. Pardoe's voice. "What shall we do? what shall we do?" said Philip, running round and round.

"Twon't do to risk it, Neighbor Pardoe," screamed the toll-keeper.

"Children—run—there's—time!" answered the father hoarsely.

It was Mary who replied, "Yes, father, we'll come."

"He knows," thought she. "If he tells us to do it, it's right."

Firm in obedience and faith, she stepped upon the shaking bridge. For an instant Philip hesitated, looked up stream and down stream, then followed cautiously with Dunie. After him the three other children in all stages of fright, with white lips, trembling limbs, and eyes dilated with fear.

"Quick! quick!" screamed Mr. Pardoe. "Run for your lives!" shouted the people on the bank.

The foaming torrent and the high wind together were rocking the bridge like a cradle. If it had not been for Dunie! All the rest could run: it seemed as if there was lead in the child's shoes. She hung a dead weight, between Philip and Mary, who pulled her forward without letting her little tottering feet touch the ground.

The small procession of six! How eagerly everybody watched "what speed they made, with their graves so nigh." Only a few brittle planks between them and destruction! More than one man was on the point of rushing after the little pedestrians, and drawing them back from their doom. Yet all the anxiety of the multitude could not have equalled the agonizing suspense in that one father's heart. He thought he knew the strength of the piers, and the length of time they could resist the attack of the ice. But what if he had made a mistake? What if his precious children were about to fall a sacrifice to their obedience? Every moment seemed an age to the frantic father, while the little creatures ran for their lives. But it was over at last; the bridge was crossed, the children were safe!

The people on the opposite bank set up a shout; but Mr. Pardoe was speechless. He caught Dunie, and held her close to his heart, as if, in her little person, he embraced the whole six.

"O, father," cried Philip, "if you could know

how we trembled! 'T was like walking over an earthquake!"

"With Dunie to drag every step!" added Moses.

"I'll tell you what I thought," said Mary, catching her breath,— "I thought my father was a stone-mason, and ought to know more than a toll-keeper about bridges. But anyway, if he'd been nothing but a lawyer or a doctor, I'd have done what he said."

"Bravo for my Mary!" said Mr. Pardoe, wiping his eyes.

Five minutes after this the bridge was snapped asunder. The main body of it went reeling down stream, the sport of the ice. Mr. Pardoe closed his eyes, shuddering at the fancy of what might have been.

Everybody fell to kissing Dunie, for this had long been a family habit whenever there arose any feeling which was beyond the power of expression.

"I'm glad we got all home," gasped Dunie, her eyes expanding with a perfectly new idea, as she watched the ruins from the window. "That bridge is a goin' way off! The ice caught it! How I did yan on that b'idge, so the ice would n't catch me! But," added the little innocent, with a sudden play of fancy, "I wasn't 'fraid, mamma, for I looked up to the sky, and then God sended some booful clouds; and I rougnt I saw two little angels 'yidin' on 'em."—Sophie May in Our Young Folks.

THE CHILD AND THE EAGLE.

A child was captured by an eagle near Meigsville, Tenn., on Christmas Eve, and carried about two miles before it was rescued. He was a bright little fellow, just old enough to be learning to walk. When no one was in the house, he managed to roll out of his trundle bed and crawl into the front yard. A great gray eagle came swooping down, and fastened its immense talons in the clothing of the little boy, then rose up with much difficulty, and sailed off across the adjacent woods, just skimming the tops of the trees. Its course lay toward the Cumberland River.

A servant girl saw the eagle, and gave chase. She dashed into the tangled wood, and tried to keep a straight line; thinking the bird would do the same. The patch of wood was fully a mile and a half through; but the girl made the run to the other edge of it without feeling fatigue. Beyond the wood, and between it and the Cumberland River, lay a patch of cleared ground, partly marshy and partly corn-field, full of old stumps. When the girl left the wood, and had a clear view, she saw the eagle in the air; he seemed inclined to alight with his burden somewhere in the neighborhood of the river. This gave her new courage. It happened that there was a man hunting in the neighboring marshes, and just at the moment when the eagle reached the ground with his burden, a shot went off so dangerously near him that he mounted into the air again, but this time without the boy. The pursuing girl began a vigorous shouting as she ran, which attracted the hunter's attention, who, seeing the eagle quite near him, and a lady rushing down the slope with streaming hair, and garments, and wildly shouting, concluded at once that there was something strange and, perhaps, dreadful in his immediate vicinity; he also set up a vigorous hallooing, and proceeded to reload his gun.

The eagle soon became aware of the formidable opposition he would meet if he attempted to recapture his prey, hovered over the spot a moment, and then wheeled around in one grand sweep across the river, and disappeared behind the shelving rock which forms the opposite bank. When the girl came down to the hunter, she fell stiff, and was not able even to indicate what was the matter. The rough gallant then heard the scream of a child, and soon found a fine, healthy, rosy boy, with torn clothes, but otherwise unharmed, endeavoring to rise upon his little feet. The tears streamed down his innocent cheeks, and his face wore a most piteous expression. The hunter took the baby in his arms and carried it to the girl, who was now recovered. She clasped it to her bosom, covered it with kisses, and wept with joy. The parents in the mean time had missed the little one, and had become very uneasy. There was laughing and crying enough when the wanderers returned, and the wonderful voyage of the little fellow was explained.

MRS. VICE-PRESIDENT COLFAX.

Harper's Bazar has a very excellent picture of the wife of the Vice-President elect. It does greater justice to her beauty than the fair portrait of her in the accompanying text, which is all we can copy:

Nellie Wade, as she is familiarly styled by her friends, is the daughter of Theodore L. Wade, the eldest brother of Benjamin F. Wade, now President of the Senate and Vice-President of the United States. Her step-mother is her aunt, the sister of her own mother. Her father who died some five years ago, was an Ohio farmer, and she has spent her whole life when not at school (she was educated at the Cleveland and the Willoughby (Ohio) female seminaries), in the farm-house where she was born; engaged in domestic and home duties, which were varied only by occasional visits to her relatives in different parts of the country. It was on one of these visits to her aunt in Washington, three years ago, that Mr. Colfax formed the acquaintance which ripened into an engagement last summer, during a trip to the Rocky Mountains. The picture shows a sensible, earnest and thoughtful face, the owner of which would be likely to give none but good counsel to her husband in his responsible position. But still more striking is the graphic portrait kindly drawn for us by a friend who knows her well. "She is just thirty-two," he says, "and not ashamed of her age." She is not tall, not short, nor stout, but will average one hundred and forty pounds. She is not handsome, but good-looking; she is quiet, reserved, repressed, self-poised and self-controlled to a remarkable degree. But you think of her that still waters run deep. She seems to have had a life—a quiet country town, village and farm life,—that has not been congenial, or rather has not drawn her out at all; and her repressed manner and nature are due possibly to this. There is no gush,

no brilliancy, no show, no exuberance in manner, appearance and style. Her new life will bring her out; but she has nothing of what is called "society manners," and will make no impression upon the multitude. Fastidious and feminine to a very high and rare degree in one of such experience, she is a most admirable selection for a wife for Mr. Colfax,—a sweet, true, self-adjusted woman, with a younger heart than I ever saw at thirty odd years, who never would make a career for herself, but would accept and fill whatever place came to her in the way of duty." Judging from this brilliant bit of character-painting the women of America will have reason to be satisfied with their representative in the second lady of the nation.

VOYAGE IN THE ARM CHAIR.

Oh papa! dear papa! we've had such a fine game, We played at a sail on the sea; The old arm chair made such a beautiful ship, And it sailed—oh, as nice as could be.

We made Mary the captain, and Bob was the boy, Who cried "Ease her," "Back her," and "Slow," And Jane was the steersman who stands at the wheel, And I watched the engines below.

We had for a passenger grandmamma's cat, And as Tom couldn't pay he went free; For the fresside we sailed at half past two o'clock, And we got to the sideboard at three.

But oh! only think, dear papa, when half way, Tom overboard jumped to the floor, And though we cried out, "Tom, come back, don't be drowned," He galloped right out at the door.

But papa, dear papa, listen one moment more, Till I tell you the end of our sail; From the side-board we went at five minutes past three, And at four o'clock saw such a whale?

The whale was the sofa, and it, dear papa, Is at least twice as large as our ship; Our captain called out, "Turn the ship round about, O, I wish we had not come this trip!"

And we all cried, "Oh, yes, let us get away home, And hide in some corner quite snug;" So we sailed for the fire-side as quick as we could, And we landed all safe on the rug.

OVER THE LINE.

By Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler.

Never was there a time when it would be more appropriate to carve on the very walls of the sanctuary, and for every Christian to "grave" on the palms of his hands" this divine admonition, "Be ye not conformed to this world." Whosoever therefore will be a friend of the world, is the enemy of God.

No snare is so subtle, constant, and perilous to the followers of Christ as conformity to the world. Nothing sooner saps his spirituality; nothing hinders a revival in the Church more effectually. Conformity implies resemblance. And when a professed Christian begins to look like a worldlying, and live like a worldlying, how dwelleth the love of Christ in him? For there is a complete and irreconcilable antagonism between what the Bible calls the "world" and the service of Christ.

The chief end of a Christian's life is to glorify God. Is this the chief end of life with the people of the world? Ask any one of them, and he will answer, no. I live to enjoy myself, in promoting my interests, in gratifying my tastes, and in taking my comfort. I want to get all I can, and to get the most out of it. He "looks only at those things which are seen and temporal." God is ignored entirely; the soul is ignored; eternity is forgotten. The pleasures most relished are the pleasures of sin; for God is not in any one of them. The worldlying commonly delights most in what a consistent Christian finds to be forbidden fruit on forbidden ground. That forbidden fruit is poison to the Christian.

Bear in mind that every pure pleasure which an unconverted heart can enjoy, such as the joys of home and of friendship, the love of letters or art, the sight of beauty, or the delight of relieving sorrow, all these the Christian can have and enjoy likewise. They are not sinful, and the child of God can partake of them with a clear conscience. But just where a Bible-conscience tells him to stop, the license of the world begins. The Word of God draws a dividing line. Over that line, lies the path of self-indulgence. Over that line, lies self-pampering, frivolity, slavery to fashion. Over that line, God is ignored, and often defied. Christ is wounded there and crucified afresh. Over that line, the follower of Jesus has no business to go. It was over such a "stile" that Bunyan's Pilgrim looked wistfully, for the path was soft and skirted with flowers; but when he stepped over, he soon found himself in the dungeons of Giant Despair.

Over the line, which separates pure piety from the world, the Christian, if he goes at all, must go as a participant in the pleasure of the world, or as a protestant against them. If he goes to partake, he offends Christ; if he goes to protest, he offends his ill-chosen associates. Christian! if you ever attend a convivial party, a ball-room assembly, a theatre, or a gaming company, do you go as a partaker in the sport, or to make your protest against such amusements? If you go for the first object, you offend your Lord; if you go for the second, you offend your company. They do not want you there. We are quite sure that no bery merry-makers would be the happier over their cups, or their cards, or their cotillions, if all the Elders and Deacons of our Church were to come in suddenly among them. Brethren! the "world" does not want you in their giddy and Godless pleasures, unless you are willing to go all lengths with them. And if you walk one mile with them over the line, they will compel you to go with them twain. If your conscience yields the goat, they will soon rob you of "your cloak, also."

Vanity Fair would have welcomed Christian and Faithful to their jovial town, if the pilgrims had only been willing to doff their Puritan dress and "take a hand" with them in all their revelries. But because the godly men refused to be conformed to the fashions and follies of Vanity Fair, one of them was soon sent to the prison, and the other to the stake.

Where does the dividing line run between true religion and the world? We answer that it runs just where God's Word puts it; and a conscience which is enlightened by the Word and by prayer does not commonly fail to discover it. Where God is honored is the right side; where God is dishonored, or even ignored, is the wrong side. Where Christ would be likely to go if he were on earth, is the right side; but where a Christian would be ashamed to have his Master find him, there he ought never to find himself. Wherever a Christian can go, and conscientiously ask God's blessing on what he is doing, there let that Christian go. He is not likely to wander over the line. And when a church member can enter a play-house, or into a dancing frolic, and honestly ask God's blessing on the amusements, and come away a better Christian for it, then let him go; but, not before. When a Christian invokes the divine blessing on the bottle which he puts to his neighbor's lips, he had better look sharply whether there is not a "serpent" and a "stinging adder" in the sparkling liquor. Without going into farther illustrations, we come to this fundamental principle, that whatever of work, or of recreation a Christian engages in to promote the health of his body or soul and in which he can glorify Christ, lies on the safe side of the dividing line. The moment he crosses it to become the "friend of the world" he becomes the "enemy of God."

But should not every good man be a "friend of the world?" Was not the Divine Jesus a friend of the world when he so loved it that He gave Himself for its redemption? Did not Paul love the world when he endured hardship, humiliations and martyrdom to lead sinners to the cross? Ah! yes—very true; but what the Redeemer and His apostle were after, was not sinner's sins, but sinner's souls. And they sought to save the world not by conformity to it, but by transforming it to a higher and holier ideal of life. "Love not the world, nor the things that are in the world; if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him."

POWER OF A SMILE.

I sighed to do good, but I could not. My friends and neighbors were all independent and needed no aid from me. My means were so limited that I had nothing with which to assist the poor and needy, and my health so delicate that I could be of no service to the sick and suffering. The power of doing good, I felt, greatly to my regret, had been denied me. As I walked, musing in this way, I beheld an old man approaching. His form was bent, his cheek furrowed, his hair white and thin. In one hand was a staff, in the other was a stick, which he held across his shoulder and upon which was suspended a wallet containing, as I supposed, a few articles of apparel. He came feebly onward and as I drew near he stepped from the walk and stood for me to pass. I glanced at him, his whole appearance indicated poverty and want. My heart went out toward the worn old man. I did not speak, but with my feelings expressed in my face, I smiled kindly upon him. "Ah, how do do; how do do!" instantly and with strong emphasis, spoke out the old man, his whole countenance lighting up and his whole manner changing. Nothing more was said, we both passed in silence along.

A short time after this, at nearly the same spot in which I had met with the old man, I saw a woman sitting upon the grass, by the roadside, with her elbow upon her knee and her head resting upon her hand. She did not notice me, as I passed her, for her eyes were closed, but she looked so worn and tired and her attitude was so sad and thoughtful that my sympathies were at once excited and I turned back to address her. In my hand I carried a small basket of early apples which I emptied upon the grass, beside the woman, saying: "Madam, you are worn and tired; these apples may refresh you—will you accept them?" At the sound of my voice she started, looked earnestly at me and said: "Accept them! O yes, Miss, with a thousand thanks." Conversing with her a few moments, I learned that she had been to see a poor sister, residing several miles distant, who was sick and dying. As I turned to leave, with a few words of sympathy, she thanked me again and again, and then fixing her eyes enquiring upon me, she said: "Mayn't I ask, Miss, if you ain't the young lady that spoke so kindly, last week, to my poor old father?"

I met an old man, just about this spot, last week, and I smiled upon him, but I did not speak," I replied. "That was my father," she exclaimed, grasping my hand, "and I thank you, for him, for the smile. He has talked about it ever since and tells every day how much good it did him. And now you, much good your kindness has done me, young lady," and she pressed my hand and burst into tears. And I felt, at that moment, that I would never say again that I could not do good in the world.—Lutheran Observer.

Look upward for the grace needed now, and forward for the rest that remaineth.

GUILT upon the conscience will make a feather bed hard; but peace of mind will make a straw bed soft and easy.

We may be engaged in the work of the Lord as well with a spade or a plough in our hand, as with a Bible; on our knees scrubbing a floor, as on our knees in the attitude and act of prayer.—P. Argie.