

The Family Circle.

RED RIDING-HOOD.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Well, little Red Riding-Hood,
Pleasant it was to play
In the green fields and the shady wood
Through a golden summer day.

Wrong, was it, plucking the flowers,
Watching the redbreast's flight,
All heedless of hurrying hours
And grandmamma's doleful plight?

Poor little Red Riding-Hood!
Wolves, and not babies, think;
Sturdier feet than yours have stood
Careless on ruin's brink.

Buds over the door-sill twined
Laugh in the breezeless blue;
And wise fear ruffles not the mind
Of a girl-bud young as you.

Dear little Red Riding-Hood,
Sorry enough you are!
Grandmamma? O, she is kind and good;
And you didn't stray so far.

Nevertheless, nevertheless,
In this tangled world of ours,
The end of wandering none can guess,
And a wolf may lurk among flowers.
Our Young Folks.

JULIAN REED'S PUNISHMENT.

A TRUE STORY, BY EMER BIRDSEY.

The September day was mild and beautiful. The sun came up clear in the blue heavens, and the few remaining birds of summer were striving to make up, in loud notes, what they lacked in numerous ones. The little village of Kent, on the Cuyahoga river, in Ohio, boasted of several school-houses—most of them, too, near the bank of the river. The fact caused the teachers of the schools a wonderful deal of trouble, for it was almost impossible to keep the scholars, especially the boys, away from the water. Many of them were, as yet, too young to swim, and there was fear that some day there might be one of them drowned; for just as sure as they saw the water, their pants almost involuntarily slipped above their knees, and before the boy himself was quite aware of it, he was wading around in the clear, cool water—so clear that he could distinctly see his toes on the gravelly bottom, even if he was over his knees in water.

One of these buildings was familiarly known as the "Red School-house." It occupied one of the pleasantest points on the river bank—a hill that sloped gently down to the water's edge, dotted with a few large elms, under which the scholars would sit at noon and eat their dinners; then, when through, the boys would set down their baskets, and lying down flat, would take a "rolling race"—that is, all would commence to roll down hill, and see which would reach the sands first. Their laughter, mingled with the shouts of the girls, who admiringly cheered them on, would echo from the farther bank, where there was a heavy growth of willows that hung gracefully over the water that flowed deep and dark, and where all the fishes gathered to hide when they heard the approach of an enemy.

The teacher at the Red School-house was more watchful of her pupils than those of any of the other schools. She was so fearful that some harm would happen while they were out of her sight near the water, that she took her dinner with the rest, and sat and watched all the noon, to see that none went in who were unable to swim. It was true that the parents of the boys often duly cautioned them, but they seemed to forget all about this when out of their sight.

One day, at noon, as the teacher touched the little bell to call their attention a moment before the dismissal of the school, she said,

"Now, children, I cannot very well go with you this noon, when you start from the school-house, but I forbid you going down the bank to the water. It will not be much of a hardship to stay away just this once. Take your balls and go over the other side of the hill this time, there's my good boys."

So she let them out, and saw them going over the hill with a shout. Then she picked up her satchel, and started to go and pass the noon with a friend, as she had promised.

After the teacher had been out of sight about twenty minutes, two boys slowly walked around the base of the hill, in the direction of the river.

"That water looks mighty cool and nice, to-day," said George Higgins to his companion, Julian Reed, as he threw up a marble and caught it in his hand.

"Yes," answered Julian, with a whistle, looking cautiously around to see if anyone had heard or was near them.

No one answered the signal or appeared in sight. "I guess we're big enough to go in the water without getting drowned," he continued; "nobody'll see us—let's go down on the sand, any way; there's no sense in the teacher being so 'fraid to trust us out of sight."

So they ran along where the little waves came up playfully and ran over their bare feet. It was delightful to feel their soft caresses.

"Let us go in just up to our knees," said George. And in a moment they had waded knee deep, and were splashing the water all over themselves. Once in a while they would stop and look towards the top of the hill where the school-house stood, to ascertain if they were likely to be discovered, then they would hold their breaths and listen.

"I tell you," said George; "you wade in, up to your neck, and I'll give you the best china I've got." He's a fine fellow, you know, and that'll be getting him for almost nothing."

He held up the marble temptingly between his thumb and finger, with a challenging smile on his face, and Julian exclaimed,

"I'll do it—so here he goes!" He didn't stop to take off any of his clothes but plunged ahead, while George stood up to his knees in water watching him.

Deeper and deeper the water was getting, as Julian waded on, and at last, when it reached his chin, George shouted,

"That'll do—come back now!" But Julian couldn't come back—he had got into the current, it had taken him off his feet, and was bearing him away.

"Come back; why don't you?" again shouted George; but the only response was a frantic uplifting of Julian's arms. He then began to be alarmed. He looked towards the school-house, but no one was in sight, though he could hear a faint murmur of voices beyond. Right around him there was almost a death-like stillness, and Julian's head was almost out of sight as he floated down the stream, and at intervals gave a wild struggle to regain his feet, but in vain.

George couldn't think of leaving his friend, to go in search of help, for before he could get back Julian might go entirely out of sight, and no one know where to look for him. He commenced shouting with all his might; and the energy of despair seized him as, looking again to where he had seen the brown head floating just on the surface, it was gone out of sight.

Louder and wilder he hallooed, and at last the head of a man appeared over the top of the hill. George swung his hat, and kept shouting, as the man hurried down and was soon able to understand what was the trouble. He threw off his coat and boots and pitched into the water, swimming down with all his might, till he descried a dark object, which was Julian, coming to the surface for the third and last time. He grasped him, and keeping his head out of the water, brought him out and laid him on the green grass.

George had all this time stood motionless in the river, unconscious of where he was, or what he was doing, with his mouth open, and, as they say, "his heart in his mouth."

By this time a good many people had gathered on the bank. Julian lay motionless, as if entirely dead; but after a long time, during which they kept rolling him from side to side, to force the water from his stomach, he began to groan piteously, and eject the "nasty water," as in his suffering he called it, from his mouth. After a while they gave him some wine; and as the anxious teacher bent over him, with tears in her eyes, he looked up in her face and said,

"I was most gone, Miss Birdsey, and I guess 'twas because I went down there after you told us not to. But I'll never, never go again without you go with us. O the dreadful water—it hurts me so," and he put his hand to his stomach and opened his mouth, as if he could not get rid of the sickening sensation.

He kept his word with his teacher until he learned to swim, and then he was a sort of protector over the others.—Little Corporal.

HOW A COMPASS AND A FIREFLY SAVED A PRISONER.

In Mr. Parton's very interesting account of *The Invention of the Compass*, in *OUR YOUNG FOLKS* for February, is the following curious story told him by a Lake Champlain boatman:

"He said that he had been a prisoner for eleven months in Andersonville during the late war, and when he heard that General Sherman was at Atlanta, about two hundred and forty miles distant, he and his comrade determined to try to escape, and make their way thither. One of them had an old-fashioned watch with a compass in the back of it; and by this they expected to direct their course, which was nearly northwest. But, as they expected to travel only by night, they resolved not to start until they could get a box of matches, so as to be able to strike a light now and then, to look at their compass. They delayed their departure for six weeks, trying to get a box of matches, for the purchase of which they gave one of their negro friends their last five dollar bill. He could not buy a box of matches for five dollars, nor for any other number of dollars, and so at last they made up their minds to start without them.

"Assisted by their black friend, they got away one afternoon, and lay hidden until late in the evening, when they started at a great pace through the woods, and came about midnight to a road which seemed to go, as nearly as they could guess, exactly northwest. Seemed, I say; but it might not, and if it did not, it would lead them to capture and death. The night was not very dark, but the stars were hidden by clouds; else the friendly North Star would have guided them upon their way. Anxious as they were to get on, they stood for several minutes comparing recollections, and debating the great question upon which their lives depended. But, the more they talked it over, the more uncertain they became; and now they bitterly regretted their impatience in coming away without matches.

"There were a great number of fireflies flying about. A lucky thought occurred to one of them,—the boatman who told us the story. He caught a firefly, and taking it between his thumb and finger, held it over his compass. Imagine their joy to find that the insect gave them plenty of light for their purpose; and imagine their still greater joy to discover that the road led straight to the Union army. Eight nights of travel brought them safely to it."

Admirable invention! I often wonder that a thing so valuable can be so small,

simple, and cheap. It is nothing but a needle, a pivot, and a card, which you can buy for half a dollar, and carry in your pocket, or dangling at the end of a watch-chain. Yet, small and trifling as it is, a ship's company that should find themselves in the middle of the ocean without a compass would consider it a great favor to be allowed to buy one for many thousand dollars.

AN OLD AND TRUE FRIEND.

A gentleman played off a rich joke on his better half the other day. Being somewhat of an epicure, he took it into his head that morning that he would like to have a first-rate dinner. So he addressed his wife a note politely informing her that a gentleman of her acquaintance—an old and true friend—would dine with her that day. As soon as she received it, all hands went to work to get everything in order. Precisely at twelve o'clock she was prepared to receive her guest. The house was as clean as a new pin, a sumptuous dinner was on the table, and she was arrayed in her best attire. A gentle knock was heard, and she started with a palpitating heart to the door. She thought it must be an old friend, perhaps a brother, from the place whence they once moved. On opening the door, she saw her husband, with a smiling countenance.

"Why, my dear," said she, in an anxious tone, "where is the gentleman of whom you spoke in your note?"

"Why," replied the husband, complacently, "here he is."

"You said a gentleman of my acquaintance, an old and true friend, would dine with us to-day."

"Well," said he, good-humoredly, "am I not a gentleman of your acquaintance, an old and true friend?"

"Oh!" she cried, distressingly, "is there nobody but you?"

"No."

"Well, I declare this is too bad," said his wife, in an angry tone.

The husband laughed immoderately, but finally they sat down cosily together, and for once he had a good dinner without having company.

SUNSHINE AND RAIN.

"Oh, if the sun would always shine!" said the children often one dark stormy day, as the sky seemed covered with lead and the rain fell in torrents. Their wish seemed soon to be fulfilled, for in several months scarcely a cloud was to be seen in the sky. The long drought, however, caused great damage to the fields and meadows. The flowers and vegetables wilted in the garden, and the flax, which the girls looked forward to with so much pleasure, grew hardly a finger's length.

"See now," said the mother, reminding them of their wish, "is not the rain just as necessary as the sunshine? Learn, however, from this wise ordering of God, the wholesome truth that also for us it would not be good to have always bright happy days. Rather sad and gloomy days, trouble and sorrow come upon you from time to time, in order that you may grow up to be good men and women. Storm and rain and suffering are no less blessings of God to man than joy and sunshine."

ENCOURAGE THE YOUNG.

If a young man deserves praise, be sure to give it to him, else you not only run a chance of driving him from the right road by want of encouragement, but deprive yourself of the happiest privilege you will ever have of rewarding his labor. For it is only the young who can receive much reward from men's praise; the old, when they are great, get too far beyond and above what you may think of them. You may urge them with sympathy and surround them with acclamation, but they will doubt your pleasure and despise your praise. You might have cheered them in their race through the asphodel meadows of their youth; you might have brought the proud, bright scarlet to their faces, if you had cried but once, "Well done!" as they dashed up the first goal of their early ambition. But now their pleasure is in memory, and their ambition in heaven. They can be kind to you, you can never more be kind to them.

LETTER FROM WORMS.

"No one goes to Worms," said some one to me in Heidelberg, and I was considered almost as obstinate and foolish as a much more illustrious personage was once when he set his face steadfastly toward this then important city. No, no one goes to Worms now, yet but few, if any, towns are so rich in history and in song. It was here that the scenes of the "Nibelungenlied," the Iliad of Germany, were chiefly laid. Once Worms contained sixty thousand inhabitants, now it has but twelve thousand, one-half Protestants, one thousand Jews, and the remainder Catholics. The old moat still exists in the form of a beautiful ravine thickly set with various kinds of trees, and traversed by winding walks. About half of the old wall is still standing, and is from twenty to thirty feet in height. Worms has nine churches; five Catholic, three evangelical and one Jewish—the latter is said to be older than the Christian era. The Jews also have a cemetery here, the earth of which, "they say," was brought from Jerusalem. Three of the Catholic churches date back to the eleventh century. But the "Domkirche" is the chief object of interest to the lovers of the old. It was commenced in A. D. 996, and completed 1016, and yet the old historians say "the walls rose as if by magic." It is one of the best existing specimens of the old Byzantine style of architecture, and is 470 feet in length, 110 in breadth, and each of its four towers about three hundred feet in height. Of course it is occupied by the Catholics, yet it was

there that I first heard my ideal of congregational singing. Nearly a thousand voices followed the lead of the organ, and formed a phase of worship seldom witnessed in our own churches, but I am told that throughout Germany the singing is congregational, and very good.

One Sabbath I attended Trinity church—Lutheran. The entire ceiling and panels in front of the two galleries, which extend around three sides of the house, were covered with paintings in fresco, representing Bible scenes. Opposite the chancel there is a large picture of Luther before the Diet of Worms. I was pleased with the reverential demeanor of the worshippers as they entered the church, and throughout the service, but was pained when I saw that only about one-tenth of the congregation remained to partake of the communion. There were only twelve males, and the females were mostly old women in white caps. The scene was very impressive, as with uncovered heads, slow step and solemn demeanor they approached the chancel, two by two, and received the sacred emblems.

Of course every new comer must see the Lutheran monument, which, after all, is not so much a monument to Luther as to the Reformation. He is surrounded by more than life-sized figures of his associates and predecessors, though, of course, he towers high above them as their chief. The artist has done his work so well that the inscription below, "Here I stand. I cannot do otherwise. God help me. Amen," is almost superfluous.

A few weeks since there was held here the usual semi-annual fair—nominally it commenced on Monday, but all the customary side shows were under full headway on Sabbath evening, including a travelling menagerie with "wax figures." On the outside of the tents were the usual pictures of the animals, and beside these were two large, coarse paintings representing the "Last Supper" and "The Agony in the Garden." What their object could be I cannot imagine. If it was to make it a sacred show their efforts were not much more futile than those made by more respectable people sometimes. But the German idea of the Sabbath is entirely different from ours; they regard it as a day of rest, but seem to think that one can get more in lively enjoyment and recreation than in repose, and they live in accordance with their professions, which is something that cannot be said of all of those who take a different view. They also seem to have very agreeable conceptions concerning the final rest, if the appearance of the cemetery is a true exponent. It seems as if it were decked for a May-day festival. The graves are planted with flowers, and the tablets, and crosses, and monuments are nearly all wreathed with garlands of natural and artificial flowers. White predominates, though there are many wreaths of red and white roses twined with ivy. Those who cannot afford these content themselves with paper ones tastefully arranged and tied with long white ribbons. And those who have lain in their graves for half a century seem to be as fondly remembered as those who have only lately gone to their rest. There are no grim death's heads, but in their place are the earlier and more beautiful conceptions, sleep and his twin brother death with an inverted torch.—*Watchman and Reflector*, Worms, Dec. 7, 1868.

PRAECORING AND PRAYER.

An American pastor saw his preaching extraordinarily blessed. For twelve years he had a revival in his church every year. He was himself surprised at such success, until one evening in a prayer-meeting, one of the brethren stated that for some years he had been in the habit of praying every Saturday until midnight that on the morrow the preaching of his pastor might find its way to the people's hearts. We should, without doubt, see more fruits of the numerous sermons which are preached every Sunday, if every minister had one friend who took really to the heart his pastoral work, and presented it without ceasing at the throne of grace.

A sermon of a Scotch preacher, John Livingston, was the means of the conversion of five hundred persons in one day. But it should be said that a large number of Christians had devoted all the preceding night to prayer for this object. Let us not forget that the Holy Spirit alone can make preaching efficacious, and that He is sent in answer to the prayer of faith.

HAPPY REJOINDER.

At Oxford, some twenty years ago, a tutor of one of the colleges limped in his walk. Stopping one day last summer at a railway station, he was accosted by a well-known politician, who recognized him, and asked him if he was not the chaplain of the college at such a time, naming the year. The doctor replied that he was. "I was there," said the interrogator, "and knew you by your limp." "Well," said the doctor, "it seems my limping made a deeper impression than my preaching." "Ah, doctor," was the reply, with ready wit, "it is the highest compliment we can pay a minister, to say that he is known by his walk rather than by his conversation."

CLEAVING TO CHRIST.

I have seen a heavy piece of iron hanging on another—not welded, not linked, not glued to the spot, and yet it cleaved with such tenacity as to bear not only its own weight, but mine too, if I chose to seize it and hang upon it. A wire charged with an electric current is in contact with its mass, and hence its adhesion. Cut that wire through, or remove it by a hair's breadth, and the piece of iron drops dead to the ground, like any other unsupported weight.

A stream of life from the Lord, brought into contact with a human spirit, keeps the

spirit cleaving to the Lord so firmly that no power on earth or hell can wrench the two asunder. From Christ the mysterious life-stream flows, through the being of a disciple in floods, and to the Lord it returns again. In that circle the feeblest Christian is held safely, but if the circle be broken the dependent spirit instantly drops off.—*Arnot*.

RAILROADS AND THE SABBATH.

We give an extract from Dr. Robert Patterson's able and fervid argument on the Sabbath, before the Illinois State Christian Convention, as reported in the *Christian at Work* for January.

"One of the best paying roads in America, after three years discussion in the Board of Directors, has last year yielded to the pressure of the Christian stockholders, who declared their purpose to withdraw their capital unless Sabbath-breaking ceased; and an order has been issued stopping all Sabbath labor on that road, save in case of emergency, and then only upon orders telegraphed directly from the Central office; and the stoppage of all Sabbath trains, save the mail trains ordered by the United States Post-office. Every other railroad in the Union could well follow this noble example of the New Jersey Central—the very artery of railroad travel. Let Christian stockholders then arouse themselves, and purge their souls from complicity in other men's sins. Either make your road cease Sabbath-breaking, or leave it. Come out of Babylon, and deliver every man his soul, lest God's wrath come upon you, and find you partakers of her sins and plagues. The day will come when the red hot dollars of your Sunday earned dividends will be hard to handle. Give every cent of it to the poor, if so be the Lord will accept the offering. Would you leave such accursed gains for your children's inheritance?"

"The Church must take up this matter with all the solemnity of Christ's government. The General Assembly of the O. S. Presbyterian Church declared stockholders in Sabbath-breaking stage companies subject to Church discipline. By all rules of justice the Church must deal equally with the Sabbath drudge and with the man who hires and compels his Sabbath-breaking. It is an inconsistency which neither God nor man can tolerate to deprive the railroad engineer and the conductor of the Sabbath train, of communion for Sabbath-breaking, and invite the railroad directors whose cars they run, and who pocket the profits of their Sabbath labor, to sit down at the Communion table. God is no respecter of persons; and the Church must show that He regards not the proud nor the wealthy as privileged to transgress God's law with impunity."

STATISTICS OF IOWA.—Iowa has an area of 55,045 square miles—nearly twice as much as all Scotland. Ninety per cent. of this area is prairie land. There are many large streams, including the Iowa, Cedar, and the Des Moines rivers. Valuable coal mines exist in various parts of the State; 92,820 tons were mined in 1866 against 66,664 in 1864. This year the State has yielded 25,000,000 bushels of wheat, and 90,000,000 bushels of corn. There are 12 railroads, with more than 1,400 miles in operation. The State has been settled mainly from Ohio, Indiana, and Pennsylvania, with a large mixture from the New England States. Her population is now estimated at 1,100,000.

A BATTLE GROUND.—The battle ground of Spottsylvania, Va., is now overgrown with rough underbrush and scrub-pine, which is fast covering the marks of war. The long succession of earthworks, from which Grant's army forced Gen. Lee, hardly 390 feet apart, are nearly obliterated.

ALASKA.—According to the official report of Gen. Halleck, commanding the military division of the Pacific, the area of Alaska is estimated at 578,000 square miles, with a population of 2,000 whites and 60,000 half-breeds and Indians. The force of United States soldiers in charge of the Department consists of six companies, five of artillery and one of infantry. The military posts are six in number. The native population is divided into four nations—the Koloschians or Stikeens; the Kenaians; the Aleutians, and the Esquimaux. The nations are subdivided into tribes and families, named principally from their places of residence. The natives are generally well disposed to the whites, and peaceable, except the Koloschian nation, who plunder the cargoes of wrecked vessels and sometimes murder their crews.

THE INCOME OF QUEEN VICTORIA is fixed by law at \$1,925,000 per annum, but this amount is not under her personal control. The sum mentioned is divided into six items, the first of which, \$300,000, is the money paid to the Queen in monthly instalments. Item second is \$656,300, for the payment of the salaries of the household. Item third, \$862,500, is for the expenses of the household. The remaining items, amounting to \$106,200, are for the payment of civil pensions, and are under the control of the premier.

A PROMISING MAN.—The *Christian Visitor*, of New Brunswick, has a letter from Richmond, Virginia, which says: "There is a young man at the Colored Theological Institute, eighteen years old, who, three years ago, was picking up old rags and broken bottles in Augusta, Ga. He did not then know his letters, and is now studying Latin and Greek."

WHISKY, it is asserted, is manufactured in New York city according to the following recipe: Common whisky 40 gallons, water 40 gallons, tincture of Guinca pepper 8 gallons, tincture of pelitory one quart, acetic ether 2 ounces, and strong tea 1½ gallons. The alcohol in this mixture is so reduced in strength, that the drugs must be added, to restore the taste, which burns, the palate like fire. The dealer thus makes eighty-five gallons of imitation whisky out of forty gallons of common stuff. This recipe should warn all persons against the use of such poisonous beverages.