The Family Circle.

[For the American Presbyterian.] THREE YEARS AGO. BY MRS. N. E. MORSE.

Three years ago! The day has come, Just as it dawned upon us there-A clear, blue sky, and brilliant sun, And fleecy cloudlets, pure and fair, And the bare peach tree 'gainst the sky, Held up its crimson tracery.

Three years ago the Sabbath smiled Upon us all with balmy breath— But on our fair and pleasant child Was stamped the waxen seal of death. But calm and still as was the day, Serene and peacefully she lay.

"When all are gone to church," she said, "We'll have a peaceful quiet time; You'll sit beside my little bed, And hear the church-bell's silver chime;" And raised her dark eyes, calm and clear, To smile away my falling tear.

Three years ago! How clear to me Come back the mem'ries of that hour, The little couch I seem to see, And my sweet, tender, drooping flower, Still smiling from her bed of pain, To bring my own smile back again,

And then she slipped her little hand In mine and said: "I love you so:" And what her spent breath did not add, Said in her dark eyes' loving glow-Then slept the sleep that precedes death, With half-closed eyes, and flut'ring breath.

Once rousing up, her thoughtful eye Lit up with gratitude and love, To see the white clouds drifting by, And the clear vault of blue above: I bent to hear her gently say, "I love God so, for this bright day."

Once in the night she clasped her hands, And on the solemn midnight air, Slow trembled from her dying lips, The gave to each a good-night kiss, Sweet duty—that she could not miss.

And so the dark night slowly went, And the cold sleet and wind mouned on, When death swept down on sudden wing, And our sweet, patient lamb was gone. So quickly snapped the silver cord, We waited for another word.

Why do I weep? If words of mine
Could call her back to this poor earth, There's not a wish within my heart, Could give such utterance a birth. Yet eyes will weep, and hearts will bleed, For words of love, we sorely need.

For such were ever hers to give. Her gentle spirit would not leave he slightest thing in pain, or grief, Could her sweet little art relieve, And when the household hearth shone bright. She was its center and delight.

Three years ago, Death seemed to stand With greedy eyes our hearth beside, He had just rapt in chill embrace, The youngest, dearest from our side, A beauteous boy, whose tender grace, Shone always like an angel's face.

Within one grave they lie at rest-They who so fondly loved below-Three winters o'er their resting place Have laid the purity of snow, Three summers' suns have kissed to bloom, The roses planted o'er their tomb.

Three years! How often in that tim All busy with some household care, I've met some little thing they loved, Some garment that they used to wear, And stood, all smitten with my loss, As when I first took up the cross.

But Faith-that comforter divine-With radiant hand hath pointed me Up to that pure, and sinless clime, Where all the ransomed angels be. Safe from all ill that could betide, Safe with my God do they abide.

Three years ago, they left me—fair
And beautiful. Their winning ways, Their tender kisses and sweet words, Will be a solace all my days. I thank my God that He has left me still Such golden memories my heart to fill. Preble, N. Y., Nov. 22d, 1868.

DON MARTIN.

AN OLD SPANISH LEGEND.

Now, Don Martin was-the Devil! And this name he went by, once-centuries and centuries ago-in Spain. And an author of that country makes a story about him-it was written a hundred years before printing was invented-which I shall tell again in my own words and apply to our own times.

A rich man became quite poor, and the loss of his money made him very wretched. One day, sad and lonely, he was taking a stroll in the mountains, when, lo! he came upon another wanderer.

It was the Devil. Now, the Evil One knew very well what was passing in the man's mind; but, to begin to talk with him, he asked him what

"No use in you knowing," said the man; "for you could do nothing to help me."

"But," retorted the Devil, "I'll show you that I am able to help you, if only you will do all that I want of you. I know what makes you so unhappy. You were rich; you are poor now. But I'll make you richer than you ever were before, and richer than any of your family ever were before, if only you will accept my conditions."

"What are you?" asked the man. "I am the Devil," said the Tempter.

Now when the man heard this name he was afraid. But the Devil knows how to sooth the fears of those who have half a mind to serve him; and so, after a little further talk, the Evil One won the day, and the wanderer agreed to do all that was required of him, on condition that he should be made very rich.

possession of this man, making him his

fiend and the man was settled, the Devil him. And now when all else has failed, he re- amount of the necessary materials, and matold him that he must become a robber, and that he would give him the power to open the gate or door of any house, however securely it might be shut with bolts and bars.

"But if I should be taken prisoner?" asked the man.

"Then," answered the Devil, "cry out, 'Help me, Don Martin,' and I will come and set you free."

Calmed and nerved by these promises, the man went and broke into the house of a rich merchant. As soon as he reached the door, the Devil opened it for him. He

got great treasures in this house. Again and again, aided by the Tempter, he entered the dwellings of the rich and robbed them; but, although he became quite wealthy, he could not abandon his wicked ways, and so he kept on in his career of robbery. At length he was caught and lodged in jail.

But here the Devil came to his assistance and released him.

As soon as he was out he returned to his old life, and it was not long before he was again in prison.

"Help me, Don Martin!" he cried. But, somehow, Don Martin was not so prompt as he had been before; yet he came at last and liberated him-excusing himself for his delay by explaining that he

was particularly engaged at that moment. This delay had frightened the man; but the excuse deceived him, and he continued his robberies without fear.

He was once more arrested; and this time Don Martin failed him.

He was arraigned, tried, and condemned to die. Yet, after sentence was passed, Don Mar-

tin once more placed him at liberty in the name of the king.

"Again," writes the old author, "this man returned to his old courses, and again was taken prisoner. This time, however, Don Martin did not arrive until he was at the foot of the scaffold."

The man then told Don Martin that this was no child's play, for his delay had caused him dreadful alarm.

Don Martin replied that he had brought five hundred maravedi in an alms bag to bribe the judge with and so get the release of his friend and servant.

As the jailors were making preparations to hang the criminal, there seemed to be some trouble about finding a stout rope; and thereupon the prisoner offered the bag to the judge, and asked him to let him escape. They managed things differently in those days; for no prisoner could see the judge or bribe a jailor on the day of his execution now.

"And then," says the chronicler, "the judge after a short time, turning to the people, said: 'My friends, did you ever see a rope wanting when the man is really guilty? It is clear that Heaven does not desire the death of the innocent; so let us put off the execution until to-morrow. Examine his antecedents more carefully, and depend

justice shall be satisf This, we are told, the judge did to gain time to count the money in the bag. But what was the judge's surprise and

rage, when on opening the bag, he found, not a bribe, but a rope.

He at once ordered the man to be hanged,

and had the rope in the bag put round his

"Help me, Don Martin!" shricked the robber.

The Devil appeared. "Help me, D-o-n-M-ar-t--"

The rope was choking him.
"Help me, Don —," suddenly he shrieked out, as the rope was loosened for a second.

"Can't do it! Sorry; but can't do it," said the Devil: "When once a rope is round a man's neck, can't help him."

"And," says Don Manuel, who tells the story, "the consequence was that the culprit met the fate which awaited him, losing thereby both soul and body, from not resisting the temptation of the Devil; such being the fate of all those who rely upon false aid and delay their repentance.

> 'Who doth not trust in God repose Evil his life and sad its close.

This story is not an idle fable. It is the shadow of a great truth, which every one who scans the ways of men in the world can see to-day as clearly as it was seen

twenty centuries ago. Bad men often prosper, and good men sometimes seem to be crushed under the Juggernaut wheels of society. But the end is not yet. There is a long, long eternity be fore us; and as surely as we sell our souls to the Tempter-whether for gold, or honors, or ease-we shall surely find at last a rope in the bag.—Independent.

"NOT NOW."

James W--- sat in his father's office reading an interesting paper. His father sat at a desk opposite, busily engaged writing. In a few moments he looked up and said, "My son, I want you to go down to the post-office for me." "O father! not now. I am busy reading." His father made no reply, then, but in a few moments, when his mother and sister came in the carriage his father, the latter replied, " Not now, my son,

you may finish your reading."
This little incident brought to my remembrance, picture which I had seen in my early childhood, which made a lasting impression on my mind. The artist represented an old man climbing on a

the Devil always knows his time to make | tained the old man sinks down overcome with the | to India, and, while he was still a young men fall into his snares. When he sees us exertion. His history has often been written. In man, he accumulated a considerable fortune. in any trouble or necessity, it is then that his youth, kind friends and the voice of conhe offers us his aid, to avoid labor and science urged him to read his Bible, but, his the native languages, so he applied himself anxiety for the sake of an immediate ap- answer was, Not Now. On entering manhood, to the hard work of mastering them, and parent relief. So it was that he obtained the warning voice again confronted him, but again turned the knowledge to most profitable received the reply, Not now. At last, old age and account. On one occasion, when all the disease overtook him, poverty and affliction visit- gunpowder had failed the British army, he As soon as this contract between the ed him and his former numerous friends deserted members his long neglected Bible, and goes to nufactured it for our troops. When he re look for it, to see if it will afford any comfort. He turned to England he canvassed with so climbs to get it, and as he has a hand almost upon much ability and earnestness for a seat in saying, Not Now.

her wings, and ye would not."

THE RED PEPPERS.

In a basket of seeds and vegetables that had just arrived from the country was a string of bright red peppers, which immediately attracted the attention of James Anthon, a boy of four years, who had come in with his mother, while I was unpacking the basket.

"O mamma," he exclaimed, "what shining red things! How very pretty they are! May I have them to play with, mamma?" "They are not playthings, my dear," she great Ashburton treaty. answered; "neither are they good for little

boys. Besides, they are very hot." James opened wide his big black eyes. 'Hot, mamma? Why, there is no fire;" and, reaching out a chubby finger, he softly touched one of the peppers, as though he triumphant tone, "There, mamma, the pretty red thing is cold! May I not hold it in my hand one little minute?"

Now I am sorry to say that James, like a great many little boys and girls I know, loved to have his own way; and it was very hard for him to give up anything that he had set his heart upon. So he persisted in begging for the red peppers. "Oh, if you would give me one,—just one little 'teenty, ton-ty' one, mamma!" he said in a coaxing tone. On his mother telling him it would burn his fingers, he gave a quick laugh, saying, "How can a cold thing like that burn me?"
Then she explained to him that they were hot in themselves; and that, if he got any of the pepper on his hands or face, it would smart terribly, and he would quickly find out what she meant when she called them

And so the subject was dropped. I was called from the room, and Mrs. Anthon was busy with her sewing, when all at once I heard a loud scream from James. He had slyly crept up to the table, and had taken possession of one of the scarlet playthings he had so long been coveting, and was speedily finding out, to his bitter cost, what his mother meant when she called them "hot." His plump little hands were smarting as though they had been plunged into the fire, Suddenly he stuck both fists into his eyes, and then, with a howl of pain, threw himself into his mother's lap, crying out, "O mam-ma! how it hurts! how it burns! O mamma! can't you do something to take away the naughty pain?"

I got a basin of cold water, and dipped ought to do, and that now he was punished for being disobedient, and for persisting in

having his own way. I did not see James Anthon for several blushed scarlet, and turned towards his mother with a tender smile. She answered forgotten them; and whenever he has at-

REMARKABLE SUCCESSES.

A writer in London Society contributes an article on "Luck in Families," in which he gives sketches of several characters whose lives have been marked by instances of singular good fortune or good management, or a happy combination of the two. Of these sketches, we give a few of the briefest:

"There is a man in the west of England -the story is well known there-who took a thousand shares in a mine, and never had to pay more than a pound apiece for them; and on those shares he lived sumptuously, and out of the income of those shares he bought an estate for a hundred thousand pounds, and, finally, he sold those shares for a half million of money. There is a man in Berkshire, who has got a park with tells of a beautiful little operation which made a nice little addition to his fortune. He was in Australia when the first discoveries of gold were made. The miners brought in their nuggets, and took them to the local banks. The bankers were a little nervous about the business, uncertain about the quality of the gold, and waiting to see its character established. This man had a course of a day or two.

"It is to be observed here that what we

succeeded in scraping together a large carry out his scheme of reform, that, though "How often would I have gathered thy child he failed to get the vote of a certain large ren together, as a hen gathers her brood under proprietor of stock, he won his daughter's heart, and made a prosperous marriage.

Ah! marriage is, after all, the luckiest bit of luck when it is all it should be! When Henry Baring, the late Lord Ashburton, traveling, but, like Lord Milton in our days, piercing into untraveled wilds, meeting Audubon-he made his marriage with Miss Bingham, and so consolidated the American business of the great house of Baring. In an international point of view, this was a happy marriage, for in after years it gave him a peculiar facility for concluding the

"We have just seen with universal satis but a perfect wife;' and at the Edinburgh | ed for a V at fifty, and for an I at sixty. banquet he told the guests how much he feared it might burn him: exclaiming, in a owed to his matchless wife. It is no secret how much of his fortunes he owed to her help, and how greatly he benefited by her sympathy and wisdom. The husband whom she so helped in his youthful struggles for fortune, has, in return, made her a peeress, and we all wish happiness and long life to the Viscountess Beaconsfield. So lucky has Mr. Disraeli been in his wife, that it is hardly worth while alluding to the minor think me only a wooden box-a convenience lady, a stranger, some years ago, left him a through admiration of his public character.'

THE CONTRIBUTION BOX.

An agent had addressed the congregation, a contribution had been taken, and the pastor was about to pronounce the benediction, when all were startled by a voice from the tion." Contribution Box, which the deacon had ust placed on the table:

"Wait a moment, good friends, and give me a chance to speak. I have long had something on my mind, and must unburden myself. The truth is, I am much abused. Sometimes for weeks together I am allowed no part in all your Sunday services, though prayers and alms should come up together bit of ministerial experience. In a thrifty town, for a 'memorial before God.' But I am tuck- that shall here be nameless, the pastor's silver and big tears were rolling down his cheeks. ed away out of sight, where I get only dust wedding approached. He held a warm corner and cobwebs.

"Worse, still, are my grievances when I am allowed to come around from pew to pew in into the hands of two good deacons, who put aid of your devotions. I always come with their shrewd financiering heads together and a heart full of good will, ready to confer on agreed that it would be a nice thing to "keep" you all the great blessings of giving. Yet, the silver wedding by wiping out the several into it a soft linen cloth, which I laid again oh, what treatment! I don't mean now the years' arrearages on the minister's salary, and and again upon his flushed and swollen face tricks of fun-loving boys, who give me old that this sum would nearly do it! The happy

But I do mean you for one, Mr. Blind. Why do you never see me when I some? Your face is turned toward the Orchestra, raised. or you are hunting for something in the if he had forgotten the red peppers. He you had, just then, an extra touch of devo- as of the proper adjective to apply to it! tion. If it had been by accident, you would have sought me after service. But you hurfor him: "I am happy to say he never has ried out right after the benediction. How up his own will against mine, I have said, so blind as those that won't see.' [Mr.

who brought that which was 'torn' as an offering to the Lord.

Have you lost your pocket book, Bro. Prudence? [Prudence claps his hand suddenly on his pocket.] Don't be alarmed. You left it at home and brought only a little wallet, for fear, as you said, that your feelings would get the better of your judgment. You needn't be so prudent. Your benevolent feelings are the last thing to get beyond your control.

Drop that veil over your face, Mrs. Display. You'll need it to hide your blushes his still deeply disconsolate wife. She had not a walled frontage of seven miles, and he not given me so much this year as you have paid out for those ear rings and that pointlace handkerchief, and, here, to-day, you have been thinking about buying a \$500

for want of His gospel!
What now shall be said to you, the richest man in the whole society, a member of taste for natural sciences, and knew some- the church, a teacher in the Sunday school. thing about metallurgy. He tried each test, solid and fluid, satisfied himself of the I see I don't need to name you. [Dr. Pequality of the gold, and then, with all the money he had or could borrow, he bought as much gold as might be, and showed a You have much to saw of sound details.] You speak and pray well. to the door, as James was about to step in after as much gold as might be, and showed a You have much to say of sound doctrine and same Paul Gerhard," replied the minister, "whom profit of a hundred thousand pounds in the liberality and consecration to Christ. But, your Excellency banished the country." The whenever you are asked to give, you always call luck is resolvable very often into what is really observation and knowledge, and a happy tact in applying them when a sudden when a sudden swered any of them liberally, I could excuse The artist represented an old man climbing on a condition that he should a proportion that he should apply that he should be made very rich.

The artist represented an old man climbing on a condition that he should apply that he artist represented an old man climbing on a condition that he should apply that he artist represented an old man climbing on a condition that he should apply that he artist represented an old man climbing on a condition that he should apply that he artist represented an old man climbing on a condition that he should apply that he artist represented an old man climbing on a condition that he should apply that he artist represented an old man climbing on a condition that he should apply that he artist represented an old man climbing on a condition that he should apply that he artist represented an old man climbing on a condition that he should apply that he artist represented an old man climbing on a condition that he should apply that he artist represented an old man climbing on a condition that he should apply that he artist represented an old man climbing on a condition that he should apply that he artist represented an old man climbing on a condition that he should apply that he artist represented an old man climbing on a condition that he should apply that he artist represented an old man climbing on a condition that he should apply that he artist represented an old man climbing on a condition that he artist represented an old man climbing on a condition that he artist represented an old man climbing on a condition that he artist represented an old man climbing on a condition that he artist represented an old man climbing on a condition that he artist represented an old man climbing on a condition that he artist represented an old man climbing on a condition that he artist represented an old man climbing on a condition that he artist represented an old man climbing on a condition that he artist represented an old man climbing on a condition that he artist represented an old man climb

your share. You have a 'call' to study that book which says, 'covetousness is idolatry.' And soon you'll have another 'call' which you must answer, to leave those money bags and go and settle accounts with Him who owns them all.

Now I have something for you all to hear. When, at the end of last year, you footed up the contributions of the church, and said it was quite a fair sum, I ached to tell you that your pastor and a ministerial secretary in the church, from their slender incomes, it, he hears a voice, the awful voice of Death, the East India Directorate, that he might had given full one-third of the whole. It would have been still more but for Bro. Whole-souled and Bro. Generous, who are always liberal. And Mrs. Humble, too, dear good woman, let me not forget her: the five dollar bill she put in was fragrant with prayer and love and self-denial, and shed a sweet traveled in America-not merely dilettante perfume through the whole. 'She hath done what she could.' There was a quarter, too, that dropped most lovingly from the little only a stray, enthusiastic naturalist, like fligers that had made themselves weary in earning it. Ah! dear Mary, we shall want you for a miss onary by and by.

My good friends, the agents, [turning towards the pulpit] often mortify me. They are dry-don't give fresh facts-don't feel the facts they do give, or affect to feel them so much they weary and disgust folks. They don't know when to stop; talking an hour faction a great lady added to the peerage of Great Britain. Mr. Disraeli dedicated one of his works to the 'severest of critics, I've seen many an X at forty minutes chang-

The dear pastor is sometimes too timid, and instead of seconding the agent's appeal with all his eloquence, will say that he hopes the people, though they have given to so many objects, have a little left for this good cause, when the truth is few have denied thems lves a pin for their contributions.

I have one secret more to tell. I again something more than I seem to be. You and subordinate circumstance that an old for gathering up your donations. Know, then, that a messenger from your Saviour is legacy of thirty or forty thousand pounds, here. Yes, I represent His pierced hand outstretched toward you, and your returns to me are registered as an index of your love for Him. As I pass from pew to pew I gather something more than money. These tales of your secret history, and a thousand others, are all put on record, and will be read in that day before the great congrega-

The voice ceased, and the good pastor, in tones trembling with emotion, said, "Let us all pray for pardon before the benediction." -Selected.

A SILVER WEDDING INCIDENT .- A pastor's wife in the State of New York treats us to this in the hearts of the young people, and they raised by subscription among themselves a generous present for the occasion. This money fell and burning hands; his mother telling him, that, another time he must remember she knew better than he did what a little boy but that I can carry a few buttons for pennies. I can put up with their thought was acted on, and during the evening Deacon Blank made a little speech, congratulating the did what a little boy but that I can carry a few buttons extra. that nearly enough had been raised to cancel this unpleasant deficit, but giving no mention of the circumstances under which the money was

years after that little adventure,—nor till he hymn book, or your head is down, as though this incident, but is as ignorant of its locality The Advance is assured of the actuality of

PAUL GERHARD'S TRUST .- The pious Luthemuch of the benediction did you carry home? ran minister at Berlin, Paul Gerhard, was detempted to have his own way, and to set You're rightly named Blind, for 'none are posed from his office and banished the country in 1686 by the Elector Frederic William the 'Red peppers, James,' and he has instantly given up."—Child at Home.

Blind here put his head down out of sight. | Great, on account of the latthrul discharge of his ministerial duties. Not knowing whither to Closefist, you put in this torn bill. You go, he and his wife passed out of the city, and Great, on account of the faithful discharge of Closefist, you put in this torn bill. You go, he and his wife passed out of the city, and knew it would be at a discount at the bank. finally stopped at a tavern, oppressed with care Don't tell me it was accidental. You have and grief. Gerhard endeavored to comfort his done the same thing before, and it isn't for partner by that text, Psalm xxxvii. 5: "Comwant of a whole one, either. You had better mit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; go home and read what Rev. Dr. Malachi and he shall bring it to pass." He then went says in one of his discourses, about the man | into the garden adjoining the tavern in order to commune with God concerning the cares that weighed him down. Seating himself in an arbor and taking out his pocket-book, he composed that beautiful hymn, while his soul was filled with the peace of God and a holy confidence:

Commit thou every grievance Into His faithful hands, To His sure care and guidance Who heaven and earth commands; For He, the cloud's Director, Whom winds and seas obey, Will be thy kind protector, And will prepare thy way, etc.

while I tell the congregation that you have | yet finished its perusal, when two gentlemen entered the guest room, who forthwith commenced a conversation with Gerhard, informing him that Duke Christian of Merseburg had deputed them to invite a certain deposed minister of Berlin, diamond ring. And you profess to love the Saviour, and the heathen who are perishing and his wife, who were to be graciously rewarded for their trust in God! Gerhard travelled to Merseburg, received a pension from the Duke, and in 1699 was appointed Archdeacon at Luebben, in the province of Niederlausitz. The aforesaid hymn in after years fell into the hands Elector felt alarmed and deeply grieved at the injustice he had done to Gerhard.

> A person must have dug deep in poverty of spirit, if he takes not occasion from others