

The Family Circle.

IN MEMORY OF FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

[Read at the dedication of the monument to Fitz-Green Halleck, July 8, 1869, at Guilford, Conn.]

Say not the poet dies!
Though in the dust he lies,
He cannot forfeit his melodious breath,
Unshrouded by envious death!
Life drops the voiceless myriads from its roll;
Their fate he cannot share,
Who, in the enchanted air,
Sweet with the lingering strains that echo stole,
Has left his dearer self, the music of his soul!

We o'er his turf may raise
Our notes of feeble praise,
And carve with pious care for after eyes
The stone with "Here he lies."
He for himself has built a nobler shrine,
Whose walls of stately rhyme
Roll back the tides of time,
While o'er their gates the gleaming tablets
shine

That wear his name inwrought with many a golden
line!

Call not our Poet dead,
Though on his turf we tread!
Green is the wreath their brows so long have
worn—
The minstrels of the morn,
Who, while the Orient burned with new-born
flame,
Caught that celestial fire,
And struck a Nation's lyre!
These taught the western winds the poet's name;
Theirs the first opening buds, the maiden flowers
of fame!

Count not our Poet dead!
The stars shall watch his bed,
The rose of June its fragrant life renew
His blushing mound to strew,
And all the tuneful throats of Summer swell
With trills as crystal-clear
As when he wooed the ear
Of the young muse that haunts each wooded dell
With songs of that "rough land" he loved so long
and well!

He sleeps; he cannot die!
As evening's long-drawn sigh,
Lifting the rose-leaves on his peaceful mound,
Spreads all their sweets around,
So, laden with his song, the breezes blow
From where the rustling sedge
Frets our rude ocean's edge
To the smooth sea beyond the peaks of snow,
His soul the air enshrines and leaves but dust
below!

THE GAY WIFE AND HER HUSBAND.

BY REV. D. NASH.

In the retired and quiet town of N., not far from the rock on which our pilgrim fathers landed, and near the spot where the dust of many of them reposes, stood a neat and pleasant house, the abode of Mr. and Mrs. E. Happy in each other, and mingling in a large circle of gay companions, they lived only for this world.

The husband was devoted to the pursuit of an honest calling, but a despiser of the religion of Christ, almost entirely neglecting the house of God on the Sabbath. Instead of going to the sanctuary, the sacred hours of the holy day were spent in roving about in search of pleasure, or in reading light books and papers.

The wife attended public worship, though she cherished a deep-seated hatred of Christians. She loved dress and fashion, and went to the house of God to see and be seen, and while away the hours of holy time.

She had a godly mother, who had long prayed for the conversion of her children. The Spirit of God, during some months of spiritual refreshment, came down in the town where the mother resided, which was but a few miles from the abode of Mr. and Mrs. E. The pious mother was blessed in her family, and her daughters at home were made the subjects of renewing grace. When the tidings reached the ears of Mrs. E. she resolved that, however it might be with her sisters, her own heart should never be moved. She resolved to resist to the utmost all serious feelings. She soon found, however, she was not quite at rest. She did not so well enjoy the company of her gay companions; yet she could not tell why. She found herself inclined to withdraw from those places of pleasure she had always loved so well—a mystery to herself—and the question would arise in her own mind, "What does this mean? Am I going to be a Christian? No, I will never be a Christian; I will never give up my pleasure for religion." This state of mind had continued about three weeks when she received an invitation from her mother and sisters to visit them, and at once decided to go, at the same time resolving that nothing they should say to her on the subject of religion should move her heart. This resolution gained strength until she reached her mother's home, and the time drew near for her to leave.

Religion was the theme on which her mother and sisters dwelt. They were deeply interested, while she was filled with the hatred of the unrepented heart. In the course of conversation the mother, with the tender yearnings of a mother's heart, made a direct appeal to her, saying:

"O A., will you be left of all our family to perish in sin?"

The question was an arrow which pierced her heart, and with tears and trembling she said, "Mother, will you pray for me?"

The mother knelt in prayer, and besought God, in His abounding mercy and grace, that He would bow the stubborn will of her daughter, and lead her to accept of offered mercy without delay. She then told her that she had been made a subject of special prayer in a little praying circle every day for three weeks—the very three weeks she had felt such a disinclination to engage in her usual round of worldly pleasure.

At evening she returned to her home, and went to the house of her Pastor and left a request for him to call in the morning. He did so, and found her rejoicing in the forgiveness of sins. The inward conflict was over, her will subdued and the peace which passeth all understanding filled her

soul. She now thought of her husband, who was most of the time from home, his business being in another town. Knowing his hostility to religion, she feared to communicate her feelings to him, but after imploring divine aid and committing the whole matter to God, she frankly wrote him of the wonderful change in her feelings and the great joy she felt in the service of Christ, tenderly entreating him to seek the salvation of his soul. He had long been in the habit of writing to her weekly, but to this he made no reply. Meanwhile, he was made a subject of special prayer, not only by his anxious wife, but by the same circle of friends who had so earnestly prayed for her.

After waiting a short time she wrote again, but as before, he made no reply. Her heart was greatly troubled, and with trembling she penned the third letter, which he very coldly answered, saying that 'she had destroyed all his happiness; he had now no wife, no home, no pleasure in anything,' adding, 'I may be at home at Thanksgiving, but if I come, don't you speak to me.'

Thanksgiving came at length. In all these weeks she had not seen him, and had scarcely heard from him; but she betook herself to prayer, entreating God to appear for her and grant her wisdom and grace for every emergency, and bring her husband into the kingdom of Christ. When he arrived, she greeted him tenderly and affectionately, but received only a cold look in return, without a word being uttered by him. He passed into the house, maintaining the same coldness and dissatisfaction day after day, constantly avoiding her society. After a suitable time she felt it to be her duty and privilege to connect herself with the people of God by a public profession of her faith. This she desired to do with a church to which her mother and sisters belonged, a few miles distant. She made her wish known to her husband, and procured a carriage which was brought to the door. She said to him:

"E., will you not go with me?"

"No," said he, adding a dreadful oath; "I hope you will never come back."

She again sought relief in prayer, and dropping a few tracts where they might come in his way, with tearful eyes, but a trusting heart, she left her husband that she might confess Christ before men.

From an inmate of the family she afterward learned that when she was gone he seemed troubled, walking about the house, looking over the tracts, and finally wondering when A. would come back seeming impatient for her return.

On reaching home at evening she said as she met her husband:

"E., are you willing to see me?"

He made but little reply, retiring to another room.

His wife having occasion soon after to go into the same apartment found him alone, but troubled. Said he:

"A., will you pray for me?"

She knelt in prayer, while her conscience-stricken, trembling husband bowed at her side, and with strong crying and tears, spread his case before God.

That prayer was heard. His sins rose like mountains before him, and he found no rest until he was brought to a free and full surrender of himself to Christ. The lips which had so long profaned God's name were opened in prayer, and the heart so full of bitterness was filled with love.

The husband soon connected himself with the same church his wife had so recently joined. The worthless books with which his house was supplied were laid aside, and the Bible and a goodly number of devotional books occupied their places. Who can doubt the power of prayer? Ask and receive, that your joy may be full!

MINISTERS AT TABLE.

There are other places, besides the pulpit, where the minister must make a suitable impression. In his personal intercourse with his parishioners, at their houses, he will find frequent occasion for the exercise of care and just taste, that by his presence he may do good, and not harm. A writer in the *New York Christian Advocate* has some excellent remarks on ministerial etiquette, and thus touches on the behavior of clergymen at the tables of their people:

Ministers, more than any other class of persons, are invited to dinners, teas, and social parties, and at these gatherings, as elsewhere, they are looked up to as examples of propriety—and for this reason, if for no other, they should be qualified to grace the festive board or the table of any family, and "eat and drink and be merry" in such a manner as to make the food provided more relishable, and the guests delighted with the meal. As in the parlor, so at the table, a little observation and common sense will enable the minister to act well his part, and to behave with becoming propriety. He should avoid the extremes of vulgarity and daintiness, and no more monopolize all the conversation than all the food. He should pass on to others the courtesies paid to himself, and be more solicitous about their wants than about his own. He should eat and drink moderately, and observe the rules of taste and elegance which govern at tables of refinement. If he is inattentive to others, or brusque in manner, or boisterous in talk or laugh, or careless in eating or drinking, he is accused of a coarse nature and ill-breeding, greatly to his disadvantage. If he is a stranger to the usages of the society or to the customs of the table, he should observe others and follow their example, as singers follow the leading voices of a choir, without destroying the harmony of the tune or making an unpleasant discord, and in this way adapt himself to the requirements of any table. It is a chagrin to persons of culture, and it shocks their feelings, when their pastor, or any other clergyman

admitted to their society, by virtue of his office, is indelicate or discourteous, or wanting in any of the qualities of a gentleman. On the other hand, they are delighted with and proud of their guest, when he is an example of propriety, and impresses the company with the graces of culture which he brings to the table—and no minister can afford to be indifferent to his conduct, at meals, any more than in the pulpit.

PRAY WITH YOUR CHILDREN.

A young mother made it her daily practice to carry her little ones in supplication to the throne of grace, and yet complained of a want of faith and definiteness in asking for them the influences of the Holy Spirit.

"Do you pray for each child separately and by name?" inquired the pastor.

"No, that has never been my habit," was the reply.

"I think it of much importance, as a help to our faith, and to the clearness and intensity of our desire on their behalf. You pray with them I trust as well as for them?"

"Sometimes I do, but not often."

"Let me persuade you, then, to take your little son and daughter each separately to the place of prayer, and kneeling with them before the Lord, tell Him the name, the daily history, the special want of each, and see if your heart is not open to plead for them as you have never done before."

Tears were in the eyes of the young mother, as she said with trembling lips, "I'll try."

As evening came she had not forgotten her promise, but as Sarah, her daughter, was unusually peevish, she thought best to take her little son first to her chamber. Willie was a bright and pleasant boy of five years, and when his mother whispered her wish to pray with him, he gladly put his hand in hers and knelt by her side. As he heard his name mentioned before the Lord a tender blush fell on his young spirit, and he clasped his mother's fingers more intimately, as each petition for his special need was breathed into the ear of his Father in Heaven.

HOME POLITENESS.

Should an acquaintance tread on your dress, your best—your very best—and by accident tear it, how profuse you are with your "never mind—don't think it—I don't care at all." If a husband does it he gets a frown; if a child he is chastised.

"Ah, these are little things," say you. They tell mightily on the heart, be assured, little as they are.

A gentleman stops at a friend's house and finds it in confusion. "He don't see anything to apologize for, never thinks of such matters; everything is all right; cold supper, cold room, crying children; perfectly comfortable."

He goes home; his wife has been taking care of the sick ones, and worked almost out. "Don't see why things can't be kept in better order; there never were such cross children before." No apologies except away from home.

Why not be polite at home? Why not use freely the golden coin of courtesy? How sweet they sound, those little words, "I thank you—You are very kind." Doubly, yes, truly sweet from the lips we love, when heart-smiles make the eyes sparkle with the clear light of affection.

Be polite to your children. Do you expect them to be mindful of your welfare, to grow glad at your approach, to bound away to do your pleasure before your request is half spoken? Then with your dignity and authority mingle politeness.

A WONDERFUL FLOWER.

"Come with me, sir, come! A flower very large and beautiful!" exclaimed a Malay, who drew the attention of Dr. Arnold to a flower remarkable alike for its enormous size and its anomalous structure and habit. And the surprise of the Malay was nothing compared with that of Dr. Arnold and his companions, Sir Stamford and Lady Raffles, when following their native attendant, they saw among the bushes of a jungle a flower apparently springing out of the ground, without stem or leaf, and measuring at least, a yard in diameter. The first news of this remarkable discovery created a great amount of curiosity in Europe, and no papers ever read at the Linnean Society can be compared, for the interest they excited, with those in which the illustrious Robert Brown described this wonder of the vegetable world. The most striking feature in the *Rafflesia* is its enormous size; indeed it is the largest and most magnificent flower in the world. It is composed of five roundish leaves or petals, each a foot across, of a brick-red color, but covered with numerous irregular yellowish-white swellings. The petals surround a large cup nearly a foot wide, the margin of which bears the stamens; and this cup is filled with a fleshy disc, the upper surface of which is everywhere covered with curved projections, like miniature cow's horns. The cup, when freed from its contents, would hold about twelve pints of water. The flower weighs fifteen pounds. It is very thick, the petals being from one to three-quarters of an inch in thickness. A flower of such dimensions and weight, might be expected to be a treasure to the possessor; but alas, its odor is exactly that of tainted beef! Dr. Arnold supposed that even the flies which swarmed over the flower when he discovered it were deceived by its smell, and were depositing their eggs in its thick disc, taking it for a piece of carrion! Another cause of wonder to the little band of explorers who discovered it, was that they could find no leaves connected with it. It sprang from a small, leafless, creeping stem, about as thick as two fingers.

Now, a plant without leaves is like an animal without a stomach; for the leaves are to the plant what the stomach is to the animal; they separate from the air the food needed for the growth of the plant. There are, however, strange plants, which are actually leafless, making up for this want by using the leaves of others. Such plants are called parasites, because they feed on the nutritive juices of others. Thrusting their roots into the living tissues of other plants instead of into the earth, they appropriate the prepared food of these plants, and at once apply it for their own purposes for the production of stem, flower, or fruit. The gigantic *Rafflesia* belongs to this class. Without a vestige of foliage, it rises at once from the vines of Sumatra—immense climbers, which are attached like cables to the largest trees of the forest. The buds push through the bark like little buttons, continuing to grow until they have the aspect of large closed cabbages, and in about three months after their first appearance the flower expands. It remains but a short time in perfection, soon beginning to rot, leaving only the central disc, which becomes a large, rough fruit, filled with multitudes of small, simple seeds.—*World of Wonders*.

THE MOUND BUILDERS.

There once lived over nearly the whole of this country a race of people of whom we have not the slightest trace in history; that they were numerous and ingenious is about all that is certainly known of them. Where they came from, how long they existed, what were their principles of government, what became of them, and a thousand other queries that arise, can only be answered by conjecture. Considerable similarity is found between their relics and more modern works in Central America, from which it is inferred that they disappeared in that direction, or else that the last remaining portion became the origin of the present race of Central American and Mexican Indians.

No remains of them are found in the New England States, but all over the prairie lands of the West, and down the Mississippi Valley, from Pennsylvania to the Rocky Mountains, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, their monuments are scattered.

It was early noticed by European settlers that certain large mounds or hills in the district mentioned were too symmetrical in form to have been of natural origin. The character and habits of the Indians not then being well understood, the work was at first attributed to them, and the idea was strengthened by the finding of Indian graves in the mounds, but near their surface. Investigation has shown conclusively that their builders were another entirely distinct people. The hills are perfectly conical in shape, and are composed of alternate layers of loam and gravel. Trees many hundreds of years old grow upon them, proving their extreme age. By digging in a directly perpendicular line from the apex to the base, a large structure of stone resembling an altar, and a few tools, are always found, usually also some small articles of strange shape and unknown use, and in some instances human remains are discovered. The tools are of copper, and possess a hardness and temper much like that of steel, the art of producing which in soft metals is not known at the present day. The human remains indicate that the men were of large size, with well developed heads, entirely different in shape from those of the North American Indians.

The town of Circleville, Ohio, takes its name from an extensive system of ancient earthworks upon which it stands. These works comprise large ridges running at right angles and forming great squares in regular rows, as though intended for the foundations for buildings. A very high and wide ridge surrounds the whole, and from this wall to the Ohio River near by, extends an immense roadway or inclined plane.

At the summits of several mountains, high above surrounding peaks, and in places very difficult of approach, are square chambers, cut down into the solid rock, and evidently intended for defense.

In the vicinity of Lake Superior, traces of the Mound Builders are quite abundant. There they obtained the copper for their tools. Their manner of operating was to break out the ore in masses. The effects of the long action of time upon these remains are very marked, and the same kind of implements are found here which are discovered in the mounds.

A systematic and thorough examination of all the relics, it is understood, is now being made, and it is to be hoped that more light may be obtained upon a subject so interesting.—*L. S. Metcalf*.

JOHN BUNYAN.

BY T. BABINGTON MACAULAY.

To the names of Baxter and Howe must be added the name of a man far below them in station and in acquired knowledge, but in virtue their equal, and in genius their superior, JOHN BUNYAN. Bunyan had been bred a tinker, and had served as a private soldier in the Parliamentary army. Early in his life he had been fearfully tortured by remorse for his youthful sins, the worst of which seem, however, to have been such as the world thinks venial. His keen sensibility and his powerful imagination made his internal conflicts singularly terrible. He fancied that he was under sentence of reprobation, that he had committed blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, that he had sold Christ, that he was actually possessed of a demon. Sometimes loud voices from Heaven cried out to warn him. Sometimes fiends whispered impious suggestions in his ear. He saw visions of distant mountain tops, on which the sun shone brightly, but from which he was separated by a waste of snow. He felt the devil behind him pulling his clothes. He thought that the brand of

Cain had been set upon him. He feared that he was about to burst asunder like Judas. His mental agony disordered his health. One day he shook like a man in the palsy. On another day he felt a fire within his breast. It is difficult to understand how he survived sufferings so intense and so long continued. At length the clouds broke. From the depths of despair the penitent passed to a state of serene felicity. An irresistible impulse now urged him to impart to others the blessings of which he was himself possessed. He joined the Baptists, and became a preacher and writer. His education had been that of a mechanic. He knew no language but the English, as it was spoken by the common people. He had studied no great model of composition, with the exception, an important exception undoubtedly, of our noble translation of the Bible. His spelling was bad. He frequently transgressed the rules of grammar. Yet the native force of genius, and his experimental knowledge of all the religious passions, from despair to ecstasy, amply supplied him the want of learning. His rude oratory roused and melted hearers who listened without interest to the labored discourse of great logicians and Hebraists.

His works were widely circulated among the humbler classes. One of them, the *Pilgrim's Progress*, was, in his own lifetime, translated into several foreign languages. It was, however, scarcely known to the learned and polite, and had been, during near a century, the delight of pious cottagers and artisans, before it was publicly commended by any man of high literary eminence. At length critics condescended to inquire where the secret of so wide and so durable a popularity lay. They were compelled to own that the ignorant multitude had judged more correctly than the learned, and that the despised little book was really a masterpiece. Bunyan is indeed as decidedly the first of allegorists, as Demosthenes is the first of orators, or Shakespeare the first of Dramatists. Other allegorists have shown equal ingenuity, but no other allegorist has ever been able to touch the heart, and to make abstractions objects of terror, of pity, and of love.

It may be doubted whether any English Dissenter had suffered more severely under the penal laws than John Bunyan. Of the twenty-seven years which had elapsed since the Restoration, he had passed twelve in confinement. He still persisted in preaching, but that he might preach, he was under the necessity of disguising himself like a carter. He was often introduced into meetings through back-doors, with a smock frock on his back and a whip in his hand. If he had thought only of his own ease and safety, he would have hailed the indulgence with delight. He was now, at length free to pray and exhort in open day. His congregation rapidly increased; thousands hung upon his words; and at Bedford, where he originally resided, money was plentifully contributed to build a meeting-house for him. His influence among the common people was such that the government would willingly have bestowed on him some municipal office; but his vigorous understanding and his stout English heart were proof against all delusion and all temptation. He felt assured that the proffered toleration was merely a bait to lure the Puritan party to destruction; nor would he, by accepting a place for which he was not legally qualified, recognize the validity of the dispensing power. One of the last acts of his virtuous life was to decline an interview to which he was invited by an agent of government.

TRUE GREATNESS.

Moral greatness consists not in the office a man fills, or in the elevation he has reached by the zeal of his friends. The humblest individual in our neighborhood may in reality be the greatest man in town. He is unknown by the crowd; but in correct principles, moral habits, and unflinching integrity, he shows a grandeur of character, which few men can boast. His talents and exertions are forming and fixing the opinions of multitudes who are not sensible of the influence he has upon them. He works silently, judiciously, and constantly. This is moral greatness. Where you find a man leading you along imperceptibly, as by silk-cords, and silent, resistless appeals, you may be sure he possesses in a pre-eminent degree the elements of real greatness. Such an individual is worth to God and humanity a thousand times as much as the man who is elevated in the glare of selfishness and popular applause—who has been fitted up by the hands of others—but who never raised himself an inch by his courage, his steadfastness, or his moral power or virtue.

JOHN HANCOCK'S SIGNATURE.

Here is the reason why the famous JOHN HANCOCK wrote his signature to the Declaration of Independence in so large and bold a hand. It is known that the British Government offered \$3,500 for his head, and when he appended his name to the Declaration, he did it as though he wished to dash his whole soul into it. Rising from his seat, he exclaimed, "There,—John Bull can read my name without spectacles; he may double his reward, and I will set him at defiance."

THE POPULATION OF GREAT BRITAIN ON June 1st, 1869, according to the estimates of the Registrar General, amounts to 31,015,284 souls, or excluding the army, the navy and merchant service, and reckoning only the persons actually in the United Kingdom, 30,621,431—namely, 21,869,007 in England and Wales, 3,206,434 in Scotland, and 5,546,343 in Ireland. This is an increase of 240,644 as compared with the numbers in the United Kingdom in the middle of the year 1868—namely, 30,380,787, an increase of 220,290 in England, 17,356 in Scotland, and 3058 in Ireland.