

The Family Circle.

"IT IS I." (MATH. XIV. 27-29.)

BY MISS A. L. WABING.

Lord, it is Thou, and I can walk Upon the heaving sea, Firm in a vexed, unquiet way, Because I come to Thee. If Thou art all I hope to gain And all I fear to miss, There is a highway for my heart Through rougher seas than this.

And step by step on even ground My trembling foot shall fall, Led by Thy calm, inviting voice, Thy Hour and Lord of all. The very thing I cannot bear, And have not power to do, I hail the grace that could prepare For me to carry through.

These waters would not hold me up If Thou wert not my End; But whom Thou callest to Thyself Even wind and waves defend. Our very troubles shut us in To Thy supporting care; We venture on the awful deep And find our courage there.

When I have nothing in my hand Wherein to serve my King, When Thy commandments find me weak And wanting everything, My soul, upon Thy greatness cast, Shall rise divinely free; Then will I serve with what Thou hast, And gird myself with Thee.

It shall be strength, how'er it tend,— The bidding sweet and still Which draws to one ennobling love, And one benignant will. Most precious when it most demands, It brings that cheering cry Across the rolling tide of life—"Take heart! for it is I."

Oh, there are heavenly heights to reach In many a fearful place, Where the poor timid herd of God Lies blindly on His face: Lies languishing for life divine, That he shall never see, Till he go forward at Thy sign, And trust himself to Thee.

Why should I halt because of sin Which Thou hast put away? Let all the truth on every side Rebuke me as it may! With Thee, my Saviour, full in view, I know it shall but bless; It shall but centre all my hope In glorious righteousness.

Forth from some narrow, frail defence, Some rest Thyself below, Some poor content with less than All, My soul is called to go. Yes, I will come! I will not wait An outward calm to see, And, O, my Glory, be Thou great Even in midst of me.

—The Sunday Magazine.

DOTTY DIMPLE GOING NUTTING.

"Dotty Dimple out West" is so very child-like and natural throughout, that we have been puzzled to decide which portion will give the reader the best idea of the amusing little heroine. Perhaps the chapter on "Going Nutting," which introduces Dotty Dimple and some of her Western cousins to favorable notice, will be found as interesting as any.

As they drove along "the plank road," farther and farther away from the city, Dotty saw more clearly than ever, the wide difference between Indiana and Maine.

"Why, papa," said she, "did you ever breathe such a dust? It seems like snuff."

"It makes us almost as invisible as the 'tarn-cap' we read of in German fairy tales," said Mrs. Clifford, tucking her brown veil under her chin.

She and Mr. Parlin both encouraged Dotty to talk; for they liked to hear her exclamations of wonder at things which to them seemed commonplace enough.

"What did you call this road, aunt 'Ria? Didn't you say it was made of boards? I don't see any boards."

"The planks were put down so long ago, Dotty, that they are overlaid with earth."

"But what did they put them down for?" "You must ask so many questions, Dotty," said Flyaway; severely; "you say 'what' too many times."

"The planks were laid down, Dotty, on account of the depth of the mud."

"Mud, aunt 'Ria?" "Yes, dear, dusty as it is now, at some seasons of the year the roads are so muddy that you might lose your overshoes, if it were not for the large beams which bridge over the crossings."

"That reminds me," said Mr. Parlin, "of the man who was sinking in the mud, and, when some one offered to help him out, he replied, cheerfully, 'O, I shall get through; I have a horse under me.'"

"Why, was the horse 'way down out of sight, papa?"

"Where was the hoisy, uncles Eddard?" "It was only a story, children. If the man said there was a horse under him, it was a figure of speech, which we call hyperbole; he only meant to state, in a funny way, that the mud was excessively deep."

"Is it right to tell hyperboles, papa? Because Jennie Vance tells them a great deal. I didn't know the name of them before."

"No, Alice, it is not right to tell untrue things expecting to be believed—of course not."

"Well, she isn't believed. Nobody's poses her mamma made a bushel of currant wine last summer, unless it's a baby, that doesn't know any better."

"I know better. I see a goorl, and can walk," said little Katie, bridling.

"I didn't say you were a baby, you precious Flyaway? Who's cunning?"

"'M's is," replied the child, settling back upon her seat with a sigh of relief. She was very sensitive on the point of age; and like Dotty, could not abide the idea of being thought young.

"How far are we going?" asked Mr. Parlin. "I do not know exactly," replied Mrs. Clifford; "but I will tell you how far Mr. Skeels, one of our oldest natives, calls it. He says 'he reckons it three sereches.'"

"How far is a 'serech,' pray?" "The distance a human voice can be heard, I presume."

"Let us try it," said Dotty Dimple; and she instantly set up a scream so loud that the birds in the trees took to their wings in alarm. Katie chimed in with a succession of little shrieks about as powerful as the peep of a chicken.

"I have heard that they once measured distances by 'shoots,'" said Mrs. Clifford, laughing; "but I hope it will not be necessary to illustrate them by firing a gun."

They next passed an old weather-worn graveyard.

"This," said Mrs. Clifford, "was once known in the choice language of the backwoodsmen, as a 'brier-patch'; and when people died, it was said they 'winked out.'"

"Winked out, aunt 'Ria? how dreadful!" "Wing out," echoed Katie; "how defful!"

"O, what beautiful, beautiful grass we're riding by, auntie! When the wind blows it, it winks so softly! Why, it looks like a green river running ever so fast."

"That is a sort of prairie land, dear, and very rich. Look on the other side of the road, and tell me what you think of those trees."

"O, aunt 'Ria, I couldn't climb up there, nor a boy either! It would take a pretty spry squirrel—wouldn't it, though?"

"A pity spy skurrl, I fink," remarked Katie, who did not consider any of Dotty's sentences complete until she herself had added a finishing touch.

"They are larger than our trees, Alice." "O, yes, papa. They look as if they grew, and grew, and forgot to stop."

"Very long trees, tenny rate," said Katie, throwing up her arms in imitation of branches, and jumping so high that her mother was obliged to take her in her lap in order to keep her in the carriage.

"And, O, papa, it is so smooth between the trees, we can peep like a spy-glass right through! Why, it seems like a church."

"I don't see um," said Katie, stretching her neck and looking in vain for a church.

"The groves were God's first temples," repeated Mr. Parlin reverently. "These trees have no undergrowth of shrubs, like our New England trees."

"But, O, look! look, papa! What is that long green dangle dripping down from up high? No, swinging up from down low?"

"Yes, what is um, uncles Eddard?" "That is a mistletoe-vine embracing a hickory tree. It is called a 'tree-thief,' because it steals its food from the tree it grows upon."

"Why, papa, I shouldn't think 'twas a thief, for the tree knows it. A thief comes in the night, when there doesn't anybody know it. I should think 'twas a beggar."

"I fink so too," said Flyaway, straining her eyes to look at, she knew not what. "I fink um ought to ask please."

"All this tract of country where we are riding now," said Mrs. Clifford, "was overflowed last spring by the river. It is called 'bottom land,' and is extremely rich."

"I never thought the Hoogers had a very clean, blue, pretty river," said Dotty, thoughtfully; "it looks some like a mud-puddle. Perhaps it carried off too much of the dirt."

"Muddy-puddil," replied Katie, "full o' dirt." As they rode they passed houses whose chimneys were inhospitably left out of doors.

"Why, look, auntie," said Dotty; "there's a house turned wrong side out!"

These buildings had no cellars, but were propped upon logs, leaving room for the air to pass under the floor, and for other things to pass under, such as cats, dogs and chickens.

"Why, where do the people go to when they want to go down cellar?" asked Dotty in a maze.

Near one of these houses she was seized with an irresistible thirst, Mr. Parlin gave the reins to Mrs. Clifford, and stepped out of the carriage, then helped Dotty and Katie to alight.

They found a sharp-nosed woman cooking corn-dodgers for a family of nine children. Whether it was their breakfast or dinner hour, it was hard to tell. When Mr. Parlin asked for water, the woman wiped her forehead with her apron, and replied, "O, yes, stranger;" and one of the little girls, whose face was stained with something besides the kisses of the sun, brought some water from the spring in a gourd.

"Well, Dotty Dimple," said Mrs. Clifford, when they were all on their way again, "what did you see at the house?"

"O, I saw a woman with a whittled nose, and a box of flowers in the window."

"And chillen," said Katie; "four, five hundred chillen."

"The box was labelled 'Assorted Lozenges,'" said Mr. Parlin; "but I observed that it contained a black imperial rose; so the occupants have an eye for beauty after all. I presume they cannot trust their flowers out of doors on account of the pigs."

"They brought me water in a squash-shell," cried Dotty. "It is so funny out West!"

"I dinked in a skosh-shell, too; and I find it's velly funny out West!" said little Echo.

They were riding behind the other carriage, and at some distance, in order to avoid the dust from its wheels.

"Henry has stopped," said Mrs. Clifford. "We have reached 'Small's Enlargement,' and cannot comfortably ride any further. The lot next to this is ours, and it is there we are going for the pecans."

Dotty could hardly wait to be lifted out, so eager was she to walk on the "Small's Enlargement." She spoke of it afterwards as an "enlargement;" and the confusion of ideas was very natural. It was the place where Grace and the "Princess of the Ruby Seal" had gone some years before, to have their fortunes told. It was a wild picturesque region, overgrown with tulip trees, Judas trees, and scrub oaks.

Ye morning stars, ye sons of light, Rejoice with jubilation; As once ye sang when primal night Was scattered by creation.

Behold, the prince of night is thrown Into his proper place, And he that cast the dragon down, Hath raised me by His grace.

And now I stand upon the grave Where wrath entombed is, And wait that rich crown to receive, Which will be perfect bliss.

—Thomas Bromley, 1691.

THE WILL FOR THE DEED.

BY M. O. P.

"I must not forget those stockings; there's a basket full this week."

Jenny's mother said this in a wearied way. The little girl was playing in her room, and began to think about helping her.

"Where are they?" she asked. "In the sitting-room," the mother answered, and thought no more about it. An hour later she went down stairs. There sat Jenny in the large arm-chair by the open window, the basket on the table before her, and her little fingers very busy.

"Mother," she said, looking up with a bright smile, "you had twelve pair of stockings and I've done six of them."

Jenny had given up a whole hour's play to help and relieve her mother; but she was a very little girl, and she had made a mistake. She sewed the holes over and over. And as she meant to do her best, the stitches were close and tight. Her mother knew it would be at least half-an-hour's work to rip them out, but she would not disappoint the loving heart by letting her know she had not fully succeeded. She said only, "Well, you're a dear, good little girl, and now you may run out and play."

Away went Jenny, very happy in the thought that she had helped and pleased her mother. And she had; for the kindness and love she had shown were more precious to that mother's heart than gold, and lightened her care. Pleasant thoughts kept her company and made her needle move faster.

All of us, little folks and grown folks, are liable to make mistakes, even when we really try to do right. But the love of Christ is only shadowed forth faintly by that mother's love. He, too, takes the will for the deed; counts whatever is done out of love as done to Him, and sees that no true effort is lost, but makes it to do good some time, some way, whether we see it or not.

GOD SENT YOU.

Kitty went to spend the day with Mrs. Carson. Mrs. Carson had no little girl, and she loved Kitty dearly. The sun shone when she went. At noon clouds rose in the sky, and in the afternoon it rained.

"You can stay all night, Kitty," said Mrs. Carson; "your mother will not expect you to come in the rain."

"Sleep away from my mamma," thought Kitty; and she thought troubled her little heart. When Mrs. Carson left the room, Kitty looked out of the window. Rain, rain, rain. "I wish the clouds would stop till I get home," said Kitty; but the clouds did not mind her. The drops only fell faster. Tears filled the child's eyes. "Papa," she said—"papa, won't you come and fetch Kitty home?" Her papa could not hear; he was away off.

Then Kitty thought of God. God could hear. God knows. And she prayed to God that, if He pleased, He would tell her mother to send for her. It was a great comfort to think of God. God sent the rain. He knew every drop. God made her, and took care of her, and saw where she then was.

"If God thinks best for me to stay here away from my mamma," thought she, "I can." But her little heart swelling at the thought, tears filled her eyes. "I can, I can, if God sees best," and again she brushed away the tears.

While trying with all her might to feel contented, who should come to the door but Bridget, with a great umbrella to fetch her home. Kitty's eyes sparkled with delight.

"Your mamma sent me for you," said Bridget.

"No, Bridget," said the little girl, with a sweet seriousness on her face; "it was God sent you."

"Maybe," said Bridget; "but it was your mamma that handed me the message."—*Child's Paper.*

SELF-CONTEMPLATION.

"If a man is to find life, he must find it elsewhere than in a deceitful view of himself."—VINEY.

If you will allow me for once to say what I think (writes Miss Newton, February 2d, 1849, to one who was distressing herself about her hardness of heart), you will find the greatest possible help in studying the character of Christ, not your own. Read the Gospels to trace out in every miracle, and word, and act, and touch and in every step of the path He trod—what was His character, and how it developed itself; and I think, with the Spirit's help, you will follow your walk in thinking of His, and your emptiness in His fulness; and thus, by beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, you will be "changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Lord the Spirit." I do think that Satan hinders Christians more by discouraging them, with showing them their perpetual shortcomings and failures, and their want of conformity to Jesus, with all its sad results, than in any other way; and I cannot help feeling strongly that in urging self-examination in the way so many good men do, they really aid the mischief. I like what McChesney said, "For every look at yourself, take ten looks at Christ;" only I would double and triple it, and almost say, "Never look at self at all."

I believe that it is when we are most occupied with Christ that we are most useful to others, however unconscious we may be of it, and however conscious (as, of course, we shall be more than ever) of our unlikeness to Him. I cannot find a single instance in which, either in the Gospels or Epistles, Christians are taught, by example or by precept, to make a study of their own hearts. I cannot help thinking that inward experiences have far too much taken the place of the study of Christ and of the character of God, and that this accounts in a great measure for the low and despond-

ing state of so very many Christians. Do you not think that the constant study of His character would far more effectually teach us our depravity than poring into our own?

RELIGION IN ENGLISH LIFE.

Of every-day religious expression in England a writer in *Heath and Home* remarks: "Scarcely a family—at least none who lay claim to any degree of respectability—fails to have family service at least part of the day. These devotions are not irreverently rapid or tedious, as often with us; but are short, crisp, and reverent. The servants come in, bringing with them their Bibles and the benches on which they sit. Men who do not profess religion, as it is understood among us, seldom sit at meat without grace, as it is here called. It consists of a few words, such as, 'The Lord make us thankful for His Son's sake,' or 'For what we are about to receive the Lord make us thankful.' At her breakfast table, where the Queen appears as the woman and lays aside the queen, she frequently says grace. I dined the other day informally with the Lord Mayor of London. He came from the Bench where he sits as a magistrate daily, laid aside his robes and triple gold chain, which are the insignia of his office, and approached the dinner-table, around which stood several gentlemen. In a simple and unaffected manner he said grace, and asked his guests to be seated. Nor is this cant. The merchants of London have an outspoken way of talking of religion, as if it was no appendage, or a thing of which they need be ashamed. They gather in their counting-rooms for prayer; have clubs that meet weekly for studying the Bible; go, among the lowly and neglected on Sunday, gather little congregations where the regular ministry cannot go, and form that great column, five thousand strong, who on every Sunday go out to do among the masses their work for their Master."

THE NEW PROTEST.

BY REV. M. SHEKLEIGH.

Well done! ye faithful thousands gathered where, Long time ago, the mighty Luther spoke: His grand "Hier stehe Ich," which rent the yoke Of Papal rule, and charged the circling air With echoes greeting still the pilgrims there:— Ye came the grace almighty to invoke, And break—as mid-sky hush by thunder's broke— Upon his ear who fills Rome's pontif chair.

A Protest, with the ring of that from Spire, To brave in holy scorn and backward beat His foul approach of cunning and deceit;— Defying, thus, base arts as well as fires; And then, without, round Luther's statue, voice and soul

Unite, "Ein feste Burg" in choral waves to roll.

*Thirty thousand German Protestants assembled at Worms, on the 18th of last May, to make response worthy of the country of Luther, to a presumptuous invitation of Pope Pius Nonce to all dissenters to return to the bosom of the Romish Church. After doing their work nobly and well, they gathered round the great Luther Monument, in the open square of the city, and united their voices like the sound of many waters in singing Luther's celebrated hymn of faith in God:

"Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott,"—*Lutheran Observer.*

BUDGET OF ANECDOTES.

—An old lady on a steamboat observed two men pumping up water to wash the deck, and the captain being near, she accosted him as follows: "Well, captain, got a well aboard, eh?" "Yes, ma'am, always carry one," said the polite captain. "Well, that's clever. I always disliked this nasty river water, especially in the dog-days."

—The *Mother's Magazine* tells of a little girl who, upon being told at Sunday-school that Heaven was all Sunday, went thoughtfully home and asked:

"Mamma, when I go to Heaven, do you not think that if I am very good, God will sometimes let me go out of Heaven for a little, on Saturday afternoons, to play?"

—A Paris paper gives a conversation between a father and his little daughter. "What have you done with your doll?" "I have put it away to keep for my children, when I grow up."

"But if you shouldn't have any?" "Ah, well! then it will do for my grandchildren."

—An old Scotchman of Boston used to say:—"I'm open to conviction; but I'd like to see the man that can convince me." Old Minister Wells, the predecessor of the Rev. Dr. Storrs, of Braintree, Mass., himself a Scotchman, used to say:—"It behooveth a Scotchman to be right; for if he be wrong, he will be forever and eternally wrong."

—Many years ago the good people of Lyme, Conn., were earnestly opposed in their efforts to settle a pastor over the only church in town, by a cross-grained man by the name of Dorr. At a parish meeting, while the matter was under discussion, a half-witted fellow arose and said he wanted to tell a dream he had last night:—"I thought," he said, "that I died and went away where wicked people go, and as soon as Satan saw me, he asked where I came from. 'From Lyme, Conn.,' I told him right out. 'Ah! and what were they doing in Lyme?' he asked. 'They are trying to settle a minister,' I answered. 'Settle a minister!' he cried, 'I must stop that. Bring me my boots; I must go to Lyme this very night.' I then told him as he was drawing on his boots that Mr. Dorr was opposing the settlement, and likely he would prevent it altogether. 'My servant Dorr!' exclaimed his Majesty, 'My servant Dorr! Here, take my boots, if my servant Dorr is at work, there is no need of my going at all.' This speech did the business. Mr. Dorr made no further opposition. The minister was settled, but his opponent carried the title of my "servant Dorr," with him to his grave.

—The Principal of a Scotch Theological

School was made moderator of a Presbytery which had met to examine a candidate with a view to his ordination. The young man was to be examined in theology, and also to give a specimen of his preaching power. His theological examination was satisfactory, and the trial sermon was excellent. After he had retired all expressed themselves well satisfied, when Principal Robinson rose, and quietly said, that the young man was worthy ordination, but he must in all frankness say that the sermon was not his own. The young man had found it in a volume of sermons, long since out of print, and how he could have obtained it was a mystery. This statement of the president of the council was quite serious, and the candidate was recalled, and the question was put to him, "Was the sermon you preached to us your own production?" The young man frankly said it was not; it was one he had heard Principal Robinson preach some months before, and he liked it so well that he had written it out and preached it as a better thing than he could do. The eyes of the assembly turned from the young man to the Principal, who felt the mortifying position in which he was placed. The young man was ordained without any more questions.

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

—A very large percentage of the losses of insurance companies is traceable to the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage. The British Temperance Provident Life Assurance Office has now had an experience of a quarter of a century, and has attained a great commercial success. It was commenced originally for the use of teetotal lives, and at moderate rates, copying the best established institutions, and was founded on the mutual principle, the profits being added to the policy at the end of every five years. In the course of time, however, another idea was suggested. That of assuring the lives of moderate drinkers (after careful examination), but keeping the books of each class quite separate, so as to illustrate, by the pecuniary result, the real facts as to health and longevity. After four quinquennial periods, it has been found that, while on a policy of £1000 the moderate drinker receives a bonus of £40 (\$200), the teetotaler will receive a bonus of £60 (\$300), which expresses an increased value of life equal to one-third. In other words, within a given time, and at a certain age, three careful drinkers will die, out of every one hundred persons, for one abstainer. This same company published a tabular statement, several years ago, showing that the average per cent. of their losses, as compared with several other popular companies, was as seven to twenty-six. In this country the experience of life insurance companies is demonstrative of the same great principle, showing most clearly the propriety and justice of giving to total abstainers the full advantage of their increased longevity, not only in lower rates of insurance, but in the more rapid accumulation of the earnings of each company.

—A letter published in the *Boston Nation* shows conclusively from well ascertained data, that during the years of the enforcement of the Prohibition Law in Massachusetts, the increase of property valuation was far greater than when it was left a dead letter. The writer, J. H. Orne, says: "During the two years of prohibition, 1866 and '67, the personal property of the State increased nine and one-half per cent.; in 1868, it increased only two and two-thirds per cent. From 1840 to 1850, and from 1850 to 1860, Boston increased her valuation ten millions annually. From 1860 to 1865, twelve millions annually, while from 1865 to 1867, during two years of prohibition, the increase reached thirty-six and one-half millions annually. From 1867 to 1868, or during six months of prohibition and six months of free rum, there was an increase only of eighteen millions; showing a decrease of one-half. This falling off was also in personal property. During the two years of prohibition, her increase was seven per cent., but last year only one and one-third per cent.; yet, notwithstanding these facts, some of her merchants will, in public meetings, speak of the commercial advantages of the rum-traffic." The town of Beverly increased her valuation from 1840 to 1860, seven per cent. annually; while Salem, with superior advantages of railroad connections, where the law was not enforced, increased her valuation only two per cent. Beverly, during the years 1866 and 1867, increased her valuation seven and one-half per cent.; while Salem, during those two years of prohibition, having lifted from her a burden under which she had been staggering for twenty-five years, increased her valuation eighteen per cent., showing conclusively that the enforcement of the law in regard to the sale of liquor was the cause of this extraordinary increase. The letter of Messrs. Ames & Sons, the great agricultural implement makers, shows that each man's production in their factory was about fourteen per cent. greater in 1867 than in 1865, for the two months indicated. Applying that percentage to the whole productive industry of the State, which, in the year ending May 1st, 1865, was valued at \$517,240,613, makes the sum upward of seventy-two million dollars."

The largest Episcopal church in Richmond, Va., under its new pastor, Rev. Dr. Fulton, recently of Columbus, Ga., has its own fashion of taking up Sunday collections. At the designated time the deacons pass round the contribution boxes to the congregation. They return to the altar, where the pastor receives the collection. If the Bishop is present, it is passed very ceremoniously to his hands. He then, in solemn prayer, consecrates it to the service of the Lord. In the absence of the Bishop, the pastor himself, in a similar manner, consecrates the collection. In either case every one of the congregation who has that day contributed is required to rise while the collection is consecrated. Those who have not contributed, of course retain their seats. All who do not give are thus made quite as conspicuous as those who do give. And no one being particularly partial to such publicity, the effect is to make every one contribute at least a mite—or, stay away?

—Upward to a soul, is inward; outward is downward. The centre at the highest; the circumference is lowest.—*Bromley.*