The Family Circle.

MAN.

What am I unto Thee, O Thou most just, Who madest me, Thy likeness from the dust, And taughtest that which may be and which must?

What am I unto Thee, O Thou most true? For I am false and faithless through—That which I would not, is the thing I do.

What am I unto Thee, O thou most pure? Serenely sitting where is peace secure, While I have sinned and, sinning, must endure.

Alone, amid a universal space, I have from Thee a foothold and a place, From which I look, if I may see Thy face.

Yet not alone, for still on either hand The starry ranks in all their order stand; Thy countless splendors unsurpassed, unspanned. Reach forth from far on high and take me hence,

While signs and seasons pass and all my sense Cries out for Thee, O deep Omnipotence! Reach hither, and though worlds may warp and sway, While heaven and all its host shall roll away, I shall behold Thine everlasting day,

For thus believing nothing new or strange, No vast vibration in my spirit's range, Can break my faith of cause my hopelio change,

And this frail island on a shoreless sea. Which seemed so tenantless and sad to me But keeps me where I wait and watch for Thee. SAMUEL W. DUPPIELD.

MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.

So many of my most sincere and devoted friends are among the little folks that I often teel like trying to interest them by noting briefly some of the incidents of my child hood. I was regarded as serious and thoughtful, not given to noisy demonstrations like inany children; yet I was of an active turn of mind, and generally had on hand some enterprise of interest to myself. In the Summer of 1798, having entered on my fifth year, I became interested, as I remember, in the pursuit of butterflies.

Our playgrounds were very large, and were alive with wings of every hue. Selecting the most beautiful I would chase them from one shrub and flower to another, but could never capture them. Sometimes I would feel confident of success, but when, as I thought, I was just about to make the successful grab, they escaped. A succession of failures convinced me that it did not pay,

and I quit the business.

With the June bugs I was more successful; they were easily taken, and were much rougher customers. Having provided myself with strips of red and white flannel, very light, and small cables of thread, I would fasten one end of the thread to a strip of red or white flannel, and the other end with a noose to the leg of a June bug and turn him loose in open space. Frightened by the singular fixture, he would not light on any shrub or tree, but directed his flight upward and onward toward the open sky, and could be distinctly seen for a long distance by his brilliant flag. He was large and strong, so that to hold him down with one hand and tie on his flag with the other, was a difficult job, but to see him launch away with his full rig was ample compensa-tion for the childish labor.

In the Summer of 1799 I turned my attention mostly to boating on the Roaring. Branch, which came down from the mountains near our house, and extended through the pasture fields of our farm. In that branch, ranging from one to two yards wide, I found much to amuse me. It was the fashionable bathing establishment of my mother's ducks, and some mornings I gathered quite a quantity of fresh laid ducks' eggs from the water. It always afforded plenty of smooth gravel stones and, what I like better, red paint-stones. These I gathered in heaps along the shore of the little rivulet. Next I contrived to start a line of small boats to ship them in. These boats were made with a knife out of soft poplar bark, nearly as light as cork-wood, and easily worked. Some of them were six inches long, two inches wide, and one inch deep; others were from nine to twelve inches long, and large in proportion. To man them I obtained a fine thread cable, tied one end to the bow of the boat and the other to a light stick a yard long, so that I could walk on the bank and direct the boat as I pleased. Sometimes I would load with gravel and start for a distant port in the lower pasturetield and return with a load of red paintstones, going on the principle that ventures make merchants, though sometimes broken ones. On smooth water there was no difficulty, but in passing shoals and rapids occasionally the boat was capeized and wrecked and the cargo lost. Yet, perhaps, no wholesale importer enjoyed the business more than I did.

In the Summer of 1800, when I was six years old, I found better employment in attending school. My father furnished me with Dilworth's Spelling-Book, and sent me to the beech log school-house. Our teacher was Mr. Clayton, who was in stature little more than a dwarf, but as polite as Lord Chesterfield, and for the time a good Eng. lish scholar. The pupils were natives of the neighborhood, some forty in number, and of all ages, from twenty years down to six: 1. The school house needed some fixing to render it comfortable. The morning appointed for opening the school the teacher and larger boys were engaged in some needful repairs, while the smaller children were in groups scraping up an acquaintance. Conrad Smith, much older and more advanced in book-knowledge than I was, approached me in the little group with an air of self-importance, and addressed me thus:

"Tommy, letime see your book," which I handed to him; when, opening it, he said, "Are you in baker?"

"No."
"Are you in belea, blus?"
"No."
"Are you in a-b, abs?"

"Are you in your letters?"

"What then?" "I'm not in any thing; I've just come to

begin." At 1 P. M., the school opened; the scholars were called forward by seniority and assigned them. Being one of the smallest I was about the last called. The teacher took my book and asked me if I knew the letters. I said, "No, sir." He then took a pointer, and calling over the alphabet deliberately, told me to repeat after him, and then returned me the book and said, "Learn them as soon as you can:" Before night I knew the alphabet, and could say the let ters from A to Z, and reversing the order could say them from Z to A. Next morning, after full and careful examination, he told me that I knew all the letters by sight, and that I might turn a leaf and begin at the a-b abs. Greatly encouraged, I made progress steadily. But, in six weeks the school was suspended till the crops were secured, then resumed and the quarter finished. Mr. Clayton ever after treated me with marked attention, and caressed me as his "little scholar."

In the Spring of 1801, being seven years old, I was put to light work on the farm. On the Kanawha Bottems the corn stalks were very large and tall, and so abundant that we had to gather and burn them be-fore the ground could be plowed. This was my first work. The horse-rake was not then in use, so we gathered them by hand into large heaps, and had rare sport in burning them at night. They were easily fired with a torch, and made a flame ten or twelve, feet high. Scores of such fires at once made, a grand illumination. We amused ourselves by running and jumping through the flame. This I did scores of times, but, keeping my eyes shut, received no injury, except singering of the hair.

Lister in the season I was put to thinning

corn. When there were too many stalks in a hill it was necessary to pull out some; this we did when the ground was too wet to plow. Subsequently father bought me a light hoe with a handle thitable to my little fingers, and put me into the field with the regular hands, but in order to work in company with them allowed me to hoe one hill and skip one, returning on the same row, thus making a half of a hand. When a neighbor taunted Jack with allowing little Tom to keep up with him he said, "De reason is he takes one-a-c ippie." After this I assisted in the corn crop, and gathered sheaves after the reapers in harvest, etc. In the meantime my father honored me with the appointment of shepherd, a most responsible office. The sheep had to be turned to pasture daily and carofully housed every night. If by any oversight they were left in the pasture one night the wolves were sure to kill some of them. By diligence and fidelity as shepherd I became the owner of a ewe lamb, which was my start in the stock business.

When I was ten years old father sold his raluable farm on the Kanawha and reinvested in real estate forty miles west on the State road toward Kentucky, where he became the owner of five thousand acres of land, mostly unimproved, desiring to settle his children around him and keep them to-gether. Our new home was in the same county, Kanawha, but being subsequently divided, we fell into the new part, called shell county. To move har small job, for we had much stock-horses, cattle, sheep, and hogs. Brother William and I were put in charge of the large drove of sheep. We drove them easily till we came to the crossing of Mud River, about forty or fifty yards wide, but then low and not more than knee deep. Sheep are proverbially afraid of water. In the drove. there was a buck sheep with enormous horns; being low but square built and strong, her all Not more than four days. He may drop was the leader of the drove, and on coming to the water's edge he refused to proceed, and stopped the whole drove? We tried hallooing, stoning, and various means to urge nim forward, but in vain, till I hit upon the following expedient: I raid, "Will I can make him go," and rushing through the crowd I seized him by the horns and mounted, astride of his back. When he would back from the water I plied his flanks with my heels severely, to urge him forward. If he turned to the right he received the full force of my fist on his right cheek, and if he turned to the left was cuffed in like man-ner on the left side, and still plying my heels severely to his flanks. After enduring the pressure as long as he could, he made a bound into the water—did not wade in, but went leaping and plunging, while I held on to the wool of his neck, my feet dragging in the water, till he took me safely over, the whole drove following close at his heels. Thus the experiment was a success. Here this article, already too long, must end —Bishop Morris, in Golden Hours for September.

THE SOLDIER AND THE SUBSTITUTE.

When the fierce war of 1848 covered the beautiful hills and valleys of Italy with dead and wounded, a frient of the writer | hear you explain it to others." was, by the law of conscription, called to leave his home for the perils of the battlefield. His father tried every means to procare a substitute; he put advertisements into the papers, and offered a bounty of £80,

but all in vain. The day of departure came, and the young soldier, insilent despair, set off with his knapsack on his back, his gun on his You shoulder, and filled with grief at being se parated from his beloved parents, whose father?" tears added to his sorrow. One of his cousins, whose generous heart was touched at the sight of his deep grief, followed him to the barracks, and having arrived at the conscript's office, he took the hand of the young soldier and said . Dear Cesare, thy At once, an incident which occurred during sorrow is worse than death to meet the contract of the sorrow is worse than death to meet the contract of the sorrow is worse than death to meet the contract of the sorrow is worse than death to meet the contract of the contract of the sorrow is worse than death to meet the contract of the contract o conscript's office, he took the hand of the get hold of it."

young soldier and said "Dear Cesare, thy sorrow is worse than death to my heart. the school days of my son, came to my mind. I delight and devotedness in prayer.—Chalcome in, give me thy uniform, it will fit me had not thought of it before for several years.

as well as it does thee; I will go to the Now it came back to me, fresh with its interest, battle field in thy stead. I am an orphan, and just what was wanted to guide the agitated thou art not. It I should die, only remem- heart of this young inquirer to Jesus. ber that I have loved thee."

The conscript at first refused; he could scarcely believe that his cousin was in earnest; and if so, how could he accept the had their books examined and their lessons generous offer? But as the noble fellow persisted in his determination, and pleaded with the eloquence of a loving heart, he succeeded at last in persuading Cesare Manati to accept this great proof of his friendship, and they went together to the war office in order to settle the substitution. Who can tell the gratitude of the parents of the redeemed conscript for the generous of the redeemed conscript for the generous substitution? In the excess of his joy and angry. Won't you forgive me?"

oratitude the conscript's father offered the "Yes, I remember it very distinctly." substitute £100, but he refused it, and said: "I go as a friend, not as a hireling; it is love, not money, which constrains me to take Cesare's place If I die, only remember

that I loved him." He went—he fought—he died! A grateful heart raised a monument to his memory, with this epi-

The redeemed conscript, Cesare Manati, O of navi

To his voluntary substitute, Carlo Donaldi."

This affecting story is but a faint shadow of the unbounded love of Jesus, the Son of the living God. Sin had ontered into the world, and death by sin. "But God so world, and death by sin. "But God so Jesus. Tell Him" I am so sorry just as you loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whoseever believethin Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

The claims of a holy and righteons. God must be met, and the blessed Saviour knew "Why, father, is this the way to become a contacting willing. loving."

Why, father, is this the way to become a contacting willing. that there was no substitute willing, loving, Christian?" worthy, capable, except Himself; "None can by any means redoem his brother, nor give.
to God a ransom for him." But the Lord.
from heaven "offered Himself to God to bear the sins of many." Hebrix, 14, 28. He came, "He gave his life a ransom for many." Matt. xx. 28. He died to save poor sinners like you and me; and by be lieving that " Christ once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust," we are delivered from death. This faith in His voluntary sacrifice has power to bring every kind of sinner nigh to God. "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of name." John i., 12.

"MAKE IT SO PLAIN THAT I CAN GET HOLD OF IT."

On the sixteenth day after the battle of Gettysburg, I entered the room where a young wounded colonel was apparently near to death. As I entered he was roused from his stupor and beckoned me to his bedside, and threw his feeble arms around my neck.

"Oh my father, how glad I am to see you. I was afraid you would not come till it was too late. I am too feeble to say much, though I have a great many things to say to you; you must do all the talking. Tell me all about dear mother and sister."

and sister."

I soon refeeived by the appearance of those in the house that there was no hope entertained of his recovery. But as I could no longer endure the agony of suspense, I at last inquired of the doctor, Doctor, what do you think of my son's case?"

Entirely hopeless." And the track to

"But is there nothing more that can be done to save him?"

"No, sir. Everything that human skill and kindness can do has been done. Your son has been a brave and very successful officer; has been a great favorite in the army; has won the highest esteem of all who have known him, but he now must die y Immediately after the amputation the gangrene set in, and defies all efforts to arrest it." to arrest it."
Well, Doctor, how long do you think he can

liver?!!! O.B.

way at any hour. We are constantly fearing that an artery will give way, and then it is all over with the colonel. What you wish to do in reference to his death, you had better do at the west The

Have you, or has any one, told him of his real condition?" No. We have left that painful duty for you

to do, as we have been expecting your arrival for several days." As I entered the room with the dreaded mes-

sage of death pressing on my heart, the eyes of my son fastened on me.
"Come, sit by my side, father. Have you been talking with the doctor about me?"

"What did he tell you? Does he think I

There was a painful hesitation for a moment. "Don't be afraid to tell me just what he said." "He told me you must die.";

"How long does he think I can live?" "Not to exceed four days, and that you may drop away any hour,—that an artery may slough at any moment which you cannot survive.

With great agitation he exclaimed, Father, is that so? Then I must die! I cannot, I must not die loh! I am not prepared to die now. Do tell me how I can get ready? Make it so plain that I can get hold of it. Tell me, in a few words, if you can, so that I can see it plainly. I know you can, father, for I used to

'Twas no time now for tears, but for calmness and light, by which to lead the soul to Christ, and both were given.

"My son, I see you are afraid to die."
"Yes, I am."

"Well, I suppose you feel guilty." "Yes, that is it. I have been a wicked young

man. You know how it is in the army."

You want to be forgiven don't you?"

"Oh yes!! That is what I want. Can I be, futher?"

"Centainly." To Can I know it before I die?" " Certainly."

"De you remember while at school inyou came home one day, and I having occasion to rebuke you, you became very angry, and abused me with harsh language?

"Yes, father, I was thinking it all over a few days ago, as I thought of your coming to see me, and felt so bad about it, that I wanted to see you, and once more ask you to forgive me." "Do you remember, how, after the paroxysm

of your anger had subsided, you came in, and threw your arms around my neck, and said, 'My dear father, I am sorry I abused you so. It was not your loving son that did it. I was very

"Do you remember what I said to you as you wept upon my neck?" "Very well. You said, "I forgive you with all my heart,' and kissed me. I shall never for get these words." get those words." "Did you believe me?" and we image of lead

Certainly A I never doubted your word." "Did you then feel happy again?" "Yes, perfectly; and since that time, I have

"I don't know of any other."

He turned his head upon his pillow for rest I sank into my chair and wept freely, for my heart could no longer suppress its emotions. I had done had done my work, and committed the case to Christ. He too, I was soon assured, had done His. The broken heart had made its confession, had heard what it longed for, "I forgive you," and believed it. It was but a few moments of silence, but the new creation had taken place, the broken heart had made its short, simple God, even to them that believe on His prayer, and believed, and the new heart had been given: A soul had passed out from "nature's darkness into marvelous light, and from the power of sin and Satan unto God."

I soon felt the nervous hand on my head, and heard the word "father" in such a tone of tenderness and joy, that I knew the change had

it, just as I did yours. Wipe your tears. I am nuch excitement, "Oh, sir, don't put it there! nuch as live, for I should go right up to heaven and be with Jesus. You and mother and sister ply. "I shall find it all right when I want it;" will soon come after me, and then we shall all be and so he carried his money into the bank. there together. We shall have no more trouble. The crowd fell back from the doorway. Courthere. If it is God's will, I would like to live to age and kindness had done their work. Only a serve my country, and take care of you and few men who had deposits there slowly stole in mother, but if I must die, I am not afraid to, and demanded payment.

now, Jesus has forgiven me. Come father, let us sing

"Here is your money," said my father, as he stood by the counter, handing the gold from his now, Jesus has forgiven me. Come father, let

From that hour, all his symptoms changed pulse went down, and countenance brightened. The current of life had changed.

The doctor soon came in, and found him cheerful and happy—looked, at him—felt his pulse, which he had been watching with intense anxiety, and said, "Why, Colonel, you look better."

"I am better, Doctor. I am going to get well. My father has told me how to become a Christian, and I am very happy. I believe I shall recover, for God has heard my prayer. Doctor, I want you should become a Christian too. My

father can tell you how to get hold of it." In the evening three surgeons were in consultation, but saw no hope in the case, and one of them took his final leave of the colonel.

Next morning the two surgeons, who had been in constant attendance came in, and began as usual to dress the wound.

On opening the bandage, they suddenly drew back, and throwing up their arms exclaimed, "Great God, this is a miracle! The gangrene

is arrested, and the colonel will live! God has heard your prayers!" "Why, Doctor," replied the colonel. told you yesterday, that I believed I should get

well for I asked Jesus, that I might live to do some good. I knew He heard my prayer, and now you see He has. Bless the Lord with me, Doctor."

Meanwhile, " Our son must die," had gone over the wires, and made sadness at home. Next day, " Our son will live, and is happy in Christ," followed, and joy came again to the loved ones.

After his recovery, the colonel returned to the people whose sons he had led with honor through fifteen hard fought battles. They, in return, gave him, the best office in the gift of a loyal and grateful people. Among them he now lives in prosperity and honor, is a member of the Church of Christ, and a father of a happy family growing up around him, and consecrated, in baptism, to the service of his Redeemer.

d; too; was made a better man, and better minister by that scene, where this dear son, struggling with his guilt and fear of death, was led to Jesus, and found the pardon of his sins. I there resolved never to forget that charge he made me, in his extremity : Make it so plain that I can get hold of it."

I have made this the motto of every sermon I effort. - Congregationalist. an painting to matter.

One of the most essential preparations

"I GIVE MY HEART TO THEE."

(Cor meum Tibi dedo, Jesu dulcissime.) I give my heart to Thee, O, Jesus, most desired!
And heart for heart the gift shall be, For Thou my soul hast fired: Thou hearts alone would'st move; Thou only hearts doth love.

I would love Thee as Thou lov'et me, O, Jeaus, most desired!

What offering can I make.
Dear Lord, to love like Thine?
That Thou, the God, didst stoop to take A human form like mine!
"Give me thy heart, My son:" Behold my heart, 'is done! I would love Thre as Thou lov'st me, Dan O. Jesus, most desired !

Thy heart is opened wide, Its offered love most free, That heart to heart I may abide, And hide myself in Thee : Ah, how Thy love doth burn, Till I that love return! I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me. ...O, Jesus, most desired!

Repose that knows no shock,
The strength of love that keeps it blest,
In Thee, the riven Rock:
My soul as girt around,
Her citadel Nath found. Here finds my heart its rest,

I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me, Half from Qulesus, most desired! From the Latin by Rev. Dr. Palmer.

BUDGET OF ANECDOTES.

PROM THE BIOGRAPHY OF REV. WILLIAM sed bemarsh, ded.] On one occasion, during a commercial crisis Why, father, I can get hold of this. Tam in the country, a panic occurred on a market-so glad you have come to tell me how." ruitious to a highly respectable banking house

furthe town. The farmers; and many other de. positors, who had assembled for the market rushed to draw out their money, and the run on the bank was great.

At this juncture, one of the clerks ran across to the vicarage to confide the alarm to one who by his readiness to sacrifice himself to the temporal as well as spiritual interests of his fellow-

townsmen, had already earned the title of "the friend of Colchester." It so happened that a large sum of money subscribed for a charity, was in the house. My father was silent for a mo-ment, and then drew a cheque for the amount on his London banker, and sent it at once to one of the church wardens, thus rendering the cash his own: Without another moment's delay, putting the gold into one bag, and the silver into another,

"Father, my dear father, I don't want you to weep any more, you need not I am perfectly holding up the bags for the people to see, and happy now. Jesus has forgiven me. I know saying, "My friends, here I am! going to put He has, for He says so, and I take His word for my money into the bank!" They exclaimed in

and we did sing.

"No; not that, sir. That's yours, sir."

"Yes; but you may have it. I shall be repaid in good time."

We did pray and Jesus heard us.

"Father, I am very happy. Why I believe I closing hour. Confidence was restored, and the shall get well. I feel much better." bank was saved. -On one of his visits to another country place

in that neighborhood, the family circle had gathered round him with loving veneration, to ask him questions on scriptural subjects.

A thoughtless man of the world who was present, perhaps hoping to break up the conversation, asked him in a scoffing manuer, a question of much levity concerning the Evil Spirit. Without losing his gentle composure for a moment, and yet with more than his usual dignified seriousness, my father said: "To some questions one would reply. That is above me. But to this I can only answer, It is beneath me." The questioner was abashed, and withdrew. In the latter part of the evening, my father sought him out, and conversed so kindly with him that his heart softened, and he went away impressed by the dignity and tenderness of true holiness.

-A clergyman found the children reading the Dougy version of the Testament, and on noticing passage in the chapter, which was translated, Do penance," where the English version rendered the same word by "repent," he asked them if they knew the difference between penance and repentance? A short silence followed, and then a little girl asked, "Is it not this, your reverence: Judas did penance, and went and hanged himself; Peter repented and wept bit-

-It was by an evident restraint upon himself that he closed Easter even's reading without forestalling the glories of Easter Day. And when set free for the "kindred rapture," of that 'day of days," with the dawn of the morning he awoke to read the parratives told by the four Evangelists of that event, the tidings of which must have rolled fresh waves of happiness across the universe, and have caused the morning stars to sing for joy 1.10

"Captivity is captive led, For Jesus liveth—that was dead."

Easter Day was scarcely long enough for all my father found to go through, in its course. He walked with the women to the garden where the grave lay; he stood with one who lingered weeping by the empty tomb, and listened with her to the thrilling tones of the voice which carried in a tide of joy upon her soul, with the one word, "Mary!"

He met his children every Easter morning with the customary salutation of the early Chrishave made this the motto of every sermon I trans—illuminating his face, as well as uttered by have since preached, and God has blessed the his lips—"He is risen; He is risen!" It is needless to say that his sermons on that day caught the same strain. "The Resurrection, as the key stone of the arch of our Faith," was the subject, first, of substantial evidence, then of eloquent description and triumphant exultation. No preaching of his ever rose so high as those Easter-day celebrations of the conquest of death and the grave.