



The Family Circle.

RETROSPECTION.

BY ANNIE SHIPTON.

"Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee."—Deut. viii. 2.
 "Cast not away, therefore, your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward."—Heb. x. 35.

He was better to my hopes,
 He was be ears;
 He mad an works,
 A girl path,
 rest; vilderness
 asured store,
 ealed
 ny aching heart
 reath had healed.
 as the chastening sore,
 ught and tried,
 he sought was trusting in
 earth beside.

paths that I could not see,
 that I have not known—
 ked was straight, and the rough
 ade plain,
 olloved the Lord alone.
 him still for the pleasant palms,
 he water-springs by the way;
 glowing pillar of flame by night,
 he sheltering cloud by day.

ght for me on the trackless wild,
 wonders of old I trace,
 e God of the whole earth went be-
 ore
 search me a resting-place.
 ne changed for me? Nay, he changes
 not;
 He will bring me by some new way,
 Through fire and flood, and each crafty foe,
 As safely as yesterday.

And if to the warfare he calls me forth,
 He buckles my armor on;
 He greets me with smiles and a word of
 cheer.
 For battles his sword hath won.
 He wipes my brow as I droop and faint,
 He blessed my hand to toil;
 Faithful is he as he washes my feet
 From the trace of each earthly soil.
 Never a watch on the dreariest halt
 But some promise of love endears;
 I read from the past that my future shall be
 Far better than all my fears.
 Like the golden pot of the wilderness' bread,
 Laid up with the blossoming rod;
 All safe in the Ark with the law of the Lord,
 Is the covenant care of my God.

CELEBRATED BLACKSMITHS.

Quintin Matsys was a blacksmith at Antwerp. When in his twentieth year he wished to marry the daughter of a painter. The father refused his consent.
 "Wert thou a painter," said he, "she should be thine; but a blacksmith—never!"
 "I will be a painter," said the young man. He applied to his new art with so much perseverance that in a short time he produced pictures which gave a promise of the highest excellence. He gained for his reward the fair hand for which he sighed, and rose ere long to a high rank in his profession. He died in 1529, and a monument was erected to his memory in the cathedral of his native city.

Some of Quintin Matsys' heads in a "Descent from the Cross," at Antwerp, are declared by Sir Joshua Reynolds to be equal to any of Raphael's. His "Two Misers," in the Windsor Gallery, is also much admired. The elegant steel-work over the tomb of King Edward IV., in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, is attributed to the workmanship of this celebrated man.

ION. H. W. PEPPER, a circuit judge, ee, was once a blacksmith, and by made with his own hands an iron

shovel which he presented to the governor, the Hon. Andrew Johnson, since President of the United States. In return, Governor Johnson, who had been once a tailor, cut and made with his own hands a coat, and gave it to the judge.

A ROYAL BLACKSMITH.—It was the custom of Peter the Great to visit the different workshops and manufactories, not only to encourage his people, but also to judge what other useful establishments might be formed in his dominions. Among the places he visited frequently, were the forges of Muller, at Istia, ninety versts from Moscow. The Czar once passed a whole month there, during which time, after giving due attention to the affairs of State—which he never neglected—he amused himself by seeing and examining everything in the most minute manner, and even employed himself in learning the business of a blacksmith. He succeeded so well that one day before he left the place, he forged eighteen poods of iron, and put his own particular mark on each bar. The boyars and other noblemen of his suite were employed in blowing the bellows, stirring the fire, carrying coals, and performing the other duties of a blacksmith's assistant. When Peter had finished he went to the proprietor, praised his manufactory, and asked him how much he gave his workmen per pood.

"Three kopecks, or an altina," answered Muller.

"Very well," replied the Czar; "I have then earned eighteen altinas."

Muller brought eighteen ducats, and offering them to Peter, told him that he could not give a workman like his majesty less per pood. Peter refused the sum, saying—

"Keep your ducats; I have not wrought better than any other man. Give me what you would give to another; I want to buy a pair of shoes, of which I am in great need."

At the same time he showed him his shoes, which had been once mended, and were again full of holes. Peter accepted the eighteen altinas, and bought himself a pair of new shoes, which he used to show with much pleasure, saying—"These I earned with the sweat of my brow."

One of the great bars forged by Peter the Great and authenticated by his mark, is still to be seen at Istia, in the forge of Muller. Another similar bar is preserved in the cabinet of curiosities at St. Petersburg.

REV. SAMUEL MARSDEN was born at Kilsorth, near Leeds, toward the end of the last century, and, becoming an orphan at an early age, was taken by his grandfather, who was a blacksmith, to assist him in his employment. He was a thoughtful, lively, energetic youth, and adopted the habit of rising as early as four or five o'clock in the morning, in order to discharge his duties at the anvil, and gain leisure to attend school and study Latin. The school he attended was conducted by the Rev. Samuel Stones, of Rawdon, who took great interest in his village pupil, and was the means of procuring his admission to the university. While there, he gained such approval by the excellence of his conduct that he was selected by Government as chaplain to the colony of New South Wales, whither he went about the year 1797. He gave himself heartily to his work, and as a clergyman, magistrate and philanthropist, by his indefatigable labors in the colony, and his earnest representations to the Government at home, introduced moral and political changes of which the present generation are reaping the fruits. He was also the honored pioneer of missions to the savages of New Zealand, in the year 1814, and died in 1837, aged seventy-three.

THOMAS NEWCOMEN, a blacksmith of Dartmouth, in Devonshire, lived in the latter end of the seventeenth century, and the beginning of the eighteenth. To this worthy Devonshire blacksmith belongs the merit of having made the first great improvements in steam-engines, by forming a vacuum under the piston, thus bringing into action the atmospheric pressure.

A YORKSHIRE BLACKSMITH.—A clergyman, a friend of mine, says Robert Baker, was recently walking toward Wike, near Bradford, when he stopped at a blacksmith's shop and enquired the way to Wike. The blacksmith cheerfully left his work and directed the enquirer in the right way. Just as my friend was about to proceed, the blacksmith looked earnestly at him and said, "I

think you are a clergyman—are you not, sir?" "Yes; why?" "Because I have been trying to learn the Greek grammar, sir, and I'm stuck fast with the verbs, and as you are a clergyman, I think you can help me." "I'll help you with pleasure," was the reply. The Greek grammar was brought, and the difficulty explained. "Thank you, sir, I think I shall now be able to get on," said this worthy son of the forge. The clergyman proceeded on his way toward Wike, and the blacksmith returned to his anvil, both well pleased with their brief interview.

SAMMY HICK, the celebrated "village blacksmith," was born at Aberford, in the year 1758. He was deeply pious, and a remarkably benevolent man. On one occasion, when he visited an aged widow and gave her sixpence, she appeared very grateful, and the thought suggested itself, "Bless me, can sixpence make a poor creature happy? How many sixpences have I spent on this mouth of mine in feeding it with tobacco! I will give to the poor whatever I save from it." Sammy never smoked again. On another occasion, when a party of soldiers passing through Micklefield, on a forced march, in the height of summer, halted in the neighborhood of his cottage, he brought out for their refreshment the whole of the provisions his dairy and house could supply. When, on his good wife coming down to prepare breakfast she found that all had disappeared, and she chided him for giving "cream and all away"—"Bless thee, bairn," said he, "it would do them more good with the cream on."

Some of the officers, on hearing of his generosity, called upon him to remunerate him; but Sammy declined to receive anything, saying that what he had given he had given freely, and that the men were welcome to the whole. On the field of Waterloo, the generosity of the Micklefield blacksmith was remembered, and many wishes were expressed for a further supply of "Sammy Hick's good milk."

The latter part of his life, when he had an income sufficient to maintain his family, he spent in doing good, by visiting, and preaching Christ to the poor, so that many had to thank God for Sammy Hick, the pious blacksmith. He died in great peace, in the seventy-first year of his age.

ELIHU BURRITT, the learned blacksmith, was born in New Britain, Connecticut, December 8th, 1811. His father was a shoemaker, having ten children, of whom Elihu was the youngest. The only school education with which Elihu was favored, prior to being apprenticed to the village blacksmith, was about three months' tuition at the district school. Such, however, was his thirst for reading, that the few books which he could procure from the village library were read two or three times over. This desire for learning became so intense that on the completion of his apprenticeship he actually became a student for half a year with his brother Elijah, who was a school-master.

During these six months he acquired considerable knowledge of mathematics, Latin and French. Gratified with the progress he had made, he returned to the forge, and notwithstanding he engaged himself to labor for fourteen hours a day, he yet found time to pursue his favorite study of the languages. The Spanish, Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, Danish and Bohemian languages were from time to time added to the list.

Governor Everett, hearing of the extraordinary talent of the young blacksmith, sent him an invitation to visit Boston. When he arrived there, many kind offers were made to him, and amongst others that he should enter Harvard College; but he courteously declined them all, and returned to his forge at Worcester, where he labored with his hands and his head even harder than ever. In 1842 he translated several of the Icelandic Sagas, as well as a series of papers from the Samaritan, Arabic and Hebrew for the American Eclectic Review. During the winter of this year he delivered no fewer than sixty-eight lectures. In the spring of 1843 he commenced the study of the Ethiopic, Persian, and Turkish languages.

Whilst this worthy son of Vulcan was pondering over the pages of his Hebrew Bible, he was powerfully impressed with the declaration that God made of one flesh all the nations of the earth. Those dire curses, war and slavery, stood out in bold relief before his benevolent mind, and he took up his pen

to advocate the cause of peace and the rights of the poor degraded slave. The former subject was very popular with his countrymen, but the idea of proclaiming liberty to the millions of poor American slaves was anything but palatable. In 1844, having saved a few hundred dollars, he commenced his paper—*The Christian Citizen*—which he devoted with great ability to the furtherance of religion, temperance, peace, the anti-slavery and ocean penny postage movements.

It is very remarkable that the worthy American blacksmith was spared to see the abolition of slavery in America, the appointment of a court of arbitration to settle the Alabama difference between America and England, and a cheap book postage adopted by nearly every civilized nation!—*British Workman*.

"AND HE AROSE AND WENT."

BY RUTH ARGYLE.

"Mother, how can I go? The mission school has just opened, and Mr. Long wishes me to take a class of little girls in it. Then Mrs. Long has gotten me appointed one of the Bible readers of the third district. I do so desire to labor for the Lord, and here is the work all laid out for me."

"Winnie, when you took Christ for your Saviour, was it with the expectation of doing his will or your own?"

"Why, his, of course; but surely it must be his will to do these works that his own disciples have planned for me. If Aunt Lucy were not a Christian, I might see some reason in going to her; but she is a real, true, good one, so I can't be called upon to convert her."

"Now, my dear, don't discuss the matter any longer, but let me show you a little light concerning the way in which you are to walk. In the first place, Mr. Long can find among the recently-converted young people of his congregation twenty who will gladly take your place in the mission school or as Bible readers; but there is no one who can take your place and go to Aunt Lucy. You are the only niece that she can possibly call upon at this time to be a companion to her in her loneliness and threatened illness. It is true that she has plenty of money and can hire all the 'help' she may need, yet none the less does she desire a patient, sympathizing companion to cheer and amuse her as no mere hireling can do."

"But, mother, just to 'amuse' somebody is so little when I might lead so many of the poor, wretched waifs of this great city to the Lord. I do dearly love auntie, but I know I love my Saviour far better."

"I guess I will have to let the Lord do the rest of the talking, Winnie; so open the Bible at the eighth chapter of the Acts, and read from the twenty-fifth verse through to the end of the chapter. Perhaps you will know better than what you had better do."

Winnie complied willingly, reading slowly the history of Philip's call and the eunuch's conversion; then in silence she waited until her mother should speak, more than half suspecting the nature of the lesson she would teach.

Mrs. Gilmore did not break the silence for some moments; when she did, it was merely to say, "And he arose and went," without any demur, without any delay; enough for him that the Lord's finger pointed out the road which he was to travel, even though it led through a desert where there was no hope of seeing any one to whom he could preach the glad tidings which the disciples were so zealous to spread far and near."

Winnie made no reply, but reopening the Bible she read the story again even more slowly than before, pondering carefully every word. She then replaced the volume and left the room. When she returned she said quietly, "Mother dear, I've decided to visit Aunt Lucy. I will be ready the day after to-morrow. If God calls me to go into the 'desert,' he must have something there for me to do."

"You may be sure of his blessing, dear, whenever you lay aside your will to do his."

So in a few days Winnie Gilmore found herself settled in her aunt's luxurious home, ready to pass a quiet, uneventful winter. The pet of a fond aunt, and surrounded by everything a cultivated taste and an abundance of means could desire and obtain, she would have been perfectly happy if she could have found an answer to her oft-repeated question, "Lord, why hast thou brought me to this place? What work hast thou for me to do?"