

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

THE EMIGRANT'S SABBATH.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

"Will the baby die, mother?"

The inquirer was herself a child, and the look of earnest curiosity with which she watched her mother's face, to gather from that the reply which the parent could not speak, testified to that precocity of intelligence which is the lot of the children of the poor. To us this union of matured perception with juvenile features, is among the most painful of the traits which distinguish the off-spring of those whose every step is a contention with obstacles—whose every gesture seems a buffet with the world. But if the face of the daughter was painfully interesting, that of the mother was not less so. Though still young, toil, anxiety, and care, and above all, grief, had marked her countenance with the evidences that young though she might be in years, in experience she had lived out a lifetime. She was bending over the cradle of an infant, whose quiet sleep seemed the suspension of its little being. Pale and wan, she seemed scarce farther from the grave than her infant charge, in watching whose almost imperceptible breathings, her whole attention was absorbed.

"Will little sis die now mother?" the elder child again asked. There was a volume of meaning in the tone in which the inquiry was put.—It expressed the resignation which all in that little household had made—the conviction that their well beloved infant companion was sick unto death; and all that Mary could hope in answer was, that the moment of the departure of the infant was not yet—not that instant. A half an hour seemed a long future—a day seemed years. Who that has watched the life of a child wasting away, has ever forgotten it? The unconscious sufferer, incapable alike of appreciating its danger, or of communicating its feelings to the earnest affection which surrounds its bed—the meekness of endurance—the supplicating glances from the eyes of a dying child—oh! how deeply do they move the heart. When man sinks from his strength, or woman wastes from her loveliness into the arms of death, at each stage of the disease the invalid can communicate with attendant friends; at each pause-like respite in the journey through the valley of the shadow of death, adieus may be re-exchanged between those who are to part at the grave, but to meet again beyond it. But where the babe in pain, but unconscious from what cause or to what end, looks up imploringly to her who, though now powerless to aid, has hitherto been its solace, the mother feels she could willingly die with her child, if she could make the sufferer understand that it is death—the death appointed to all—which is slowly but surely stilling the pulses of its innocent heart.

So felt the young wife and mother—but still she spoke not. No sound broke the stillness of that house in the forest—no hum of passengers, no notes of busy life, in discord with the scene, mocked the silent grief of the mother and sister of the dying child. There was a melancholy appositeness in the solitude of the place, and in the stern natural simplicity without and within the dwelling. The light vernal winds moved the branches of the primeval tree of the forest which shaded the humble cabin, and, as the sun stole in between the open door among the leaves, the shadow of a lesser branch of the tree trembled to and fro upon the infant's lips as if it emblemized there the flickering of its breath. This painfully beautiful thought entered the mind of the mother—and while she still dwelt upon it, the door was darkened—the poetic vision was lost—and her husband and her brother entered with a noiseless step. The boy had plucked a violet in the vain hope of attracting the child's attention.—It had withered in his hand as he walked, and while he stood over the couch, struck with the alteration which in a few hours had taken place, he let it fall upon the pillow. The mother took it up—she looked at the withered blossom of spring, and then at the withered flower of her maternal hopes. Turning to her husband, she sunk down upon his neck, and wept.

The child was dear to them. Exiled—in part perhaps a truant disposition, and that reckless spirit of enterprise and adventure which is characteristic of the American people—they had wandered far, before they had here pitched their tent. Accustomed in New England to the com-

forts which industry places within the reach of all—to the refinement of mind which education creates—to the social habits which the institutions and manners of New England foster—and above all, to the religious privileges which bless the descendants of those who sought a new world to worship God after their own consciences, the far Far West for many a weary month seemed to them a solitude, dreary indeed—but never quite a solitude. They had early learned that there is One from whose presence no creature can be banished; and isolated as they were in the mighty forest, the little family never forgot that He lives, of whom it is written "If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me."

To mother—to father—to sister—and to the brother who had accompanied them in their wandering, the birth of that child had been a new creation—it had consecrated for them a new home, and created a tie which had bound them to the spot. The gift of God's mercy to them, it had been as a ray of light which made the desert blossom as the rose. All their hearts clung to the little stranger! Every feeble opening of the precious bud was watched—every glimmer of future intelligence in the child was to them as the earnest of coming perfect day. The miles of its infantile joy had been the sunshine of their hearts. The tree before their door appeared greener and stronger when the little one crowded its admiration in looking up and vainly strove to grasp its branches—the clearing about the door was thought of only as little Ellen's play ground—the house, which seemed before her birth dull and narrow and dark, was now a paradise upon earth, since there the cherub first saw the day. Any shelter would have seemed a palace to them in which the babe could stand upright and learn to walk.

And now the hand of Death was on these hopes—and silently they waited the fearful consummation of his work. Thought was busy with her father and mother—one sentiment they held in common. But a week before, had any one doubt-held in their presence, that their cottage was an elysium, each would have eloquently defended it; but now to each it seemed a charnelhouse, and they felt as if the damp of death was on its walls. The mother's mind wandered back to the home of her childhood—to the pleasant place which she had deserted for the forest—to the cheerful house, and friends sympathizing in her joy, when Mary her eldest was born. She came over one by one the kind faces which there would have crowded around her, in a scene like this. She remembered the village pastor, who would have been ready with his words of consolation, fitly chosen, "like apples of gold, in pictures of silver." She recollected the kind physician: and can we wonder, if she felt in her grief, that his skill might alleviate and postpone, if not avert the death which threatened her dearly beloved infant.

The father, as he mused, thought not of the past, but of the future. To him, as to her, longer residence in that spot seemed insupportable—but while visions of the home she had left occupied the mind of the mother, the father looked forward to still another home, as if, by retreating from mankind, he could remove from exposure to disease and death. To neither could their recently pleasant dwelling longer be tolerable—with both the place would seem to create none but melancholy associations. But he felt at last that it was his duty to struggle to check repinings against God's providence, and look for aid to that source whence alone support in all affliction should be sought, he opened the sacred volume.

His eye fell on the history of Hagar in the desert. In a low but distinct tone he read of the despair of the exile in the wilderness, and while their daughter was expiring far from human aid, the parent felt with the Egyptian woman that they "could not see the death of the child," and, like Hagar, they "lifted up their voices and wept." As he proceeded in reading, "and the angel of God called to Hagar out of heaven, What aileth thee, Hagar? Fear not!"—the quick perception of the mother caught a movement in the cradle. All flew at once to the child's side prepared to witness its last breath. But as to Hagar in the wilderness so had God been merciful to them. The crisis was past—a gentle perspiration stood upon the sufferer's brow—its eye opened, and a faint smile played around its lips. Af-

fection, ever ready to catch at the slightest ground of hope, was this time not deceived. As the child now fell again into a sleep, but a sleep like that of welcome rest, instead of the feverish slumber, which had before harassed their affection, the emigrant family knelt in joyful thankgivings, too deep and heartfelt for loud words.

Joyous was the following Sabbath; nor did the happy family forget that Being to whom their gratitude was due for the great mercy vouchsafed to them. The mother had already renewed the youth of which affliction had despoiled her, and little Mary, as she leaned affectionately on her mother's shoulder, smiled that awe-mingled gratitude which children as well as adults may feel, though incapable of other expression than the silent and natural working of their happy faces. With cheerful hearts they worshipped Him who "dwelleth not in temples made with hands," and heart and voice responded Amen! as the father of the little household said, with the sweet singer of Israel, "O give thanks to the Lord, for he is good: and his mercy endureth forever."—*Opal.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

GUIZOT, PRIME MINISTER OF FRANCE.

At M. Suard's, in whose saloons all the wits and distinguished men of the time were wont to assemble, and where M. Guizot had his *entree*, a every romantic incident occurred. One young lady was a frequent and privileged visitor at these *conversations*—her name was Pauline de Meulan. Having lost her family and her inheritance by the revolution, she had found resource in her excellent education, and her sole means of support arose from a journal of which she was editress, called *Le Publicis*; but her over-exertions, and in a branch of literary writing of so trying a character, had brought on a serious indisposition, much augmented by the apprehension that soon the impossibility of further application to her pursuits would reduce her to beggary. In the midst of this suffering and anxiety, she received a letter, in which the anonymous writer begged her to be comforted—that her duty would be performed for her, and an able article was annexed, which, by a still greater refinement of delicacy, was written in the style of the authoress. Every day the journal required it, an article was received, until a complete convalescence restored Pauline de Meulan to her former energy. Deeply moved by this act of generosity, the young lady did not fail to relate the anecdote at M. Suard's; but one suspected that the hero of the story was the modest young man, Francis Guizot. However, Pauline de Meulan, in her journal, begged and conjured her anonymous benefactor to make himself known. At last, one day M. Guizot revealed himself; and five years afterwards, Pauline de Meulan was Madame Guizot.

LATE REV. JOHN FOSTER, THE ESSAYIST.

We have often been asked to describe the person of John Foster, the Essayist; here is a very faithful, life-like account of his appearance, given by the Rev. James Cubit, of Burton-on-the-Water. It relates to Mr. Foster about a year before his decease.

"His external appearance is most striking, his countenance is very emaciated, and he himself a tall, bony man. He wears a blue striped shirt, with a high collar of the same, a bright yellow cravat, a long blue coat, such as (English) farmers' servants frequently have, a brown waistcoat and trousers, the latter coming very little below his calves, blue stockings, and high, thick shoes."

Jonathan Edwards Ryland, Esq., the friend of Mr. Foster, is engaged in preparing a biography of this admirable writer. Mr. Ryland is well qualified for the task.—*Bap. Mag.*

THE SCOTTISH PASTOR'S ADMONITION.

Of the late venerable Dr. Waugh, his biographer records, that, in his ministerial visitations, his nationality was often strongly displayed, and this with most beneficial effect, both in sentiment and language. When, without an adequate cause, any of his hearers had failed to attend public ordinances so regularly as he could have wished, and would plead their distance from the chapel as an excuse, he would exclaim, in the emphatic northern dialect, which he used on familiar occasions to employ:—"What, you from Scotland!"