



### The Family Circle.

#### THE WINDMILL.

Behold, a giant am I!  
Aloft here in my tower,  
With my granite jaws I devour  
The maize, the wheat and the rye,  
And grind them into flour.

I look down over the farms;  
In the fields of grain I see  
The harvest that is to be,  
And I fling aloft my arms,  
For I know it is all for me.

I hear the sound of flails,  
Far off from the threshing-floors,  
In barns with their open doors,  
And the wind, the wind in my sails,  
Louder and louder roars.

I stand here in my place,  
With my foot on the rock below,  
And whichever way it may blow,  
I meet it face to face,  
As a brave man meets his foe.

And while we wrestle and strive,  
My master the miller stands  
And feeds me with his hands,  
For he knows who makes him thrive,  
Who makes him lord of lands.

On Sundays I take my rest;  
Church-going bells begin  
Their low, melodious din;  
I cross my arms on my breast,  
And all is peace within.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

#### SAVED BY A FLOOD.

"You know," said my grandfather as he settled himself in his old-fashioned easy-chair preparing to tell us a tale—"you know that my father was a miller, as I am, and that I learnt the business under him when I was quite young.

"In order that you may understand what I am going to tell you, I must remind you that, when I was a young man, our country was not in such a quiet and peaceable state as it now is. We had been at war for a long time, and there were frequent threats of an invasion of England by her great enemy Napoleon the First of France; these threats kept the people quite in a ferment of excitement, and made our Government careful to have the army and navy well supplied with men. The great expense of keeping the country on a war footing caused much distress, by making everything very dear; and, added to this, there was one year an almost entire failure of the wheat crop all over the country, and bread became so high in price that many persons were brought to the verge of starvation; these poor people, driven to desperation by want, and urged on by unprincipled agitation, sometimes banded themselves together and committed many unlawful and wicked acts. Several mills in different parts of the country were attacked by them, and the corn and flour either carried off or destroyed. And it was no uncommon thing for a farmer who had managed to grow enough corn to store in his barn or stacks, to have these wilfully set on fire by men who fancied that these acts of wickedness would be for the good of the country, or else out of spite and envy against their more prosperous neighbors.

"You may be quite sure that with things in this state, those who had corn stored away had rather an anxious time.

"For a while the neighborhood in which we lived had been remarkably quiet and free from the acts of violence I have described. But it proved that we were not to be let alone, and in the winter of which I am going to tell you, when I was about twenty years old, our part of the country became as riotous as any other.

"Day after day we heard of some lawless deed, and sometimes at night we saw a red glare in the sky, which we knew was probably caused by the burning of some poor farmer's corn-stacks.

"These things made us anxious about our own mill, and my father often looked very

grave when he heard of what was going on around us.

"Father," I said to him one day, "what shall you do if our place is attacked?"

"I can do nothing," he said, "but trust in God to help us. If the corn in the stores were my own, I would sell it all out, but as it is only here to be ground for other people, I can't do that."

"But," I urged, "these rioters won't care about that. And if they do visit us, it is likely enough they will destroy the mill as well as take the corn."

"Have you never read, Henry," my father answered, "that 'the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them'?"

"Yes, father, I know that, but—"

"But what, Henry—would you say you have not faith enough to believe it?"

"No," I said, "and yet I should not like to say that none of those who have had their property destroyed feared God."

"God forbid that I should say so either my son, but wherever that has been the case whatever violence they have suffered has been allowed to fall upon them for some good purpose or other."

"I cannot say that I felt at all satisfied with my father's reasoning. The fact is that although I had been religiously trained from my earliest childhood, I had not then been brought to rest my entire confidence in God's watchful care and protection. I can see now how wrong I was to have so little faith in his ability to help us, and in his care for his people.

"It was a rule strictly attended to by my father, that every day should be opened and closed by prayer, and the whole family assembled night and morning to join in these pious devotions. Solemn and earnest as my father's prayers were, I could not but notice that at this time they were still more so in tone and feeling.

"Very touchingly did he pray that the country might be brought out of its present straits, and that the God of all nations would cause his face to shine once more upon our land; that he would succor the poverty-stricken and miserable, and forgive the lawless and sinful, and bring all to know and fear him. Nor did he forget to commend himself and his family to the care of his Heavenly Father. Thus he constantly felt that he was under the protection of a Divine Providence, and this gave him a calm and quiet that were unknown to those who had no such trust.

I must now tell you that our mill was driven by a little stream that ran from the river a mile above, and returned to it again just below the mill. This stream formed a boundary to our meadows on one side, and they were bounded on the other by the river; the little piece of land thus enclosed formed a miniature island, and on this island, close to the mill, stood the house in which we lived. Sometimes when there had been a great deal of rain, the usually quiet little stream became swollen and over-flowed its banks, and then our house was quite surrounded by water, and, but for the little wooden bridge that reached from it to the mill, the only means of communication with the outer world was by boat.

"It was the first week in January; the ground was covered with snow for miles round, and on the hills above our mill there were such enormous drifts that we looked forward with fear to the time when there should be a thaw, as we knew that if it came on rapidly the river and stream would be so overflowed as to endanger the mill and house.

"However much my father put his confidence in God and trusted in Providence, he was not the man to leave unused the means that lay in his power to prevent misfortune of any kind overtaking him. He accordingly set to work in having all the corn moved from the lower to the upper parts of the mill and store-houses, and as far as possible removed everything that could be injured, in case a flood set in.

"It was on a Saturday evening that this precautionary measure was completed, and we were about retiring to rest, feeling satisfied that all was done that could be to prevent mischief in case of a thaw, which appeared likely soon to come on. Before going to bed, however, my father and I took a last look round the yard to see that all was safe, and while doing so we noticed that the air was very much milder, and found that a thaw had already commenced, and the stream was rapidly rising; we entertained no fears, however, and went to bed.

"Early the next morning I was roused from my sleep by a roaring sound, and on going down stairs to ascertain the cause was surprised to find that the stream, which had made the sound, had risen to such a height that the water was already nearly level with the door-sill; this was much higher than I had ever seen it before, and I began to feel alarmed for the safety of the mill, which was old and not calculated to bear such a strain upon it as was caused by the overflowed stream.

"I quickly roused my father, who was astonished at the rapid flood and felt nearly as nervous as I did about the mill; but he said that he felt sure that no harm would come to the house, which stood on slightly higher ground; and he added that we were in good hands, for that He who could command the elements was our friend, and he would not allow us to be harmed.

"It made me almost angry to hear him speak so confidently; I felt more inclined to be rebellious, and to say that if God's promises were of any use, now was the time for him to fulfil them, and to save us from loss; but neither my angry feelings nor my father's faith had the effect of staying the waters. On they came, creeping higher and higher, until at length the floors of the lower rooms of the house were flooded, and we began to move the furniture into the chambers above.

"It is impossible for me to describe the anxiety we suffered during the long hours that intervened before daylight began to appear.

"My mother and younger brothers and sisters were much alarmed, especially when there was the sound of a crash, as if part of the house were giving away; indeed, the crash was so loud that I determined to venture out into the yard to see what had happened. Lighting a lantern, I cautiously stepped out of the house, and began to look about me, but could see nothing that could have occasioned the noise; and as I found the water too deep to allow me to get as far as the bridge, I was obliged to return unsatisfied.

"Never mind," said my father, "we shall know what it is when the morning comes."

"By-and-by there was a glimmering of light in the east, and before long we were able to see the extent of the flood. What a sight it was! The little island on which the house stood was entirely covered with water, and many acres on the opposite side of the mill were quite inundated.

"Anxious as we were to see whether any damage had been done to the mill, my father would not go out, or allow me to go, until we had held family worship. It was our custom on Sunday mornings always to sing a psalm or hymn before our father read from God's Word, and that morning he chose Watts' paraphrase on the seventh Psalm, beginning thus,

"My trust is in my heavenly Friend,  
My hope in thee, my God;  
Rise, and my helpless life defend  
From those that seek my blood."

After singing this Psalm, and reading a chapter from the Bible, our father spoke of the love of God to his people, and tried to calm our fears by saying that we were in God's hands, and that nothing could harm us unless it were his will, and pointing out that we, as children, ought to feel as assured as Paul did when he said, "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God—to them who are the called according to his purpose."

"After our worship was concluded, my father and I went to look after the mill, but found to our dismay that the bridge had been washed away, no doubt causing the noise that we had heard. The force of the stream had carried the bridge quite out of sight, and had also sunk the boat, which we had left tied to the railings. There was now no possibility of reaching the mill until the flood subsided sufficiently to allow us to raise our boat; nor was it probable that we should have help from our neighbors, as none of them had a boat large enough to venture in while the flood was still rising.

"During that memorable Sunday the waters continued to rise, for the snow was melting rapidly on the hills, and, added to this great torrents of rain fell throughout the day.

"We now began to fear that our house would give way under the heavy pressure of water, and that we should all perish.

"It was during the long hours of that Sabbath day and night that my father and mother showed the value of feeling them-

selves to be God's people, and under his special protection. Had it not been for their unshaken faith, I fear that some of us would have almost given way to despair.

"It was early on Monday morning, long before it was light, that I went out of doors again to reconnoitre, and to my great joy found that the water was beginning to subside. Hardly could Noah's dove have brought more welcome news to those in the ark when she came back with a leaf in her bill, than did I when I brought my parents the happy intelligence.

"Let us thank God for his mercy," said my father; "if the water does not rise again we shall be safe."

"Once more we had anxiously to wait for the breaking of day; and when the sun at last appeared, it was to show the cloudless sky and an entire absence of snow—all was melted away.

"Our worst fears were now over; although we knew that many hours must pass before we could get our sunken boat out of the water, and thus reach the mill, we felt confident that the house was now out of danger.

"I need not tell you of all the hours that passed before we were able to leave the house. We were detained prisoners until Tuesday, when the water had so far subsided that we were able to raise our boat, and my father and I rowed the rest of the family across the flooded meadows to our nearest neighbor's house, where they took refuge until our own house was again fit for them to enter.

"We were thankful to find that no damage had been done either to the house or mill; and in a week's time we were settled down to our usual work and mode of living, my father praising God for having spared us from what had seemed imminent calamity, and I asked myself why God had permitted us to suffer what we had.

"Little did I then know that the flood on that Sunday night had been the means of saving us from what might have been far more disastrous to us. But this was found afterward to be the case.

"A year had passed away since the incidents I have related took place, a year of suffering for many, for, although the prosperity of the country was slowly returning, much distress still prevailed. During this time my father had exerted himself in doing good among the suffering families in the neighborhood, and had gained for himself the gratitude of many a poor man and woman for his timely help.

"It was when he was on one of these errands of mercy that my father met with a poor man, a stranger to the parish, who was very ill, and to all appearances not likely to live. While speaking to him of his eternal interests (for he never gave temporal relief without trying to impart some spiritual instruction too), the man seemed much affected, and thinking as he did that he was fast approaching death, he tried to relieve his burdened mind by telling my father of some of his past sins, and among them he confessed that on the very Sunday night that we had been flooded in, he, with a number of others, had planned to attack our mill, and not only had they meant to take away the corn, but, because my father was what some of them called a saint, they had determined to burn down the house and mill, regardless of who perished with the flames.

"These plans were frustrated only by the impossibility of their reaching us, because of the tremendous flood.

"So you see that the flood that I had murmured about was really the means of saving us from utter ruin and perhaps from death.

"The man went on to say that they could not plan for attacking the mill on another night, as the very next day troops appeared in the neighborhood, and they were obliged to scatter to different parts of the country.

"My father forgave the man for his wicked intentions, and when, contrary to expectation, he regained health and strength, he gave him work in the mill, where he remained a good and faithful servant until his death, some years afterwards.

"I always believed, with my father that it was the hand of Providence that had shielded us that night from being burnt in our home; and I don't think either of you will doubt it."—*Tract Magazine.*

A GOOD REPLY.—A boy being asked what meekness was, replied, "Meekness always gives smooth answers to rough questions."