

Family Circle.

Returning Good for Evil.

Obadiah Lawson and Watt Dood were neighbours; that is, they lived within a half mile of each other, and no person lived between their respective farms, which would have joined, had not a little strip of prairie land extended itself sufficiently to keep them separated. Dood was the oldest settler, and from his youth up had entertained a singular hatred against Quakers; therefore, when he was informed that Lawson, a regular disciple of that class of people, had purchased the next farm to his, he declared he would make him glad to move away again. Accordingly a system of petty annoyances was commenced by him; and every time one of Lawson's hogs chanced to stray upon Dood's place, he was set upon by men and dogs, and most savagely abused. Things progressed thus for nearly a year, and the Quaker, a man of decidedly peace principles, appeared in no way to resent the injuries received at the hands of his spiteful neighbour. But matters were drawing to a crisis; for Dood, more enraged than ever at the quiet of Obadiah, made oath that he would do something before long to wake up the spunk of Lawson. Chance favoured his design. The Quaker had a high blooded filly, which he had been very careful in raising, and which was just four years old. Lawson took great pride in this animal, and had refused a large sum of money for her.

One evening, a little after sundown, as Watt Dood was passing around his corn field, he perceived the filly feeding in the little strip of prairie land that separated the two farms, and he conceived the hellish design of throwing off two or three rails of his fence, that the horse might get into his corn during the night. He did so, and the next morning, bright and early, he shouldered his rifle and left the house. Not long after his absence, a hired man, whom he had recently employed, heard the echo of his gun, and in a few minutes, Dood, considerably excited and out of breath, came hurrying to the house, where he stated that he had shot at and wounded a buck, that the deer attacked him, and he hardly escaped with his life.

This story was credited by all but the newly employed hand, who had taken a dislike to Watt, and, from his manner, suspected that something was wrong. He, therefore, slipped quietly away from the house, and going through the field in the direction of the shot, he suddenly came upon Lawson's filly, stretched upon the earth, with a bullet-hole through the head, from which the blood was still oozing.

The animal was warm, and could not have been killed an hour. He hastened back to the dwelling of Dood, who met him in the yard, and demanded, somewhat roughly, where he had been.

"I've been to see if your bullet made sure work of Mr. Lawson's filly," was the instant retort.

Watt paled for a moment, but collecting himself, he fiercely shouted,

"Do you dare say I killed her?"

"How do you know she is dead?" replied the man.

Dood bit his lip, hesitated a moment, and then turning, walked into the house.

A couple of days passed by, and the morning of the third one had broken, as the hired man met friend Lawson, riding in search of his filly.

A few words of explanation ensued, when, with a heavy heart, the Quaker turned his horse, and rode home, where he informed the people of the fate of his filly. No threat of retribution escaped him; he did not even go to law to recover damages; but calmly awaited his plan and hour of revenge. It came at last.

Watt Dood had a Durham heifer, for which he paid a heavy price, and upon which he counted to make great gains.

One morning, just as Obadiah was sitting down to breakfast, his eldest son came in with the information that neighbour Dood's heifer had broken down the fence, entered the yard, and, after eating most of the cabbages, had trampled the well-made beds, and the vegetables they contained, out of all shape—a mischief impossible to repair.

"And what did thee do with her, Jacob?" quietly asked Obadiah.

"I put her in the farm yard."

"Did thee beat her?"

"I never struck her a blow."

"Right, Jacob, right; sit down to thy breakfast, and when done eating, I will attend to the heifer."

Shortly after he had finished his repast, Lawson mounted a horse and rode over to Dood's, who was sitting under the porch in front of his house, and who, as he beheld the Quaker dismount, supposed he was coming to demand pay for his filly, and secretly swore he would have to go to law for it if he did.

"Good morning, neighbour Dood; how is thy family?" exclaimed Obadiah, as he mounted the steps and seated himself in a chair.

"All well, I believe," was the crusty reply.

"I have a small affair to settle with you this morning, and I came rather early."

"So I suppose," growled Watt.

"This morning my son found thy Durham heifer in my garden, where she has destroyed a good deal."

"And what did he do with her?" demanded Dood, his brow darkening.

"What would thee have done with her, had she been my heifer in thy garden?" asked Obadiah.

"I'd shot her!" retorted Watt, madly, "as I suppose you have done; but we are only even now. Heifer for filly is only 'tit for tat.'"

"Neighbour Dood, thou knowest me not, if thou thinkest I would harm a hair of thy heifer's back. She is in my farm-yard, and not even a blow has been struck her, where thee can get her any time. I know thee shot my filly; but the evil one prompted thee to do it, and I lay no evil in my heart against my neighbours. I came to tell thee where thy heifer is, and now I'll go home."

Obadiah rose from his chair, and was about to descend the steps, when he was stopped by Watt, who hastily asked,

"What was your filly worth?"

"A hundred dollars is what I asked for her," replied Obadiah.

"Wait a moment!" and Dood rushed into the house, from whence he soon returned, holding some gold in his hand. "Here's the price of your filly, and hereafter let there be a pleasantness between us."

"Willingly, heartily," answered Lawson, grasping the proffered hand; "let there be peace between us."

Obadiah mounted his horse, and rode home with a lighter heart, and from that day to this Dood has been as good a neighbour as one could wish to have, being completely reformed by the RETURNING GOOD FOR EVIL.—*Cincinnati Columbian.*

Youth Cautioed against Worldly Pleasures.

I have to warn you against dangers of various kinds. This world is full of peril to the soul. Of all the paths of life there is but one you can tread with safety.

"A thousand ways in ruin end,
One only leads to joys on high."

And O, how many miss that way to bliss! Some through ignorance; while others, though knowing it, refuse to walk therein. Hence, with truth, I may add,—

"What thousands never knew the road;
What thousands hate it when 'tis known!"

Of this way our Lord declared few would find it. It is the lonely and unfrequented way of happiness. The world turns from it with disdain.

But it is otherwise with the thousand ways which end in ruin. Many walk therein. To the eye they appear inviting and full of promise. No danger being apprehended, the ignorant and unwary do not hesitate to tread them. Multitudes of the young dance along these sunny and flowery paths of pleasure and of passion, heedless of their termination. Inexperienced and unsuspecting, they are the early victims of those temptations, to which their warm affections, emotions, and hopes, render them susceptible. Your heart has happily been chastened by a religious training, and restrained by a measure of the fear of God. But you will soon have to leave the comparative

seclusion of the school, to enter upon the business of the world. This will necessarily throw you more into society, and you will often come in contact with those who are actuated by evil principles and selfish motives. Temptations will surround you, many of which will be entirely new. Sinful pleasures will allure and evil company entice. Against both these evils, in every stage of your life, I most earnestly warn you. I apprehend great danger to youth from what are termed the amusements and pleasures of the world. There are parents who grant, in reference to these things, many indulgences, from which they anticipate no moral injury, but from which I fear the most serious evils will result. It is natural enough that the youthful mind, stimulated by curiosity, and the exciting descriptions of others, would seek permission to attend upon them. "What harm can there be in visiting such a place, or in seeing such a sight?" is a question frequently proposed. The harm is often in attendant circumstances, the character of those who chiefly resort to places of amusement, and the effect of the whole upon the mind. Thousands of the children of religious parents have buried in these pursuits their best feelings and desires.

And pleasure, my dear boy, is sure to tempt you. Even now, she leads you to anticipate the day when, freed from parental restraint, you may have liberty to join her followers. Be on your guard against her subtle influences. She works upon the imagination, by presenting to it such a picture of delight and satisfaction, that desire is excited to possess it.

But you must know that all her representations are false, her promises deceitful, and her hopes delusive; yet by many she is believed, and hence she counts her followers by millions. She leads many astray by means of the senses. The eye loves beauty, and the ear harmony; and in both these respects she endeavours to meet the tastes of her admirers. She also maintains her authority by her influence over the passions. She inflames their ardour, renders them ungovernable, and then falsely promises satisfaction in their indulgence. No wonder that she draws the world after her, when she chains the imagination, senses, and passions of mankind to the wheels of her chariot.

It is one of the old artifices of pleasure to assume the name and garb of happiness; and under this disguise she has deceived thousands. But between her and happiness there is no real resemblance. They have not one attribute in common. Pleasure has never yet been able to make the most devoted of her followers happy; they may have sown in hope, but they have always reaped in disappointment and sorrow.

I trust that you will never be numbered among her victims. Pleasure has ruined the reputation, health, and peace of myriads. Multitudes of the young she daily seduces. And what shall preserve you from her gilded baits and destructive influences? What, but religion. Its light will enable you to see her in her own true character, and you will know that the only reward she can bestow is "vanity and vexation of spirit." In respect to the pleasures and amusements of the world, I present, for your imitation, the example of Moses. When the pleasures of a court and kingdom were open to him, "he chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." This decision was both wise and pious; and may your choice be like his.—*A Father's Religious Counsels to his Son at School, by the Rev. David Hay.*

Teach Children how to use Money.

Show the child early the use of money; its use in obtaining necessities, and in promoting works of benevolence. Train the child in the right direction as to the estimate of money, as to its use, and as to the objects on which it should be expended. In after-life he will have much to do with it: teach him betimes to handle it aright. It is of much practical importance that young children should be accustomed themselves to have, to keep, and to use money. They should not only by precept be taught, but by experience trained, to know that it is wrong to throw it uselessly away, and to

know the blessedness of giving for the good of those that need. There is more power than most of us are yet aware of in the practice of letting children have some pence of their own, to be laid out according to their own judgment, or given in charity on the impulse of their own will. Of course, there will be a continuous effort to imbue the child's mind with correct ideas; but there should not be direct interference with the freedom of his act. I would rather see an occasional mistake, which might afterwards be turned to good account, than make him a mere agent in executing my order. It is not his hand, but his will, that is to be exercised, and influenced, and trained. It is but a little act, the miniature, as it were, of a good deed; but it derives its importance from being the act of a little man,—one who will soon be acting a man's part on the wide arena of the world. The infant is the germ of the man. The infant's habits, and likings, and actings are the rivulet, already settling its direction, which will soon swell into the strong stream of life.—*Rev. W. Arnot.*

General Miscellany.

Night Air.

It is a prevalent idea that *night air* is not so healthy as the atmosphere when under the influence of light. This opinion must have originated from some cause, or else it must be set down among old wives' fables. No one ever had an opinion that the composition of *air* was changed during the night hours, but certainly it is well known, that air and the atmosphere are two different things. The atmosphere may become perfectly corrupt, and in many places it becomes so, but air is a fixed composition, therefore, when it becomes mixed with a superabundance of carbonic acid, or any other gas, it is no longer air. The atmosphere—that air in which we continually bathe, and on which we continually feed, often becomes unfit for respiration by extraneous matter floating in it, under the different names of miasma, infection, &c. It has been said, "the belief of night air being injurious, is an error, which has hindered the introduction of ventilation more than all others." This we do not believe, for it is well known that the effluvia of marshes is the most dangerous during night hours, and those who are exposed to the *night air* in any country, except upon the ocean, never enjoy such good health as those who are protected from its influence. The domestic animals, such as cows and horses, which are housed every night in summer, "do better," the farmers say, than those which are exposed to the free ventilation of chilling damps, and the extraneous gases which sluggishly float near the earth's surface at night, owing to the absence of the sun, which, during the day, carries them up like the dew, above the stratum in which we live and walk. No one ever supposed that the pure atmosphere had anything to do with causing the death of person exposed at night within the tropics; nor does it produce the cough of the consumptive and asthmatic, nor the languor and misery which the sick so frequently experience.

These and other sufferings experienced more particularly at night, are caused by carbonic acid, absence of sun-light, rapid reduction of temperature, the air being saturated with moisture, &c., and not by that air without which we cannot live three minutes. It is absurd to suppose that fresh air supports our life and destroys our health at one and the same time. The same thing cannot possess the utterly incompatible character of good and evil, of supporting life and destroying it. It is all nonsense to talk about pure air being hurtful to life and health, at any season by night or day, but while carbonic acid, absence of sun-light, rapid reduction of temperature, the atmosphere saturated with moisture, &c., at night, are the causes of sickness and suffering, it is no error to suppose that the night atmosphere is oftentimes injurious to health. A belief in this need not prevent good ventilation, for if cotton cloth screens are placed in windows during night hours, a free ventilation is obtained, and the air is somewhat