

Family Circle.

Management of Boys.

Mr. Goodman, whose tool-house was described some time since, has been out with Nathan's father to see about a division fence, which they, in a neighbourly manner, every spring, "trim up" together.

After they had got well to work, one on one side of the wall, and the other on the other, Nathan's father, whose name is John, began to talk about the boys.

As most people manage all their possessions with equal discretion, and we have seen the harumscaram manner in which Nathan's father took care of his tools, it will surprise nobody that Nathan was reported in a state of mutiny, and cherishing the desire to run away. "What was he to do with him," he asked of his neighbour, as he laid a heavy stone into the gap in the wall.

Now Goodman was a disciplinarian. He was the greatest hand for a kicking cow, a fractious pair of steers, a green Irishman, a discontented boy, or even a crying baby.

His method embraced all the pretended virtues of the patent medicines, and was good for all the ills to which flesh is heir.

He conquered them all with his spirit of kindness. This was never assumed, but it welled up from his great and good heart, like clear bubbles at the cool fountain. Goodman could maintain a triumph. He knew how to hold his ground by the encouragement which he offered to all to do right.

But now for Nathan's case. Nathan was not a bad boy in the main. Perhaps he was like the lost "shovel," damaged by exposure and neglect. When his mind was young and tender, his father had never thought how easily his fretful words would rust and corrode the affections of his child. Nathan had done many "a good deed in a naughty world." Nothing said. But let the bars be once forgotten, the cows get a taste of the corn, let the cart hub but crack off a post now and then, when going through a narrow bar post, and Nathan was condemned so low that he never was able to get quite back again to his former standing. All blame, no praise. Nathan was discouraged. Nathan had rashly thought of taking an extra shirt and his leave of home!

Now, farmer Goodman never did a job by the halves. To tell the truth, he was glad to have his advice solicited. He felt that he might do something for Nathan yet. But first he must tell his father plainly where he was wrong in the management of his boy. He did so. John heard every word. He believed he had not acted wisely, nor as a parent should. Goodman's frank advice he considered gospel.

"Now look at my George," said Mr. Goodman. "Do you think he is a discontented boy?"

"George is a wonder," said Nathan's father. "He is so ambitious, and smart about his work. I wish Nathan was as good a boy."

"But I never scold George," said Mr. Goodman.

"He don't need it."

"Does Nathan always, when you rebuke him so sharply?"

John Wheeler stopped to think. Had he done so before giving his cutting reprimands to Nathan, the words would never have passed his lips.

The wall was now "put to rights" down to a lot of about a quarter of an acre, a part of which had been cultivated the previous year, and was set out with a few rows of apple trees, that had most excellent care. As Mr. Wheeler got over the division fence and glanced around the snug enclosure, he asked Mr. Goodman what he had divided off this lot for.

"This is my son George's farm, neighbour Wheeler. He has owned it for a year."

"But you don't mean to say that you have given your boy this patch for his own?"

"To be sure I do; why not? I told him years ago I wanted him to be a good boy, and if he would try to be obedient and industrious, I would encourage him. I have reasons to believe that George has made exertions to please his parents. I have only

kept my word with him when I walled in this quarter of an acre, and told him it was his own. George sold eggs enough from his twelve hens last spring, to buy those trees, which I think grow very well."

Goodman got over the wall to help his neighbour roll up a heavy stone. He had already rolled a heavy weight from his heart. Light was breaking in. George was a better boy than was Nathan, because George had had a better father. Hardly convinced that Goodman's course would answer for him, he asked—

"Would you recommend me to give Nathan a part of my farm?"

"To be sure. How much the poorer could it make you? and how rich he would begin to feel! He would take a new interest in his duties. He would see that his father was anxious to encourage him, and as you have tried fault-finding for some time with miserable success, it may be that a little encouragement would make Nathan an altered boy."

"Well, Goodman, I don't know but you are right. It is true I have taken no special pains to encourage him, as you say—that is a great word with you—and I believe I shall think of your advice."

By this time the wall was "looked over," and the neighbours went home.

About sunrise, some weeks after, Nathan was returning from driving out the cows, whistling as usual—he had taken to whistling with a kind of desperation—when he met his neighbour George.

"Well, well, Nathan, you are upbetimes, it seems."

"Oh, not very early for this busy time o' year. But, George, can you come over and give me a lift at setting out my trees this afternoon?"

"I will, gladly, Nathan, if father's willing, and I guess he will let me. So you bought your trees, eh?"

"Yes; I sold the gun for six dollars, and bought twenty-four neat Baldwins, I tell you. Upon the whole, I'm rather glad to get the gun off my hands, for the folks never liked to have me carry it."

Nathan, it need hardly be said, had abandoned the idea of "running away." Nathan's father mends wall annually with his neighbour Goodman. He makes, also, some slight repairs in his defective mode of managing his farm and his children at the same time.

Value of the Sabbath to Young Men.

1stly. They are greatly indebted to it for their intelligence. Its ministrations powerfully promote all the interests of education, and encourage the diffusion of knowledge. What would have been the intellectual condition of the young men of this land, had they been brought up in a land where the Sabbath had never been known?

2dly. For their morality and virtue are young men greatly indebted to the Sabbath. It frowns on every form of vice, and smiles on every form of excellence of character. How rapidly Sabbath-breaking young men sink into every species of immorality. Sabbath-keeping young men are noted for possessing all the moral virtues.

3dly. No institution operates with such power, to secure for them the emotions and rewards of piety, as the Christian Sabbath. For it comes by the authority, and breathing the benevolence of God. All its influences are suited to establish religious principles in the soul. A proper regard for the Sabbath brings young men within the reach of those agencies by which the soul is shown its guilt and danger, and led to the Saviour. How few young men are converted who disregard the Sabbath!

4thly. Due regard for the Sabbath brings young men into that kind of society which is favourable to their best good. The lovers of the holy Sabbath, are lovers of everything else that honours God and blesses man. They are the excellent of the earth. And their influence over those who come into their society and fellowship, is happy, in reference to both time and eternity.

5thly. There cannot, therefore, be a greater instance of most unworthy ingratitude to a benefactor, or ill-treatment of a most kind and powerful friend, than where young men lightly esteem the blessed Sab-

bath. It promotes their intelligence, morality, and piety, surrounding them with all those influences which operate for their highest and best well-being. They would deeply resent the imputation of the heart, to abuse a father's kindness or a mother's love. But no friend more valuable have they than that one that pays them its weekly visit of kindness, and seeks to throw over their whole life and eternity the beauty and blessings of holiness. Counting the Sabbath a delight, they shall "ride upon the high places of the earth, and be fed with the heritage of Jacob."—*Puritan Recorder*.

The Husband's Return.

Much has been said respecting the wife's welcome, and much of the happiness of the domestic circles unquestionably depends upon the manner in which the husband is welcomed to his own house, when he returns wearied with his duties abroad. But the continuance of that happiness also depends upon how the efforts made to please are appreciated. For so constituted is the human mind, that unless sustained by high Christian principles, it will soon weary in its endeavour, unless, by the recipient, there be some expression of gratification either in word or manner.

There are some who, during the hours of courtship, never approach their lady-love but with a smile, and who will anticipate and gratify her wishes before expressed, but as soon as the ceremony is passed, which entitles them to the name of husband and companion, will assume a sternness which hitherto had seemed foreign to their nature, requiring an unconditional surrender of their wife's wishes to theirs, thus crushing and blotting out the finer feelings of the heart, which, if they had only been kindly fostered, would have proved a treasure in their homes of incalculable value.

Fear may exact obedience, but it seems not the kind and sympathizing attention of affection. Home, too, is the place for the husband, as well as the wife, to bear meekly the petty ills of life. He cannot always expect to find his home a retreat of perfect security from noise and interruption in his own thoughts; even these must be sometimes disturbed; certainly, if there be a family of romping, frolicsome children.—He must have a smile for this, and a word for that, and listen with interest to their noisy prattle, when he comes in—remembering that the mother may not be freed from it an hour during the day.

Some men think at their own homes they are not required to speak only in monosyllables; they are obliged to talk so much while abroad, and are obliged to be so very agreeable, that they cannot possibly converse with their wives: they must rest when at home; besides, what interest can the wife have in the busy world, from which she is so much secluded? She certainly does not need any relaxation from her cares, by descending from her elevated position to converse upon events which transpired during the day. I would have the newspaper taken, and read, and well read, in every family; and well paid for; but I would not have the husband so absorbed by its contents, as not to be able to answer a reasonable question, when asked by his wife or children.

But I will not enumerate any more. Let the little attentions still be continued which were given when wooing and being won; let harsh words as seldom be heard as then; let each one strive to make home happy; and there will be more earthly Edens to be found in family circles than at present.

The Indwelling Word.

Many blessed consequences flow from having the words of Scripture in the memory. We cannot always have our Bibles in our hands; especially if our calling leads us to manual labour.

When you retire to rest, or lie awake during the night watches, or sit beside the sick or dying, you may taste the sweetness of many a gracious promise, and may say, "In the multitude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts delight my soul." When you are at work, you may derive unspeakable comfort from ruminating on some savory promise.

General Miscellany.

Ascent of Mount Hecla.

This account is extracted from "A Journey to Iceland, and Travels in Sweden and Norway, by Ida Pfeiffer. Translated from the German by Charlotte Fennimore Cooper."

Hecla itself is enclosed in a circle of lava hills, and towers high above them all. It is surrounded by several glaciers, whose dazzling snow-fields extend to a great distance, and have never been trodden by a human foot.

It was a beautiful warm morning, and we galloped gaily over the meadows and the adjacent sand-plains. This fine weather was considered a very favourable omen by my guide, who told me that M. Geimard, the French naturalist already mentioned, had been delayed three days by a storm before he could ascend the mountain; this was nine years ago, and no one had made the attempt since that time. A Danish prince who travelled through Iceland a few years since, had been here indeed, but for some unexplained reason he had left the place without undertaking to visit Hecla. The road led at first, as I have already said, through rich fields, and then across the patches of black sand which are surrounded on all sides by streams, hills, and hillocks of lava, whose fearful masses gradually approach each other, and frequently afford no other passage than a narrow defile, where we scrambled over the blocks and piles with scarcely a spot to rest our feet. The lava rolled around and behind us, and it was necessary to be constantly on the watch to prevent ourselves from stumbling, or to avoid coming in contact with the rolling rocks. But the danger was even greater in the gorges filled with snow already softened by the heat of the season; where we frequently broke through, or, what was worse, slid backwards at every step almost as far as we had advanced. I do not believe there is another mountain in the world whose ascent offers so many difficulties as this one.

After a toilsome struggle of three hours and a half we reached the place where it became necessary to leave the horses behind; which I should have done long before, as I felt compassion for the poor animals, if my Hecla guide would have allowed it; but he maintained that there were still spots where we might need them, and advised me, moreover, to ride as long as possible, in order to reserve my strength for what was still before me. And he was right; I hardly think I could have completed the whole distance on foot, for when I thought I had attained the last peak, I still found streams and hillocks between me and my goal, which seemed constantly more remote than ever. My guide assured me that he had never led any one so far on horseback, and I really believe it. The walking was already horrible—but to ride was fearful! From every height new scenes of the most melancholy desolation appeared in sight; the whole prospect was rigid and inanimate, and burnt, black lava was spread around us wherever we looked. It was not without a painful sensation that I gazed about me, and saw nothing but the immeasurable chaos of this stony desert. We had still three heights to climb; they were the last, but also the most perilous. The road led abruptly over the rocks by which the whole summit of the mountain was covered; I had more falls than I could count, and frequently tore my hands on the sharp points of lava. It was, to be sure, a terrible expedition. The dazzling whiteness of the snow was almost blinding, contrasted with the shining black lava alongside of it. When I had to cross a field of snow I did not venture to look at the lava, for I had tried it once and could hardly see in consequence. I was snow blind.

At last the summit was attained, after two more hours of laborious climbing, and I stood upon the highest peak of Hecla; but I looked in vain for a crater—there was no trace of any to be found; at which I was all the more astonished, as I had read minute accounts of it in several books of travels.