



The Family Circle.

A CRADLE HYMN.

BY DR. ISAAC WATTS.

The *Christian Union* has been furnished by a correspondent with a copy of this familiar hymn in its original form, which it publishes, with the following remarks: "We reprint the hymn with the lines kindly restored by our correspondent, because their omission was a serious injury to it. Its beauty as a cradle song largely depends on the connection of the babe now being lulled to sleep and the Holy Child in the manger, and the soothing words, after anger at the indignity offered to the Saviour have put tones into the mother's voice which have waked and frightened the baby, are very tender. We regret that the hymn, as published in modern works, has been so curtailed, and trust that the space we give it here may revive its use. The lines italicized are those omitted before."

Hush, my dear! lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed;
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently fall'ng on thy head.
Sleep, my babe! thy food and raiment,
House and home thy friends provide;
And, without thy care or payment,
All thy wants are well supplied.
How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from Heaven He descended
And became a child like thee!
Soft and easy is thy cradle;
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
When His birthplace was a stable,
And His softest bed was hay.
*Blessed Babe! what glorious features—
Spotless fair, Divinely bright;
Must He dwell with brutal creatures?
How could angels bear the sight?*
Was there nothing but a manger,
Cursed sinners could afford,
To receive the Heavenly Stranger?
Did they thus affront the Lord?
*Soft, my child, I did not chide thee,
Tho' my song might sound too hard;
'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,
And her arms shall be thy guard.
Yet to read the shameful story,
How the Jews abus'd their King,
How they serv'd the Lord of Glory,
Makes me angry while I sing,
See the kinder shepherds round Him,
Telling wonders from the sky;
There they sought Him, there they found Him,
With His virgin mother by.
See the lovely babe a-dressing;
Lovely infant, how he smiled!
When He wept, His mother's blessing
Sooth'd and hush'd the Holy Child.
Lo! He slumbers in a manger,
Where the horned oxen fed;
Peace, my darling, there's no danger,
There's no oxen near thy bed.
'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,
Save my child from burning flame,
Bitter groans and endless crying,
That thy blest Redeemer came.
May'st thou live to know and fear Him,
Trust and love Him all thy days!
Then go dwell forever near Him,
See His face and sing His praise.
*I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire;
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire.**

A TROUBLESOME BOY.

"Ye fathers, bring up your children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."—Eph. 6:4.

"Lane has been making us trouble again. I dislike to tell you, but what can we do with him?"

Mrs. Houston stood by the gate with the tears running down her cheeks, as her husband, after an absence of a day and a night, drove up to his house.

"What is it now?" he asked, alighting from his waggon and going to his wife's side with a dark, discouraged look settling down upon his face.

"Oh, that poor boy has sold his watch that his grandfather gave him, to procure one of those little pocket revolvers that are so temptingly advertised in our papers. He got angry at his sisters this morning, and presently hearing him say in a loud voice, 'Take care there, or I will draw my seven-shooter on you!' I entered the room to find him standing on one of the chairs brandishing a loaded revolver, and pointing it at the girls' heads. I commanded him as calmly as I could to go to his room, but the scene gave my nerves such a shock that I have been in a tremble ever since!"

"He obeyed you, did he not?"

"He refused to give up the murderous little weapon, but left the parlor for his room,

saying that he had got the best of his family now, and would bring them all to terms before he got through with this quarrel. I have been momentarily expecting that he would shoot himself, or some one of the family, and have listened for the report of the revolver till I am quite unnerved. I am thankful you have come, but do not, I entreat you, go near the desperate boy until his paroxysm of temper has had time to subside."

"We shall have to send him to the Reform School," said Mr. Houston, decidedly. "His offences heretofore have been grave enough to send him to a worse place. I will have lunch and then immediately start for M— on the twelve o'clock train. Oh, it is hard, it is humiliating beyond measure to be obliged to acknowledge to the world that I have a son whose conduct is such as to bring him within the statutory provisions concerning commitments to the Reform School even."

Mr. Houston returned from his mournful errand just in time for the six o'clock dinner. When he went to his room to make his toilet his wife followed him. "What is the result of your journey?" she asked as soon as they were alone. Her husband looked so distressed that she began to tremble again, and when he attempted to reply it was some moments before he could command his voice or find words to make himself intelligible.

"The superintendent of the school, a very pleasant, agreeable man, and a Christian, to whom I had confided, some time since, my anxiety in regard to Lane, listened to this new trouble with a grave sympathy which quite won my heart. When I had finished speaking, he said, 'Yes, Mr. Houston, you must have him sent here now by all means. He needs the discipline of this institution. But before definite arrangements are made I want to ask you one question; you say he has always been a hard case to manage; that you have tried every way to effect his reformation; that love, fear, and force have all been employed in the premises; and that you have even tried to hire him to alter his behavior, paying him a certain sum of money per day so long as he should commit no misdeed; but all these measures have failed. Now I want to know whether you have tried praying with him?'"

"No," said I, very much taken by surprise. "I have never thought of doing that."

"Well," said the superintendent, "you must go home and pray with him. I don't feel as if I could receive him here, or have anything to do with the case, until the power of prayer at his home, and that in his presence, has been tried."

"I can not pray before my family," I said.

"What! you a church-member, and do not have family prayer?" he replied.

"No, sir," was my answer, very deeply humiliated by the confession.

"Go home and set up a family altar to-night," he said.

"I cannot," I pleaded. "I have not the courage to broach the matter, even to my wife. We never speak upon the subject of religion."

"It is high time you take up this cross, if cross it is," he urged. "How can you expect that son to submit his will to yours when you do not submit your will to the Master? To-night at nine o'clock call your family together, read a chapter of the Word of God, and lead in prayer. At that time my wife and I will go into our closets and pray for you all, especially for Lane. Let us now take the Lord Jesus Christ into our counsel."

"I came away upon that. But what am I to do about it? I don't know. I can never pray aloud in the presence of my family."

"Dear husband," replied Mrs. Houston, sobbing. "I have been thinking for a long time that we are shirking our duty in this direction. Do not have any more misgivings about it; do not hesitate another moment. I will arrange everything this evening—never fear. The Lord will pardon us, let us hope, and give us strength when the hour arrives."

"Has Lane been down stairs since?" asked the father, himself moved to tears.

"No; and he has had nothing to eat, and no one has spoken to him since breakfast."

"What if he should start to go down town to spend the evening?"

"I have a plan which I think will keep him at home to-night."

On his way down stairs Mr. Houston

went to his son's door and called in a pleasant voice, "Come, my son, dinner is waiting." Lane quickly opened the door, with his hair freshly brushed and neatly attired. He had dressed for dinner, although expecting, should he try the door, he would find it still locked upon the outside, and not doubting that he was to be again put upon a protracted diet of bread and water.

He came down stairs wondering on the way if it were possible that his father in this controversy had espoused his cause against his mother; or whether, as it seemed most likely to him, the possession of the vicious little firearm had not indeed brought them all to "terms."

Lane was given to stealing out of the house in the evenings, and frequenting questionable resorts in company with boys who were nearly as wayward as himself; but to-night Mrs. Houston forestalled any such course by saying as soon as dinner was over, "I wish, children, you would make two or three panfuls of popcorn balls, to carry to the charity festival to-morrow. The materials are all ready, and, Lane, you must superintend the popping of the corn and the preparation of the molasses and sugar."

This was one of the lad's favorite pastimes, and he went about the business in hand with alacrity, his brothers and sisters obeying his many orders, glad to have this new outbreak blow over without developing into a regular warfare between him and his father.

When half past eight o'clock came, Mrs. Houston was called out into the kitchen to see the result of the evening's labors.

"Thank you, my good children," she said. "They are as nice and white and round as any that could be made by the confectioners themselves. Now wash up so as to be in the parlor when the clock strikes nine; there is something else pleasant in store for you."

The young people obeyed, wondering and eager. At nine o'clock precisely their mother folded up the day's newspapers, put them in the wall-pocket, and brought a large Bible and placed it upon the reading-table.

Mr. Houston's voice trembled a little as he said: "It has been brought very forcibly to my mind to-day that I have been shamefully neglecting my duty and the highest welfare of you, my children, in not joining with you in the study of this blessed Word and in family prayer. To-night we will begin a different course, and see whether we shall not all be made happier and better by following it." He now read a chapter, and then knelt down. His wife and children followed his example, all except Lane. He sat bolt upright with a stern, pale face, and perturbed air, now and then casting quick glances towards the door as if meditating an escape.

The poor father at first could find no words to express his conflicting thoughts and deep, prayerful desires; but as he called to mind his friends, the superintendent and his wife, on their knees in prayer for him at that very moment, his stammering tongue was unloosed, and his unburdened soul found a wonderful freedom at the throne of grace. As he was closing a most tender and pathetic appeal on behalf of his erring son, and that all might submit their rebellious wills to Christ's loving sovereignty, Lane arose from his chair, crossed the room, and kneeling by his father's side, threw his arm around his neck, sobbing: "Pray on, father! pray on! I have tried to ask God to cleanse my wicked heart, but I could not seem to reach him by myself. I know he will hear me now when you are all willing to pray with me."

The whole family rose from their knees with melted hearts and tearful faces. It came out that the two eldest daughters had been in the habit of praying in secret, and they declared this to be the happiest hour of their lives.

Lane was completely subdued. The leaven of repentance and faith toward God had worked entire reformation and healing. He stepped up to the table, and laid the loaded revolver upon it near his father's side. "It is I who have been brought to terms," he said. "I don't think you will have any more trouble with Lane. Forgive me, oh, forgive me, my father and mother, and brothers and sisters, as I hope in the forgiveness of Jesus Christ!"—*American Tract Society.*

Do You Know some one is following your example?

AT MONTE CARLO.

The love of excitement in whatever form is dangerous enough, but of all the passions that can seize on a victim and drag him to ruin the love of gambling seems to be the most surely fatal.

A young man in the employment of a well-known Parisian firm as confidential clerk was sent to the neighborhood of Monaco to collect a debt due to the firm. He had just been married, and by way of bridal journey, his young wife went with him. He succeeded in collecting the money due—a sum of fifteen thousand francs (three thousand dollars). He was delighted with his own success on this somewhat difficult mission, and he meant to make the journey back to Paris a pleasure trip. The first night after the money was in his possession he stopped at a grand hotel at Monte Carlo.

After dinner was over, he took a fancy to go and look at the gaming tables, which are still permitted there by Government. Then the thought struck him, "What if he should be tempted to play?" At least the money of his employers should be safe! He took it from his breast pocket and gave it to his young wife, and with it all that he had of his own, except twenty francs.

"Now, sweetheart," he said, as he kissed her, "if I make our fortune, it will have to be made with a single napoleon," and he went out into the gay, brightly lighted streets with a laugh.

The young wife sat alone for a while quite contentedly, and then a longing came over her also to see what the gaming tables were like. The money would be safe enough with her, she thought. She buttoned it all inside her dress. To make all secure, she took her young husband's pistol from his travelling-bag, and put it in her pocket.

She found her way easily to the Casino. How the lights flashed! How gay it all was! How people seemed to be winning everywhere! She did not notice the baffled gamblers who slunk away with rage and despair on their faces. She only saw the bright eyes, the flushed cheeks, the jewels that flashed on the hands which gathered in the shining gold pieces.

Surely if she stood still her husband would come that way and find her. So she lingered to watch the play. Then she thought herself of the superstition that luck always favors a beginner. What if this were her one golden opportunity? What if she could make a fortune that would put Albert at ease for all the rest of his life? She drew from her bosom the money that was their own, played with it, and won. She left it on the table and won again. Then a third time; but now she began to lose.

Terror seized her. She had not dreaded to tell Albert of success. She dared not tell him of failure. Surely luck would turn if she went on long enough!

She drew the fifteen thousand francs from her bosom; and played on desperately,—a half-crazed creature. Suddenly, she realized that she had played the last franc and lost.

She went out of the hall, and people remembered afterward how she staggered as she walked, and how deathly white was her face. She went on a few rods, drew the pistol from her pocket and put it to her poor, bewildered brain. The report startled her husband, who just then came out of the Casino. He stopped, and this was his young bride—this huddled mass upon the sidewalk—dead; and all his prospects and his business future were dead with her.—*Youth's Companion.*

"Dr. WAYLAND, don't you think, if Christian people were more amiable, kind, in their disposition, and in their intercourse with the world, if they presented Christianity in its true aspects, don't you think everybody would be so attracted and charmed as to embrace Christianity at once?" was the remark of a student during a class recitation. Dr. Wayland, assuming an air more deliberate and earnest than usual, replied in substance: "There was once on the earth one who combined in perfect symmetry all the graces of Christian character; one who was wise, kind, unselfish, lovely, without fault, absolutely perfect; and what was the result of this exhibition of character in the world? They cried, Crucify Him! Crucify Him!"