

## The Family Circle.

### THE RESURRECTION.

In the course of his wanderings among the Pyramids of Egypt, Lord Lindsay, the celebrated English traveller, accidentally came across a mummy, the inscription upon which proved to be at least two thousand years old. In examining the mummy after it was carefully unwrapped he found in one of its enclosed hands a small root. Wondering how long vegetable life could last, he took the little bulb from that closed hand and planted it in a sunny soil, allowed the dew and rains of heaven to descend upon it, and in course of time, a few weeks, to his astonishment and joy, that root burst forth and bloomed into a beautiful flower.

This interesting incident suggested to Mrs. S. H. Bradford, an American poetess, the following thoughts upon the Resurrection:

Two thousand years ago a flower  
Bloomed lightly, in a far-off land;  
Two thousand years ago its seed  
Was placed within a dead man's hand.

Before the Saviour came to earth,  
That man had lived and loved and died,  
And even in that far-off time,  
The flower had spread its perfume wide.

Suns rose and set, years came and went,  
The dead hand kept its treasure well;  
Nations were born and turned to dust,  
While life was hidden in that shell.

The shrivelled hand is robbed at last,  
The seed is buried in the earth;  
When, lo! the life long hidden there  
Into a glorious flower burst forth.

Just such a plant as that which grew  
From such a seed when buried low,  
Just such a flower in Egypt bloomed,  
And died, *two thousand years ago*.

And will not He who watched the seed  
And kept the life within the shell,  
When those He loves are laid to rest,  
Watch o'er their buried dust as well?

And will not He from 'neath the sod  
Cause something glorious to arise?  
Aye! though it sleep *two thousand years*,  
Yet all that buried dust shall rise.

Just such a face as greets you now,  
Just such a form as here we bear,  
Only more glorious far, will rise  
To meet the Saviour in the air.

Then will I lay me down in peace  
When called to leave this vale of tears,  
For, "In my flesh shall I see God,"  
E'en though I sleep *two thousand years*.

### A STORY OF PERSEVERANCE.

About thirty years ago said Judge P—, I stepped into a book-store in Cincinnati, in search of some book that I wanted. While there a little ragged boy, not over twelve years of age, came in and inquired for a geography.

"Plenty of them," said the salesman.

"How much do they cost?"

"One dollar, my lad."

The little boy drew back in dismay, and taking his little hand out of his pocket, he commenced to count some pennies and silver pieces that he had held until they were all damp with sweat. Three or four times he counted them; at last, looking up and saying:

"I didn't know they were so much;" he turned to go out, and even opened the door, but closed it again and came back. "I have only got sixty-one cents," said he; "could you not let me have a geography and wait a little while for the rest of the money?"

How eagerly his little bright eyes looked up for the answer; and how he seemed to shrink within his ragged clothes when the man, not very kindly, told him that he could not do it. The disappointed little fellow looked up at me with a poor attempt at a smile, and then left the store. I followed and overtook him.

"And what now?" I asked kindly.

"Try another place, sir."

"Shall I go and see how you succeed?" I asked.

"O, yes, if you like," said he in surprise.

Four different stores I entered with him, though none of them knew that we came together, and each time he was refused.

"Will you try again?" I asked him, as we left the fourth one.

"Yes sir, I shall try them all, or I shouldn't know whether I could get one or not."

We entered the fifth store, and the little fellow walked up manfully, and told the gentleman just what he wanted, and how much money he had.

"You want the book very, very much?" asked the proprietor.

"Yes sir, very much."

"Why do you want it so very, very much?"

"To study, sir. I can't go to school, but I study when I can at home. All the boys have got one, they will get ahead of me. Besides my father was a sailor, and I want to know about the places where he used to go."

"Does he not go to those places now?"

"He is dead," said the boy softly. Then he added, after a while: "I am going to be a sailor, too."

"Are you, though?" said the gentleman, raising his eyebrows curiously.

"Yes sir: if I live."

"Well, my lad, I'll tell you what I will do. I will let you have a new geography, and you can pay me the remainder of the money when you can, or I will let you have one that is not new for fifty cents."

"Are the leaves all in it, and just like the others, only not so new?"

"Yes sir, just like the new ones."

"It will do just as well then, and I'll have eleven cents left toward buying some other book. I am glad they didn't let me have any at the other places."

The bookseller looked up inquiringly, and I told him what I had seen of the little fellow. He was much pleased and when he brought the book along, I saw a nice new pencil and some clean white paper in it.

"A present, my lad, for your perseverance. Always have courage like that, and you will make your mark."

"Thank you, sir. You are very good."

"What is your name?"

"William Haverly, sir."

"Do you want any more books?" I now asked him.

"More than I ever can get," he replied taking in at one glance the books that filled the shelves.

I gave him a bank note. "It will buy some for you," said I.

Tears of joy came into his eyes. "Can I buy what I want with it?"

"Yes, my lad, anything."

"Then I'll buy one book for mother," said he. "I thank you very much, and some day I hope I can pay you back."

He wanted my name, and I gave it to him. Then I left him standing by the counter, so happy that I almost envied him; and many long years passed before I saw him again.

Last year I went to Europe on one of the vessels that ever plow the waters of the Atlantic. We had beautiful weather until very near the end of our voyage; then came a most terrific storm that would have sunk our noble ship with all on board, had it not been for the captain. Every spar was laid low, the rudder was almost useless, and a great leak had shown itself, threatening to fill the ship. The crew were all strong, willing men, and the mates were practical seamen of the first-class, but after pumping for one whole night, and still the water was gaining, they gave up in despair, and prepared to take to the boat, though they might have known that no small boat could ride in such a sea. The captain who had been below with his charts, now came up; he saw how the matter stood, and with a voice that I heard distinctly above the roar of the tempest, he ordered every man to his post.

It was surprising to see all those men bow before the strong will of their captain, and hurry back to the pumps.

The captain then started below to examine the leak. As he passed me, I asked him if there was any hope. He looked at me and then at the other passengers, who had crowded up to hear his reply, and then said, rebukingly:

"Yes, sir; there is hope as long as one inch of this deck remains above water. When I can see none of it, then I shall abandon the vessel and not before; nor one of my crew, sir. Everything shall be done to save it, and if we fail, it will not be from inaction. Come, bear a hand, every man of you at pumps."

Thrice during the day did we despair, but the captain's dauntless courage and powerful will mastered every mind on board that ship and we went to work again.

"I will land you all safely at the dock in Liverpool," said he, "if you will only be men."

And he did land us safely, but the vessel sunk moored to the dock.

The captain stood on the deck of the sinking vessel, receiving the thanks and blessings of the passengers as they passed down ashore. I was the last to leave; as I passed he grasped my hand and said:

"Judge P—, do you recognize me?"

I told him that I was not aware that I ever saw him until I stepped aboard his ship.

"You saw me years ago in Cincinnati. Do you remember the boy in search of a geography?"

"Very well, sir; William Haverly."

"I am he," said he. "God bless you!"

"And God bless persevering Captain Haverly!"—*The Angelus.*

### HINDOO-MOHAMMEDAN OUT-BREAK.

[A bloody riot took place some time ago in Bombay, which could only be quelled by calling out the military. The following letter, written for the *Mid-Continent* by Rev. Dr. Kellogg, so well-known in Toronto, will place clearly before our readers a state of things existing in India which but few fully understand.—*Ed.*]

In various parts of India, of late, have been organized so-called "Cow-Protection" societies, the object of which, as the name indicates, is to protect cows, i.e., from the beef-eating propensities of Mohammedans and Englishmen. These seek to accomplish their object by buying up and keeping cows as far as possible, and more especially by trying to discourage the sale of cows to Mohammedans or Christians. These have appealed largely, according to all accounts, to the ancient, idolatrous superstition according to Hindoo sacred law, to kill a cow is a far graver crime than to kill a man, of any less caste than a Brahman. The result of the agitation of this kind among the orthodox Hindoos has been to occasion, within the last few months, serious bloody frays between the Hindoos and Mohammedans in different parts of India, which last week culminated in the most serious conflict that has occurred in British India since the mutiny of 1857. For two or three days Bombay was practically under the dominion of fanatical mobs of Hindoos and Mohammedans, bent on mutual assault and murder and desecration of mosques and temples. Though all agree that the police of the city did admirably under trying circumstances, yet it proved wholly unequal to subdue the mob. Business of every kind was wholly arrested for several days, and not until the city was occupied by a force of some three thousand infantry, cavalry and artillery, summoned hastily from the surrounding country, was it possible to restore order. The roll of casualties is not yet accurately made out, but it is set down by the papers as toward one hundred killed and six hundred wounded, in the various fights of those trying days.

The occurrence has its lessons which are not far to seek. We sometimes read optimist articles both in English and American papers, which would lead one to believe that ancient superstitions were practically dead, and without serious power for harm. These "Cow-Protection" societies are doing their best, and with much success, to prove that this is not true. The bloody days through which Bombay—perhaps, the most civilized city in India—has just passed, should help to disabuse our minds from any such pleasing delusion. Much has, no doubt, been done by English administration and by missionary effort, to weaken the power of Hindooism, but if weakened, it is yet very far from dead. It is still one of the mightiest anti-Christian powers in the world, and *the church at home will do well to note this.*

Again both in Great Britain and America, the sentiment is often expressed that it would be well for the English to prepare to turn over the government of India to the natives as rapidly as possible. Even the British House

of Commons has lately passed a resolution designed to provide for this in a greatly increased measure. To most of us who live here, it appears that to commit the government of India to the natives of the country would be to the people themselves a calamity of the first order; and these bloody conflicts between Mohammedans and Hindoos read a weighty lesson on the subject. For suppose the English gone, who then should rule? Should the Hindoo or the Mohammedan power be supreme? Or as a democratic American might think, would it be possible for the two peoples to rule conjointly? A mark said to have been made by a Mohammedan gentleman after the mutiny of 1857: "We thought that if once we were rid of the English, then we Hindoos and Mohammedans could rule together; but we soon found, during the few weeks that we had power in North India, that where two will ride the same horse, one of the two must agree to ride behind."

The English rule is far enough from perfect here and in its relation to the liquor and opium traffic, and the infamous legislation which under pretence of philanthropy has sought to make licentiousness as safe and comfortable as possible, there is enough to mantle the cheek of every Christian with shame. Nevertheless, anyone who knows anything of India must confess that this is, beyond comparison, the best government that India has ever had, and far better than any India would be likely to have, if once the English supremacy were overthrown. In the sad state of society here, in which we see arrayed against each other fiercely antagonistic and fanatical millions, it is one bright fact that in the English government, there is reason to believe even the natives, who love the English little enough, at least recognize that they have a power which will judged with the most absolute impartiality in all these feuds between these hostile multitudes. And in the interest of missionary work, every good Christian of whatsoever land, may well pray that it may please God mercifully to pass over, for His church's sake, the great national sins of the British Government of India, and, while leading India's rulers on many things to a better mind, to perpetuate the British supremacy to a day, not yet apparently very near, when Hindoo and Mohammedan shall be able to live in peace and can be trusted to administer justice with an impartiality which knows no creed.

### A GOOD DOG STORY.

A Harlem family, on going to Europe, left their house in charge of an old man, who was to look after it during the absence of the family. They also left behind them a large dog. There was an armchair in the back room, in which the dog frequently took a nap. The old man also found the chair very comfortable, but as he did not feel like taking any risks he resorted to strategy. He would go to the window and mew like a cat. The dog would then jump out of the chair, and rush to the window to bark at the cat, whereupon the old gentleman would quickly take possession of the chair.

One day when the old gentleman was in the chair, the dog came into the room. Taking in the situation, he put his forepaws on the window-sill, and barked furiously. The old gentleman, thinking there was somebody in the yard, got out of the chair hurriedly, and went to the window, to see who was in the yard, whereupon the dog jumped into the chair and kept possession of it, growling ominously whenever the old man came near him. There was nobody at all in the yard.

Interior: Liberty is always abused by some individuals. In the misuse of liberty these ardent advocates of it strengthen the hands of authority, and put limitations even upon that degree of liberty which is best for the progress and happiness of society. Authority likewise is always abused, and made an instrument of tyranny. There is constant conflict between these two extremes, which society has sought to restrain by the enactment of laws. These laws, or the spirit and purpose of them, are consequently evaded and violated by license on the one hand and by tyranny on the other. This is especially true of religious government and society.