

Family Circle.

THE IDLE SCHOOLBOY.

"I hate my teachers, I hate my school, I hate the very sight of my books!" exclaimed a bright-eyed boy, as he threw his satchel on the table.

"Why, Henry, what has happened now?" "Happened! why, that old good-for-nothing Sampson, who thinks he knows something, rattaned me, because I forgot my lesson. I wish I was a man, I do, there!" he pettishly exclaimed; "then I should have nothing to do with these hateful declensions, these ugly moods and tenses."

"I think an ugly mood has considerable to do with you now, Henry," said his mother half-smiling. "I am sorry you are so angry, so uncourteous in your language, but above all, so prejudiced against your books."

"Well, mother, to be punished for forgetting, as if I could help—"

"Was it forgetfulness or ignorance?" asked Mrs. Hall quietly.

"I'm sure I studied hard enough," answered the boy, blushing slightly; "it's the very lesson I've had three times over."

"No wonder the master was angry," said his mother with a reproachful look.

"Hateful old Sampson," continued Henry, hardly noticing her reprimand; "why is it some boys have to dig off to school every day? I wish I was Tom Jenks; his mother got him a fine place in a store, where he has half a dollar a week, only think; and you are as poor as Mrs. Jenks, and need the money as much. Do let me come from school, mother."

"No, Henry. You little know the misery that entire want of education entails on a youth, I had rather suffer privation; I would willingly live on bread and water, to secure you such learning as will make you independent of the world when I am gone. I wept many a time thinking of my only son's ingratitude towards a mother who is striving to benefit him constantly. Oh, Henry, if you would love your school!"

Henry looked down with a very red face, and bit his lip.

"You see Billy Saunders pass here every day," said Mrs. Hall; "now sit down a moment, I will tell you something about him; for I knew him when he was very young. He, I presume little thought, that at the age of thirty he should go beneath his saw-horse, his cheek swollen, his health ruined by early idleness and dissipation. But all this arose from his hatred for his book."

"How so, mother?"

"Why I have frequently seen him go weeping to school, uttering all kinds of imprecations on everything connected with it, just as you so often do. His mother strove for a long time to keep him to his studies, till at last, tired with the trouble he constantly caused her, instead of urging him on with pleasant inducements, or compelling him to go, she weakly surrendered to his entreaties, and the idle boy thought that he had obtained complete happiness. He avoided school companions, and found more congeniality in those whose tastes were similar to his own—whose leisure time was occupied in foolish amusements. At first, his pride revolted from vulgar and low youths who surrounded him, but his foolish love of pleasure and fun soon reconciled him to their society, for many of them were not over honest, and did not scruple to use means unlawfully obtained to gratify themselves. It was not long before he became reckless, and a spendthrift.

However, at the age of twenty-six, he reformed, partially, but his character was almost ruined, and his mind entirely uncultivated. A little learning, now, would have been of great value to him; he was no accountant, a wretched scrawler, in fact he was fit for no genteel employment. I remember how sorry I was—he was so fine looking a young man—when I saw him doing small jobs for porter-houses, or engaged in that most contemptible employment rinsing glasses for the bar keeper. He seemed to have lost all energy. Finally, he married a pretty, ignorant girl, and now he has a large family, dependent upon his poor labor, and the mean pittance it brings him."

"Why, mother! all that trouble, because he did not love school!"

"Yes; and more, it will soon bring, I fear, for he cannot live long."

"Oh dear! I wish I did love school better."

"By being diligent, Henry, you will soon learn with ease, and gain the affection of your teacher. Then you will not find it so hard to attend school. When I die, Henry, I wish to leave you that which is better than house and lands."

"Oh, mother, don't talk of dying; indeed I will do better; and whenever I want to stay at home, for play, I'll think of Billy Saunders."

THE LIGHT SHIP.

The Missionary and Sabbath School Record.

A few months ago, a vessel which had successfully crossed the broad Atlantic, had encountered many a blast, and tossed on many a rough and stormy sea at length neared the desired haven. Land again visible, was a joy found to the wearied passengers; and as the vessel slowly proceeded between the Welsh and Irish coasts, the distant hills, with their changeable hues, now casting their deep shadows

and now standing out in sunny relief, seemed to wear an air of loveliness never before discovered, and to bear a character of happy security, never before appreciated.

Proceeding onward, new sights and objects of interest continually presented themselves to view. One attracted especial attention, and gave rise to many enquiries. It was a vessel of moderate size and peculiar form. One or two sails were set, and the vessel lurched and heaved, but no progress was apparent on the ocean-path. No Captain, Pilot or sailors were visible; it seemed to carry no cargo—to transport no passengers. It was not a wreck left to the mercy of the angry waves. Evidently it was there for some purpose; it had some end to serve! What could it be? By and-by the enigma was solved. The shades of evening closed, the darkness fell upon the deep waters, when suddenly, from this seemingly idle vessel, there shone out three bright lights, becoming at once a warning and a guide to the many ships that frequented these dangerous coasts. It was a "Light Ship," constructed and anchored there for the single purpose of giving light. It reminded me that the business of the christian was to give light. 1st. Before the christian can make his light useful, like the "Light Ship," he must be anchored. Were the Light ship not anchored in a sure place, but allowed to drift at the will of winds and waves, its lights could be no safe guides; they would not mark the dangerous shoals to be dreaded, or the hidden rocks to be avoided; they would not point out the proper channel which would lead the mariner in safety to port, but aimless and useless, its shining meteors would only bewilder the hapless pilot; perhaps beguile him in danger, if not ruin. Where must the christian be anchored? On Christ. He must have fled to Him for refuge; must be one with Him—must be resting on this foundation alone;—He must have Christ for his Saviour; he must come to Him for justification and for sanctification. He must trust to Him alone for pardon, for righteousness, for grace—for all he is—for all he needs. All profession without this foundation is a light that serves to destroy, but can never save.

2nd. The christian must carry his light high that it may be a useful light. The Light-ship had its lights suspended high on the mast in order that they might be seen at a great distance. So the light of truth, when it has once been discovered to and received by a soul, is not to be selfishly confined to its own benefit—it is to be confessed—to be borne aloft—"made manifest"—"set on a hill." Light is a contagious thing, it brightens all it approaches; it shines on all within its influence; it inflames all it touches. So should our love to Christ shine forth, that all can tell, from the halo around us, that we have been with Jesus. This blessed love ever poured into our hearts, should ever flow out in tender compassion to souls in danger of shipwreck; in earnest warnings and entreaties to those who are pursuing a dangerous course, heedless of the breakers they are rushing into.

3rd. It was in the darkness the Light-ship was especially important. In the day, with the light of the sun-shining full upon the voyagers, the light ship was not without its uses. Its position denoted something. The spot where it anchored was one deserving attention and caution. There must be a dangerous coast near, and a reference to the chart would point out where. But it is when the sun has gone down, and darkness, as a veil, covers the face of all nature, the light-ship becomes the guiding star of the bewildered voyager, who steers by its friendly light, and feels himself in safety.

And so, in days of darkness, should the christian's light shine forth with no uncertain brightness. In times of trial and adversity, if we are safely anchored, if we carry our lights high, the surrounding darkness of the valley of humiliation, in which we are called to walk, will only make it burn with a purer and steadier light. The very shadows of the hills of difficulty, over which we pass, will bring out, in greater contrast, this precious light. The deep waters through which we pass, will reflect its brightness. The most rugged paths we tread, will but render more invaluable this guide to the path, this lamp to the feet. My dear reader, are you a light-ship—shining thus, giving to others what has been given to you? A medium of communication between Jesus and the world, by your lesser light proclaiming Him who is the light of the world.

THE WORLD.

Many an unwise parent labors hard and lives sparingly all his life for the purpose of leaving enough to give his children a start in the world, as it is called. Setting a young man afloat by money left him by his relatives, is like tying bladders under the arms of one who cannot swim: ten chances to one he will lose his bladders and go to the bottom. Teach him to swim, and he will never need the bladders.—Give your child a sound education, and you have done enough for him. See to it that his morals are pure, his mind cultivated, and his whole nature made subservient to the laws which govern man, and you have given what will be of more value than the wealth of the Indies.

Geographic and Historic.

THE BRITISH REFORMATION.

THE REFORMATION UNDER MARY.

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Perfect records have not been preserved of those who suffered as martyrs under Mary; but Bishop Burnet reckoned 72 burnt in 1553, 94 in 1556, 79 in 1557, and 39 to September in 1558; in all, 284. They included five bishops, twenty-one clergymen, eight gentlemen, eighty-four tradesmen and servants, fifty-five women, and four children! Sir J. Mackintosh remarks, "The total number of those who suffered in this persecution, from the martyrdom of Rogers in February, 1553, to September, 1558, is variously related. The most accurate account is probably that of Lord Buteleigh, who, in his treatise called, 'The Execution of Justice in England,' reckons the number of those who died in that reign, by imprisonments, torments, famine, and fire, to be nearly 400, of which those who were burnt alive amounted to 290!"

Further to illustrate the sanguinary spirit of Popery, Sir J. Mackintosh refers to its horrid cruelties in the dominions of Philip, the husband of Mary, and of his father, Charles V.; and he says, "Father Paul assures us that from the first edict of Charles V. to the treaty of Cateau-Crambésis, in 1558, there had been hanged, beheaded, burned, and buried alive, for their religion, 50,000 men! and Grotius, who computes the number to be double, may be easily reconciled with the Italian historian, if we bear in mind that the admirable annalist of Holland comprehended the period of thirty years later." He gives also the testimony of John Louis Vives, a Spaniard of great learning and reputation, who bewails the fate of moderate and charitable Catholics in Spain, nearly thirty years before. "We live," says he, in a letter to the learned Erasmus, "in hard times, in which we can neither speak nor be silent without danger. In the forty-three years of the administration of the first four inquisitors-general, which closed in the year 1524, they committed 18,000 human beings to the flames, and inflicted inferior punishments on 200,000 persons more, with various degrees of severity. Some of these occurrences in Spain, and the numerous executions in the Netherlands, must have been known in England about the period of the death of Mary, and could not fail to affect the state of public opinion in this island."

Inquisitive readers will here desire to inquire, What were the principles for which the British martyrs died? Some have asked, "Did they lay down their lives for pure scriptural Christianity?" or, as others have said, "for the constitution and church principles of that English Establishment?" To these inquiries it may at once be replied, The British martyrs did not die for the peculiarities of the Church of England. There was not one of them that died for Episcopal prelacy, nor for priests orders in the ministry, nor for the liturgy; they all sealed with their blood only the essential doctrines of the gospel. The learned among them who gave statements of their faith, professed their faith, as the doctrines for which they died, in the sole authority of the Scriptures in all matters of religion; the infinite sacrifice of the Son of God as our only Mediator; justification by grace through faith in Christ; sanctification by the Holy Spirit, manifested by a life of holiness; Divine worship, and the gospel preached in our own language, as the means of salvation ordained of God. "It should ever be recollected," says the Rev. John Riland, an intelligent clergyman of the Church of England; "that Cranmer, Ridley, Hooper, and Latimer, no farther died for the Anglican Church, than Huss and Jerome suffered for the congregation of Bohemia. They were, severally, martyrs for the faith of Jesus Christ, as that faith existed then, and exists now, independently of its connexion with any human systems."

PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

In publishing the following extract of a letter from Captain Worth, of her Majesty's ship *Calypso*, at Pitcairn's Island, we need scarcely remind our readers that it was the spot to which the mutineers of the *Bounty*, under Fletcher Christian, the mate, steered that ship in the year 1789, when Captain Bligh, on the 28th of April was turned adrift with eighteen hands in an open boat, on the wide ocean, somewhere near the Friendly Islands, "with about 28 gallons of water, 150 lbs. of pork, six quarts of rum, and six bottles of wine, without a chart of any description," and landed at Timor, on the 15th of June, after a voyage (as Captain Bligh observes in his report) of the most extraordinary nature that was ever known in the world, let it be taken in extent, duration, or so much want of the necessaries of life which thus happily ensued—"We arrived here on the 9th of March, without accident, by the assistance of Divine Providence, 1848, from Callao, but the weather being bad, stormy, and squally, and as you know there is no landing, except in a small nook called Bounty Bay, and very frequently not even there—indeed never in ship's boats, from the violence of the surf—I did not communicate with the shore till next day, when having landed safely all the presents I had brought for the inhabitants from Valparaiso, I landed myself, with half the officers and youngsters, the ship standing off and on, there being no anchor-

age. I made the officers divide the day between them, one half on shore, the other on board; so they were gratified with visiting these interesting people. I never was so gratified by such a visit, and would rather have gone there than to any part of the world. They are the most interesting, contented, moral and happy people that can be conceived. Their delight at our arrival was beyond anything; the comfort, peace, strict morality, industry, and excessive cleanliness and neatness that was apparent about everything around them, was really such as I was prepared to witness: their learning and attainments in general education and information were really astonishing; all dressed in English style; the men a fine race, and the women and children very pretty, and their manners really of a superior order, ever smiling and joyous, but one mind and one wish seems to actuate them all. Crime appears to be unknown; and if there is really true happiness on earth, it is theirs. The island is romantic and beautiful; the soil of the richest description, yielding almost every tropical fruit and vegetable; in short, it is a little paradise. I examined their laws, added a few to them, assembled them all in the church and addressed them, saying how gratified I was to find them in the happy state in which they were, advising them to follow in the steps of virtue and rectitude they had hitherto done, and they would never want the sympathies of their countrymen (i. e. the English) who are most interested about them. I added such advice as I thought useful, and such suggestions as would, of course, be to their advantage. It was really affecting to see these primitive and excellent people both old and young, 140 in the whole, looking up to and almost devouring all I said, with eager attention, and with scarcely a dry eye amongst them; and, "albeit unused to the melting mood," I found a moisture collecting in my own, which I could scarcely restrain, they were so grateful, so truly thankful, for all the kindnesses that had, from time to time been shown them, and the interest in their welfare shown by us and our countrymen. I had all the men and most of the women on board; but there was such a sea on that the poor girls were dreadfully sea-sick. I fired off some guns and set off rockets on the night of our departure, and they returned the compliment by firing an old honey-combed gun belonging to the *Bounty*. I set them completely up—gave them 100 lbs. of powder, ensign and union jack, casks of salt beef and pork, implements of agriculture of all kinds, clothes, books, etc., and sailed on the evening of the 11th for Tahiti."

SCENERY OF MONTEREY.

One word descriptive of Monterey. Nothing can exceed the loveliness of the place and climate, or the magnificence and grandeur of the scenery that surrounds it. Surrounded on three sides by high and towering mountains, whose tops ascend to the clouds, the great Sierra Madre, or mother of mountains, at the very foot or base of which the city is built, with only the San Juan river intervening, forming a kind of amphitheatre, stretching out on one side into a boundless level plain of the greatest fertility watered by clear and rapid streams. The houses are generally one story, built of stone, of great thickness, and flat roofs. The best buildings are built in a quadrangle, or three sides of a square, with a court-yard in the centre, ornamented with rare flowers and plants. Some have spacious corridors running around this open space. Each house has a garden adjoining, surrounded by a high stone wall, in which are the greatest abundance of orange, lemon, lime, and banana trees. Bushels of these fruits, of the choicest kind, can be had for the trouble of collecting them. From Saltillo they bring apples, pears, peaches and grapes, the most luscious I ever ate. The streets of Monterey are all paved, with side walks of flat stone, and are remarkably clean. You would be astonished to see the defences of the town, which, with the advantages afforded by the houses and walls, made it a perfect Gibraltar. In addition to a series of forts and fortifications surrounding the whole town, every street was strongly barricaded by a strong wall built across, with a deep ditch in front, and mounted with cannon so as to sweep its whole length. Every house was loop-holed for musketry, and behind every stone wall were posted strong bodies of infantry. The moment a body of our troops made their appearance in them, a storm of cannon grape and musket balls swept everything down. In addition to these, several howitzers were throwing shells incessantly among them, killing more or less at every explosion. Nothing could exceed the awfulness and grandeur of the scene as witnessed by me on the 22nd. From a slight elevation a short distance from town, I could witness the advance of our troops by the heavy fire of rifles and musketry from the tops of the houses along which they were gradually approaching the Grand Plaza, and their occasional huzzas as the Mexicans retreated. The incessant roar of cannon, fired from the batteries and barricades, and shells buzzing through the air in every direction, and bursting with loud explosions made it a most impressive scene, and threw the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca, immeasurably in the shade.—*Amer. Paper.*