

Family Circle.

Facing the Enemy.

Henry Parker, at the age of seventeen, was, by the death of his master, left alone in the world, to gain a livelihood as a shoemaker. He shouldered his kit, and went from house to house, mending the farmers' leather, and mending the children's shoes. At length a good old man, pleased with Henry's industry and steady habits, offered him a small building as a shop. Here Henry applied himself to work, with persevering industry and untiring ardor. Early in the morning he was whistling over his work, and his hammer was often heard till the "noon of night." He thus obtained a good reputation, and some of this world's goods. He soon married a virtuous female, whose kind disposition added new joys to his existence, and whose busy neatness rendered pleasant and comfortable their little tenement. Time passed smoothly on; they were blessed with several children, and in a few years Henry was the possessor of a neat little cottage and a piece of land. This they improved, and it soon became the abode of plenty and joy.

But Henry would occasionally walk down to an ale-house in the neighbourhood. This soon became a habit, and the habit imperceptibly grew upon him, till, to the grief of all who knew him, he became a constant loungee about the ale-house, and going on from bad to worse, he became a habitual drunkard. The inevitable consequences soon followed: he got into debt, and his creditors soon took possession of all he had. His poor wife used all the arts of persuasion to reclaim him, and she could not think of using him harshly: she loved him even in his degradation, for he had always been kind to her. Many an earnest petition did she prefer to heaven for his reformation, and often did she endeavour to work upon his paternal feelings. Over and over again he promised to reform, and at last was as good as his word, for he was induced to stay away from the ale-house for three days together.

His anxious wife began to cherish a hope of returning happiness; but a sudden cloud one day for a moment damped her joy. "Betsey," said he, as he rose from his work, "give me that bottle." These words pierced her very heart, and seemed to sound the knell of all her cherished hopes; but she could not disobey him. He went out with his bottle, had it filled at the ale-house, and, on returning home, placed it in the window immediately before him. "Now," said he, "I can face an enemy." With a resolution fixed upon overcoming his pernicious habits, he went earnestly to work, always having the bottle before him, but never again touched it. Again he began to thrive, and in a few years he was once more the owner of his former delightful residence; his children grew up, and became respectable members of society. Old age came upon Henry, and he always kept the bottle in the window where he had first put it; and often he would refer to it, and thank God that he had been able to overcome the vice of drunkenness. He never permitted it to be removed from that window while he lived, and there it remained till after he had been consigned to the tomb.

The Goldfinch and the Mole.

BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

In a lovely garden, full of sweet-scented flowers, a beautiful Goldfinch had built its nest in an apple tree. It laboured unweariedly for its young, and perhaps a thousand times a day it flew from its nest, sought food for the helpless little birds, and brought it to them in its bill.

A Mole who was uprooting the garden in all directions, often stopped beneath the apple tree, and gazed at the industrious Goldfinch. At times, also, the master of the garden came with his little son to the tree, and watched with a smiling face the busy, lively bird.

"See," he said to the boy, "how anxiously the little creature cares for its young. It shrinks from no toil, and is bu-

sy the whole day, caring for their needs.—Do not disturb the bird in its labours."

But the master of the garden was very angry at the Mole, and every day threatened him with traps and snares; so that when the latter heard it he trembled and shook with fear.

One day he spoke sadly to the Goldfinch and said: "How does it happen that the master continually showers praises upon you and threatens me daily with death and imprisonment?"

"He takes delight in my industry," said the Goldfinch.

"But am I not full as industrious as you?" inquired the Mole. "Look, I have dug up the whole garden; I am busy day and night, and allow myself scarcely an hour's repose. Can I do more?"

"My friend," replied the Goldfinch, "it is not enough that one should be industrious merely; industry must have a good aim. I toil to rear my young, and care for their nourishment; by this I disturb no one, and can do no harm. But what do you effect by your industry? You destroy instead of preserving. This garden is the joy of its master. You uproot it, gnaw the roots of the vegetables, and disturb the plants.—Ask yourself if he can be pleased with you for this, or can applaud your industry. Believe me, it is even better to do nothing than to do evil.—*N. Y. Organ.*

Thoughtless Anna.

"Anna, my dear, said uncle Joshua to his niece, who was playing with a kitten upon the door-step, "Come, get your bonnet, for I want you to take a walk with me this fine morning."

Quickly jumping up, and shaking the curls from her forehead, Anna bounded up the staircase to get her hat. Presently her uncle called to know what detained her so long.

"Oh, wait a moment, dear uncle," she replied, "I cannot find my tippet," but almost in the same minute, she appeared in the hall, apparently neatly and warmly equipped. Uncle Joshua gently patted her on the head, and asked her if she had ever heard a little motto, about *having a place for everything*.

"Oh, yes indeed," she answered gaily, "I know it; mother often repeats it to me; this is it—'Always have a place for everything, and everything in its place.' But then it is hard to think. I forget all about my resolution, almost as soon as I make it."

"But you must keep trying to remember it, and as the old saying goes, 'try, try, and if you don't succeed, why try again.'"

They walked on in silence for some time. Uncle Joshua wondering what the child could be thinking of, for it was seldom Anna was in so thoughtful a mood. Presently there came a sudden gust of wind which blew the little maiden's bonnet quite off her head.

"Ah! how is this?" said the good old gentleman, as he rescued the forlorn-looking bonnet from some water into which it had been blown, "thoughtlessness again, I fear, is the cause. But one string do I see; pray did you imagine your bonnet could stay upon your head, unfastened, in such a gale as this?"

Anna blushed deeply, and hanging her head faltered, "there were indeed, sir, two strings, but one was only pinned on."

Her uncle then gave his little niece many words of counsel and advice, warning her against the encouragement of so careless a habit, and begged her if she would save herself and friends much vexation and trouble, to reform immediately.

This good instruction, for the first time in her life, seemed to make some impression upon Anna's conscience, and no sooner had she returned from her walk, than she cleansed the soiled bonnet, and neatly sewed on the string. As she laid it away, a large rent in her morning frock met her eye, this she immediately sat down also to mend.

While she was thus occupied, her mother came into the room, and was greatly surprised to find her daughter thus occupied.

"How happy it makes me, my child," she said, "to see you so usefully engaged. It is never too late to 'cease to do evil and learn to do well.' You have of late caused me much sorrow in being so careless, and

unmindful of duty, but now I hope you have made a serious resolution to be an industrious, obedient, and thoughtful child."

Do not think, dear reader, that a reformation was at once made. It cost her many a struggle, and much self-denial, but I have recently learned that neither Mrs. Ludlow, nor good uncle Joshua, has now any occasion to call the little girl "thoughtless Anna."—*Youth's Companion.*

The Family Circle.

There is nothing, says Dr. Drought, in this world, which is so remarkable as the character of parents; nothing so intimate and so endearing as the relation of husband and wife; nothing so tender as that of children; nothing so lovely as those of brethren and sisters. The little circle is made one by a single interest, and by a singular union of affection.

If you would be mighty, be kind. Why is kindness full of power? Because it is happy, and makes happy.

Ecclesiastical.

(From the Protestant Churchman.)

Correspondence

Between the Right Reverend WILLIAM R. WHITTINGHAM, D.D., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Maryland, and the R. V. HENRY V. D. JOHNS, D.D., Rector of Christ's Church, Baltimore.

(Continued.)

BALTIMORE, OCT. 9, 1851.

Reverend and Dear Sir,—

I received your note of yesterday this morning at ten o'clock,—too late for reply before the hour appointed for your public exercise in Eutaw Street.

It occasions me deep regret to learn, that in your judgment compliance with my request and official admonition, on the grounds set forth in my communication of the 4th, would be inconsistent with your views of duty; and to be obliged to infer that you therefore did not comply.

I have no resource, in the discharge of official duty, but to lay our correspondence before the Standing Committee of the Diocese, in order that that body may determine whether or not my communication of the 4th was such a "godly admonition" and "judgment" as, at your ordination to the Priesthood of this Church, you solemnly declared your obligation "reverently to obey" and "with a glad mind and will to follow" and "submit to."

Whatever may be the decision of that body, I have the satisfaction of knowing that, in endeavouring to hinder what a majority of your brethren deem an "offence against the common order of the Church," my appeal was not to your deference for superior authority or submission to judgments differing from your own, but to the great principle so solemnly enjoined on our observance by our Lord, that needless offence is not to be given to even His "little ones," and to the charge of the Apostle, that "no man put a stumbling block in his brother's way."

My admonition was, that in observance of that principle and charge, you should forego an opportunity of usefulness (in your own judgment) certainly not within "the line" of your bounden duty, or of the discharge of your office as a Presbyter and Rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

I am, faithfully and truly,

Your friend and brother,

WILLIAM ROLLISON WHITTINGHAM,
Bishop of Maryland.Rev. HENRY V. D. JOHNS, D. D.,
Rector of Christ Church, Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, OCT. 15th, 1851.

Right Reverend and Dear Sir,—

Allow me to acknowledge your note of Oct 9th, which was duly received. I am now perfectly aware that the ecclesiastical principles, doctrinal views, and entire position of a portion of the clergy and laity of this diocese, are, and have been, to use your own words, "an offence" to yourself and others. At the very first interview which

I had with you, nine years since, held at your own request, and in your own house, I was led to apprehend as much. When you adverted to the lecture-room services of Christ Church, as conducted by my predecessor (now Bishop Johns, of the diocese of Virginia), and urged me to make a change in the same, and when, in reply, I respectfully declined on the ground that I could not consent to a measure which would be a reflection upon my brother's ministry, and also upon my own, nor deprive my congregation of a service which I had always found extremely useful and profitable—you deemed it your duty to press the matter of conformity to your wishes, by the declaration that such services as those held in Christ Church lecture-room, where selections from the Liturgy had always been used before the sermon, were irregular. I informed you that, in this opinion, I could not agree with you, and that I was supported in my convictions by the known practice of a number of our bishops and prominent clergy. As an evidence, however, of my respectful consideration for you, and mindful of the fact, that we had been conjointly invited to the Rectorship of Christ Church, which you declined whilst I accepted, I proceeded to give you a standing invitation, whenever you found yourself at home in Baltimore, disengaged from any immediate Episcopal duty, and disposed to preach, to come and occupy the pulpit of Christ Church. Having been informed that you were anxious to remove from Courtland Street, I also availed myself of that occasion to tender to you the occupancy of the parsonage house of Christ Church, which was unnecessarily large for me, and I offered to rent a house elsewhere for myself and family. I name these things for the purpose of showing you, that whilst, on the ground of principle I am constrained to differ with you, I was disposed in every way in my power to conciliate and accommodate you.

It has been my painful experience, however, and that of the clergy with whom in sentiment and practice I sympathize, to discover that, no matter how carefully we have endeavoured to avoid it, our mode of serving our heavenly Master, and advancing the spiritual welfare of our Church, subjected us to unprecedented Episcopal interference, admonitions and judicial proceedings most annoying to us and vexatious to our congregations. The consequence has been that, one after another, a considerable number of clerical gentlemen with whom I found myself associated, have resigned and retired from this Diocese, whilst others are preparing to follow them. Thus we know full well, and from mournful experience, that we are offensive to yourself and the majority to whom you refer; and why? Because our principles and views of this Church, and of our duty in it, and to others beyond it, are what they are.

But, Right Reverend Sir, can you fail to perceive that the ecclesiastical principles, doctrinal views and practices, in accordance therewith, of yourself and the majority referred to, are also "an offence" to us, a minority of your brethren of the clergy and laity of this Diocese? Have we not respectfully remonstrated, publicly and privately, collectively and individually, against not a few of your official acts and measures, and those of the majority adverted to, when the same were pressed upon us? Have we not implored to be admitted to serve God and His Church, and others around it, in the enjoyment of our never-before-questioned "perfect freedom?" And this on the ground, not that we wished to interfere with yourselves, but that we begged you would not interfere with us? I do not specify particulars, for that would be manifestly improper, but refer in general to the well-known position which you occupy, and to the principles which you hold and advocate, as distinguished from those which are, with equal conviction of duty, held and advocated by the minority to whom I have referred, and among them by him who now has the honour to address you. It is then well known, that two totally distinct and well-defined systems of ecclesiastical and doctrinal views and practices arising therefrom, are now embraced in this Diocese. The immediate occasion of this correspondence is but one instance among many, in which these two systems show their unavoidable offensive-