

Family Circle.

THE HISTORY OF A DAY.—A SKETCH FOR HUSBANDS.

CON. FROM PAGE 122.

And as for the very punctual and amiable husband, he went to his store, and sat through the entire afternoon, without land or pen to his business.

After Mr Lundy left the house his wife tried to do some plain sewing for her children. But with the blinding pain in her head and eyes, and the blinding tears in her eyes, she found it impossible to take a stitch correctly. So she laid aside her work and took her baby.

The doctor was called in. The medicine he gave created a strong revulsion in her system, and did her actually more harm than good. When she was bending under the burden that was too heavy for her, her husband, instead of lightening, as he might easily have done, or given her strength to bear it, laid on the additional weight that crushed her to the earth.

Year after year her duties and her toil increased. The history of a day that we have given was the epitomized history of her life—Mr Lundy, wrapped up in his schemes of gain, and rigid in his notions of order, punctuality, and formal proprieties, had no real sympathy for his wife, and was ever complaining of the little irregularities incident to his household, and ever adding to, instead of relieving the oppressive, wearying and ever recurring duties that were bearing her down. It was a common thing for him, robust and in high health to sit in his easy chair, with dressing gown and slippers, and ask his tired wife, who could scarcely move without feeling pain, to hand him this, that or the other thing; to ring the bell for the servant; or even to go up to their chamber, and bring him something from a drawer, to which he was not willing that a domestic should go.

Milder, more patient, more loving in her character, grew Mrs. Lundy. By suffering she was purified. It made the heart ache to see her moving by the side of her erect, florid, elastic-treading husband, more like a pale shadowy form than a real substance; and to feel assured, that in a very little while, the places that know her, and the children and friends who loved her, would know and love her no more.

At last she died, and six little ones were left without the affectionate care of a mother. If her husband who wept bitterly over her too early grave, did not murder her, we know not the meaning of the word murder. When it was too late he could remember her long suffering, her patience, her wrongs received at his hands; but while she lived he was too selfish to appreciate or properly care for her.

Every where, in books of domestic economy, in tales, essays, newspaper paragraphs, and in current conversation, do we hear iterated and reiterated the lesson of a woman's duties to her husband and in her household. She must have every thing in order, and study the art of pleasing her lord as sedulously as if he were the most exacting tyrant in the world. And verily, in his small way, he too often is a miserable tyrant. A woman is expected to be perfect in everything, and to do everything. No allowance is made for the ill health consequent upon her maternal duties, nor for the peculiar, wearying and all-engrossing nature of the cares attendant thereon.

But who writes and talks of the husband's duties? Who teaches him lessons of forbearance, patience, and kind consideration for his overtasked wife? Little is said on this score; the world goes on; and hundreds like Mrs. Lundy, go down to the grave years before their time, and no one dreams that their husbands are accessories to their death. But it is even so. Not in maternal duties alone lies the cause of the wife's pale face and drooping form, but in the over-tasks of her peculiar position. She is worked too hard—harder than a slave in the cotton field. Too often she is nurse and seamstress for half a dozen children, and superintendent of her household besides, she will bend over the needle night after night, in pain or suffering from lassitude, while her husband sits enjoying his volume by her side, not dreaming that it is his duty, in order to save his wife from toil beyond her strength, to prolong his labors, if that be necessary, in order to afford her the assistance required in meeting the thousand wants of her children and household. If there are any extra tasks to perform any extra exertions to make, the husband is the one who should perform or make them, & not the wife, for he has superior strength.

We hear a great deal about the husband coming home, wearied from his store, his counting room, his office, or his work-shop, and the wife is repeatedly enjoined to mind him on this account, and to provide comfort, quietude and repose for him at home. This is all well enough and she should do so as far as it lies in her power. But we doubt if as many men come home over-wearied with toil to their wives, as come home to wives who are themselves over-wearied.

Husbands! if you love your wives, think of these things. Don't say that the story suits Mr. So-and-So admirably. Look narrowly into our own sayings and doings at home, and see if it doesn't suit you in more than one particular.

"O! when will this good hour come? When shall I be dissolved? When shall I be with Christ?"—Robert Bolton.

THE LITTLE MISCOLLECTOR'S 1ST ATTEMPT.

A little while ago, a teacher in a London Sunday School was telling his class about the state of the heathen, and trying to persuade them to subscribe their pence towards sending out Missionaries to teach them. In that class there was a little boy ten years old. His name was George. But it was a sad thing that, though he had been to a Sunday School for a long while, and had sometimes even gone to a Missionary Meeting, he had till now thought little, and cared less, about the ignorant and miserable millions in other lands. It seems never to have entered his mind that he ought to do something to help them out of their sad state. But this afternoon, after hearing his teacher describe the condition of the poor people in India, George and the other boys of the class promised to collect some money for the London Missionary Society, and to bring it to the school that day month; but George, though he wished to do this as much as any of them, did not know how; and, if you had watched him going home from school that afternoon, you would have seen that he did not run, and jump, and laugh, as some bad boys were doing, and as George himself had done at other times, but he walked by himself with his hands in his pockets, his eyes on the ground, and his face quite thoughtful and serious. The reason of this was, that he felt what his teacher had told him, and was asking himself how he could help to send Missionaries to the heathen. But this was a question which he could not answer. He had no money of his own, and never had but one penny in his life, and that was given to him by a kind lady, who came to their house one very cold winter when his mother was ill and his father was out of work, to bring them some medicine and clothes. The lady George had never forgotten, and he thought within himself how glad he should be if she were to come to their house again; and, had he known where she lived, he would have gone to ask her for another penny. And there was nobody else that he could ask, except his father or mother. But they had enough to do with their money to find him and his little sister clothes and food; and besides, they did not know nor care anything about the heathen. Now George's father, though he loved his boy, worked all day so hard, that when he came home at night or sat in the house on Sunday, he spoke very little to any body, and did not wish his children to trouble him. George, therefore, did not like to speak to him on the subject, and he let a week pass by without trying to get money for the Society. When he went to school on the next Sunday he heard the boys telling one another how much money they had got. This hurt him a great deal. He knew he could never collect so much as some of them, and yet he could not bear the thought of having nothing to give at the end of the month. Just then, as the teacher heard some of the boys boasting about the money they had collected, he read to them the story of the widow and her two mites, and showed, that if we give or get what we can, whether it is a pound or a penny, God will be equally well pleased with us. This raised George's courage, and he thought how happy he should be, if he could get even a penny. He made up his mind, therefore, that if he did not get it, the fault should not be his, and that he would ask his father for it before he went to bed. So when George came home from school that Sunday afternoon, he found his father sitting smoking his pipe, and his mother putting the tea things on the table. George sat down and looked for a little while at his father; but as his father was not looking at him, and was thinking about something else, the boy did not speak. Then he looked at his mother, but she took no notice of him, and then he looked at his little sister, then at the cat, and at the ceiling; and at the window, and at almost everything in the room, for he did not know what to do with his eyes or how to open his mouth. Thus George sat for some time, but at last he mustered up courage to say, "Father!" "Yes." "Why, father, at our Sunday School—" But here he stopped. "Well," said the man, but in a sharp tone, as if he was not pleased, and did not want to be plagued. Poor George was ready to give up the business, and he managed to get out, "We've got a Missionary Society there, father." "Well," said the man again, but with a kinder manner than before, and this encouraged George to add, "I wanted to know if you would give me a penny to give to it;" and he was so glad to think that he had managed at last to ask the question. But his father said nothing, and put the pipe into his mouth again, while his mother said, "I am quite sure, George, that your father has to work hard enough to get you clothes and bread without giving anything away." Poor George! His hope was now gone. He almost thought, from his father's manner, that he would give the penny, but what his mother said shewed him that there was no chance of it, and bitterly did he cry that night when he went to bed.

But though George's father said nothing, he was pleased that his child had asked him for the penny. So next Sunday, when George came home from school, his father told him that they were going to have a holiday on Monday and to go to Greenwich, and that he might either go with them, or stay at home and have a penny for the Missionaries. George was surprised; but he offered placed him in great difficulty. He had never seen Greenwich, and had never even been in a steam-boat.

Many a time had he watched these boats from the pier, while the steam was rushing up the tube, and had seen the crowds of happy-looking people hurrying on board, and the captain get on the paddle-box, and the man at the head of the boat (for George knew which was the head) letting go the rope, and the wheels turning round slowly at first, than a little faster, stopping again; and then the boy on board calling out "Ease her," "Go-a-head," and then the wheels fly round, and the steamer shooting into the middle of the river. Oh! how he wished that he was the boy who cried out "Go-a-head!" and when his father told him that he might have a pleasant sail in one next day, or a penny to send the Gospel to the heathen, he could not tell which to choose. He did not make up his mind that evening. When he was in bed he thought about it till he fell asleep, and on waking next morning it was the first thing in his mind. Still he did not know what to do. "Well, George," said his father, as they sat at breakfast, "which is it to be?" With a firm voice, George said, "I'll have the penny for the Missionaries." His mother stared at his father, and his little sister stared at him, and they were all so struck, for every one of them was quite sure before, that he would rather go to Greenwich than have the penny. But though George smiled and tried to look happy, he could hardly get his breakfast down. Many times he thought of what his teacher had said about the heathens and the poor widow, and he got his heart up so, that when he went to school that morning, his mother and sister could not see a tear in his eye, or a sign of sorrow in his face. When he came home to dinner he found his father there with his Sunday clothes on, ready to start for Greenwich. Now he had watched George, and though he did not tell him, he was much pleased to see how willing he was to deny himself of such a treat that he might do good to the heathen; and he had made up his mind that he should have both his penny and the trip. You should have seen George when his father told him this. How he jumped and shouted! That was indeed a happy day for him. And so it was, when the next Sunday came, and he went to school with his penny. Since then, George gets, not a penny a month, but a penny a week for the Missionary Society, and he has loved his teacher more, and his school more, and the Bible more, and the Sunday more, ever since he became a Missionary collector.

Geographic and Historic.

From 'Headley's Letters from Italy.'

PERILS OF VESUVIUS.

At length we reached the top, and lo, a barren, desolate, uneven field spread out before us, filled with apertures, from which were issuing jets of steam, and over which blew a cold and chilling wind, while fragments of mist traversed it like spirits fleeing from the gulf that yawned behind them. Passing over this with dainty footsteps, and feeling every moment as if the crust would break beneath our feet, we reached at last the verge of the crater, and the immense basin with its black, smoking cone in the centre, was below us. From the red-hot mouth boiled out, fast and fierce, an immense column of smoke, accompanied at intervals with a heavy sound, and jets of red hot scoria. This was more than I anticipated. I expected to see only a crater, and a smouldering heap. But the mountain was in more than common agitation, and had been throughout the winter. It seemed to sympathize with Etna and other volcanoes that appear to have chosen this year for a general waking up. I could compare it to nothing but the working of an immense steam-engine. It had a steady sound like the working of a heavy piston, while at short intervals the valve seemed to lift and the steam would escape with an explosion, and at the same time the black smoke and lurid blaze shoot from the mouth, and the red-hot scoria rise forty or fifty feet into the air. At the moment of explosion, the mouth of the cone seemed in a blaze, and the masses of scoria thrown out, some of which would weigh fifteen or twenty pounds, resembled huge gouts of blood—they were of that deep red fresh color. I deemed myself fortunate in the time I visited it, for I saw a *real living*—or as Carlyle would say, an authenticated volcano. There was a truth and reality and power about it that chained and awed me. I could count the strokes of that tremendous engine as it thundered on in the bowels of the earth, and see the fruits of its internal labor as it hurled them into the upper air, as if on purpose to startle man with the preparations that were going on under him. That mountain, huge as it was, seemed light to the power beneath it, and I thought it felt unsteady on its base, as if conscious of the strength of its foe. But the ludicrous is always mingled with the sublime.—As I sat on the edge of the crater, awed by the spectacle before me, our guide approached with some entables, and two eggs that had been cooked in the steam issuing from the apertures we had passed. My friend sat down very deliberately to eat his. I took mine in my hand mechanically, but was too much absorbed in the actions of the sullen monster below me to eat. Suddenly there was an explosion louder than any that had preceded it, hurling a larger, angrier mass into the air. My hand involun-

tarily closed over the egg and I was recalled to my senses by my friend calling out very deliberately at my feet to know what I was doing. I looked down, and there he sat quietly picking the shell from his egg, while mine was running a miniature volcano over his back and shoulders. I opened my hand, and there lay the crushed shell, while the contents were fast spreading over my friend's broad cloth. I laughed outright, sacrilegious as it was. So much you see for the imagination you have so often scolded me about! I had lost my egg, while my friend who took things more coolly, enjoyed not only the eating of his, but the consciousness of having eaten an egg boiled in the steam of Vesuvius.

We next descended into the crater, and however slight a thing one may deem it in ordinary times, it was a grave matter for me. Both hands and feet had never been in such urgent requisition. The path at times was not a foot wide, and indeed was not a path, but clefts in the rocks where often a single misstep would have sent one to the bottom of the crater, while lava rocks, cracked at their base, and apparently awaiting but a slight touch to shake them down on you; hung overhead. Frequently my only course was to lie against the rock and cling with my hands to the projecting points while ever and anon, from some aperture would shoot jets of steam so impregnated with sulphur as almost to strangle me. My guide would then be hid from my sight, and I had nothing to do but hang on and cough, while I knew that a thousand feet were above and below me. At other times the crater would be filled with vapor up to the rim, shrouding everything from our sight, even the fiery cone, while we hung midway on the rocks and stood and listened. Amidst the rolling vapor I could hear the churning of that tremendous engine, and the explosion that sent the scoria into the air, and then, after a moment of deep silence, the clatter of the returning fragments like hail stones on dry leaves, far, far below me. It was sufficiently startling and grand, to stand half-way down that crater, with your feet on smoking sulphur and your hand on rocks so hot that you shrank from the touch, and gaze down on that terrific fire engine, without wrapping it in gloom and adding deeper mystery to its already mysterious workings. A quick puff of air would then sweep through the cavity, dashing the mist against its sides and sending it like frightened spirits over the verge. I almost expected to see a change when the light again fell on it, but there it stood churning on as steadily and stern as ever.

We at length reached the bottom, and sitting down at a respectful distance from the base of the cone, enjoyed the sublime spectacle. There we were, deep in the bowels of the mountain, while far up on the brink of the crater, like children in size, sat a group of men sending their hurrah down at every discharge of scoria. Before me ascended the column of rolling smoke, while every few seconds the melted mass was ejected into the air with a report that made me measure rather wistfully the distance between us and the top. Our guide took some coppers, and as the scoria fell a little distance off, he would run up to the sides of the cone, drop them in the smaller portions, and retreat before a second discharge. It was amusing to see how coolly he would stand and look up to the descending fragments of fire, some of which, had they struck him, would have crushed him to the earth, and calculate their descent so nicely that with a slight movement he could escape each. When the scoria cooled, the coppers were left imbedded in it, and thus carried off as remembrances of Vesuvius. We went around the crater, continually descending until we came to the lowest part, close to the base of the cone. Here the lava was gathering and cooling and cracking off in large rolls, with that low continuous sound which is always made by the rapid cooling of an intensely heated mass. I ascended a little eminence which the lava was slowly undermining, and thrust my cane into the molten substance. It was so hot that I had to cover my face with my cap in order to hold my stick in it for a single moment. As I stood and saw fold after fold slowly roll over and fall off, and heard the firing of the volcano above me, and saw nearly a hundred feet over my head, hot masses of scoria suspended in the air, I am not ashamed to say that I felt a little uncomfortable. I looked above and around, and saw that it needed but a slight tremulous motion to confine me there forever. It was but the work of five or ten minutes to reach the top, and a little heavier discharge of fire—a small shower of ashes—and I should have been smothered or crisped in a moment. There may have been no danger, but one cannot escape the belief of it when at times he is compelled to dodge flaming masses of scoria, that otherwise would smite him to the earth.

We ascended by a different and much easier path. It is no longer but far preferable to the one we came down. It led us to the other side of the crater, from which we look down on Pompeii. I could trace the stream of lava to the plain, and could well imagine the consternation of the inhabitants of the doomed city, as the storm of ashes shot off from its bosom. Weary and exhausted we descended by a different route through a bed of ashes that reached from the top to the bottom of the hill, mounted our horses and rode homeward.