



The Family Circle.

A VISIT.

Starry night with her dusky battalions had gone,
When a stranger stole into my chamber at dawn,
And roused me with kindest greeting:
I had longed for his coming, but slept when he came;
Yet I welcomed him gladly, and called him by name—
Rejoiced at so happy a meeting.

He had come as my guest, and he brought me a store
Of enjoyment I never had dreamed of before,
And gladdened my heart by bestowing.
Brighter hopes were his gift—purer motives in life,
Warmer friends, richer love from a beautiful wife—
Glad harvest from early-life sowing.

O the balm he distilled o'er those swift-footed hours!
They abide with me yet like the odor of flowers:
My guest had become entertainer.
And, though all unrequited by effort of mine,
He continued imparting, with purest design,
To make me, in all things the gainer.

So he blessed me till shadows grew long in the sun;
And at length, quite unhonored by aught I had done,
Far off in the twilight he hasted.
I shall never behold his dear presence again—
And my poor heart laments that I slighted him then:
My guest was a day—which I wasted.
—*Congregationalist.*

MRS. WILLIAMS' VIEWS.

"Both the school board and compulsory education, as they call it," said Mrs. Williams, in a loud and angry voice to her neighbor, Mrs. Hodge. "There, I've just had one of those saucy, prying, impertinent fellows, called a school visitor, here, enquiring how many children I have, and what their ages are, and whether I send them to school. He is just gone into Mrs. Cope's now; he seems to be calling at a good many houses in this street, but if he meets with the reception in other houses that he met with in this one, it will be warm work for him. I gave him the length of my tongue, and made him glad to quit; and I wonder that you don't all of you do the same. It is a shame of the Government, that it is, to compel poor folks to send their children to school, when they are so badly wanted at home; and though it is but a few pence, its something to find every week. Let them find me a servant to do my work if I am to send my eldest girl to school."

"That's what I say," said Mrs. Hodge. "It is very hard upon us to be compelled to send them, whether one can really spare them or not, and they must go so clean, and all. Why the other day, one of those young misses, that that they call the mistress, sent my children home to get their hands and face washed. I went down to the school, and I told her what I thought of it, you may be sure."

"And quite right too," said Mrs. Williams; "she sent mine home for the same reason, till I took them away, and then this precious visitor comes enquiring into the reason of their absence. 'See,' she exclaimed, 'he is just coming out of Mrs. Cope's; I hope she has given him a piece of her mind.'"

"Oh!" said Mrs. Hodge, "you don't know Mrs. Cope, if you think she would be anything else than civil to him. She quite approves of it, and thinks it is a fine thing for the children."

"It's not fine for me, whatever it may be to them," said Mrs. Williams; but at this moment the visitor left the house, politely showed out by Mrs. Cope, who waited a moment before shutting the door, to purchase some potatoes of a man who just then happened to be passing with his cart.

"Good morning, Mrs. Cope," said Mrs. Williams, coming round to Mrs. Cope's door, followed by Mrs. Hodge; "you have had that fine gentleman paying you a visit, I see."

"Yes," said Mrs. Cope, pleasantly; "he called to ask why Sarah and Hetty had not been to school lately. I told him they had been poorly with whooping cough, but are now well again, and have gone back this morning. It was kind of him to come; he is a pleasant gentleman."

"Kind?" said Mrs. Williams; "he only called that he might bring you up before the board for not sending them, if he could find out that they had not been ill. It's shameful

that poor people's children should be hunted up in this fashion, and the parents summoned for not getting them educated, as they call it, whatever inconvenience it may put the parents to. Compulsory education, as I said to Mrs. Hodge, is tyranny."

Mrs. Cope looked grieved. "I am sorry to hear you talk in that way," said she, "because I take quite another view of it. I think it is very kind of the Government to take such an interest in our children, and to provide them with the means of getting a good education at so very little cost. It is an excellent thing for the dear children, and really a great advantage to us. They are so well taught, and the charge is so very trifling, that it would be unfair to them not to take advantage of it."

"They ought not to compel it," said Mrs. Williams; "they ought to leave it open to us to send them or not, as we feel inclined, and not to come looking us up, and prying into our houses, and threatening to bring us up before the board if we don't send them as long as they are well enough to go."

"I am afraid, if that were the case, many thoughtless mothers and fathers would never trouble to send their children to school at all, and so the poor little things would be suffered to grow up in ignorance, dirt, and misery; for you see, we must send them clean to school, and the very fact of being clean, makes a child feel happier and more respectable, if its clothes are not very good; to say nothing of the immense advantage to both parents and children to be derived from a good education. Excuse me, Mrs. Williams, if I say that I must differ with you, when you call compulsory education tyranny. I should call it benevolent force, or something to that effect."

"But what if parents really cannot at all times send their children?" said Mrs. Williams, on whom Mrs. Cope's views were beginning to make some impression. "If the eldest girl is really wanted at home, to mind the baby while the mother goes out, perhaps to earn a bit of bread for them to eat?"

"The board is never unfeeling in such extreme cases," said Mrs. Cope; "and I am sure that our children should be educated when it is possible. Ought a drunken father, for instance, to drink away the few pence paid weekly for schooling, which might lay the foundation for his children's future respectability? I, for one, am thankful that the government has taken up the question."

"Did you say," said Mrs. Williams, "that parents were benefited by their children getting educated?"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Cope; "has that never struck you? A little reflection will make it very apparent."

"The fact is," said Mrs. Williams, "that I have been so angry, and so much put about with the enquiries that have been made at my house about my children, and the trouble of getting them off to school, that I have not bestowed much thought upon the matter; and I don't see now how it is to benefit the parents."

"Well, now," said Mrs. Cope, smiling, and beginning to damp and fold some dry clothes that lay on her neat kitchen table, ready for ironing; "suppose you wanted to get a place as nursemaid for your eldest girl by and by—she must do something for her living—would she not be likely to get a better place, and be much better paid if she were a well-taught, nicely behaved girl, that could read pretty stories to her young charge, and keep them happy and amused when they were not able to get out, and it was necessary that they should be quiet in-doors. And if she could sew nicely, and help to keep the children's clothes in repair, how much would be thought of that! A girl who has been taught at school, and knows how to behave, and to make herself thoroughly useful, must be more respectable and respected and command better wages, than a poor, ignorant, shiftless girl, who neither knows how to read, write, nor sew."

"There is something in that, certainly," said Mrs. Williams.

"And the same thing holds good with the boys," said Mrs. Cope; "they must command better wages the better and the more intelligent they are; and they will be prized according to their capabilities. An educated youth may be placed in such a position that he may earn twice the money weekly that another of his age may do without education; and what a help that is to the parents at home!"

"I see what you mean," said Mrs. Williams, of whom Mrs. Cope's words were just making a convert.

"My children are learning so much at school in every way," said Mrs. Cope, "that I would not have them miss it, however it may inconvenience me, if I could possibly help it. Look at this little dress; Hetty made this for baby herself, at school, and put the trimmings on. Of course, it was placed for her. It is a great help to me the work she does there, for I have none too much time for sewing myself, and I am sure I should not have cut it out so well. You see, the young people who teach there are taught to cut out; and do all they profess to do well."

Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Hodge both examined the dress, and expressed their astonishment at the beautiful way in which it was made.

"You were angry the other day, I was told," said Mrs. Cope to Mrs. Williams, "at your little folks being sent home to have their hands and faces washed; but you see, they could not do such work as this with dirty hands."

"I did not like the way in which the young mistress spoke about it," said Mrs. Williams, trying to vindicate herself. "The fact is, I don't like Miss Loxley, the mistress, at all."

"Don't you? I have always thought her such a nice young person. And when so much pains are taken with our children, the least we can do is to see that they go clean. My children won't go dirty," continued Mrs. Cope; "they wash their faces with soap and water, and rub them till they shine again; and as for Miss Loxley, they are so fond of her, that they are always wanting to take her some flowers out of the garden."

"Well, of course, they could not sew nicely with dirty hands," said Mrs. Williams, "but, I never gave my children any needlework to do there; though I think Miss Loxley gave them something to do."

"Oh, you should find them work to do," said Mrs. Cope; "it will be such a help to you. The sewing done is worth the money paid for the teaching."

"Perhaps I have been too hasty in my way of speaking about the mistresses," said Mrs. Williams. "I see, of course, that it is better for the children to go to school and be taught; and I am glad that I have had this talk with you, and I don't think that I shall speak against the School Board in future. I am sorry now for what I said to the gentleman that called this morning,—the visitor I mean; but my temper always was a hasty one, and always will be. But, I am determined upon one thing: that the children shall always go clean to school for the future. I am glad you showed me that little frock of the baby's. Good morning, Mrs. Cope, you have been right and I have been wrong, and I am not too proud to say so. Perhaps you will let me have a little more talk with you another day. It strikes me you could teach me many things, if it is only how to be civil. I am vexed at what I said just now, for it has let me down."

"I am so glad you see it, Mrs. Williams," said Mrs. Cope. "It does let us down when we lose our temper because people are only doing their own proper work, without any intention of offending us, though I should not have liked to tell you so. If I can help you in any way at any time, I shall be glad to do so."

From that day Mrs. Williams needed no persuasion to send her children to school, and she was as good as her word; she saw that they were clean when they went, and seeing how being clean improved their appearance, she began to take pride in their dress, and turning them out as neat and as nice as Mrs. Cope's children. She did not accomplish all this at once; but it soon became easy to her, and her home, in a short time, was quite another sort of place to that it had once been. Being a candid woman, when convinced that a thing was good, she became as fond of sending her children to school and getting them educated, as she had before disliked the thought of it.—*British Workwoman.*

ACID AND ALKALI.

Some years since, a man who has the reputation of being a skeptic, in considering our then great national evil in its relations to Christianity, made this point: "I hold in my hands," said he, "what purport to be an acid and an alkali. They are thus labelled; they look as though they might be labelled thus; they taste as though they might be thus, and tested thus far I dare not affirm that they are not what they purport to be. But there is a way of testing them which may prove decisive. Such is the nature of an acid and an alkali, that they cannot be brought together without an effervescence, a conflict. I unite them, and there is no excitement. They meet in quietness, and dwell together in peace. Now, after this, though I do not know certainly what they are, I know most certainly what they are not; I know that they are not an acid and an alkali that have thus met. In like manner I know that a pure Christianity, having its birth in the bosom of God, cannot be dropped down from heaven into this world of sin without producing a commotion and a conflict. When, then, anything is offered to me called Christianity, I bring it in contact with sin; and, if no conflict occurs, it is not Christianity, for real Christianity cannot come in contact with sin without a war as the result." Probably we may well hesitate to accept the conclusion to which he came after applying his test to Christianity in this country but beyond doubt his test is a true one. If in their very nature an acid and an alkali must quarrel when they are brought in contact, much more certainly must there be a conflict when vice and virtue meet in this world. It is possibly within God's power to alter the relation of an acid to an alkali, but certainly

even God himself cannot alter the relations between virtue and vice. When Christ said to His followers, "The disciple is not above his Master; if they have persecuted Me, they will also persecute you," He was speaking more as a philosopher than as a prophet. Christ was not persecuted as a mere individual, nor because He claimed to be the Messiah; but the real opposition to Him came because of the principles He acted out. It is doubtful if virtue can exist merely passively, or if it even could, it is to be doubted whether it could then escape persecution. Dr. Blair once remarked in a sermon that if virtue were only incarnated, all mankind would fall in love with her. In the afternoon his colleague in preaching referred to the remark and said, "Virtue has been incarnated, but so far from men worshipping the incarnation, they nailed it to a cross." The Greek peasant who voted to banish Aristides, gave as the reason for his vote, not that Aristides had in any way injured him, but, said he, "I am tired of hearing him called 'The Just.'" In this case, so far as virtue could be passive, it was passive in the relations of Aristides to the peasant. And yet the peasant was disposed to persecute him. And why? Because, in fact, the virtues of Aristides were not passive; nor could they be. They really arraigned every unjust man in the nation. In calling him "The Just," it was the equivalent of saying that other men were not just; and this it was that procured the votes that banished him. But Christ in His virtues was not passive; He never tried to be. In Him virtue was a pronounced, an active principle. He never encountered sin in any form, or in any degree, but He made war upon it, and this whether among His enemies or His friends. How earnestly and sternly He waged a war against sin when he saw it in the "scribes, Pharisees, and hypocrites." But if thus stern in rebuking such flagrant sinfulness, with no less firmness, but more tenderly did He plant Himself against sin and imperfection in milder forms as He found them among His friends and those whom He loved.

The simple fact is that virtue as it existed in Christ, never encountered vice in any form or in any degree, but a moral conflict ensued. Those who were not won to the side of virtue, became His persecutors. Thus it was between virtue and vice eighteen hundred years ago. Since then, neither has changed in the least, and in their very essence, neither can change. Virtue would cease to be virtue, or vice would cease to be vice, if when they met there was not a moral conflict. The same uncompromising spirit with vice that Christ possessed, He has left as a legacy to His followers. Time has wrought no change in it. So long as fire and powder are what they are, so long there must be an explosion when they come in contact. And thus it is with true Christianity. There is always an explosion when pure Christianity comes in contact with sin. If, when it meets sin, Christianity has no explosive power, then its loss has been the loss of itself. What is left is only its clothes. With so many professing Christians as there are in this country who are brought in daily contact with sin, there ought to be such detonations as would shake the world.

A WILL AND NO WAY.

It used to be said, "Where there's a will, there's a way." But of late, it appears that "Where there's a will (and testament) there is no way" to get the benefit of it in behalf of any religious or benevolent object. The latest case is that of Mr. Horace Hawes, of California, who left \$2,000,000 to various schemes of benevolence and education. The will has been broken, on the ground of his alleged insanity. And really there is some show of reason in this; for a man who expects that his heirs-at-law are going to stand by and see his money squandered away on colleges and hospitals and missions, must have a crazy streak in him. At any rate, he must be utterly incapable of learning from experience and observation.

Mr. Cornell, who died the other day, was wiser. He was a business man, and he wanted to get the worth of his money; so he gave \$700,000 to Cornell University, nearly ten years ago, "to found an institution where any man may have instruction in any branch of knowledge that he desires." He saw the University grow to eminence, saw it gather about itself the gifts of Mr. Sage, Mr. McGraw, Mr. Sibley, and other benefactors, saw within its walls nearly a thousand students.

We rejoice to see that the lesson taught by these experiences is not thrown away.

A week ago last Monday, Mr. Chamcey Rose, a hard-headed Hoosier, residing in Terre Haute, Ind., got up bright and early and gave away \$350,000 to various institutions in his neighborhood, having already previously given away perhaps \$150,000 to various objects in the State. This is business.

There is another thing that wealthy men can do with a good deal of safety. They can imbue their children with such sentiments that they will feel it to be a duty and a pleasure to use their property for God and man. When these principles are illustrated by example,