

Family Reading.

The Lost Found and Restored.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

"You have just returned, friend Manson, have you not?" said Livingston, "from your western journey?"

"Yes," he replied, "I have, and there was a circumstance attending it, which will make it to me the most memorable event in my whole life."

"Indeed, what is that, my friend?"

"Ah, it would take more time than either you or I could now spare," said Manson, "for me to relate, and you to listen to the particulars; but I will attempt a very brief sketch of the substance."

When I went to school in Connecticut, I had a very dear friend and school-mate, named John McL—d. He was one of the brightest and most beloved pupils in the school. He grew up, paid his addresses to an excellent young lady, a member of the church. At length he was married to his Mary, and they prepared immediately after that event, in pursuance of a previous plan, to emigrate to a Western state. The evening before the day we were to separate, perhaps, forever, I had a tender interview with my bosom friend and his lovely wife, it was deeply affecting to us all.

The next morning they departed, with the affectionate farewells of many old friends and neighbors in the town where they were born and reared, and with a handsome provision made by the parents of both, who were in competent circumstances. Ten years elapsed, during which I was called to the Methodist ministry in distant places, as my lot happened to be cast. Not a word concerning them reached my ears in all that time. The course of duty called me then to the vicinity of the place where my friends had settled, and I resolved to go out of my way considerably to give John and Mary a call. Arriving at the town, and inquiring for their residence, I was told they lived some distance from the centre of the village. At length I found the place. At the first glance my mind misgave me. The sight of the miserable cabin made me sick, and after hitching my horse, I scarcely dared to enter. Knock, I could not; there was no door—nothing but a blanket stretched across the passage. Removing this, alas! what did I behold! There was Mary sitting on a stool with an infant on her lap, and another child in the corner on the ground, for the cabin had no floor.

Oh, sight of woe! How altered was the lovely Mary T—d!

"Do you remember me, dear Mary?" I asked.

"O! Mr. Manson, it is indeed you? We are ruined; John is lost, and I and the children are starving here. We have not had a morsel to eat since yesterday morning."

"Great heavens!" said I, "and where is John?"

"He is at the store; he has not been here for several days."

"Better not stir, he is savage now; and will it treat you?"

"I must see him, and will see him," I replied; and started immediately for the store, according to her direction. There was no time to lose, for I was to be at the conference, whither I was bound at a certain time appointed. I readily found the store, and entered. The first sight disclosed four men playing cards at a table. The next glance discovered a man stretched on a sofa, his head against the wall, his eyes closed, his hands clasped, and his feet protruding. The landlady was sitting by, but in vainly hoped to wake him up, as she supposed I was a customer. Says I, "Is John McL—d here?"

"They all looked at me on hearing the question, as if I had been the old one, or a stranger."

"What is that to you," he suddenly replied.

"I want to see him," I answered. While I spoke I took another sweep of the room with my eye, and saw something like a man asleep in the corner. "Is that John?" I asked.

"None of your business," answered the sulky bar-keeper.

"If it is that unhappy man, you will find it some of my business," I replied. So I went to him, recognized him, though in this shocking, beastly plight, and began to wake him. This was no easy job; and while I was about it, the rumble and his guests remonstrated, telling me to go away, threatening chastisement, and showing violence. I had in my hand a loaded whip, and am not inferior, you know, in point of wily, muscular power; and though a man of peace, I knew, that in the whole of the two or three years I have been in the ministry, I never felt so strong a disposition as at that moment to give four or five men a thrashing. They were intimidated, and I succeeded at length in getting John upon his legs, and trotting him off homeward. My presence, and the exercise sobered him, so that when he reached his hotel, he was in his right mind.

I forgot to mention that when I first went into the house, the child upon the ground started up affrighted, running to her mother crying—

"Is he going to carry us to jail, mother, where father was?" And that poor mother sobbed upon my hand as if her heart would break. Well, I conversed with them an hour, talked of old times in Connecticut, the old village and school days. He was softened, his heart was touched. Then I urged the pledge; his wife put in her profoundest earnest, almost frantic plea. She felt this to be indeed the hour of destiny.

"Do you think I can keep it?" said at length the man, once so promising, now so fallen. "Is it possible for me to be saved?"

"It is," said I, with confidence and hope, "you can keep it. I know you can. In the name of humanity and religion, try, I, dear John, and God will help you."

At last he consented. We knelt down on the earth—there was no chair, no table in the house—I took out the pledge, which I always carry in my pocket, placed it on the floor where Mary had been sitting, and bade him my farewell. He wrote his name, thank God! Now, having secured his condition, it was beautifully written, as I afterwards observed, for he was an excellent English scribe. We did not rise till I had relieved my overburdened heart in prayer with all my struggling soul,

and his despairing wife joined me in the solemn invocation, that the Father of mercies would receive the returning prodigal to his arms, and that he might never go astray again. It was now quite time for me to go, and resume my journey; but I could not leave the town before I called upon the class-leader, left him some money for the family, and enjoined on him to look after them, and throw around John the shield of all good influences to prevent his suffering a relapse. Whatever further charges he should incur on their account, I promised to pay as soon as informed of them.

Another decade rolled by, during which no tidings came to me at the East from this interesting couple. At length I was called again to visit those western regions, and to pass near the residence of this unfortunate brother.

On reaching the town, my disappointment was extreme to learn that he had removed to a distant county. I anticipated misfortune; but as the place designated was not far from my intended route, I resolved to go on and see him. When I entered the town of —, where John was said to live, I made inquiry for his dwelling, and was to it was the second house on the left hand side of the road. Being now so near, I hastened onward eagerly, and presently a nice frame building painted white appeared. I could not help putting up an ejaculatory prayer, that my dear friend might be so happy as to occupy any house half as respectable as this. Expectation now became painful. What in mercy was I sent to see? A scene like that or worse, which ten years before I had such awful tales of the memory, never to be obliterated? I could not tell. At a sudden turn in the road, I thought I discerned on her white house in the distance among the trees. Yes, it was so, with green blinds, and as I went nearer, gravened walks were seen, a handsome railing and ornamental trees and shrubbery. Surely there is some mistake in the direction; this can not be John's house! Yet it is the second on the left.

Fastening my beast to a hook, I went to the door and knocked. A girl just on the verge of womanhood opened it.

"Does Mr. McL—d live here?" I asked with trembling.

"He does sir."

"Is he or his wife at home?"

"Mother is within, sir; but father is in the field. Please to walk in, sir."

My eye glanced through the open parlour door. A fine carpet covered the floor. There were handsome chairs and other furniture; but I saw no more for Mrs. McL—d by this time was informed of a gentleman's arrival and lost no time in making her appearance. "Good God!" was all I remembered to have heard from her, as she rushed forward on seeing me, and clasped me by the neck. She almost fainted, and shed a flood of tears, and my own condition was not much more composed. Recovering a little, she informed me that her husband was at home but out upon the farm. Two impatient to wait, I hurried away to see him. He met me as he was coming home. As soon as he knew who it was, he ran forward, and grasped me in his arms, saying as he strained me to his bosom—

"Thank God! Thank God! You are my saviour under heaven. This is all your work, looking around. Oh I am rejoiced that you are here to see it."

When we had returned to the house, the ten years' history of struggle, repentance, and reformation was recounted. Prosperity was his, the former and all. His wife was happy. The beautiful young girl, almost a young lady now, was the child of that, that was crawling on the ground on my first visit. There were three more children now. To crown the whole, he said—

"After I had persevered a year in abstinence, according to that blessed pledge, taken on that awful day, on the roof in the log house which rises to me sometimes with spectral horror—after keeping it secretly a year, I committed myself to the church, of which my wife, who has been an angel helping me, was a member. Prosperity attended me; worldly happiness; but this was not a complete satisfaction. I wanted to be more useful; I needed something more; and commenced studies for the ministry. My dear friend and brother, I am now a minister of the ever lasting gospel. How much, what an unexpressed debt do I owe to you!"

We knelt down together on the rich carpet, instead of the cold earth, and prayed, as fervently as I prayed before in the log cabin; but in what a different strain! Instead of the almost despairing supplication and entreaty of former hours, crushed to the earth with sorrow, thanksgiving, praise, and gratitude now rose spontaneously from our tongues and hearts—O, the heart of Caesar never swelled with such triumphant joy as any of his conquests, as mine does for agency in the salvation of this one man, and the happiness of his family.

Miscellaneous.

The Land of the Free.

A correspondent of the *American Missionary*, writing from Berea, Ky., Jan. 19, gives the following account of a cruel whipping inflicted on one of the colporters of the Society:—

Last Saturday, the 16th, Bro. Fee was again mobbed at Lewis Chapel, a place about 25 miles from here, in this country, near the Kentucky river. He had been there once before by the invitation of a number of respectable citizens, and was there with Bro. Jones, the colporter, to fill his second appointment.

While he was preaching, 30 or 40 armed men rode up, and sent one of their number into the house to demand that he should deliver. He replied, as he had usually done in such cases, that he was peacefully exercising his constitutional right, and requested the person to be seated until he had finished preaching. The messenger returned to his company, who then rushed in and seized Bro. F. and brother Jones; they tried to extort from Bro. F. a promise that he would never return, threatening to duck him in the river if there was no breath left in him. Failing in getting a pledge, they mounted their horses, one of them taking Bro. Jones up behind him, and rode about two miles to the river, and descended into a dark, lonely ravine upon the bank. At the foot they halted and made another effort to induce Bro. Fee to promise to leave that part of the country and not return. He at length got their attention and commenced talking to them, telling them he could not make a pledge that might conflict with future duty.

At length one of them said, "they did not come there to hear a sermon; they must attend to their business." They then proceeded a little way further to a thicket on the bank of the river. They here ordered Bro. Jones to strip; he pulled off his coat and vest and stopped. They jeered him, and told him to "strip his linen." They removed all his clothing except his shirt. Then bending him upon the naked back, with a sycamore switch or switches—these grew large and heavy. Every blow left its mark. His wounds, as soon afterwards by others, are of no slight character. Bro. Fee expostulated with them, but in vain. When they had satisfied their cruelty upon Bro. Jones, the man who plied the whip, approaching Bro. Fee, told him if he would not promise never to return, he would be treated five times worse. Well, he told them he would meet his suffering brethren, and remounting, they escorted him about five miles to a place called Butler's Factory, and there left them. They came about eight miles, and put up for the night at the house of a friend, where Bro. Fee preached to the family. He says he never felt more in the spirit of preaching, and never spent a happier night than the one which followed. Bro. Jones suffered greatly under his cruel whipping.

Poetry.

The Pool and the Brook.

AN APOLOGUE.

"Freely ye have received, freely give."—JESUS.

On the green side of a mountain
Gush'd a tiny crystal fountain,
Shining like a thread of light
Or a sparkling diamond bright;
Bubbling down with tinkling feet,
The river's simpler tale to meet.

There, its little journey o'er,
It tributary came to pour.

Now become a brook, it speeds
Through ferny dells and flowery meads,
With winding course and current fall,
See it pass near a pool,
Whose dull stagnant waters lie
Tidily gazing on the sky.

Behold the sunbeams call;
Sheer streamlet, whether braiding?
Stop a little, what's the matter?
Sister Pool, this cup of water
I've given you, I must carry
To my tripping gaily on.

Leaving you not a drop,
Leaving you not a drop,
Leaving you not a drop,
And a generous life will die.

"Think a moment ere you press on,
Prudence teaches you this lesson,
Bate and rest, and bees are humming,
Sultry, scorching, summer's coming;
After a few moments' rest, you'll find
Keep your water, hoard it up;
As the miser hoards his pelf;
You will need it all yourself.
Measure gone, your mine will dry,
And your pulseless heart will die."

"If I pass so quick away,
And leave you work with vain vain I may;
And if my watery treasure soon
Must perish in hot summer's noon,
Now I'll do what you I can—
Give you this momentary boon;
Giant coils, brown, and tawny hair
In length on the spots where it was bald. I have also
Such grained as the healthy measure and vigor of the hair,
Which before was dry, and it has ceased to come out as for
You, respectfully yours, H. H. HAYWARD.

From Mrs. Ingalls, a well known nurse in Boston
Boston Oct. 18th, 1858.

Gentle—Nothing but a duty and sympathy that I feel to
communicate to others that are afflicted as I have been, would
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it has received from your hair restorative. I have used it
in ten and a half months, and have now a head of hair, which
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in ten and a half months, and have now a head of hair, which
in spots entirely bald. I have now the hair, which was
lost, and which was a great deal of trouble to me, and I
am now a healthy and vigorous woman, and I am
giving you a testimonial, and to my utter astonishment,
after a few moments' rest, you'll find
Keep your water, hoard it up;
As the miser hoards his pelf;
You will need it all yourself.
Measure gone, your mine will dry,
And your pulseless heart will die."

"If I pass so quick away,
And leave you work with vain vain I may;
And if my watery treasure soon
Must perish in hot summer's noon,
Now I'll do what you I can—
Give you this momentary boon;
Giant coils, brown, and tawny hair
In length on the spots where it was bald. I have also
Such grained as the healthy measure and vigor of the hair,
Which before was dry, and it has ceased to come out as for
You, respectfully yours, H. H. HAYWARD.

From Mrs. Ingalls, a well known nurse in Boston
Boston Oct. 18th, 1858.

Gentle—Nothing but a duty and sympathy that I feel to
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