

The Family Circle.

Jesus thou son of David.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO REV. A...

"Be of good comfort, rise; he calleth thee!"

"Jesus, thou son of David, pity me!"

The wretched son of Tironis, loud did cry—

Oh, groping soul of mine, take up the plea,

Behold, thy Saviour now is passing by!

Let not the crowd restrain thy ardent prayer,

But cry the more for that dear deal—

Let thy agonies reverberate through the air,

Jesus, thou son of David, pity me!

The beggar by the wayside asking alms,

Was more a subject, nor more blind than thou;

But ah, what welcome sound his fervor calms,

He cries not vainly—Jesus hears him now.

Take courage thou, my soul, faith be bold,

And he will bid thy spirit-darkness flee,

Soon shall the welcome tidings thee be told,

"Be of good comfort, rise; he calleth thee!"

Then casting thy old robes of sin away,

Arise, and haste thee, for he calls to-night;

His sweet "What wilt thou" shall thy fear allay

And thou shalt humbly answer—"Lord—my

right!"

"Lord that I might receive my sight!" and say,

That I had seen my Saviour—List, my soul;

Doth thou not hear him bid thee—"go thy way?"

Thy prayerful faith in him hath made thee whole."

Oh, capture I to behold my Saviour's face,

Oh, joy to greet the bright and perfect day,

My soul forget not this his wonderful grace,

Nor fail to follow Jesus in the way!" H. L. Manayunk, May 18th, 1863.

GLANCIAS FROM THE FOREIGN MISSIONARY FIELD.

89—HEAVENLY LOYALTY.

PSALMS 101: 6—"Mine eyes shall be upon the faithful of the land."

Upon the island of Raiatea there exists in a hill deep cavity, the bottom of which has never been reached. It is called Po, that is "Night," and the people believe that it is the dwelling place of the dead. A long time ago, a king of Raiatea wished to examine this strange cavity, and commanded his people to let him down by a cord. But when they saw that they had him in their power, they let go of the cord, and the king disappeared forever. This is heathen faithfulness.

90—WARFARE OF THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

EREMIEL 26: 6—"Since thou hast not hated blood, even blood shall pursue thee."

Among the South Sea Islanders unbroken wars prevailed, and the wildest barbarity was practised in them. The conquerors washed in the blood of the conquered. Prisoners were offered up to the gods; the bones of the slain were greedily eaten by their enemies. The bones of celebrated warriors who perished in battle, yet serve as the most distinguished ornaments of the heathen conquerors. The entire population of islands, to the last man, has been destroyed in these wars. In 1825, a missionary visited the Hervey Islands. He found only about sixty men upon them; after a short time he visited the island again, but now there remained the thirty, only five men, three women, and some children. Even these were quarrelling as to which should be king, and were on the point of completely destroying themselves.

Dr. Diefenbach relates an incident in the wars of New Zealand. The little island of Tukua had been repeatedly attacked by the tribes of the larger islands. It had but two hundred inhabitants; but their fortresses—all villages are fortresses—lay upon a steep precipice of lava, and the enemy was invariably compelled to retreat without success. At last a surprise by night was attempted. But the inhabitants were on their guard. As the enemy clambered up the sides of the rock, they rolled down great stones among them and crushed many of the assailants. The next day a missionary visited the island, and hearing of the attack inquired for the bloody tracks, which he supposed would have been left from the slaughtered. "Our wives have licked them up," was the answer.

40—GENERALISM!

It is probable that the inhabitants of the Feejee Islands, before their recent conversion to Christianity, outdid all other people upon earth in the practice of eating human flesh. They were incessantly at war with each other, to procure the means of gratifying this lust. Five years ago, they were between Bau and Rewa. Bau literally stank for many days with the fumes which arose from the cooking of human flesh in every house and from the entrails thrown out in the streets. One of the chiefs of Rakeraiki, had a chest for the purpose of keeping human flesh. Thighs and arms were salted down and stored away for him in the chest. If he saw among the prisoners any one particularly fat, he ordered him to be killed on the spot, cooked a part and salted down the rest. The people said he ate human flesh every day. In Bau, the people in like manner preserved human flesh and chewed it like tobacco. At the time of which we are writing, a canoe containing enemies was cast away upon their coast. The inhabitants fell upon the shipwrecked crew, bound them, and heated up the ovens. Some, who could not wait, tore off the ears of the prisoners, and devoured them raw. When the ovens were hot, the people carefully cut off their arms, holding a dish under them to catch the drops of blood. If a drop of blood fell on the ground it was licked up with the greatest avidity. Thus the poor creatures were cut to pieces, vainly trying to defend their mangled bodies.

Scarcely was the missionary, Hunt, well settled upon Somoaso, when the heathen people dragged several corpses before his house, cooked them and ate them. Shocked at the spectacle, the missionary closed his doors and windows. A chief, however, came up, and insisted on his opening them. For, if he would live among them, he must allow them to follow their customs as they pleased. If he interfered, they would throw him too into the oven.

41—THE TURKISH AEA.

Acts 10: 34, 35—"Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation, he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted of him."

Thus, doubtless, many an ambassador in Christ's stead, like Peter, has been compelled to exclaim, when in a place, where he expected to find nothing but the darkness and shadow of death, an evident work of divine grace meets him, that preparing grace, which makes the heart susceptible and willing to receive the seeds of divine truth, which opens the inner ear to hear and learn the glad tidings of the Saviour of sinners. Such

a joyous surprise was experienced by the missionary Winger, in Egypt.

"We visited, at one time," he says, "a great and splendid garden on the banks of the Nile, to enjoy a little recreation. The owner of the garden, a richly dressed Arab, whom we met in a friendly manner, and asked if we were brothers, and all of the same religion. Upon our answering in the affirmative, he turned to me and said: 'Why do you wear a beard, and your brothers wear none? You are certainly a priest.' My answer that I wore it simply as a matter of preference did not satisfy him, and he repeated his assertion: 'You are a priest; do not keep me thus at a distance. I have prayed Almighty God to make known to me one who could tell me what I must do to be happy, and this is the answer I received from God: a man will come into my garden and will tell me what to do. You are the man, I am sure; so tell me without reserve.' I answered that as he was a Mahomedan, I dared not tell him what he must do to be happy, he must ask his own spiritual guides. He replied: 'I am firmly convinced that I and all the followers of Allah will take me into a fig tree, saying: 'There must be some other means of gaining happiness, and you must tell me what it is. I am well aware,' he continued, 'that both of us are liable to death if it becomes known, but fear not; you are a man of honor; it shall not go out from my mouth.' With this he so affected, that I myself was deeply moved. 'Well then,' said I, 'I will tell you what a Christian must do to be happy.' 'Hither! then man of God. Here where I have so often prayed to God, you must tell me what I am to do.'"

"Lifting a silent prayer to the Saviour, I proceeded to narrate to this ignorant man the chief facts of the Bible history, to the crucifixion and the death of our Lord.

"He listened attentively, and at the description of Jesus's ascent before the eyes of his apostles to heaven, and his sitting at the right hand of God, he raised his hands on high and cried out: 'O Jesus, thou that sittest at the right hand of God! take pity upon me, my Saviour also!'"

"He repeated these words several times with many tears, and the Saviour graciously vouchsafed to bestow upon the pleading sinner a sense of his peace and a believing joy of his atoning work. Several times with deep feeling, he exclaimed: 'Yes, Lord Jesus, I see thee with thy wounds! Thou art now my Saviour, too!' The next morning, before daylight, this Turkish Arab, with a numerous retinue, stood before our door, an appearance which frightened us not a little. I ran to meet him and said: 'What do you mean by bringing so many with you?' He replied: 'These are my malekules. They are entirely ignorant in the matter, and they have orders to wait in the lane till I return. I could wait no longer to see you and your brothers; I have not slept the whole night for joy.'"

"We had a delightful conversation with him, and together gave thanks to the Saviour for what he had done in his case. As long as we remained in Egypt, he continued faithful."

TREATMENT OF YOUR WIFE.

Do not treat with your wife upon a subject in which there is danger of wounding her feelings. Remember that she treasures every word you utter, though you never think of it again. Do not speak of some virtue in another man's wife, to remind your own of a fault. Do not reproach your wife with personal defects for she has sensibility, you inflict a wound difficult to heal. Do not treat your wife with inattention in company. Do not upbraid her in the presence of a third person, nor entertain her with praising the beauty and accomplishments of other women. If you would have a pleasant home and cheerful wife, pass your evenings under your own roof. Do not be stern and silent in your own house, and remarkable for sociability elsewhere. Remember that your wife has as much need of recreation as yourself, and devote a portion, at least of your leisure hours, to such society and amusements as she may enjoy. By so doing, you will secure her smiles and increase her affection. Do not, by being too exact in pecuniary matters, make your wife feel her dependence on your bounty. It tends to lessen her dignity of character, and does not increase her esteem for you. If she is a sensible woman, she should be acquainted with your business and know your income, that she may regulate her household expenses accordingly. Do not withhold this knowledge, in order to cover your own extravagance. Women have a keen perception; be sure she will discover your selfishness, and though no word is spoken, from that moment her respect is lessened, and her confidence diminished, her pride wounded, and a thousand, perhaps unjust suspicions created. From that moment is your domestic comfort on the wane. There can be no woman who there is no full confidence.—Women's Thoughts About Women.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE COCA LEAF OF BRAZIL.

TEA, coffee, tobacco, spices, sink into insignificance beside this invaluable leaf, which is the first necessity of life to the Indian, who is never seen without his leathern pouch containing the leaves and a small box of powdered lime. At least three times a day he rests from labor to chew his ambrosia. Carefully removing the midribs of the leaves, he masticates them into a small ball, called an *aculloo*. Then, repeatedly inserting a thin piece of moistened wood, like a toothpick into the box of unslaked lime, he introduces the powder which remains attached to it into the *aculloo*, until the latter had acquired the requisite flavor. This lime mitigates the bitterness of the leaf, the flavor of which is like that of bad green tea.

The marvellous properties of the coca are, first, its power of strengthening the digestion; and next, its power of preventing asthmatic effects in the rapid ascent of high mountains and, above all, its efficacy as a substitute for food. In this latter quality we have the surprising testimony of Tshudi, the traveller, in addition to that of many others. He mentions that an Indian, sixty-two years of age, was employed by him during five consecutive days and nights in laborious excavations.

During the whole period he never ate anything, but every two hours he chewed half an ounce of coca, and kept the *aculloo* constantly in his mouth. Nor did he require more than two hours' sleep during the night. When the labor was finished, he accompanied Tshudi during a ride of twenty-three leagues over the mountain plains, constantly running alongside of the nimble *mullo*, and

never resting but for the purpose of making an *aculloo*. When they separated, he declared himself perfectly willing to do a similar amount of work if he had a plentiful allowance of coca. In the *Cornhill Magazine* were told of a scientific investigation of this marvellous plant, which fully bore out the statements of travellers; and, if used only as a tonic, there is no drug now imported which would be so valuable to a dyspeptic people like that of Europe.—Saturday Review.

NATIONAL VIRTUE REVEALED BY THE WAR.

FROM DR. BRAINERD'S "FAST DAY SERMON."

We are also to confess the sins of our people, as did Daniel. This admission of our national guilt, as the just cause of our national judgments, does not compel us to believe that we are more guilty than other nations, nor that we have backslidden from the virtues of our fathers. Each age has its own virtues and crimes; and every age has crimes to deserve God's judgments. "Say not that the former times were better than these, for thou dost not judge wisely concerning this thing."

My impression is, that in Sabbath keeping, and attention to the message of grace, we are awarded to differ from other nations; and the circulation of religious truth, by Bibles, tracts, churches, preaching and Sabbath-school teaching; in efforts to establish institutions for the aged, the imbecile, and the unfortunate; in endeavors to help the sailor, the prisoner, the widow and the orphan, our own age and land have developed a piety and charity not common in the world.

Indeed, I cannot avoid suspecting that this war is our punishment because this age and people are worse than other times and men, but because we have risen to a higher principle, a holier aim, and more adhesive regard to justice and humanity. We held the price of peace in our hands.

Our Southern brethren had a right to manage their own affairs in their own way, within the limits of the Constitution; to take their own time and mode to regulate their relations to the colored race, leaving the press of the land free to them. This right was awarded to them not alone by the constitution, but by the solemn declaration of the President and a resolution of Congress. It was endorsed by the sentiments of ninety-nine hundredths of the North, who, claiming liberty to speak and write their honest opinions of slavery, as did Washington, Jefferson and Franklin, would still have abhorred any and every attempt to enforce by violence their views upon the South. The whole North, almost before a blow was struck, protested its respect for every Southern right. But all would not avail; something more was wanting.

If we could have consented to stultify the conscientious suffrages of the great majority, as to planting slavery, with its fetters and manacles, on the free soil of our territories; if we could cheerfully have agreed to stand as sentinels through all time, to drive the escaping slave back to his bondage; if we could conscientiously have commended a system which shuts out four millions of our fellow men, in our own land, from reading God's word, from lawful marriage, from family integrity and purity, and from the right to fair wages for their toil; if we could have cherished at the capital the shambles where men and women are bought and sold, and could have heard the slave-dealer's lash on bleeding flesh without pity; if we could have disgraced labor by contempt, and flattered the pride of those who grow rich on the uncompensated industry of other men; if we could, heedlessly have allowed the slave lords of the South, accustomed to rule over menials, whom they had by force degraded to their feet, to rule through all time over us, there would have been no war.

If we could have allowed our fellow citizens at the South to be tarred and feathered, because they were true to their country; if we could have permitted our mints, arsenals, forts and vessels to be seized, our Generals to be bribed to treason, and our soldiers on the frontiers surrendered as prisoners to those whom they had gone to protect, if we could have allowed our country's flag to be trampled in the dust by traitors, and our garrisons to be hailed out of our own burning forts by bursting shells; had we borne this submissively, there would have been no war.

But would peace in these circumstances have marked our virtue or our corruption? or our glory or our infamy? Our war is the proper protest of a just and humane, against unjust, cruelty and perfidy. It is the struggle of right and philanthropy, against outrage, oppression, and bloody treason.

We have received from ages gone by the fruits of man's long struggles for civil and religious liberty, and the right of self-government; we have received a broad, beautiful and healthful country, to every foot of whose soil we have an equal claim as citizens; we have received the precious principle which embraces the concentrated wisdom of the ages of the Revolution; and we have taken up arms to declare that no traitor hand shall out the telegraphic wire on which these blessings are passing down to other generations. The cry of humanity, from ages to come, has called us to this bloody strife. It is simply a defence of our own institutions.

In such a contest we are not to interpret any defects into excuses, and our national virtues, or our cause; but rather regard them as a moral discipline through which God purifies us from remaining corruptions, to make us a "perfect" for our high national mission, "through sufferings."

The war has certainly unveiled an appalling amount of individual selfishness, covetousness, fraud, cowardice and perfidy. But it has also shown in our people a pure, unselfish patriotism, developed in the pecuniary sacrifices of the rich and poor; in the devotion of their lives by hundreds of thousands of our young men; in the rich, unflinching charities, especially of our ladies, for the suffering soldiers; in the patient suffering of our martyrs in the hospital or on the battle field. War has ennobled as well as tried us; and I must thank God to-day for the grace he has given you, as well as exhort you to be penitent for your sins.

While I say this, I still believe that our sufferings were made necessary by our sins, and that the nearer we approach to holiness, the fewer will be our disasters and the more certain our triumphs.

KEEP HOUSE-PLANTS CLEAN.

The London *Cottage Gardener* relates an experiment, showing the advantage of keeping the leaves of plants free from dust. Two orange trees, weighing respectively eighteen and twenty ounces, were allowed to vegetate without their leaves being cleaned for a year; and two others, weighing respectively nineteen and twenty and one-half ounces had their leaves sponged with tepid water once a week; the first two increased in weight less than half an ounce each, while of the two latter, one had increased two and the other nearly three ounces. Except the cleaning, the plants were similarly treated.

national regard to the sacred day of rest. The effect of the President's order of last November, enjoining upon the officers and men in the military and naval service the orderly observance of the Sabbath, has been most happy. The report of the Society says that "in the Philadelphia Navy Yard the men were all at work on the Lord's day previous to this order, as witnessed by our late missionary, who, at that day, addressed an audience on board the receiving-ship Princeton. He also preached on the same ship the Sabbath next following after the order of the President was issued. It was read to the audience on that occasion, and he states 'This order was received with thrilling interest by the men, and its effect was very perceptible, for, as we passed through the yard, not a man was at work; only the sentinels were seen on duty and the watchmen, who said they had a quiet Sabbath, and could rejoice!'"

FATHERS.

"As light as a feather." It is a proverb. Can we find something to talk about in what is "as light as a feather?" Here lie two before me. They are feathers of a golden-winged woodpecker. Pussy caught the woodpecker, and its beautiful wings were left lying at the door. They were carried up and laid away in an open room; but the rats got wind and carried them off. Only these two feathers were left.

The bird may I well call golden-winged, for one of these is a wing feather and its under surface is of a greater part of its length a clear golden yellow; while on the upper side the shaft of the feather might be gold itself for its color and brilliancy. Only I think gold is hardly so deep and rich in its hue. The other feather, from the thigh or side I suppose, is of a little more grey and cream-color and back; but the slender shaft of it is golden too.

Do you know what I mean by the shaft of the feather? There are three parts to feathers in general. One is the barbel. That is the hollow tube of a horny kind of substance, which you know very well in the goosequill which you have seen made into the shaft. The shaft is the rest of the stem of the feather. The hollow tube for a little way; and in birds of flight like the eagle or hawk the barbel is carry a heavy body high into the air, the hollow part of the feather is more than in other birds which do not need so much help to get high. Then comes what you would call the feathery part—which is set upon two sides of the shaft.

Let us look at this. You know it is almost like a soft woven texture, though you can pull it apart very easily; but when the feather is in order no water can possibly get through. In order to carry this heavy body high into the air, the hollow part of the feather is more than in other birds which do not need so much help to get high. Then comes what you would call the feathery part—which is set upon two sides of the shaft.

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Advertisements.

THE PERICULUM of infection which we call Scrophulous eruptions in the constitutions of multitudes of men is produced by its ennobled, vitiated state of the blood, whereby that fluid becomes impure and acrid, and the result of this is a general contamination is variously caused by mercurial discharges, the disordered digestion from unhealthy food, impure air, fifth and fifth habits, the depressing veins, and, above all, by the venereal infection. Whatever be its origin, its hereditary in the constitution, descending from parents to children upon the third and fourth generation; indeed, it seems to be the rod of Him who says, "I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon their children." The diseases it originates take various names, according to the organs it attacks. In the lungs, Scrophulous produces tubercles, and finally Consumption; in the glands, swellings which suppurate and become abscesses; in the stomach and bowels, derangements which produce indigestion, dyspepsia, and liver complaints; on the skin, eruptions of various kinds, and dangerous discharges leave you. With such foul and corrupted blood, you cannot have health; with that "life of Scrophulous" health, you cannot have scrophulous disease.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is commended from the most effective antidotes that modern science has discovered for this afflicting distemper, and for the cure of the disorders it entails. That it is far superior to any other medicine, has been proved by all who have given it a trial. That it does combine virtues truly extraordinary in their effect upon this class of cases, is a fact of which the public are becoming more and more generally aware. It is made of the following diseases: King's Evil, Swelling of the Neck, St. Anthony's Fire, Scrophulous Rheumatism, Rose or St. Anthony's Fire, Scrophulous Leucorrhoea, Coughs from tuberculous deposits in the lungs, White Swellings, Debility, Dropsy, Nephritis, Dyspepsia or indigestion, the whole series of diseases arising from impurity of the blood. Minute reports of individual cases may be found in Ayer's American Almanac, which is furnished to the druggists for gratuitous distribution, wherein may be learned the directions for its use, and some of the remarkable cures which it has made when all other remedies had failed to afford relief. These cases are purposely taken from all sections of the United States, in order that every reader may have occasion to be reminded of the efficacy of its benefits from personal experience. Scrophulous depresses the vital energies, and thus leaves its victims far more protracted in their sufferings than other diseases of personal experience. Scrophulous depresses the vital energies, and thus leaves its victims far more protracted in their sufferings than other diseases of personal experience. Scrophulous depresses the vital energies, and thus leaves its victims far more protracted in their sufferings than other diseases of personal experience.

Removal of James Webb. Dealers in Fine Teas, Coffees, and Choice Family Groceries. Has removed to the S. E. corner of Eighth and Walnut streets, Philadelphia, a few doors from his former location, where he will be happy to see his friends and customers. Goods carefully packed and forwarded to all countries. Jan 17

Removal of Thomas Carrick & Co. Cracker and Biscuit Bakers. 1908 Market Street, Phila. Superior Crackers, Pilot and Ship Bread, Soda, Sugar and Wine Biscuits, Pic-Nics, Jumbles, and Ginger Nuts. A. P. E. S. SCOTCH AND OTHER CAKES. Ground Crackers in any quantity. Dec 15

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