

Family Circle.

LITTLE ONES IN HEAVEN.

There's a band of brightest angels, In celestial bowers, Cherubs that were little children In this world of ours.

Peacefully the breath of Heaven Stirs the robes they wear, Glory's glittering garland gleaming On their foreheads fair.

Hark! they strike their tiny harp-strings, In a song of love; Adding music to the praises Of the hosts above.

Could our ears but catch the echo Of their rapturous strain, We who laid them down in sorrow Should not weep again.

I, too, wept in voiceless anguish, When, one April night, Angels took my baby jewel To their world of light;

Closed his blue eyes up in darkness, Chilled his brow of snow, Leaving but the broken casket Of my care below.

Oh, methought the rushing river Was so wide and cold, Over which the angels bore him, To the heavenly fold.

Saw I but the grave's deep chasm And the coffin's gloom, While in white our hands enshrined him, For the silent tomb.

Now a form of matchless beauty Bids my weeping cease, Pointing to the blissful mansions Of eternal peace:

And my heart, now grown submissive, Patiently shall wait, Till for me the shining angels Ope the golden gate.

Oh, methought the rushing river Was so wide and cold, Over which the angels bore him, To the heavenly fold.

Saw I but the grave's deep chasm And the coffin's gloom, While in white our hands enshrined him, For the silent tomb.

Now a form of matchless beauty Bids my weeping cease, Pointing to the blissful mansions Of eternal peace:

And my heart, now grown submissive, Patiently shall wait, Till for me the shining angels Ope the golden gate.

Oh, methought the rushing river Was so wide and cold, Over which the angels bore him, To the heavenly fold.

Saw I but the grave's deep chasm And the coffin's gloom, While in white our hands enshrined him, For the silent tomb.

Now a form of matchless beauty Bids my weeping cease, Pointing to the blissful mansions Of eternal peace:

fire, and the glass circulated; and the gossip of the week was discussed; and racy stories were told; and one or two songs sung, linked together by memories of old merry-meetings; and current jokes were repeated, with humor, of the tyrannical influence which some would presume to exercise on "innocent social enjoyment"—then would the smith's brawny chest expand, and his face beam, and his feelings become malleable, and his sixpences begin to melt, and flow out in generous sympathy into Peter Wilson's foxy hand, to be counted carefully beneath his sodden eyes. And so it was that the smith's wages were always lessened by Peter's gain. His wife had her fears—her horrid anticipations—but did not like to tell "even to" her husband anything so dreadful as what she in her heart dreaded. She took her own way, however, to win him to the house and to good; and gently insinuated wishes rather than expressed them. The smith, no doubt, she comforted herself by thinking, was only "merry," and never ill-tempered or unkind,—"yet at times—" "and then if—" Yes, Jeanie, you are right! The demon sneaks into the house by degrees, and at first may be kept out, and the door shut upon him; but let him only once take possession, then he will keep it, and shut the door against everything pure, lovely, and of good report,—barring it against thee and "wee Davie," ay, and against One who is best of all,—and will fill the house with sin and shame, with misery and despair! But "wee Davie," with his arm of might, drove the demon out. It happened thus.

One evening when the smith returned home so that "you could know it on him," Davie toddled to him; and his father, lifting him up, made him stand on his knee. The child began to play with the locks of the Samson, to pat him on the cheek, and to repeat with glee the name of "dad-a." The smith gazed on him intently, and with a peculiar look of love, mingled with sadness. "Isn't he a bonnie bairn?" asked Jeanie, as she looked over her husband's shoulder at the child, nodding and smiling to him. The smith spoke not a word, but gazed intently upon his boy, while some sudden emotion was strongly working in his countenance. "It's done!" he at last said, as he put his child down. "What's wrang! what's wrang!" exclaimed his wife as she stood before him, and put her hands round his shoulders, bending down until her face was close to his. "Every thing is wrang, Jeanie!" "Willy, what is't? are ye no weel?"—told me what's wrang with you?—oh tell me!" she exclaimed, in evident alarm. "It's a' right noo!" he said, rising up and seizing the child, lifted him to his breast, and kissed him. Looking up in silence, he said, "Davie has done it, along wi' you, Jeanie. Thank God, I am a free man!" His wife felt awed, she knew not how. "Sit down," he said, as he took out his handkerchief, and wiped away a tear from his eye, "and I'll tell you a' about it."

Jeanie sat on a stool at his feet, with Davie on her knee. The smith seized his child's little hand with one of his own, and with the other took his wife's. "I harna been what ye may ca' a drunkard," he said, slowly, and like a man abashed, "but I hae been, often as I shouldna hae been, and as wi' God's help, I never, never will be again!" "Oh!" exclaimed Jeanie. "Let me speak," said William; "to think, Jeanie,"—here he struggled as if something was choking him—"to think that for whiskey I might beggar you and wee Davie; tak' the claes aff your back; drive you to the workhouse; break your heart; and ruin my bonnie bairn that loves me see weel; ay, ruin him in saul and body, for time and for eternity! God forgive me! I canna stand the thocht o't, let alone the reality!" The strong man rose, and little accustomed as he was to show his feelings, he kissed his wife and child. "It's done, it's done!" he said; "as I'm a leevan man, it's done! But dinna greet, Jeanie. Thank God for you and Davie, my best blessings." "Except Himsel!" said Jeanie, as she hung on her husband's neck. "And noo, woman," replied the smith, "nae mair it about; it's done. Gie wee Davie a piece, and get the supper ready."

The street in which the smith lived was as uninteresting as any could be. A description of its outs and ins would have made a "social science" meeting shudder. Beauty or even neatness it had not. Every "close" or "entry" in it looked like a sepulchre. The back courts were a huddled confusion of out-houses; strings of linens drying; stray dogs searching for food; hens and pigeons similiarly employed with more apparent success and satisfaction; lean cats creeping about; crowds of children, laughing, shouting and muddy to the eyes, acting with intense glee the great dramas of life, marriages, battles, deaths, and burials, with castle-building, extensive farming, and various commercial operations; and an utterly uncomfortable look. But in spite of all this, how many cheerful homes, with bright fires and nice furniture, inhabited by intelligent, sober, happy men and women, with healthy, lively children, are everywhere to be found in those very streets, which seem to the eye of those who have never penetrated further than their outside, to be "dreadful places;" and who imagine that all their inhabitants must be pigs in pig-styes, or steeped in wretchedness and whiskey.

A happier home could hardly be found than that of William Thorburn, as he sat at the fireside, after returning from his work, reading the newspaper, or some book of weightier literature, selected from his well-filled shelves in the little back parlor; while Jeanie was sewing opposite to him, and, as it often happened, both absorbed in the rays of that bright light, "wee Davie," which filled their dwelling, and the whole world, to their eyes; or both listening to the grand concert of his happy voice, which mingled with their busy work and silent thoughts, giving harmony to all. How much was done for his sake! He was the most sensible, efficient, and thoroughly philosophical teacher of household economy and of social science in all its departments who could enter a workman's dwelling!

FAILURES IN FAMILY TRAINING.

WHO IS TO BLAME?

You point to many good men, praying men, whose children seemed to be trained with much care, but have turned out badly. The fact is indisputable, as it is mournful. But who is to blame? Do you charge it upon God? Has his promise failed? Does he break the covenant? Or did those good men fail to duly use God's enjoined instrumentalities? How was it? Did they begin in time? or did they permit the enemy to sow the first seed? Were their children needlessly exposed to temptation? and did they neglect a part of God's instructions, and did they remit, or relax their labor while a part of their work was yet undone? Were those children trained really, and truly, in the way in which they should go? Eli of old was a good man, a praying man. He gave excellent counsel and administered wholesome reproof. But he did not duly exercise authority. He did not make his words of wise direction effective. "His sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not." So also was David a good man; but he failed in family government. Hence sorrow came to his house. He had not a happy home. Be admonished then. If you use not God's appointed means timely, and in their fullness, and to the end, your hope is presumptuous; and, in such a case, to complain of a failure is to charge God foolishly. Then, acknowledge your responsibility; justify God; do your duty; and receive the blessing.—McKinney's Family Treasure.

GLEANINGS FROM THE FOREIGN MISSIONARY FIELD.

THE WORD OF GOD ON NEW ZEALAND.

Acts xviii: 11. They received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily whether those things were so.

On the arrival of the first printing press, in 1835, upon the island of New Zealand, the printer to the Mission wrote back to England: "When it was explained to the people that I had come to print books for them, they were beside themselves for joy. No hero of the ancient times could have been welcomed by his soldiers with greater rejoicing. The 2d of January, 1835, was the memorable day in the annals of New Zealand, when the first printing press reached the country, and I was obliged to take every thing apart on the beach to explain the matter to them. They danced, they screamed, they threw themselves into the water, they gave vent to the wildest expressions of joy. Great excitement prevailed over the entire island. From remote tribes they came to procure teachers and books. I myself have seen them joyfully bringing heavy loads of potatoes to get a single book."

The great desire for books to read and as a means of self-instruction, is for the most part altogether peculiar to this mission. The Missionaries often found schools and chapels in districts never yet visited by a white man; and native teachers whom no one had sent, teaching, as well as they were able, from the New Testament, which they had procured from the mission stations. In the dark wilderness, they have come by night upon the huts of the natives, where after supper, a chapter of the Bible was read, and that by persons who had never seen a foreign missionary, and who had never been baptized. Thus, a missionary once heard in the wilderness, in the heart of New Zealand, which he was traversing, a sound as of a bell, which was produced by gunbarrels hung upon a string, and which was the signal of worship to a savage tribe, where the New Testament was read to the unbaptized people, by one himself unbaptized.

HUNGERING AFTER THE WORD OF GOD.

Amos viii: 11. Behold the days come, saith the Lord God, that I will send a famine in the land, not a famine of bread, nor a thirst for water, but of hearing the word of the Lord.

The first portion of the Scriptures which was printed in Tahitian language was the Gospel of Luke. The natives came many days' journey to procure this precious treasure.

One evening, five men from Tahiti landed on Afaraitu and hastened to Mr. Ellis, who was standing in the doorway of his house. He asked them what they wished. As with one voice, they all answered, "The Gospel of Luke," and pointed to their bamboo flasks of cocoanut oil. Ellis told them that his stock was exhausted, and that they must wait until morning, when a number more would be got out. He directed them, for the night, to a friend in the village; but what was his surprise, upon looking out of his window the next morning, at sunrise, to find the men lying before the door of his house! They were fearful lest other purchasers should come before daybreak and buy the promised books

away from them. "For this reason," said they, "we could not go from the place till we had received the books."

HIGH ABOVE THE WAVES.

Jer. xv: 16. Thy words were found and I did eat them; and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart.

One day several Tahitians had gone out in a little boat, and were in imminent peril from a storm, which filled the boat with water. With difficulty they were rescued. When the missionary, Ellis, asked them, "What did you think of when the water filled your vessel?" they replied, "We thought of nothing but our books, and had but one care—to keep them dry." With that they pointed to the mast-head, where their gospels, wrapped in cloths, were firmly fastened. Thus they only took care of their Bibles, while their clothes and other matters were ruined with the sea water.

THROUGH THE FIRE.

Another lay on his mat one evening, reading in his Gospel by the light of a lamp which he had made from a cocoanut shell. At length he fell asleep; and the lamp burned up. The house, built of wood, took fire, and the flames circling around him awoke him. He jumped up and ran out of the burning house. But scarcely had he got out when he remembered that he had left his book lying upon the mat. He sprang back again into the flames, and though considerably burned in different places, he did not come out until he had the book, which had remained uninjured. All his property was destroyed, but he was cheerful; he had saved his dear Gospel.

A COSTLY BIBLE.

Ps. cxix: 127. I love thy commandments above gold; yea, above fine gold. A Christian islander upon Orongosa desired to possess a New Testament. It was the object of his most earnest wishes. But how was he to get it? He resolved what to do. He hedged around a piece of land, planted it with arrow-roots, and in due time loaded up his canoe with the product, to carry it, in place of money, to the Mission station. When near the end of his journey, a storm arose, his canoe was upset, and the labor of a whole year, and with it his cherished hope, lay at the bottom of the sea; yet by swimming he saved his life and his canoe. Under the erroneous supposition that without pay he could get no New Testament, he returned sadly to his home. But what did he determine on next? He again tilled his little field, waited once more until harvest, succeeded in another attempt to bring the pay to the desired spot, and the treasure to his house.

THE LOANED TESTAMENT.

Ps. cxix: 24, 123. Thy testimonies also are my delight. Mine eyes fail for thy salvation; and for the word of thy righteousness.

A Missionary, while traversing the wilds of Canada, fell in with a poor Indian woman. He addressed her with words of exhortation, and scarcely had she discovered him to be a preacher of the Gospel when she earnestly besought him to give her a Bible. She had only heard a little read from it, but that little was enough to convince her that that book and that alone, could heal the wounds of her heart; hence her eagerness to improve the present opportunity for procuring a Bible. But, alas! the missionary has nothing with him but his own Testament, and that he cannot part with. But he cannot refuse the importunate entreaty; he lends it to her upon condition that she shall bring it back to him in that place in a month.

The month is gone. The missionary has again reached the place, and soon he perceives the woman approaching, with tardy steps and a troubled look. He can tell from a distance that she brings no good news. "Have you the book?" he asks. "No," she sadly answers. "Why, what have you done with it—sold it?" "Ah, no," she replies, "I took it with me to my wigwam and read from it to my neighbors. But when they heard the glad tidings they all wanted to have the book. I could not withstand their urgency and their requests; I had to give each a piece, and here is my share." With that she drew forth a couple of leaves from the book! So precious, dear reader, to these awakened heathen is the Word of God. And you and I? We have it; and is it as precious to us?

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

THEORIES OF THE GLACIAL EPOCH.

Much difficulty has been experienced in accounting for the existence of glaciers in the temperate region; unmistakable traces of which have been found in so many countries.

To account for the advent and subsequent disappearance of such vast masses of ice, various hypotheses have been propounded. It has been suggested that the temperature of space is not uniform, and that our solar system, in performing its proper motion among the stars, sometimes passes through regions of comparatively low temperature; according to this hypothesis, the glacial epoch occurred during the passage of our system through such a cold portion of space. Some have imagined that the heat emitted by the sun, is subject to variation, and that the glacial epoch happened during what may be termed a cold solar period; others, again, believe that a different distribution of land and water would render the climate of certain localities colder than it is at present; and others, that, at the time of the gla-

cial period the mountains were much higher than at present—Mt. Blanc, for instance, 20,000 feet—and last, that the water of the ocean was once much warmer than at the present time, and that large quantities of vapor were condensed by the higher atmosphere, producing sufficient cold to form these immense masses of ice, which were received upon the mountain sides. Thus the ocean being the evaporator, the higher atmosphere was the condenser, and the earth the receiver.

VALUE OF COAL AS FUEL.

Three hundred thousand men are engaged in mining coal in Great Britain. They mine about 100,000,000 tons of coal. This contains eighty per cent. of carbon, or 80,000,000 tons of carbon. Liebig informs us that every acre of fertile land will produce yearly about two tons and a half of wood, or other crop, which contains the same quantity of carbon (80 per cent.) as one ton of coal. To produce the equivalent of the above amount of coal in wood would require one year's growth of (in round numbers) 100,000,000 acres of land; or about four times the extent of the arable and pasture lands of England; yet this supply of fuel, if it existed in the form of wood, would be practically useless as a substitute for coal. The laboring population of the kingdom would be unable to cut and prepare it; and all the railways and canals would not suffice to transport it.

INCOME FROM FARMS AND RAILROADS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

The land occupied by the railroads of Great Britain is under two hundred thousand acres, including stations and other conveniences. The land used for agricultural purposes is about 40,000,000 acres. Yet the railway system pays nearly as large an amount of income and property tax as all the farmers of Great Britain. The railroads occupy less than half of one per cent. of land as compared with the farms.

IMPROVEMENT IN TRANSPORTATION.

Two hundred years ago, in England, coal was conveyed from the mines to the shipping place on pack-horses, 3 cwt. being the load. As soon as a road suitable for wheel carriages was made, carts were introduced, and by this mechanical improvement, the same horse would convey 17 cwt. When the roads were further improved, by laying wooden bars or rails, the load was increased to 42 cwt. Now, with a further improved road (the railway) a locomotive will draw 200 tons, at a cost for fuel about equal to the price of the feed of the original pack-horse.

MECHANICAL ENERGY IN A POUND OF COAL.

A pound of coal used in a well constructed steam engine, will produce a power equal to one million pounds raised one foot high. This is a duty rarely realized in an engine. Yet it can be demonstrated that the mechanical energy resident in a pound of coal and liberated by its combustion, is capable of exerting a power ten times as great.

EFFECT OF THE AQUEOUS VAPOR SUSPENDED IN THE AIR.

The minute quantity of water suspended as invisible vapor in the air, being 1 part of aqueous vapor to 200 of air, will absorb thirty times as much heat as the collective 200 particles of air. If this aqueous vapor were removed for a single Summer night, the radiation of heat from the surface of the earth would be so great as to destroy all vegetation by frost before morning.

LATIN HYMNS OF THE FOURTH AND FIFTH CENTURIES.

By means of Latin hymns such as these, if all other sacred literature of the period had perished, might we not trace the course of Christian life in the fourth century from hour to hour, and from day to day throughout the year? An ideal life this would indeed be, rather than one led in full by any sinful man on earth. But the ideal is the standard of the actual; the aim shows the direction of the effort, though it may not indeed show how nearly the object was attained.

In the morning, then, these hymns would awake those in whose hearts their melody lived to the shining of an eternal Sun, serene in changeless and life-giving light; and illumined by Him, "spurning sloth, and casting off the works of darkness," they would go forth as children of the Day to the day's work. The third hour reminded them that then Jesus had been crucified; the glow of the southern noon, that then the light of the world had hung in darkness on the cross for their redemption; at the ninth hour, the cloud had passed from the cross. At evening they lay down in peace, Christ, at once their light and their day, shining through the thickest darkness; and in Him they found rest. Midnight also had its radiant cluster of sacred memories; the Paschal Lamb, the praises sung by Paul and Silas in the prison, the cry "The Bridegroom cometh!" Thus the round of sweet and solemn recollections brought them back to the cock-crowing, and they were reminded of that unutterable look with which the Lord turned and looked on Peter, and melted all the ice from his heart. Day after day bore its own story of the creating and redeeming work of God. The manger of the infant Saviour, and the star of Bethlehem, shone through their winter. Spring, with the singing of birds, and the splendor of flowers, and all its visible dawning of new life, brought also the morning of the resurrection; the Easter joy of

nature and of the Church burst forth in harmony. Summer led their hearts up through its radiant depths of light to the surpassing glory of the throne where sitteth the ascended Son of God, restored to the right hand of the Father. And with the fulness of life in the natural world, came the fulness of life in the spiritual, as Pentecost recalled the descent of the life-giving Spirit to abide with the Church for ever.—Christian Life in Song.

HUGUENOT REFUGEES.

In whatever branch of business or of labor, in whatever profession, whether of peace or of war, we find these refugees, they almost invariably take a leading position, and leave impressions for good that remain for generations, and even yet appear in the life, the thinking, the pursuits, and the social order of men. They turned the current of speech in Europe to the French language, and largely aided in the movement which for a time put French in place of the native tongues of Holland and Germany, and which even yet maintains it as the polite language of Europe. They changed entirely the channels of trade and the course of exchange. When the news of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes was received at Amsterdam, the consternation on 'Change was so great that no one would lend money to a house which dealt with French merchants. Those French merchants, with multitudes of tradesmen and artisans, were soon in Amsterdam and other Protestant cities, and France ceased to be the great mart for European traders. Holland, Germany, England, and Switzerland, under Huguenot industry, were rescued from commercial dependence on France, and became producers, instead of mere consumers, of all kinds of valuable manufactures. Berlin, Magdeburg, and Frankfurt became commercial places. The Elbe and the Oder were covered with ships. All the great roads were thronged with carriages importing foreign merchandise and exporting the manufactures of the country. Russia and Poland came to Berlin to purchase the woollens, the silks, the velvets, and the laces, of the refugees, which they formerly bought in France.

Such a reputation did the various manufactures of the refugees gain, that they thrust out of the market even superior articles of French make. Manufacturers in other countries went so far as to send their goods to Holland, bring them back again, and then offer them for sale as products of the industry of the French refugees in that country. Even French manufacturers sought to imitate the work of their exiled countrymen, in order to procure purchasers for their wares.

Thus a new life was given to the sluggish people of Europe, enfeebled with long wars. The cheerful hum of Huguenot industry filled the air, and the surrounding populations were instructed in new pursuits; and astonished with new visions of thrift, good taste, rectitude, and prosperity. The Huguenot farmers drained the marshes of Hesse-Cassel, turned sterile tracts into blooming orchards, taught the Danes the secret of the rotation of crops, introduced the culture of flax and hemp in the bleak soil of Iceland, and everywhere planted gardens, and added to the salt meat and fish and dry beans of the Prussian diet the almost unluxurious luxury of vegetables. They opened mines of coal and iron; they set up forges; they more than doubled the whale fisheries of the Dutch. They built the first paper-mill in Prussia, and their mills in Holland after the Revocation furnished paper to German, French, and English publishers; they gave an extraordinary impulse to the book-business, which at that time was carried on by the Dutch, and they filled France with a religious and doctrinal literature which to some extent supplied the place of the living teachers driven away by persecuting hate, and which perhaps helped so wonderfully to preserve the Protestant leaver in that country. To-day, in spite of St. Bartholomew, in spite of dragonnades, and in spite of the Revocation and the exile of half a million of Protestants from France, there are just about as many of this faith, in proportion to the population, as there were in 1685.

The great skill of these workmen and farmers, the taste and elegance displayed in the products of their toil, their honesty, their purity of character, their high repute for piety, their habits of order, and their devotion to their work, brought about a result of greater importance to the working-man, perhaps, than any we have named. The mechanic arts and industrial pursuits grew in public esteem; seen in such ennobling associations, people could not any longer despise them as they used to do; and thus, through Huguenot influence, the condition of the middle and working classes was elevated, and that great movement which is ever going on under the influence of a pure gospel, to dignify honest toil and to bless the working-man, was greatly promoted by these true confessors. Palissy, the Huguenot potter, a century earlier, felt that in pursuing his calling to the best of his abilities he was acting in accordance with the divine will, and expected and received God's blessing as a working-man. He honored and adorned his calling in a remarkable degree: the potter's art is a nobler one since his day. And the high-toned Huguenot workmen of a later day kept up and spread abroad similar views about this whole class of man's activities. God will not suffer this course of opinion on the subject of labor to be interfered with. All who seek to degrade labor and to enslave the working-man are at some period most terribly rebuked and punished.—Martyrs of France.

He that would be little in temptation, let him be much in prayer.—John Owen.