The Family Tircle.

FACE TO FACE.

"Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face."

Face to face, my Father! Face to face! No vision darkened by portentous cloud, Which intervenes the cheering view to shroud, Which intervenes the cheering view to And hide thy dwelling place;
No misty veil o'erspread like dusky pall,
Or dingy curtain hung, to envelope all
In dark and shadowy space.

Not dimly seen, my Father! Not dimly seen,

Not dimly seen,

Not dimly seen,

As now while through a glass we darkly see!

Oh God! what must the unveiled glories be

Of that enraptured scene!

If such the dazzling view, while thus we gaze,

In reverent awe upon the noon-tide rays,

While shadows come between.

What splendors, oh, my Father! What splendors, on, my Patter?
What splendors shine,
Through all thine outer temple's gorgeous halls,
The floors inlaid with sparkling gems, its walls
A jasper jewelled shrine,
Before which angels bow, and seraphs bend,
In choral melody their voices blend,
In hallowed strains divine.

Anoint my sight, my Father!
My feeble sight.
Ah! how shall these dim eyes endure the blaz When earthly shadows pass, and living rays
Shall flood the soul with light! Effulgent beams that radiate from Thee, In brilliant waves that roll eternally, In one vast flame, so bright.

the year 1812, and consequently was the supply of his own wants, and when themselves and their families, are conwell known to many persons now liv- he had no means of his own, he asked tent to live in the lowest dens of filth ing. His career was an extraordinary help of God, and never failed to receive and haunts of iniquity, to rear their

In youth, Stilling was extremely that he should prepare himself for the him any pecuniary reward.—Autobio-medical profession. He did not, at graphy of Henry Y. Stilling. first, make choice of a university, but waited for an intimation from his Heavenly Father; for as he had intended to study simply from faith, he would not follow his own will in anything. said George, as he came and stood be Three weeks after he had come to this, tween his papa's knees. determination, a friend asked him where he intended to go. He replied he did not know.

"O," said she, "our neighbor, Mr. T., is going to Strasburg to spend the winter there; go with him."

This touched Stilling's heart; he felt that this was an intimation he had he, in a tone which indicated a desire waited for: Meanwhile Mr. T. himself to hear a story, and did not indicate entered the room and was heartily that he felt any great regret for having pleased with the proposition. The addressed what his sister called an whole of his welfare now depended on order to his father. his becoming a physician, and for this a thousand dollars at least were requi- the father, taking his son on his knees; site, of which he could not tell in the whole world how to raise a hundred. He nevertheless fixed his confidence George. firmly on God, and reasoned as follows: "God begins nothing without his sister, strongly emphasizing the terminating it gloriously; now it is last word. most certainly true that he alone has ordered my present circumstances en- Roger's wolf?" tirely without my co-operation. Consequently, it is also most certainly true friends, who were as poor as himself, place in the mountains." "I wonder from what quarter my Heavenly Father will provide me with He who was able to feed a thousand house." people with a little bread lives still. and to him I commit myself. He will certainly find out means. Do not be anxious—the Lord will provide."

Forty-six dollars was all that he unavoidable delay on the way, and bosom. while in Frankfort, three days' ride from Strasburg, he had but a single dollar left. He said nothing of it to any one, but waited for the assistance of his Heavenly Father. As he walked the street, and prayed inwardly to God, he met Mr. L., a merchant from his place of residence, who said to

medicine. "Where do you get your money to study with?"

"I have a rich Father in heaven." Mr. L. looked at him steadily, and to sleep on the straw in a rude cabin, right hand! There is salvation from inquired, "How much money have than to sleep at home in his bed. His the wrath of the law, even to the vilest you on hand?"

"One dollar," said Stilling. one of your Father's stewards," and sire was somewhat lessened by the transgressed the law, he paid the penhanded him thirty-three dollars.

want no more."

geous that he no longer doubted that thought he would step out in front of Since Jesus has satisfied Divine justice. God would help him through every-

ing his room-mate, Mr. T., said to him, much money with you," and offered him thirty dollars in gold, which he accepted as in answer to his prayers. In a few months after this, the time arrived when he must pay the lecturer's fee, or have his name struck from

he broke out into a perspiration; his face was wet with tears. Some one knocked at the door. "Come in," said he. It was Mr. R., the gentleman of whom he rented the room.

"I called," said Mr. R., "to see how you liked your room."

"Thank you," said Silling, "I like

it very much." Said Mr. R., "I thought I would ask you one other question: Have you brought any money with you?" Stilling, much overcome, answered,

'No, I have no money."
Mr. R. then looked at him with surprise, and at length said, "I see how it is; God has sent me to help you." gold.

Stelling threw himself on the floor, and thanked God with tears. He then went to the college and paid his fee as well as the best. His whole college life was one series of just such circumstances. He was often in want of money, but he never asked man for it. for he had no man to ask; and it always came when he needed it. Was he authorized to enter a course of study with such prospects and such expectation? The leadings of Providence doubt that it was his duty to enter on observation from a large private prac-DR. STILLING—TRUST IN GOD.

Henry Young Stilling was an eminent physician in the service of the Grand Duke of Baden. He died in greatest benefactors of the poor that them in vice, to people the potter's poor—destitute of the common com- the world had ever seen. He restored fields of our large cities with the emaforts and necessaries of life. After a sight, during his life, to nearly five long season of anxiety and prayer, he thousand blind people, most of whom felt satisfied that it was the will of God | were very poor and unable to render

ROGER'S WOLF.

"You must tell me a story, papa,

"Who gave you a right to order papa to tell you a story?" said his sis-

"I didn't order him—did I, papa?" "You didn't say, 'please, papa, tell me a story."

"Please, papa, tell me a story," said

"Yes, I will tell you a story," said what shall it be about?"

"About something funny," said "About something interesting, said

"Shall I tell you a story about

"Yes, sir, if it won't frighten me?" "You must learn not to be frightened that he will accomplish everything re- by stories, or anything else, or you garding me in a manner worthy of will never make a soldier. Well, himself." He smilingly said to his Roger's father lived in a very lonely

"How old was Roger?"

"About twelve years old." money!" When they expressed anx "There were wolves in the mouniety, he said, "Believe assuredly that tains, that sometimes came near the

"What did they come for?" "To get something to eat—to see it

they could not catch a stray sheep, or pig, or boy." "Please go on,"papa," said George

could raise for his journey. He met nestling a little closer to his father's "In the spring, the dwellers in the

mountains make maple sugar. Roger's father had a maple grove about a mile from the house.'

sap, and boil it down in a large kettle till it is as thick as molasses, and then sugar off,' as they call it, that is, cause "Stilling, what brought you here?" the molasses to granulate or become "I am going to Strasburg to study sugar. When they commence boiling, they often keep the fires up all night. Roger begged earnestly to be permit when he hears the dreadful sounds, ted to pass a night at the sugar camp. and sees the fearful lightnings of the He thought it would be so much nicer fiery law, as it goes forth from God's father told him he might go, but that transgressor. A way has been provihe should not promise to keep the ded by which sin may be pardoned "So," said Mr. L. "Well, I am wolves away from him. Roger's de-land the sinner saved. When man mention of wolves; still he kept up alty of his sin; but when Jesus Christ Stilling felt warm tears in his eyes; appearances, and went at nightfall to obeyed the law, he restored the sinner said he, "I am now rich enough. I them. He soon became sleepy, and want no more." them the soon became sleepy, and lay down on the straw and fell asleep. which he has offered, an angry God is This first trial made him so coura- He awoke some time in the night, and appeased, and mercy smiles on men. the cabin, and see how things looked. there is no sin so great that cannot be

He felt cold, and thought he would go removed. In reference to the efficacy He had been but a short time in to the huge fire which was burning a of the sacrifice of Christ, the prophet Strasburg when his thirty-three dollars few rods distant. He had scarcely becould say: "Though your sins be as had again been reduced to one, on gun to warm himself, when he heard a scarlet, they shall be white as snow." earnestly. Just at this time, one morn- he saw two bright eyes moving to- truth, tells us that the blood of Jesus wards him. He did not stop to ex- Christ cleanseth from all sin. Hence

started to run with all his might."

wolf caught him?" for his wolf came from that direction, est sin. Did not a wicked Manasseh,

crossed on the log with difficulty by they shed without a cause. daylight. In his haste, he slipped and plunged into the stream. His pursuer because the blood of Christ is unavail-plunged after him, seized hold of his coat, and dragged him to the shore application. None ever perished at 'O,' thought Roger, 'I had rather be drowned than eaten up alive. He is taking me ashore to eat me.' He closed his_eyes, and yielded to his fate. The animal drew him on shore, and then put his nose to his face and licked it. This was a very gentle way of beginning to eat, and as he kept on licking, Roger ventured to open his eyes, and saw their Newfoundland dog Towser standing by him. Instead of being thankful to Towser for not being a He immediately left the room, and wolf, he was very angry with him on soon returned with forty dollars in account of the fright and the cold bath he had received. Boys are sometimes less reasonable than dogs."—Examiner

INTEMPERANCE.

The remarks of Dr. Butler in a late number of the Medical and Surgical Reporter, of which he is editor, are

worthy of consideration:-"A connection, as Medical Superintendent for more than five years, with a department of one of the most extensive alms-houses in America, sucwere such that he had not a shadow of ceeding excellent opportunities for what he asked. He became one of the children in wretchedness and school ciated forms of slaughtered innocents, in order that they may indulge their depraved appetites for alcholic bevercating drinks, the ignorance, the squa- what I want." lor, and the poverty, have not, as yet, received attention at the hands of the sanitarian and statistician in the light of their dependence on the cause in question. We talk about the wretched habitations of the poor, the tenement-houses, cellar apartments, "rotten rows," in which they are so unmercifully crowded, but forget that it is rum that builds such habitations, by making men too poor to pay for better accommodations. When will the people become aroused to the necessity of doing something to check, the mad career of this great destroyer of their lives, health, and happiness?"

MORAL COURAGE.

Young man, would you become morally strong? Would you grow up perfectly competent to resist every foe to your happiness, every enemy which may dispute your progress in the way of noble manhood? Would you fit yourself for usefulness in this conscience, calling you to duty and of her responsibility for the proper to right. There is no more certain training of her children, to be influmethod of cultivating and promoting enced by any amount of persistent enmoral strength than by heeding con- treaty, and this was a trait her chiltinually that light which "lighteth every man which cometh into the a sad discovery for the little child to world." When some specious tempta- make, when with its quick perception tion is presented before you,—when there is thrown over it the witching gauze of fashion and show,-do you not hear that gentle and precious voice bidding you look away and shun the specious temptation? That voice is soft as the whispers of angels, and as kind as the melting tenderness of a mother's pure love. You cannot disregard it but at your imminent peril. Every time you listen with attention, your ear becomes keener to hear and your strength more competent to resist "How do they make maple sugar?" temptation. It will soon become easy to do right. The charm of temptation would lose its power over you. "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you."

SALVATION. How sweet this word to the sinner which accout he b gan again to pray rustling in the bushes. Turning about, And the apostle, announcing the same birch and alder trees, had met to wor-"Stilling, I believe you did not bring amine the creature to whom the eyes the Messiah calls the sinner to escape man with silvery hair rose and spoke all there, Alice Moore among the rest. belonged, but screamed 'Wolf,' and the wrath of God, and says, look unto a few words,—reminding them that Just as the speaker began, poor Mr. was at work. So were Newton, Ba tarted to run with all his might." me and be ye saved all ye ends of the another Sabbath was passing away, "Did he get to the cabin before the world. Many think their sins too another milestone on the road to etergreat to be forgiven, as if the blood of nity passed. He spoke of life as a "He did not run towards the cabin, Christ could not wash away the great- great journey, in which the Christian the list of students. The money was to be paid by six o'clock on Thursday towards the wolf. So he started for pardon through his blood? Yea, the them all through their Master's aid, After an earnest address, the pledge day laboraries and the did not think it wise to run a Saul of Tarsus, a Magdalene, find dangers on the way; but, overcoming father, who sat looking on the floor. old? Not the man of energy; not the evening. Thursday morning came, home. He heard the animal pursuing publicans and harlots went into the they were ever passing onward and evening. Thursday morning came, home. He heard the animal pursuing publicans and nariots went into the they were the end appears, of the papers was handed to Alice's energies to waste time, and the spring seat. She arose and took it in her of lifette become that

If the sinner perish, it will be, not the Cross. Jesus says, him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.

Hence, to you, sinner, the message comes in love: "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; let him turn unto the Lord who will have mercy upon him, and to our God who will abundantly pardon."—Presbyterian Banner.

THE NIGHT AND THE MORNING.

BY HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

To dream a troubled dream, and then awaken To the soft gladness of a summer sky; To dream ourselves alone, unlov'd, forsaken, And then to wake 'mid smiles, and love, and joy.

To look at ev'ning on the storm's rude motion, The cloudy tumult of the fretted deep; And then at day burst upon that same ocean, Sooth'd to the stillness of its stillest sleep.

so runs our course, so tells the church her story, So to the end shall it be ever told;

Brief shame on earth, but after shame the That wanes not, dims not, never waxes old.

Lord Jesus, come, and end this troubled dream ing!
Dark shadows vanish, rosy twilight break!
Iorn of the true and real, burst forth, calmly

beaming, Day of the beautiful, arise, awake!

"TEASE, AND YOU'LL GET IT."

"Why, Lottie, how came you to get that beautiful book of engravings? I heard your mother tell you, not very as I glanced at the quiet meeting on long ago, to let it alone till she had time to show it to you."

"So she did, Jennie, but I was so impatient to see it that I could not wait, ages. The waste of human life, the and so I teased her till she let me have losses by sickness, resulting directly it. That's the way I manage always. and indirectly from the use of intoxi- | I keep on fretting and asking till I get

> "But isn't it very wrong to worry your mother in that way, when she is doing all she can to make you happy? 'Oh, I don't do it for the sake of

worrying her, and if she would let me | mountains; while the inhabitants of have my own way at once, there would be no trouble. Besides, if she gives me her permission at last, as she always does, how can it be wrong in me to keep on asking till I get it?

"Well, I don't mean to say that your mother does wrong, but I never dream of asking my mother a second time after she has once said no. And somehow, even though I do not like to be refused at the time, I am pretty sure to find out in the end that mother was right."

"Nonsense, Jennie; you talk like an old woman. Take my advice, and when your heart is set on having any thing, and your mother will not give her consent, just tease, and you'll get

it. That's my plan."
But Jennie would as soon have undren were not slow to learn. That is it comes to comprehend the fact that its mother's decrees may be reversed, and that it has only to tease in order to secure its wishes. It will soon make a tyrant's use of its newly-discovered power.—Presbyterian Banner.

SABBATH EVENING IN A SCOTTISH GLEN-

FROM "JOTTINGS FROM THE DIARY OF THE SUN."

SEPTEMBER 24.—A Sabbath autumn evening was closing. Already had I nearly run my race on one part of the another. For some time I had been throwing my long beams, giving a farewell touch to some lovely scenes, lingering with delight amongst the bright and varied foliage of the trees, making some of the leaves flame as if of scarlet hue, restoring to the fallen ones some of their pristine beauty, and making more glorious still the green, orange, brown, and even purple tints of those which still clothed the woods with beauty. The dark mountains. the golden grain, the green grass, the gentle harebells, all received my evening greeting. The wind was hushed; nature seemed ready, on my departure, to sink into repose; when suddenly, from a lonely Scottish glen, there rose a sound of music; a hymn of praise rose towards heaven. I glanced at the temperance reform. Children as well and down the glen. Their inmates had collected on the fine evening, and through all the goodly State of New in one of the most beautiful parts, at York, and the excitement reached ship their God in their simple wav. Their hymn of praise ended, an old would meet with difficulties and and pale, with eyes fixed upon her and die because we are old. Who is

gations ne'er break up, and Sabbaths have no end.

The old man's eye glowed with the fire of faith and hope as he spoke, and seemed to penetrate beyond the clouds, and see the glories which he described. Then he spoke a few words of the character which Christian pilgrims should bear: "Be ye holy, as I am holy,"—the standard which their Mas ter had set up for them. "Are ye followers of Christ, then? See to it that took him home again. Our good ye are becoming renewed in the whole minister, who had advised the separation of the separation." and living unto righteousness; so that mies of the God you serve, may take perity have crowned their days. notice of you that ye have been with lesus."

Every eye rested with reverence on the old man; and once more, on the evening air, arose the voice of praise:-

> "Ye who the name of Jesus bear, His sacred steps pursue; And let that mind which was in Him Be also found in you."

Mingling loudly with the words, rose the dash of a small waterfall, which fell from a rocky height down into the glen; while the trees gently shook their leaves under the influence of a slight breeze which had begun to rise, as if they too joined in the hymn of praise.

I shine in many countries where the evenings of the day of rest are spent in revelry and ungodly mirth,—one day even in seven being grudged to the service of the great Creator; and the Scottish hillside, and noticed the firm expression of the men as they sat wrapped in their tartan plaids, and the calm yet resolute faces of the women, I thought that perchance Scotland's peasantry owe much of their wide fame for honest industry and bravery to the influence which their quiet, wellspent Sabbaths exercise on their char-

acters. 1 carried on these reflections long after I had sunk behind the Highland the quiet glen had sought their cottages, and were already thinking of seeking early repose, in order to rise strengthened for the toil of another day .- Christian Treasury.

A TRUE STORY OF ALICE MOORE.

Alice Moore was a pretty and pleaslife. After six weeks of pain and weakand sweet she looked, the first morning she came into our school-room to | Congregationalist. see us all again!

We looked with awe upon her altered face, for we knew she had been very near death.

But it had been a blessed sickness for Alice. Her mother thought that God must have been with her, she had been so patient, trustful, and humble. Certaily she was a gentler and kinder child ever afterward, and all her companions noticed the change. She grew to be a greater comfort to her mother, and was like the light of his eyes to her poor father. For Mr. Moore was one of those good-natured men who fall an easy prey to bad habits. He had times of being very inwhen no one else dared to approach him. She loved him dearly, and never seemed to fear him, even when intoxicated. Perhaps this pleased him, even then. Certain it is, he never harmed

her, however violent to others. As years went on, he sunk lower

and for them nothing but poverty and unutterable grief. It was about a year after this, that all the land suddenly waked up to a spot; a few cottages were scattered up as grown people, signed the pledge. Meetings were held in every town the foot of a mountain overhung with even our quiet village of M. How well I remember that autumn afternoon when a lecturer addressed the people in will do something for himself, for his our Lyceum Hall. We children were neighbor, or for his posterity. Almost Moore himself entered, and walked con, Milton, and Franklin. The vigor slowly up the aisle, taking a seat near of their lives never decayed. No rust the desk. Great was the surprise of all. I looked at Alice, she was still idea to suppose that we must lie down After an earnest address, the pledge day laborer in science, art, or benevo was passed around for signatures. One lence; but he only who suffers his

ney. His faith began almost to fail; a log thrown across the stream. Roger our Lord, through that blood which their Saviour's blood and merits, they steady step to her father's side, and he broke out into a normination of the stream. enter in, to go no more out; to dwell laid it down before him. He looked for ever with the Lord, where congre- up at her, and she spoke low in his ear. Another moment, and he took the pen and wrote the name of Allen Moore!

"Ah!" you will say, "that was very fine, but did it last?"

Yes, it lasted! When Mr. Moore had kept his word year, when he had worked faithfully and saved his earnings carefully, sending them all to the family that once man, after the image of God, dying tion of Mrs. Moore from her husband, every day more and more unto sin, married them anew, and dear Alice had her father back. Peace and plenty even your very enemies, and the ene- returned to them, and honor and pros-

See what a child can do. - Congrega-

"O. BROTHER, SAVE ME!"

These were the words of one who was most deeply convicted of sin. I never saw another person in such agony of mind from the same cause. She was the child of pious parents, instructed and prayed for constantly; and now, after raising many objections, she saw that she was guilty and stubborn, and in danger of punishment. She had been directed to Christ, and had endeavored to follow the direction, vet no relief came. She had come to feel that it was because the way was not made clear to her as it should be, and was waiting for the return home of her only brother, with the feeling that he would be a better guide.

When that brother arrived, he wasinformed of the fact, and a moment's thought determined him to go to his own room without seeing her. As he passed the door of the room where she was waiting for him, and stepped upon the stair, she discovered his purpose and springing after him, she drew him back, crying out:

"O, brother, save me! If

you don't, I shall die!" It was a solemn moment. A moment perhaps as near the turning point as human nature has power to see. The brother pushed her away, almost roughly, saying, with a voice that was tremulous with fear as well as affection:

"And so you will come to me rather than to Jesus. I can do nothing at all for you."

Thus left to herself—the last fond refuge torn away—she sank down . with a feeling of despair that was accompaant child, and a favorite with all. She | nied with anger at her brother. But had very ladylike manners, and no lafter a few moments she saw that he coarse words or rough, uncouth actions had only the truth. He could do nospoiled the effect of her childish beauty. thing, and it was strange that she she was like a little queen among her should have asked him. It was all playmates, and any of them was because she was really (though, till proud of her company. Perhaps there that moment unconsciously) unwilling might have been danger, from taking to be saved by Christ. By God's grace, the lead among them so long, that the brother had indeed made the mat-Alice would grow up self-willed or ter plain; and it was not an hour be-wayward. However, when she was fore she had made a full surrender to dertaken to move the Alleghenies. eight years old she had a dangerous Christ, and was at peace. She could world and for happiness in the next? Her mother was too sensible a woman, fever. All the village was anxious trust Jesus, and love him, too. Reader, about little Alice, and many good go you to Christ, if you have not alabout little Alice, and many good go you to Christ, if you have not alpeople prayed the Lord to spare her ready. Say to Him, and only to Him, "O, brother! save me!" Then you ness, she began to get well. How pale | will find relief. The burden of sin falls not off but before the cross .-

WIFE AND SQUAWS.

I heard an anecdote of Kaffirland to-day, which, though perfectly irrelevant to our adventures here, is so amusing that I must record it, particularly as my informant vouched for its truth. At an outpost up the country resided an officer and his wife. The latter was warned by her husband not to venture alone far from the house; but one day, imprudently going beyond her usual limits, she encountered a wild-looking Kaffir, who took her by the hand, and would be moved by no entreaties to suffer her to depart. world, preparatory to beginning it in temperate, and then he would be cross He made her sit down, and untying to every one but Alice. She stood her bonnet, let down her long fair hair, between him and the rest of the family at which he expressed rapturous admiration. He next took off her gloves, and appeared enchanted with her white hands; and then proceed to divest her of her shoes and stockings, and wondered at her little white feet. The next morning the lady and husband were awakened at an early hour by a and lower, becoming a burden as well chattering under their window; and as a terror to his poor family. Finally they sought the protection of the law, ance, the gentleman was accosted by ance, the gentleman was accosted by and Mr. Moore was separated from his the hero of the previous day, who had suffering wife. Nothing but shame been so impresed by the charms of our and death seemed to be before him, fair countrywoman, that he had come with twelve squaws, to make the liberal offer of exchanging them for the gentleman's wife, and was not a little surprised when his generous terms were refused. Major Paget's Camp at Cantonment.

WHO IS OLD?

A wise man will never rust out. As long as he can move and breathe, he to the last hour of his life, Wellington marred their spirits. It is a foolish and he had no money and no means him, and he ran considerably faster kingdom of neaven; and the ball with a haifed the pring of getting. Five o'clock in the every did before. Before long found mercy in his dying hour. Salt the gates of the celestial city come full seat. She arose and took it in her of life to become motionless; on whose of getting. Five o'clock in the ever than he ever did before. Before long tound mercy in his dying nour. Data the came to a small stream. There was vation was given to the murderers of in view, and justified fully through own hand, crossed the hall with a haids the hours drag heavily.