

The Family Circle.

IMMORTAL LONGING.

Christ, let me come to Thee! My heart is weary, and I long for rest; Is not my earthly mission well nigh done? I cannot bear this burden on my breast— It weighs my spirit downward like a stone, My saddened life is ever veiled in clouds, And midnight darkness hath come o'er my soul.

My once bright hopes are wrapped away in shrouds, And sorrow's heavy surges round me roll. Sweet Christ, O, may I come? Christ, let me come to Thee! Life hath a dark Sahara been to me! The few bright flowers that bloomed along my way

Were soon transplanted—each beloved tree To bloom perennial in the "perfect day;" My dear loved ones sit round their golden throne, And wait—a broken circle—till I come; Let me not linger here on earth alone; O, let me join them in their heavenly home! Sweet Christ, O, may I come?

Christ, let me come to Thee! Behind me roars the angry ocean tide; Each crested wave comes nearer, nearer still; The muttering thunders in the billows hide; I shudder at their hoarse, loud voice so chill; I cannot meet the fierce, wild storm of life! I have no strength to battle with it more! Too long I've wrestled in the painful strife— I must lay down the burden that I bore. Sweet Christ, O, may I come?

Christ, let me come to Thee! In dreams I hear Thy white-robed angels sing The golden glories of their beauteous land; I hear the rustle of each snowy wing, And feel their touch upon my fevered hand. Colder than ever seems the earth to me, When I awake and see them flit away; I strain my eyes the last bright glimpse to see; And watch them vanish through the gates of day. Sweet Christ, O, may I come?

Christ, let me come to Thee! I watch my toiling breath grow faint and slow; I note the hectic deepening day by day, And feel my life like a wraith of snow, Which one kind breath of heaven would melt away. A little longer in this world of vice— The wished-for boundary is almost passed; I see the shining shore of Paradise. I know my pain is almost o'er at last. Sweet Christ, O, may I come!

Christ, let me come to Thee! I've seen the gates that guard Thy holy clime, And often caught a hopeful gleam within; I know they'll open in Thine own good time. And let Thy weary, wandering child come in, One blessed hope, that ne'er has known despair. It cheers me like the sunshine after rain! I know Thou'lt hear my deep and heart-felt prayer. And let me come to Thee! —Christian Era.

THE GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

A STORY TOLD TO A CHILD.

BY JEAN INGLEW.

(CONTINUED.)

My birth-day had been gone by a week, and still the shilling and penny lay folded in their silken shrines. I had quite recovered my spirits, and was beginning to think how I should spend them, particularly the shilling, for I scarcely thought any good could be done with such a small sum as a penny. Now there was a poor Irish boy in our neighborhood, who had come with the reapers, and been left behind with a hurt in his leg.

"Why do you wish to go, Orris?" she inquired. "To buy the Testament, mamma, for poor Tim." "He is gone," said my mother; "he went away early this morning." I put on my garden bonnet, and went out, with a curious sensation, as if, when I did wrong, all circumstances conspired to punish me. I turned the corner of the greenhouse, and there stood my father, looking at the broken panes.

"Orris," he said, "did you do this mischief?" "Yes, papa." "This is the third time it has happened. I have repeatedly forbidden you to play in this part of the garden." "I am very sorry papa." "Your sorrow will not mend the glass, and I am afraid it will not make you more obedient another time." He spoke so gravely that I knew he really was displeased. After a pause, he said:—"Have you got any money?" "I have a shilling and a penny." "It will cost more than that to repair this damage; I shall be obliged to claim forfeit of the shilling."

I wiped away two or three tears, and produced my little silk bag, he turned it over, and bit his lips; perhaps its elaborate workmanship made him understand that a shilling was much more for me to give than for him to receive. "Is this all you have got?" he inquired. "Excepting the penny, papa," I replied; and, child as I was, I perfectly understood his vexation at having to take it from me. He remained so long looking at it as it lay in his palm, that I even hoped he would return it, and say that he would excuse me that once. But no, he was too wise; he put it at last into his waistcoat pocket, and walked away, saying:—"I hope this will make you more careful another time."

He went towards the house, and I watched him till he entered. Then I ran to my bower, sat down upon the dried grass, and began to cry as if my heart would break. Repentance and regret, though they may be keenly felt by a child, are not reasoned on very distinctly. I had often been very sorry before, but whether for the fault, as distinct from the punishment, I had scarcely inquired. I was heartily sorry now, not only for my disobedience and because

I was just carrying some pots of balsams in flower to set at the entrance, when my father came up. "Well, Orris," he said, "mamma tells me you want to go to the town. Be quick, if you do, for I am just ready to start." "Just ready! O papa, surely it is not one o'clock? If I go this bower will never be finished by three."

"Certainly not, we shall scarcely be home by three: but why need it be finished?" "Don't you remember, papa, that Elsie and Anne are coming?" "Oh, I had forgotten that important fact. Well, then, if they are to sit in this bower, I think you must stay at home and finish it; you can go with me some other day."

Now my father knew nothing about the Testament, or he would doubtless have given different advice. While I hesitated, anxious to stay, and yet afraid not to go, my mother drew near, and I thought I would leave it to her to decide.

"The child wants to finish her bower, my dear," said my father; "therefore, as it is not particularly convenient to me to have her to-day, she may stay at home if she likes, for, I presume, her errand is of no great consequence."

My mother made no answer; in another moment he was gone, and I was left with a long hop-trendril in my hand, and a face flushed with heat and agitation.

I thought my mother would speak, and advise me to run after my father, but she did not; and I went on with my work, conscious that her eyes were upon me.

Presently, to my great relief, gardener came up, and asked her some questions about flower-beds. She went away with him, and I breathed more freely, comforting myself with the thought that I could easily buy the Testament another day.

I worked faster than ever, partly to drive away reproachful thoughts. The little bower was lovely, it was scarcely high enough for me to stand upright in, but it would be delightful, I knew, for us to sit under. Gardener had been mowing, and when I had brought a quantity of sun-dried grass, and spread it thickly over the floor, I thought my bower an eighth wonder of the world. My cousins came shortly, and confirmed me in this opinion; they spent a very happy afternoon, seated under it, and, but for remembering the Irish boy, I might have been happy also. We were very quiet till after tea, and then I am sorry to say that our high spirits quite carried us away: we got into mischief, and my share of it was throwing an apple into the greenhouse, and breaking two panes of glass. This was on a Saturday.

On Sunday no one mentioned this or the Irish boy; but on Monday, just as I had finished my lessons, I saw my father pass the window, and ventured to ask mamma if he was going to the town, and whether I might walk with him. "Why do you wish to go, Orris?" she inquired. "To buy the Testament, mamma, for poor Tim." "He is gone," said my mother; "he went away early this morning."

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my father had forfeited the shilling, but because I saw it had vexed and hurt him to do it,—not only because I had preferred pleasure to duty, neglected the opportunity for doing good, and lost it,—but because the feeling, if not the words, of St. Paul pressed heavily upon my heart. "When I would do good, evil is present with me."

I was still crying, when on a sudden, looking up, I saw my father standing before me, and watching me with evident regret. My first impulse was to say,—"O, papa, I was not crying about the shilling."

He beckoned me to rise out of my bower, and said, "Then what were you crying about, my little darling?"

I tried not to sob; he led me to a garden seat, and took me on his knee. Then, with a great many tears, I told him all that I have now, dear reader, been telling you, and ended with a passion of crying.

"O, papa, do teach me to be different, and to wish the same thing when I am tempted that I do—when no pleasure tempts me. Pray teach me to do good."

"My dear child, God is teaching you now." "What, papa! when my golden opportunity is gone, and my silver opportunity has come to nothing?"

"Quite true; but then you are doubly sure now—you know by ample experience, do you not?—that of yourself you can do nothing." I was so convinced of it, that I was verging on an opposite fault to self-confidence. I was almost doubting whether any assistance that I could hope to have would make me proof against temptation.

But now was my father's "golden opportunity," and he availed himself of it. Although I cannot remember his words, their influence remains to this day. Certain sensations and impressions connected with that wise and fatherly conversation return upon me often, even now. It conveyed to my mind the idea that this weakness itself was to be my strength, if it made me depend upon something stronger than myself—that this changeable disposition would make me more precious to me the knowledge that "with God is no variable-ness, neither shadow of changing."

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

FILIAL PIETY.

Catharine Lopolow accompanied her parents in their exile to Siberia. She was then seven years of age. After two years she took the resolution of going alone to St. Petersburg, to implore mercy for her parents at the emperor's feet. All the efforts made by her parents to divert her from this difficult project were in vain. It seemed impossible for one so tender of age to accomplish it. The only reply the noble-hearted child made was: "Have no anxiety about me. God will aid and protect me."

After taking an affectionate farewell of her parents, Catharine set out on her perilous journey, without any other resources to rely upon than the charity of Christian people. She always traveled on foot, was badly clothed and worse fed; and in this manner a child of nine years traversed the great distance of eight hundred leagues, across mountains and deserts. Arrived happily at St. Petersburg, this young girl, animated and sustained by the holy feeling of filial piety, sought a lodging at the house of a lady who was pointed out to her as the guardian angel and support of the unfortunate. This lady, worthy of all the praise bestowed upon her, received Catharine with much kindness, and when she learned the object of her perilous journey, made every effort to secure the success of her enterprise. After diligent inquiry, she ascertained that Lopolow had been unjustly condemned to exile; and the Emperor Alexander, upon being informed of what had occurred, pardoned the unfortunate exile, and also made the young and virtuous Catharine a considerable recompense.

CHRIST OUR GUEST.

When one of the boys in an orphan's house had said the grace, "God, Lord Jesus, be our guest, and bless what Thou hast provided," a little fellow looked up and said:—"Do tell me why the Lord Jesus never comes? We ask Him every day to sit with us, and I never come."

"Dear child, only believe, and you may be sure he will come; for he does not despise your invitation." "I shall set him a seat," said the little fellow; and just then there was a knock at the door. A poor frozen apprentice entered, begging night's lodging. He was made welcome: the chair stood empty for him, every child wanted him to have a plate; and was lamenting that his was too small for the stranger, so was quite touched by such uncommon attentions. The little one had been thinking all the time:—"Jesus could not come, he sent this poor boy in his place; it is at it?"

"Yes, dear child, that is just it. Every piece of bread and every drink of water that we give to the poor, or the sick, or the prisoners, for Jesus' sake, we give to him. Inasmuch as we have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

THE STRAYED LAMB.

A giddy lamb one afternoon Had from the fold departed; The tender shepherd missed it soon, And sought it broken-hearted.

Not all the flock that shared his love, Could from the search delay him; Nor clouds of midnight darkness move, Nor fear of suffering stay him.

But night and day he went his way, In sorrow till he found it; And when he saw it fainting lie, He clasped his arms around it.

And closely sheltered in his breast, From every ill to save it; He brought it to his home of rest, And patted and forgave it.

And so the Saviour will forgive The little ones that fear Him; Their sins remove, their sins forgive, And draw them gently near Him;

Bless while they live, and when they die, When soul and body sever, Conduct them to his home on high, To dwell with Him for ever.

LITTLE FEET.

Little feet, so glad and gay, Making music all the day; Tripping merrily along, Filling all my heart with song; We'll love your music sweet; Patter, patter, little feet.

Sometimes anxious, I would know Just what way these feet must go; Praying oft that all be fair, No thorns, no roughness anywhere; To off'er up the earnest prayer, That Christ would choose what'er is meet; Patter, patter, little feet.

But then I think that some have trod Through thorns and briars the nearer God; Though weak in faith, still I would dare To offer up the earnest prayer, That Christ would choose what'er is meet; Patter, patter, little feet.

I press them in my hands to-night, And kiss them with a new delight, Believing that where'er they go, My tender Lord will lead them so, They'll walk, at length, the golden street; Patter, patter, little feet. —Aural New-Yorker.

THE LITTLE TAILOR-BIRD.

"Well, I never would build my nest on such a tree as that," said little Blue-jay, tossing her top-knot with an air of great wisdom. "Those great round limbs will give you no sort of foundation. You nest will slip off any way you can fix it. I always choose a tree with plenty of fine twigs and little branches; I twine grass around, and make my nest as strong as the tree itself. The wind would blow you away, little Red Poll."

"Never fear for me, my dear," said the placid little builder; "just call when my work is done, and you shall see how I succeed. I choose this tree because its leaves just suit me."

"Well, every one to her own taste," said the "fop of the forest," flitting away to a tree-top, and singing the prettiest note she knew. But the industrious worker was not ruffled so much as a feather by the scornful air her little friend put on. No one expected anything else from Blue-jay, who was always a little coquetish, in consequence of being so much admired.

The little house carpenter selected her site with great deliberation, and what spot do you think she chose? A cluster of broad swaying leaves which hung quiet at the extremity of a bough, far out of reach of any meddling boy. Then she brought a long thread of grass, and piercing one hole at a time in the thick leaves, she drew the thread through as nicely and evenly as ever a tailor could. Up and down her long seams she patiently wrought until she had made the outer walls of her hexagon castle as secure as could be wished. The remaining work was comparatively light, and, in a few short days, she had a fine, soft carpet spread, and her little house was furnished as cozy and luxurious as a bird's could be. She had fairly won her title of "tailor bird," and a wonderful piece of work she had wrought, considering that she had never served an apprenticeship.

But there was a Great Teacher who took notice of all she did, and guided her always from any mistakes such as human builders often make. The little bird's nest was His especial care from its commencement to its end, and He even took care of it after the little fledglings had flown away. He directed to the spot a thoughtful, studious lad, who managed to secure it and bear it away to his little cabinet, where it hangs now on a mossy spray, as a monument of the wisdom God gave to a little bird. —Chronicle.

PONTIUS PILATE.

Of one who represented for eleven years the horrible might of Rome to the prostrate Jewish people, it may be said that almost nothing is now known, except that he put to death One whom the Jews spoke of as the Carpenter's Son. In ten thousand congregations every Sabbath this crime is commemorated. There is something strange and awful in this unsought pre-eminence in infamy. There is something awful in the fact that a crime which he sought to disavow was really perpetrated through him; that it proved to be the greatest wickedness which the world has ever seen, although Pilate knew it not; and that this unhappy man, after he had ended his earthly troubles by the death of a suicide, should never be allowed to sink into the dark oblivion that he courted for himself when he ended his spoilt and frustrated life. Down all the ages echo the world's condemnation—"Crucified under Pontius Pilate, crucified under Pontius Pilate." —Arch-bishop of York.

DREAM OF A QUAKER LADY.

There is a beautiful story told of a pious old Quaker lady who was much addicted to smoking tobacco. She had indulged in the habit until it had increased so much upon her that she not only smoked her pipe a large portion of the day, but frequently sat up for this purpose in the night. After one of these nocturnal entertainments, she fell asleep, and dreamed that she died and approached heaven. Meeting an angel, she asked him if her name was in the book of life. He disappeared, and replied, upon returning, that he could not find it. "Oh!" said she, "do look again; it must be there." He examined again, but returned with a sorrowful face, saying, "It is not there!" "O," she said in agony, "it must be there! I have the assurance it is there! Do look again!" The angel was moved to tears by her entreaties, and again left her to renew his search. After a long absence he came back, his face radiant with joy, and exclaimed, "We have found it; but it was so clouded with tobacco smoke that we could hardly see it!" The woman, upon waking, immediately threw her pipe away, and never indulged in smoking again.

For the Little Folks.

FAMILIAR TALKS WITH THE CHILDREN.

SECOND SERIES. II.

BY REV. EDWARD PATSON HAMMOND.*

"I OFTEN TRIED TO BE GOOD, BUT IT SEEMED OF NO USE."

Thus writes a child of eleven years from Canada. The trouble was, she did not come to the Saviour and trust in Him, and have all her sins forgiven, and a new heart given to her. She began at the wrong end. But when she did that, she could say, "Now I HAVE FOUND WHAT I LOOKED SO LONG FOR."

Oh, how many, just like this girl, wish to be so good, and get their Sabbath-school lessons, and obey their parents so well, that God will, as they think, have to save them without their trusting in Jesus, who "did it all, long, long ago."

Now, if you want to be good and love to be good, you must first, with Eliza, be able to say, "I think I have really found the dear Saviour;" and then, like her, you will love him, and say, as she does, "I am going to work for Him." Now for the child's experience.

I did not think how often I had broken God's commands, until last Tuesday, at the children's meeting, I felt what a great sinner I was. I never thought I would like to go to the meetings, but only went to see what it was like; but after I had been there once, I was anxious to go all the time. I feel very different ever since. I feel very happy now, which I did not two weeks ago. I always seemed in trouble, but now I feel much changed. I think I have really found the dear Saviour. I am going to work for him, and try if I cannot bring some of my friends to Jesus. I often tried to be good before, but it seemed of no use, so I gave it up as I thought forever; but now I have found what I have looked so long for. I think I can see Jesus through the clouds, surrounded by angels singing around the throne of God in heaven. I used to think it of no use reading the holy Bible; I would rather be doing anything else; but it is the greatest pleasure I can have now, and I think it will always continue to be the same. And I used to seldom read it, unless at the Sabbath-school, where I was obliged to read it. And I intend to pray for all my friends, and I hope you will pray for me, and I will do the same for you.

Your affectionate friend, Eliza.

Perhaps you say, if I do come to Jesus, I am afraid I have such a bad temper, and so many wicked playmates, and so many temptations, that I can never hold out. I am afraid in a little time I shall be as bad as ever. You would, without God's help. But has not Jesus said to those who trust in Him, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee?" (Heb. xiii. 5.) Supposing Frankie's father had let him start for California with him, do you think he would have thrown him overboard when half way there? But the father himself might never have reached there, yet Jesus will surely reach heaven, and he will take all with Him who are willing to trust in Him.

Here is a letter from a little girl in Newark, N. J., which will lead you to feel the truth of what I say. You will see it was written a year after the time she first felt she had a heart to love the Saviour, and that she loves Him more and more.

She says, "I WANTED TO FIND JESUS." Yes, for a long time she had been wanting to be a little Christian, but she didn't know how ready Christ was to make her one, and so she lived unhappy all the time.

Though she wanted to make sure of heaven, what a proud heart she must have had, for she says, "I was almost ashamed of myself for crying." You see she was ashamed to have it known that she was troubled about her sins, and asking to know how they could be pardoned.

But God was able to take away all her pride, and to help her to cling to the loving Saviour, who bled for wicked children and died on the cross. And he is able to do that for you. Will you let him? Oh, if you only knew how He loves you, you would not wait.

NEWARK, March 3rd, 1865. It was a year last Sunday since you came into our Sunday-school. I shall never forget * Copyright secured.

the day. You said you would not talk to us that morning, but invited us to come to the meeting in the afternoon. But you told us that story about the garden of a wondrous height, and sang that beautiful hymn "Come to Jesus just now." When school was dismissed, you commenced to talk with some of the children. As I sat quite far back, I was afraid you would not come to me, because you did not ask us to remain; but I wanted to find Jesus, and I asked my teacher whether you would come and talk with me. She asked me if I wanted to find Jesus. I could not answer her. I sat right down again and cried. I was almost ashamed of myself for crying; but God's Holy Spirit was there. All the children were passing out, while I sat there almost alone; but it was not long before you were by my side, talking to me so kindly about Jesus, how He died for me, and then you prayed for me. You were the first minister that ever talked to me. It does seem so bad that I did not love that dear Jesus before. Oh, what a happy year this has been! Some said I would turn again, "but they all have been deceived in the way I still remain." The children are all happy as ever. We are praying for you, Mr. Hammond. We have been praying for the children in Newton and Hackettstown, where you have been holding meetings. Please pray for us, that we may keep on in the good way. I joined Dr. P.'s church. Now I am so happy. Now I can say, with that little girl, "I feel like singing all the time. My tears are wiped away for Jesus is a friend of mine. I'll serve him every day." Now I can understand what our minister says, and all those beautiful hymns and my Bible I love to read, which I never used to read. There are a good many finding Jesus. Some of those that you prayed for, when you were here, have come out of the world and confessed Christ. Our prayer-meetings are crowded. We shall have to build another chapel soon, if the work goes on as it does now. Will you please come here soon again? Yours affectionately, MARY.

You see the precious Jesus has helped this child all this time to trust in Him, and so He will always be ready to help her.

There was once a little girl in Switzerland, who used to go across a glacier often to see her aunt. A glacier, you know, is a stream of ice miles in length, and often several hundreds of feet thick. As these solid glaciers thaw off down in the valley, fresh snow and ice from above press the ice and snow down inch by inch, and that is why they call them streams of ice. They move very slow, but they do move a little. Sometimes they crack open, and you can look down hundreds of feet. I remember once, in crossing the Grindewald glacier, I came near falling into one of these deep fissures. Many have fallen into them and never got out.

Well, when this little girl came home from her aunt's one night, she came to one of these deep fissures. It had been snowing, and she was afraid to cross; so there she stood, and began to cry aloud, for she feared she might be lost, and never see her mother again. Just then her brother, a great stout man, came along, and he called out, "Who's there?" And the timid little child at first was afraid of him. But soon he knew it was his own little sister, and said to her, "Oh, don't cry, for I will take you safe over." And soon his strong arms were fast around her, and she was safely landed on the other side and beside a warm fire with her mother. She could not thank her brother enough, and said to him often, "I will never be afraid to trust you again."

Now, my little friend, the dear Jesus, our "Elder Brother," will take you over all the dangerous places between here and heaven, if you will but go to His arms. He is beside you now. The way home to heaven may seem dark to you, but He knows the way. He loves you far more than that brother in Switzerland loved his little sister. Jesus says to you, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." You know that Paul has the word Jesus five hundred times in the letters which he has written in the Bible. He never tired in talking about JESUS. And so you never will, when you come to know Him. You will find Him, as thousands of children have, "the chiefest among ten thousand, and the One altogether lovely." Will you, then, come to Him with this little

CHILD'S PRAYER?

Oh, Lord, show me by thine Holy Spirit that I can never get home to heaven without the help of Jesus. And Oh, teach me how willing and able He is to receive me, and how wicked I have been not to love and trust Him. Oh, what a hard heart is mine! Jesus has died to save me, and yet I have never loved Him! Oh, Lord, forgive me this and all my sins, and make me thine obedient, trusting child, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

When I read of little ones, Weeping o'er their sinful ways; Sad to think they left undone, That which should brighten their days; When I see them in such crowds, Flocking to the Saviour's arms, Like the little "doves" in "clouds," Gathering safe from all alarms:

When I hear the Saviour say, "Suffer little ones to come," Oh, how can I stay away? Now at once to Him I'll run: He will wipe away my tears, Lead me all my journey through, Drive away my doubts and fears.

He who bled and died for me, Sure will give me all I need, From my sins He'll set me free, Every prayer of mine He'll heed. Of His wondrous love I'll sing, Thus my faith shall grow more strong, Till at last heaven's arches ring, With our glad triumphant song.

Run not after blessings; only walk in the commandments of God, and blessings shall run after you, pursue and overtake you.