The Family Circle.

[For the American Presbyterian.] SUPPLICATION.

Quiet, Lord, my froward heart, Make me teachable and mild, Upright, simple, free from art; Make me as a weaned child, From distrust and envy free, Pleased with all that pleaseth Thee.

What Thou shalt to-day provide, Let me as a child receive; What to morrow may betide, Calmly to Thy wisdom leave; 'Tis enough that Thou wilt care-Why should I the burden bear?

As a little child relies On a care beyond his own, Knows he's neither strong nor wise, Fears to move one step alone, Let me thus with Thee abide, As my Father, guard and guide.

Thus preserved from Satan's wiles, Safe from dangers, free from fears, May I live upon thy smiles, 'Till the promised hour appears, When the sons of God shall prove All their Father's boundless love.

THE GERMAN FAMILY IN LONDON.

FROM GUTHRIE'S SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

(Continued.)

The winter passed on, and spring came into the land, and Hermann's resolution was unchanged.

The whole village was astir on the day of the departure of the family. To the good people it was like a dismal funeral day. Every one who could spare a couple of hours followed the carts which conveyed the emigrants and their luggage to the station. There were the minister, and the schoolmaster, and the shoemaker, and the grocer, with their wives, and a great many other friends and neighbors, who surrounded the carts, shook hands with the departing ones on the road, and walked along, some weeping and some sobbing. And when they had seen them off with the train for Rotterdam, they returned home in deep silence, for their hearts were sad. It was to them as if they had carried a father

and a brother to the grave. According to an agreement made with a house at Cologne, the family proceeded to London to embark on board the "Borussia," a German emigrant-ship in which they had engaged berths as second-class passengers to New York. On their arrival they liked their accommodations well, and though they marvelled much at the innumerable multitude of big ships in the dock where theirs was lying, and were almost bewildered in the midst of the new and undreamt-of objects their eyes now beheld, they were yet glad to learn that they were to sail in two days, for they longed to reach their destination. Milwaukee, a Wisconsin town, on the western shore of you to New York?" said he, in an in-Lake Michigan, was the point whither terrogative tone. they had to travel, as Hermann's brother Dietrich was to meet them there to his house, which was about five they won't be so dishonest as to take days' journey further westward. Ad- advantage of our misfortunes." from the sale of his farm stock, save are swindlers," he muttered between some forty pounds which he had kept his teeth. to pay traveling expenses from New York to Milwaukee. So everything this week, Daniel?" being well-arranged, as was thought, "Of course, dear the good family had no other desire than to start as quickly as possible. This desire, however, was sadly frus trated. Owing to a defect which was comparatively narrow space of a Lon- Continent." don dock, and with the vernal sun shining with unusual heat upon the second-class cabin, were actually turned

into ovens. Our friends, who had

been accustomed to breathe the pure,

invigorating mountain-air of Germa-

ny, could not possibly stand this great

and sudden change. Frau Stahl took

the invalids right again. Three rooms

the Commercial Road, but the doctor's

the ship was ready to sail, they could

not think of going with her, the less so

was left for poor Hermann but to take

his luggage out of the "Borussia"

or family. And now the position of the poor pilgrims became very trying indeed. Hitherto they had experienced no dif and whir." ficulty as to the language, since the he had rented were good and wellbutter, (and such butter as he would borhood, and when the invalids had

pence or tenpence!) Beef, pork and family went to the new abode. ham were double the price they were in his village! Rye bread—that dainty for a German palate—was not to be got in the whole of London! The dinner which his landlady cooked for him and the two boys who were not yet attacked by the disease, cost eighteenpence a day, and was scarcely eat able, as everything was cooked without salt, and the vegetables were like grass, and the potatoes like frozen turnips.

"My dear," he said one evening, after he had sat down by the bedside of his wife, who, as well as the other invalids, was progressing favorably, though every possible care had still to be taken to prevent relapses-" My dear," he said, "when it pleases the Lord to restore you and the children, we must leave these apartments and take cheaper ones."

"Dear husband, the Lord has indeed brought us into deep ways. I hope you don't lose your trust in Him."

"I do not, darling, but it is exceedingly difficult for me to get along with the people here, as I cannot understand them. I never felt so much alone in the world."

"Have you been to the hospital?" This question of Frau Stahl's had reference to Daniel Prizel. On their arrival in London, Hermann had repaired to Daniel's address, as it was his intention to take him along with them to America. But the landlord told him the young man had got the

fever, and was lying in the hospital.
"I have not, dear," was the answer. 'How could I have gone? I have not been away from you and the children since you took ill."

"Well, then, go now. Perhaps Daniel is sufficiently recovered to be able to help you through in this great Babel. He knows the ways and the language."

It was with great difficulty that Hermann found out Daniel's hospital, saying, "If any man thirst, let him and it cost him not a little trouble to find Daniel after he had found the one that thirsteth, come ye to the wa hospital. The young man was quite ters!" He thirsted! enraptured when the foreigner who approached his bed made himself known to him as his cousin Hermann Stahl from Kirchheim. He kissed him as a child kisses its father.

"So you have come at length!" exclaimed he. "And are you going to take me with you to America now I am all but recovered, and if needs be I can go with you even as early as to-morrow.'

Hermann told his story. An expression of deep grief clouded the

beaming face of Daniel. "But at any rate, the Cologne emigrant house will be bound to forward

"I think it will. I wrote to Cologne, but have got no answer as yet. with carts and horses to convey them It is their duty, of course; and surely

joining his farm were the acres he had Daniel sighed. He had not much Edinburgh, then minister of the parish bought for Hermann, who had sent confidence in the honesty of continen- of Anworth, and subsequently profes him all the money he had realized tal emigrant houses. "Most of them sor of Theology at St. Andrew's, in

"Could you not come and see us

"Of course, dear cousin. I shall be

with you to-morrow." "But we have scarlatina in the

house." discovered in the vessel, her departure you ought to be very careful with that pressions are preserved by Mr. Flemwas delayed for a week, in order that disease. It is much more dangerous ing in his "Fulfilling of Scripture," she might be repaired. Crowded with in this country than with us in Geremigrants, and wedged in between many. Complaints may result from numerous other vessels within the it such as we never hear of on the

The next day Daniel was sitting with his cousin in their front room. deck, the cabins, and especially the The poor lad was much emaciated and very weak. He had got the fever in the sugar-house, where he had worked all day in a temperature of from 100 Rutherford to the confines of that bet to 110 degrees. He could not return ter country, and had caught and conto the works, as it would kill him. What he was to do now he knew not, ill, and so did three of the children. and he had not so much as a farthing anything more soothing and overpow-

The doctor urgently advised Hermann in his pocket. to take lodgings during the days the ship was to be under repair, as he had no doubt change of air would soon put member of the family. We will share weal and woe with each other. You were accordingly taken for a week in will be of great service to me, as you know this terrible place and its expectation was not confirmed. The terrible language."

disease of Ffau Stahl and the boys "You find a great difference be-turned out to be scarletina. When tween this and Kirchheim, I suppose?" said Daniel.

"I do, indeed. I never could have that Hannah also took ill. Nothing thought that there was such a place in the world as this. People do not live here in their houses, but in omnibuses and allow her to sail without himself and railway carriages. The whole of this place is one huge mill, in which one is likely to lose one's hearing and understanding from the constant buzz

As the patients were progressing captain, the doctor, the crew, and by favorably, it was resolved to look out far the greater portion of the passen- for cheaper lodgings, for Herman calgers on board the "Borussia" were culated that, if he went on in this way, Germans. But the moment the ship he would be penniless within six weeks. was gone, poor Hermann found him Fortunately, he had among his luggage, self a stranger amongst people of which was stowed away in a shed at whose language he did not under the back of the house, a sufficient stand one word. The apartments which number of beds and mattresses, a complete cooking apparatus, and many furnished, but they cost a pound a other pieces of furniture. Daniel acweek. The doctor, who came every cordingly rented four unfurnished day, sometimes twice a day, charged rooms on the first floor in a back half a crown a visit. Provisions, too, street, off the Commercial Road, at were excessively dear in Hermann's twelve shillings a week. Chairs, taopinion. Only think, sixteenpence, bles and bedsteads were bought at a and even eighteenpence for a pound of low price at an auction in the neigh-

have been ashamed to sell from his recovered so far as to be capable of farm, and he used to sell his for eight- being removed without danger, the (TO BE CONTINUED.)

"COME YE TO THE WATERS."

There is on record the case of a very wicked and hardened man whose feelings were so touched by the soft notes of a dove that he was, by the Divine Spirit, led to Christ and to a Christian life. In the incident below, the prattling of a babe was blessed with the same result. During a revival in a town in Ohio, a man who had been very worldly-minded was awakened but for some time concealed his feelings even from his wife, who was a praying woman. She left him one evening in charge of his little girl of three years of age. After her departure, his anxiety of

mind became so great that he could not rest, and he began to walk the room in his agony. The little girl soon noticed his agitation of mind, and inquired, "What ails you, pa?" He replied, "Nothing;" and endeavored to requiet his feelings, and divert his mind from the subject, but all in vain Conscience would not hush up at his bidding. He could not calm the troubled deep of his sin-polluted heart After sitting a short time, he rose again, and commenced walking to and fro, as before. Soon the attention of his daughter was again arrested, and wondering, doubtless, at her father's uneasiness, and ignorant of its cause she looked up sympathizingly in his face, and inquired, with all the artlessness and simplicity of childhood, "Pa! if you were dry, wouldn't you go and get a drink of water?" The father started as if a voice from heaven had fallen on his ear! He thought of his thirsty soul, famishing for the waters of life! He thought of that LIVING FOUNTAIN opened in the Gospel, and he heard the voice of Jesus come unto me and drink! Ho! every

"He longed to drink that crystal stream That flows the trees of life between-That its pure waters in his soul-Might rise eternally to roll!"

He believed! and straightway fell at the Saviour's feet, exclaiming in heart, if not in words,

"Just as I am, thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve; Because thy promise I believe, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!"

From that hour he dates the dawn ing of a new light, and the beginning of a new life.

GLORY DWELLETH IN IMMANUEL'S LAND.

Samuel Rutherford, a man of great learning and talents, but, better than all this, a man who was taught to become a fool that he might be wise, was first a professor in the University of Scotland. The Lord greatly honored his ministry. At one time he was imprisoned for the name of Jesus, and when in prison wrote those letters breathing so much of heaven, which continue to be printed, and have ministered comfort to many among us. His death-bed was as remarkable as his "Never mind; I have had it. But life had been. Some of his dying exwho thus concludes his narrative:-"And thus, full of the Spirit, yea, as it were, overcome with sensible enjoyment, he breathed out his soul, his last words being, 'Glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land."

The following lines seem to breathe the very spirit of that land. If the writer had accompanied the sainted densed the perfumes of its flowery vales, she could hardly have furnished ering to the spiritual mind.

> The sands of time are sinking, The dawn of heaven breaks, The summer morn I've sighed for, The fair, sweet morn awakes! Dark, dark hath been the midnight, But dayspring is at hand, And glory—glory dwelleth In Immanuel's land!

O! well it is forever, O! well for evermore My nest hung in no forest
Of all this death doomed shore! Yea, let the vain world vanish, As from the ship the strand,

While glory—glory dwelleth In Immanuel's land! There the Red Rose of Sharon Unfolds its heartsome bloom, And fills the air of heaven With ravishing perfume; OI to behold it blossom; While by its fragrance fanned,

While glory—glory dwelleth In Immanuel's land! The King there, in His beauty, Without a veil, is seen; It were a well-spent journey, Though seven deaths lay between. The Lamb, with His fair army, Doth on Mount Zion stand, And glory—glory dwelleth In Immanuel's land!

O Christ! He is the Fountain, The deep, sweet well of love! The streams on earth I've tasted, More deep I'll drink above; There, to an ocean fulness, His mercy doth expand And glory—glory dwelleth In Immanuel's land!

E'en Anworth was not heaven-E'en preaching was not Christ; And in my sea-beat prison.

My Lord and I held tryst:

And aye my murkiest storm-cloud Was by a rainbow spanned, Caught from the glory dwelling
In Immanuel's land!

But that He built a heaven Of His surpassing love, A little New Jerusalem, Like to the one above "Lord, take me o'er the water," Had been my loud demand; "Take me to love's own country, Unto Immanuel's land!"

But flowers need night's cool darkness, The moonlight and the dew; So Christ, from one who loved it, His shining oft withdrew;
And then, for cause of absence,
My troubled soul I scanned But glory, shadeless, shineth In Immanuel's land!

The little birds at Anworth, I used to count them blest-Now, beside happier alters I go to build my nest; O'er these there broods no silence, No graves around them stand; For glory, deathless, dwelleth In Immanuel's land!

Fair Anworth by the Solway, To me thou still art dear! E'en from the verge of heaven I drop for thee a tear. O! if one soul from Anworth Meet me at God's right hand, My heaven will be two heavens In Immanuel's land!

I've wrestled on toward heaven, 'Gainst storm, and wind, and tide; Now, like a weary traveler, That leaneth on his guide, Amid the shades of evening, While sinks life's lingering sand, I hail the glory dawning From Immanuel's land!

Deep waters crossed life's pathway, The hedge of thorns was sharp; Now, these lie all behind me— O! for a well-tuned harp! O! to join Hallelujah With yon triumphant band, Who sing, where glory dwelleth, In Immanuel's land!

With mercy and with judgment My web of time He wove, And aye the dews of sorrow Were lustered with His love; I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth, In Immanuel's land

Soon shall the cup of glory Wash down earth's bitterest woes, Soon shall the desert's brier Break into Eden's rose; The curse shall change to blessing— The name on earth that's banned Be graven on the white stone In Immanuel's land!

O! I am my Beloved's, And my Beloved is mine! He brings a poor, vile sinner Into His "house of vine!" I stand upon His merit, I know no safer stand, Not e'en where glory dwelleth In Immanuel's land!

I shall sleep sound in Jesus,
_ Filled with His likeness, rise To live and to adore Him, To see Him with these eyes 'Tween me and resurrection But Paradise doth stand; Then—then for glory dwelling In Immanuel's land!

The bride eyes not her garments, But her dear bridegroom's face; I will not gaze at glory, But on my King of Grace Not at the crown He giveth, But on His pierced hand; The Lamb is all the glory or immanuel's land!

I have borne scorn and hatred, I have borne wrong and shame Earth's proud ones have reproached me For Christ's thrice-blessed name; Where God's seal set the fairest, They've stamped their foulest brand But judgment shines like noonds In Immanuel's land

DR. CHALMERS IN A HOVEL.

Dr. Chalmers had much of the spirit of his Master in sympathizing with the poor, and seeking to help and save them. His energy in visiting the poorer class of his parishioners in Glasgow wearied his elders, who could not keep pace with his rapid movements, nor endure so much walking and climbing in the wynds and attics. Some of his most effective sermons were preached in cottages, crowded by auditors who listened with awe, as it an angel from heaven were speaking to them. And some of the most delightful experiences of his life were found by the sick-beds of the peasantry, whom he sought to win to Jesus.

The following incident is authentic and illustrates well both his simplicity and earnestness. It is related by a student who kept him company in the visit.

The scene was a low, dirty hovel over whose damp and uneven floor it was difficult to walk without stumb ling, and into which a small window, coated with dust, admitted hardly enough of light to enable an eye unac customed to the gloom to discern a single object. A poor old woman, bed-ridden and almost blind, who oc cupied a bed opposite the fire-place, was the object of the doctor's visit. Seating himself at her side, he enter

ed at once, after a few inquiries as to her health, into religious conversation with her, Alas! it seemed all in vain. The mind which he strove to enlighten had been so long closed and dark, that it appeared impossible to thrust into it a single ray of light. Still, on the part of the woman, there was an evident desire to lay hold on something of which he was telling her; and encouraged by this, he persevered, plying her, to use his own expression, with the offers of the Gospel, and urging her to trust in Christ; at length she said:-

"Ah, sir, I would do as you bid me; but I dinna ken how; how can I trust in Christ?"

"O, woman," was his expressive reply, in the dialect of the district, 'just lippen to Him." "O, sir," was her reply, "and is

that a'?" Then with us you shall be happy, Happy through eternity. "Yes, yes," was his gratified response; "just lippen to Him, and lean on Him, and you'll never perish."

To some, perhaps, this language may

poor and blind, it was as light from | ble our ship about, just like a little of the Saviour, and there is good rea- coming, easily imagine that a long

CHILDREN.

Steamship Hibernia, Long. 41°, Lat. 50°, August 6th, 1866.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS IN AME RICA:-I think you cannot tell from these figures at the head of this letter where we are. You will know better if I tell you that we are about half way across the Atlantic Ocean. We have now been a little more than a week at sea, and if I should write down all the thoughts I have had about the dear children whom I have learned to love in the United States, the letter would be longer than the AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN would be willing to print for you. My thoughts have been nearly as busy as the great engine which moves our ship, and that has been at work day and night, and has never stopped once since we started. It never seems tired, but in storm and sunshine it drives us along over the deep blue sea; but if the fire should go out, then there would be no steam, and the engine would stop, and then we should be left away in the middle of the mighty ocean, at the mercy of all the angry winds. I trust that some one of you who

read this letter have had the fire of God kindled in your hearts. I hope you will daily feed it with the truths of the Bible, and never let it go out, lest temptations, like storms on the ocean, come upon you, sending you far out of the way to heaven.

I want to tell you about a little land bird which came on board our ship. One day, soon after we left the city of New York, there was a storm, which made the great waves roll up against the side of the ship, and sometimes almost over us. The wind blew very hard from the land, and when we were a hundred or two miles away, a little bird, all faint and weary, was glad to find a place to rest. It soon became quite tame; we used to love to feed it with crumbs and water. But there were some wicked boys on board, who seemed to delight to trouble it, and they at last frightened the poor little thing so that it flew from them; and then a great gust of wind carried it off, and our ship was going so fast again, and I suppose fell down in the

water and died. When I saw those naughty boys thought how unlike they were to Jesus. Whenever a little bird comes on board the Gospel ship, He is glad in his pocket; and taking out one, to take them and feed them; and though Satan, like the wicked hove may seek to frighten them away, still if they keep close to Jesus, He will watch over them and bring them

through all the storms safe to heaven. But there was a nice little boy on | tell us that?" out any money to pay his passage; and yet he was treated more kindly than the poor bird. When I first saw him, one of the officers had him by the collar, pushing him along, and was saying, "Get off this ship; you have no money to pay your passage. We can't take you for nothing."

"But," said the boy, as the tears ran down his cheeks. "I have no money to pay you with. My father was killed by a sun-stroke a week ago. I want to go home to see my mother in Scotland, who went in the last ship."

Soon a kind gentleman stepped forward and said, "Let the boy go home to his mother; I will pay his pas-

"O! will you?" said the officers then we will let him go." In a moment the boy's tears were dried up and his face was all sunshine; and yesterday, when I was praying, I could not help noticing how anxious the boy was to hear all about Jesus, who offers to pay any passage all the way to heaven. He seemed for the time to forget all about his mother in Scotland, and to be thinking of a home in heaven, away over the sea of life, and to be wondering if he could ever reach that happy shore. How glad I was to tell him and all the rest, that, although they might never reach Scotland safely, though our ship might strike an iceberg and go down at once, yet that all who came to Jesus in the Gospel ship would be sure of reaching heaven.

I wonder it you, my dear little friends, have done as much, and prayed demption, to listeners who were now as earnestly to God for a passage to all eager attention. heaven as this Scotch boy. Jesus hears you and offers to give you a free ticket all the way to the port of heaven. Jesus paid it all long, long ago. Yes, Jesus has died for you on the cross, that all your sins might be forgiven and a home prepared for you above.

The Gospel ship has long been sailing, Bound for Canaan's peaceful shore; All who want to sail for glory, Come and welcome, rich and poor.

Thousands there have safely landed, Far beyond this mortal shore; Thousands still are sailing in her, Yet there's room for thousands more. Come, dear children, come to Jesus, Sail with us through life's rough sea;

was quite smooth, but now the great them I've murdered time and lost be obscure, but to that dying woman, waves are beginning to roll and tum- heaven."—Springfield Republican.

heaven; it guided her to a knowledge plaything. You can, as you see them son to believe it was the instrument of line of huge whales are about to make ultimately conducting her to heaven. an attack on the ship; and when they do come, and throw the great ship LETTER FROM MR. HAMMOND TO THE away over on its side, and tumble your chair nearly over, and you with it, you are ready to believe that it was a large whale, or something else as strong. My wife and I are both very anxious to see a real live whale. The captain saw one yesterday. We often walk the deck, hoping to see one. Several years ago, when near this spot in the Edinboro', I saw four large whales spirting barrels of water in the air, making the sea foam all about them. If I see any, I will tell you in my next letter.

THE POWER OF EXAMPLE.

Your friend, E. P. HAMMOND.

I satisfied my Quaker friend by lending my example as well as my precept to lessening the general sin of intemperance. What was the result? It was of a most pleasing character, The result of such a course, which did not emanate from me as an individual, but from the high office and position which I held, far exceeded my expectations. It soon got wind that I had become a teetotaler. "O," said some The rector has gone entirely wrong; he has sunk the dignity of his profession." But what was the result in the town? I do not say that these results are to-day in full force. The mayor became a teetotaler; the ex-mayor became a teetotaler; the superintendent of police became a teetotaler; I believe that every member of the force became teetotalers; eight hundred names were registered in the pledge-book; seven hundred of our young people

became members of our Band of Hope. The whole moral aspect of the town became changed. Sobriety was soon in the ascendency. Frequenting public houses ceased to be respectable; the stumbling-blocks and hindrances were lessened, and philanthropy and religion progressed. In churches and chapels, in Sunday and day-schools, there was a vastly improved attendance, and teetotalism was generally pronounced to be a good thing.—Rev. John Griffiths, Wales.

AN APT REPLY.

Those who would win souls must have their wits about them. Tact is that it had not strength to catch up indispensable. The following incident of a city missionary, who one Sabbath sought to do good to a party of men in a beer shop, shows how much may be acting so unkindly to that little bird, done by a Christian who unites with his piety, keen, practical common sense.

He entered with a few little books which was a dialogue, offered to read "O, yer one of the soul-mongers! always at it! talkin' of what ver don't understand. I'd like to know, what is a soul? Come, old fellow, can yer

board, who came on our steamer with- Attention was aroused, and the answer to "Bill's" question was waited for with some curiosity.

"My friend," said the missionary, "a man generally asks a question for one of three reasons: either he cares to get an answer, or he asks from curiosity, or he wants to puzzle the man he questions."

A knowing wink from Bill to his mates showed that the last suggestion had hit the mark.

"Yes, I see," said the missionary, you want to puzzle me, to show me up; now, you know, two can play at that game, and before I answer you, will you be so good as to tell me what are the component parts of oxygenated muriatic acid of lime?" Silence reigned for a moment, then

a nudge and a chukle on the part of a mate. "Eh, Bill, he's got you there!" "You can't tell me? Well, at least,

repeat my question. What was it I asked you?

Bill hardly liked to give in, and turned his head from side to side in a vain effort to recall the words.

"Can't you say?" inquired the missionary. "I'm a thinkin'."

"Thinking, are you? What with? Your finger ends? The hair on your nead? What is it in you that thinks?" "Caught you, Bill; the old fellow's caught you, he has!" chimed in another

neighbor. "I have answered you, my friend; what thinks, is your soul."

The missionary then took occasion to speak of its immortality and its re-

CARD PLAYING.

I have all my days had a cardplaying community open to my observation, and I am yet to be made to believe that a game which is the universal resort of the starved in soul and intellect, which has never in any way linked with itself tender, elevating, or beautiful associations, the tendency of which is unduly to absorb the attention from more weighty matters, can recommend itself to the favor of Christ's disciples. The use of culture and genius may embellish, but can never dignify it. I have this moment ringing in my ears the dying injunction of my father's early friend: When I began this letter the sea "Keep your sons from cards; over