

The Family Circle.

(For the American Presbyterian.)

SUPPLICATION.

Quiet, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art;

What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,

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.

According to an agreement made
with a house at Cologne, the family
proceeded to London to embark on

board the "Borussia," a German emi-
grant-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

immense 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 Wis-
consin town, on the western shore of

Lake Michigan, was the point whither
they had to travel, as Hermann's brother
Dietrich was to meet them there

with carts and horses to convey them
to his house, which was about five
days' journey further westward.

have been ashamed to sell from his
farm, and he used to sell his for eight-
pence or tenpence! Beef, pork and
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 eight-
pence 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 waters. I hope
you don't lose your trust in Him."
"I do not, darling, but it is exceed-
ingly difficult for me to get along with

the people here, as I cannot under-
stand 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 re-
paired 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.

"How could I have gone? I have
not been away from you and the chil-
dren 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,

and it cost him not a little trouble to
find Daniel after he had found the
hospital. The young man was quite
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 his 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 ex-
pression of deep grief clouded the
beaming face of Daniel.

recovered so far as to be capable of
being removed without danger, the
family went to the new abode.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"COME YE TO THE WATERS."

There is on record the case of a very
wicked and hardened man whose feel-
ings 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 pratt-
ing 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 feel-
ings 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 requit 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 trou-
bled 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 artless-
ness 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 heav-
en 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 Gos-
pel, and he heard the voice of Jesus

saying, "If any man thirst, let him
come unto me and drink! Ho! every
one that thirsteth, come ye to the wa-
ters!" He thirsted!

"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.

And aye my merkiest 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, shined
In Immanuel's land!

The little birds at Anworth,
I used to count them best—
Now, beside happier stars
I go to bid 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!

E've wrestled on toward heaven,
'Gainst storm, and wind, and tide;
Now, like a weary traveler,
That leaeth on his guide,
Amid the shades of evening,
When sink 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 you 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 bitter woes,
Sooth 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
In 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 three blessed name;
Where God's seal set the fairest,
They've stamped their foulest brand;
But judgment shines like noonday
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 move-
ments, 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 if
an angel from heaven were speaking

to them. And some of the most del-
ightful experiences of his life were
found by the sick-beds of the peasant-
ry, whom he sought to win to Jesus.
The following incident is authentic,

and illustrates well both his simpli-
city and earnestness. It is related by
a student who kept him company in the
visit.
The scene was a low, dirty hovel,

poor and blind, it was as light from
heaven; it guided her to a knowledge
of the Saviour, and there is good rea-
son to believe it was the instrument of

ultimately conducting her to heaven.

LETTER FROM MR. HAMMOND TO THE CHILDREN.

STEAMSHIP HIBERNIA, Long, 41° }
Lat. 50°, August 6th, 1866. }

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS IN AMER-
ICA.—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
that it had not strength to catch up
again, and I suppose fell down in the
water and died.
When I saw those naughty boys

acting so unkindly to that little bird,
I thought how unlike they were to
Jesus. Whenever a little bird comes
on board the Gospel ship, He is glad

to take them and feed them; and
though Satan, like the wicked boys,
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
board, who came on our steamer with-

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 for-
ward and said, "Let the boy go home

to his mother; I will pay his pas-
sage."
"O! will you?" said the officers;
"then we will let him go." In a mo-
ment 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 Scot-
land, 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 if you, my dear little
friends, have done as much, and prayed
as earnestly to God for a passage to
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;

Then with us you shall be happy,
Happy through eternity.
When I began this letter the sea
was quite smooth, but now the great
waves are beginning to roll and tum-

ble our ship about, just like a little
plaything. You can, as you see them
coming, easily imagine that a long
line of huge whales are about to make

an attack on the ship; and when they
do come, and throw the great ship
away over on its side, and tumble
your chair nearly over, and you with
it, you are ready to believe that it was

THE POWER OF EXAMPLE.

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 expec-
tations. 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 profes-
sion." 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 be-
came a teetotaler; the superintendent

of police became a teetotaler; I believe
that every member of the force be-
came 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 pub-
lic 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 attend-
ance, 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
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 done by a Christian who unites with
his piety, keen, practical common sense.

He entered with a few little books
in his pocket; and taking out one,
which was a dialogue, offered to read
it in paste with a man who stood near.

"O, yer one of the soul-mongers!
always at it! talkin' of what yer don't
understand. I'd like to know, what
is a soul?" Come, old fellow, can yer
tell us that?"

Attention was aroused, and the an-
swer 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 out of curi-
osity, or he wants to puzzle the man he

questions."
A knowing wink from Bill to his
mates showed that the last suggestion

CARD PLAYING.

I have all my days had a card-
playing community open to my obser-
vation, and I am yet to be made to
believe that a game which is the univer-
sal resort of the starved in soul and in-

tellect, which has never in any way
linked with itself tender, elevating, or
beautiful associations, the tendency of
which is unduly to absorb the atten-
tion 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