

The Family Circle.

HOPEFULLY WAITING.

"Blessed are they that are Home-sick, for they shall come at last to the Father's House."

Not as you meant, O learned man, and good! Do I accept thy words of hope and rest?

Our Father's house, I know, is broad and grand; In it how many, many mansions are!

THE GERMAN FAMILY IN LONDON.

FROM GUTHRIE'S SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

(Continued.)

Sunday came, and as none of the family were able to understand an English sermon, and the German Chapel was too far off, Hermann officiated as priest in his house, and conducted a regular service after the German fashion.

Hermann and Daniel rushed at once to the door-way. "What is all this about?" asked Daniel. "Is there anything the matter?"

"The singing, sir," cried some of the intruders. "Please give us another tune." Indeed, the singing of the family was worth hearing.

"I see those savages are at least human beings," said Hermann. "They have a taste for our Deutscher Lieders."

fallen! We have become like Israel in Babylon." In the afternoon the family united for Bible-reading. The thirty-fourth Psalm was taken up for discussion.

"Shall we sing?" asked Hannah; "I'm afraid we'll have a crowd again."

"Not likely," said Daniel; "the people are in the public-house now, or out for a walk, or taking a nap to sleep off the drink."

"True," remarked Frau Stahl, "and there is also this similarity between him and us, that he, like us, got into his difficulties through his imprudence, and through his not waiting upon the Lord."

"It was rather in a desponding tone that Frau Stahl uttered these words. Nor was her reasoning altogether groundless. The members of the family had already several times discussed what course they should take, supposing the Cologne house refused to provide them with passages in another ship."

"Dear wife," he said, "I think you are right in pointing to the present as days of deep humiliation for us. Perhaps we did not earnestly seek the Lord's face before resolving to quit our land."

"I never saw a drunken woman in our country," answered Frau Stahl in an indignant tone, "except, perhaps, on the occasion of some fair or popular festival; for a woman to frequent a public-house is a thing altogether unknown among us; such a one would be looked upon as a disgusting outcast by the whole population."

"The women also smoke in this country," said Johann, the eldest of the boys. "I saw an old yellow-faced woman the other day, who looked exactly like a witch as she smoked away from a small stump of a pipe not longer than my thumb. Aeh! it looked hideous!"

ment. Frau Stahl, on her husband's calling out for her, came up with a basin of water and a sponge, and washed the poor woman's head, which, though badly cut, yet showed no dangerous wounds.

"Thank God, he sleeps," said the woman, "and he will sleep on now till to-morrow morning, and when he awakes he will remember nothing of all that has happened; and be soft and meek as a lamb. Oh, that cursed drink! but for that he would be such a good husband!"

When the family was assembled in their own room again, Frau Stahl fell into a fit, and Hannah burst into tears. Such a scene was too much for the tender nerves of the good women of Kirchheim.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ELLIAL AFFECTION.

A veteran, worn out in the service of France, was reduced without a pension, although he had a wife and three children to share his wretchedness. His son was placed at a military academy, where he might have enjoyed every comfort; but the strongest persuasions could not induce him to taste anything but coarse bread and water.

The Duke de Choiseul being informed of the circumstance, ordered the boy before him, and inquired the reason of his abstemiousness. The boy, with a manly fortitude, replied:—"Sir, when I had the honor of being admitted to the protection of this royal institution, my father conducted me hither. We came on foot; on our journey, our hunger and thirst were relieved by bread and water. I was received, my father blessed me, and returned to a helpless wife and family. As long as I can remember, bread of the blackest kind, with water, has been their daily food, and even that is earned by every species of labor that honor does not forbid. To this fare, sir, my father is returned; therefore, while he, my mother and sisters are compelled to endure such wretchedness, is it possible I can enjoy the bounteous plenty of my gracious sovereign?"

The duke, deeply affected, gave the boy three louis d'ors for pocket money, and promised to procure the father a pension. The boy begged the louis d'ors might be sent to his father; which, with the patent of his pension, was immediately done.

WHAT IT DID FOR HIM. The following remarkable statement is authorized by D'Aubigne and M. de Pressense:—"A regiment of French soldiers, on their march to the Crimea, halted for some days at Toulon, in the south of France. While there, a colporteur came among them. A young soldier, pretending to be much moved by the good man's exhortations, asked for a copy, which was, of course, given to him. The soldier and his companion roared with laughter, telling the poor colporteur that it was all a joke; but the soldier refused to return the book, saying, 'it would do to light his pipe with.' The colporteur replied: 'It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God!'"

Fifteen months afterward, the same colporteur stopped for a night at an inn more than three hundred miles from Toulon. The landlady was in great distress, having just lost her son, of whom she spoke in terms of the most tender affection. He conversed with her for a few moments, when she withdrew, but soon returned, bringing a little book, which her deceased son had left to her as his precious legacy.

It was much mutilated, many pages having been torn out. But on the inside of the cover, written in large letters, was the following inscription: "Received, at Toulon, on the 15th, 1855. Despaired at first, and madly used, but afterward read, believed, and made the instrument of my salvation. J. L. fusilier of the 4th company of the 1st regiment of the line."

From the condition of the little volume, it was plain that the young soldier had made use of the missing leaves to light his pipe, as he had boasted he should. But, as he related to his mother, this work of destruction was stopped on the evening before a battle, in which his regiment was to occupy the perilous post of the advanced guard. He stated that at this juncture serious thoughts came into his mind in a very strange manner; and all on a sudden the words of the man whom he had tricked out of the book came to his recollection like a thunderclap:—"It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God!"

sued he was severely wounded. Old things had passed away, and he now realized the truth of the faithful saying: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life."

After removal from one hospital to another, he was brought back to his home about six weeks before the visit of the colporteur. The mutilated Testament was scarcely ever out of his hand during his waking moments. It was the only one he ever possessed, perhaps the only one in his native village. His mouth was full of tender entreaties that his dear mother and friends might embrace Christ and his salvation.

IMPORTANCE OF PRESENCE OF MIND IN A FAMILY.

1. If a man faints, place him flat on his back, and let him alone. 2. If any poison is swallowed, drink instantly half a glass of cool water, with a heaping teaspoonful each of common salt and ground mustard stirred into it; this vomits as soon as it reaches the stomach; but for fear some of the poison may remain, swallow the white of one or two raw eggs, or drink a cup of strong coffee. These two being antidotes for a greater number of poisons than any dozen other articles known, with the advantage of their being always at hand, if not a pint of sweet oil, or lamp oil, drippings, or melted butter, or lard, are good substitutes, especially if they vomit quickly.

3. The best thing to stop the bleeding of a moderate cut instantly is to cover it profusely with cob-web, or flour and salt, half and half.

4. If the blood comes from a wound by jets or sprits, be spry, or the man will die in a few minutes, because an artery is severed; tie a handkerchief loosely around, near the part between the wound and the heart; put a stick between the handkerchief and the skin and twist it around until the blood ceases to flow; keep it there until the doctor comes; if in a position where the handkerchief cannot be used, press the thumb on a spot, near the wound, between the wound and the heart; increase the pressure until the bleeding ceases, but do not lessen the pressure for an instant until the physician arrives, so as to glue up the wound by the coagulation or cooling of the hardening blood.

5. If your clothing takes fire, slide the hands down the dress, keeping them as close to the body as possible, at the same time sinking to the floor by bending the knees; this has a smothering effect upon the flames; if not extinguished, or a greater headway is gotten, lie down on the floor, roll over and over; or better, envelope yourself in a carpet, rug, bed clothes, or any garment you can get hold of, always preferring woolen.

6. If the body is tired, rest; if the brain is tired, sleep. 7. The three best medicines in the world are warmth, abstinence, and repose.—Hall's Journal of Health.

CHILDREN AND JESUS.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

An eye-witness sends to the AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN the following:—"A few weeks ago, as Mr. Hammond and his wife, just starting for Europe, seated themselves in the Erie Railway cars at Waverly, a lady came, and asked him if her little daughter might have the privilege of speaking with him. In a moment the little girl was sitting contentedly on his knee, when the following conversation ensued.

"I don't remember," said Mr. Hammond, "that I ever saw you before. How do you know me?" "O, I have seen your picture." "Where did you see it?" "O, I saw it in the book you wrote for little folks, called 'Children and Jesus,' and ever since I have wanted to see you and thank you, and get a new heart and be a Christian."

"What makes you think you are a Christian? How do you know you have a new heart?" "O, I know I have, for I feel so differently from what I ever did before I read your book; and I love to pray to Jesus now, and I love to read in his Holy Bible, and I love every body that loves Him, and I try to get all my little friends to come and trust Him, that they may be as happy as I am." "How old are you?" "I am seven years old."

again by the Spirit of God, the hearts of all in that group grew tender. The little girl and all were bathed in tears, and Mr. Hammond, with moistened eyes, could only say, "Let us thank God and pray to Him." In a moment each head was bowed while he led in a low, heartfelt prayer. It was a sight angels must have rejoiced to look upon.

We learned from the little girl's mother, who had listened to the conversation, that all her child said was quite true. Though born in Burmah, and the daughter of a devoted missionary, she had never given evidence of a change of heart until she read "Children and Jesus."

THE BEST FUN.

"Now, boys, I'll tell you how we can have some fun," said Freddie B— to his companions, who had assembled on a beautiful moon-light evening, for sliding, snow-balling, and fun generally.

"How?" "Where?" "What is it?" asked several eager voices all at once. "I heard Widow M— tell a man a little while ago," replied Freddie, "that she would go over and sit up with a sick child to-night. She said she would be over about eight o'clock. Now, as soon as she is gone, let's go and make a big snow man on her door-step, so that when she returns, she cannot get into her house without first knocking him down."

"Capital!" "First rate!" "Hooray!" shouted some of the boys. "See here," said Charlie N—, "I'll tell you the best fun." "What is it?" again inquired several at once. "Wait awhile," said Charlie. "Who's got a wood-saw?" "I have." "So have I," answered three of the boys. "But what in the world do you want a wood-saw for?" "You shall see," replied Charlie. "It is almost eight o'clock now, so go and get your saws. You, Freddie and Nathan, get each an axe, and I will get a shovel. Let us all be back here in fifteen minutes, and then I'll show you the fun."

The boys separated to go on their several errands, each wondering what the fun could be, and what possible use could be made of wood-saws and axes in their play. But Charlie was not only a great favorite with them all, but also an acknowledged leader, and they fully believed in him and in his promise. Their curiosity gave elasticity to their steps, and they were soon assembled.

"Now," said Charlie, "Mrs. M— is gone, for I met her when I was coming back; so let's be off at once."

"But what are you going to do?" inquired several impatient members of the party. "You shall see directly," replied the leader, as they approached the humble residence of Mrs. M—. "Now, boys," said Charlie, "you see that pile of wood; a man hauled it here this afternoon, and I heard Mrs. M— tell him that unless she got some one to saw it to-night, she should have hardly anything to make a fire of in the morning. Now, we can saw and split that pile of wood just about as easy as we could build a great snow man, and when Mrs. M— comes home from her watching, she will be full as much surprised to find her wood sawed, as she would to find a snow man on her door-step, and a great deal more pleasantly surprised, too. What say you? Will you do it?"

One or two of the boys rather demurred at first. They didn't like to saw wood, they said. But the majority were in favor of Charlie's project; so they finally joined in, and went to work with a will. "I'll go around to the back of the shed," said Charlie, "and crawl through the window and unfasten the door. Then we'll take turns in sawing, splitting, and carrying in the wood; and I want to pile it up real nice, and to shovel all the snow away from the door; and a good wide path, too, from the door to the street—won't it be fun, when she comes home and sees it?"

The boys began to appreciate the fun, for they felt that they were doing a good deed, and individually experienced that self-satisfaction and joy which always results from well-doing. It was not a long and wearisome job for seven robust and healthy boys to saw, split and pile up the poor widow's half a cord of wood, and to shovel a good path. And when it was done, so great was their pleasure and satisfaction, that one of the boys who objected to the work at first, proposed that they should go to a neighboring carpenter's shop, (where plenty of shavings could be had for the carrying-away) and each bring an armful of hand-saw-wood. The proposition was readily acceded to, and this done, they repaired to their several homes, all of them more than satisfied with the "fun" of the weary evening. Next morning, when the weary widow returned from watching by the sick-bed, and saw what was done, she was pleasantly surprised; and afterward, when a neighbor (who had, unobserved, witnessed the labors of the boys), told her how it was done, her fervent invocation, "God bless the boys," was of itself, if they could but have heard it, abundant reward for their labors.

always found in doing something that is kind and useful. This is the deliberate opinion of a gray-headed old man; but if you doubt it in the least, just try it for yourselves, and you will be convinced.

A SONG OF PRAISE FOR OPENING SERVICES.

BY REV. C. R. BENDIS.

Great God, thy praise all worlds proclaim, The wondrous deeds sound forth thy name, Thy glory speaks through praise and prayer, The power and glory of thy God.

In ocean's depths, on earth's heights, Higher than faith's sublimest flights— Thy glory bursts upon the view, In brightening prospects ever new.

The voices of the world below, Lift up the song, thy praises show; The heavenly worlds catch up the sound, And send the glorious anthem round.

In that great anthem we unite, Thy people, saved by sovereign might; We raise the song, with heaven's host, To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

THEATRES.

A few years ago, says the Religious Herald, we were in company with a highly intelligent lady, who had herself been on the stage. She informed us that she had spent some time in the house of Macready, the celebrated English tragedian. He had a very interesting family of daughters, in whose education he had taken great pains; but he would not permit them to attend the theatre. He promised them that, for the gratification of their curiosity, they might visit it once, but only once. The lady did not state the motive which induced him to impose this restriction on his daughters in regard to theatres, of which he was deemed so bright an ornament. We can, however, scarcely conceive of but one motive for his course. He knew, from his extensive and accurate observation; that it was a place not suited to promote the virtue, and the real welfare of susceptible and impulsive young women. His judgment and affection as a father were in conflict with his taste and interests as an actor. His habits, love of fame, and desire of gain bound him to the stage; but a regard for the welfare of his daughters prompted him to guard them against its corrupting influence.

His opinion in favor of the stage, formed as it would have been under influences likely to pervert his judgment, could weigh but little; but his verdict against it, reached in opposition to all his tastes, associations, habits and interests, and practically expressed in the manner best adapted to evince its sincerity and earnestness, speaks a volume on which there lies no appeal. If he would not permit his daughters to attend the theatre under his own eye, and to witness his own unrivalled impersonations, what parent, especially what Christian parent, can trust his daughters, or his sons either, to be allured within its fascinating but corrupting influence!

SOWING LITTLE SEEDS.

Little Bessie had got a present of a new book, and she eagerly opened it to look at the first picture. It was the picture of a boy sitting by the side of a stream, and throwing seeds into the water.

"I wonder what this picture is about," said she; "why does the boy throw seeds into the water?" "O! I know," said her brother Edward, who had been looking at the book; "he is sowing the seeds of water-lilies."

"But how small the seeds look!" said Bessie. "It seems strange that such large plants should grow from such little things."

"You are just sowing such tiny seeds every day, Bessie, and they will come up large, strong plants after awhile," said her father.

"O, no, father; I have not planted any seeds for a long while."

"I have seen my daughter sow a number of seeds to-day."

Bessie looked puzzled, and her father smiled and said, "Yes, I have watched you planting flowers, and seeds, and weeds to-day."

"Now I know that you are joking, for I would not plant ugly weeds."

"I will tell you what I mean. When you laid aside that interesting book, and attended to what your mother wished done, you were sowing seeds of kindness and love. When you broke the dish that you knew your mother valued, and came instantly and told her, you were sowing seeds of truth. When you took the cup of cold water to the poor woman at the gate, you were sowing the seeds of mercy. These are all beautiful flowers, Bessie. But I hope my little girl has been planting the great tree of love to God, and that she will tend and watch it, until its branches reach the skies and meet before his throne."

"And the weeds, father?"

"When you were impatient with baby, you sowed the seeds of ill temper. When you spoke crossly to Robert, you planted anger. When you waited some time after your mother called you, you sowed disobedience and selfishness. These are all noxious weeds. Pull them up. Do not let them grow in your garden."—Children's Friend.