

The Family Circle.

REACHED "HOME."

Brother, thou art gone before us, and thy saintly soul is down Where tears are wiped from every eye, and sorrow is unknown: From the burden of the flesh, and from care and fear released, Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou'st travelled o'er, and borne the heavy load— But Christ hath taught thy weary feet to reach his blest abode; Thou'rt sleeping now like Lazarus, upon his father's breast, Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now, nor doubt thy faith assail, Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit fall; And there thou'rt sure to meet the good, whom on earth thou loved'st best, Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

"Earth to earth," and "dust to dust," the solemn priest hath said, So we lay the turf above thee now, and seal thy narrow bed. But thy spirit, brother, soars away, among the faithful blest, Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us, whom thou hast left behind, May we, untainted by the world, as sure a welcome find; May each, like thee, depart in peace, to be a glorious guest, Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

—Milman.

THE GERMAN FAMILY IN LONDON.

FROM GUTHRIE'S SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

(Concluded.)

Meanwhile the circumstances of the family became more and more straitened. The answer from the Cologne house, which at length arrived, was altogether unfavorable. "The Company," the letter said, "had made no other contract with Mr. Stahl than to send him and his family to New York by the 'Borussia.' The Company were surprised at learning that Mr. Stahl and family had left that ship in London. Mr. Stahl, the Company admitted, was perfectly at liberty to do so, but he ought to have known that by this action he had forfeited any claims upon the Company, since there were no stipulations made in the contract by which the Company were obliged to provide him and his family with another ship."

After the receipt of this letter, the question what course to take was again discussed: whether they should return to Kirchheim, or stay and wait for the letter from brother Dietrich? The family held a special prayer-meeting for the purpose of asking Divine guidance in this important matter. At length they resolved to remain, since their property was in America, and London was at any rate nearer to that than Kirchheim, where they had no business at all, and nothing but poverty could be their lot. But as the money which was in Hermann's possession was fast dwindling away, they quitted their lodgings and rented instead two large rooms in a court, at eight shillings per week.

Fortunately the people who inhabited this court were not of the worst kind. With the exception of one disreputable house, nothing offensive to decency was to be seen in it. The houses were mostly occupied by working-men, oostermongers, pedlars, etc. Frau Stahl kept the children as much in the house as she could; and Daniel spent a great portion of his time in teaching them English, writing, and the elements of arithmetic, etc. At these lessons Hermann was also often present, as he deemed it wise to learn as much as he could of the "terrible language."

One day Johann, who had been out on an errand, came home with a black eye, and all bespattered with mud. The whole family was in alarm. After having been cleaned and washed, and refreshed by a warm cup of coffee, Johann told his story. On returning from his errand, he found the entrance of the court blocked up by a crowd of people standing in a circle round two lads who were fighting. It was evident that the one, a boy of scarcely fifteen, was not at all a match for his antagonist, a big lad of seventeen; consequently the former was being beaten unmercifully, the blood running from his nose. As none of the bystanders seemed disposed to interfere, Johann stepped between the pugilists and tried to separate them. A stout lad of his own age and stature at once came forward, and in a provoking tone asked him what right he had to interfere. In his broken English he answered, "Because little boy too little for big boy." The stout lad then uttered a volley of words which Johann did not understand, and clenching his fists, placed himself in a fighting attitude.

"No, not fight," said Johann. "Why not, you coward? fight!" cried the bystanders, who now formed a circle round them.

"No, not fight," said Johann. "Christians no fight," said Johann.

"Take that, you Christian," cried the lad, and at the same moment Johann felt the lad's fist come down with great force on his eye. Now Johann was an extraordinarily strong lad, whose muscles were powerfully developed by the invigorating German mountain air, and who was reckoned an adept in the *Turn Übungen*—i. e., the gymnastical exercises, which in

Prussia form a considerable part of the popular school training. Before his antagonist could launch a second blow, he caught him by the waist, lifted him up from the ground, and threw him down. Then throwing himself upon him, he kept him under till, after some fruitless struggling, he promised not to renew the affray. Johann then let him go, and stepped home amidst the loud applause of the crowd, some of whom tried to force him into a public-house to receive a glass of beer as a token of their admiration. It was with difficulty he escaped from them.

From that day Johann went in the coat by the name of "Christian."

"Well, those foreigners over there are better folks than the whole lot of us," said Mrs. Harding, the pedlar's wife, who was standing chatting with another woman in the doorway of her house.

"Ay, what you say is quite true," said Mrs. Field, the mason's wife, who lived in a room over Hermann's. "They are religious people. They sing and pray twice every Sunday, and every morning and evening in the week."

"What in all the world may those people's business be?" asked Mary Prescott, the cobbler's daughter. "They seem to have no trade. The old man is always at home, and I never see his wife and daughter in the street, except for a walk or an errand."

"O, I know," said Mrs. Harding. "One of them, a nice young man of twenty or so, told me the other day that they were on their way to America, but had been detained by fever and were waiting for a letter."

"Poor folks; they seem to be hard up," said Mary Prescott. "I saw that young man at the pawnbroker's a couple of days ago."

"Why, they haven't a stick of furniture left, scarcely," observed Mrs. Field. "Yesterday I happened to pass their room when the door was standing open. A blind horse couldn't do much harm there."

Indeed, the description was not exaggerated. The Germans were now reduced to a state of complete poverty. Hermann had tried every day to obtain some employment, but his total ignorance of the language had frustrated all his attempts. At length Daniel found some work with a turner, for which he got ten shillings a week. He paid his wages faithfully into the hands of Frau Stahl. It was upon his labor, indeed, that the family were living for the present. How eagerly did they look out for a letter from brother Dietrich every day! But in vain. Every day Hermann returned with empty hands from the post-office. Poor fellow, he was often in low spirits.

"My dear," said his wife, who perceived that now it was her turn to lay hold of the anchor of faith—"My dear," said she, one evening after they had finished their scanty supper, "let us not lose sight of our blessed Lord. He is here with us now, though we cannot see Him. He knows all our wants."

"O, blessed Jesus! come and console us!" ejaculated Hannah. "Thou hast suffered so much for us; Thou knowest what suffering is."

"Father, let us sing that hymn of Paul Gerhardt's, 'Commit your ways to Jesus,'" said one of the boys.

"Are you not too hungry to sing, Bernard?" asked Hermann, in a melancholy voice, stroking the boy's hair.

"O, what a grief! And it is all my fault. How could I be so foolish as to take you out of our lovely Kirchheim, to plunge you into this dark pit! The Lord knows I am willing to suffer ten times over for it; but to see you suffer for my sins—it will break my heart."

But Hannah raised the tune, and the others joined in with cheerful voices, and Hermann could not help seconding with his deep bass, sad as his heart was.

While they were singing a knock was heard at the door, and in stepped Bob Harding, the pedlar. He had a large pie in his hand.

"Is this Christian's?" he asked.

"Yes, we Christians," answered Hermann; "and I hope you one, too, good friend."

"He means Johann," said Daniel in German to Hermann.

"Ah, you that fine fellow who took my son's part the other day?" said the pedlar to Daniel.

"No, I am not; it was him," said Daniel, pointing to Johann.

"I brought this mutton pie for you," said he, placing the pie before Johann.

"And my wife's and Henry's compliments, sir. You did well. I was away in the country a-hawking, but on coming home yesterday I learnt what had happened last week. I hope you will not refuse to accept this small present, sir; it is not much, but we are poor people. I wish I could do more."

The simple-hearted, candid tone in which the pedlar uttered these words, and his thoroughly honest though rough-looking face, made a very agreeable impression upon the company.

"This is an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile," said Hermann to his wife. Then turning to Harding, he tendered him his hand: "I thank you," said he; "sit yourself, sir."

The pedlar seated himself upon the chair which one of the boys offered him. Hermann then, in broken English, endeavored to speak to him on the subject ever uppermost in his mind—the love of God in Jesus Christ.

"Are you not Germans?" asked Harding, after a while.

"We are."

"I think you would like to make the acquaintance of Mr. Wasserman; or do you already know him?"

"I do not. Who is he?"

"Why, he is the German missionary to the sailors in the docks. He is a very nice man, Mr. Wasserman is. I will send him to you. Hoping you will like the pie, I must bid you good-evening, sir."

The pedlar's hope was fully realized. He could scarcely have reached his house before each member of the family had a piece of the pie between thumb and fingers. Hermann pronounced a blessing, and when the welcome refreshment had disappeared, the beautiful hymn, "Now thank ye all the Lord," echoed through the room.

This was a sweet drop in the bitter cup of affliction. Hermann made the observation that the inhabitants of this "terrible place," with its "terrible language," were not all savages. Frau Stahl added that she had no doubt but the Lord had much people in this great city.

Next day the post brought a letter from Kirchheim, enclosing one from brother Dietrich. He asked in a tone of alarm how it was that they had not come with the "Borussia." It was obvious, from the date of his letter, that he had never received theirs. This was a fresh blow to the hopes of the poor family. It was now certain that they need not expect any money from America; and the last article they could dispose of was pawned. What were they to do?

They spent the evening in prayer, without, however, forgetting the *Deutschen Lieder*.

"My dears," said Hermann, "as long as there is a Saviour in heaven there is reason for us to sing."

The next morning Hermann went out for a walk. About noon he came back.

"I have found work," he said. "A pound a week."

"Is it true?" cried Frau Stahl, joyfully. "And where?"

"At the sugar-house. I begin tomorrow morning."

Frau Stahl burst into tears, and so did the children. They knew, from Daniel's description, what it was to work in the sugar-house.

"You shall not go there!" cried she. "Will you add to our affliction by making me a widow and these poor children orphans?"

"Dear wife, the Lord will be my strength. He will sustain me, knowing what I shall be laboring for."

During that day there was a continuous struggle of love between the father and his family: the one arguing that it was his duty even to lay down his life for them, if necessary; the others insisting that it was his duty to spare his life as much as he could.

The sun had just set, and Hannah had scarcely lit the thin candle, which cast a gloomy light through the room, when a knock was heard at the door. The pedlar made his appearance, accompanied by a stranger, whom he introduced as Mr. Wasserman.

"O! *Ein Deutscher Bruder!*" cried the family, simultaneously.

"I go," whispered the pedlar into Johann's ear, "as I don't understand your gibberish. While uttering these words he slipped half-a-crown into the lad's hand."

A most agreeable conversation took place between the family and Mr. Wasserman, who proved to be a truly good man. Something for supper was bought with Bob's half-crown, of which Mr. Wasserman was kind enough to partake. Many a dear German hymn was sung, and Mr. Wasserman gladly stayed to have worship with his friends. He told them that he was employed as a missionary by a company of six wealthy shipowners, two of whom were Germans. He advised Hermann not to go to the sugar-house the next day, but to call upon him.

The next morning Hermann, accompanied by the missionary, found himself in the office of Messrs. Krubner, Bären & Co. Mr. Krubner received him very kindly, and listened attentively to his story.

"If what you say be true," he observed, "we certainly must try to help you. Meanwhile I will write to the clergyman of Kirchheim, to obtain information." Then looking at Hermann, whose honest, open countenance pleased him well, he added: "We have a meeting to-night in our school-room. If you would like to attend, with your wife and children, I will give you tickets."

"Is it a German meeting?" asked Hermann.

"No, it is an English church; but you will be able to pick up enough to make you enjoy it."

The whole family was that evening in the large school-room of the Church. There was tea first, during which the merry chat of the crowded assembly buzzed cheerfully through the room. Then there were addresses by several speakers, and hymns and prayers. Though Hermann and his wife understood but little of what was said, yet their hearts leaped for joy at the sight.

"What a pleasant evening!" he said when at home again. "It was just such a meeting as we used to have at Barmen, except for the open air."

"You see," said his wife, "it is just as I told you the other day. All the

people of this place are not savages. The Lord has many children here, depend upon it, Hermann.

A fortnight later, on a bright autumn morning, the "Atlantic," a large merchant ship belonging to the firm of Messrs. Krubner, Bären & Co., weighed anchor for New York. The captain was a German, and for the first time in his life had passengers on board, as he had not been in the habit of conveying anything save goods. He was glad to receive our friends, however, for he was a good man, and he knew that they were looking out for even a better country than they were going to start for now.

"Good-bye, dear friends," said Mr. Krubner, shaking hands with Hermann when the signal for departure was given. "May the Lord carry you safely to your destination."

While uttering these words he handed an envelope to Hermann, and disappeared. It contained a fifty-pound note, and inside was written, "For the journey to Wisconsin."

The last intelligence received in London by way of Kirchheim, was that the family were doing exceedingly well; that their house was all but built, and that they did not know how to thank and praise the Lord enough for his unspeakable goodness.

REST.

The following lines were found under the pillow of a soldier who was lying dead in a hospital near Port Royal, South Carolina:—

I lay me down to sleep, With little thought or care Whether my waking find Me here, or there.

A bowing, burdened head, That only asks to rest, Unquestioning upon A loving breast.

My good right hand forgets Its canning now; To march the weary march I know not how.

I am not eager, bold, Nor strong—all that is past; I am ready not to do At last, at last.

My half day's work is done, And this is all my part; I give a patient God My patient heart.

I grasp his banner still, Though all its blue be dim; These stripes, no less than stars, Lead after him.

THE STORY OF FAITH.

Some time ago I stood by the bedside of a sick laborer who had a wife and four children. He had lain sick for three weeks, and the sickness had exhausted all his means. Noticing that he was weeping while we sung a precious song of Zion, I asked him why he wept? Was he perhaps troubled with the thought of parting from his wife and children? He looked at me steadfastly, almost reproachfully, and answered, "Does not Jesus stay with them? Has not the Lord said that he is a Father of the fatherless, a Judge of the widow? No; they are well cared for. I have prayed the Lord that he will be their guardian. Is it not so, wife? You are not troubled; you are not afraid; you believe in Jesus?"

"Surely," she replied, "I believe in Jesus, and rejoice that you go to Jesus. I shall follow you with the children in his own time. Jesus will help me to train up the children through his Holy Spirit."

"Why did you weep then?" he said.

"For joy; for I thought if the singing is so beautiful here, O, how beautiful will it be when the angels help in it! And I wept for joy that this blessedness is so near."

Then he motioned to his wife. She understood, and went to the shelf and brought down a little saucer in which her husband kept his money. There were six groschen (about seven pence) in it, all that remained of his store. He took them out with trembling fingers, and laid them in my hand, and said, "The heathen must have these, that they also may know how to die in peace."

I turned to his wife, who nodded assent, and said, "We have talked it over already. When everything has been reckoned for the funeral these six groschen remain."

"And what remains for you?"

"The Lord Jesus," she said.

"And what do you leave for your wife and children?"

"The Lord Jesus," he said; and whispered in my ear, "He is very good, and very rich."

So I took the six groschen, and laid them in the mission-box as a great treasure, and it has been a struggle for me to pay them away. But if they had not been paid away, the dying man's wish would not have been fulfilled.

That night he fell asleep. And he was buried as a Christian ought to be, with sermon, and hymn, and prayer, and tolling of the bell. And neither his wife wept nor his three eldest children, neither in the church nor at the grave. But the youngest child, a boy of five years, who followed the body, wept bitterly. I asked him afterward why he wept so bitterly at his father's grave. And the child made answer, "I was sorry that father did not take me with him to the Lord Jesus, for I begged of him with my whole heart that he would take me."

"My child," I said, "your father could not take you with him; only the

Saviour could do that; you should pray to Him."

"Ought I, then, to pray to Him for it?" he asked.

"No, my child," I said; "if the Saviour will take you, He himself will call for you; but if He will have you grow up, then you must help your mother, and have her to live with you. Will you?"

He said, "I would like to go to Jesus, and I would like to grow up, that mother might live with me."

"Now, then," I replied, "say to the Lord Jesus that he must choose."

"That is what I do," he said, and was greatly delighted and in peace.—*Pastor Harms of Hermansburg, in "Good Words."*

SWEARING CONVERTS.

Mr. E. was terribly profane. The habit of using God's name lightly had been so long and so strong upon him, that he made it a discouragement and an objection to any effort to begin a religious life. A friend talked earnestly and faithfully with him of his danger and his obligation. He admitted all that was said to be true, but urged, "I couldn't stop swearing."

"Did you ever know a true Christian to swear?" inquired the friend.

"I did once," said Mr. E. "It was my brother Harry. He used to swear every second breath, just as I do. I believe Harry was converted, if ever a man was. A short time afterward, it happened that he left a piece of meat exposed out of doors, and forgot it. Suddenly recollecting his carelessness, he ran out to bring it in, and was just in time to see his dog scampering off with it. Quick as a flash, he shot out an oath, and dashed after the dog. He hadn't so much as reached him when he thought of what he had done, and stopped short. He didn't wait to secure the meat, but turned back to the barn, and shut himself up all the rest of the day. I never pitied a man so in all my life as I did poor Harry; but I never heard him swear again."

"Well, Mr. E.," said his friend, "if the grace of God could keep your brother from his besetting sin, would it not be sufficient for yourself?"

"O! but I am so hot and hasty," answered Mr. E. "I know I should swear more than once."

"I know an instance similar to your brother," said the friend. "The mate of a vessel was converted while on a visit home. When he went to sea again, his comrades watched him closely to see what his new religion was good for; they jeered a good deal among themselves about the praying mate. One day something went wrong, and the convert, in a moment of excitement, threw off oath after oath at his men. Like your brother, he came to himself instantly; he did not wait to find a retired place, but knelt down on the deck where he stood, and entreated God to forgive him. He then addressed those standing about him, asking pardon for his offence, and warning them against a sin so deep and so depraving. There was no more jeering at the mate's religion. The vessel never came to land, and he was among the lost; but the comrades who survived always told the story of his one wrong and his deep repentance, and that incident always stood to them as an evidence of God's power in regenerating a soul. You see, my friend, that to sin from long habit, in a moment of passion, does not so much prove that one is not renewed, and sincerity of the change."

The mercy of God did not forsake Mr. E.; he, too, was brought to repentance, and a Christian life unusual in its reverence and obedience. In relating the above conversation, many years afterward, a listener inquired if he could always keep from swearing after he was converted.

"O! 'twas just the easiest thing in the world," replied Mr. E. "When I turned to God with all my heart and mind and resolution, I never wanted to swear; never was tempted."—*Christian Banner.*

THE BANDS OF ORION.

"Canst thou loose the bands of Orion?"—Job.

The three bright stars which constitute the girdle or bands of Orion never change their form; they preserve the same relative position to each other, and to the rest of the constellation, from year to year and from age to age. They present precisely the same appearance to us which they did to Job. No sooner does the constellation rise above the horizon, however long may have been the interval since we last beheld it, than these three stars appear in the old familiar position. They afford us one of the highest types of immutability in the midst of ceaseless changes. When heart-sick and weary of the continual alterations we observe in this world, on whose most enduring objects and affections is written the melancholy doom, "Passing away!"—it is comforting to look up to this bright beacon in the heavens, that remains unmoved amid all the restless surges of time's great ocean. And yet in the profound rest of these stars there is a ceaseless motion; in their apparent stability and everlasting endurance there is constant change. In vast courses, with inconceivable velocity, they are whirling round invisible centres, and ever shifting their position in

space, and ever passing into new collocations. They appear to us motionless and changeless, because of our great distance from them, just as the foaming torrent that runs down the hillside with the speed of an arrow, and in the wildest and most vagrant courses, filling the air with its ceaseless shouts, appears from an opposite hill, frozen by the distance into silence and rest, a mere motionless, changeless glacier on the mountain side.

Mysterious triplet of stars, that are ever changing, and yet never seeming to change! How wonderful must be the Power which preserves such order amid all their complex arrangements, such sublime peace and everlasting permanence, amid the incalculable distances to which they wander, and the bewildering velocities with which they move! What answer can Job give to the question of the Almighty? Can man, whose breath is in his nostrils, and who is crushed before the moth, unclasp that brilliant starry bracelet which God's own hand has fastened on the dusky arm of night? Can man separate these stars from one another, or alter their relative positions in the smallest degree? What is it that controls all their movements, and keeps them united together in their peculiar forms? It is not mere mechanical agency, originated and uncontrolled, but the delegated power of the Almighty—the will of Him who has the keys of the universe, and "shuteth, and no man openeth; and openeth, and no man shutteth."

How sublime the thought that the same Power which binds the starry bands of Orion, keeps together the particles of the common stone by the wayside—that those mighty masses are controlled by the same Almighty influence which regulates the falling of the snowflake and the gentle breath of summer,—that directs the motions of minutest animalcule, and weaves the attenuated line of the gossamer.—*Sunday Magazine*

THE SWALLOWS.

"How provoking!" said Betty, as she stood with her long broom in her hand under the parlor window.

"What's the matter?" said the vicar, looking out of it.

"Why, sir, these swallows!" said Betty: "four times this summer I have knocked down their nests; they will build under the slates just above; and they make me such work, I've no patience with them."

"Four times! Are you sure they have begun again four times?" said the vicar with interest.

"Sure enough, sir. They got the start of me, and finished their nests the first-time before I noticed them; then I knocked them down with the long rake by help of the ladder; but, in two days, John came to tell me they had got a good way on with new ones. I soon finished them; but if they didn't begin that very evening!—and the next morning I had a good piece to clear away. I thought that would tire them out, and didn't look for a time, but right in the very same place, when I did look, were the two nests built up to the top. 'This shall be the last time,' I said; and I smashed 'em to atoms; and away flew all the birds, pretty well scared. But the obstinate, perverse things won't be conquered. Here they are again, the nests more than half made. Please, sir, might John have the gun to shoot them?"

"Oh, no, Betty!" said the vicar, "by no means."

"Then, sir, I can never get rid of them."

"Don't attempt it, Betty," said the vicar, who had listened with much attention to her complaints. "Let them dwell in peace, where they have had such a trial of patience in building. I wish I may preach as useful a sermon next Sunday as their example has preached to me to-day."

Betty looked amazed. "Not knock them down, sir?" she asked, in a tone of vexed surprise.

"No; don't touch them. Every time they twister, they will remind me of the injunction, 'Faint not.' They have gained their parish, and are under my protection; so take away your broom, Betty," said the vicar with a smile, as he closed the window.

"Ah!" said Betty, as she watched his white head disappearing, "it's all very good, I dare say; but master hasn't got to clean the windows."

No, master had not; but he had trying lessons of patience with a refractory parish full of perverse hearts, and had often been tempted to cry out in despair, "It is enough; I will no longer work here; it is not my place."

joyfully, therefore, did he take the hint from the swallows, and determined to build on, saying to himself, "Perhaps one more season of patient labor, and, like them, I may gain my parish."—*Original Fables.*

SELF-MADE MEN.

The good men in the Bible are all God-made men; such as Enoch, Abraham, Paul. It is the bad who are the self-made men. When a man makes himself, he is not likely to make himself what God would have him to be. Yet this phrase, "self-made," like self-reliant, is often heard from the lips of Christian men, as the expression of something great and noble. "God made man upright, but they have sought out many inventions."