

The Family Circle.

JESUS.

One theme there is that fills the soul With ever new delight: One balm that makes the wounded whole, And nerves the faint for fight. One fount whose waters pure and sweet Flow forth in streams of life, One name that saints may still repeat, Its music quenches strife.

Oh what can thus transport the soul And angel-tongues employ? What medicine make the wounded whole, The mourner full of joy! What flowing fount will pilgrims meet Across the desert sand? What healing name can saints repeat All through the stranger land?

COALS OF FIRE ON THE HEAD.

Joe's small feet clattered vigorously down to the little cave where his boat was hidden. But as he neared the place an exclamation of surprise escaped him, for there were signs of some intruder, and the big stone before the cave had been rolled away. Hastily drawing forth his treasure, he burst into loud cries of dismay, for there was the beautiful little boat which cousin Herbert had given him, with its gay sails split in a hundred shreds, and a large hole bored in the bottom.

Joe stood for a moment motionless with grief and surprise; then, with a face as red as a peony, he burst forth: "I know who did it—the mean scamp! It was Fritz Brown; and he was mad because I did not ask him to come to the launch. But I'll pay him for this caper," said little Joe through his set teeth; and hastily pushing back the ruined boat, he hurried a little farther down the road, and fastening a piece of string across the foot-path, a few inches from the ground, he carefully hid himself in the bushes.

Presently a step was heard, and Joe eagerly peeped out. How provoking!—instead of Fritz it was Cousin Herbert, the very last person, he cared to see; and hastily unfastening his string, Joe tried to lie very quiet, but it was all in vain, for Cousin Herbert's sharp eyes caught a curious moving in the bushes, and brushing them right and left, he soon came upon little Joe.

"How's this?" cried he, looking straight into the boy's blazing face; but Joe answered not a word. "You're not ashamed to tell me what you were doing?"

"No, I am not," said little Joe, sturdily, after a short pause; "I'll just tell you the whole story," and out it came down to the closing threat, "and I mean to make Fritz smart for it."

"What do you mean to do?"

"Why, you see, Fritz carries a basket of eggs to market every morning, and I mean to trip him over this string, and smash 'em all."

Now Joe knew well enough that he was not showing the right spirit, and muttered to himself, "Now for a good scolding." But to his great surprise, Cousin Herbert said quietly—"Well, I think Fritz does need some punishment; but this string is an old trick. I can tell you something better than that."

"What?" cried Joe, eagerly.

"How would you like to put a few coals of fire on his head?"

"What, and burn him?" said Joe, doubtfully. Cousin Herbert nodded with a queer smile. Joe clasped his hands. "Now, that's just the thing, Cousin Herbert! You see his hair is so thick he wouldn't get burned much before he'd have time to shake 'em off. But I'd just like to see him jump once. Now tell me how to do it—quick!"

"If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink: for thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head, and the Lord shall reward thee," said Cousin Herbert, gravely; "and I think that's the best kind of punishment little Fritz could have."

Joe's face lengthened terribly. "Now I do say, Cousin Herbert, that's a real take in. That's just no punishment at all."

"Try it once," said Cousin Herbert. "Treat Fritz kindly, and I am certain he will feel so ashamed and unhappy that he would far rather have you kick or beat him."

ket of eggs in one hand and a pail of milk in the other.

For one minute the thought crossed Joe's mind, "What a grand smash it would have been if Fritz had fallen over the string!" and then again he blushed to the eyes, and was glad enough that the string was safe in his pocket.

Fritz started and looked very uncomfortable when he first caught sight of Joe, but the boy began abruptly, "Fritz, do you have much time to read now?"

"Sometimes," said Fritz, "when I've driven the cows home and done all my work, I have a little piece of daylight left; but the trouble is, I've read everything I could get hold of."

"How would you like to read my new book of travels?"

Fritz eyes danced. Oh! may I—may I? I'd be so careful of it."

"Yes," answered Joe; "and perhaps I've some others you'd like to read. And, Fritz," he added, a little slyly, "I would ask you to come and help me sail my boat to-day, but some one has torn up the sails and made a great hole in the bottom. Who do you suppose did it?"

Fritz's head dropped upon his breast; but after a moment he looked up with a great effort, and said, "I did it, Joe; but I can't begin to tell you how sorry I am. You didn't know I was so mean when you promised me the books."

"Well, I rather thought you did it," said Joe slowly.

"And yet you didn't"—Fritz couldn't get any farther, for his cheeks were in a perfect blaze, and he rushed off without another word.

"Cousin Herbert was right," said Joe to himself; that coal does burn; and I know Fritz would rather I had smashed every egg in his basket than offered to lend him that book. But I feel fine."

And little Joe took three more somersaults, and went home with a light heart, and a grand appetite for breakfast.

When the captain and crew of the little vessel met at the appointed hour, they found Fritz there before them, eagerly trying to repair the injuries, and as soon as he saw Joe, he hurried to present him with a beautiful little flag which he had bought for the boat with a part of his egg-money that very morning. The boat was repaired, and made a grand trip, and every thing turned out as Cousin Herbert had said; for Joe's heart was so warm and full of kind thoughts that he was never more happy in his life—Helps over Hard Places.

BENJAMIN WEST.

Benjamin West was a painter—a great painter, whose pictures, when once they have been seen, can never be forgotten. He loved to choose Scripture subjects, and his great picture of "Christ Healing the Sick," and "Christ Rejected," are wonderful and beautiful proofs of his genius, skill, and taste.

When quite a boy, as he sat watching his little sister asleep in her cradle, the idea of drawing a picture of the child suddenly came into his mind. Hastily fetching some paper and a pen, Benjamin succeeded in making a very tolerable sketch of baby and cradle. From that time he began to make drawings of flowers and animals, and improved very fast. He had had very little schooling, but a kind friend gave him some instruction in reading, spelling, and grammar. All this happened in America, but when West became a young man he crossed the ocean, and travelled to Rome; at length he settled in England. His fame gradually increased, and he was introduced to King George III, and became a great favorite. He painted for his majesty several of his best pictures, which may be seen in Windsor Castle, and for which he received a large sum of money. He rose to the highest honor as a painter, became President of the Royal Academy, and at length died at a good old age, respected and admired by all. His life will supply us with a short but very good motto—PERSEVERE.

Have your efforts proved in vain? Do not sink to earth again; Try—keep trying. They who yield can nothing do; A feather's weight will break them through: Try—keep trying. On yourself and God relying, You will conquer; try—keep trying. You will conquer, if you try— Win the good before you die; Try—keep trying. Remember, nothing is more true, Than that they who dare will do; Try—keep trying. On yourself and God relying, You will conquer; try—keep trying.

THE THEATRE.

The theatre is no novelty, but an institution of centuries. From its birth it has possessed a well-defined character. Twenty two hundred years ago the great Athenian, Aristotle, observed that the dramatic poets of his city had improved upon each other, and had refined their own taste, and that of their audience, until tragedy had attained perfection. The modern drama has made no advancement. In the grandeur of its exhibitions it has greatly deteriorated. A Grecian theatre held from fifteen to twenty thousand spectators; a Roman even eighty thousand. The theatre of Scarus, at Rome, cost five millions of dollars. What are our paltry opera houses in comparison? The theatre, then, has been tested by time. Its matured fruits are familiar to the world. It has been tried by the impartial judgement of the good and wise, for many ages. The judgment which they have pronounced upon it will constitute my argument against theatrical amusements, which may be stated thus:

The wisest men of every age—heathen and Christian—legislators, philosophers, divines—the Christian Church, ancient and modern—have with one voice, from the very birth of the drama, condemned, opposed, and denounced theatrical exhibitions as essentially corrupt and demoralizing, both to individuals and society.

Such is the author's proposition; he then proceeds to introduce the testimony of eminent and observing pagans, and says: "Solon, the chief magistrate and lawgiver of Athens, who witnessed the very dawn of the drama, remarked that 'if we applaud falsehood in our public exhibitions, we will soon find it in our contracts and covenants.'"

Socrates never attended the theatre, in consequence of its immoral character, except when some play of his friend Euripides (the purest of

ancient tragedians) was to be acted. Yet the glory of the stage in his day was never surpassed; perhaps never equaled.

Plato, the disciple of Socrates, whose genius is an honor to humanity, tells us that "plays raise the passions, and pervert the use of them; and, of consequence, are dangerous to morality." He, therefore, banished them from his imaginary commonwealth.

Aristotle, the world-renowned philosopher, the tutor of Alexander the Great, laid it down as a rule, that "the seeing of comedies ought to be forbidden to young people; such indulgencies not being safe until age and discipline have confirmed them into sobriety, fortified their virtue, and made them proof against debauchery." At what age, then, Aristotle, should a sensible adult expose himself to such contamination?

An Athenian spoke to a Spartan of the fine moral lessons found in their tragedies. "I think," said the Spartan, "I could learn much better from our own rules of truth and justice than by hearing your lies."

Ovid, the famous Roman poet, though neither a wise nor a good man, is a competent witness. In his celebrated poems, written expressly in the interest of lewdness, he recommends the theatre as favorable to dissoluteness of principles and manners. In his latter days, in a graver work to the Emperor Augustus, he advises the suppression of this amusement, as a chief cause of corruption.

SPEAK TO HIM ABOUT HIS SOUL.

At a meeting for prayer and fasting last Tuesday, a brother who was, I think, the best man amongst us, made a confession of cowardice, and we all looked at him and could not understand how he could be a coward, for a bolder man I do not know. He told us that there was a man in his congregation who was a wealthy man. If he had been a poor man, he would have spoken to him about his soul; but, being a wealthy man, he thought it would be taking too much liberty. At last one of the members happened to say to him, "Mr. So-and-so, have you found a Saviour?" and bursting into tears, the man said, "Thank you for speaking to me; I have been in distress for months, and thought the minister might have spoken to me. Oh, I wish he had; I might have found peace." I am afraid, that often and often you good people have sinners convinced of sin sitting by the side of you, and when in the place of worship, and when the sermon is over, you ought to get a word with them,—you might be the means of their comfort, but you forgot it, and you go your way. Now, is this a thing to be forgotten, as if it were no great offence? Let me give you a picture which may set it forth. See yonder poor wretches whose ship has gone down at the sea, they have constructed a poor, tottering raft, and have been swimming on it for days; their supply of bread and water is exhausted, and they are famishing; they have bound a handkerchief to a pole and hoisted it, and a vessel is in sight. The captain of the ship takes his telescope, looks at the object, and knows that it is a shipwrecked crew. "Oh!" says he to his men, "We are in a hurry with our cargo, we cannot stop to look after an unknown object; it may be some body's shipwreck, and it may not be, but however, it is not our business," and he keeps on his course. His neglect has murdered those who died on the raft. Yours is much the same case, only it is worse, because you deal with immortal souls, and he only deals with bodies which he suffers to die. Oh, my brother, I do implore you before the Lord, never let this sin lay at your door again; but if there be one who is impressed and needs a word of comfort, fly to the wings of mercy to such a soul, and help to cheer him as God enables you.—Spurgeon.

NOT I, BUT CHRIST.

REMINISCENCE OF THE BERLIN CONFERENCE. A few years ago, while traveling on a railway in Germany, an incident occurred which, at the time, made a very deep impression on my mind. The remembrance of it will remain fresh and vivid to my dying day. I was seated in a third-class carriage, which was filled with Germans.—A feeling of loneliness and isolation for a while oppressed me. I tried to amuse myself by listening to the animated conversation of those who sat near me—the language being not quite unfamiliar to my ear. I found that the principle topic that occupied the busy talkers was the Evangelical Alliance, which had met in the city of Berlin. The papers that had been read, and the addresses that had been delivered during the several days of meeting, had evidently awakened a deep interest in the minds of all. The fact that the King and Queen of Prussia had attended some of the meetings of the Alliance, and had also shown much personal kindness to its members, by inviting them to the palace of Potsdam, could not fail to add to the eclat of the proceedings, and draw public attention more directly toward them.

Amid the general noise of many voices, and the smoke of many cigars, my attention was especially directed to two men in a corner of the compartment I occupied, sitting vis-a-vis, engaged in the most earnest conversation on a subject which was plainly deeply interesting to both of them. I listened attentively, and heard that the theme was Christ. I instantly leaned forward, to catch, if possible, every word. I discovered that the principal speaker, an elderly gentleman, was narrating a remarkable change that his views had undergone, in consequence of an address which he had heard at one of the meetings of the Alliance. From his conversation I learned that, up to the time of his hearing that address, he had always regarded himself a sound and honest Christian. He had always been regular in his attendance at church, and had paid all respect to the ordinances of religion. He had maintained an outwardly decent and respectable character, and would have taken it highly amiss if any one had suggested doubts about the genuineness of his claim to be regarded as a true Christian. He told his companion how entirely that good opinion he had formerly entertained of himself, had been dissipated by the truths he had heard expounded in Berlin. They had forced him to the sorrowful conclusion, that all his former good opinions of himself, and of his relation to Christianity, were wholly a delusion.

"But now," said he, and his beaming eye and quivering voice betokened the warmth of his emotion, "I have discovered what it is to be a Christian." Opening his New Testament at the place, he read, with distinctness, and with an emphasis which showed that he understood and felt what

he read, these words of the Apostle, in the fine old translation of Luther.—"I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." Gal. ii: 20. "The man who can say that," he continued, "is a Christian." He expatiated with great earnestness and warmth on the vast importance of truth which he had discovered, explaining to his willing hearer all the precious things which lay hid in this, to him, most marvellous text. The warmth, and impressive seriousness of his manner, when in the course of his remarks, he again and again exclaimed, laying at the same time, his hand on his heart, "Nicht Ich, sondern Christus lebt in mir."—"Not I, but Christ liveth in me," and I could not help saying within myself: If this stranger has made a great discovery as to the Christian character, so too have I. Familiar with the words he quoted and commented upon, they never appeared to me before so full of meaning, so luminous.—The text came upon me with all the freshness and power of a new discovery. No commentary ever written, no critical exposition, however learned, could exhibit it with so much power as did the simple, fervent utterance of my fellow traveler.

LETTER DAY HYMN.

We are living, we are dwelling In a grand and awful time; In an age on ages telling; To be living is sublime. Hark, the waking up of nations, Gog and Magog to the fray; Hark! what soundeth 'tis Creation, Groaning for the latter day. Will ye play, then, will ye dally, With your music and your wine? Up, 'tis Jehovah's rally, God's own arm hath need of thine. Hark! the onset! will ye fold Your arms in listless look? Up! O up! thou drowsy soldier, Worlds are charging to the shock! Worlds are charging, heaven beholding; Thou hast but an hour to fight. Now the blazon cross unfolding, On, right onward for the right. On, let all the soul within you, For the truth's sake go abroad; Strike, let every nerve and sinew Tell on ages—tell for God. BISHOP COXE.

A STREET INCIDENT.

One Sabbath evening our friend was distributing tracts on Seven Dials, when he saw a dirty-looking fellow, with a pipe in his mouth, and a dog under his arm, and having his boots blacked. The following conversation ensued: "Good evening, my friend, will you have a little book?"

The stranger, stretching out his hand, with a look of surprise, cried out: "Halloo!" From some reason or other—known to no one, not even himself—our friend cried out: "Halloo!" also.

"How long have you been up to this dodge?" asked the dirty-looking man with the dog under his arm.

"About three years," was the answer of the man with the tracts in his hand.

"Does it pay?" shrewdly asked the inquisitive stranger.

"Very well, indeed."

"O yes—anything for an honest living; you may as well do this as anything else."

"Well, rather," replied G—, "for Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."

"You said it paid well?"

"First-rate."

"If it's a fair question to put, what do they stand?"

"A crown."

"A crown?" (drawing up his breath with surprise) "Not so bad either," thinking that a crown a day was meant. "The pay safe, of 'course?"

"Certainly."

"Does it want any introduction to get into it?"

"No; simply apply at the fountain head, and if you suit, you'll be taken on directly."

"I suppose its pretty lasting?"

minister to talk, but it don't seem to do any good I wish you would talk to her, Dr. Nettleton. Saying which, she soon went out of the room.

Dr. Nettleton continued quietly taking his repast, when he turned around to the young girl and said,

"Now, just tell me, Miss Caroline, don't they bother you amazingly about this thing?"

"She, taken by surprise at an address so unexpected, answered at once—

"Yes, sir, they do; they keep talking to me all the time, till I'm sick of it."

"So I thought," said Dr. N. "Let's see, how old are you?"

"Eighteen, sir."

"Good health?"

"Yes, sir."

"The fact is," said Dr. N., "religion is a good thing in itself; but the idea of all the time troubling a young creature like you with it and you're in good health, you say. Religion is a good thing. It will hardly do to die without it. I wonder how long it will do for you to wait?"

"That's just what I've been thinking myself," said Caroline.

"Well," said Dr. N., "suppose you say till you are fifty? No, that won't do; I attended the funeral the other day of a lady fifteen years younger than that. Thirty? How will that do?"

"I'm not sure it will do to wait quite so long," said Caroline.

"No, I do not think so either; something might happen. Say, now, twenty-five? or even twenty, if we could be sure you would live so long. A year from now, how would that do?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Neither do I. The fact is, my dear young lady, the more I think of it, and of how many young people, as well apparently as you are, do die suddenly, I am afraid to have you put it off a moment longer. Besides, the Bible says, 'Now is the accepted time. We must take the time. What shall we do? Had we not better kneel down here and ask God for mercy through His Son Jesus Christ?'"

The young lady, perfectly overcome by her feelings, knelt on the spot. In a day or two, she by grace came out rejoicing in hope finding she had far from lost all enjoyment in this life.

THE STORM AND THE RAINBOW; OR, A SPECIMEN OF THE PREACHING OF WHITEFIELD.

Before he commenced his sermon, long, darkening columns crowded the bright, sunny sky of the morning, and swept their dull shadows over the building, in fearful augury of the storm.

His text was, "Strive to enter in at the strait gate; for many, I say unto you, shall seek to enter in, and shall not be able." "See that emblem of human life," said he, pointing to a shadow that was fitting across the floor. "It passed for a moment, and concealed the brightness of heaven from our view; but it is gone. And where will you be, my hearers, when your lives have passed away like that dark cloud? Oh! my dear friends, I see thousands sitting attentive, with their eyes fixed on the poor, unworthy preacher. In a few days we shall all meet at the judgment-seat of Christ. We shall form a part of that vast assembly that will gather before the throne, and every eye will behold the Judge. With a voice whose call you must abide and answer, He will inquire whether on earth you strove to enter in at the strait gate—whether you were supremely devoted to God—whether your hearts were absorbed in Him. My blood runs cold when I think how many of you will then seek to enter in, and shall not be able. Oh! what plea can you make before the Judge of the whole earth? Can you say it has been your whole endeavor to mortify the flesh, with its affections and lusts—that your life has been one long effort to do the will of God? No! you must answer, I made myself easy in the world, by flattering myself that all would end well; but I have deceived my own soul, and am lost."

"You, O false and hollow Christian, of what avail will it be that you have done many things—that you have read so much in the sacred word—that you have made long prayers—that you have attended religious duties, and appeared holy in the eyes of men? What will all this be, if, instead of loving Him supremely, you have been supposing you should exalt yourself in heaven by acts really polluted and unholy?"

"And you, rich man, wherefore do you hoard your silver? wherefore count the price you have received for Him whom you every day crucify in your love of gain? Why, that when you are too poor to buy a drop of cold water, your beloved son may be rolled to hell in his chariot, pulled and cushioned around him?"

His eye gradually lighted up as he proceeded, till, towards the close, it seemed to sparkle with celestial fire.

"O sinners!" he exclaimed, "by all your hopes of happiness, I beseech you to repent. Let not the wrath of God be awakened. Let not the fires of eternity be kindled against you. See there," said he, pointing to the lightning, which played on the corner of the pulpit—"tis a glance from the angry eye of Jehovah! Hark!" continued he, raising his finger in a listening attitude, as the distant thunder grew louder and louder, and broke in one tremendous crash over the building, "it was the voice of the Almighty as He passed by in His anger!"

As the sound died away, he covered his face with his hands, and knelt beside his pulpit, apparently lost in inward and intense prayer. The storm passed rapidly away, and the sun, bursting forth in his might, threw across the heavens a magnificent arch. Rising, and pointing to the beautiful object, he exclaimed: "Look upon the rainbow, and praise Him that made it! It speaketh peace. Very beautiful it is in the brightness thereof. It compasseth the heavens about with glory; and the hands of the Most High have bended it."

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

"If men were wise in little things, Affecting less in all their dealings, If hearts had fewer rusted springs, To isolate their kindly feelings; If men, when wrong beats down the right, Would strike together and restore it— If right made might In every fight, The world would be the better for it."