

The Family Circle.

The following was written by Mrs. C. C. Farr and sung by the Pine Street Sabbath-school, at the anniversary succeeding Dr. Brainerd's death:

PASSING AWAY.

We are passing away from a world full of care
To mansions that Jesus has gone to prepare;
A rest for the weary when sorrows are o'er,
Rejoicing to meet on the bright shining shore.

Life is passing away as a tale that is told,
The rich with the poor and young with the old;
All journeying on to the silence of death,
To joys everlasting, a home with the blest.

We are passing away through Time's dark rapid stream,
Our days as a shadow and earth but a dream:
Like leaves of the forest to wither and fall,
So sighing and weeping are waiting for all.

Friends are passing away, our loved Pastor we mourn,
He is gone to the land whence no traveller returns;
Translated from earth, free from sorrow and sin,
Through the gates of that city has now entered in.

We are passing away, let us now well improve
The few fleeting moments as onward they move;
And trust our salvation to Jesus alone,
Whose blood all sufficient for sin can atone.

Time is passing away, soon the summons may come,
And bear us above to our Heavenly home;
There join with the ransomed in glory to raise
A song never ending, hosannas and praise.

THE CHILDREN OVER THE WAY.

"Mother it is so very cold, can't we have just a little fire?" The speaker was a little girl about eight or nine years of age, sallow complexioned, and hollow-eyed, and shivering with the intensity of the cold which crept in at every crevice of their barren, fireless attic. Mrs. Ward, the pale sorrow-burdened mother, looked up for an instant from the heavy work which her numb fingers could scarcely fashion, and replied, "Rebbie dear, I have used the last chip that I could find. You must wait until I take home this work. It is finished now, and I will not be long gone from my little girl."

The poor widow's lip quivered, and she bent low over the garment she was folding. But steadying her voice she continued, "You can stand here by the window dear, and the sun will make you feel warmer." Then kissing the wan little face she started out with the work, which was to furnish them food and fuel.

Mrs. Ward had not always lived as she was now doing; for glancing backward two years into the past, she could see the neat little vine-covered cottage, just without the city limits, which she had then called home. Her husband had been a carpenter, and met his death by falling from a building. The wife was left to struggle on with five small children. The gentleman who owned the cottage was a benevolent man, and wishing to assist the needy all he could, he lowered her rent to half its value, and she began her new life quite hopefully. But ere three months had passed, the good man died, the property was sold into hard hands, and the widow turned from the premises. Misfortunes seemed to follow her one after the other. The small house which she then rented in the city was burned to the ground, and but very few of her household goods were saved. During that winter, which was unusually severe, scarlet fever became almost an epidemic in the city, and four of her children were stricken down at once. The persons for whom she sewed were afraid to receive work from the infected house, and the poor woman was left without a resource. Every article of furniture saved from the fire she sold, except a few nearly broken-up pieces, and yet the demand was always greater far than the scanty supply; four of her children she saw laid in their little graves, and although her mother heart was torn and bleeding to the quick, her prayer was, "My God Thou hast done wisely. Thou hast taken the tender lambs into a fold where there is no more suffering, where the good Shepherd will lead them over paths of flowers instead of thorns, and I would say in all meekness and sincerity, 'Thy will not mine be done,' as I pray for strength to 'suffer and be strong.'"

Rebbie had been the last one to take the fever, and it left her far too weak and frail, to live the life assigned her. Upon this little girl, all the mother's deepest, tenderest love settled. She was the widow's all of earth, the one tiny bright star in the dense clouds of her wretched life.

Little Rebbie crept to the window, as her mother bade her do, but the February sun looked very pale, and the warmth from its rays was but feeble indeed. The prospect without was not very cheering. It was but a narrow, dirty street, where ragged children played and quarrelled, and used language which made the little girl shiver more than the cold. But Rebbie's life was not all gloom, and there was at that window a source of great amusement for her. The tenement house was directly opposite the back entrance of a brown stone dwelling which fronted upon a wide handsome street, and here Rebbie found her scraps of pleasure. The nursery was in the rear of the building, a large handsome room, fitted up especially for that purpose, with windows down to the floor and draped with crimson curtains. Rebbie could look directly into this room where four children had each their separate playthings, where they spent most of their days and evenings, and where a pleasant sweet-faced mother presided over their early dinner and supper. The two elder children attended school, but the two younger, a girl

of about five, and a boy of three, were always there, and Rebbie never failed to be interested in the children over the way, as she called them. But something more than usual seemed to be going on to-day. The elder boy and girl had remained from school, a great excitement prevailed the nursery, and extra toilets seemed to be laid out for a week-day costume. The girl of about ten years of age was robed in a rich blue cashmere, and the little one in scarlet, over which her rich golden curls fell with such a grand effect, as Rebbie thought. Her admiring eyes drank in the feast of beauty, and she forgot her cold cheerless condition, as she followed every movement of the young nursery maid as she went through the somewhat trying operation of dressing the baby boy. But it did not appear troublesome to the watching child who made up her mind that just as soon as she was old enough she would be a nursery maid.

We will leave Rebbie at her cheerless post, while we pay a visit to the "children over the way," and see what is the cause of the unusual excitement. Mr. Carrol, the wealthy lumber merchant was master of the establishment, and father of the little ones whose lines of life had fallen in such pleasant places. Mr. and Mrs. Carrol were kind but judicious parents, and their household was a well regulated abode of love and peace. Mrs. Carrol had a twin brother who had for several years been in California. He had now returned, and was to dine with his sister on this particular day. The elder members of the family had seen him before, but the children were to meet him for the first time. This was true in a literal sense as regarded Bessie and Willie the two younger, the little girl having been an infant when he went away, and consequently Willie was a total stranger. The idea of dining with Uncle William was enough to throw the nursery into a state of excitement, and poor Jane, the girl whom Rebbie envied, thought she would never get them dressed. Even the quiet Ida, the womanly ten year old, felt a desire to caper about the room, while Frank and Willie were perfect little colts. Ida finally settled herself at the window where, after a few moments silence, she said:

"Jane, that poor little girl across the street is crying by the window. I wonder what is the matter?" "Ah, Miss Ida, she has that to cry for which you know nothing about," was the girl's reply.

"I suppose she has Jane, but why can't I know? What kind of things do you mean?"

"I mean hunger and cold for two things, Miss. I hain't saw one bit of smoke come out that chimney this blessed day. The poor lady has carried out a big bundle, and I guess she did not leave much but the little child over in that room."

Frank came to his sister's side, and they had just begun a conversation when they were summoned to the parlor, and there Uncle William met them with the wildest joy. Bessie stood off from the stranger a little abashed, and Willie eyed him closely for several moments, before he would trust himself upon the knee of the name-sake uncle he had never seen. It was a gay party which gathered round Uncle William that bleak afternoon, and the little girl sobbing by the low attic window passed from the minds of all. Uncle William was to leave the city in an early night train, so it was necessary for him to leave his sister's about five o'clock. When he had bidden them all good-by, he turned to the children and said:

"Now, little folks I am going to leave something with you." He placed a bright shining five dollar gold piece into the hand of each and added, "I shall pay you a visit in May. This money is yours to spend or do with it as you please and I will expect you to render me an account of it when I come again."

How eagerly those little hands closed over the bright bits, and it was theirs to do with as they pleased. Each compared theirs with the others, and great was the talk they occasioned. Suddenly a grave look settled over Ida's sweet face, and going to her mother's side, she whispered "Mother, I know what I would like to do with my gold piece."

"Do you, my dear; well, tell me what it is?"

"I would like to give it to the poor little girl who lives in the court, right opposite our gate."

This desire of Ida's led Mrs. Carrol to make minute inquiries of Jane, the nursery maid.

"Indeed ma'am," answered Jane, "I am very sure that they need it, and that they are worthy of your charity. It seems to me that the poor lady sews night and day, and indeed ma'am I must say I don't think they have had one bit of fire to-day; for not a bit of smoke have I seen from their chimney."

Mrs. Carrol promised that they should be cared for.

Frank and Ida both wished to give up their money, but both their parents told them to talk it over among themselves and think of it the remainder of the evening and night, and on the morrow they might dispose of it as they pleased. Always accustomed to obey their parents without murmuring, they now kissed them and repaired to the nursery with Jane.

And what of little Rebbie all this while? Cold and hungry she waited the return of her mother, and waited, for what? Only for a bitter disappointment. Mrs. Ward delivered her work, but the boss was out, and the boy in the store could not pay her. She waited a long while, and finally was obliged to go without it. On her way home she stopped at the house of a rich lady, who

had for some time been owing her for some plain sewing. She stated her extreme need, and almost begged for the pittance she had so hardy earned. The lady was sorry, but she really had not any small change in the house. Mrs. Ward would have to call again. Heart-sick and weary, indeed, almost driven to desperation poor Mrs. Ward turned her steps homeward. For herself she might struggle on, but how could she go back to that patient, suffering little child, without fuel, without food? Should she beg of the many persons who passed her to and fro?

Mrs. Ward now paused in wavering doubt. It was hard for her, a lady, to ask alms of her fellow creatures. While thus she hesitated, her eyes were attracted by a bit of crumpled paper on the pavement. Something urged her to pick it up, and she found it was a three cent note. Only three cents, but it would save her from being a beggar this time, and buy bread for her little girl. Fire they must do without, but she need not be hungry. In this her hour of utmost need the Lord had heard her cry. Rebbie did not complain when only the dry bread was given her, and she was told that they could not have any fire; but the shadow of disappointment which came over the thin face, and the patient resignation in the great brown eyes, almost broke the mother's heart. She sat down and taking her darling in her arms, she strove to warm her as best she might. It was thus Mr. Carrol found them just as the shadows of evening were gathering thick in the barren room. Rebbie's attention and interest were immediately aroused, when she found that the gentleman was the father of the children over the way, and he learned that all the pleasure of her dreary little life she found in watching the little ones in the nursery. He made them comfortable for the night, and won a promise from Mrs. Ward to accept of his assistance, and allow his family to befriend her.

Bright and happy were the faces which gathered around the breakfast table at Mr. Carrol's, all excepting Bessie, and she was unusually quiet. Mrs. Carrol knew how eager they were to talk, and she soon broached the subject, by saying:

"Well, little people, how about those yellow jackets, which Uncle William was so lavish with yesterday?"

"We have decided!" cried Frank. "Ida and I want you to use our money to make the widow and her little girl comfortable."

"Yes, mother, I could not touch a penny of it for myself. I will be so glad to do good with it," said Ida.

"Me too, mamma, me too!" shouted little Willie, standing upright on the foot-supporter of his high chair. "Willie be a 'missionary,' and give his old cent to poor little girl."

Having had his say, Master Willie sat down and requested to be waited on immediately with his breakfast.

"I have not heard you speak, Bessie. How is that?"

"I intend to keep my gold piece. I do not want to spend it just now, but I want to lay it away, so that I will have it to look at," answered Bessie, with a sullen look.

Frank was about to exclaim, but a warning glance from his father checked him, and not a word of comment was made on Bessie's selfish choice.

After breakfast little Rebbie was brought over to Mrs. Carrol's, and arrayed in nice warm clothing. She was bid stay in the nursery until her mother wanted her. Ida and little Willie made much of the poor stranger, showing her all their toys and picture books, and trying, in that one morning, to make amends for all the misery of her past life. But Bessie sat moodily by the window, and would not join in any sport.

When Rebbie went home, in the evening, she did not recognize their miserable room, so comfortably as it now arranged, with a bright fire in a stove, a bedstead, nicely covered table, a little rocking-chair for her mother to sew in, and one still smaller for herself. At night the table was set out on the floor, with a lamp on it, and such a supper—warm tea, bread and butter, and meat. The poor child was almost wild with joy, and the widow's tears of thanksgiving flowed faster than those of sorrow, as she knelt down to thank the blessed Saviour, who had put it in the hearts of these dear children to feel so tenderly for them. And who can speak of the happiness which those children felt. Their motive had been purely a desire to do good to the little girl and her mother, and they did not wish that good to stop with the mere gift of five dollars. With a womanly thoughtfulness, Ida conversed with her mother, and it was arranged that she should try and get Mrs. Ward sewing in some nice families, in conjunction with their own, and little Rebbie was to be sent to a primary school. Willie was too young to understand much, but he was happy because the others were, and the three laid down upon their beds of innocence, with the blessed angels to guard them during the night watches.

Now, my little friends, I am sure you will ask, "Was Bessie happy too?" and I will leave you to answer that question in your own hearts. She had her bright, beautiful five dollar gold piece laid in a box, on pink cotton, in order that she might go to it and admire it whenever she felt disposed, just as the miser counts his hoards, and stores them away from the sight of men. But would this bring her the peace felt by her brothers and sister? Their Scripture text for the following morning was, "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Was this a pleasant text for Bessie to repeat, as she lay

wakeful upon her bed? Methinks it will not be very difficult for the little folks to decide who had chosen the better part among those children over the way! So I will now bid you all "Good-night!" with the promise that you shall hear again from little Rebbie and the "children over the way," whom she will now learn to love more than ever, when their uncle William pays his promised visit, in May.—*Vera Montrose in Ger. Ref. Mess.*

"LOOKING UNTO JESUS."

Looking, my Lord, to Thee,
Looking to Thee,
By faith still steadfastly
Walking with Thee;
Thy holy word I love,
Sure pledge of joys above,
Salvation free!

Looking, O Christ, to Thee,
Looking to Thee,
So truly day by day
Following Thee;
Bearing my cross for Thee;
With pure fidelity
Looking to Thee.

Let me Thy face behold,
Saviour divine!
To me Thyself unfold,
And call me Thine,
Then fervently I'll raise
My grateful song of praise,
Looking to Thee.

Though troubles should surround,
And skies grow dark,
My refuge shall be found
Within Thy ark;
My soul shall joyful be,
Ever triumphantly
Looking to Thee.

When the last hour shall oome,
I'll look to Thee;
Then, Saviour, call me home
Ransomed to Thee;
Then, all my conflicts o'er,
Safe on that heavenly shore
I'll dwell with Thee.

DAVID RUSSELL in *The Churchman*.

THE LIFE-BOAT AND ITS LESSON.

BY JANE BOSWELL MOORE.

During a visit to Philadelphia, I saw in different studios, some beautiful pictures, in which I was much interested. After looking at Mr. Richard's large paintings of Cheat River, in whose region, during the war, I saw so many brave soldiers, sick and wounded in the hospitals; Mr. Ramsey's exquisite clusters of ruby-tinted grapes, sparkling glasses, downy peaches, and hardier apples; the soft green meadows, and pleasing New England landscapes of Mr. Wilcox; Mr. Bailey's marble figures of "Surprise" and "Echo;" lonely White Mountain scenes, sketched by Mr. Fenimore; the eloquent face of our loved President Lincoln, and the beaming eyes of "Evangeline," both from the pencil of Pettit; Bonfield's snow scenes; and those inimitable Irish ones by Faulkner, who tells us he was obliged to shut his umbrella twenty times, while sketching, "and it came down—oh! pelt!" We spent some time pleasantly before "Launching the Life-Boat" by Edward Moran.

It is a soul-stirring scene on the coast, where hardy fishermen are dragging a life-boat to the water's edge, regardless of the boiling surf, to be sent forth to the rescue. The artist's brother has photographed the picture; but neither photograph nor pen, can do justice to the splendor of color and sky, the rich masses of dark blue clouds, clearing away after a storm, in which yonder vessel has been wrecked. On the right, several fishermen are bearing through the surf, the apparently lifeless body of a poor shipwrecked voyager.

How little they know of what has been going on, during the stormy night at sea. We need (most of us) to feel danger, for ourselves, before we can rightly sympathize with that of others. The Bible speaks of the "sorrow on the sea," and we should not forget those who "do business in the great waters."

But this picture also brought to my mind the truth that we are all of us voyagers, and exposed to peril of shipwreck. How many shipwrecks of character, and of influence are daily made, and how often does death render such irretrievable! No sailor who starts out on the stormy main, can know with certainty the fate in store for him. Certain events, not to be prevented by human foresight, may cause his wreck; but it need not be so with life's voyager.

For him there is a Pilot ready, to whom every rock and sand-bar are known. A life-boat from which no soul was ever yet cast away, awaits him. In it he may secure passage "without money and without price."

Through faith only we can enter this imperishable bark, and have for our Pilot, the Lord Jesus Christ.

REV. MR. TENNANT'S TRANCE.

He had been sick with fever, which increased, and by degrees he sank under it; and after some time, as his friends informed him, he died, or appeared to die, as persons usually do. But in laying him out one happened to draw his hand under the left arm, and perceived a slight tremor under the flesh; still he was laid out, was cold and stiff; the time for the funeral was appointed and the people came together. But a young doctor, his particular friend, plead with great earnestness that he should not be buried, as the tremor under the left arm continued. His brother Gilbert thought the delay was only trifling, and said,—"What, a man not dead who is cold and stiff as a stake?" The importunate friend prevailed; another day was appointed for the funeral, and the people separated.

During this interval many means were used to discover, if possible, some symptoms of life; but none appeared, excepting the

tremor. The doctor never left him for three days and three nights, when the people again met to bury him, but could not even then obtain the consent of his friend who plead for one hour more; when that was gone he plead for half an hour; and then he plead for a quarter of an hour, when, just at the close of this, on which hung his last hope, Mr. Tennant opened his eyes. They then pried open the mouth, which was stiff, so as to get a quill into it, through which some liquid was conveyed into the stomach. He by degrees recovered.

In regard to the trance itself, he said, using his own words,—"As to dying, I found my fever increase, and I became weaker and weaker, until, all at once, I found myself in heaven, as I thought. I saw no shape as to the Deity, but glory all unutterable. I can say, as St. Paul did, I heard and I saw things all unutterable. I saw a great multitude before this glory, apparently in height of bliss, singing most melodiously, and I was transported with my own situation, viewing all my dangers and my trouble ended and my rest and glory begun; and was about to join the great and happy multitude when one came to me, looked me full in the face, laid his hand on my shoulder, and said—'You must go back.' These words went through me; nothing could have shocked me more. I cried out—'Lord, must I go back?' With this shock I opened my eyes in this world. When I saw I was in the world I fainted; then revived and fainted several times, as one probably would naturally have done in so weak a situation."

He lost entirely the recollection of his past life and his former studies, and could neither understand what was spoken to him nor write nor read his own name. He had to begin all anew, and did not recollect that he had ever read before until he had again learned his letters and was able to pronounce the monosyllables, as thee and thou; but as his strength returned his memory returned also. But, notwithstanding the extreme feebleness of his situation, his recollection of what he heard and saw in heaven, and the sense of Divine things which he obtained continued in full strength; so that he was continually in something like an ecstasy. "For three years this sense of Divine things continued so great, and every thing else appeared so completely vain when compared to heaven, that could I have had the world by stooping down to pick it up I believe I should not have thought of doing it."

CONVERSION OF HUSBANDS.

If Christian wives oftener made the conversion of their husbands the cherished object of life, they would sooner obtain the desire of their hearts. But to their want of consistent Christian living, combined with lack of earnestness, may be attributed the prolonged impotence of their husbands. Rev. T. Cuyler says:

I never despair of the man who had a good mother, or who has a patient, praying wife. I know well the heavy load of despondency that lies on many a true woman's heart on account of the persistent impotence of that husband who is the larger half of her own daily existence. To all such I would say—*Never give him up.* When you sit alone at the communion-table—sundered from him "whom your soul loveth"—plead for him with your Saviour as a woman's heart only can pray. Keep his conversion ever before you as perseveringly as Cyrus W. Field kept before his eye the accomplishment of his ocean-telegraph. Not only beseech God for it, but labor for it yourself. Your prayers will be of no avail if you contradict them by an inconsistent, repulsive conduct, or a frivolous life. I beg of you—do not ask God to lead your husband to the Cross, and then stand yourself right in his way. No man is likely to be won over to religion by the wife who comes home from the prayer meeting or the communion table to scold him, to vex him with an ugly temper, to play the slattern or the scandal-monger, or to neglect her children for the giddy round of evening amusements. We do not believe that God ever answers a prayer that is contradicted by our own conduct.

Live, therefore, for your husband's conversion. Not only pray for him, but draw him. You cannot drive him to the sanctuary, or to the prayer-meeting, or the Saviour. But if, in the name of Jesus, you fasten the silken hawsers of affection to him, and apply the persuasions of earnest lips and of a holy, sweet-tempered, consistent life—you may be joyfully surprised to see how he will go with you. As the huge hull of the "Great Republic"—launched the other day—seemed to bid the little steam-tug, "Draw me and I will go along with you," so has many a husband's resolute will been won along steadily toward Christ by the gentle persuasions of a sweet, prayerful woman's life.

NOT QUALIFIED.

When John Brown, D.D., had settled in Hadington, the people of his parish gave him a warm and enthusiastic reception; only one of the members of that large church and congregation stood out in opposition to him. The reverend doctor tried all the means in his power to convert the solitary dissenter to the unity of feeling which prevailed the whole body, but all his efforts to obtain an interview proved abortive. As Providence directed, however, they happened one day to meet in the street, when the doctor held out his hand, saying, "My brother, I understand you are opposed to my settling at Hadington."

"Yes, sir," replied the parishioner.

"Well, and if it be a fair question, on what grounds do you object to me?"

"Because, sir," quoth he, "I don't think you are qualified to fill so eminent a post."

"That is my opinion," replied the doctor; "but what, sir, is the use of you and I getting up our opinion in opposition to a whole parish?"

The brother smiled and their friendship was sealed forever. How very true and forcible God's word: "A soft answer turneth away wrath!"