# THE AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1867.

# She family Circle.

ARE THE CHILDREN AT HOME? Each day when the glow of sunset Fades in the western sky, And the wee ones tired of playing, Go tripping lightly by, I steal away from my husband, Asleep in his easy chair, And watch from the open doorway Their faces fresh and fair.

Alone in the dear old homestead That once was full of life, Ringing with girlish laughter, Echoing boyish strife, We two are waiting together; And oft, as the shadows come, With tremulous voice he calls me, "It is night! are the children home ?"

"Yes, love, I answer him gently, They're all home long ago; And I sing in my quivering treble, A song so soft and low, Till the old man drops to slumber. With his head upon his hand, And I tell to myself the number Home in the beiter land.

Home, where never a sorrow Shall dim their eyes with tears ! Where the smile of God is on them Through all the summer years ! I know! know !---yet my arms are empty, That fondly folded seven, And the mother heart within me Is almost starved for heaven.

Sometimes in the dusk of evening. I only shut my eyes, And the children are all about me, A vision from the skies; The babes whose dimpled fingers Lost the way to my breast, And the beautiful ones, the angels Passed to the world of the blessed ;

With never a cloud upon them, I see their radiant brows ; The red sword sealed their vows ! In a tangled Southern forest, Twin brothers, bold and brave, They fell; and the flag they died for, Thank God! floats over their grave

A breath, and the vision is lifted Away on wings of light, And again we two are together, All alone in the night. They tell me his mind is failing, But I sm l at idle fears; He is only back with the children, In the dear and peaceful years.

And still as the summer sunset Fades away in the West, And the wee ones tired of playing, Go trooping home to rest, My husband calls from his corner, "Say, love! have the children come ?" And I answer with eyes uplifted, Yes, dear, they are all at home !" -Atlantic Monthly for November.

# GRANDMOTHER'S NAP.

# BY MRS. F. B. SMITH.

The old lady sat knitting upon a blue yarn stocking, although it was a hot July day, for she never forgot in the midsummer time the pinching season that was to come when little "Ben" and Jessie would need a warm covering for their tender feet.

The children were playing in the shadow of an apple-tree just outside the open door and in sight of their grandmother, who was left to watch them while mother and father had gone to the neighboring village for a few purchases.

ing and the hands together fell idly upon she has never run away before, I think I cowering as if dreading every moment a kick horses that carried him safe through for so

wrong things."

All this Jessie's mother said to grandmamma, for father was off in a trice after his treasures

He saw two miserable-looking little chillren dragging slowly towards him as he drove over the brow of the hill,-Jessie with her one shoe, and a muddy stocking and torn dress, and tumbled bair; and dear, lit tle fat Ben, with tears and dirt commingled on his red and swollen face.

arms.

worthy her mother's confidence, if she would with their hands shall also work with their only trust her again. "Even if I am left brains. As inventors, as masters of machine alone with little brother, and grandmamma shops, as managers of factories, as engineers gate if it flies open," she said, "and I'll educated young men, if they will learn a watch Benny carefully while grandmamma trade, would find ample remuneration and a takes a good long nap.'

To be sure mother trusted her again, and I know you will be glad to learn that Jessie cian, we leave out the ministry because it proved faithful, and led baby Ben into no more evil.—Sabbath at Home.

### WHAT PRINCE DID AND SUFFERED.

One day a friend was wondering at the sagacity of the dog, and his master thought he would show off his tricks in a still more. original style; and so, calling Prince to him, he said, "Go home and bring Puss to me!" Away bounded Prince to the farm-house,

and, looking about, found the younger of the two cats, fair Mistress Daisy, busy cleaning her white velvet in the summer sup. Prince took her gently up by the nape of the neck, and carried her, hanging head and heels together, to the fields, and laid her down at his master's feet.

"How's this, Prince ?" said the master; vou didn't understand me. I said the cat and this is the kitten. Go right back, and bring the old cat."

Prince looked very much ashamed of his mistake, and turned away, with drooping ears and tail, and went back to the house. The old cat was a venerable, somewhat portly old dame, and no small lift for Prince; but he reappeared with old Puss hanging. from his jaws, and set her down, a little discomposed, but not a whit hurt by her unexpected ride.

Sometimes, to try Prince's skill, his master would hide his gloves or riding-whip in some out-of-the-way corner, and when ready to start, would say, "Now, where have I left my gloves? Prince, good fellow, run in, and find them ;" and Prince would dash into the house, and run hither and thither with his nose to every nook and corner of the room; and, no matter how artfully they were hid, he would upset and tear his way to them. He would turn up the corners of the carpet, crack of a half-opened drawer, and show as much zeal and ingenuity as a policeman, and seldom could anything be so hid as to baffle his perseverance. Many people laugh at the idea of being careful of a dog's feelings, as if it were the height of absurdity; and yet it is a fact that some dogs are as exquisitely sensitive to pain, shame, and mortification, as any human being. See, when a dog is spoken harshly to, what a universal droop seems to come over him. His head and ears sink, his tail drops and slinks between his legs, and his whole air seems to say, "I wish I could sink into the earth to hide myself."

shall have to pass it over this time. I don't or a blow-turned from the parlor into the believe she thought how naughty it was! kitchen, driven from the kitchen by the Only I am so sorry she has begun to do cook's broomstick, half-starved and lonesome.—Mrs. Stowe's "Queer Little People."

# A CALL TO YOUNG MEN.

William W. Tyler, the son of Prof. Tyler, after graduating at Amherst in 1864 with the second highest honor in his class, commenced his apprenticeship in the Ames Company's works at Chicopee, where he now is, studying the theory of the business and learning to do with his own hands all kinds judge received the two Presidents gladly, Jessie sobbed her penitence out upon her of the work. We give this fact because we and placed them in the seat of honor on the mother's breast, and received her forgiving should like to see the example of young dais by his side, fronting the class, and pro. kiss, and little Ben cuddled up in Grand- Tyler imitated by two or three hundred of mamma's lap after his bath, and fell asleep | the graduates of our colleges No field of with the white pussy hugged closely in his labor offers such prizes of wealth and honor guests wore impressed by his doctrine, he to liberally educated young men as the me-Mamma did not whip Jessie, but she talk- chanic arts. None in which they can more ed to her very seriously about her fault, and beneficially serve with their trained intelmade her understand how surely sorrow fol | lects the community and themselves. For lows sin, especially the sin of disobedience. labor requires and the world is urgent in its The little girl promised to try and be demands that hereafter the men who work wants to sleep in her chair, I'll shut the of great public works and as architects, our

> broad margin for the display of genius and talent. No merchant, no lawyer, no physiis a vocation which requires a supernatural call,-bas such a chance for the fame which lives from generation to generation as the man who links his name with a beneficial invention or stamps it on a great public work. It is the Fultons, the Stephenses, the Brunnells, the Elias Howes who now build to themselves monuments more durable than brass. No man in this country has such a household immortality as Elias Howe, for wherever the sewing-machine lightens wo man's work his name is known and with

> "The great-want of the day is skilled la bor, that is, trained bands-directed by trained brains. And the young mon who, having been liberally educated, turn from the crowded professions to labor, serve an apters of their business, will find themselves before many years in positions of bonor and profit.

We are entering on a new era, the era; of labor. All over the world the laboring classes are seeking their emancipation. In this country, the working men, though far more advanced than those of Europe, are dissatisfied with their position and their wages, and have organized a movement for their own benefit. The movement needs the direction which only educated men can give it; men of brains, who are themselves workers, and who, from living with workmen, know their prejudices and their wants, are needed as leaders to give clear expression to the inarticulate demands of the laboring class, to adjust harmoniously their relations to capitalists and to elevate the laborers themselves from the plane where life is only a struggle for existence. If a young man of education is a philanthropist, the broadest scope for the exercise of his vocation will be furnished to him, if he will but identify himself with the labor. ing class. He must not stand without and atronize them, they will not stend "My hand is as skilful and as hard as your hand," and then they will let his brains di-rect their movements. Shoe-binders of New York. By Mrs. J. McNair Wright. 237 pp., 16mo. Three One of the ominous signs of the times is, that culture is separating itself in thought and action from the uncultivated masses. Even in the churches this sign is apparent. It excites uneasiness among those who believe that one of the distinctive marks of Christianity is that "to the poor the Gospel is preached." The highest service that a young man of piety and education, if he be not called to the ministry, can render to his generation, is to enter a shop and serve a regular apprenticeship at a trade. Like the Moravian missionaries, who sold themselves as slaves that they might labor among the slaves of an island in the West Indies, and found their reward in the conversion and love of hundreds, so the young man who has the spirit to turn from the glamour of false social and professional distinctions, and identify himself with the laboring class, will find not slaves, but earnest, devoted men, who will gladly listen to his words if they be wise, and follow his lead if he be a leader.- Watchman and Reflector.

many years. . . . . . . . . One day Mr. John Quincy Adams, who was addicted to the same vice of intemperate early rising, with much the same consequences, was visiting my father, who invited him to go into Judge Story's lecture-room and hear his lecture to his law class. Now Judge Story did not accept the philosophy of his twofriends in this particular, and would in. sist that it was a more excellent way to take out one's allowance of sleep in bed, and be wide awake when out of it-which he himself most assuredly always was. The ceeded with his lecture. It was not long before, glancing his eye aside to see how his saw that they were both of them sound asleep, and he saw that the class saw it too. Pausing a moment in his swift career of speech, he pointed to the two sleeping figures and uttered these words of warning: "Gentlemen, you see before you a melancholy example of the evil effects of early rising! The shout of laughter with which this judi. cial obiter dictum was received, effectually aroused the sleepers, and it is to be hoped that they heard and profited by the remainder of the discourse.

### **OO-OPERATIVE KITCHENS**

Co-operative kitchens are suggested as a remedy for the chronic evils of housekeep. ing. If a number of families living near to each other would club together and furnish a joint kitchen, and put it in the charge of an efficient cook and steward, then each fam. ily would be relieved from the worry of servants, the trouble of marketing and the expense of separate establishments. The food would be of an improved quality, better cooked and furnished at a less cost than under the old system, and, what is more, there would be more leisure and less occasion for fretting; a change which would reconcile the ladies of the family to the system. In Paris you can send out for your meals, and they are brought to you in a heated apparatus; but then you must pay the keeper of the restaurant his profit. The co-operative kitchen would furnish every thing at cost, and the amount could be paid by assessment on each family, according to the number of mouths to be fed.

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her lap. Jessie was a busy little body. She must have something to do all the time, or mischief would be to pay. She sat still for a minute, thinking, and then ran to ask grandmamma for another doughnut. As she drew near the door she heard the gate creak, and saw that it was unlatched and swinging upon

its binges. As quick as thought, she planned a walk outside. She must have known it was wicked, for she went first and peeped in at the cottage-door to see if her grandmother was observing her. The old lady's head was bowed upon her breast, and she was sleep ing very sweetly. Everything favored. The little girl did not stop to look twice, but went towards the gate, leading baby Ben by the hand.

"Pitty out here !" said the little fellow,

delighted at the change and novelty. Jessie made him run as fast as his feet could carry him until they were out of sight of the house. It was a down-hill road, and seemed easy to their fresh young strength. Half way to the bottom was a stile by the roadside, and beyond, a meadow all golden and white with buttercups and daisies.

The children were in high glee as they went through the stile to pluck the beautiful flowers. The grass came almost up to baby Ben's head, and the white and yellow blossoms nodded to him such a glad welcome that the little fellow laughed and clapped his hands for joy. For a while all went on mer-rily enough Bees were buzzing around, with their strange, lulling music; big but-terflies with black wings dotted brilliantly, and little yellow ones, light and airy, were flying about or settling softly upon the flowers. The children forgot everything but the beauty of the scene before them. Jessie did not once think of the dear old grandmother, who would awake from her nap, and be in a great fright when she missed her dar-

lings. The little girl drew Ben on and on, chasing the bright insects, until they reached a fence that separated them from the woods. By this time the little feet were growing weary, and the hot sun shone too fiercely upon the uncovered heads. How refreshing the cool

shady woods looked ! Jessie was hesitating whether to squeeze through the bars, when a squirrel whisking along just beyond decided her, and she was over in a minute, pulling the little brother after her. The sqirrel led them a long chase, round and round among the trees, until they were tir-ed enough. Besides, there were vines thick with briers, that tore Jessie's neat frock and scratched little Ben's face; and the musquitoes made red itching blotches upon his bare neck and arms till he cried for the discomfort.

"It isn't pitty any more. I want to go home, Jessie," pleaded the little fellow, looking the very picture of sorrow.

Jessie tried to cheer her little brother, though her own plight was forlorn enough. The pretty blue ribbon that bound her hair had been torn from her head as she pushed through the thick bushes, and the smoothlyparted locks were tossed upon her forehead. A rag hung here and there from her frock, and one shoe was sticking fast in a marshy place that was hidden by green grass and mosses and ferns. She sat down upon a stump the feather-bed and mattress, pry into the tired little Ben in her arms, she soothed him as well as she could while her own heart was so full of trouble. Jessie thought yearningly of the dear old oottage as she sat there, torn and heated, apon the forest stump, resting little Ben. 'If only I had minded mother, and not gone outside of the gate," said she, "Benny and I would be cool and nice now, under the apple tree." There was the house-door still open, with the sun-patch upon the floor, and pussy and grandmamma fast asleep. The old clock was ticking so loud that she seemed to hear it at this long distance. Little Ben's playthings were scattered around. The babyhouse of blue china was upon the steps, and dolly lay comfortably upon her bed of grass. The home picture was too enticing, and Jessie started up to return. It was hard tugging the little brother over the way that had seemed so easy in coming. The meadow flowers had lost their attractions for him. All he wanted was to be "home with mother," who would bathe his hot face, and give him cool drink, and lay him to rest on his little snowy bed ! "I'm sure I shall never do it again," said Jessie, as she plodded over the hot road, up the hill that had been so easy to descend. Anybody who had seen the two neat little creatures going down would never have recognized these as the same children. Meantime, grandmother had waked from her slumber quite refreshed, and as she looked ap at the clock and saw the hands pointing two, she recollected the children's dinner. "Little dears !" said she, her very first thought for their comfort. "How hungry they must be !"

"Ben" was a mere baby, only two and a half years old, and Jessie's fourth birthday had just passed away.

They could look into the room where grandmother was sitting, and feel a sense of her loving care and protection while they played; and if Ben, little, fat, clumsy fellow, met with a tumble and a bruise, he knew where to go for a gentle pat and kiss to make all well again.

The children could see the old clock in the corner, and hear it ticking the passing time. They noticed the patch of sunshine upon the carpet, with the white "Tabby" lying there asleep, and now and then they went to sit in the doorway with their aprons full of grass, and little bits of blue china, that they had picked up for a baby-house.

They were very neatly dressed,-Jessie in her simple light print, and her stockings white as snow, with soft kid shoes. Little Ben still wore his baby frock, with bib apron, and his hair was brushed in one great curly roll on the top of his head, from the crown to the forehead. Jessie's was tied snugly with blue ribbon to keep it from her eyes.

It would be very nice to write stories about children that were always good, but that is impossible. There is nobody in the world who does not sometimes do wrong, and the only comfort is, that if we are sorry, and try hard not to commit thesin again, God for Christ's sake will forgive us, and look upon us just as if we had never gone astray.

When mamma kissed her little girl and boy "good-bye" to-day as she was going on her shopping-errand, she said, "You will be good children, and not plague grandmamma; and, Jessie, you must take the best of care of your little brother. You can play here in the door-yard, but you must not open the gate, nor come outside of it, remember."

The child said, "Yes, mamma," and when, she had watched "Old Gray" down the road to the turning by the school-house, she and Ben went back to the step and the shadow of the apple-tree.

Grandmother got up from her easy-chair and brought them each a doughnut from the stone jar in the pantry, and sat down again to her stocking, thinking of the olden times as the needles flew around and around, and the work grew beneath her nimble fingers.

The morning had been very sultry, and as the noontide drew near the old lady was so oppressed by the heat that she felt heavy and drowsy, and although she tried to keep

Then she went to the door to take a peep at them, for they were "the light of her eyes," as she often said.

No little girl and boy outside ! Down the road she looked, for the open gate told its story. Only "Towser" was to be seen, running towards home, and behind him rolled the wagon with the father and mother of the little children in it.

"Where are my babies?" asked mother, almost before the horse stopped at the gate. She had her hands full of books and toys for the dear little daughter and son, whose happiness was her chief aim and pleasure.

could not be found in the house nor about the grounds. When grandmamma told about mother seemed to know in a minute where to look.

Prince's young master, without knowing it, was the means of inflicting a most terrible mortification on him at one time. It was very hot weather, and Prince, being a shaggy dog, lay panting, and lolling his tongue out, apparently suffering from the heat. "I declare," said young Master George,

"I do believe Prince would be more comfortable for being sheared." And so forthwith he took him and began divesting him of his coat. Prince took it all very obediently; but when he appeared without his usual attire, every one saluted him with roars of laughter, and Prince was dreadfully mortified. He broke away from his master, and scampered off home at a desperate pace, ran down cellar and disappeared from view. His young master was quite distressed that Prince took the matter so to heart; he fol lowed him in vain, calling, "Prince! Prince!" No Prince appeared. He lighted a candle and searched the cellar, and found the poor creature cowering away in the darkest nook under the stairs. Prince was not to be comforted; he slunk deeper and deeper into the larkness, and crouched on the ground when he saw his master, and for a long time refused even to take food. The family all visited and condoled with him, and finally for nearly a week. Perhaps by that time he ndulged the hope that his hair was begin-

ning to grow again, and all were careful not to destroy the allusion by any jests or comments on his appearance. Such were some of the stories of Prince's to relate to us. What finally became of the

kitchen fire, and was daily spoken to in kind- company, if the conversation was not es-"Yon'd better jump into the wagon, fath- ly tones by his old friends. Nothing is a pecially animated, and always as soon as he er," said she, "and go down the hill to the sadder sight than to see a poor old favorite, took his seat in his gig, or "sulky," in which and drowsy, and although she tried to keep or, said she, and maybe yon'll see them; sadder sight than to see a poor old lavorite, took his seat in his gig, or suiky, in which full speed, her lids drooped, and the stock- they will be tired enough, I'll warrant. As member of the family, now sneaking and good luck and the good instinct of his

## EVIL EFFECTS OF EARLY RISING.

It is tolerably certain, if early rising makes one stupid and sleepy through the day, that nature is protesting against an infringement on her laws, and in the "Life of Josiah Quincy" is a capital story of a joke passed by Judge Story on two of his friends addicted to this habit:

I have related, in telling my father's doings as President, how he never failed to set his sorrows wore somewhat abated; but he the sleepy students an example of rigid would not be persuaded to leave the cellar punctuality at morning chapel. He deserves the less credit for this example, however, in that he had contracted, long years before, the habit of rising every morning, winter and summer, at four o'clock, so that he had been long astir before the pray-

er-bell rung out its unwelcome summons. talents and exploits which Aunt Esther used | This excess in early hours, however like every other excess, brought its penalty old fellow we never heard. Let us hope, that along with it. Nature would not be cheated Of course it frightened her when they as he grew old, and gradually lost his of her dues, and if they were not paid in seastrength, and felt the infirmities of age son she would exact them out of season. Acthe grounds. When grandmamma told about creeping on, he was tenderly and kindly cordingly, my father was sure to drop asleep, her nap, and about finding the gate open; cared for in memory of the services of his best wherever he might be, when his mind was wherever he might be, when his mind was days-that he had a warm corner by the not actively occupied; sometimes, even in

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