

The Family Circle.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Sing, children, sing,
Sing a merry Christmas lay,
Jesus Christ was born to-day—
He, the Life, the Truth, the Way!
Sing, children, sing!

Look, children, look,
See o'er Syria's plains afar,
How that brightly beaming star,
Shines where Babe and Mother are!
Look, children, look!

Hark, children, hark!
Do you hear the angels sing—
"List the tidings that we bring,
Christ is born, your God, your King!"
Hark, children, hark!

Pray, children, pray,
Christ the Saviour lives on high,
But He hears the humblest cry!
Ever loving, ever nigh,
Pray, children, pray!

House on the Hill.

SANTA CLAUS' GIFT.

It was the first day of December, and Christmas would soon come. Santa Claus sat in his big arm-chair, with his pipe in his mouth—thinking, thinking if he could not contrive some way to make the little children try very hard to be good, so that he could give them more presents this year than ever before.

At last he laid down his pipe, and took off his queer cap, and rubbed his head very hard. Then he said: "Ah, I have thought of a plan. I'll do as the President does—issue a Proclamation." So he called one of his little printers, who print the pretty little books which Santa Claus gives to good children, and said to him: "Get a big sheet of cardboard, and print upon it these words, in the gayest colors and largest type you have:

PROCLAMATION.

SANTA CLAUS PROMISES TO ALL THE LITTLE CHILDREN WHO WILL TRY TO BE VERY GOOD FROM NOW UNTIL CHRISTMAS, A NEW AND BEAUTIFUL GIFT.

SANTA CLAUS' CAVE, Dec. 1st.

In a little while it was finished, and very gay it looked, with its bright border, and red and yellow and green letters.

Old Santa Claus took it in his hand, waved it in the air, and then jumped into his queer little sleigh, with his funny reindeer horses, and away he went, bounding over the frozen ground.

Now, the little printers had made a great many copies of the Proclamation, and they were all in a bundle at the bottom of the sleigh. I cannot stop to tell you what Santa Claus did with them all. You know he can go wherever little children live. Some of them he left at the book-stores and toy shops, but I must tell you of one that he hung on the Great Elm, on Boston Common.

The moon was shining very bright, when he jumped out of his sleigh, took a little hammer from the big pocket of his shaggy coat, and nailed it up where the little children could easily read it.

Then he gave a merry little laugh, and went whirling away as fast as he came.

Very early next morning, people were stopping to read the Proclamation.

First, in the early dawn, would come shop-keepers, and the poor seamstress, hurrying along, and going across the Commons to shorten the way.

Sometimes they would be in too great a hurry to notice anything—even the white, crisp grass, or the beautiful pond, with its thin covering of ice.

But by-and-by the children themselves began to come, to walk in the fresh morning air, and play among the old trees. You may be sure they soon spied the Proclamation fluttering in the air, and all ran to read it. They were all very much pleased, and stood around the old tree, talking and discussing the matter. There was quite a hubbub of little voices, and many merry peals of laughter.

Almost all of them said they meant to try and get the new Gift—all but one naughty boy, who "did not believe there was any such person as Santa Claus."

The children were quite provoked when they heard him say this, and some of the boys proposed pelting him with snow balls, or rolling him into the pond, for daring to speak so disrespectfully of their kind old friend. They did, indeed, run after him, and drove him from the Common.

I do not know what became of him, but I am afraid he found nothing but pebble stones and nut-shells in his stocking that Christmas.

Now, it would take quite too long if I were to tell you about all these little folks—how some of them tried very hard to be good, and others forgot all about it in a little while. But I would like to tell you something about three of them—two little sisters and a brother. Their names were Paul, Emily and Jennie.

They had come to walk on the Common with Nurse, who drew Baby Willie in his little carriage.

Paul had his bow and arrow, which he kept pointing up into the trees, threatening to shoot the birds and squirrels, while little Jennie begged him not to do so, though Nurse told her she need not worry, "there was no danger of Master Paul hitting them."

At last his bright eye spied the Proclamation. "Hush, girls," he said, "there's a splendid bird; I'll have him," and, before sister could stop him, his arrow went whizzing through the air, and right through the centre of the gay letters.

All ran to the tree—Paul very proud of his exploit.

"It is not a bird, only an advertisement; and it's against the law to put them upon the Common," said he, very much disappointed.

"Well, read it, Paul," said Emily. "I'm sure I'm glad it's not a bird." So Paul read it aloud. "Now, that's good," said he, when

he had finished. "Santa Claus is a jolly old fellow. But what does he mean? I suppose we must do something grand—something that will show."

"To be sure," said Emily. "Of course he means that. Now, if we were only big folks, there would be plenty of grand things we could do. You might save somebody's life, you know, and I—"

"Well, any way, I'll try," said Paul. "Perhaps I'll think of something."

"And so will I," said Emily. As for little Jennie, she did not say anything; she thought if great things were to be done, it was of no use for her to try. She could only be what her Mother often called her—"a little sunbeam;" always willing to help others, always pleasant and cheerful. She hoped Santa Claus would not forget her, if she tried to be a kind and gentle little girl. As for Paul, he walked home in quite a brown study. He went to school, but he was more fond of play than of books and study. Above all, he hated writing; and such ugly-looking marks as he made for letters! You would think a whole flock of hens and chickens had walked, with muddy feet, all over the paper. This was a great trouble to his Father, and he often talked to him about it, and tried to make him take more pains with his writing.

Now, Paul resolved he would; and he was a resolute little fellow. He was determined, before Christmas, he would learn to write, and write well, too.

As for Emily, she thought and thought what she could do. She often heard ladies talk, when they came to visit her Mother, about the poor, and of woman's mission being to visit the sick and miserable.

Now, Miss Emily was quite a little woman, and she liked to sit in the parlor and listen to the conversation of older people, though she did not understand half she heard, better than to play with Jennie and the dolls.

Well this wise little lady thought of a great many plans—one was to ask her Mother to let her fill a basket with food and clothes, and go around and distribute them among the poor people. But then she was sure her Mother would not let her go alone, in the dirty, dismal streets, where the poor people live; and she recollected reading the story of a little girl, who went without her parents knowing it, and what trouble she met. So she concluded to give up this plan, and think of something else.

Perhaps she might take care of the sick. How nice to be a nurse in the hospital, and have the soldiers all so grateful, and everybody praising her, and saying she was like Florence Nightingale.

Then she remembered how, one day, her Mother asked her to take care of little Willie, who was sick, a little while. She did not find it pleasant, and was soon tired.

No, she must think of something pleasanter than waiting upon sick people. At last she remembered poor Mrs. Watson, whose husband was a soldier, and had been killed in the great battle of the Wilderness. She had four little children, and worked very hard to take care of them. Emily's Mother often gave them things—food and clothes. Ah! she would make those poor little children some clothes for a Christmas present.

She ran to ask leave of her Mother, who was much pleased that she should think of so kind and useful a plan, and gave her some pretty calico, and nice red and blue flannel, for frocks and sacks.

Well, a very busy little girl was Emily for the next few weeks, and a very industrious boy was Paul. He wrote a long while every day, and though his fingers felt stiff, and his back ached, he would not give it up.

The boys wondered what had happened to Paul, that he did not play with them as he used to do. Indeed, Paul and Emily were just as busy as two such little folks could be; and, I am sorry to say, so busy that they forgot to be kind and obliging to others; and sometimes, indeed, were quite cross and unkind. Baby Willie did not put up his little hand to go to Paul, as he used to do, when he came home from school; and Jennie never asked Emily to play with her, and help her dress her dolls.

Alas! in trying to do some great good thing, they forgot the little good actions that ought to be performed every day.

But Christmas came at last. They were to have a Christmas Tree, and their Aunts and Cousins were coming to visit them. But the evening before, they hung up their stockings by the fire-place in their Mother's room, as though they thought Santa Claus did sometimes give his presents to fathers and mothers, to hang on the Christmas Tree, yet they would rather he would put them in their stockings this time.

Emily had finished a nice little suit of clothes for each of the children, and brought them to her Mother, who praised them much, and promised to go with her the next day to Mrs. Watson.

Paul had brought his writing books, and a nice long page he had written besides, for his Father to see.

He was very much surprised, but very glad and happy, and praised Paul a great deal.

As for little Jennie, she had nothing to show. All these weeks she had been very busy—helping Paul and Emily, taking care of Baby—her little feet running up-stairs and down-stairs, to bring things for the busy ones. She never complained nor fretted, but went on her own pleasant way, without thinking of reward.

Very early Christmas morning, Paul came knocking at the door of his sisters' room—so early that only a little bit of gray dawn was peeping into the windows, and the children looked like little shadows moving along the passage to their Mother's room.

Very softly they opened the door—very softly, for they did not wish to waken their Mother so early. They crept up to the fire-place. Yes, there were the stockings, stuffed full, and sticking out in all shapes; and over them hung a large bundle besides.

One more look to be certain—and then what little feet could help dancing up and down; what little hands could refrain from clapping; what little voices could keep from shouting!

Certainly, Papa and Mamma could sleep no longer. Then down on the floor, each with a stocking, they sat. First, Paul untied his large parcel. It was a beautiful writing desk, containing paper, pens, pencils, wafers, envelopes, sealing-wax and seals, even a tiny wax candle and matches—everything that one could need to write or draw.

On the outside, in golden letters, was his name, and "A reward for learning to write." Then, in the stocking he found a beautiful book, a knife with many blades, a fine ball, and every corner, to the very toe, was stuffed with candies and goodies. Happy Paul! it was just what he wanted.

Emily's big parcel was examined next. It was a work-box, complete with every article needed by a little seamstress, from the tiny silver thimble, and set of shining scissors, to the rows of glittering needles. There were knitting needles, too, and crochet, and on the cover her name, and "A Reward for Industry." In her stocking, too, was a book, and a pretty coral necklace and bracelets, and as many bon-bons as could be crowded in so small a space. Emily was as delighted with her work-box as Paul had been with his desk.

And now they all turned to little Jennie and her stocking. First there was a doll, for its pretty head was peeping above the stocking—and a beautiful little lady it was, dressed in the latest style, with pretty blue eyes, and long ringlets, and rosy cheeks, and on her sleeve was pinned a paper, with "My name is Grace," written upon it.

There, too, was a necklace and bracelets like her sister's, and quite as many "goodies." But far down in the toe, they felt a paper. Jennie's little hand had soon pulled it out. It was a letter to "Miss Jennie." Mamma read it for her: "Santa Claus to his little friend, and to her brother and sister, sends love. He hopes they are pleased with their presents. But if they will look in little Jennie's face, they will see she has the best gift of all.

"There is no present so beautiful as a sweet and gentle face. To have this, children must be always pleasant, good and kind."

A pretty little ring was in the letter, and on it were written these words: "It is better to be good than to be great."—The House on the Hill.

[COMMUNICATED.]

THE HYMN OF WILLIAM ALARD.

(1572-1645.)

When I behold the sacred blood,
Thy body broken for my good;
O blessed Jesus, may they be
As flame and as a light to me.

So may this flame consume away
The sins which in my bosom stay,
Destroying fully from my sight
All vanity of wrong delight.

So may this light which shines from Thee
Break through my darkness utterly,
That I may seek with fervent prayer,
Thine own dear guidance everywhere.

From the Latin.

S. W. D.

THE WORD OF GOD NOT BOUND.

In the Mamertine prison at Rome, two stories under ground in the solid rock, there stood a few years ago, and is probably standing still, a granite column, where, tradition says, the heathen Romans chained the Apostle Paul, and on the top of that column is the inscription in Latin, "The Word of God is not bound." Above ground was heard, but a few days ago, the tread of French troops who had hastened on from their own France to prop up for a little longer the waning power of that spiritual despotism whose chief work in the earth for many centuries has been to bind the Word of God. The hired troops of the Papacy and the minions of France have availed to scatter the suddenly gathered bands of the brave Garibaldi; but the end is not yet, and that voice that a few years ago rang through Europe, and across the ocean, and around the world, saying, "The hope of free Italy is a free Bible," will continue to stir the heart of Italy till God's Word there has "free course and is glorified."

"The Word of God is not bound." No matter what any human power may say or do, it is the mandate of God that his wonderful Book shall be unloosed for the freest circulation in all the world. It is his decree that copies of his Word shall be multiplied as drops of dew, until every home on the wide earth is blessed with the Bible, and every heart is made better by its doctrines.

Behold how God is carrying forward his design of unbinding his Word and sending it over the earth. The first book ever printed in movable type was the Bible in Latin. It was not known to the people whence the wonderful volume came. Many believed it the work of the Devil. Faust, who sold a few copies of this first edition in Paris, was arrested for magic. God seemed to lay his hands on the first types, and say, "I consecrate this art of printing to my glory, in the publication of my Word to men."

The first English Bible was issued by Tyndale from the banks of the Rhone. Persecution had driven him forth from his own country. England did not want the Bible, and Tyndale dared not unloose the chains with which God's Word was bound in his own land. And when it was known in Britain that God's Word was unbound, that it was coming in their mother and common tongue to speak to the English nation, the Government sent out a warning, arrayed itself against the intruder, ordered all the ports to be closed against it. But in vain. The Bible ran the blockade, and from that

day to this, more than three hundred years, God has been speaking to men in our English tongue. The Romish bishop of London, determined still that God's Word should be bound, bought the whole of Tyndale's first edition of the Bible, and burnt it publicly at St. Paul's Cross; but God, who "taketh the wise in their own craftiness," overruled his folly and madness. The money derived from this sale of the first edition brought out a new and larger edition. No power on earth can bind God's Word.

In 1802, a Welch minister, moved by the great destitution of his countrymen in regard to the Bible, came up to London with the sad tale to ask for help. Meeting some friends, he urged that a Bible Society should be formed to print and circulate Bibles among the Welch. "Certainly," was the response; "and if for Wales, why not for the world?" From this sprang all our modern Bible Societies. For more than half a century they have been busy in the blessed work of unbinding the Bible. In the first fifty years, the work of this British and Foreign Bible Society was the circulation of forty-six millions of God's Word in one hundred and forty-eight languages and dialects. With the earliest Puritans the Bible came to the New World, and was translated into the Indian tongues. In 1816 the American Bible Society was formed. It has issued over twenty million copies of the Bible, sending forth more during three years of our late war than during the first twenty-eight years of its existence altogether. In addition to these two great Societies that are publishing and circulating the Word of God, there are numberless private publishing houses and other societies in this country, in Europe, and other parts of the globe, that are doing the same work—breaking the bonds of the Bible, and setting it free to go forth among all men of every clime. And now, over all the earth, in all lands, on all continents and islands, on board of steamers, men-of-war, merchant vessels and whalers, every where, will you find the Word of God. It cannot be bound.

A traveller in Egypt asked his guide to buy for him a copy of the Koran. "Ah!" said he, "No Mohammedan would sell it if he knew it was for an infidel." Through the secret influence of God on the minds of Mohammedans, they have been led to keep the Koran to themselves, and thus narrow the influence of its false teachings. They count it a profanity to print it. It can be found among them only in manuscript. This traveller succeeded at last in getting a manuscript copy for eleven dollars. How differently do we regard the Bible. We give it to the world. We hasten to put it into print, and into every language. We desire to see it in the hands of all men—of infidels, atheists, scorers, philosophers, and peasants; in the hands of the Mohammedan, by the side of his Koran; in the hands of the Hindoo, by the side of his Vedas. We count it no profanity to print our sacred Book, nor to expose it to any eye. We would have all mankind see, read, understand and believe. And we give it to men, not for a few dollars, but for a few cents, for nothing; yea, we press it upon them as a free gift.

The Bible is the Book for the world. All need it. All can understand it. It is suited to every man. It is the best foundation for governments. It is the noblest advocate for civil and religious liberty. It is the great foe of all oppression. It is dreaded by all tyrants, who would keep men in ignorance and slavery. It is the enemy of all formalists and bigots. It lays its axe at the root of all the errors and evils of society. It is the best and greatest educator. And above all, it is the great Book for the soul of man. It is God speaking to him. It brings man face to face with the eternal realities. It takes the human heart, marred and dimmed by earthlyness, blackened, and blasted by the curse of sin, and makes it a fit diadem for the Crown of Jesus. It reaches down to the lowest and vilest and lifts them up, and creates them anew in the image of God. It is a book for the sorrowful, for the guilty, for the dying.—Report of Dauphin Co. Bible Society.

NECK-TWISTING IN CHURCH.

The following is old but it will bear reading again, and the hint may do some good:

A curious story is told of an eccentric old minister, who was annoyed by a habit his people had acquired (and which prevails, by the way, in all other churches, even now and hereabouts, to some extent) of twisting their necks around every time anybody entered the door and passed up the aisle of the church, to see what manner of person it might be. Wearied with the annoyance the old man exclaimed one Sunday: "Brethren if you will only cease turning your heads round whenever the door opens, and you will keep your attention on me, I will promise to tell you, as I preach, who it is that comes in." Accordingly he went on with the services, and presently made a stop as one of the deacons entered, saying, "That is Deacon—who keeps the grocery opposite." And then he announced in turn the advent of each individual, proceeding the while with his sermon as composedly as the circumstances would admit, when, at last a stranger came in, and he cried out: "A little old man with green spectacles and a drab overcoat—don't know him—you can all look for yourselves." It is hardly necessary to add that the good man carried his point, and there was but little neck twisting seen in his congregation after that day.

The London "Saturday Review" contains the following on intemperance among English women: "The most remarkable thing about the spread of a taste for stimulants is its extension to ladies. If one's own observation did not serve to discover the fact, 'The Lancet' assures us that women are falling into habits of drinking not less fatally than men. But we might very well have

found this out without reading a medical newspaper. Any philosopher who chooses to go to a ball, and take his stand near the buffet, or survey the supper-table with an observant eye, will see that the old-fashioned beverages which cooled but not inebriated are indeed supplied, just for form's sake, but that they have entirely lost their ancient popularity. He will see young women dash off as much champagne and claret-oup, in the course of a single lively evening as would have more than sufficed their grandmothers for a month. The ease and familiarity with which they drink is worthy of the most accomplished frequenter of a New York bar. That the results are not more astonishing than they are is in itself a most satisfactory proof of a seasoned head. At dinner, one may notice the same taste for stimulants. The afternoon tea is beginning to be tea and something else."

A PROTEST AGAINST DANCING.

Religious objections to dancing have little weight with many who are coveting a worldly position, but possibly the opinion of a sensible man who does not look at the matter in its religious bearings, may carry greater influence. The editor of the New York Evening Gazette, which has a higher literary spirit than any of the other New dailies, says:

We have no objection to dancing. For young people it is a very delightful and sensible recreation. It is a better thing for children than the stupid games which range from "loto" to "blind man's buff." It is a beautiful and cheerful exercise, and in many ways a beneficial pastime. But for mixed companies of grown people, we abominate it. Ladies may like it—some of them evidently do like it. And yet, even they must at times pine for the higher enjoyment of pleasant conversation, which is now so completely exiled from New York society.

Gentlemen who go to their home at evening for rest and home quiet, are not always made happy by spending half or two-thirds of the night in dancing. Sensible ladies, who enjoy good conversation, are not especially delighted with a night of tiresome dancing. But he or she who keeps up with latter-day society and customs must join the ranks of the dancers or be blanks. Dancing is the order—and the nuisance—of the day. There is too much of it. All sensible men and women are tired of it. We want conversation in its place. If this cannot be, gentlemen will seek the clubs, and ladies will form themselves into little circles of their own, in which they can find the real enjoyment they desire.

CLASSICAL FRENCH AND ENGLISH SCHOOL

FOR

Young Men and Boys,

Thirteenth and Locust Sts.,

PHILADELPHIA.

The Course of Study in this School

as its name might indicate, is quite comprehensive; but a

Sufficient Number of the Best Teachers is employed to

Secure Thorough Instruction in Every Department.

The Principal's long experience and extensive acquaintance with the best schools in the country, both public and private, have familiarized him with the

Best Methods of Teaching.

The discipline of the School, therefore, and all its appointments are such as have been proved to be best adapted to promote the great object and end of true education, the highest moral, mental, and physical development of the pupil.

THE CHARGE FOR TUITION,

which has heretofore been same for all pupils, without regard to the number and class of studies pursued, varies now according to the following scale:

For English studies, \$80 per session.
For Drawing, Latin, and Greek, \$5 extra.
For French, German, and Spanish, \$10 extra.

IN THE PRIMARY DEPARTMENT

which is under the direction of an efficient Instructor, the charge is \$15 per session.

BENJ. KENDALL, A. M., Principal.

FREDERICK FEMALE SEMINARY,

FREDERICK, MD.

Possessing full Collegiate Power, will commence its

TWENTY-FIFTH SCHOLASTIC YEAR

The First Monday in September.

For Catalogues, &c., address

July 25-1yr Rev. THOMAS M. CANN, A. M., President.

WYERS' BOARDING SCHOOL

FOR YOUNG MEN AND BOYS.

FORMERLY A. BOLMANS,

AT WEST CHESTER, PA.

A Classical, English, Mathematical and Commercial School, designed to fit its pupils thoroughly for Colleges or Business.

The Corps of Instructors is large, able and experienced; the course of instruction systematic, thorough and extensive. Modern Languages—German, French and Spanish, taught by native resident teachers. Instrumental and Vocal Music, Drawing and Painting.

These studies begin on Wednesday, the 8th of September next.

Circulars can be obtained at the office of this paper, or by applying to

WILLIAM F. WYERS, A. M.,

Principal and Proprietor.



THE CHEAPEST AND BEST IN THE CITY.