

The Family Circle.

VOICES OF THE DEAD.

When the hours of day are numbered, And the voices of the night Wake the better soul that slumbered To a holy, calm delight; Ere the evening lamps are lighted, And like phantoms grin and tall, Shadows from the fitful firelight Dance upon the parlor wall, Then the forms of the departed Enter at the open door— The beloved, the true-hearted, Come to visit me once more. He, the young and strong, who cherished Noble longings for the strife, By the roadside fell and perished, Weary with the march of life! They, the holy ones and weakly, Who the cross of suffering bore, Folded their pale hands so meekly, Spoke with us on earth no more! An I with them the being courteous Who unto my youth was given, More than all things else to love me, And is now a saint in Heaven. With a slow and noiseless footstep, Comes that messenger divine; Takes the vacant chair beside me, Lays her gentle hand in mine; And she sits and gazes at me With those deep and tender eyes, Like the stars so still and saint-like, Looking downward from the skies; Uttered not, yet comprehended, Is the spirit's voiceless prayer; Soft rebukes in blessing ended, Breathing from her lips of air. Oh, though oft-depressed and lonely, All my fears are laid aside, If I but remember only Such as these have lived and died.

PEBBE BARTLET.

A little over one hundred and thirty years ago the great Jonathan Edwards, afterwards President of Princeton College, was pastor of a church at Northampton, Mass. It pleased God about that time to pour out His Spirit very copiously upon that town, so that great numbers of people were converted and gathered into the Church of Christ. This revival was so extraordinary in its power and so marked in its characteristics that it attracted notice far and near, and even among the ministers and churches of England. Having been requested to do so, President Edwards afterwards wrote a little volume, giving a full account of this wonderful work of grace.

One of the peculiarities of this revival was that a considerable number of children were hopefully converted, and it would seem that the conversion of children must have been regarded in those days as a very extraordinary thing, for President Edwards says in his book: "It has heretofore been looked on as a strange thing when any have seemed to be savingly wrought upon and remarkably changed in their childhood; but now I suppose near thirty were so appeared so wrought upon, between ten and fourteen years of age, and two between nine and ten, and one about four years of age; and because I suppose this last will be with most difficulty believed, I shall give a particular account of it." Thank God that in these days of more abundant parental and Sabbath-school instruction we have become familiar with the ingathering of even very little children into the fold of the Good Shepherd! May the time soon come when every pastor, parent and Sabbath-school teacher shall be found laboring and expecting to see the children converted in early youth.

The little child of "about four years of age," above referred to, was named Pebe Bartlet, and President Edwards gives a detailed account of her conversion. From this account the following facts are drawn.

Pebe Bartlet was born in March of the year 1751. She became seriously impressed about the beginning of May, 1755. Her parents, who were pious persons, often addressed good counsels to their older children, but they had not directed themselves particularly to her, on account of her extreme youth. Probably Christian parents often make such mistakes, forgetting that the blessed Spirit is able to make the truth effectual to the salvation of the very youngest child capable of comprehending it. But about this time a little brother of Pebe's, about eleven years of age, had been himself hopefully converted, and began to talk seriously to her about the great salvation. How beautiful the picture of this little brother, only eleven years old, trying to lead his little sister, four years of age, to the feet of Jesus! Oh, that brothers and sisters were oftener so engaged in this Christlike work!

God blessed the efforts of this loving little brother, and Pebe was soon observed to listen earnestly when her parents talked to the older children. She also began to retire, several times a day, to her closet for prayer. This practice became more and more frequent, reaching to five or six times a day, and she was so earnest that nothing could divert her. Her mother often watched her when difficulties interposed or when Pebe was especially engaged, but never saw her omit her visits to her closet at her regular times. Many very remarkable instances of her putting aside difficulties and engagements for this purpose were mentioned. Pebe seemed to have learned what it was to seek after God in the right way. And His promise to all children is, "They that seek me early, shall find me."

Once, of her own accord, she spoke of her lack of success in finding God. Still she persevered in offering her supplications. On Thursday, the last day of July, her mother heard her voice as she was engaged in her closet, in loud and earnest entreaty. Among her supplications she heard these, "Pray, blessed Lord, give me salvation. I pray, I beg, pardon all my sins." After Pebe came from her closet she sat down by her mother, crying aloud and rocking her body to and fro, like one in great anguish of spirit. Her

mother made some ineffectual attempts to quiet her. At length she suddenly ceased crying and said with a smiling countenance: "Mother, the kingdom of God is come to me."

Her mother was greatly surprised at so sudden an alteration, but said nothing, when Pebe began to quote from her catechism a few words here and there, such as "Thy will be done," and "enjoy him for ever," which seemed to give her great pleasure.

The next time she came from her closet she said to her mother, with a bright and cheerful countenance, "I can find God now," and added, "I love God."

"How much do you love God?" asked her mother—"better than you love your father or mother, or your little sister Rachel?"

"Yes," said Pebe, "better than I love anything else."

Her mother asked her whether it was the fear of going to hell that had made her cry so.

"Yes," she answered, "I was afraid, but now I shall not go there!"

When the older children came home from school that day, they were greatly affected by the manifest change that had occurred in Pebe. On her side, she evinced the deepest anxiety that they too should seek and find God. She earnestly engaged in prayer for them, and when a neighbor found her in tears and asked why it was, she said it was because she feared her dear sisters would go to hell!

From this time there was a remarkable and abiding change in Pebe. She was very strict in her observance of the Sabbath-day, and longed for its coming. She loved God's house, and was always eager to go there. In divine services she was always very attentive. When asked why she liked so much to go to church, she said it was "because she wanted to hear Mr. Edwards preach!" She was also very fond of listening to religious conversation.

In her intercourse with other children she always exhibited a tender conscience, was careful to avoid doing wrong things, and if she had done them inadvertently or without a full understanding of their nature, she would exhibit the most poignant regret.

She had a great love for her minister. On one occasion he had taken a long journey for his health. When Pebe heard of his return, she exclaimed to her childish companions, "Mr. Edwards is come home! Mr. Edwards is come home!" as if it were the most joyful tidings imaginable! She would by no means miss saying her catechism to her mother every night before going to sleep. She never omitted it but once; when she forgot it, and then immediately called out in tears to her mother, nor could she be quieted until it had been repeated.

Such is the account President Edwards gave of little Pebe Bartlet. Now many readers will be ready to say, "Surely such a child died very young. Many children—and many grown people, too—have a very foolish idea that children who become pious very early, almost always die young. Pebe Bartlet did not die young. After she had grown to be a woman, she married Mr. Noah Parsons, and lived very happily to the advanced age of seventy-four years.

All through these years, as far as is known, she glorified her Saviour by a most consistent and exemplary life. How many souls she may have been instrumental in guiding to Christ during those many years we have no means of knowing, but one such instance is known and we must narrate it here.

When our little Pebe had grown to be a very old woman, she went to live with a relative in some other town at a considerable distance. Not far from her new home lived a lad named Justin Edwards, who was frequently at the house in which she lived, and became deeply interested in her. As she grew sick and infirm, it became a pleasure to him to minister to her wants in various ways. At last she died in triumphant hope, and departed to that blessed heaven she had been looking for ever since she was converted at four years of age. Justin Edwards was deeply impressed by her consistent and cheerful piety, and was made to feel deeply that there was a reality and value in religion. He knew the early history of Pebe, and he resolved without delay to seek her God and Saviour and her heaven. He did so, and found them; and consecrated his life to the service of Christ. He became an eminent and honored minister of the Gospel, a wise and able instructor and author, and spent a long and useful life in the Master's service. Since his death his biography has been published in a volume, which relates how his serious thoughts and resolves were stirred by the holy example of the aged Pebe Bartlet.

May some of those who read these columns be affected by that example as he was, and led thereby to seek and find the blessed Saviour.—S. S. Visitor.

WHICH WAY ARE YOU GOING?

A little girl, named Sarah, went home from church full of what she had seen and heard. Sitting at table with the family, she asked her father, who was a very wicked man, whether he ever prayed. He did not like the question, and in a very angry manner replied, "Is it your mother, or your aunt Sally, that has put you up to that, my little girl?"

"No, father," said the little creature, "the preacher said all good people pray; and those who don't pray are not going to heaven." "Father, do you pray?"

This was more than her father could stand, and, in a rough way, he said, "Well, you, and your mother, and your aunt Sally, may go your way, and I will go mine."

"Father," said the little creature, with sweet simplicity, "which way are you going?"

This question pierced his heart. It flashed upon him that he was in the way to death. He started from his chair, burst into tears, and began to pray for mercy.

DIDN'T THINK.

Opening the door of a friend's house one day, I made my way through the entry to the small back court, where Ned, the only son, was crying bitterly.

"Ah, Ned, what is the matter?" "Mother won't let me go fishing. Harry and Tom are going to the harbor, and I want to go." Here Ned kicked his toes angrily against the post to the great danger of his new boots.

"Whose little dog is this?" I asked, as a brown spaniel came bounding up the garden walk.

"It is mine," cried Ned, in an altered tone. "Didn't you know I had one?" "No, indeed. What a fine little fellow. Where did you get him, Ned?"

"Father bought him for me. He is so knowing, and I teach him many things. See him find my knife," and Ned, wiping away his tears, threw his knife into the clover.

"There Wag," said he, "now go and find my knife." Wag plunged into the grass, and, after a great deal of smelling and wagging, he came triumphantly forth, and brought the knife to his young master. "Give it to him," said Ned, pointing to me; and Wag laid it at my feet.

"This is a knife worth having," said I; "four blades."

"'Tis a real good one," said Ned; "father gave it to me on my birthday; and he gave me a splendid box of tools, too." Ned looked up brightly, and quite forgot his crying.

"Let me think," said I. "Was it this knife that you hurt your foot so with?"

"Oh no," cried Ned, "that was done with an axe; but I've got well now."

"I was afraid you would be laid up all the Spring."

"Well, it was mother's nursing, the doctor says. Mother and father took very great care of me. It was lonely staying in the house so; but mother used to leave her work and read to me, and father often stayed with me."

"I should think you had very kind parents, Ned." The boy looked down on the floor, and a slight pout puckered his lip. "I suppose there are none who have your interest and happiness so much at heart."

"But I want to go fishing," muttered Ned.

"And can't you trust them, Ned, and willingly agree to their wishes? You may not indeed, know the reason why they object to your going; but, from all your experience of their kindness and wisdom, are you not sure that they would not cross your wishes without good reason for doing so? And surrounded, as you are by so many proofs of their love, will you sit there and murmur and cry, and fill your heart with angry and stubborn thoughts against them, because of this one little denial of your wants? Is not this a poor and ungrateful return for all their kindness? It is little enough that a child can do for a parent, but that little he ought to do most cheerfully. I suppose the best return a child can make to parents is a cheerful obedience. How small that seems!" And will you grudge giving that, Ned?"

Ned looked sober. Tears started in his eyes. "Oh, sir," said he, humbly, "I didn't think of all this—I didn't think of it."

Didn't think of it at the bottom of a great deal of our ingratitude and murmuring against both our earthly parents and our Father who is in heaven.—Children's Friend.

FAULT-FINDING.

There are people who have a preternatural faculty for detecting evil, or the appearance of evil, in every man's character. They have a fatal scent for carrion. Their memory is like a museum I once saw at a medical college, and illustrates all the hideous distortions, and monstrous growths, and revolting diseases, by which humanity can be troubled and afflicted. They think they have a wonderful knowledge of human nature; I prefer to study it in the beautiful and majestic forms of heroes and gods. It is a blunder to mistake the *Newgate Calendar* for a biographical dictionary.

A less offensive type of the same tendency leads some people to find apparent satisfaction in the discovery and proclamation of slighter defects in the habits of good men and the conduct of public institutions. They cannot talk about the benefits conferred by a great hospital without lamenting some insignificant blot in its laws, and some trifling want of propriety in its management. Speak to them about a man whose good works everybody is admiring, and they cool your ardor by regretting that he is so rough in his manner, or so smooth, that his temper is so hasty, or that he is so fond of applause. They seem to hold a brief requiring them to prove the impossibility of human perfection. They detect the slightest alloy in the pure gold of human goodness. That there are spots in the sun is with them something more than an observed fact—it takes rank with a *priori* and necessary truths.

There are people who, if they hear an organ, and out at once which are the poorest stops. If they listen to a great speaker, they remember nothing but slips in the construction of a sentence, the consistency of a metaphor, or the evolution of an argument. While their friends are admiring the wealth and beauty of a tree, whose branches are weighed down with fruit, they have discovered a solitary bough, lost in the golden affluence, on which nothing is hanging. Poor Hazlitt was sorely troubled with them in his time. "Littleness," he said, "is their element, and they give a character of meanness to whatever they touch. They creep, buzz, and fly-blow. It is much easier to crush than to catch these troublesome insects; and when they are in your power, your self-respect spares them."

Suppose that this habitual depreciation of character never sinks into actual falsehood and slander, and that every fault, alleged, or hinted, or suspected, can be proved; suppose that this ignoble criticism is not ignorant blundering, and that every imagin-

ed imperfection is real—is this carping, cynical temper much less censurable, or are the words it prompts much less injurious? The influence of talk of this kind is gradually to lead people to believe that there is nothing in this world which it is safe to trust, honorable to love, or discriminating to admire. Reverence for saintly goodness vanishes; gratitude for kindness is chilled; and that enthusiastic admiration of great genius, which communicates to common men something of the strength, and inspires them with something of the dignity, belonging to genius itself is ignominiously quenched. It is a Christian grace to have pleasant and affectionate thoughts about men, to rejoice in their excellencies, and charitably to forget as far as may be their shortcomings. It is the attribute of a pure and beautiful nature to have an eye quick to discern, and a heart warm to honor, all that is fair, and bright, and generous in human nature. That which discourages the charity that thinketh no evil, and give keenness, if not malignity, to the discovery of imperfection, are corrupt and unwholesome; they are not to be spoken by ourselves, and are not to be listened to when spoken by others.

THE SCOURGE.

Those who live near Vesuvius, we are told are so accustomed to the desolation from the volcanic eruptions that they become insensible to the danger except at the moment of actual peril. Then attention is arrested only when the burning stream rolls down in torrents upon their houses, and as soon as the molten lava cools they return to their old haunts and homes to repair the waste and soon live on with little apparent concern about any future danger. Their history illustrates a moral phase of society. Drunkenness sweeps over our land. Next to Great Britain, probably there is not a more besotted nation in the world than ours. Whether this be so or not, the curse is here, and blights and blasts on all sides. The *New York Tribune* computes that the whole cost of liquors annually made and sold in the United States, that is, whisky either in pure or derivative state, is about \$500,000,000. In the consumption of this liquor, 60,000 lives are yearly destroyed, 100,000 men and women are sent to prison, and 200,000 children are bequeathed to poor-houses and charitable institutions. In addition, 300 murders and 400 suicides are committed, and the expense connected with these events is \$200,000. It is estimated that one in every fifteen persons in the State of New York is substantially made a pauper by drunkenness. Eight hundred thousand baskets of champagne more than are produced in all the champagne districts of Europe are drunk in this country. Where do these come from? Madra is made by passing the oil of whisky through carbon. Vinegar, beet-root, sulphuric acid, and copperas, are used to make port wine. New York city alone, says the *Tribune*, annually manufactures wines to the value of \$8,000,000.—What is the result? The report of the New York State Inebriate Asylum contains one answer. Here is the record of applications: Clergymen, 39; Judges, 8; Merchants, 340; Physicians, 226; Gentlemen, 240; Rich Men's Daughters, 1,300.

Here are facts. Drunkenness is not simply the vice of the ignorant and the poor. The bloated faces of men in broadcloth, the dissipated expression of the countenances of well-dressed clerics, attest the presence of this great foe. And yet how indifferent the community as a whole, is to the great curse! How many good and influential men and women give the use of "wines and even stronger drinks the sanction of their example. Eminent clergymen will drink with their parishioners, and we have heard not long since of one case where a person who was struggling against this habit, was invited by a clerical friend to join him in a glass, and the latter must have known that if the former complied it was at the peril of a return to his old drunkenness.

We ask then of all friends of humanity to aid the cause of temperance by giving the force of their words and example against the use of wine and other liquors on festive occasions. Teach the young the doctrine, and enforce on them the practice, of total abstinence from strong drink as a beverage. It is the old beaten path, still it is the strait and narrow way that leads to virtue, peace and true religion. Think a moment. We pay 500,000,000 dollars annually for what? To make men drunkards, and then we have to spend another item of hundreds of millions for jails and asylums to take care of the criminals and paupers that are made by the first 500,000,000 dollars.—*Christian Register*.

"TO BEG I'M ASHAMED"

Somebody said that, but it was not Farmer Jones nor Squire Brown.

The farmer has a quarter section of choice land—a capital farm; good fences, and well-filled stock-yards and corn-cris. The squire is well to do. They talk about mortgages, and 7-30's and 5-20's in his strong box. You will be surprised, but they were the beggars. This was the way of it.

Brother Poor is our minister. A good one too. The people like his preaching, and the young folks like him. But he has five children. (Poor men's blessings, you know.) We give him five hundred dollars a year. He says it takes it all for food and clothing; and now that cold weather is coming on, he don't know how to buy shoes and wood and winter apples. So we called a church-meeting to see about raising another hundred.

Farmer Jones and the Squire were opposed to it. They gave ten dollars apiece, and couldn't afford any more. Family expenses were heavy. The farmer was going to send Susan away to school, and that would cost him at least \$500. (Mr. and Mrs.

Poor teach their children at home.) The squire had a particular use for his spare money. (More 5-20's, perhaps, if you know what they are. I never saw one.) "Brother Poor," said he, "Brother Poor ought to have more money; but I don't see that we can raise it. I move we apply to the Board."

The farmer seconded the motion. Widow Smith rather objected. She had always, though poor, managed to school and clothe her children without the aid of charity, and she thought she would like to furnish them Gospel preaching in the same way. She had heard that the money was contributed to the Board as a charity fund, to be dispensed among poor churches who really needed it; and she couldn't see much difference between receiving aid from the Board, when they could by a fair honest effort among themselves get along without it, and taking money out of a church collection and spending it for yourselves. "In short," said she, "we can't apply to the Board without making beggars of ourselves. If I couldn't have the Gospel without begging for it, then I would beg, and not be ashamed; but as long as we are able to support our minister ourselves, to beg I am ashamed."

So was the congregation. We made up the hundred dollars on the spot; and the next week all the parson's children, who had been going barefoot all summer, went around in new shoes, the little ones all copper-tipped; wood-shed about full, I think twenty bushels of apples in the cellar, and we didn't beg any of them for him.—*Presbyterian*.

CONCERNING THE SOUL.

A preacher once endeavored to teach some children that their souls would live after they were dead. They heard his words, but did not understand them. He was too abstract; he shot over their heads.

Snatching his watch from his pocket, he said, "James, what is this I hold in my hand?"

"A watch, sir."

"A little clock," said another.

"Do you see it?"

"Yes, sir."

"How do you know it is a watch?"

"It ticks, sir."

"Very well; can any of you hear it tick?"

All listen. After a little pause.

"Yes, sir, we hear it."

Then he took off the case, and held that in one hand and the watch in the other.

"Now, children, which is the watch?"

"The little one in your hand, sir."

"Very well, again. Now, I will put the case aside—put it way down, there, in my hat. Now, let us see if you can hear the ticking."

"Yes, sir, we hear it," cried several voices.

"Well, the watch can tick, and go, and keep time; you can see, when the case is off, and put in my hat. So it is with you, children. Your body is nothing but the case. The soul is inside. The case may be taken off; and buried in the ground; may be cast into the fire, or thrown into the sea, but the soul will live on just as well without the body, as this watch will keep on ticking when the case is laid aside."

Now, that illustration and that thought will live in the minds of those children who heard it, forever.

IMPORTANT FACTS RELATIVE TO CONSUMPTION.

The general mortality is twenty-two to the thousand per year; of this one-seventh fall victims to a disease which ever seeks by preference, its victims among the young, the beautiful, and the talented—pulmonary consumption.

Hitherto little has been achieved toward ascertaining the precise nature of tubercle, still less toward either a remedial or a preventive treatment of its attacks. It is due to M. Villemin, adjunct professor at the Military Hospital at Val de Grace, Paris, that within a year the scientific world has been awakened to the fact that probably consumption is contagious, that certainly it is inoculable. Like other communicable diseases, only a limited number of species are susceptible to its poison, perhaps none but man, the monkey, the cow, and possibly the rabbit. Carnivorous animals seem not at all liable to the disease, and sheep, birds, &c., though subject to complaints very similar in symptoms, never present cases of real tubercle.

The experiments of inoculation were made by taking a portion of tuberculous deposit and inserting it under the skin of a living animal. Subsequent dissection showed that in from ten to twenty days the lungs indicated unmistakable evidence of tuberculation, and by the fifty-eighth day not the lungs only, but the kidneys and the spleen as well, were advanced in the characteristic degeneration. Inoculated in a pregnant female, abortion was the almost invariable result, and always the progeny met with an early death.

When it is remembered that in consequence of the fixed belief that the disease was not communicable, no precautions have even been employed to counteract its virus, or to put on their guard and protect from influences those who are obliged to be exposed to it, we see at once the important bearing of these researches.

In France, alone, the mortality from phthisis reaches the enormous figure of 200,000 every year, and in this country the proportion is probably greater. Although M. Villemin's theories have not been received with entire favor, and have in some quarters been severely criticised, they seem based on careful experiments, and explain many otherwise inexplicable facts in the history and diffusion of the tubercle. We believe they will yet be found to be of great service in furthering our knowledge of the disease.—*Medical and Surgical Reporter*.

Let God steer for you in a storm. He loves to be trusted.