

The Family Circle.

[COMMUNICATED.]

THE LORD WILL GIVE GRACE AND GLORY.

BY J. C. F.

O, pilgrim, thy way may be dreary and long, The wilderness barren, the storm loud and strong, But One walketh ever beside thee in love, His grace He will give thee and glory above.

O warrior, stand firm though the darts of the foe Are hurled from the regions of death and of woe; Thy Chieftain is with thee, He'll conquer or prove, His grace He will give thee and glory above.

O weary one, bowed with the toils of thy life, And weak with the tumult and din of its strife, Each burden thy Master has weighed in His love, His grace He will give thee and glory above.

O stricken one, rest in the light of thy Lord, Though the earth-clouds hang drear and but darkness afford; He beareth thy sorrows and heareth thy cry, His grace He will give thee and glory on high.

O wanderer, turn to the crucified One, Whose blood will suffice for thy sins to atone; He'll welcome thee, pardon, receive thee in love, His grace He will give thee and glory above.

His grace shall be thine for each hour of thy need, His arm thy support where thy steps He shall lead; And then—O the rapture of bliss and of love That waiteth thy coming in glory above!

THREE NAIL SCRATCHES.

"Find a piece of board, six nails, and a hammer, and bring them to me," said Mr. Andrews to his son Philip one Monday morning. Philip collected the articles required, but greatly wondered to what use his father was going to put them; so on entering the parlor, he said:

"I thought, father, that you was going out this morning for the whole week?"

"So I am, my boy, and the board, the hammer, and the nails are for your mother's use while I am away. There are six nails—one for each day; the board is for the nails to be driven into, and the hammer is to drive them in with."

Philip was not a wicked boy, but when over his father was from home he took advantage of his absence, teased his brothers and sisters, constantly neglected his lessons and had a hundred thoughtless tricks, which gave his mother annoyance and trouble. Whenever Mr. Andrews returned from a journey, his peace was always broken by a long list of complaints against this perverse son.

"I have talked, and talked, and talked again," was always part of the mother's report. "I'm tired of talking, I am sure nobody has more said to him than Philip, and yet I don't see that it does him a bit of good."

Mr. Andrews quite believed this, and therefore he had thought of a new mode of registering Philip's feelings; so he said:

"Now Philip, ask your mother to please to come here, and I will explain how the nails, and the board, and the hammer are to be used."

The three were quietly seated, when Mr. Andrews, in a calm and affectionate manner, said:

"Philip's face wore a very comical, inquiring sort of a look, as his father proceeded: 'If you are good every day of my absence, the board will be as smooth and clean when it is shown to me on Saturday night as it is now. But for every day you misbehave yourself a nail will be driven in; if, however, you should afterward be good, a nail will be drawn out for each day.'"

Philip certainly feared a stern look from his father, much more than the long lecture of his mother. On this occasion Mr. Andrews did not look stern, but he looked very lovingly and anxiously, and so long at him, that Philip felt the tears trickling down his cheeks, and his father gave him an affectionate kiss; then he stole out of the room, fully resolving that the board should be given in on Saturday night as clean and smooth as it then was.

Philip, however, in making this good resolution, had never thought of asking help from the Strong Arm, and besides that, he had no notion of offering up a prayer to God, except his usual morning and evening prayer. After trying to be good for a few hours, he found it so difficult that he gave it up, and when night came, his mother said:

"Philip, I am very sorry, but I really must drive a nail into that board to mark this day's misconduct."

"Ugly nail!" said Philip, when he saw its black head on one side of the board; and the point half an inch through on the other. On Tuesday the same careless and thoughtless conduct was repeated, and another nail was driven into the board. On Wednesday he was worse than ever, and a third nail was inserted. On Thursday night Mrs. Andrews told him she really believed he had been trying to be good, so she would knock a nail out. She, therefore, turned the board over, hitting one of the nails on the point, and out it fell on the floor. On Friday Philip secured a good character, so another nail was removed, and about an hour before the return of Mr. Andrews, on Saturday night, the last "ugly nail" was knocked out.

When Mr. Andrews returned, he gave each member of the family an affectionate greeting, and they sat down to tea. Philip came about his father's chair all the time, but he did not look happy. He said he was glad his father had come back, but still his

face showed that he was uneasy about something. "Now, Philip," said his father, as the tea-things were carried out of the room, "let me see the board." Philip carried it to his father. After thoroughly looking at it for some time at this silent reporter, Mr. Andrews said: "Well, my boy, I am glad to see there are no nails in it. Not a single nail, eh?" "No, father," said the weeping boy, "but there are the marks!" "Ah, yes," said the father, "there are the marks. You have rubbed the nails, but the marks remain. So it is always, my dear son, with sin. Every sinful word you speak, every wicked act you commit, you make a mark on your soul—a spot, a stain, which cannot be removed by any earthly means. But if you repent of your sins, and turn with humble trust to your Saviour, all of your sins shall be removed, and when you are called to give up your account, you shall give it up with joy and not with grief." — Youth's Magazine

LETTER FROM MR. HAMMOND TO THE CHILDREN.

WORDS FOR LITTLE CHRISTIANS.

DUBLIN, IRELAND, Dec. 12th, 1857.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS—Some of the little readers of the AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN may remember that a year or two ago, I wrote some letters for little children. But they were only for little ones who had not learned to trust in the Saviour.

This letter, I intend for little Christians. I know there are a good many under twelve years of age in America, who truly love the precious Saviour, but they seldom get books or letters written especially for them.

Are you, my dear little one, a true Christian? Then I have some words for you, which I pray God may use to help you to cling to Jesus. If you really have a new heart I wish you to be quite sure of it. I find some children here in Dublin, who, when under six years of age, gave their hearts to Christ, in 1859, and they are still bright and happy Christians. But do I hear you say, "I did hope that I had given my heart to Christ, but sometimes I am almost afraid to believe, that I have been truly converted?" But before I ask you any questions, I wish you would listen to some answers which a little boy in London gave me a few months ago. Perhaps you will find that if you had been asked the same questions, you might have given the same answers. He was about nine years of age. I found him, one night, lingering in the chapel and I asked him, "Why he looked so happy?"

"I think it is because I have found Jesus." "But what makes you think you have found Him?"

"O, I know I have." "But how do you know it? It says in 1 Peter, 'Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you, with meekness and fear.' Now what is your reason for thinking that you are a Christian?"

"Because I know that He has forgiven me all my sins." "But have you really felt that you were forgiven, since you were born?"

"I know I have done many wicked things." "What wicked things have you done?"

"Oh, I have told lies and disobeyed my parents. But the other night when I heard you tell of how Jesus Christ died such a dreadful death on the Cross for us, I felt I was a great sinner not to love Him for it. I felt ashamed that I had never thanked Him for His great love to me. If He had not been wounded for our transgressions, I know I must have been lost forever. It made me cry to think that I had been so wicked not to love Him."

"And did you repent of this sin?" "Oh yes, I was very sorry for it, and I asked Him to forgive me."

"But did He forgive you?" "Oh yes." "How do you know?"

"I know it because I heard you read out of the Bible, if we confess our sins, He is faithful, and just to forgive us our sins, and I confessed my sins and so I know He forgave me."

"But are there no other reasons why you think you are a Christian? What do you love now that you did not love before?"

"Oh, I love Jesus and I never thought much about Him before. I feel that He is near me most all the time. I think about Him when I first wake up in the morning."

"And is there anything else that you love that you did not love before?"

"Yes, I love to pray. Before I just said my prayers because my mother taught them to me, but after I got a new heart, I loved to pray. And sometimes I pray now as I walk the streets, I pray for my little friends that they may love Jesus, and be as happy as I am."

"Is there nothing else that you love that you did not love before? Do you not love the Bible now?"

"Oh yes, very much. I love to read it as often as I can. I could not understand it before, but now I love to hear it read. Every morning when Papa reads it, I listen to every word."

"What part of it do you like best?" "The New Testament, where it tells about how Jesus died for us."

"Tell me how you feel towards those, who, you think, are Christians?" "I love to be with them. If I know they love Jesus then I love them very much."

"In 1 John, 3rd Chap. 14th verse, it says: 'WE KNOW THAT WE HAVE PASSED FROM DEATH UNTO LIFE, BECAUSE WE LOVE THE BRETHREN!' Now if you, my little friend, have repented of your sins, and have come to Christ for pardon; if you love the dear Saviour, and love the Bible, and love God's people, then it would be quite right for you

to say, 'I know that I have passed from death unto life, because I love the brethren.' If this is all true that you have told me, then it was quite right for you to answer me in the way you did, when I asked you what made you so happy. But what are you going to do when the devil tempts you to do wrong?"

"Pray to God to help me to do right." "But what if you forget to pray and so do wrong? Almost before you think of it? What if you get angry and say some naughty words almost before you know it—what will you do then?"

"I shall go and tell Jesus I am very sorry, and ask Him to forgive me." "But suppose something says to you—you are not a Christian; for if you had been you would not have displeased Jesus. What will you do then?"

This seemed to trouble the little boy, and then I said to him: "For the first few months after I gave myself to Christ, I used to find to much sin in my heart, that I often for a short time, did not dare to hope that I was a Christian, and Satan often at such times said to me: 'You are not a Christian; but I should remember that Jesus said in John vi. 37, 'Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.' And so I used to go at once to Him and say, 'Here, dear Saviour, even if I was deceived before, I give myself to Thee now. O take me and make me Thine own obedient child.' And He always took me back to His loving bosom." And whenever Satan tempts you to think that you are not a Christian, if you will go to Jesus, I am sure He will receive you. But if you live near to Him and pray to Him every day and seek to obey His commands, you will be happy all the time."

Could you, my little reader have given the same answers, if these questions had been put to you?

If you have read them carefully and can truthfully say yes, then I think it right for me to tell you that God has, for Jesus' sake, forgiven you your sins, and given you a new heart, and that He has written your name in the "Book of Life." In Revelation, chap. 10th, No. 1, Jesus' words to you are, 'I WILL NEVER LEAVE THEE, NOR FORSAKE THEE.' Oh, then, cling to Him, "trust in Him at all times," and He will do better for you than you can ask or think. Work for Him; try and bring others to Him. Pray with them as well as for them. Have a place and time to pray and read the Bible every day all alone; always have some one on your mind to pray for and keep praying for them until they come to Christ. Do not fail to tell them how Jesus died that they might be saved. If you work in this way for the Saviour, you will be both useful and happy. How sad your father and mother would have felt, if you had been born deaf and dumb so that you could never have spoken a word. Do you not think Jesus will be grieved if you never speak for Him?

Oh, do not grow up one of these dumb Christians. Take a great many to Heaven with you. But you will have many stars in your crown of rejoicing."

ALEXANDER WHILLDIN.

This name, familiar as a household word to our church and to the business community of our country, is associated with a life of godly enterprise, and steadily gathering in honors as in years, may well be placed before our children and youth as a stimulus and an encouragement.

The Commercial List of this city has recently made Mr. Whilldin the subject of a biographical notice, from which we make the following extracts; adding that Mr. Whilldin's consistent, cheerful, and beautiful piety, and his faithful discharge of his duties as an officer and member of the church are just as marked as any of the business qualities enumerated in the article. Few successful business men seem to have acquired as little taint of worldliness as he. So much needed to be said to give due completeness to the extracts. Mr. Whilldin, it should be added, is a member of the Presbyterian Publication Committee and one of the Trustees of the Presbyterian House.

Among the many merchants who have contributed to the prosperity of our city, none are more deserving of honorable mention than the subject of our present sketch, Alexander Whilldin. He is the son of Daniel Whilldin, who was in 1810 Captain of the ship Oscar, which traded between Philadelphia and sundry European ports. Mr. Whilldin was born in this city on the 29th of January, 1808. When he was quite young his parents removed to a farm at Cape May, and his father, who was an experienced and popular seaman, was lost in 1812, in an attempt to run the blockade of that year. The calamity by which Mr. Whilldin was deprived of a father's fostering care, occurred in sight of the Delaware Capes. Had the vessel, which contained a cargo of olive oil and other valuable commodities, succeeded in reaching this port in safety, its commander would have been rewarded with a profit of \$100,000, which in those days was thought to be a handsome competency. Captain Whilldin left a wife, two daughters and a son, the gentleman whose life we briefly notice to-day.

Alexander remained upon the farm aiding in the support of his mother until he was eighteen years of age, when he came to Philadelphia in search of employment. His entire capital consisted of a rustic suit, a small bundle of clothes for a change, and twenty-five cents in cash. Thus poorly equipped, the young aspirant for fortune made his way into a strange city, where he had neither relatives, friends, nor acquaintances. The situation of the rustic may be better imagined than described; but, undaunted by hardships and unallured by temptations, he pushed on, resolved to conquer circumstances, in place of being con-

quered by them. He commenced the search for employment on Delaware avenue, by calling at the individual houses there located. After many rebuffs he came at last to the store of Messrs. Widdfield & Corlies, cotton and fish dealers, on the wharf above Market street, and these gentlemen taking a fancy to the lad's honest countenance, inquired what he could do. He replied that he could do any thing he was told to do, and this response, tuning in with the proclivities of the Quaker members of the firm, they set him at once to nailing up fish barrels, doing portage and other work about the store. By energy, industry and activity he soon placed himself at the clerk's desk, and at the end of two years became business manager of the concern with a salary of \$800 per annum.

Soon after this the firm of Widdfield & Corlies became involved, and were obliged to suspend. The creditors of these gentlemen had such faith in the ability of Mr. Whilldin that he was appointed to close up the business of the firm. This obligation he discharged to the entire satisfaction of all the parties interested. In the year 1828 this enterprising young man entered into business on his own account, having by his well-attested character secured a special partner in the person of Mr. S. Hood, with a capital of \$20,000. Taking up the business of the old firm, he prosecuted it with such untiring devotion, that at the end of two years he was able to divide \$30,000. Our young merchant's ideas, soon shot far beyond those of his partner, and the firm was dissolved, when Mr. W. removed to Church alley, where he remained nearly ten years, engaged in the woolen and cotton yarn business, a branch of trade which he has successfully pursued up to the present time.

In 1837 the financial storm swept away nearly all of Mr. Whilldin's assets. He rose superior to misfortune, and succeeded finally in conquering it, and keeping it at bay. By incessant efforts directed towards one object he was enabled to retrieve his lost fortune. In the year 1850 he again lost heavily, but again surmounting this hindrance to fortune, his success since that period has been uninterrupted, and he has now secured a sum amply sufficient to gratify the tastes of the most ambitious. Mr. Whilldin has three sons and one daughter. The title of the firm is now Alexander Whilldin & Sons, L. M. Whilldin having been admitted January 1st, 1851; Alexander Whilldin, Jr., in 1852; and John S. Whilldin January 1st, 1858. The father still continues at the head of the firm in the old store, which is located at No. 20 South Front street, extending through to Letitia street, in which locality they have been for the last thirty years.

True to the principle which originally secured his prosperity, Mr. Whilldin has ever borne the reputation of an excellent, honest and upright man. He first tests the worth of an object, and then bends his energies to its accomplishment. For a number of years he served as Vice President of the Corn Exchange National Bank, and during the absence of Hon. Alexander G. Cattell acted as its President. He is also President of that excellent institution, the American Life Insurance Company—a position which he has enjoyed since the year 1855. He is also connected with the American Sunday School Association, the Seamen's Friend Society, and a number of other useful and benevolent institutions.

WHO RUNG THAT BELL?

That there is a sleepless Providence watching over all the affairs of men, and often by special agencies, bringing to light, as in the flash of a moment, the crimes which they commit, finds additional confirmation in an event which has recently occurred in Enfield, Conn., and which merits a more permanent record than a mere passing thought. A young man belonging to one of our most respectable families, but who, from his irregular habits, had been strongly suspected of being guilty of criminal offenses, and had once under arrest for passing counterfeit currency, and escaped by forfeiting his bonds, on Sunday night, a few weeks since, broke into a store at Hazardville, and loaded a wagon, which he had previously stolen and drawn to the door, with various kinds of merchandise. He then entered a stable, and attempted to lead out a valuable horse owned by the man from whom he had stolen the goods, intending to harness it to the wagon, and make off with his booty in the stillness of the night, when he thought no eye could see him and no ear hear him. Just at that moment, however, the bell from the village church tower sounded out an alarm loud and clear upon the night air, startling the inhabitants from their slumbers, who, supposing it to be a fire alarm, rushed into the street, and caught the thief with his plunder, before he had time to escape from the village.

The ringing of that bell, however, was a mystery. But upon inquiry, it was ascertained that the sexton, in ringing the bell for the church service, the day previous, had, by a seeming accident, so turned it up and set it, that he could not pull it down with the rope, and not having a key to the belfry door, he was obliged to let the bell remain in that position. Just in time to detect that youthful criminal it came down without human help, and sounded that midnight alarm. After his arrest, goods were found in his possession, which were taken from a store in Thompsonville a short time previously; and he confessed that with the aid of an accomplice, he had broken into it and stolen several hundred dollars' worth of merchandise. The owner of these goods had formerly employed him, as a clerk in his store. Thus the ringing of that bell without human hands, brought several criminal offences to light, and arrested the offender in his dishonest career.

ROME AND THE BIBLE.

About three hundred years ago, Martin Luther had translated and printed the Bible for the people to read, great numbers were leaving the Romish Church and becoming Protestants. The Romish bishops were very much alarmed. They wrote a letter to the pope, in which they said that the Bible was the cause of all the trouble they were having, and that the only way to prevent the people from leaving their churches was to stop them from reading the Bible. They said there were so many things in their church that were different from what the Bible taught, that if the people were allowed to read the Bible, nothing could prevent them from becoming Protestants. This was a strange confession for them to make, but still it was the truth. And here is an illustration of it.

There was an honest Roman Catholic man who knew nothing about the Bible. Somebody gave him a Bible. He began to read it. After a while he said to his wife, "While, if this book is 'true' we are 'wrong.' He went on reading the Bible. It showed him what a great sinner he was, and he became alarmed. Then he said, "Wife, if this book is true we are 'lost.' But still he continued to read the Bible. Then he learned to know and love Jesus. He found out that there was another and better way of salvation than that which the priests taught, and then he said "Wife, if this book is true we are 'saved.' That was a blessed discovery for him to make. And if the Bible has this effect on those who read it, we need not wonder that the Romish priests have tried so hard to destroy the Bible, and stop their people from reading it.—Dr. Newton in Sunday School World.

COMMON SCHOOLS BEFORE THE TIME OF CHRIST.

General interest in the Talmud has been awakened by a recent article of great learning in the London Quarterly. Glittering particles of wit, wisdom, history, philosophy, poetry and science; art to be found everywhere through these thousand years of Hebrew commentary and jurisprudence. But the treasures are to be brought up, only by digging directly through the mass, for the subjects are as varied and confused as geological strata that have been subverted and mingled together by some prehistoric perturbation. In our own advocacy of education for the masses, and in the successors of England in the same direction, we may find in the Talmud that there is nothing new under the sun.

Eighty years before Christ schools flourished throughout the length and breadth of the land; education had been made compulsory. While there is not a single term for 'school' to be found before the Captivity, there were, by that time about a dozen in common usage. Here are a few of the innumerable popular sayings of the period, betokening the paramount importance which public instruction had assumed in the life of the nation; "Jerusalem was destroyed because the education of the young was neglected." "The world is only saved by the breath of the school-children." Even the rebuilding of the Temple the schools must not be interrupted. "Study is more meritorious than sacrifice." "A scholar is greater than a Prophet."

Jewish schools necessarily included divine truth in their system of instruction, for their government and literature were based on inspiration. But their education did not save the nation when it refused to recognize the same divine truth in the fulfillment of the Law by the gospel of Christ.—N. Y. Observer.

MR. DICKENS' GREAT ERROR AS A WRITER.

Dr. Cuyler writes to the National Temperance Advocate, in regard to Dickens' readings:

While he was reading to us in the Christmas Carol the lively description of poor Bob Cratchit's Christmas dinner, why need he have introduced with such gusto the account of the "hot bowl" of intoxicating drink that was passed around the table for even the children to sip at? Has not Mr. Dickens eyes to see that the "hot bowls" of toddy and punch have done more to make poor men poorer, and to make bright homes dark and wretched, than all the social injustice in the universe? It is a terrible curse that our popular literature is so saturated with advocacy of the drinking customs; and Dickens is "preeminently guilty in this regard. He may decorate his "hot bowls" of gin and sugar with as many flowers as he can weave, but he ought to know that within the bowl lies coiled the serpent and the adder. He has written noble things, for which we thank him; but he has written and read many a line which is deadly poison; against this we pronounce our honest protest and our most emphatic condemnation.

England has lately sent us two of her most eminent citizens. Both have had generous receptions. But what man of Christian principle would not rather be Newman Hall, the faithful preacher of Christ, the eloquent advocate of total abstinence, the elevator of the London poor; and the champion of gospel truth, than Charles Dickens, the brilliant novelist who has soiled his pages with silly scoffs at both evangelical religion, and the teachings of temperance?

"Nothing to do" in this world of ours, Where weeds spring up with the fairest flowers, Where smiles have only a fitful play, Where hearts are breaking every day!

"Nothing to do," thou Christian soul, Wrapping thee round in thy selfish stole! Off with the garments of sloth and sin! Christ, thy Lord hath a Kingdom to win.