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THE AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1868.

The Family Circle.

For the American Presbyterian.

"THE GOSPEL THE POWER OF GOD AND THE WISDOM OF GOD. BY REV. C. R. BURDICK.

> Hail, conquering Jesus, all divine! In Thee God's power and wisdom shine, By Thee a kingdom shall arise, To draw the nations to the skies.

'Twas heavenly wisdom formed the plan, Bestowing life on fallen man, And from this shattered, ruined shrine To rear a temple all divine.

The power of God from ruin saves. It brings dead sinners from their graves, O'er desert wastes and midnight gloom It soutters light with Eden's bloom.

His conquering arms, from shore to shore, Shall spread his friumphs evermore, Till all the earth shall own his sway, Till all the Gospel shall obey.

Then let the powers of hell arise, And league with hate against the skies, Prone in the dust they shall be hurled, To people the dark nether world.

THE LAUREL BUSHES.

The home of Willie and Etta Herman was just at the foot of a sunny, sloping hill, the side of which abounded in laurel, and in the month of June, was beautifully dotted with its rich pink and white clusters. Here and there on the hill were pretty groups of trees; the children often loved to rest under their shade, when wearied with climbing, or with jumping over the moss-covered stones, among which a tiny rill made its way downwards, hurrying off to join the "blue Juniata."

Willie was just eight years old ; Etta was two years younger: they loved each other dearly, and were always happy in each other's company.

One fine summer's morning, they had been tossing their bal's on the grass by the house. When, tired of playing in the old way, Willie said.

" Come, Etta, let's see which can roll furthest up hill."

Etta agreed, and they chose the smoothest place they could find, and started up the hill. Willie having the strongest arm, could almost always " beat," and this so elated him, that trying to send his ball further and further, it at last struck a large stone, and bounded off into a thick laurel bush, from which his arm was too short to rescue it. While making vain efforts to reach it, he slipped and hurt his foot-not very much. though-on the stone which had caused the accident.

Suddenly, a terrible change came over the little fellow. It was as if some strong, evil spirit had entered into him, and disturbed his usually pleasant face, and moved his whole body. He kicked the stone with all his little strength two or three times, but could not move it; this only increased his fury. Then he turned to the clump of laurel, and tore it with both hands, scattering its blossoms and green leaves, shouting,

"You mean, ugly old bushes!" and

THE SKY.

through the shadows of the firmament, God would seem to set forth the stooping of His

firmament. As the Creator of all the

worlds, and the Inhabiter of eternity, we

cannot behold Him; but as the Judge of

the earth and the Preserver of men, those heavens, are indeed His_dwelling-place.

"Swear not, neither by Heaven, for it is

built about the horizon, and voices of moaning winds and threatening thunders and

glories of colored robe and cloven ray, are

but to deepen in our hearts the acceptance,

and distinctness, and dearness of the sim-

ple words, "Our Father, which art in

GERMAN KINDERGARTEN.

of the working of a kindergarten than a de-

conducted thither by older persons, when

they are met at the door by a servant, who relieves them of hats, coats, shawls and

lunch-box, care being taken, however, that

each child aid in adjusting its own things,

and having a fixed place for all. The pro-

prietress-Miss Gravan-is assisted with

comfortable desk and chair, and is taught to

regard them as its own property. The

employments are worsted work, knitting,

"Perhaps a better idea cannot be presented

(39.3 5)

Heaven."-Ruskin.

good Uncle Henry came, according to promise, very early in the morning. But Master Willie, of course, could not go, and Mrs. us to acknowledge His own immediate Herman would not leave him. Uncle Henry was very sorry, but begged her to allow Etta to go for a visit of a few days. To this she willingly consented.

After they were gone, and the mother was ready to take her sewing, Willie asked her swathe of rain His promises of everlasting to come and sit close by him; for he felt love. "In them hath He set a tabernacle

"And, dear mother," he said, "Lam so sorry for you, too! If you would only have gone, mother, I am sure I should not have been afraid to stay here alone. Oh møther, the mean laurel! I shall always think of this whenever I see it, and I shalk hate it !" Willie's mother smiled kindly upon him, at the first part of this speech, but only answered his last words.

"Hate it? oh, no, mý son, I am sure vou will not, when you remember how beautiful it is, and Who made it. See," she added, taking a cluster of its blossoms from a little its bloom, and the flush with which the white wase on the mantel-piece, whow soft mountains burn as they drink the overflowing of the dayspring. And in this taber-nacling of the unendurable sun with men, and delicate these pink flowers are, and how dark and glossy these green leaves. And look inside," she said, opening one of the birds with the point of her needle, "how own majesty to men, upon the throne of the nicely each of these silky threads, called stamens, hides its head in its own little niche, until the flower opens, and they all stand up straight, and ready to do the work, God has given them. For each of these little threads, Willie, has its own task, God has so wonderfully made even these wild flowers God's throne; nor by the earth, for it is that grow on the mountains,—often for no His footstool." And all those passings to eyes but His own all-seeing ones, and those, and fro of fruitful shower and grateful shade, and all those visions of silver palaces perhaps, of the angels." "And, mother," exclaimed Willie, begin-

ning, in spite of himself, to be interested in laurel, "I see, a pretty little crimson star inside of the flower-cup,—but mother, why did God put poison into such a beautiful plant ?"

"I do not know, Willie," replied his mother, "whether men have yet found any use for the poison in the laurel, - but you may be sure there is some wise reason for its being there, else Our Father in Heaven

swering this question directly, his mother children are so small that they need to be said.

"After all, Willie, dear, was the laurel really the cause of your trouble? was it not rather your own sinful temper? You see I can hold this in my hand, and admire its beauties, and it will not murt me; but when you were angry, you bruised and tore the bush, and pressed out its poison. So, Willie, we may often give ourselves and others pain which is nearly always in the large hall for and sorrow by a wrong or passionate use of things that might otherwise be very pleasant and profitable. and profitable.

"But, dear Willie, there is worse poison than laurel-juice-it is the poison of sin in our hearts.'

elementary drawing, and every other imag-inable thing which is supposed to furnishit know, mother, you have told me,---it was that made me get so mad at the bush. such young fingers and minds with com-But how can I help it? I can't take that bined skill and amusement. (The children poison out." "No, dear son, you cannot. But if you pray in Christ's name, He, the Great Phy-superintends them in each little labor, when sician, by His Holy Spirit, will take it all every pains is taken to impart as much eleaway. Only you must "' watch and pray." mentary instruction as possible. For ex-"But, mother, I haven't a minute's time ample: if a little girl is at work on a bookto stop and watch when I get angry, I mark, or lamp-mat, she is taught imitation, do and say things without knowing what combination, perspective, counting, the althey are." they are. "Dear Willie, just as different sorts of plants contain different kinds of poison, so every one of us has some kind of sin to every one of us has some kind of sin to which he is more inclined than to any other. These are our 'besetting sins.' Your be setting sin is a violent temper. Some people ren are in it they are under the care of a are more liable to other temptations. But teacher, who has them go through many the remedy is the same in all cases. The gymnastic exercises. This is the most inevil power is stronger than you, it is true; but, my darling, God is stronger than all evil, that is our comfort ; only pray to Him every day, and try in His strength." "Now, mother, I will not hate the beautiful laurel any more. I will love it, for it will always remind me of this talk; and when I see it, it will help me to remember watch and pray.' Oh, mother, how good is won, the teacher narrates a peaceful you are not to be angry with me for keeping story in verse, which the children have been you at home !" "Let that make you remember another thing, dear child,-that no one can do wrong without injuring some one beside himself. And now, if you remember these good lessons, I think you will see that the laurelpoison has at least been of some use to you: though it has hurt your hands and face, God may bless it to help in curing your soul." (I hope He will, dear mother," said the children with the tracher for the brids of a feather flock together?" As fire. This was not the struggle of a few "I hope He will, dear mother," said the little boy seriously. Willie did not forget. Year after year, tell in prose about an old blacksmith, and to go out and look at it, and try to think whether he had gained more control over his temper since he had seen it last year; and then ask for new help for the was to come then ask for new help for the year to come. And by God's blessing, Willie did as every little Christian child should do, he "grew in grace." Oh, beautiful skill of the Christian mother, -to teach her child to turn the dark and painful chastisement of this earthly life into elements of healing, to recognize and to love his Creator's and Father's Hand. Bles. strict order, but their risible propensities chery, blasphemy and butchery in the day-well as America, his name was honored and sed and glorious skill, indeed; for it is God- are but little restrained. Just as soon as the time to the theatre at night-from the thesee, and giorious skill, indeed, for it is that into a but hour of decrease in interest is atre at night back to butchery, blasphemy his death he was the same enthusiastic and given, it is a part of that victory over all signess langue of doubles hanged, when and debauchery in the day-time! What is patient inventor. Charles Goodyear has -Reformed Church Messenger.

and the other half to the light manual labor It seems to me that in the midst of the at the desks in the school-room proper. material nearness of the heavens God means

"There are a great many of these half poetical and half prose stories, having somepresence as visiting, judging, and blessing what of a theatrical character, taught and us. "The earth shook, the heavens also performed in the kindergarten. I have at dropped, at the presence of God." "He hand a volume which contains fifty in all, doth set His bow in the cloud," and thus profusely illustrated. Some of the titles renews, in the sound of every drooping are: 'The Mouse and the Cat,' 'The Ants,' 'The Stork and the Frog,' 'The Butterfly,' 'The Grasshoppers and the Worm,' and 'The Horse-chestnut Tree." Each of these to come and sit close by him; for he feit fove. In them hath he burning ball, which 'The Horse-chestnut Tree." Each of these lonely without Etta, and was almost ready without the firnament would be seen as an intolerable and scorching circle in the black. In the Horse-chestnut Tree." Each of these stories, requires, perhaps from ten to fifteen intolerable and scorching circle in the black.

"The exercises and employments at the ness of vacuity, is by that firmament surrounded with gorgeous service, and tem-pered by mediatorial ministries; by the by the children, and enter largely into their tirmament of clouds the golden pavement is home-life. If you send your little folks to one of them for three months you may exspread for his chariot wheels at morning; pect, for a long time afterward, to see them by the firmament of clouds the temple i hopping about your premises like frogs, built for his presence to fill with light at noon; by the firmament of clouds the purleaping like deer, springing like cats, and, noon; by the hrmament of clouds the pur-ple veil is closed at evening round the sanc-tuary of his rest; by the mists of the firma-ment his implacable light is divided, and its separated fierceness appeased into the soft blue that fills the depths of distance with the set of the soft distance with the soft distance with the set of the soft distance with the set of the soft distance with th

IN THE SHADOWS. All dark and chill was my dwelling, Dreary the night outside; Alone in the shadows dreaming, I heard the dash of the tide, As when we went down to the shore, Down through the mist and the wind. She saw waiting angels before, I saw but shadows behind.

Down to the shore we went slowly : I wept-she sung at my side, And I clasped her closely, vainly, As sullenly swept the tide; It was dark as the grave to me, Not even a lone, faint star, But away over the swelling sea, She saw the City afar.

Two of us went at the daybreak, O'er the grey rocks, to the sea And ny through the sweet, still morning, I bitterly cried, "Take mel She'll miss me even in heaven, Dear Lord, she is but a child."

"Not yet," was the answer given ; She whispered, "Good-bye," and smiled.

Then she passed into the Morning.

But a mist of awful darkness

Fell suddenly, shrouding me. I knew they were chanting praises Beyond the shadowy tide

But the creeping grass and duisies Would ever their faces hide.

O how could they sing in heaven? I groping in mists of tears! O how could they be so silent,

Through all my desolate years; Is the soul so changed in glory ; Can they smile while we yearning look ? Ah, who shall reveal the story

That lies in the mystic book l To-night, in the shadows grieving,

Weeping: I prayed in the darkness, "O lighten thy cross on me."

And He heard for strange silence fell, I knew 'twas the list'ning sea; Can it be that I dreamed ? Ah, well, What matter? they came to mel

Yes, came to my silent dwelling, The rillar of cloud was lifted, Heaven's glory seemed shadowed there. Weeping for joy, I said, "Dreaming, I thought you were cold and dead,-Thank God, it was only seeming,

Scientific.

BAPIDITY OF SENSATION.

If a needle be stuck into one of the fingers, the sensory fibres take the impression through the nerve and the posterior root to the spinal cord and thence to the brain. The command goes out to "draw the finger away." The mandate travels down the spinal cord to the anterior root, and thence through the motor fibres of the nerve to the muscles, which immediately act, and the finger is at once removed. All this takes place with great rapidity, but yet with nothing like the celerity once imagined. The researches of Helmholtz, a distinguished German physiologist, have shown with great exactitude the rate of speed with which the nervous fluid travels; and other observers, among whom Schelske deserves mention, have given a great deal of time and patience to this and kindred questions. As the result of many deliberations, it was ascertained that the nervous fluid moves at the rate of about 971 feet in a second. Now, electricity travels with a speed exceeding 1,200,000,000 feet in a second, and light over 900,000,000. A shooting star moves with a velocity of 200,000 feet in a second, and the earth in its orbit around the sun, 100,000. A cannon ball has a mean velocity of 1,800 feet in a second; an eagle, 130; a locomotive, 95; and a race horse 80. We thus perceive that the nervous fluid has no very remarkable rate of speed. A fact which, among many others, serves to indicate its non-identity with electricity.

Professor Donders, of Utrecht, has recently been, making some interesting experiments in regard to the rapidity of thought, which are likewise interesting. By means of two instruments, which he calls the noematachograph and the noematachometer, he promises some important details. For the present, he announces that a simple idea requires the brain to act for .067 of a second for its elaboration. Doubtless the time required is not the same for all brains, and that by means of these instruments we may obtain definite indications relative to the mental calibre of our friends. What inval-nable instruments they would be for nominating caucuses for vestries, for trustees of colleges, for merchants in want of bookkeepers; in short, for all having appointments of any kind to make!

For the eye to receive an impression requires .077 of a second, and for the ear to appreciate a sound, .149 of a second are necessary. The eye, therefore, acts with nearly twice the rapidity of the ear. - Wil-liam A. Hammond, M. D., in July No. of the Galaxy.

TRIUMPHS OF GENIUS.

We sometimes think of genius as a wayward, fickle faculty; but it is rather that persistent power of the soul which, like faith, "laughs at impossibilities," and cuts its way through every obstable. The life of Charles Goodyear illustrates this in an eminent degree. The Scientific American says:-We presume that the story of his eventful life will be made public in some more formal mode, and we will not attempt fully to trace the progress of his inventions. It was in 1834 that Mr. Goodyear turned his attention to the manufacture of India rubber. There was a mystery about this tropical gum which gave it a strange charm to his imagination. It was not an article of commerce. but appeared from time to time only as a rare curiosity brought from foreign lands. The savages who possessed it kept the mode of its manufacture a profound secret. It was found only under the burning sun of the equator, in the gloomy swamps of the unexplored Amazon, or the jungles of Asia and Africa. Its nature was as mysterious as its origin; the chemists who examined it were baffled in their attempts to make it of practical use. Ingenious men, abroad and at home, had attempted to solve the mystery, but all had failed. That it was of immense value in the arts, to supply a thousand wants of civilized life, was obvious to all, but the elastic gum kept its own mysterious secret, and there was no clew to the discovery. To discover the secret and solve the problem became the dream of Charles Goodyear's life. The difficulties and failures which he encountered only made it more dear to him. He asked aid from men of singular constancy the gin palace, the gam- science, but they discouraged him; his associates abandoned the pursuit in despair; make their appearance in its vicinity ! How his friends, one after another, left him, but comes it that these means and appliances of he only clung the closer to his cherished dissipation and vice so constantly spring up faith. In one of the contests by which piin the place whither theatre-goers resort? rates of his invention sought to rob him of Why do these breathing-holes of perdition his rights, the veil was half withdrawn from open their devouring mouths around the the life of the inventor, and a few details of the privations which he endured were given. He was in such extreme penury that his bed the ground, while others light on the chains, striking affinities? Dr. Bellows admits that was sold from under him; he was so poor and the whole room is trabsformed, for a tree of taste and character. time, into a great smithy, and all the little Of the French Revolution the celebrated lavished the immense sums which he receiv-folks industriously and laughingly playing Edmund Burke writes: "While courts of blacksmith. Another song tells about walk-ing over a heath, where at last a great pond is reached. The frogs are heard to croak, and seen to leap into the pond. During "was like a den of outlaws-a lewd tavern tempt in an obscure village, on account of his poverty, received the Grand Cross of the the class is immediately taken into another there in the theatre that can adapt itself to well been called the American Palissy, and room, or else into the garden. About one tastes and passions so beastly? Are schools to his last hour he acted on the principle

angry words,-more than you would like to

hear, or I to repeat. "Oh, Willie!" said Etta, "you know mother has told us not to break the laurelbushes, they are-"

"Hush up! I don't care!" was Willie's only answer. His face was very red, and great drops stood out upon it.

At last he succeeded in getting his ball, and, and his passion subsiding, with one last triumphant pull at the bush, he turned, and started down hill to go home. And well he might. The sun was very hot, and its rays, and the fire of Willie's passion, had raised him to fever heat. Worse still, in tearing away the laurel, and stooping to reach his ball, he had torn his hands and face with its rough stems, until they bled, but without knowing it at the time. His face burned and he rubbed it with his bands, thus spreading the poison that is laid up in the laurel, all over the bleeding skin. His mother was at the door when the

children approached.

"Why, Willie, my son," she said, "what is the matter? Your hands and face are quite bloody and dusty !"

"It was the laurel bush, mother," said Etta, "that hurt his face."

"The old thing stopped my ball, mother," interrupted Willie,--" and I couldn't get it out for the longest time ! But I don't care," he added, nodding with quite a satisfied, determined air, "I guess I tore it half up! I hate laurel bushes,-I do!"

"Oh, Willie, Willie!" said his mother. shaking her head reprovingly,-" And I fear you have poisoned your face and hands !"

It was even so, and worse; for in a few hours, in spite of his mother's careful bathiug, and a nice cooling salve which she applied to his face and hands, they were much swollen, and covered with sore red spots. Even his mouth was swelled and burning, and Willie felt quite badly, and was glad to lie still on his little bed.

It so happened the next day was the birthday of Willie's cousin Emily, who lived a few miles distant, on a very beautiful farm. Mrs. Herman and the children had been invited by Emily's parents to spend that day with them. Uncle Henry was to bring the spring wagon for them early in the morning; and they were to drive home by moonlight in the evening. All were looking forward to a delightful holiday; for Uncle Henry's family was so large and so happy, that it was a great treat to visit there.

It was too late to send any word; and

Glory is the privilege of grace.

have patterns before them for everything

phabet, and many other things. As soon as

teresting feature of the kindergarten. The children, boys and girls promiscuously, are directed to assume a certain position. It may be that of a regiment drawn up in line of battle. The teacher then commences a story about a certain battle, then comes some stirring song, when all sing it to-gether, and, then the battle commences in

right good earnest TAfter the great victory also previously taught, and which they re-

peat with her, going through with all the gymnastic exercises suggested by the verses. For instance, she tells of a great pigeon-house, ont of which the pigeous come one by one. Some fly slowly and others more rapidly; others go off and hop around on the crater of a volcano? What mean these

and seen to leap into the pond. During this time the entire class becomes a large. for revel and debaucheries "-there were in balf of the time seems to be devoted to the of virtue, are our churches so facile, plastic that God did not create him to leave him gymnastic and horticultural employments, and pliant?—Rev. W. P. Breed, D. D.

And I am so glad," I said.

I had grown strange 'neath my sorrow, Almond buds bloomed in my hair; Lo, young with the youth of angels, The faces they used to wear, But it grew dark in my dwelling,-"Iwas dark as the grave outside-Still its low requiem knelling, I heard the voice of the tide

Yet tell me not that when dreaming. My heart lost its long dull pain, That into my darkness shining, Sleep scattered their smiles again; Say that a heavenly vision Came over the mystic tide,-Their faces from fields Elysian, Their angels stood by my side.

SUBBOUNDINGS OF THE THEATRE.

We have seen with our own eyes a once quiet and orderly portion of a great city

thoroughfare so changed in character by the opening of a theatre there as to make it anything but pleasant, if not often actually unsafe, for a woman to pass the spot after nightfall without a protector. With what bling hell and the house of the lost woman theatre as naturally as ashes gather about

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