# THE AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1868.

## The Family Circle.

SABBATH MEDITATIONS BESIDE LEWEY LAKE IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

BY REV. PETER STRYKER, D.D. How beautiful and grand these mountain wilds; Here Nature seems in pristine glory robed, And here the God of nature shows his power And majesty. I hardly dare to breathe. For in this solitude, Great God, I feel Thy presence. This is holy ground. I stand Like Moses full of awe at Horeb's steep. And as that holy man saw God within The bush that burned, but could not be consumed; So I in these grand mountains only see Thee, mighty God, and in this awful calm I hear no voice but thine borne on the breeze Yes, thou art here, and at the thought my heart Is thrilled with joy.

And wilt Thou come in love And meet me in this weird like wilderness Father divine, clasp to Thy loving breast The child that fain would love Thee best of all; Jesus divine, exalted Son of God Break this oppressive silence with Thy voice, And tell me I am Thine, and Thou art mine ! Spirit divine, O come, and gently breathe Within my heart, and make me know and feel That I am one, whose sins are all forgiven !

Fair Lewey Lake, if on thy placid wave I could discern, as anciently was seen On Lake Tiberias, the form of One My soul most dearly loves, and if I heard My soul most dearly loves, and if I heard Him bidding me upon the waves go forth To meet Himi joyfully I'd venture, and, Y (1) (1) (1) If sinking in the waters, to my ory (1) (1) (1) If sinking in the waters, to my ory (1) (1) (1) If sinking in the waters, to my ory (1) (1) (1) How would I, full of love and gratitude, Fall in his arms and meep for very joy1 (1) (1) On this fair lake, and in these solemn wilds It is as if eternal Sabbath reigns. Except as now and the sportsman dips (1) (1) His line to each the wary functure)

His line to catch the wary finny tribe, Or some brave hunter cracks his rifle at The fleeting deer, it is as though each day Was holy to the Lord of hosts. Ó thus

'Twill be in heaven, but there no solitude Will be in heaven but there he solution Will be required to insure the sanctity. Amid the brong of angels and the host is a first of men redeemed, naught shall offend the ear, Naught shall the heave defile. Perfect we'll be Amid perfection, finding rest and bliss In one eternal Sabbath day.

Roll on Thou surging tide of time, and quickly bring Our bark to that fair haven ! Hasten, sun, Thy course, till days and months and years shall cease, And on the mount of God we breathe the air Of heaven, and begin to spend with God. The blessed Sabbath without night or end.

### THE DOCTOR'S APPLE

The Greek class was over in the schoolroom, and the boys were beginning to gather their books together to put them by for the atternoon when Dr. Markham, rapping on the desk before him, called for silence.

"Boys," he said, pleasantly, "we have just been reading in our Greek mythology the story of Paris and the three godesses, and how they scrambled for the apple Well, I'm going to roll an apple in amongst all of you now, and you'll have to fight and push very hard to see who can pick it up; bat you must not allow it to become an apple of discord. To morrow there is to be a grand fete given in the Aldersley Gardens, some ten miles off. Professor Horsemann is to make his first ascent in his large balloon, and there are to be fire-works in the evening. Now, I can take one of you boys with me to this fete, and only one; and, as I don't like to single out any of you in particular, I have determined that you shall fight for the privilege in fair and open wartare, with brains for your cuc reis and pens for your swords. You shall, each of you who wish to go, write me an essay, in poetry, on the subject of the fete, the balloon ascent, etc., etc., the first class to make their attempts in Liatin verse, and the lower classes in English. As to-day is a half-holiday, and you have plenty of spare time, I shall expect these papers to be finished and given up to me this evening at supper time ; and I shall judge each paper according to the age of the author, and the opportunities he has had for improving himself." e has had for improving himself." a time It was evident, from the bazz, and clapping, and row which followed this announce-ment in the school-room, that there would be a scuffle for Dr. Markham's apple; but, outside in the playground, when the boys congregated together to talk the matter over, there were not a few ungenerous enough to say, with a sneer, "Young Markham, of course, will be the one chosen. It's a mere farce setting us to work, when the doctor knows quite well whom he intends to take;" and one or two who knew they had no chance, said that " they wished Tall Graham would put on steam, and send up a set of verses, as he well could, which would compel the doctor to take the apple, for once in his life, out of his own son's mouth." Now, all these remarks were decidedly ungenerous, as well as unjust. Young Markham was the doctor's son-his only son-and he might easily have given the vacant place in his carriage to him without calling forth indignation, or being accused of showing partiality or favoritism. But Dr. Markham was nervously sensitive about ever extending any favor to his son which he could not grant to the rest of the boys in the school, especially as his position of master was rendered doubly difficult by the fact that young Markham, though a very small boy, and the youngest in his class was, without doubt, the cleverest and most hard-working boy in the school; and it, in selecting the nature of the competition, the doctor had erred in justice towards any one, it was towards this very son as a defactive earlin versification, was the diffi-culty young Markham had most to struggle against. Notwithstanding these ill-natured remarks which were whispered freely among the boys, the struggle for Athel apple began. Folscap paper, pens, ink, and books were eagerly sought for; and, instead of the game of cricket, which was to have been held in the playground, all the quietest nooks in the house and garden were taken speedy possession of, to give the young idea space to shoot. Big: Graham-or i "The Giant," ras the boys called him, carried off his paper to what you are capable, the farthest corner of the ground. He was tinue to work as well.

determined to put out all his strongth this It was now Graham's turn to color, and mother, almost eleven hundred years old determined to put out an and stand with the second was now Granam's turn to color, and motner, almost eleven number years out, time. He knew right well he could make a deep red flush spread over his whole face and she covers only five inches even now! slightest noise or bustle put him out; so he hands. seated himself beneath a hawthorn-tree.

with his back to the hedge, and set to work. After a time, he grew impatient; it was, perhaps, the effect of over anxiety; but somehow, this evening, he did not seem capable of turning a single verse to his satisfaction, or grasping any very first-rate idea. faction, or grasping any very first-rate idea. Graham did keep the paper, but only till and been trying to gnaw into this rock for He wrote, and scratched out, and began he got to his own room, and then he tore it eighty years, and have not yet got my again-but all in vain-each line he scribbled down seemed worse than the one before. The first hour was gone by and not even one simile was caught and pinned to the paper. At this rate Markham, faulty as he was in him my face. I won't go to the place at all, his verses, would certainly outstrip him. and there's an end of it. I don't think, in He hed seen the look of steady determinal all my life, I ever felt so wretched. tion on the little boy's pale face as he car-

ried off his paper and pen, and with each moment of lost time his fears of Markham's success, redoubled. At length he stood up in disgust, and threw his papers on the grass away from either go through with the one or make up him. He thought, perhaps, if he looked his mind to the humiliation of the other.

ling may-bushes and vaguely turned dactyls and deceit. and spondees in his mind; but still all in He made no vain; the divine afflatus refused to descend upon his head the te

He had stood there half an hour, staring straight before him, when he heard a step on the road, and looking, round suddenly, saw Waters, the village schoolmaster, coming down the lane, with some books and a cotton umbrella under his arm. He nodded respectfully to Graham, as he noticed his long neck above the hedge, and passed on. "Waters," cried Graham, struck by a sudden thought, "come back; I want to speak to you. You are no end of a swell at

Latin verses, are you not?" Waters turned back, flattered by the

question, and replied, with feigned humility, Ay, ay, in a kind of a small way, I am; but nothing to you young gentlemen." "Nonsense! I know better; and I'm in

terrible want of a helping hand just now. I've been trying these two hours to make some plaguey verses on a balloon, and fire-works, and all that kind of thing; and I can't make a decent line-or even catch an idea.... Here, look at what I've been doing."

"I don't find fault with your ideas, sir,' said the old man, looking over Graham's paper; but the rythm is bad."

"Well could you show me how to make it better? Just a hint or two, to set me going. I'm hard up for time.' "I'm returning home to my dinner now, sir; but, if you'll let me take it with me, I'll just run my eye over it, and bring it

back in an hour or so." Graham hesitated a moment, and then, overcome by the sudden temptation, yielded his paper into the old man's hands. "I'll wait for you here," he said hurriedly; "only don't be long; some of the fellows might father. come this way, and wonder what I was doing."

len into Graham's mind, and, by the uneasy Aldersley." way he tore the heads off the dandelions. aud snapped at the spears of grass beside him, it was easy to see that, as he awaited Graham, for my sake, go." Waters' return, the doubt was fast growing nto convictiou. But he was not given long for reflection. The schoolmaster, pleased with his literary effort, hurried back to the place of tryst, and handed the paper across the hedge with a satisfied smile. Graham could not, he thought, refuse to take it back now; it would look so babyish, and as if a fellow did not know his own mind; so he read it over, and said, as he finished it, "First-rate! The very thing I wanted! You've hit it off to a T! Thank you, Waters; you're a brick!""

when you return home, to see what progress an early start, you had better go up and get ready.

into the grate.

"Show it to my father!" he cried, bitterly; "why I shall be ashamed even to show

Graham spoke the truth-he was thoroughly miserable. He had passed a long, wakeful night torn with remorse for his deceitful act, and the dread of confessing it to the master; for he knew quite well he must over the hedge row into the lane, he might The doctor had said the prize apple was to find a new position give a new turn to his be struggled for in fair and open warfare; powder. And so God has created us, the ideas: so he leaned across the sweet smel- and how he had obtained it ?--by treachery lichens, to have our home here, to cling to

corner of his bed, till the wheels of the carriage outside, and the opening of his room

make haste or you will be late."

"I'm not going;" replied Graham, gruffly. "Not going? Nonsense! Why not?"

"I won't go. Your essay was a thousand times better than mine." "How can you talk such rubbish, Gra-

ham?' "It is not rubbish; it's the truth. And

if you want to hear more truth, you shall. I did not write that essay at all," he pointed to the fragments scattered on the hearthstone. "It was Waters, the schoolmaster, wrote it. I did not intend to be a sneak, but I have been one; and you may go downand tell your father so; for I won't go; and he may give me any punishment he likes." carriage, and at the horses, which were good to somebody." pawing the ground beneath. "Shall I really go down and tell father ? Do you wish stop thinking. What would my young me to do so, Graham ?" he asked turning reader have thought had he been there?slowly, round, as if from a painful struggle.

"Yes," replied Graham, almost sullenly; ' and the rest of the fellows, while you are about it."

And Markham left the room, with what seemed to his unhappy companion, a too willing alacrity.

But he was a long time absent, and when he returned he was accompanied by his

good Latin verses if he choose; but the as he took the paper back from the doctor's Very few, I am happy to say, of the lichen family, have worked harder or accom-"Keep your essay, Graham," added his plished more than I have, though I do say master kindly. "I would like your father, it myself."

"Well, mother, of what use is it to cling you have made. And now, as we must make to this great rock, and hang here Summer and Winter, amid storms, and cold, and wind beating upon us? Here I have clung into a thousand fragments and threw them | roots in half an inch. What's the use? We might as well die and drop off. Nobody would miss us, or care. What do we live for ?'

"To raise wheat."

"Raise what?" "Raise wheat, to be sure."

"Pray, mother, what do you mean? We wheat! If that isn't funny !'

"Listen, my child. This huge mountain is a solid rock. If it was all pounded up fine, it would make soil on which men would raise wheat. But it is now very hard, and there is nothing to pound and turn it into ichens, to have our home here, to cling to t, to gnaw it, and, with a kind of acid we He made no effort to arrange his toilet have, to crumble and dissolve it. Don't for the coming fete, but sat stupidly on the you remember that the very last year, you rolled down two little grains of the rock? Well, every grain we make falls down door, startled him from his painful reverie, then the rains wash it into the little brook, "Graham, why aren't you ready? Fath-er has gone down stairs already. Here, I brought you my telescope; you'll be able to follow the balloon no end of a distance. But Nile thus carries down little particles from the mountains, and makes Egypt so fruit-| ful.]

"O! mother, how often can I gnaw off rock enough to raise a kernel of wheat ?"...

"Perhaps, once in thirty years." "O! what slow work!. When will what you dig out this year raise wheat?'

"Perhaps five hundred years hence. God sees that there will be old men and little children upon earth then, and they will want bread; and so He has created us and placed us here to prepare soil, and get this rock ready to raise wheat. Thus He goes before, and provides, and makes even us poor little lichens useful; and if we do our duty, Markham grew very pale. He walked His smile will cheer us; and though we can over to the window, and looked down at the do but little, a very little, yet that will do

The lichens stopped talking, but I did not Sunday School Times.

THE CHILD MISSIONARY.

I want to tell the readers of the Child at Home about our Little Winnie-our childmissionary, as we call her.

A little time since, while she was visiting father: "Graham," said the doctor, very gravely nals in the jail under the sentence of death; but with a certain mixture of kindness." I' one of whom especially, seemed very hard-Waters put the paper into his pocket, and, have heard the confession you have just walking fast, was soon out of sight, while made, and also your willingness to suffer, see him, and pleaded so importunately, that Graham sat down again beneath the tree to whatever pluishment I may choose to in-her mother granted her request, and carried wait for him; but, even before the sound flict. I left the choice of that punishment her to the jail. As they differed the cell, of the footsteps had died away, a creeping in my son's hands, and he has chosen he was sullenly sitting in one corner, all the sexton's intervention, installed in a most doubt as to the honesty of this act had sto- rightly-that you should accompany me to manacled. Winnie went softly up and stood eligible place, whence we inspected the elein front of him, saying in a low, sweet voice

"He come promptly, with the letter in his hand. When ushered into his room, his master inquired :

" Do you wish to see me, James?"

"James was confounded; and, holding up the note requesting him to come, said: "' The letter ! the letter !

"'Oh !' said his master, 'I see-you be. lieved that I wanted to see you; and when I sent you the message, you came at once' " 'Surely, sir ! surely, sir !' replied James.

"' Well, see, here is another letter sending for you by one equally in earnest,' said his master, holding up a slip of paper with some texts of Scripture written on it.

"James took the paper, and began to read slowly:

"' Come-unto-me-all-ye-that-la-bor' etc. His lips quivered; his eyes filled with tears ; and, like to choke with emotion. ichens away up here, on this cold rock, raise he thrust his hand into his jacket pocket, grasping his large red handkerchief, with which he covered his face; and there he stood for a few moments, not knowing what to do. At length he inquired.

"Am I just to believe that in the same way I believed your letter?"

Just in the same way,' rejoined the master:

"" If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater."

"This expedient was owned of God in setting James at liberty." He was a happy believer that very night, and has continued to go on his way rejoicing in God his Sa Viour, to point others to Calvary, and walk

"Reader, if anxious about your salvation. be persuaded to believe God, when he speaks to you in his word, in the same way you would credit the word of an honorable man. and you will obtain peace through the pre-cious blood of Christ."" He cannot deny himself."-Christian Treasury Section 53

a should relate a 1.11 A SABBATH AFTERNOON AT DR. BONAR'S

CHURCH IN EDINBURGH.

Having gone to St. Giles' in the morning, to sit where, if we had sat once, we should have heard John Knox preach, or seen Jennie Geddes throw her stool at the Dean, we sought out Chalmer's Memorial Chapel in the afternoon, to listen to Dr. Bonar, the sweetest hymn-writer of our day.

The morning's lifeless sermon had wearied us so much that we determined to make sure of Dr. Bonar before entering the church, intending, in his absence, to return at once to our hotel. So, bowing to an old gentleman who stood in the door, I asked him (in a carefully prepared euphemism, for people in this country seem to suffer in their nerves when a straightforward question thrusts itself upon them) if Dr. Bonar would preach to day. The courteous affirmative reply pleased and almost surprised, me, so often is one's heart's desire defeated in this matter of the minister. I speedily forgot decorum, and exclaimed :

"How glad Ir and, for we Americans ad-mire him greatly 1"

The kind old gentleman became enthusiastic too.

"Good, good ! "You shall have the best seat we can find ;" and soon he had us, by

"I think it's tip-top Good evening."

himself, he would alter the whole poem again and take his chance. But deceit, unless it is rooted but at the first moment, puts forth a thousand shoots. Graham found it far more difficult than he expected to make any vital change in Waters' composition, and he had no time to make an entirely new one. He worked over it, and sighed over it, till within ten minutes of the sup-per-time. Then the thought of the balloon and fireworks came upon him with terrible force, and in those ten minutes Waters' composition was copied out in a fair hand and folded up for the doctor's inspection.

The morning came, bright and clear, promising a lovely day for the balloon ascent. The essays had all been left with the doctor the night before; and nearly every heart in the school held some trembling Fopo that the treat would fall to their 10f.

all marshalled before him, and he had taken a folded paper from his pocket, "it is pleas-ant in a case like this, when I see you are all equally desirous to go, not to be distracted by anxious doubte as to whose essay was really the best. I expected, I confess, to have had some difficulty in deciding; but I find one paper so decidedly above the average, that L cannot but express my delight with it, as well as congratulate the author.'

Poor Markham half started up-the flush of anticipated success rose already in his face, when his father continued-

"Graham, this essay of yours" (he, unfol-ded the paper as he spoke) "is a credit to you. I hope, now that you have shown what you are capable of doing, you will con-

"" Oh; father ! don't put it in that way," said young Markham, earnestly. "Please,

"Your father is right," said Graham bitterly. "It is the worst revenge Markham

tempting and bright to look at, it had turned to dust and ashes in his grasp.

The following day Graham made the only And Graham, putting the paper into his pocket sauntered home. 'He met no one in the playground, so hetwent ap to, his own room, and bolted the door. There was an hour still before the supper bell would ring; and Graham, uneasy and dispirited, said to him, were at once and forever silenced. - The The next day, Winnie and her mother went Quiver. At the state and the second s

#### TALK OF THE LIOHENS.

Far up the side of the mountain the naked rock shot up still higher. It seemed very high as you looked upward. The rock was even on its face, and was full perpendicular. On its surface were four kinds of lichens growing-from that whose leaf was very small, to the last, which was quite coarse and large. We sometimes see such lichens on an old fence, an old tree, or an old house. The face of the huge rock was almost cov-ered with them. As I sat down under the shadow of the mountain, waiting for my friends, I gazed at the lichen, and began to wonder in my own mind what it was created for, and of what use it could be, when I seemed to hear a small, crispy voice furing wonder in my own mind what it was created the rock, calling out: \*\*\*\*\*\*

"Mother, how old am L?" ive. "And how old are you ?! "

"I call myself young, for I am only five

hundred and twenty years old." .1. now listoned with all my ears, for I knew the lickens were talking among themselves. Infelt sure they would say more. and I took ort my pencil to put down what they would say. Pretty soon I heard' the. same little voice, say :

'Man, I'se come to see you to know if you trasted pleasantly with the straight up andlove Tesus: does you?"

The man said roughly, "Go away." She continued "" Please, man, let me stay. want to tell you about Jesus: mayn't I?" The convict made no reply. So she com-

bitterly. "It is the worst revenge Markham could have taken." But the doctor was fixed in his resolution to carry the punishment into, effect, and Graham accompanied him to. Aldersley. He spoke kindly to the boy as he drove beside him in the carriage, and even en-couragingly but, in vain-for, as long as Graham lived 'after wards', he hever forgot the struggle for the doctor's apple, the sud den temptation yielded 'to, 'and' how, like the fruit in the wide Arabian desert, though tempting and bright to look at, it had turntried to tell them part of his history. He had formerly been an upright man, and a member of the church; but by degrees, he became a backslider, and fell into other sins, "until, at last, T am here," he added.

The hour had now come for them to leave; but Winnie begged him, in parting, "to love God, and ask Him to forgive him." to see him again, and a very different face greeted them from that of the preceding morning. He told them, that ever since they had left him he had prayed and wrestled with God, and that now He trusted he could humbly say, "that although he was the chief of sinners, yet God, for Christ's sake, had forgiven his great sins."

Winnie went home that day with a joyous heart. May she, as she grows older, never lose an opportunity of speaking for Jesus ! hand, at the last day, may there be many stars in her crown of rejoicing! And will not all the children try and truly love

Simple illustrations of the method by which faith may be exercised, are often "Why, my child, you have just begun to effective in relieving a troubled sinner from ve. Moulare only eighty years old yet." ineason they have try trust the word of God: leaves, branches everything bat fruit. Does It was a time of spiritual awakening in not this charge, brought home to each of us, a small manufacturing town. The foreman search through and through? But, oh! I in a department of one of the factories be-came anxious about his soul. He was direcsame little voice, say: "Mother, aren't you discouraged ?" "Discouraged! at what, pray ?" "At your size? Five hundred and twenty years old, and how very small you are ?" "Not so miall, either." I cover siz juches, square already, while there's my poor grand-by many, and by his own master among the rest; but it seemed to be without result. At life... Fly, then, to Him, who came from his heaven that from earth's withered trees, He of Ged in the Gespel, by writing a note; square already, while there's my poor grand-he left 'the work.'

de seats con down board backs where we sat at the 'Establishment" this morning.

Dr. Bonar is, in personal appearance, worthy to be the central figure in any picture. Of that medium height and rotund figure in which nature seems inclined to measure out greatness; of high, massive forehead, with silver gray hair in bushy locks stythe sides of his fine head; to match the some what deeper tinged English whiskers on the sides of his face; with skin white as a woman's, yet detracting - nothing from the strong, masculine tone of his face; with lips firm, full, and handsome, and eyes large, dark, peculiar, and with a glance that cleaves-this was Horatius Bonar, as, in his black robe, with velvet, colar, set off with, bands of white; he walked up the pulpit-stairs. He looked the very man to write those Hymns of Faith and Hope, which have; to many a heart that never, knew an item of his history, brought truest consolation.

A few notes of the sermon will, perhaps, be interesting.

"Notice the symbols in this passage:

1. The Aze .-- You know what this is meant to do, and what it is not meant to do. It is not a pruning knife, to lop off here and there a branch; it has one use alone—it is

the weapon of destruction. "2. The Warning—'Laid at the root of the tree.' Not a word is spoken; the symbol carries its own weight . The husbandman, when he lays an axe at the root of a tree, means to out it down. (With startling emphasis these words are uttered.)

"3. The Execution, For a while the axe lies idle, its sharp edge glittering in the sun; Jesus, and do all in their power that others but now the mandate comes which calls it may love and serve Him also? The Child at into quick, relentless action: 'Cut it down !'

The tree cumbered the ground when living, it must not cumber it when dead.

"Now, in conclusion, note the cause of this tremendons tragedy. It is simple un-fruitfulness. I think it is just this that makes the whole symbol so unspeakably tershows how readily men trust in the word rible. It is the enting down of him who of their fellow-men, and how much more had everything but fruit: He had root, stem, would, not, have you hear, these solemn words despairingly. Remember there is time to be fruitful yet. There's One who gives ted to Christ, as the sinner's only refuge, to be fruitful yet. There's One who gives by many, and by his own master among the himself to each of the One who is full of