

The Family Circle.

THE LOST SOUL, AT JUDGMENT.

BY JESSE GLINN.

"Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer: they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me." Proverbs 1, 28.

Great God! what is this? O, what means that loud call, That shrill, trumpet blast, that so terrifies all? See yonder rock quiver from centre to base, While terror and anguish are blanching each face! Why trembles the earth, and what means this strange sky?

A voice cries, "The Judgment," then where shall I fly? The Judge, and the Judgment! Must my turn come top?

My lamp is not burning! Oh what shall I do? Then Echo said mockingly, "What shall I do?"

See you "great white throne" looming up in the sky, While One sits upon it, in dread majesty? How holy His look, O how placid and sweet! I long for His smile, so will fly to His feet. Dear Lord, I have come, for I know Thou art kind; My lamp has gone out, and no oil can I find, I would I had filled it,—but turn not away, Lord! punish me not, for my willful delay! Then Echo repeated, "thy willful delay!"

Good Master, smile on me, deep horror is near, My soul is in darkness! I shudder with fear! O speak but my pardon, for mercy I cry, "No mercy for thee," said a voice in reply. "I called thee for years, but thou wast as a wayward; I told thee full often the course of delay. I gave thee thy choice, but thou didst not choose me; Begone! to the one who is waiting for thee." Then Echo answered, "Is waiting for thee."

But Lord, I repent, as these tears surely show, I never can battle this wild storm of woe! For mercy I shriek; Lord, hear me, you must; Unhand me, ye hands, while I crawl in the dust! O hear me, believe me, the tempter beguiled, He painted me brightly, and I was as wild. As to heed his demands: while Time seemed so long, That I meant to repent, O nay not, begone! But Echo wailed sadly, the one word—"begone!"

"I gave you full chance," said the voice in reply, "That chance with all Time; has for you just gone by; You scorned my appeals, and I now laugh at mine, You would not choose me, and you cannot be mine. Depart! I don't know you; you bear not my name! Have mercy! I shrieked, but the cry was in vain; How long must this last! O reply, I implore! I sought for his answer, this word—"Evermore!" Which Echo keeps wailing around, "Evermore!"

NOBODY SORRY FOR BEING POLITE.

I am now an old pastor, and as I cannot preach any longer, I take great pleasure in thinking over the events of my long life. When I preached in the city of B—, I had two neighbors. One of them, who lived at the right of my cottage, did not seem friendly to anybody. He seldom spoke to any one on the street, and the boys disliked him very much, because he was very cross and crabbed. He was noted for being penurious, and seldom did any poor person receive a gift from him.

To the left of my cottage there lived a poor shoemaker, whose whole time was occupied in taking care of his large family. He had a very pleasing face, was friendly toward everybody, and was just the opposite of my neighbor at the right. Among the old shoemaker's eight children there was a boy about eight years old, who had blue eyes, red cheeks, light hair, and was as cheerful as a squirrel. His name was Little Peter, and though his father was poor, he had trained him to be very polite; and Little Peter was one of the most polite boys I ever knew.

For my part, I thought a great deal of him, and when his school teacher, who was a member of my congregation, told me how industrious and talented he was, I felt very anxious to see him have a good education. One winter evening, as I was sitting at my desk preparing my sermon for the following Sunday, I heard a rap at the door. "Come in," I said; and what was my astonishment to find my neighbor who lived at the right of the parsonage.

"Please, sir, do not be offended that I trouble you to-night. I have an important matter which I thought that I ought to lay before you."

"I am very much pleased to see you," I replied, "and I hope you will speak freely."

"You know," replied the neighbor, "that I take a walk every day, and as often as I pass the door of the shoemaker who lives close by us, his little boy Peter salutes me with so much kindness and such a pleasant face that he has deeply affected me. Though he has kept it up for a year or two, I have never returned his salutation, and yet he is as pleasant as ever. So I have been thinking to myself that his politeness must be natural to him, and that the boy has a good heart. One day I thought that I would test him; and, accordingly, as I went by the shoemaker's shop, I dropped my money purse right near where Little Peter was standing, and then I hurried on. I thought I would see whether Peter was honest as well as polite, but I had not gone a dozen steps before he came running after me, and, handing me my money-purse, said to me: 'This is yours, sir; please take it.' Now, this circumstance has affected me very deeply, and I have thought that I ought to do what I can to help that poor family. I am advanced in life, and am rich, and need but little to live upon. So, in the first place I would like to help the shoemaker and his family; and in the next place, I would like to do what I can especially for Peter. What I desire of you, sir, is to give me your advice."

I took hold of my neighbor's hand, thanked him heartily for revealing to me such good desires, and then told him that I thought the poor shoemaker and his family were very worthy objects of his attention. I then told him that Little Peter was a boy of unusual talents as well as of great politeness, and of undoubted honesty, and then advised my neighbor to provide for his education. He then promised that he would pay special attention to the wants of the shoemaker and his family, and after half an

hour's time, he bade me "Good-night;" but the remarkable circumstance so affected me, and led me to think over the change that God had wrought in him, that it was a late hour before I went to sleep.

The next week this same neighbor went into the shoemaker's little shop. The ceiling was so low that he could hardly stand up in it, and he found out that the shoemaker did not make shoes at all, but only mended them, for there were piles of old worn-out shoes all around the room, but there was not a sign of any new leather, or of any new boots or shoes. Of course, the shoemaker was almost beside himself with astonishment to see the man who had passed for a cross and ugly person, and who seldom spoke to anybody, come into his shop, and especially address him in the pleasant manner in which he did.

The rich gentleman then said: "I am needing a new pair of boots, and I would like you to make me a pair. Can you do it at once?"

"Well—well—I can make shoes, and boots, too, but—really, I don't know—I believe I haven't got—I haven't got leather enough."

The truth was, the shoemaker did not know what to say, yet he knew that he had no leather in his shop, that was fit for making boots, for it had been many months since he had made a pair, and he was really so poor, to lay in a fresh stock of leather. As soon as the rich man saw the poor shoemaker's difficulty, he said to him: "Oh! well; never mind the leather; I will take care of that."

The shoemaker hardly knew what to think of him when he insisted upon his taking his measure. But the measure was taken, and the rich neighbor bade him "Good-by." That evening there was brought to the shoemaker a large roll of leather, and if his name had not been on it, he would certainly have thought it was designed for somebody else.

The next day a supply of flour, meal, potatoes, and beef was brought to the shoemaker's little shop, and he and his family were rejoiced beyond measure at the good fortune which they had met with.

But Little Peter's education was yet to be provided for. My rich neighbor saw the school teacher in regard to him; gave him a sum of money to pay great attention to him, to teach him in special hours of the day, to provide him with all the books that he needed, and to prepare him for the University with the greatest care.

Now, I am glad to say that all the kindness which this rich man showed to the poor shoemaker and his family did not have the slightest effect toward making them lose their politeness or kindness of heart. The tide now turned greatly in the shoemaker's favor, and as he began to put one new pair of boots or shoes on another in his little bow window, his customers began to multiply, and after a few months he had to move into a larger shop, and his business increased constantly. Little Peter progressed very finely at school, but nobody could say to him that the good fortune which he had met with had spoiled him.

Now, when the rich man saw that his kindness was not misplaced, but that the shoemaker and his family, and especially Little Peter, deserved all that they had received at his hands, he determined to continue his kindness toward others. In fact, he spent the whole of his remaining life in seeking out and aiding the poor, and neglected worthy persons in the city of B—. But it was his regret, to the latest day of his life, that he had not commended such kindness before. Still, his regret was sweetened by the fact that God had used Little Peter's kindness and politeness to soften his heart, and to lead him to devote the last of his life to a high and worthy purpose.

REVIVAL MEASURES AND REVIVAL PREACHING.

BY REV. G. G. FINNEY.

Without new measures it is impossible that the church should succeed in gaining the attention of the world to religion. There are so many exciting subjects constantly brought before the public mind, such a running to and fro, so many that cry, "Lo here," and "Lo there," that the church cannot maintain her ground, cannot command attention, without very exciting preaching, and sufficient novelty in measures, to get the public ear. The measures of politicians, of infidels and heretics, the scrambling after wealth, the increase of luxury, and the ten thousand exciting and counteracting influences that bear upon the church and upon the world, will gain their attention and turn all men away from the sanctuary and from the altars of the Lord, unless we increase in wisdom and piety, and wisely adopt such new measures as are calculated to get the attention of men to the Gospel of Christ. I have already said, in the course of these lectures, that novelties should be introduced no faster than they are really called for. They should be introduced with the greatest wisdom, and caution, and prayerfulness; and in a manner calculated to excite as little opposition as possible. But new measures we must have. And may God prevent the church from settling down in any set of forms, and getting the present or any other edition of her measures stereotyped.

(It is evident that we must have more exciting preaching, to meet the character and wants of the age. Ministers are generally beginning to find this out. And some of them complain of it, and suppose it to be owing to new measures; as they call them. They say that such ministers as our fathers would have been glad to hear, nor cannot be heard, cannot get a settlement, nor collect an audience. And they think that new measures have perverted the taste of the people. But this is not the difficulty. The character of the age is changed, and these men have not conformed to it, but retain the same stiff, dry, prosing style of preaching that answered half a century ago. Look at the Methodists. Many of their ministers are unlearned in the common sense of the term, many of them taken right from the shop or the farm, and yet they have gathered congregations, and pushed their way, and won souls

everywhere. Wherever the Methodists have gone, their plain, pointed and simple, but warm mode of preaching has always gathered congregations. Few Presbyterian ministers have gathered so large assemblies, or won so many souls. Now are we to be told that we must pursue the same old, formal mode of doing things, amidst all these changes? As well might the North River be rolled back, as the world converted under such preaching. Those who adopt a different style of preaching, as the Methodists have done, will run away from us. The world will escape from under the influence of this old-fashioned or rather new-fashioned ministry. It is impossible that the public mind should be held by such preaching. We must have exciting, powerful preaching, or the devil will have the people, except what the Methodists can save. It is impossible that our ministers should continue to do good, unless we have innovations in regard to the style of preaching. Many ministers are finding it out already, that a Methodist preacher, without the advantages of a liberal education, will draw a congregation around him which a Presbyterian minister, with perhaps ten times as much learning, cannot equal, because he has not the earnest manner of the other; and does not pour out fire upon his hearers when he preaches.

ROBERT BROWNING.

BY M. D. CONWAY.

Mr. Browning stands, with few rivals in the past and none in the present, at the head of what, in fault of a better phrase, may be called "intellectual poetry." There are poets who rank him in imaginative literature, there are more musical minstrels, there are—though these are few—warmer and more delicate colorists; but for clear, vigorous thinking, perfect sculpture of forms embodying thoughts (sculptures, too, tinted with the flush of life, with veins of blue and red), for the utterance of the right physiological word and phrase, he has no superior since Shakespeare. Yet intellectual as it is even to a Greek severity—beyond even Landor here—it would by no means express the charm of his writings to style them philosophical. No theory can quote him, nor is he at all ethical. His religious fervor shows in points of white fire on every page; and yet he works aims at no moral lesson or object. He writes neither fable nor allegory. The world of men and women, with their actual passions, hopes and loves, and the vast arenas for their play opened by these as rivers but their channels—these are enough for him. His worship is for man; his faith must find its joy in a divine Man. The world of forms, the city of bodies, represents to him the scattered rays of this mysterious humanity; and his art is not to change them into any moral monotony, but to cultivate and guard them in their various vitality and meaning, and report their dramatic interplay. To philosophy and science all is unity; the poet is a creator of variety out of this unity which shows Paradox but one element, Tyndall one force, Hegel one idea, underlying all actual or conceivable combinations. How grandly he has treated his forms may be best learned by considering the fertility of his invention as displayed in all of his volumes. No poet of this generation has approached Robert Browning in the richness and originality of his plots. While around him the gods and goddesses of Greece and Rome have been masquerading in contemporary costumes—while critics have been often limited for a generation at a time to the question whether Smith's Venus or Cupid is finer than Jones's—while every Oriental or Scandinavian or Italian legend has been made to do duty like the professional models whose faces and forms, now bright, now brown, reappear at every Academy exhibition—this poet has evolved a series of the most beautiful frames as well as portraits, in attestation of which we need only, for the reader of Browning, mention "Pippa Passes," "Paracelsus," "The Flight of the Duchess," and "The Blot on the Scutocheon."—Atlantic Monthly for February.

DANTE.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The following lines were written about the time of the six hundredth anniversary of the birth of Dante, which was celebrated in various parts of the civilized world in May, 1865. If they have any interest for the reader, they will owe it to a good degree to the recent admirable translations of Dante's great poem, which have familiarized the American public with the character of his mind and what he did for his own age and the ages which succeeded him—the translation of the entire poem by Longfellow, in which the naked grandeur of the original is reproduced with a severe fidelity, and that of the "Inferno," by Parsons, remarkable for the ease and spirit of its rendering.

The allusion in the last stanza of the lines here given will be readily understood to refer to the history of our own country for the year 1865.

Who, midst the grasses of the field That spring beneath our careless feet, First found the shining stems that yield The grains of life-sustaining wheat;

Who first upon the furrowed land Strowed the bright grains to sprout and grow, And ripen for the reaper's hand,— We know not, and we cannot know.

But well we know the hand that brought And scattered, far as sight can reach, The seeds of free and living thought, On the broad field of modern speech.

Midst the white hills that round us lie We cherish that Great Sower's fame; And, as we pile the sheaves on high, With awe we utter Dante's name.

Six centuries, since the poet's birth, Have come and fitted o'er our sphere; The richest harvest reaped on earth— Crowns the last century's closing year.

BEN FRANKLIN AND PHILADELPHIA MERCHANTS.—When Benjamin Franklin was a printer in Philadelphia, it seems he published a newspaper. Among other things that received censure at his hands were certain modes of transacting business by the mer-

chants of Philadelphia. He handled the knives in such a manner as to arouse their wrath, and calling a meeting among themselves they waited upon the sturdy printer, and demanded to know what he meant.

"Here," said they, "we have been patronizing and supporting you, and this is our reward. You must change this mode of doing or we'll show you that the merchants are a power you may not trifle with. Without our patronage where would you stand?"

"Gentlemen of the Merchants' Committee," said the polite printer, "I am as you see, very busy now, but call at my house this evening for dinner, I shall consider the matter over with you in a friendly manner." The committee congratulating themselves that old Ben was evidently frightened, came to dinner at the hour named but were surprised to find nothing on the table but mush—made of ill-ground corn—and a large pitcher of milk. The merchants' committee not being used to coarse fare, could do nothing but watch the healthy printer while he made a hearty meal. Rising from the table he addressed the committee thus: "Gentlemen, he that can live comfortably on such food can live without your patronage. I shall cease to attack those practices when you cease to practice them, and not before. Gentlemen, good night."

And for many a year Philadelphia merchants were better and far more honest, owing to this incident.

THREE children in New Brunswick got astray. One, a girl, was about six years of age, the others four and three. It was a wild region, and in wild weather, and at the edge of night. From signs it seems that the six year old girl soon felt sure that there was no hope of their being found that night, and so took measures at once for the safe keeping of her little ones. Putting them in the most sheltered nook she could find, she then stripped away most of her own garments to put on them and then set out to gather dry sea weed and brush to cover them up in and defend them. A large quantity of this had been gathered and piled about the babes in a sort of nest, and there they lay when the people found them, still alive; but the six year old matron and martyr lay out on the shore dead of the cold, beside the last pile of brush she had been able to gather but was not able to bring in.

SUNLIGHT FOR THE CONSUMPTIVE.

We have been told by some consumptives that one of the best prescriptions we have made has been their removal from a north room to the sunny south chamber. As we write two cases to mind, strikingly illustrative of the sun's benign influence. We had been attending at an orphan asylum, a girl about twelve years old, who had been long ill of severe typhoid fever. She was wholly prostrated in mind and body, and emaciated to the last degree. It was plain that she was falling into that depressed condition of all the powers of life that so often precedes consumption. Day after day we visited her, but all recuperative power seemed lost. Half dead and alive, the little creature neither spoke nor moved, and ate only on compulsion. One day, on our way to visit her, we felt that elastic thrill which the warm rays of the sun impart in the early cool weather of spring. We involuntarily leaped along, and were instantly struck with the fact that "virtue had gone out of us," when we left behind us the sunlight and warmth of the street, and entered that northern chamber, the dormitory of the poor orphan. That inspiring influence the invalid had never experienced in the slightest degree during the whole of her sickness, as, owing to its peculiar situation, not a ray of direct sunlight had ever entered the chamber. We were shocked, and for the first time considered the depth of her loss, and our own remissness in regard to her. The air of the room had been pure, the ceilings of the infirmary were lofty, the attendants had been faithful and sagacious. Nothing seemed lacking, in fact, to restore health. Yet it did not come. On the contrary, there seemed a constant downward tendency. "A sun-bath in the warm rays of this delicious spring day is what this girl needs," we instantly said to the sister superior. This lady gladly consented to the change, and placed the little patient in another room having a southern aspect, and consequently filled with sunlight. The invalid immediately recognized the change, and asked, in her weak way, to have the curtains raised, so as to let in the full blaze of the light. Soon she wanted to sit up, and directed that the easy chair, in which she was propped, should be placed so as to allow her whole body below her face to be exposed to the direct rays of the sun. It was the natural tendency of disease, seeking for all life-renewing influences. And we have never met with so marked or so rapid improvement as immediately began in the body and mind of the girl. Appetite and strength increased daily, and with them burst forth again all the joyousness of the child's heart.

Another analogous case, which, although we do not demonstrate by it the influence of the sun alone, we cannot forbear to name, because by such examples we impress perhaps on the minds of our readers the real principles underlying the whole question. A lady aged about thirty, resident in the northern part of New England, consulted us for undoubted tubercular disease of the lungs. Her house was well situated, and on the side towards the south was a small piazza resting on stone steps, which was raised two or three feet above the ground. The winter was approaching and rules

were to be given. Having full faith in the divine influences of pure air and sunlight, we directed that she should sit out on the piazza every day during the winter, unless it were too stormy. It was so arranged, to shut out the cool air on three sides, as to admit the full blaze of sunlight in from Here, according to our directions, she used to sit, wrapped in furs, reading or writing for several hours each day during the following winter, and with most excellent results. She was directed frequently to make deep inspirations, in order to fill the lung with pure air. She was never chilled, because the sun's rays and her warm clothing prevented it. She never "took cold" there. On the contrary, the balmy influences exerted upon her by her daily sun and air bath were so grateful; her breathing became so much easier after each of them, that, whenever a storm came, and prevented the resort to the piazza, the invalid suffered in consequence thereof. Whether these remarks will prove to our readers that want of sunlight may be reckoned among the causes of consumption may well be doubted, but we trust that, at least, they will convince some sceptics that sunlight has a potent influence in raising the human body from various weaknesses that sometimes are the precursors of fatal phthisis.—Atlantic Monthly for February.

An "agricultural locomotive," or mammoth steam plow, has been built in Oroville, California. The huge machine has six driving wheels, each is furnished with cog and a pinion connected with a main driving shaft by self-adjusting drums and pinions. It is about 20 feet long, and can turn within its own length. A movable pinion, with lever attached, enables the pilot to guide it by steam when in motion. The four forward wheels are connected together by a frame, upon which rests a universal pivot, and upon the latter rests the boiler, supported by the sides by projecting frame-work. The boiler retains an upright position while running on uneven or sloping ground. In the rear of the boiler are the engines, the pistons connecting with the main shaft in the rear. The plows, 39 in number, are attached to a revolving shaft, which gets its motion from the main driving shaft. The 39 plows occupy a space of but 12 feet. They are raised or lowered at will by means of a segment at either end of the shaft. The whole weight is about eight tons. The engine has a fifty horse power. The first test seems to have made a very favorable impression. Its plowing was done handsomely and rapidly. The space, twelve feet wide, was left in the best condition possible for planting. It was thoroughly pulverized to the depth of six or eight inches, and turned over, and resembled ground that had been plowed and run over with a cultivator. The universal expression from farmers present was, that it performed its work well, but fears were entertained by some, that the weight of the machine was too great for cultivated land. During the first test, however, it was running upon new ground, softened by recent rains, so that a loaded wagon could not pass over it.

NEW MODE OF TELEGRAPHING.—In the U. S. Senate, January, 13, 1869, Mr. Sumner presented the petition of Ehabon Loomis, M.D., of the District of Columbia, setting forth that he has discovered and patented a new mode of telegraphing, dispensing with the use of wires, and using the earth as now, to form one-half of the circuit, and the continuous electrical element far above the surface of the earth for the other part of the circuit, and asking an appropriation of \$50,000 to enable him to complete the demonstration of the value of his invention. Mr. Sumner said, in presenting the petition, he merely performed a duty, but he thought this alleged invention was either a great case of moonshine, or else it marked an epoch in the progress of invention. Mr. Wilson thought it was better not to saucer just yet; some of the greatest men of the country had laughed when the magic telegraph was first suggested, but the laugh was now on the other side of the mouth. Several Senators seemed disposed to throw ridicule on the matter. The petition was referred to the Committee on Patents.

PHILADELPHIA AS A MANUFACTURING CITY.—In considering the subject of a proper location for manufacturing establishments, there is one argument in favor of Philadelphia not generally used, but of great importance. This is that the rates of insurance here are lower than in any other great city in America engaged in industrial pursuits. Of this there can be no dispute, the fact being well known to business men. The reasons are numerous. The arrangements here for the extinguishment of fires are on a more comprehensive scale than those of any other city. We have more steam fire-engines than any two other American cities combined, and they are well distributed throughout all parts of the city. Our electric fire alarm telegraph is the most complete and effective in the world, and has served as a model for other cities to copy. The investigations of the Fire Marshal have reduced the perils from arson; and, altogether, our arrangements have caused a great reduction in the number of fires as well as in the amount of losses consequent. The Police and Fire Departments, work harmoniously together in the extinguishment of fires, the saving of property and the exclusion of depredators.

PATIENCE.—The most extraordinary instance of patience on record in modern times, is that of an Illinois Judge, who listened silently for two days, while a couple of worthy attorneys contended about the construction of an act of the Legislature, and then ended the controversy by remarking: "Gentlemen, the law is repealed."