

## The Family Circle.

[For the American Presbyterian.]

## THE BETTER LAND.

I would be free!  
Saviour, I stagger 'neath this heavy load  
Of care and sin, which doth the heart corrode,  
And every step removes Thy fair abode  
Far, far from me!

Its Heavenly light  
In visions oft when slumber seals mine eyes,  
Breaks o'er me, and the glories of the skies,  
Their golden streets and crystal streams, arise  
Before my sight!

I view them there:  
Those saints, whose garments glistening like the sun,  
Have heard the psalms; Enter thou! Well done!  
"Receive the crown which only those who run  
And conquer, wear!"

I hear the sound  
Of music wrung from golden harps, by hands  
Long silent here, which in those far-off lands  
Have found new life and broken Death's strong bands,  
Fall soft around.

There is no night;  
Such is the radiance of the Saviour's face,  
No sun is needed in that Heavenly place,  
But springs there from the very Throne of Grace  
Refulgent light!

And not unreal  
Is this creation, of disorder'd brain;  
For there's a land where neither war nor pain,  
Nor aught that can afflict shall come again  
To mar our weal.

In that fair land  
Where nothing grieves and nothing can molest;  
Within the shelter of the Saviour's breast;  
Where all is quietness and perfect rest;  
Oh, may I stand!

F. L.

## HOW THE DOG SPITZI HELPED THE REFORMATION.—II.

(From Carters' "Tales from Alsace.")

Wearied and unstrung did pastor John return home on that same evening with Father Bernard. The negotiations had been long and stormy, and only after a sharp contest had the victory, by God's grace, been nobly won. And now, the pastor was, early next morning, to go to Obersteinbrunn, and there, as his duty required, to conduct Divine worship, it being the Lord's day. "Oh! do not go!" pleaded Theresa for the first time, and pouring out her whole soul, she added as her reason for this unwonted entreaty, the assurance that truly she trembled for his life, and well knew to what danger he exposed himself, if he dared to proclaim the gospel on Austrian territory. She reminded him that, during the negotiations in the Town-house and in St. Stephen's church, the youngsters of the Finninger family and their comrades had been rioting about St. Augustine's Square, throwing stones at the convent, launching forth threats against the pastor, and singing in derision—

"Oh woe! woe! woe!  
Hofer must now  
To the gallows go!"

While, since the departure of the ambassadors, they had, in common with all the evil-disposed, indulged in loud and triumphant rejoicings at the oppressed state of the town.

By the way of answer the pastor silently opened Idelette's Bible; with clasped hands he uttered a short prayer, and then slowly and devoutly he read these words: "He saith unto him the third time, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? Peter was grieved because he said unto him the third time, Lovest thou me? And he said unto him, Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee. Jesus saith unto him, FEED MY SHEEP. Verily, verily, I say unto thee, when thou wast young, thou girdest thyself, and waldest whither thou wouldst: but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldst not. This spake he, signifying by what death he should glorify God. And when he had spoken this, he saith unto him, FOLLOW ME" (John xxi. 17-19).

Thereupon the man of God, folding his wife in his arms, said, deeply moved—"An ancient legend relates concerning the death of St. Peter, that, guided by the brethren, he escaped from Rome, because the Emperor had commanded that he should be put to death. After the brethren had left him, and the apostle was going on his way alone, a light suddenly appeared around him, and he saw the Lord pass by. "Lord, whither goest thou?" cried Peter, and he fell upon his knees. Then the Lord turned to His disciple, and said—"I go unto Rome, there to be crucified. FOLLOW THOU ME!" Dear Theresa, Peter also had at his home a beloved and cherished wife; and yet he turned round on the spot and followed his Lord, and in Rome he suffered martyrdom. Dost thou now wish that I should not follow the Lord—should not feed His sheep?"

"No! oh no, John! let the Lord's will be mine!" exclaimed Theresa with tears, and she laid her head on her husband's shoulder, and wept long and bitterly. After that both knelt down to pray together in silence, and Father Bernard, who had been a silent witness of this affecting scene, laid his hands on their heads and blessed them in the name of God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

The following morning, in the stillness of the Sabbath dawn, pastor John rose from his couch, pressed his wife and children to his heart, commended himself and them to the mercy and protection of God, and then, with Spitzzi as his faithful companion, he started on the road to Obersteinbrunn, there to fulfil his duties, although an inner voice told him that he too would soon be girded by another man and led whither he would not.

There are in this life-long, dark, dreary days, in which a black cloud hangs lowering over our heads, and an indescribable anxiety weighs down the spirit as with the burden of Alp on Alp: time creeps on heavily; everything around us seems pervaded with an element of leaden weight. Such a long and heavy day did the Sunday prove to our friend Theresa. After she had set all in order at home, had wept out her pent-up flood of tears in the church, and had besought the Lord to grant help and comfort, she went to the German Farm where her brother Frank, his Jacob, and old Andrew received her warmly, and

closed round her in a circle of love. They too, however, were restless, and full of uneasiness and apprehension. While Theresa sought to hush the risings of her troubled heart by converse with the aged Andrew, Frank silently crept out, first to the gate, then to the Augustinian Convent, to see whether pastor John had not yet returned. When at length evening's shades had deepened into night, and the long-expected one had not yet arrived, the uneasiness became general,—messengers were despatched to inquire, and the most conflicting rumors were spread abroad.

The night was singularly dark; the sky was overcast, and soon a violent storm arose. Wind and rain raged furiously against the round pines of the Augustinian Convent, in whose ancient refectory all the waiting ones had assembled for united prayer. In that circle was Oswald von Gamsarst, and his scouts were perpetually coming and going. Suddenly Hansli, who had stood without as a watch, threw open the door with these words—"Spitzzi has arrived, but without my uncle!" Instantly the dog dashed into the room, dripping, foaming, howling and wailing. It rushed from one to another, pulled the men by their trousers, and then hurried back to the door, as though it meant to summon them to be up and doing, to rally forth to the rescue. Too evidently the dreaded misfortune had actually taken place; but how and where? On these points truly poor Spitzzi could give no intelligence. At this moment of suspense the malicious face of Michael Finninger was seen peeping round the edge of the open door, like an evil spirit, as, chuckling with diabolical glee, he cried out,—*"They have him!"* He then vanished as swiftly as he had come, pursued by the enraged Spitzzi, whom Frank with the greatest difficulty succeeded in catching.

But now came back the mounted town-messenger sent out by Herr von Gamsarst to Obersteinbrunn, bringing the following intelligence:—Pastor John had, as usual, conducted service, and preached, made his round of visits among the sick and from house to house, and then, accompanied by the old forester Vincent, he had gone on his way homeward: on the road he had been seized by Austrian soldiers, and taken captive to the safe stronghold, the Castle of Brunnstatt. The whole village of Obersteinbrunn was roused to the utmost pitch of excitement and consternation; indeed, the enemy could not have hazarded taking the parson prisoner in the midst of the place itself, which would infallibly have provoked the rising of the peasantry, pastor John being universally beloved and revered, not only on account of his present preaching and care of the spiritual interests of the flock, but also by reason of the benefits conferred by him on his parishioners during the Peasants' War, during which all found in him help, counsel and consolation, in every case where human aid could be afforded.

"If he is imprisoned in the Castle of Brunnstatt we cannot set him free!" exclaimed Oswald von Gamsarst with a deep sigh, "for long before we could penetrate thither to present our complaints in the right quarter, and to set a-going negotiations, they would already have executed him! We know by experience what short work of the Ensisheim Government makes, the trial of our Evangelical ministers!"

"He is not in the Castle of Brunnstatt yet," said Vincent the forester, who had just entered, thoroughly drenched, and had sunk exhausted on a chair. "They want to take him to Ensisheim through by-paths, to avoid the villages. Up therefore, ye men, up and hasten with a flag to the Hart as quickly as possible! They must pass through the forest, and with God's help you may succeed in liberating the good pastor from the grasp of his executioners!" He proceeded to relate how he had escorted pastor John, they too availing themselves of by-paths which he had formerly pointed out to him for safety's sake, but which unfortunately Michael Finninger had spied, he having that day followed the man of God afar off, and thus gained the power of leading the Austrians to form an ambuscade, from which they rushed out to seize the pastor, bind him with his face downwards on a horse, and then hasten off with their victim.

Spitzzi, whom the soldiery were seeking also to put to death, took to flight, after vainly endeavoring to defend his master, and he, Vincent, concealed himself in the thicket, and there overheard their decision regarding the road by which they should carry away their prisoner.

With the circumspection and quiet presence of mind for which he was so remarkable, Oswald von Gamsarst immediately took all the steps necessary for hastening to the rescue of the captive minister. To escape all notice, Frank was to drive off silently with his woodman's cart to the forest of the Hart. Herr von Gamsarst and several armed men were to ride with him in the cart; several others, armed and forming no inconsiderable force, were to ride out after them by separate paths: they were to effect a junction at the forester's hut in the Hart, from whence the town-clerk himself was to direct the whole expedition. In the town meanwhile the walls were to be garrisoned, a strong guard was to be set to watch the house of the Finningers and other suspicious parties, and the sentries at the gates were to be strictly enjoined not to allow any one to pass in or out who was not provided with the pass word—"God for us." "And so," exclaimed Herr von Gamsarst with enthusiasm, as he grasped Theresa's hand for a paternal farewell, "and so let us go forth in God's name, with His almighty aid, and in His strength only!"

Theresa, who had sat there motionless and deadly pale like a marble statue, since the dreadful tidings had been brought, rose quickly as he uttered these words, and said, "Take Spitzzi with you, noble friend! He can, more safely than any guide, lead to his master's track; and may the Lord guide and protect you all!"

"Well said! and I too may go with you!" cried Hansli, as, suiting the action to the word, he leapt with the dog at a single bound, into the cart, which had already stood some time waiting before the convent gate. Oswald von Gamsarst was inclined to refuse the boy admission, but Frank urged him to take him, pleading that he was acquainted with every little path and track in the forest, and that he and Spitzzi could perhaps render the most effectual service by spying out the road along which the prisoner was to be carried through the Hart. Father Bernard and Vincent the forester mounted the cart also, and amid rolling thunder, flashing lightning and pour-

ing rain, they all started in solemn silence, yet strong and of good courage, trusting in the Lord who is mighty to help and to deliver.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## IMPRISONED SUNBEAMS.

It was seven o'clock, almost Fannie's bedtime. She was sleepy and tired, and had waited quite long enough, she thought, for her father—who was quietly taking his after-dinner nap—to wake up and tell her the usual good-night story.

She fidgeted about a long time, trying to keep still, but really making a great noise. First she made a doll out of her handkerchief. But it hadn't any face, and its arms would stick out in such an absurdly straight manner that it was quite disagreeable to play with; so poor dolly had to turn back into a little square of hemstitched linen.

Then she made a ball of the same bit of cambric. But, being very soft, it wouldn't bound an atom; and we all know there is no fun in throwing the ball and having to run to pick it up again.

All at once a thought came into her disconsolate little mind, and, rushing across the room to her father, she seized the handkerchief which covered his face, just where his nose made a slight elevation in its surface.

"Papa," cried she, "wake up, wake up, and tell me what made gas?"

Papa had been thoroughly roused by the not very gentle twitch Fannie gave his nose when she pulled off the handkerchief; and, laughingly seating her on his knee, asked, "Why do you want to know, puss?"

"Well, I guess—I 'spect it's 'cause I do."

"Quite a little woman's answer," said her father, and began his story.

"One day, millions of years ago—longer ago than we can even guess at, before there were any men or women or boys or girls in the world—(the sun shone very brightly and warmly for that time, for the sun didn't shine so much then as it does now) a group of little sunbeams got lodged in a tree.

"The trees that grew in those days were not our great oaks and stately poplars, but seemed more like ferns grown to a gigantic stature. And all the vegetable growth of that time was such as we call now tropical.

"We can now imagine how the beautiful soft, green mosses grew as tall as you, and how they waved backward and forward in the wind and whispered among themselves; and how the splendid tree-like ferns bent and tossed in the breeze; and that over them hung graceful vines, which looped themselves from branch to branch and swung in unison. We can imagine all this, I say; for there were no books written to hand down to us to tell us of that time.

"And the only way we can guess what kind of things grew then is by fossils, of which I will tell you presently.

"Why those little rays of light should have caught in that particular tree I never could understand; but they did, or I should have no story to tell.

"There they lived, making the tree warm and bright till it grew old and died; and leaf after leaf fell off, and branch after branch broke down, and at last all that was left of that once stately fern was a poor old stump, which soon decayed also.

"Now, any one would have supposed that the sunbeams, finding their home a ruin would have glanced off to seek a pleasanter place. But no, they preferred to be buried in the ground with what had been their dear old home in the tree-top. The longer they staid there the deeper they became imbedded in the earth; and finally they found they couldn't get out at all.

"So they slept there year after year, till nobody knows how much time had passed. More trees grew up, and died, and were buried like them; and after a while rocks began to form over them, and press them in deeper and deeper and harder and harder; and the poor little sunbeams said: 'We shall never get out any more! How much better it would have been had we only staid on the surface, instead of being constantly thrust further into the earth!'

"Years ago—and not such a very great many, either, when we think of the time that had passed since our tree first died—some wise men found, in certain spots in mountains and other places, the hard, black substance which we call coal. But it was really the decayed wood made by those trees and plants which died like the one our sunbeam lived in, ages ago, and which had been pressed so hard and so long by those rocks and other formations that had gathered above them that it had become solid and black.

"Now, in the coal are found what are called fossils—that is, the figures of leaves and the bark of trees impressed on the coal. They are beautiful carvings, only finer than any carving could be.

"You have seen skeleton leaves and flowers?"

"Well, they are like them in delicacy. They are the skeleton flowers Nature makes, only they are black.

"There are other kinds of fossils, too—such as bones of animals, shells, fish, and others; but they are not found in coal, because no animals existed at the time when the coal formed.

"I once saw a fossilized fern; and it seemed as if it must have been cut with a diamond, so fine was it.

"Coal-miners often find these beautiful things in the course of their excavations. Only think how pleasant it must be, when they are among that dirty black stuff, and are soiled with the dust themselves, suddenly to find what might be called one of Nature's photographs right before them.

"Not the only good thing about these pictures is their beauty. They serve to tell us what kind of a growth there was in the time when the wood was becoming coal. Of course, when we find nothing but graceful ferns, and pretty mosses, and plants that are similar to them, we know that

there was no other kind at that time. They are the illustrations in Nature's guide-books.

"Well, these wise men found this black substance and they wondered what it was. And, being wise, as I have told you, they tried experiments with it, and found that it would burn and give out heat; and so they used it for fuel."

"Yes; but, papa," interrupted Fannie, "this story you are telling is about coal—not gas, as I wanted?"

"Wait patiently, little girl, and we'll soon come to the gas," replied her father, and went on.

"So these wise men, who are never satisfied with finding one use for a thing, but must make it a means to a great many ends, thought, 'This burns so well why shouldn't it be applied in some form as a light?' And, when they had once thought of it, they couldn't let it alone, till by numerous experiments they found that a part of it could be converted into that invisible thing we call gas, and carried through miles of tubes and pipes, and be brought into people's houses, to light them up brilliantly. Well, one day, when men were digging out coal to make gas of, they came to a very large, smooth, glossy piece, with two pretty ferns traced upon it. This they took out, and put with a quantity which was coming to this great city of New York, Now it happened that this particular piece of coal was made of the tree with which our sunbeams were buried so long ago. And, after it had been through all the necessary processes, the gas was conveyed in pipes from the gas-works, which I have often pointed out to you, to this street and into this very house and room. And one tiny sunbeam rushed up and shone so brightly at the end of the pipe that it caused my little daughter to ask, 'What made gas?' And I tell her for reply that the light she sees is one of those little rays which lay buried for ages, but which shines forth again to show that it is long past Fannie's bedtime, and that the sand-man has gotten into her winking eyes."

"Ah! but papa," cried Fannie, now opening her blue eyes very wide "do you believe all that?"

But her father only kissed her good-night, and smiling said:

"Don't you?"—Independent.

## HOW COMMON WINDOW GLASS IS MADE.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

"There is another process," continued the gaffer, "by which our common window-glass is made. By the way, if ever you visit Pittsburg, in Pennsylvania, you must go into the window-glass factories there; you will find them very curious. Their furnace, in the first place, is built in the ancient style: it has no chimney, and the smoke from the bituminous coal which they burn, pours out in a cloud into the room. There are openings in the roof for it to escape through, and a continual draught of air from the doors carries it upward, so that it is not so bad for the workmen as one would think. Besides, they do not begin to blow until the smoke is all burnt off."

"There are five pots on each side of the furnace; and you will see five men in a row, blowing all at once, with the regularity of a file of soldiers exercising. Each gathers thirty or forty pounds of metal on his pipe, which is very long and strong. They stand on platforms, to get room to swing the glass, as they blow it. The five men begin to blow and swing all together. Each blows a great globe of glass, which is stretched out gradually by the swinging motion into a cylinder, or roller, as it is called, five feet long. Then the five rollers are swung up towards the furnace-holes, and five other soldiers spring forward with their guns—which in this case are iron bars, that they set upright under the five blowing pipes to support them while the rollers are being re-heated in the necks of the pots. The blowers blow in the necks of the pipes with all their might, then clap their thumbs over the holes to prevent the air from rushing out again; in the meanwhile the end of the roller is softened, so that at last the air, forced in and expanded by the heat, bursts it outwards. The glass is then a cylinder, open at one end. It is whirled in the heat until the edges become true, then brought away—the five iron supports dropping to the ground with a simultaneous clang. The cylinders are laid on tables, where the imperfect spherical end about the blowing-pipe is cracked off from the rest by a stripe of melted glass drawn around it. The cylinder is then cracked from end to end on one side by means of a red-hot iron passed through it.

"In an adjoining building is what is called the flattening oven. The cylinders brought there are lifted on the end of a lever, passed in through a circular opening just large enough to admit them, and laid on flattening stones on the oven bottom, with the crack uppermost. The oven bottom is circular, and it revolves horizontally. As the glass softens, it separates at the crack, and lays itself down gently and gradually on the stone. The long cylinder is then a flat sheet, three feet wide and nearly five feet in length. There are four openings around the sides of the oven; at one the glass is put in, through another a workman sweeps the stone for it, a third workman smooths it down with a block as it comes round to him, and a fourth, at the last opening, which is close to the one at which it was put in, lifts the sheet—partly cooled by this time—upon a carriage in the oven. This he does by means of a lever furnished with sharp, broad blades at the end, which he works in under the glass. When the carriage is full, it is run through an annealing oven beyond.

"The opposite end of the annealing oven opens into the cutting-room. There the carriages are pushed along a central track, and unloaded at the stalls of the cutters. The cutter has a table before him, with

measure-marks on its edges. He lifts one of the sheets, lays it on the table, and commences ruling it faster than a school-boy rules his slate. His ruler is a wooden rod, five feet long, and his pencil-point is a diamond. Every stroke is a cut. Not that he cuts the glass quite apart; indeed, he seems scarcely to make a scratch. Yet that scratch has the effect of cracking the glass quite through, so that it breaks clean off at the slightest pressure. In this way the sheets are cut up into panes of the requisite size."

"I should think the diamonds would wear out," said Lawrence.

"I remember," replied the gaffer, "one workman told me that a single diamond would last him two or three years. It has fifteen or sixteen different edges, and when one edge is worn out he uses another. South American diamonds, such as he used, cost, he told me, from six to thirty dollars each; and, when they are worn out for his purpose, he sells them for jewels to be put into watches."—OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

## HOW TO TALK—CONFESS IGNORANCE.

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

You are both so young that you cannot yet conceive of the amount of treasure that will yet be poured in upon you, by all sorts of people, if you do not go about professing that you have all you want already. You know the story of the two school-girls on the Central Railroad. They were dead faint with hunger, having ridden all day without food, but, on consulting together, agreed that they did not dare to get out at any station to buy. A modest old doctor of divinity, who was coming home from a meeting of the "American Board," overheard their talk, got some sponge-cake, and pleasantly and civilly offered it to them as he might have done to his grandchildren. But poor Sybil, who was nervous and anxious, said, "No, thank you, and so Sarah thought she must say, 'No, thank you,' too; and so they were nearly dead when they reached the Delavan House. Now just that same thing happens, whenever you pretend, either from pride or from shyness, that you know the thing you do not know. If you go on in that way, you will be starved before long, and the coroner's jury will bring in a verdict, 'Served you right.' I could have brayed a girl, whom I will call Jane Smith, last night, at Mrs. Pollexfen's party, only I remembered, 'Though thou bray a fool in mortar, his foolishness will not depart from him,' and that much the same may be said of fools of the other sex. I could have brayed her, I say, when I saw how she was constantly defrauding herself by cutting off that fine Major Andrew, who was talking to her, or trying to. Really, no instances give you any idea of it. From a silly boarding-school habit, I think, she kept saying, 'Yes,' as if she would be disgraced by acknowledging ignorance. 'You know,' said he, 'what General Taylor said to Santa Anna, when they brought him in?' 'Yes,' simpered poor Jane, though in fact she did not know, and I do not suppose five people in the world do. But poor Andrew, simple as a soldier, believed her and did not tell the story, but went on alluding to it, and they got at once into helpless confusion. Still, he did not know what the matter was, and before long, when they were speaking of the Muhlbach novels, he said, 'Did you think of the resemblance between the winding up and Redgauntlet?' 'O yes,' simpered poor Jane again, though, as it proved, and as she had to explain in two or three minutes, she had never read a word of Redgauntlet. She had merely said 'Yes,' and 'Yes,' and 'Yes,' not with a distinct notion of fraud, but from an impression that it helps conversation on if you forever assent to what is said. This is an untermistake; for, as I hope you see by this time, conversation really depends on the acknowledgment of ignorance,—being indeed, the providential appointment of God for the easy removal of such ignorance.

## TRUE COURAGE.

"Coward! coward!" said James Lawson to Edward Wilkins, as he pointed his finger at him.

Edward's face turned very red, and then the tears started to his eyes as he said: "James Lawson, don't call me coward."

"Why don't you fight John Taylor, then, when he dares you? I would not be dared by any boy."

"He is afraid," said Charles Jones, as he put his finger in his eye, and pretended to cry.

"I am not afraid," said Edward, and he looked almost ready to give up, for John Taylor came forward and said: "Come on, then, and show that you are not afraid."

A gentleman passing by said: "Why do you not fight the boy? Tell me the reason."

The boys all stood still, while Edward said: "I will not do a wicked thing, sir, if they do call me a coward."

"That's right, my noble boy," said the gentleman. "If you fight with that boy you will really disgrace yourself, and will show that you are more afraid of the laugh and ridicule of your friends than of breaking the commandments of your Maker. It is more honorable to bear an insult with meekness, than to fight about it. Beasts and brutes, which have no reason, know of no other way to avenge themselves. Though it be hard to be called a coward, and submit to the indignity and insult, yet remember the words of the wise man: 'He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city.' Many a poor, deluded man has been drawn in to accept a challenge and fight a duel to exhibit his bravery, and thus display to all that he was a miserable coward, who was afraid of the sneer and laugh of his companions. Rather follow the example of that brave soldier, who, when he was challenged to fight, said: 'I do not fear the cannon's mouth, but I fear God.'"—Juvenile Reformer.