

The Family Circle.

SUNSET.

AT EIGHTY-SIX.

Afar from thee, dear friend, to-day,
I dwell with loving thought,
On all the story of thy life,
With joys and griefs inwrought.

I think of all the weary way
Thy pilgrim feet have trod—
Of "years gone down into the past,"
Whose record is with God.

Of all thy tender patient trust,
Of all thy calm, sweet faith,
Which never asked for better oath,
Than just His own, "He saith."

Which walked alike in light or dark,
While Jesus walked beside,
And took the joys God offered here,
Nor craved the joy denied.

So simply walking, with thy hand
Close clasped in His each day,
Most faithfully His covenant
He kept with thee always.

In joy's bright day, He saved thee from
The tempter's subtle power;
In sorrow's night, He hid thee deep
Within His refuge-tower.

The many thorns thy feet have pressed,
His own had pressed before;
Thy sad temptations too He knew,
In many a conflict sore.

And oft, when these were overcome,
And Hope might sing again,
He brought thee to some mountain's height
O'erlooking all the plain;

Whence, glancing down, thou saw'st with joy
The fearful path escaped,
And glancing up, did'st catch a glimpse
Of Eden's distant gate.

And so, through all the years thou'st come,
Up to this peaceful shore,
Where "only waiting" thou dost stand,
Till Jesus go before.

Thy pilgrim staff, is bent and old,
Thy sandals poor and worn,
Thy garments gray and travel-stained,
Thy red-cross banner torn.

Yet patient wait—thy pilgrim staff
A waving palm shall be,
Thy sandals gold, thy garments white,
Thy banner victory.

The bridgeless river just beyond,
The pilgrim way behind,
To rest in Benah's pleasant land,
With glad untroubled mind.

For far across the gloomy wave,
Doth heavenly music ring;
And gleaming Eden-lights reveal
The City of our King.

And, as in evening's sunset-glow,
An angel seems to stand,
And holding wide the pearly gate,
With glory floods the land,

So in thy life's sweet sunset hour,
I seem to see thee wait,
Touched with the glory streaming through
The softly-opened gate.

So rest thee here, dear pilgrim, till
The splendor brighter falls,
And thou shalt be at home within
The City's golden walls.

K. H. J.

SYMPATHY.

"Do come along, Ally; you're such a slow poke; we'll be too late at school if you don't hurry up."

"I'm hurrying all I can, Jennie; you know I can't walk as fast as you do, especially on the ice."

"Oh, nonsense! Just because you're a little lame, you make that an excuse for all sorts of laziness. If you'd try to do better, you could, I know."

"Well, Jennie," said her sister in a piteous voice, and with the tears starting in her patient eyes, "if ever one of our legs gets to be shorter than the other, you'll find out how easy it is to run on slippery sidewalks."

Jennie made no answer to this speech, except by an impatient jerk of her head and a still quicker step; and the little lame girl, with a sigh that came from very deep down in her childish breast, did her best to keep up with her older sister's strong, rapid movements. But the effort was too much for her; her lameness made her get tired very easily, and this morning the pavements were so covered with sleet that the walking was unusually difficult. A sick, faint feeling suddenly came over her; she turned quite white, and breathing hard, said: "Jennie, I feel so queer; I can't walk another step, indeed I can't, until I sit down and rest. I'm sorry."

"Oh, what a bother!" exclaimed her sister; for she saw by her pale face and trembling limbs that Ally would indeed be obliged to stop. "Now we shall be sure to be late, and I shall get a tardy-mark, all because of you. I do wish I had a sister like other girls."

This last remark was made in a low voice, but the lame child heard it as she sank down upon the steps of the nearest house, and it cut her little heart cruelly. For a moment she was tempted to ask bitterly why she should have been thus afflicted by God. But then there stole back to her memory the sweet text: "These light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory;" and she felt comforted, and said in her sweet, patient way: "You needn't wait for me, Jennie; I can come on by myself when I get rested a little. Go on now, and if you're late, tell Miss Adams it was my fault, and I know she'll excuse you."

Now Jennie knew that it was not her sister's fault, but her own, that they were rather pre-sed for time that morning, for Ally had been quite ready to start to school for half an hour, but had to wait for Jennie. So her heart was rather touched to hear the little girl take all the blame so meekly upon herself; and she said more kindly than she had spoken before, "No, indeed, Ally, I shall not leave you at all. I'll wait for you, and perhaps we shall not be late after all."

The quick tears started again in Ally's blue eyes, but this time they were grateful tears, and she said sweetly, "It's very good in you, Jennie; and indeed I'm just as sorry for your sake as for my own that I'm so lame. I know I'm a great trouble to you all the time."

"Oh, well, it can't be helped, I suppose," said her sister, in something of her old impatient tone. "Come, don't you think you can go on now? Try; lean on me, and I guess you can." So Ally got up, and aided by her sister's arm, she managed to walk on so nicely, that the great school-bell was still ringing as they hurried in at the gate, and they were not late after all.

That evening, after Ally had gone to bed, and Jennie was studying her spelling-lesson for the next day, she suddenly looked up and asked, "Mother, what is the meaning of sympathy? It is in my lesson, and I can always remember better how to spell a word when I know what it means."

"It means the power of entering into the feelings of others, sharing their enjoyments and their sufferings, and so helping to make them happy, or patient under trouble, by showing them that we understand and care about what they feel. Our joys are always doubled, and our sorrows divided, by the knowledge that kind friends sympathize with us. Christ commands us to be sympathetic when He bids us 'weep with those who weep, and rejoice with those who do rejoice,' and we are told, 'Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.' Sympathy is very sweet and precious," continued Jennie's mother earnestly, "and I wish my daughter would cultivate it; for I think it would make her more patient with her little lame sister, who is so patient herself under her affliction."

But Jennie was to learn the sweet grace of sympathy by a personal lesson. One night, as she was preparing for bed, she chanced to run a needle, accidentally dropped upon the carpet, into her little bare foot. It festered and swelled, and was so painful the next day that she could not wear her thick boot, and her mother made a soft list slipper for the poor, wounded foot. This was comfortable enough when Jennie was sitting still; but when she stood up or walked about, the inequality in the length of her limbs, caused by a high heel being worn on one foot and not on the other, annoyed her more than even the soreness of her foot. It gave her a pain in her side, it twisted her back; and on the second day she broke out petulantly, "I do wish, mother, you would make a slipper for my other foot too. This going hippity-hop is a great deal worse than the pain in my foot."

"Is it? You understand that at last," said her mother, glancing significantly at Ally, who just then came limping into the room.

Jennie colored, and sat silent for a while thinking. Presently she said, "Yes, mother, I know the meaning of sympathy now, and you shall see if I soon forget it. Poor little Ally!"—K. N. in the Amer. Messenger.

PLAYING TEMPERANCE MEETING.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

"Let us play temperance meeting. John Barclay shall be president, and Sam Thomson (he can write) shall be secretary, and Bill Jackson (he is a tonguey chap) shall make the first speech. Then, if we have time, Dick Jones, and Will Sharp, and Ed Holmes, and Frank Simmons shall follow."

This programme was extemporized by George Stanley, a leader of the boys, and a fine fellow in all respects. He had never made use of tobacco in any form, and he did not know one kind of liquor from another by the smell or taste; and he ought to have been the chairman or chairboy of this little juvenile temperance meeting. There was no time to lose, so, with the quick impulse of wide awake teetotal Young America, George mounted the school-house steps and called the meeting to order. John Barclay was called to the chair, or rather to the wood-box, which had been hauled from its dusty corner in the school-room, and made the following speech:

JOHN BARCLAY'S SPEECH.

BOYS AND GIRLS—I thank you for the honor of making me boss—(Say president, said Sam Thomson)—I would say president, of this meeting. I am, you all know, a cold water boy. I would not drink rum if my mother offered it to me. (Cheers.) No danger of her doing that. She won't use it in her pies and puddings even. (Cheers, in which the girls joined heartily.) I see that our smart friend, Bill Jackson, is in the crowd, and I will call upon him to take the stoop.—(Platform, said Sam)—I mean platform.

"Jackson! Jackson! Jackson! Jackson!" shouted the boys; and a rosy-faced, blue-eyed boy, neatly dressed, ascended the steps.

BILL JACKSON'S SPEECH.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—(Laughter and cheers.) I hope all the scholars of this school will sign the pledge, and keep it; then they will never be drunkards. There's Job Chester, he expects to be a lawyer one of these days. (Job winked, and said, "That's so.") Now, if he should be a drinking lawyer, who would employ him? I wouldn't trust him to defend a dog of mine, if he should grow up to be a drinking man.

"There, among the girls, is Willie Sloan; he expects, in a few years, to study to be a doctor. You know his father is a tip-top doctor. If he should be a tippler, what sort of a doctor would he make? He couldn't do anything well. You wouldn't let him give his cures to your old cat. You would say to him, Doctor, cure yourself."

"There's lots of boys here. Some of them are going to be masons, some carpenters, some merchants, some farmers, and they are going to marry these girls. (Laughter and cheers.) But the girls won't have them if they drink. (Here the girls waved their bonnets and handkerchiefs, and Bill made a bow and left the rostrum—or rather stoop.)"

Dick Jones was then called upon to make a few remarks.

DICK JONES'S SPEECH.

A very handsome boy, with hair black as a raven's wing, and large, dark eyes, came forward modestly, and said:

I don't know what to say. I could make a speech if I could think of the words. The other boys have said all that can be said, and have left nothing for me to say. I can tell you that I won't drink rum; never, never, never! (Cheers.) When I was sick I wouldn't drink it, and the druggist said I was a stubborn little fool. I won't smoke. Why should I smoke? I haven't got a chimney on my face. (Laughter and cheers.) I won't chew tobacco. Why should I chew tobacco, when I can get plenty of bread and beef to chew? What would you think if you saw Ella Thomson smoking (here the speaker pointed to one of the prettiest girls present, and her cheeks turned red as roses) a pipe? (Laughter.) What would you think if Susie Marshall (pointing to another handsome girl) had a chew of tobacco, large as a bird's egg, in her mouth? I guess the next time you played Copenhagen you wouldn't run very far for a kiss from her. (Laughter.) I have nothing more to say.

The president arose, after the storms of cheers had subsided, and introduced a yellow-haired, pale-faced, nervous little fellow. It was Will Sharp.

WILL SHARP'S SPEECH.

It is almost time for the school-bell to ring, and I am glad of it, because I do not know how to make a speech. I am going to sign the pledge in our Sunday-school, but my teacher chews tobacco, and I shall ask him to join the same time that I do. (Cheers.) He is a real good man, and I know he will give up his quid and his cigar to please the boys in his class. He is a true temperance man, so far as drinking liquor. My sister Mattie is a young lady, and she says it is a pity that such a nice-looking man as my teacher should spoil his teeth and lips by using tobacco. Now, boys, let us all take the pledge, and keep it just as long as we live. (Cheers.)

ED HOLMES'S SPEECH.

In response to a call of the chairman, Ed Holmes, a smart but timid little fellow, attempted to speak. He said:

Boys—we—boys—we must—boys, we must all take the pledge. If we take the pledge—why, we shall have it. If we take the pledge, we shall keep it. (Cheers.) The boys of our school don't mean to say one thing and do another. (Cheers.) How would these boys look if their noses were red as old Bill Myers' nose is? (Laughter.) How would they look with such eyes as Pat Dugan has? Father says his eyes look like holes in a burnt blanket. (Cheers.) How would they look if their faces were covered with rum-blossoms and brandy-buds? No, their faces will have red noses and red eyes, and cheeks like plum-puddings—but not half so sweet—if they drink rum. No, boys; we, like the robins and the bobolinks, will drink nothing but water. (Cheers.)

Here the ringing of the bell brought the meeting suddenly to a close.—Youth's Temperance Banner.

NERVOUS BABIES.

Commenting on a letter from a mother, who testifies against soothing syrups and crying babies, Mrs. Stowe says, in *Heath and Home*:

We are much pleased to hear that a woman who has had so much experience does not believe in the institution of cross babies. We like her condemnation of all the nostrums, teas, and stimulants with which the morning of life is often deluged. Her mode of proceeding, in all its parts, can be recommended for good, average, healthy children.

Now, the direction about putting a child away alone to sleep, without rocking or soothing, is a good one only for robust, healthy children. For the delicate, nervous kind I have spoken of, it is cruel, and it is dangerous. We know one authentic instance of a mother who was trained to believe it her duty to put her infant to bed in a lonely chamber and leave it. Not daring to trust herself in the ordeal, she put on her bonnet, and positively forbidding her servants to go near the child, went out for a walk. When she returned the child was still, and had been so for some time. She went up to examine. The child had struggled violently, thrown itself over on its face, and a pillow had fallen over it, and it was dead from suffocation.

Nervous children suffer untold agonies from fear when put to bed alone. No tongue can tell the horrors of a lonely room to such children. A little delicate boy, whom his parents were driling to sleep alone, used to scream violently every night, and his father would come in and whip him. He mistook the pertinacity for obstinacy, and thought it his duty to conquer the child's will. One night he said: "Why do you always scream so, when you know you will be punished?" "O father, father!" said the little fellow, "I don't mind your whipping me, if you'll only stay with me." That father's eyes were opened from that moment. He saw that a human being cannot be governed by dead rules, like a plant or an animal.

No, mother; before you make up a plan of operation for your baby, look at it, and see what it is, and use your own common sense as to what it needs.

Look at yourself; look at your husband; look at your own physical habits—at his, and ask what is your child likely to be?

Children of smoking fathers have often their brains and nervous systems entirely impregnated with the poison of nicotine in the helpless age of infancy. A couple came to a country place entirely for the health of their only boy, a feeble infant. The child was pale and sickly, constipated in bowels, and threw up his milk constantly. The pa-

rents had but one room, in which they lived with him, and which was every evening blue with tobacco smoke. Every evening that helpless little creature took into its lungs as much tobacco as if he had smoked a cigarette. Still more than this—the mother who was nursing that infant did what was equivalent to smoking one cigar every evening—she breathed her husband's smoke. No, if your baby smokes cigars, you will find, by and by, when he comes to need brains, that his brain-power will not be found. He will be fitful, starchy, morbid, full of nervous kinks and cranks, one of those wretched human beings who live a life like that described by Hawthorne in his story of "Feathertop"—only capable of existence and efficiency while smoking, but sinking into dimness and stupidity when he stops.

Such are some of the chances of poor babies! God help the poor little things!

LESSONS ON PAUL.—XII.

Acts 13: 51, 52; 14: 1-7.

As Paul and Barnabas were leaving Antioch what did they do?

Of what was the act symbolical? Performed by whose command?

Was there any similar custom among the Jews? Who are meant by "the disciples"?

What cause had they for joy in this time of persecution?

Are sacred things gloomy or joyful?

Is it religion which makes many professing Christians gloomy and doleful?

In what direction did the Apostles now travel?

What mountain range did they cross?

What plain would they overlook?

What lofty mountains would be seen in the distance?

In what province was Iconium? How far from Antioch?

How is it situated? In this respect what other city does it resemble?

How has the city since become famous?

What was the mixture of population in Paul's time?

Where did the Apostles go in this town?

What success attended their preaching?

What is meant by their "so spake"?

Who were the Greeks, here spoken of?

Why would they frequent the synagogue?

What was done by the unbelieving Jews?

What was the result of the persecution?

How was the divine authority of the Apostles attested?

How long did they stay in Iconium?

Probably how long in Antioch?

What tradition is there respecting Paul in Iconium?

Meaning of "word of his grace"?

What had happened during this time?

What did the two parties probably claim concerning Paul?

Were such divisions of rare occurrence in Oriental cities?

Were all who took Paul's side, Christians?

What did the persecutors determine to do?

Who are meant by "their rulers"?

Was this a secret plot?

Whither did Paul and Barnabas flee? In what direction?

To what extent might they avoid persecution?

What kind of country was Lycaonia?

What mountains and province on the South?

What hills on the North?

Where were Lystra and Derbe?

Did they preach the Gospel anywhere else than in these places?

Before or after coming to Lystra?

Were there any Jews in Lystra?

In this city where did Paul probably go, to address the people?

What sort of people were the Lystrians?

What opposing power did the Gospel here have to encounter?

To what different kinds of people had the Gospel now been preached during this missionary tour?

What opposite effects had been produced?

Does the Gospel always produce some effect when faithfully preached?

GOOD OLD HYMNS.

BY FANNY FERN.

Did you ever know any person who was brought up on the good old Zion hymns, whom they ever failed to move to the foundations when heard? The feet moving on unholy errands linger on their way past the church door, as the melody floats out upon the night air. That man—who has wasted life, and energy, and talent, which might have blessed mankind, to reap only the whirlwind—he is back again with his little head upon his mother's lap while she sings that same hymn, which will never grow old, about "the beautiful river." His eyes moisten as he thinks how pained she would be, were she living, to know him now. The hymn ceases, and the low benediction follows, and as the worshippers emerge he recollects himself, and with an impatient pshaw! passes on. What, he moved at a "conventicle hymn!" He, who for years has never crossed the threshold of a church? He, who believes neither in prayers nor priests, Bible nor Sundays? He, who has "outgrown all that?" Ah! but he hasn't. He can't outgrow it—It is there. It will come, whether he desires it or no. Come, in spite of all his efforts to laugh or reason it away. Come, though he live in open derision and mockery of that religion whose divine precepts he cannot efface from his mind. Come, as it did to John Randolph, who, after years of atheism, and worldliness, and ambition, left on record that "the only men he ever knew well and approached closely, whom he did not discover to be unhappy, were sincere believers of the Gospel, who conformed their lives, as far as the nature of man can permit, to its precepts." "Often," he says, "the religious teachings of his childhood were banished wholly by business or pleasure; but after a while they came

more frequently, and staid longer, until at last they were his first thoughts on waking, and his last before going to sleep."—Said he, "I could not banish them if I would."

"Now and then I like to go into a church," said a young man, apologetically, to a companion, who was deriding the idea. "Priestcraft! priestcraft!" exclaimed his companion. "Tell me, what possible good can it do?" "Well," said the young man, "somehow, when I hear those hymns it is like hearing the pleading voice of my mother as I left home to become the graceless fellow I am now. I cannot tell you how they move me, or how they make me wish I were better. If I ever do become better, it will be because I cannot separate them from all that seems, in my better moments, worth embodying in the word 'home.' Walter Scott said to his son-in-law, when he was on his death-bed, 'be a good man, Lockhart—be a good man, nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here.' It were easy to multiply instances, where earth's gifted and greatest have borne similar testimony, after having tasted all that the world had to offer, as an equivalent for 'that peace which passeth all understanding.'"

Knowledge in the Scriptures is one with experience. There is no real perception without possession.

Scientific.

ACCIDENTAL PROTECTION FROM LIGHTNING.

Suetonius tells us that Augustus wore the skin of a sea-calf, to protect himself from lightning, which the Caesars appear to have feared, as we have already seen, quite as much as they did conspirators. It may be that the legend of Romulus was the cause of this; perhaps they feared that Jupiter would revenge the Roman liberty dishonored since the time of Brutus. The wily founder of the empire might have chosen a worse object to protect his royal person from a sly flash of lightning, for the tunic thus made of a thick oily material is not easily penetrated by electricity. It must evidently be considered as a screen as efficacious as the silk dress of an elegant lady, or the stole of a priest. Now we have many examples of young ladies whom silk has protected in a miraculous manner. Our maternal grandfather relates, in his *Mémoires*, that he was struck by lightning that fell upon a silk umbrella which he held open. He saw himself enveloped in a vortex of flame, and believed himself saved by Divine protection. Never dreaming that the silk covering of his umbrella might have had something to do with the miracle, this circumstance caused him to become an ecclesiastic.

Gold ornaments, and all kind of metallic objects which enter into the costume of a traveller, produce a contrary effect, attract lightning sometimes, with marvellous facility. We may perhaps be allowed to quote a few instructive cases.

About a hundred years ago, De Saussure and his companions were overtaken by a storm on the summit of the Breven. The atmosphere was so strongly charged with electricity, that each of the tourists felt a peculiar pricking sensation, when he raised his hands in the air. This sensation was owing to the passage of a jet of electricity, which, emanating from the rocks at their feet, dissipated itself through their bodies into the air above, as happened to the naturalist, Siemens, on the top of the pyramid of Giseh. One of the travellers, who had a gold braiding to his hat, was not obliged to make any movement in order to invite the discharge. He heard a constant and frightful buzzing noise around his head. Whenever one of the others approached his hand to a gold button on the hat of this gentleman, a vivid spark was drawn from it.

Arago relates, on the faith of a German author, a still more characteristic anecdote concerning a young damsel who lost a gold pin which served to fasten her hair; the lightning had melted this ornament without injuring the wearer.—From *Thunder and Lightning*, in Scribner & Co.'s *Illustrated Library of Wonders*.

KERAUNOGRAPHY.

Arago relates in his *Noëce sur le Tonnerre* the story of a man who was near a tree which was struck by lightning. Although much frightened, no actual harm happened to him; but in the evening, when going to bed, he saw with terror that he had been marked with the seal of the thunderbolt. The incomprehensible fluid had impressed upon his skin an image of the tree with all its branches.

Reason, you will say, revolts against such tales, which should only figure alongside of "Tom Thumb," "Peau d'Ane," or "Beauty and the Beast." Stop! Do not let us make such a noisy profession of incredulity. In fact, we can realize in the laboratory certain phenomena which are closely analogous to these strange productions of Keraunography, without having recourse to any magical incantation. We can direct, up to a certain limit, the emanations of voltaic electricity. Is any one disposed to believe that nature can be less powerful?

In 1796 a thunderbolt fell on the church of Laguy, and struck the altar; attracted no doubt by the ornaments of gold and silver which the faithful had accumulated there. On exploring the site of the disaster, it was noticed that a phenomenon quite as astonishing as those of the witches' Sabbath had occurred. The text of the lessons for the day had been transported upon the cloth of the altar with reversed characters, exactly as the thing is recommended to be done in treatises on black magic. How did this marvel occur? The verses which the priest was to have read were printed in red characters, somewhat of a conducting nature, and upon a cardboard which the explosion had overturned upon the cloth. The ink had quitted the cardboard to stain the linen, by the influence of the electric current and not by any infernal agency. It is thus that, in our youth, we were taught how to obtain the image of Franklin upon a colorless silk ribbon by means of a piece of gold leaf!—From *Thunder and Lightning*, in Scribner & Co.'s *Illustrated Library of Wonders*.