

The Family Circle.

[For the American Presbyterian.]
THE WILLING VIOTIM.

"He saved others; himself he cannot save."
Suggested by hearing a sermon on the above text on Good Friday.
"I was love transfixed Thee to the tree,
(And not the nails by Romans driven),
That would not let Thee thence descend,
Till Thou this proof of it hadst given.

'Twas the enshrined Divinity
Through the frail fleshy temple shining,
Which kept that bruised body bound.
Not the rough cords of men's entwining.

'Twas Human Nature's cry of woe
Which reached Thine ear through anthems ringing
That burst the pealy gates ajar,
And drew Thee thence—salvation bringing.

This the sublime necessity
That held Thee there, 'twixt Earth and Heaven,
Until the veil which sin had woven,
From top to bottom had been riven.

It bound Thee there, that sin-sick souls,
Seeking in vain for help and healing,
Might learn their God had found a cure,
Which there to them He was revealing.

That wand'ring, helpless, blinded man,
Groping through tears for light from Heaven,
Might, looking upward, see God's face,
And read in that his sins forgiven.

O bleeding Victim, slain for me!
A home-sick child to Thee returning,
Teach me the lesson of Thy cross;
That over such Thy heart is yearning.

Jesus my Saviour nail my sins,
The earthly good I too much cherish,
Unto that lonely cross of shame—
There let each vain ambition perish.

Take to Thyself my little life,
Let naught in from Thee ever sever,
But, with a threefold cord of love,
Bind it unto Thine own forever.

C. A. L.

[For the American Presbyterian.]
THE FIRST PANTALOONS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KARL HERBERT.
When the day comes for putting on the first pantaloons, all the garments of past days are joyfully laid aside forever. The boy has nothing more to do with them. This happy occasion came to me with my fourth birthday, and my first recollection begins at that time. My delighted mother took me in her arms and with many kisses called me her "little man." I did not think in my joy then, that pantaloons were the forerunner of the schoolmaster—I only felt conscious that I had taken a great step in life.

My older brothers and sisters to my annoyance called me "buttons," and "breeches," thus giving me first experience of the truth, that "there is no rose without a thorn." At last like a ship just launched, all friction overcome, I sailed forth into my element. "Honi soit qui mal y pense" might have been read in my face, as much as if the order of the Garter instead of the far more indispensable pantaloons, had been mine.

I felt that I must show myself. But before the house-door waited red-haired Cobs, whose real name was Jacob, as I afterwards came to know. Jacob was two years older than I, and had already given me many unhappy moments. How he would receive my first pantaloons, which rivalled his hair in redness, was an important question. The desire to show myself and the fear of an attack were in conflict.

As I passed along, I could not see that the dogs and cats paid me the least attention, unless, perhaps they winked a little more than usual. I finally resolved to let the poultry-yard receive my first visit in pantaloons. Chickens always turn around and show the greatest interest in anything unusual—I don't know whether it is because they are stupid or because they are not.

With my riding whip—the one I used for my rocking-horse—in my hand, I entered the yard like a wild-beast-tamer, and disturbed my Paradise of hens. Hitherto I had lived in peace with all creatures. The doves ate out of my hand, and the white hen partook of my bread and butter. It had been a grief to me that the proud cock and the timid turkey would not come near me; but now—was it the effect of the pantaloons? it delighted me to see that I spread terror and distress around me.

One blow of my whip on the ground, and the creatures all fled. I would be lord of creation—not through love, but through fear. How could such a desire arise in the mind of a child, who had never known anything but love?—But I neither asked nor answered such a question there. I stood in a commanding position. The first loud cackling had subsided into a low, anxious chattering, when suddenly behind my back the incensed turkey-cock prepared for war. His feathers, usually his covering and adornment, became sharp pricks and lances. Single suppressed sounds broke from him at intervals, like the mutterings of thunder from an advancing storm, until at last, half flying and half running, he laid me flat on the ground.

My red pantaloons had offended his turkysheep. But mother-eyes were watching. I was carried vanquished from the arena. The evil doer was allowed to live, because he was not fat enough to kill. Afterwards I had the satisfaction of helping to eat my enemy, and was much surprised to find that instead of bitter poison, he was filled with chestnuts and apples.

As my mother did not desire such encounters, and in view of the increased sociability of the turkey, I was forbidden henceforth to go into the poultry yard.

I then walked with beating heart out of the front door, where Cobs still waited; but it happened, as it so often does in life, that misfortune does not come where it is expected, but does come from an unlooked for source. Cobs admired the red trowsers, and expressed himself as delighted that he need not any longer be ashamed to be seen with me, as he had been. On the strength of my new dignity, our walk extended itself some distance, and I should have been perfectly satisfied with my red pantaloons, if I had not had a vexatious recollection of the prohibition against the poultry-yard, and the terrible turkey-cock who would attack me if I ventured to disobey.

At last a second pair of pantaloons was finished. Their color was white, and here I would, in passing, beg all mothers to abstain from making white pantaloons, for they are the cause of many trials and unspeakable vexation. That the world is so dirty, that white is such a clean color, and that things will not keep clean, is surely not our fault.

When I first appeared before my mother with green knees, her lamentation over my pantaloons was greater than her anger with me; but this changed perceptibly after a few times.

My mother was very kind, but she fell into the mistake so common to mothers, of thinking that a prohibition could always be obeyed. To me it was incomprehensible, that the grass-stains, which I made so easily, should be so very hard to get out. And what a burden was the command to keep off the grass! Can a mother take away the charm of the sweet meadow with its butterflies and bees? Does she know anything of the delight of lying on her back on the grass, and watching the changing lights which the sun paints on the closed eyes? Or can she imagine the boyish pleasure of wrestling and tumbling in the grass? Surely the acute schoolmaster might often read in the sad eyes of his suffering boys, a wish that white pantaloons might never be, rather than that on account of the miserable grass stains one prohibition after another would be given, only to be disobeyed.

And then other spots joined the green ones, when cricket and ball-playing began. It is quite remarkable that nearly all boys' games bring the knees as much as possible into contact with mother-earth. A hundred times must the boy be forbidden to move on his knees; when he grows older, he avoids it naturally.

With the increase of spots came more frequent punishment. My mother's gentle hand often called to her aid my father's sterner visitation. The pride with which she had welcomed me in my first pantaloons, was gone. She often now called me her "dirty boy," and my spotted existence was indeed very hard to bear. What would I not have given for a pair of pantaloons that had no color, or for a pair made of a chameleon's skin, which would be green in the grass, black at the stove, blue in the blue-washed room, brown on the ground, and before my dear mother always white! But my good wishes availed little, and I could not possibly give up my intimate acquaintance with all those things for the sake of white pantaloons.

My condition was critical. But all that is earthly comes to an end. My fifth birthday brought high boots, and my sixth, long black pantaloons to me, a school-boy.

My white trowsers were, as my older brother's swimming pantaloons, condemned to incessant purifications.

I am not sure that black is a good color for school boys' wear, because chalk and school-room walls are always white. But if I now and then thought sadly of my white trowsers, the black offered on the whole too many advantages for me, ever to wish to change. Besides my preferences would have made little difference, as my uncle's nephews inherited the cast-off coverings of his legs, and they were always black.

An itinerant house-tailor, who was a member of the family-council, took up his quarters periodically in a garret room of my father's house, and there remodeled the garments to suit juvenile use. And, indeed, the change was not so very great as one might suppose, knowing the difference between grown people and little people. My uncle's dress coats generally caused the greatest difficulties. The flaps were usually allowed to remain, by way of covering for the patched part of the costume.

My oldest brother once had one of these coats, in which no change except the shortening of the sleeves, had been made. With his botanical-box on his back, he presented a remarkable appearance, and when he one day returned, laden with plants, but with only one flap, having torn the other off in the wheel as he got up into a carriage, I could not restrain my mischievous delight—my coat time not having yet come.

These economical arrangements of our clothing were no grief to us, for they were common in our little town. The surgeon's wife went a step farther once, than our mother ever did; for, having to adapt to her son's use, a man's coat, of which the elbows were worn out, she cut off the sleeves, thus making a short-sleeved coat.

Whenever I see children now-a-days, in their new-fashioned, tight-fitting clothes, so far from envying them, I always thank my mother in my heart for her oft-repeated direction to our garret-tailor, "Be sure you make it large enough."

The first day that I went to school in my black pantaloons, I was happy as a king—for I rejoiced in pockets. But, as so often happens in life, the source of greatest joy becomes the cause of much suffering. My mother told me that my pockets were especially designed for pocket handkerchiefs—but alas! everything imaginable except that one thing, found its way there. Rather were they the receptacle for every article that came into my possession. A whole museum of boyish exchanges filled their depths. Red and white chalk, (useful for decoration of walls, &c.), slate-pencils, nails, stones, bits of colored glass, strings, and afterwards a knife, were constant occupants, while tops and balls took their turn according to the season.

I had many trials in connection with pockets and pocket handkerchiefs, but I will not stop to recount them. With my white pantaloons, green and brown spots had been the main trouble; now, however, with their successors, rents and holes took the lead. Gaping spaces with white background were especially striking on the black surface, and in this matter, too, the knees, were the most exposed, though other parts did not escape. Some holes, however, might be made by nails, &c., but rents on the knee must be laid simply to the account of the owner.

Ah, that men are born with such a love of climbing! Yet why were trees made to bear fruit, if no one was to get up and gather it? Birds fly upwards, squirrels and cats run up trees—why cannot human beings be content without seeking to rise above the ground?

The region where I lived was rocky, and my father's house was an old cloister with many roofs and walls. Yet, I was forbidden all climbing, and only as a stolen pleasure could I indulge this passion. I wonder whether reflection would have suggested to me in those days the idea of things harmless in themselves becoming wrong under certain circumstances? It is sad that so

often in education so much stress is laid on these things, and so little on positively evil ones. Happily, this was not the case with me—but it did not make it any easier at the time.

It is certainly true, that I made sad havoc with my pantaloons, but then they were weak from age when they came to me. Sometimes the great holes made me realize with grief the perishableness of earthly things, especially when I saw my dear mother whom I dearly loved, sitting up far into the night to repair the ravages. Then I would make a vow never again to climb. But when the same thing happened as before, and my trowsers were again torn and myself bruised, then I began to think the fault was not in me but in my hated pantaloons. My mind was so occupied with torn garments, that when I heard a song which ended with the words "the repose of torn hearts," I never could help changing it to "torn pants."

To be sure I did not then know much about lacerated hearts, but I certainly thought they would be much easier to mend than torn pantaloons.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

[For the American Presbyterian.]
OUR SLEEPING BABY.

His little hands, so busy all the day,
Are now at rest;
And, fondly loving, they sweetly lie
On mamma's breast.

Tired little feet and busy little brain
Are quiet now;
And, fervently, together once again,
We humbly bow!

Thanks for the child, whose merriment and mirth
And wisdom ways,
Shall be the solace of our quiet hearth
In future days.

Keep him, O Father! always in Thy sight
As pure and free
From sin, as those bright Beings of the Light
Who dwell with Thee!

So that when Death, his sombre shades shall spread,
Athwart his way,
He may look forward without fear or dread
To that great Day,

When robed in Majesty, and Power and Light,
Thou shalt arise,
And take the pure and sinless in Thy sight,
Up to the skies!

Philadelphia, March 15th, 1869. F. L.

CASSIHEENO.

There is a beautiful simplicity in the faith, the Christian love of the converted Indian, as also in the African; this is exhibited in the following narrative of Cassiheeno, the dying Indian. Cassiheeno was the Indian guide to a young officer of the army of the Revolution. He had been wounded, and his life was fast ebbing away. The young officer was a Christian man, and he remained by the side of his faithful Indian friend, performing the part of a faithful nurse. He had been conversing with him about affairs connected with their journey, and then, turning the conversation, he said, "Cassiheeno, there is a more important question I wish to ask you."

"Me answer straight, and plain, and true."
"You are a dying man. Before the sun rises you think you will be dead. I want to know where you think you will go then?"

"What for you ask? you curiosity?"
"No, but as a Christian, and a believer in the Bible, I feel anxious about your spirit. Do you know anything about Jesus Christ? Did you ever hear of mercy through Him?"

"Me know much about that. Long, long time ago, me very young, go east of Albany to see Indians at Kaunaumuck. In little log house, in green wood, live pale man all 'lone; nobody but Indian near him. He send ten, twenty mile for bread. He look sick, but meet Indian, talk to them out of the Spirit Book; he pray with them, make much prayer, and many time look on Indian and say, 'poor friend,' and his eyes all run down with tears. Me stay many months, and learn much from him."

"What can you remember about his teaching?"

"Remember Son of God came down to earth, look like man; He preach, make miracle, same as make sick man well, blind man see, broken bone man jump up and run like deer. He die for sinner; white man sinner, Indian sinner. He in heaven now, and love poor sinner who pray to Him with sorry for sin. He send good heart, and Spirit make heart sick, and then well and glad with joy, and make sinner no want to sin any more."

"Have you been in the habit of praying?"
"Always; ever since be with pale white man."
"But how can the death of Jesus Christ save so many sinners?"
"Just same little piece of gold buy very much thing. He worth so much more. He Son of God. He all good. He all beautiful."
"Do you feel that you shall go to Him when you die?"

"Oh yes. Me certain Jesus Christ no forget poor Indian. Me never forget Him one day. Me hope see Him, hope see pale missionary man 'fore morning. Have no fear; inside eyes all open; inside heart all still and smooth like Lake Sau hillon, which you call The Beautiful. I very weak now. Put my hands on my breast. There, me never more again till Angel-trumpet wake me. O Lord Jesus, pity poor, ignorant, simple Indian! Make him white like snow; make him bright like sun; make him beautiful like rainbow; make him all good like Thy own self, and let him live with Thee forever, so long as sun and moon shine. Amen."—*Congregationalist.*

GOOD STORIES.

—Mr. Trask tells us how a Western minister gave up tobacco. He had had many great and sore trials, and had many times resolved to renounce the weed. But all in vain, until at last he was brought to pass through the following experience:

At length the last battle was fought with the foul demon. I called on a dying man—a member of my church. He said that tobacco had brought him to his death-bed, and he should die a happier man if he left his testimony in writing against this sin. I wrote from his dictation, and he gave it his signature. My reflections were painful. A dying brother giving his testimony against a sin of which I, his pastor, am guilty! O, then I

called God to witness that I renounced tobacco forever! The next morning I took my study, and the conflict was terrible. Hell seemed to be let loose upon my soul. I thought I saw Satan enter my door in the shape of a negro-head plug of tobacco. I thought I heard him say: "Come, Mr. C., why do you reject me? I always do you good, try me again." At this point, God gave me unwonted resolution. I remembered Luther's successful conflict, and exclaimed, "You black, slimy, nauseous fiend, begone!" That, brother, was a finality. I have not been troubled with tobacco since.

—Harper's *Drawer* for February quotes the following from a private note of a clerical friend who left the Methodist church a few years ago, and went over to the Baptists:—"Did I tell you that some time since I started and sung in our social meeting, the good old chorus,

I will sprinkle you with water,
I will cleanse you from all sin!

For this I was stoutly reproved by my deacons, until I referred them to Ezekiel xxxvi. 25. We shall omit this passage in future editions of Ezekiel."

—Some years ago two German theological students, on a journey, lodged at night in the same room. One of them heard the other, in the night, talking in his sleep, and using the following language, quoting from Phil. ii. 7:—"And took upon him the form of a servant." All created beings are the servants of God, necessarily, and by the fact of creation. But here is a personage of whom it is said: "He took upon him the form of a servant." Then he took a place he had not before; and if he was not a servant, from what condition could he have come to that position, but that of the true and proper Godhead; and here is testimony for the Divinity of Christ." On being reminded the next day of the language he had used in his sleep, he affirmed that he was totally unconscious of it, saying that his mind had been previously exercised respecting that doctrine, but that he would joyfully accept his own unconscious reasoning, and felt confirmed by it in his belief in the supreme Divinity of his Redeemer.

—A short time since, as Gen. Butler was riding in the Pennsylvania-avenue cars, a lady who was leaving the car remarked, as she passed him, "Look out for your spoons." The General promptly followed her, and ascertained that she was employed in the Treasury. She has now obtained a permanent leave of absence, and the General has had her place filled by a colored woman.

GOD'S DEALINGS.

Old Hans Werner had been ill for a long time, and Henry went with his mother to see him. He was now apparently near death, but in great distress both bodily and mentally, almost overcome with conflicts and doubts. His minister was with him, but his conversation seemed powerless to calm the storm which now assailed the frail bark. When they left this solemn scene, Henry appeared in deep thought for some time, and then said, "Mother, I thought you said Hans was a true Christian, and that Christ would always be with such, as they were about to leave this world. How is it then that He has left poor old Hans to suffer as he now does?" "My dear son, do you not remember standing on the sandy beach, last summer, and watching the fisherman endeavoring to land their little boats, and how, when you thought they were just at the shore, a huge breaker would come and send them out to sea again? And sometimes you thought the little barks would be dashed to pieces. But what did you say one night, after a severe storm, when you saw them safely landed?" "Oh, I remember, mother, I said I never thought those little boats were so strong. And now I know what you mean. It is that God is trying old Hans' faith before he takes him from this world." "Yes, my son, a few more struggles, and then he will be landed in the haven he so earnestly desires, and be enabled to say, 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.' 'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth and scourgeth every son He receiveth.'"
RIRA.

MR. HAMMOND'S WORK IN LOCKPORT.

From Lockport papers of various dates we clip the following:

The great flood of religious excitement which swept through Rochester with such renovating force, following in the path of the devoted evangelist, is at present surging through Lockport. The Presbyterian church is nightly filled with crowds of earnest and anxious inquirers. While at Rochester, three hundred was the highest number rising for prayers on any single night, five hundred have been upon their feet at one of the evening meetings (Wednesday evening). Many of the Rochester people have been here, and some of the students. The converted gambler (McCowan) was here for a number of days, and spoke eloquently. Blind Tom, also, has added his exhortations and the benefit of his experience to the efforts of the brethren of Lockport. A contribution was taken up for him on Saturday morning. He received a respectable sum. We understand it is intended to give Tom a chance to perfect himself as an organist, that a living may be earned by him in a more congenial manner. Mr. Newton came down Friday night, and related his experience. One of the most notorious drunkards of Lockport, and who, it was supposed, was utterly lost to all hope, has given away his cards (he had been a gambler), flung up drinking, and now relates his experience with a grateful heart. Asher B. Evans, Principal of the Lockport Union School, also came forward and acknowledged himself as contrite. Formerly he has been in the habit of reading prayers at the morning exercises with the pupils. Mayor Jackson, who on one morning asked the prayers of Christians, on the next rose, and with a joyful countenance, said that he had given himself to Christ, and with God's help he was determined to live the life of a Christian. Such a revival was never known in the city before. It surpasses the most sanguine expectations. There seems to be a storm brewing with the Episcopal brethren in this city. The local papers have taken up the dispute, and it may wax strong. The Rochester *Evening Express*, Mr. Hammond remarked, last night in the church, has been the means of a great revival in Iowa. Its large circulation, and the extent to which its reports have been copied,

have wielded a powerful influence for good.—*Evening Express.*

Samuel Squires, a young man, who as he says, seemed lost to all hope, arose and gave a history of his past life, with the story of his conversion: "My young friends, you know most of you, who I am, and what a life I have led. I have been sunk in degradation—I have been a gambler, a drunkard and a blasphemer. I have almost broken my parents' hearts. Nothing seemed too vile for me to be engaged in; I was going by the church the other day, and was attracted by the sound of the singing. I went in, not to get good, but to see what was going on, and to find something to furnish food for merriment. The hymn, 'My Jesus I Love Thee,' struck me very forcibly, and I bowed my head and wept. One of the elders prayed with me; I rose suddenly and said 'Pray for me; I went to meeting at night; I heard Mr. Hammond speak; on my way home I felt what they call the gambler's bible (a pack of cards) in my pocket; I took them out, and cast them in the canal; I am saved now, and I thank God for it."

At the farewell meeting, among other addresses reported by the *Journal*, is the following of Dr. Wisner: "I rise this evening, my friends, with mingled emotions of joy and sorrow. I rejoice at what we have seen, heard and felt, of the power of God during the past few weeks; and I rejoice likewise at the instrumentality that God, in His infinite wisdom, has seen fit to use, and I thank Him that I have been permitted to be a co-worker with Himself. I rejoice that Christians in Lockport have wrestled for salvation as never before; I rejoice that by the energies of the Committee one was secured, who has proved of incalculable service; one of whom, and his success, in God's help, in bringing about a revival of His work we had read and heard; one whose face we had not seen, and whose courses in relation to conducting a revival, or whose efforts in most of the churches, we remained ignorant of, so far as personal knowledge was concerned. He has far exceeded the expectations of the most sanguine."

One of the absurd stories that will get abroad at such a time, was thus nailed by the speaker: "One piece of gossip which he had not deemed worthy of notice before he would allude to now. It was stated in the *Rochester Evening Express* a leading paper in that city, that Mrs. Hammond received a silver service from the ladies the cost of which was \$8,400. This item spread all through the city of Lockport, and many ladies said they would never go to hear a man preach whose wife received such magnificent presents. Well the real fact of the matter was a couple of silver goblets were presented to Mrs. Hammond, costing thirty-four dollars, and the comma was wrongly placed by the printer's devil or some one else, and this awful blunder was circulated and believed by a portion of the community. Thus it is that such stories arise, and there are plenty who are willing to believe them."

CURRENT ITEMS.

—The statistics of the Southern Presbyterian Church show a steady falling off in the number of ministers, the number now being ninety-five less than it was five years ago.

—A letter from missionaries among the Santee Sioux announces that the Indians are highly pleased to hear of the appointment of the Indian Commissioners. One of Philadelphia's members—Mr. Welsh—is well known to them from his intimate connection with the Episcopal mission. One old chief expressed his confidence that "the Indians will be taught something now, and not merely fed" by Agents.

—Rev. C. L. Balch was recently deposed from the ministry of the Universalist denomination for forging an order for admission to the Elgin Watch Factory, and other offences. He is preaching rank atheism and folly in Chicago. Arthur Hugh Clough sings—

"There is no God" the wicked say,
"And if so, it's a blessing;
"For what He might have done with us
"It's better only guessing."

—By means of an exceedingly delicate galvanometer Mr. Huggins has succeeded in demonstrating that an appreciable amount of heat comes from the stars. He makes the image of a bright star formed in the form of a large telescope fall on the surface of his thermopile, when the needle is deflected by the heat of the star. So delicate is the instrument that the apparatus must be attached for hours to the telescope before it will come to rest or the image of the star can be allowed to fall upon it. Arcturus and Regulus each deflected the needle three degrees in a quarter of an hour, and Sirius two degrees. Pollux gave a deflection of 1½ degrees; but singularly enough, its companion star, Castor, gave no deflection.

—The ancient saloon-keepers and retailers of intoxicating drinks had a dreadful reputation in classical literature. The word by which they are designated in Greek, *σαρπηλωτες*, became a general term for rogue and cheat. "The same is true of the Latin word *caupo* and its derivatives. The wine-sellers are called *perfidus* and *malignus*, by Horace. In Xenophon's *Anabasis*, as our young friends commencing Greek will remember, when Cyrus with his army penetrated Mount Taurus, through the gates of Cilicia, and approached the capital city of Tarsus, all classes of citizens fled with the King Syennesis, but the saloon-keepers. It made no difference to them what side they were on. And Paul, who knew something of this unprincipled class in his native city, when he wished in one of his letters to speak of corrupting or adulterating the word of God (2 Cor. 2, 17), uses the word for wine selling, *σαρπηλωτος*, as best expressing his idea. See King's note on the words: For we are not as many which corrupt the word of God. The word rendered corrupt, he says, "signifies here to deal dishonestly and deceitfully with the word of God, adulterating it by mingling together men's opinions with the divine word, as the *σαρπηλωτες* were accustomed to mingle water with their wine." The taint of corruption for the sake of making a traffic, already mean and mercenary, more profitable, thus appears to be an heirloom of the business, which inspiration itself helps incidentally, and as a matter of course, to fasten upon it.