

The Family Circle.

[For the American Presbyterian.] THE BRIGHT SIDE OF EARTH. BY MARIE ROSEAU.

They who teach in mournful measure That our earth is sad and drear; That it owns no single treasure,— Nothing we may hold as dear:— Teach what God hath ne'er dictated,— Lessons of ingratitude,— He who all things hath created, At the first pronounced them "good."

They have not decreased in merit, Nor in seeming loveliness:— All he gives us to inherit:— Shall we not his bounty bless? Sunny vales and rugged mountains, Buds of varied from and hue; Broad bold rivers, sparkling fountains— Always beautiful and new.

Who can walk abroad when even Draws its curtain o'er the sky, Pause and looking up to heaven, On the bright stars fix his eye; And then say this world is dreary; Say that He, who gave us birth, Meant that we should soon grow weary Of His dark and cheerless earth?

Human friends and social pleasure, Bonds of sympathy and love;— Pure enjoyments none can measure, Kindly sent us from above:— These make up a sum of blessing Worthy of all gratitude; And by these, God is expressing How He careth for our good.

Never, then, with gloomy sadness Take the boon His hand hath given; But with voice of praise, or gladness, Ever give those thanks to heaven:— And though clouds will sometimes gather Round each scene of earthly bliss, Yet still trust a tender Father, There is mercy still in this. Philadelphia.

MR. HAMMOND'S LETTERS TO THE OHIO-DREN.—No. II.

INDIANAPOLIS, May, 1869.

"The Saviour's Always Waiting."

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—These were the words heading some little verses which Mollie Stumbaugh, a blind girl, handed me a few days ago. I read them to the children's meetings, and all seemed much interested with them. While I was reading one of the good ministers here lifted up the blind girl so that all could see her, and it almost seemed as if she were repeating the words she had written. I could hardly believe at first, that she had really, herself, all alone, written them, and so I asked her teacher about it and found that it was quite true. Before you read them I want to tell you a little about her. She was one of those who came to the first children's meetings here, to hear some stories. But Christians had been praying most earnestly that God's Holy Spirit might lead all to feel their need of a Saviour, and that, without Him, they must be lost forever. At the close of the first meeting I asked all those who would like, the Christians to speak and pray with them, to hold up their hands, and nearly all the children at once held up their little hands, and some of them were weeping while they did so. Among those who were weeping most bitterly was this dear little blind girl.

A good many others from the Institute for the blind were in tears; but I saw none weeping so bitterly as this dear little child of twelve summers.

She seemed to think that she was "So wicked" that God could not forgive her all her sins. But I told her how Christ had died for just such wicked sinners as she, and that "He was waiting" to save her, if she would only let Him take her as she was.

She believed all that was told, and knelt down and asked God for Christ's sake to forgive her sins; and her little prayer was at once answered, and her heart was filled with joy and peace, and ever since she has been among the many workers trying to lead others to love and trust the dear Saviour.

But I will not keep you any longer from reading her verses.

The Saviour's Always Waiting.

The Saviour's always waiting To take us by the hand, And lead us from this sinful world Into the Better Land. When great temptations try us, And sinful we might be, O, listen to His loving words, "Come, children, come to me."

The Saviour's always willing, To make us pure and good, And wash our guilty sins away With His own precious blood. Though oft the Tempter cometh, And leadeth us astray, O, listen to His holy word, And never turn away.

The Saviour's ever ready, To listen to our prayer, The Saviour ever waiteth near And watcheth us with care. He loves us as a Shepherd Doth love his lambs and sheep, He leads us where the pastures green Are ever fresh and sweet.

He knows each thought and feeling, And every word we say; O, let us through the days of life His holy word obey. And, when the Tempter cometh To bid us go astray— O, listen to His holy word, And never turn away.

Have you ever thought my dear child that the Saviour is waiting to save you? But you do not know how much longer He will wait.

Only day before yesterday, a tract distributor called at a house here to give some tracts away, and the man said, "You need not leave any of those here, we don't want them." But before night that man was run over near the depot of the Cincinnati railroad, and his first words were "Send for a minister!" And when he came he cried out, "Pray for me! Pray for me!" And in a little after he died.

And only last week, a little child about eight years of age, was run over by the horse cars and

she died within twenty minutes. Her mother almost fainted when she saw her dead child.

Where would you go my little friends, if you were to die to-day? Not to Heaven, unless you have come to Jesus and trusted in Him and been saved, so that you now truly love Him.

If you only knew how happy you would be if you were an earnest Christian, you would wish to come to Jesus at once and get a new heart.

A great many children here are filled with joy since they saw how Christ "BORE OUR SINS IN HIS OWN BODY ON THE TREE." Before, they felt afraid to come to God, but now they see how He loved them and gave His dear Son to die for them on the cross, and they can call Him Fa-ther.

Here is a letter from one of these happy children. His first name is Eddie. He is twelve years of age.

Could you write such a letter?

MR. HAMMOND:—I feel very happy, and as your little hymn says, "I feel like singing all the time." I cannot express how happy I do feel. The worst scholars in the schools have been converted. We have asked the principal of our school to hold meetings for the benefit of the unconverted in our school. \* \* \*

God's praise is on my lips the first thing in the morning and the last at night. I wish every body could know what love the Saviour's is and what a friend he is. I have made up my mind that I will serve the Lord all my life whatever comes. I have a place and a time to pray and to read the Bible every day. Your Youthful Friend, EDDIE \* \*

OUR CHAT WITH THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Once more we draw around our table, glad of another chance to chat together. Auntie Quarie is here to-day. She says her "rheumatiz" has all left her now, notwithstanding the rains, and she feels young again—almost as good as new. The spring air and sunshine, and blossoms and green leaves, that look so young and fresh, put new life into her. She only wishes she could jump and frisk about as these girls do; but if she should try that, we think she would hardly feel very young. However, she can tell you girls how to play some out-door games. "That I can," says Auntie. "There's a very old English game called,

'QUEEN ANNE AND HER MAIDS.'

"You may play it in doors if you wish, but it is better to be out in the fresh air and on a lawn where there is plenty of room. Any number of girls can play it, two or many. They must divide into two parties or 'sides.' One side takes a ball, and all the girls on that side draw close together, each girl concealing her hands in her dress, which must be raised enough for that purpose. The ball is given to one of the girls, who instantly conceals it in her hand covered by the dress. As all hands are thus covered alike, it is not easy to guess who has the ball. The players then advance to the other side (who are waiting a little distance off on the grass), and sing:

"Queen Anne, Queen Anne she sat in the sun, As white as a lily, as grave as a nun; She sends you these letters, and begs you'll read one; If you guess our secret, 'twill be great fun."

"The other players answer: "Good fortune the gracious Queen befall, I ask Amelia (or whatever the name may be) to give me the ball."

"If the guess is wrong, the girls among whom the ball is sing:

"The ball is ours, you guess not well, Nor can our Lady's secret tell. So sit like gipsies in the sun, While we, fair ladies, go and come."

"Then they go back to their places, and the ball is given to another girl.

"When the guessers fix on the right persons, the ball is given up to their side, and they sing as the others did before."

What's that you say, Miss Fanny Grumbler? You've known that game a good while?

"That may be," says Auntie Quarie. "I gave it to you as an old game; but then I have no doubt that to a good many of the little girls around the table it will be new; for some of you live a long way off. So, take it home with you and try to play it."

But here's Dr. Beetle just come in, with eyes sharp and bright as ever. What are you whispering and laughing about there, Ralph Ready? There's something funny going on.

"I was telling Willie Woggles here," says Ralph, "about a funny little monkey I saw the other day, and Willie says he wishes Dr. Beetle would give us a monkey story."

It is astonishing how soon the word "Monkey" will make children laugh. Come, Doctor, these little folks all want a monkey story. No doubt you have "lots" of them, as the children sometimes say.

"Oh! yes," the Doctor says, "I could make a whole book of monkey stories. Here's one I found the other day:

"THE MONKEY IN MISCHIEF."

"A military gentleman in India had been out shooting, and as he was returning to his friend's house, where he was staying, he passed by a cool and beautiful stream. Thinking that a bath would refresh him, he took off his clothes, which he carefully folded up and laid on the bank and then plunged into the water. He was an excellent swimmer, and had-gone some distance down the river, when he looked back to where he had left his clothes; and judge of his astonishment! Not less than a dozen monkeys were minutely examining his wardrobe, and some seemed to be trying how far the various articles would suit their own use. One was putting its legs through the sleeves of his shirt; another inserting its head in his trousers; a third prying into his boots; while others were busy with his hat, ripping up the linings, etc. It was some time before the major could believe his eyes, and the scene was so ridiculous that he was at first rather amused than annoyed. After looking on a few minutes, he hastened back to his garments.

"No sooner did the monkeys see his intention than, with a mighty chattering, each ran off at full speed into the jungle, carry-

ing with him some article of the major's dress.

"The poor major now found himself in a difficulty, and his smile gave place to vexation. All his clothes were gone. Where should he go? What should he do? It was for him no laughing matter. The only thing left for him to do was to return to the water, where he was found by his friends, after a considerable time had elapsed, who, fearing some accident had happened, had come to search for him. They soon provided him with clothes, and released him from his awkward plight, the major laughing with them over the trick the monkeys had played on him."

"I think the monkeys got the best of that bargain—don't you, Mr. Civil?"

"Yes," Mr. Civil replies, "indeed they did. Dealing with monkeys is a dangerous business. Talking about bargains reminds me of what I saw not long since about

"BAD BARGAINS."

"Once a Sabbath-school teacher remarked that he who buys the truth makes a good bargain, and inquired if any scholar recollected an instance in Scripture of a bad bargain.

"I do," replied a boy; 'Esau made a bad bargain when he sold his birthright for a mess of pottage.'

"A second said: 'Judas made a bad bargain when he sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver.'

"A third boy observed: 'Our Lord tells us that he makes a bad bargain who, to gain the whole world, loses his own soul.'

"I've seen a good many boys in my time who have made bad bargains. Some change the Sunday-school for the street, and home for wicked company; and the Bible for bad books; and health for tobacco. They always get the worst of it. Boys, look out for these bad bargains. You'll have enough of them offered to you, and if you take them, you will be a great deal worse off than the poor major was when the monkeys ran away with his clothes; for these bad bargains will run away with your health and your good character and your soul."

Well said, friend Civil. Have you anything else to-day?

"Yes, I have a missionary story about

"CURIOUS HINGES."

"When I look at myself," said a converted South-Sea Islander, 'I find I have got hinges all over my body. I have got hinges in my legs, my jaws, my feet, my hands. If I want to lay hold of anything, there are hinges in my hands, and even to my fingers, to do it with. If my heart thinks and wants others to think with me, I use the hinges of my jaws, and they help me to talk. I could neither walk nor sit down if I had not hinges to my legs and feet.

"All this is wonderful. None of the strange things that men have brought from England in their big ships, are to be at all compared with my body. He who made my body has made all the clever people who have made the strange things they bring in ships; and He is the God whom I worship."

"But I should not know much more about Him than that He is a great Hingemaker, if men in their ships had not brought the book they call the Bible. That tells me of God, who made the heart of man likewise; and when I hear how the Bible tells of the old heart with its corruptness, and the new heart and a right spirit, which God alone can create and give, I feel that His work in my heart and His work in my body fit into each other exactly. I am sure then that the Bible, which tells me these things, was made by Him who made the hinges of my body; and I believe the Bible is the word of God."

That was a good way to prove that the Bible is from God. Some people in Christian lands might learn something from this poor heathen.—Exchange.

THAT'S MY FATHER'S HAND.

So said a little child, only three years of age, as her father, in assumed displeasure, raised his hand as if to strike her. Had his anger been real, instead of pretended, it must have been conquered by that little sentence so lovingly, trustfully uttered. Thus, thought I, the child of God should trust Him. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength." So it is written. And here is this little one, teaching us the most precious of lessons. Her tiny finger was pointing to the threatening hand of her father; her eyes were looking up confidently into his face; and though his brow was dark and forbidding, though she was pointing to the very hand which, at other times, had inflicted chastisement upon her, yet such faith had she in her father's love, that she feared no harm.

O tried, afflicted child of God, does not this little incident bear to your soul some whisperings of consolation and strength?

What though adversity seems to be in your path. Is there not One—your Father who controls it? "The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil"—not that you shall never suffer, for "in the world ye shall have tribulation"—but still, "He shall preserve thy soul."

Can you believe that your Heavenly Father loves you less than this imperfect mortal loved his child? This child does not always understand her father; yet she trusts him implicitly. And is not God as worthy of your confidence? True, His ways are sometimes mysterious—far above your comprehension. Often His hand has not only threatened, but struck you with seemingly pitiless blows; and even now it may be raised as if to renew the pain of former chastisements. But whose hand is it? Not an enemy's. Not a stranger's. "God is love;" God is your Father, and it is His hand, therefore fear not, it will do you no harm. The strength of omnipotence is there, and it is able to crush you down to hopeless ruin; yet it will not do this, because its every motion, its tremendous power

is under the constraint of infinite love. As God lives, this is true; and as God lives and loves, His hand will never touch you save to raise you up nearer to the house of rest.

Have you never seen an earthly parent correcting his child, while the tears streaming down his manly face told you that each blow, as it fell, carried more pain to his heart than to his child? "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." Then if the providence is gloomy and frowning, do not look only upon this, but upon your Father's face; look into His eyes, and by just one glance of faith you will see depths of love—love for you, poor, tried child—which the endless, joyous strivings of eternity cannot fathom. You do not see this love, when you gaze only at the hand which threatens, or at the trial already upon you. You may point to the hand, as did this little child; or you may fully recognize the presence of your affliction. But while doing this let your faith be searching the Father's eye, feeling the movings of His heart—and there, both in eye and heart you will find only love, and in finding this you will receive peace.

Had it been a stranger's hand, the child would have felt fear and terror. But with her father she had been in constant intimacy every day of her life; and thus she had learned to love and trust Him. "That's my Papa's hand." God is not a Father, but a stranger to many, and they can see, feel nothing but tribulation and anguish in His afflictive providences.

But let the poor sinner learn to know God as a Father; let him draw near by the blood of Jesus—not only draw near, but dwell there in continued, daily communion with this Father; and thus will He love Him, trust Him, and often by his faith discern the providence of its frowns, and the chastening hand of its power.

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense, But trust Him for His grace; Behind a frowning providence, He hides a smiling face."

ROMANISM IN CHINA.

The zeal and pecuniary liberality of Romanists are an example. Their religion is seated in the heart, and it issues thence copiously, deeply erroneous though it is. It lays hold of propensities which are native there, and hence its vigor. Protestantism finds an enemy in the natural heart. This enemy resists, and hence there is in the man and in the community conflicting more than co-operating forces. Hence the slow progress of truth. "Carleton," in the Boston Daily Advertiser, thus speaks of Romanist zeal in China:

Entering our sedans we were taken through several streets to the eastern section of the city (Canton) to see the cathedral, going up under the direction of the French Catholics. Since 1860 over five hundred priests of the Romish church arrived in China. The Catholics of France, seemingly have taken the empire in hand, and it is said that behind it all is the hand of Louis Napoleon, who means to make French influence superior to that of England here, as he has in Turkey. Be that as it may, it is plain that somebody is taking a long look ahead.

Soon after the treaty of 1859 was signed, ground was obtained for the erection of a cathedral, and the foundations laid for an edifice which is nearly two hundred and fifty feet in length, with a corresponding width, in the form of the Latin cross. The material is granite, in color and grain very much like that of Cape Ann, quarried on the island of Hong Kong, and brought ninety-two miles by water. The style of architecture is ornate Gothic. It is estimated that the edifice will cost from three to four millions of dollars.

We heard the clinking of hammers before we emerged from the labyrinth of streets, and upon getting out of our sedan found that we were in a great yard with a bamboo shed over us, in which were scores of stone-cutters. The cathedral walls are about half way up, and it probably will be five or six years before the roof is on. Those of our readers who think that the choicest ornamental work in the City Hall or any other granite structure of Boston, or of the Treasury Department, at Washington, is worthy of the highest praise, will find that there is nothing in the United States so ornate as some of the blocks in this cathedral—the Gothic window frames, the flowers and tracery work of the capitals.

The difference in ceremony between the religion of the Chinese and that of the Catholic Church is so slight that the Roman Church finds it easy to make converts. Incense sticks, candles and lamps, are always burning before the idols of the temples, just as before the altars of Rome. The priests appear in yellow robes, recite prayers in concert, responsively, with just such intonations as you may hear in St. Peter's, or, for that matter, in the Trinity Church of New York. A big drum calls to worship, and a big bell mingles its vibrations with the prayers. Paper flowers adorn the altars as in every Romish Church. There is bowing, kneeling, passing from the right hand to the left hand of the altar, from the left hand to the right hand. The ceremonial is much less imposing than that of Rome, not near so much of it—not much more than I have seen in the Episcopal Church in the United States. In this respect the religion of Buddha is a great way in advance of that of Brahma. I am not sure but that there are some high churchmen who are earnest for candles, robes, chasubles and all that sort of thing, who would find quite as simple a ceremonial in these Joss houses of Canton as in their own churches. But if they are going in for an elaborate ceremonial, they might as well give it up at the outset, for the Brahmins will beat them all hollow. There is so little difference between the Roman ceremonial and that of the Chinese Joss houses, that the Abbe Hue, when he was here in China, noticed it, and predicted the

easy conversion of the Chinese to the Romish faith.

Whether there is a French political policy behind this Romish missionary work is not known, but it is certain that great efforts are being made by the Romanists to forestall Protestants in this great empire. It is a subject for the thoughtful mind, especially for those who look upon the whole world as the field where the Truth must be made known.

Mighty, material and moral forces are beginning to work upon this people. Steamboats navigate the rivers—furrow the bays and harbors; the locomotive will soon be rolling over the vast Empire; the vices of western civilization are already taking root. Shall not the virtues also be planted? Shall Evil have all the field to itself? No; the spirit of the age forbids it.

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

ALCOHOL AND THE BRAIN.—Dr. Kirke, on distilling the brains of some men who had died from drinking, obtained a quantity of alcohol retaining the smell of whisky, and burning with the usual blue flame of spirit. Dr. Ogston obtained similar results by subjecting to distillation the brains of persons who died from alcoholic intoxication. Dr. Percy's experiments show that alcohol is conveyed with rapidity to the brain, as if this organ were its special destination.

The Convocation of Canterbury at its next meeting, is likely to have an interesting discussion on the temperance question. Some of the most prominent ministers of the Church of England, belonging to all of the several theological parties, have drawn up a report on the subject, which will be submitted to the convocation. Having received returns from magistrates, coroners, clergy, and others, the signers of the report recommend two classes of remedies—non-legislative and legislative. Among the former are the payment of wages on Fridays, better education, and more comfortable dwellings for the working classes. Among the legislative remedies which are proposed, we find the closing of public houses on Sundays, and their earlier closing on week days.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.—A Cleveland woman, tired of supporting her family, and being abused by a drunken husband, undertook to cure her lord of his taste for drink. Recently he returned to his home muddled with whisky, and fell asleep on an old lounge. The wife procured a half gallon of whisky, and when he awoke brought him a full glass of the liquor and induced him to drink it. One glass followed another in quick succession, until he sank back dead drunk. The process she continued during Saturday night, Sunday, and Monday night. When he awoke out of one of his stupors he begged her not to give him any more whisky, as he was so sick he could hardly move. Now was her opportunity, and, without much coaxing, he was induced to sign a pledge not to taste another drop for a year, and to agree to work as soon as he recovered sufficiently from the effects of his debauch.

TOBACCO AND RUM MONEY.—A hard-working man, returning from his day's labor, with a flower-pot containing a brilliant fuchsia under his arm, was met, by a fellow workman with a "Good-day," but who, at the same time, made some light remark about this propensity. "They don't eat or drink, bless 'em," was the reply of the other, "and it does me and my wife good to look at 'em." He made no further remark as his neighbor replaced his short black pipe in his mouth, and passed on; but he inwardly said that this was a portion of his rum and tobacco money. He had several beautiful plants and choice chromos in his house; and he knew that his love of the beautiful cost him far less than his neighbor's love of tobacco. Then his gain was much the greatest. The smoker would gain a hot, dry mouth, a foul breath, yellow teeth, sallow skin, dull eyes, drowsiness, and headache, even if he did not drink. The other would gain the sweet breath of the flower, and the cheering presence of the picture; and gladden his wife and children by bringing them such beautiful things instead of being wished out of doors with his nasty tobacco smoke and disgusting spittle. He is not the richest who makes the most money; but he who makes what he has produced the most happiness, and cater to the most refined delicate tastes.

—Alarmed at the rapid growth of drunkenness in the capital, and with the poverty and crime which are its inseparable concomitants, the Russian Government has resolved upon four sweeping measures of restriction.—1. To increase the price of corn-brandy three-fold. 2. To allow no tavern in any main thoroughfare. 3. To make every tavern an inn, paying the customary hotel due of \$350. 4. To allow no tavern within eighty yards of a Government office. This last proviso is, perhaps, the most restrictive of them all, for Government offices in the Russian capital are plentiful as grocers' shops in London. These new regulations came into operation on the first day of the new year, and hundreds of taverns will be closed.

—If it be an established fact that the use of intoxicating beverages shortens human life, why should Life Insurance Companies fail to take emphatic notice of such an important element of calculation as regards the chances of life? Do they doubt that they could afford to insure the lives of one thousand total abstinent men at a much lower rate than should be charged for the lives of one thousand wine, brandy, or whiskey drinkers? If they can, why not give the former the benefit of their good habits, by insuring them at a less premium than others? There is no justice in compelling temperance men to pay for the health-destroying indulgences of those who despise and oppose the reform. Every man who tastes liquor as beverage should be marked "extra hazardous," and charged a corresponding premium. Thus only can equal and exact justice be rendered to all.

—[The American Life Insurance Company of this city, advertised in our columns has reduced Total Abstinence Rates.]