

The Family Circle.

THE CROWS CHILDREN.

BY PHIGBE CARY.

A huntsman bearing his gun in a field Went whistling merrily; When he heard the blackest of black crows Call out from a withered tree:

"You are going to kill the thievish birds, And I would if I were you; But you mustn't touch my family, Whatever else you do!"

"I'm only going to kill the birds That are eating up my crop; And if your young ones do such things, Be sure they'll have to stop."

"O," said the crow, "my children Are the best ones ever born; There isn't one among them all Would steal a grain of corn."

"But how shall I know which ones they are? Do they resemble you?" "O no," said the crow, "they're the prettiest birds And the whitest that ever flew!"

So of went the sportsman, whistling, And off, too, went his gun; And its startling echoes never ceased Again till the day was done.

And the old crow sat untroubled, Cawing away in her nook; For she said, "He'll never kill my birds, Since I told him how they looked."

"Now, there's the hawk, my neighbor, She'll see what she will see soon; And that saucy, whistling blackbird May have to change his tune!"

When, lo! she saw the hunter, Taking his homeward track, With a string of crows as long as his gun, Hanging down his back.

"Alack, alack!" said the mother, "What in the world have you done? You promised to spare my pretty birds, And you've killed them every one."

"Your birds!" said the puzzled hunter; "Why I found them in my corn; And besides, they are black and ugly As any that ever were born!"

"Get out of my sight, you stupid!" Said the angriest of crows; "How good and fair the children are, There's none but a parent knows!"

"Ah! I see, I see," said the hunter, "But not as you do, quite; It takes a mother to be so blind She can't tell black from white!"

-Riverside Magazine.

MR. HAMMOND'S LETTERS TO THE CHILDREN.—No. III.

THE PEACE JUBILEE.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—Last week I was in Boston, attending the great "PEACE JUBILEE." I thought I should have written you a letter from there, but did not get time to do it. Almost everybody in America has heard something about the TEN THOUSAND singers and the ONE THOUSAND instruments that united in making music for over THIRTY THOUSAND people.

When I heard them sing— "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below; Praise Him above, ye heavenly host; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

I could not keep the tears from my eyes. It made me think of the time when "the Lamb," even Jesus, shall stand "in the midst of the throne." And when "they shall sing a new song, saying, Thou art worthy, for Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people and nation;" and of the time when "the voice of many angels, ten thousand times ten thousand, shall be heard round about the throne," saying, "worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing."

On Saturday, the last day of the Jubilee, about ten thousand children gathered to blend their voices with the one thousand instruments of music. I once heard six thousand children in London, in the presence of thirty thousand, singing the familiar hymn—

"Around the throne of God in Heaven, Thousands of children stand; Children whose sins are all forgiven, A holy, happy band. Singing, glory, glory, Glory be to God on high."

That was, indeed, a glorious scene, but the sight of so many more in Boston was even more wonderful. But the sight, which all who love Jesus, will finally behold in heaven will be far more wonderful still; for there will be a great number, which no man "can number." There were as many in that Coliseum in Boston as live in some small cities. But it was nothing when we think of what we shall see in heaven.

But ah! there are some who expect to get to heaven that will never enter there and join in the song of the Redeemed. Many thousands intended to get into the great building in Boston, too, and hear the wonderful music; but they put off getting their tickets until it was TOO LATE. When I reached Boston I was tired and hungry, but I did not wait to get my dinner or to rest. Away I went in great haste to get our tickets, and even then I found I must pay more than the regular price.

When we reached the place of entrance, we found a good many thousands who were greatly disappointed because they could not, at any price, get a ticket. One man paid thirty dollars for a ticket he bought of some one who was willing to give it up for that large price. A beautifully dressed lady was rushing about weeping as though she had lost all the friends she ever had, saying "O dear! O dear! I must have a ticket. I have come a thousand miles to attend the Jubilee, and now I must have a ticket." At last she found some one outside who was willing to sell a ticket for ten dollars.

But one day there was such a dreadful crowd,

and so many crowding in on account of too many tickets having been sold, that a little after the time for beginning all the great doors were shut. A friend of mine, though he had a season ticket, which cost one hundred dollars, was shut out. O how sadly he felt! He rushed from one door to another, but it was all in vain. At last he got quite angry, but it was no good. THE DOOR WAS SHUT.

All this made me think about heaven again. Yes, a great many children, and grown people, too, are putting off getting tickets for the great "Peace Jubilee" that will be held up yonder, and by and by it will be "too late." Thousands like those people in Boston are saying, "time enough yet." But Jesus is still saying to them and to you, if you are not a Christian:

"Strive to enter in at the strait gate; for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able."

"When once the master of the house is risen up, and hath shut to the door, and ye begin to stand without and to knock at the door, saying, Lord, Lord, open unto us; and He shall answer and say unto you, I know you not, whence ye are:

"Then shall ye begin to say, we have eaten and drunk in Thy presence, and Thou hast taught in our streets." "But he shall say, I tell you, I know ye not, whence ye are; depart from me all ye workers of iniquity."

"There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth, when ye shall see Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and all the prophets in the kingdom of God; and ye yourselves thrust out."

"And they shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God."

O, my dear young friends! I pray that you will hear those dreadful words, "DEPART FROM ME." Now there is time for you to get your ticket. You can get it "WITHOUT MONEY, AND WITHOUT PRICE." Jesus has paid for it for you. He offers it to you freely. His words to you are: "And I say unto you, Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."

He can say this, because He suffered all that was necessary to open heaven's gates to us. We know that in the Garden of Gethsemane, when He was thinking of all that He must suffer, He cried out, "MY SOUL IS EXCEEDING SORROWFUL, EVEN UNTO DEATH." There it was that His "sweat was as it were great drops of blood." Will you not, after reading this beautiful hymn, fall down on your knees, and ask God, for Christ's sake, to forgive you all your sins, and then you will have a ticket for Heaven, and we shall there join in the "Hallelujah chorus:"

"Come at length the dreadful night; Vengeance with her iron rod Stood, and with collected might, Bruised the harmless Lamb of God. See, my soul, thy Saviour see, Prostrate in Gethsemane!

There my God bore all my guilt; This through grace can be believed; But the horrors which He felt, Are too vast to be concealed. None can penetrate through thee, Doleful, dark Gethsemane!

Sins against a holy God; Sins against His righteous laws; Sins against His love, his blood; Sins against His name and cause; Sins immense as is the sea— Hide me, O Gethsemane!"

"THE SHELL OF MORALITY."

Some years ago a clergyman in a neighboring city had in his congregation a gentleman of rare moral worth, and intellectual culture, with an urbanity of manner that was irresistible. Day after day he sat under the ministry of the Word; always in his seat, polite, affable, interested, but immovable in the fastnesses of a morality that could not be impeached.

In the providence of God the pastor was called to the care of another church in the same city. What was his surprise to find his friend had taken a pew there. He had become so much attached to his pastor that he could not leave him. Still he was a weight on that pastor's heart; the most pointed appeals glanced and rebounded; the man was always there, it made no difference what kind of weather, the same affable, gentlemanly manner, but unmoved and immovable as adamant.

When addressed personally, he was always ready to admit the necessity of Christian teaching, and the beauty of a Christian life. He also admitted the depravity of the natural heart; but in his own individual case, the regenerating influence of the Holy Spirit was unthought of.

At length the pastor, wearied with his unavailing efforts to arouse him to a sense of his true condition, turned reluctantly away. He made no more pastoral calls, no more pointed appeals. "He is joined to his idols, let him alone." This state of things continued for seven years, and the pastor felt that his friend was given over to hardness of heart, that his shell of morality would never be broken by the gospel hammer.

One Saturday when the pastor was in his study, Mr. ——— called at the door with a request to see him. The good man's time had been broken with unavoidable calls during the week. It was Saturday, and he was not prepared for the Sabbath. He had given orders not to be disturbed. Still Mr. ——— was there.

"If your business is not very urgent," said the pastor, "could you as well put it off till Monday? I am very busy to-day. I shall have plenty of leisure then."

"Yes," said the gentleman, "I can wait." Still, he hesitated, while there was that in his countenance which betrayed anxiety. At length the pastor, seeing the distressed, hesitating look, said: "If your business is very urgent, Mr. ———, come in."

"If I may be pardoned," replied the gentleman, "for intruding upon your time," and throwing himself upon a chair, he burst into tears.

"What is the matter? What has happened?" cried the pastor. "Has misfortune over-

taken you? Any disaster happened to your beautiful family?" "Nothing of that," responded the gentleman, trying to stave his tears, and speaking brokenly. "I have come to say that what you have so often told me is true. I am a helpless, wretched, undone sinner. I want you should pray with me."

The pastor was nearly as much overcome as his friend, and sinking on his knees, he bore on the strong arm of faith the case of his friend up to the mercy-seat.

"Never before," said the pastor, as he related the scene, "did I witness such a perfect breaking up of all the old feeling, such agony, such prostration. The walls of his old morality swept completely away. The love of God rushing in and over him like the swelling tide of a great sea."

When he left the pastor's study he was a new man. No longer trusting in his own works, but in the precious blood of Christ; rejoicing in salvation as a free gift, not because of his morality, but because Christ died.

All these years he had been trying to buy salvation. He had been careful to lead a pure and spotless life. He had not committed open sin. He was constant in his observance of the Sabbath. He was always to be seen in the sanctuary. His example was good, what more did he need? He needed just what you and I need; he needed a new heart; a heart to love Christ; a heart to labor for Christ.

The blood-shedding of Jesus is the propitiation for our sins. This is the good news: "God commendeth His love toward us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." You must have forgiveness or perish forever. Why not have it now? God pardons freely, and at once. All the preparation you need is to feel the want. "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." All that you have to do is to accept what God, for Christ's sake so freely gives.—American Messenger.

BUDGET OF ANECDOTES.

ONE morning, not long before the battle of Waterloo, a contractor called on Wellington in great haste and trepidation, to complain that Lord Hill had threatened to hang him if he did not supply the army with beef-cattle at the time he had contracted to deliver them—a thing, he added, which it was impossible to do; and he begged the duke's interference to save his neck. "Did Hill really say?" asked Wellington, "that he would hang you if you didn't have the cattle ready?" "He did, your grace." "Ahem! Then you had better have them on the spot. Hill is a man of his word!" The required supplies came in time, and the contractor's wizen was not contracted.—Lippincott's Magazine.

MR. BRADFORD was one of the purest men Wesley an Methodist ever produced. He was the chosen friend and traveling companion of Mr. Wesley for years. No man on earth did Mr. Wesley take into more intimate fellowship. His disposition was kind, and he was at the same time a man of unbending integrity. Mr. Wesley left his watch to Joseph Bradford. He was with Mr. Wesley when he was dying, and offered the last prayer for him.

"Joseph," said Mr. Wesley one day, "take these letters to the post."

Bradford. I will take them after preaching, sir.

Wesley. Take them now, Joseph.

Bradford. I wish to hear you preach, sir, and there will be sufficient time for the post after service.

Wesley. I insist upon your going now, Joseph.

Bradford. I will not go at present.

Wesley. You won't?

Bradford. No, sir.

Wesley. Then you and I must part.

Bradford. Very good, sir.

The good men slept over it. Both were early risers. At four the next morning the refractory "helper" was accosted by Mr. Wesley with, "Joseph, have you considered what I said, that we must part?"

Bradford. Yes, sir.

Wesley. And must we part?

Bradford. Please yourself, sir.

Wesley. Will you ask my pardon, Joseph?

Bradford. No, sir.

Wesley. You won't?

Bradford. No, sir.

Wesley. Then I will yours, Joseph. Bradford instantly melted into tears, and Mr. Wesley was deeply affected. Mr. Wesley could not afford to dismiss such a friend, or Bradford leave such a father, and they journeyed on together till the founder of Methodism fell asleep.—Wakeley's Anecdotes.

TEACHER.—"Gerty, you were a very good girl to-day."

GERTY. "Yes, ma'am; I couldn't help being good; I had a stiff neck."

chase of a horse. When the man called, a few days after, he was shown to the study, and said: "Well, Dominie, I have got a horse that will suit you to a fraction." "What is the price?" said the doctor. The jockey named a fair-sounding sum. The doctor rose and opening his desk, and pulling out a roll of bills, began to count out the money. "What," said the jockey, "are you not going to look at the horse?" "No," said the doctor, "you say he will suit me; I will take your word for it." This fearless reliance stimulated the jockey's conscience into unwonted activity, and, starting up, he said—"Keep your money to-day Dominie, perhaps I can get you a better horse," and withdrew, to come again another day with an animal that would bear subsequent reflection!—Congregationalist.

At the late S. S. Convention in Illinois it was said that there is a township in Pike county, in which there has been such persistent effort that every one in it has been brought into the Sabbath-school, with the exception of one small boy, and they were running him down!

A clergyman, conversing with the chief of the Ottawas, said, "I am glad that you do not drink whisky, but I am sorry to find that your people use much of it." The chief replied with great significance in word and look, "Yes, we Indians use a great deal of whisky, but we do not make it."

"Sir," said an old Scotch woman to her minister, "I dinna ken a part of your sermon yesterday." "Indeed! what was it?" "You said the Apostle used the figure of circumlocution; and I dinna ken what it means." "Is that all? It's very plain. The figure of circumlocution is merely a periphrastic mode of distinction." "Oh! ah! is that all?" said the good woman; "what a pair fool I were not to understand that!"

A gentleman, in noticing some instances in the education of children, said he knew of a woman who used to tie her boy to the bedpost on Sunday, while she went to church, and made him learn the hymn beginning, "Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love."

The same Dr. Cannon was once appealed to by a certain church where there was a great commotion in regard to the point whether in new painting their church edifice the color should be white or yellow. When the committees had stated the case, and with an emphasis, not to say acrimony, which gave sad proof of the existence of a fearful feud upon the unimportant question, the Doctor quietly said: "I should advise you, on the whole, to paint the house black. It is cheap, and a good color to wear, and eminently appropriate for a body that ought to go into mourning over such a foolish quarrel amongst its members!"—Ibid.

In one of the darkest periods of the Reformation, when Luther, Melancthon, and others, were assembled to consult upon what should be done, Melancthon retired from the council under great dejection of spirit. After a short time he returned, his countenance beaming with confidence and joy; and when all were surprised at the change, he told them that he had just seen a sight which assured him of success. He had seen some little children engaged in prayer for the Reformation. Their mothers, who were assembled for the same purpose, had brought them together; and he was assured such prayers would be heard of God. Courage in the needful hour for the greatest work ever accomplished by uninspired men was thus breathed into the soul by children's prayer. Such prayers the church needs yet. Children, do you pray—not only for father and mother, for brother and sister, but also for the church of God and the world?—Visitor.

A gentleman having been told by a complaining brother that he had something against him, warmly invited him to come in, saying, "We will both pray in the first place, and ask the blessing of God on our interview." When they arose from their knees, he said, "Now I will thank you, my brother, to tell me what it is you have against me." "Oh," was the reply, "I really don't know what it is; it is all gone; and I believe I was in the wrong."

MISCELLANY.

To cure the toothache, saturate a piece of clean cotton wool with a strong solution of ammonia, and apply immediately to the affected tooth. The relief is instantaneous, and elevates the patient from the depths of despair to the heights of bliss.—Journal and American.

It is said that a liquid glue, far superior to mullage, may be made by dissolving gum in an equal quantity of strong hot vinegar, adding a fourth of alcohol and a little alum. This will keep any length of time when placed in closed bottles, and will fasten horn, wood, and mother-of-pearl.

Chinese laborers are appearing in Louisiana, where the sugar and rice fields offer an admirable opportunity for the employment under the most favorable circumstances possible. If California drives out the Celestials, the South can find ample occupation for them.

The right for women to vote is possessed more extensively than is commonly supposed. In Austria women can vote as nobles; in their corporate capacity as nuns, and as tax-payers. In some cases, however, they vote by proxy. In Hungary, up to 1848, widows and single women who were landed proprietors possessed the right to vote. They were deprived of it by the revolutionary government, and are now petitioning for the restoration of this right. In Canada, as in several of our own States, women are allowed to vote for and serve as school trustees. In the British Australian colony of Victoria, women universally assumed the right to vote about four years ago, having found that the law had been so framed as to permit them. In Sweden, chiefly through the exertions of the late Fredrika Bremer, an indirect right of voting was in 1862 granted to all women possessing specified property qualifications. In Italy a widow, or wife separated from her husband, may vote if she pays taxes. Also in Holland, single women possessing property are entitled to vote on all questions likely to affect its value. In many towns in France women possess and exercise the right to vote in municipal affairs.

The articles of the new Constitution of Spain upon liberty of worship, are as follows:—Art. 20.—The nation obliges itself to maintain the worship and the ministers of the Catholic religion. Art. 21.—The public and private exercise of any other worship is guaranteed to all foreigners resident in Spain, without any limitations than the universal rules of morals and of right. Art. 22.—If any Spaniards profess any other religion than the Catholic, all the dispositions of the foregoing paragraph are applicable to them."

WOMAN AND CHRISTIANITY.

In his speech at the recent anniversary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, Rev. John Walton gave utterance to the following:

Christianity has done more for woman than it has done for man, and she responds with a purer devotion and a more vital attachment. But woman's greatest glory is the untold story of her services and her sufferings in missionary lands. I will be bold to say, that the brightest and bravest deeds done in mission fields have been done, not by men, but by the women—not by the heroes, but by the heroines of the Cross. Need I scruple to say, that the noblest women that ever walked on God's earth have been missionaries' wives? The missionary vocation, of all others, is that which most successfully develops the highest virtues in the character of woman. If you want to know what a woman is made of, pass her through the fire. Her power of endurance, her fertility of resource, her unflinching courage, her self-sacrificing devotion, her beautiful sympathy, it is the fire that intensifies each womanly excellence, and makes it shine like burnished gold. We have all felt the pang of separation in thinking of the partings on mission shores. I have wept and wondered, and wept again over the chapter which tells the story of Dr. Judson and his wife at St. Helena. That heroic woman, with the missionary spirit strong in death, had fully reconciled herself to the thought of the separation from her husband. He was to return to his work in Burmah, and she and the children were to go on to America alone, and thus she sang on a foreign soil—

We are parting on this green island, love, Thou for the eastern main, I for the setting sun, love, Oh! soon to meet again!

Contrary to her thought, and contrary to her husband's hope, that was a longer parting. She went, as Dr. Judson beautifully says, not to the setting sun, but to the sun of glory that never sets. All that could die of such a woman rests in a shady spot in that historic isle, and on her tomb-stone is carved this verse—

She sleeps sweetly here on this rock of the ocean, Away from the home of her youth; And far from the land where, with heartfelt devotion, She scattered the bright beams of truth.

TOTAL SOLAR ECLIPSE IN AUGUST.

A total eclipse of the sun will take place on the 7th of August next, the only one, since 1834, which could be observed in any considerable portion of this country, and no other total eclipse will be visible in America during the present century. As a partial eclipse it will be visible all over the Northern parts of this Continent, while the path of the umbra, in which the eclipse will be total, is about 143 miles in breadth, entering the United States near the origin of Milk river, longitude 30 deg. W., thence through the South-west corner of Minnesota, and diagonally through Iowa, crossing the Mississippi river near Burlington, Iowa; thence through Illinois, north of Springfield, crossing the Ohio river near Louisville, Ky.; thence through the South-west corner of West Virginia, and through North Carolina, South of Raleigh, and thence to Newbern, entering the Atlantic North of Beaufort, N. C., ending at sunset in the ocean, in latitude 31 deg. 15 min., 2 sec. N., and longitude 9 deg. 30 min., 6 sec. E. Along the line above described the eclipse will be total, and at all other places in the United States partial. Along the Atlantic coast, in the United States, the eclipse ends at about sunset. In Washington city the umbra commences at 5 h. 2 m. P. M., and ends at 9 h. 52 m. P. M.

The Navy Department, at Washington city, with a view to glean all the information possible, has thus disposed of some of its most eminent professors of astronomy: Prof. Hall, of the Naval Observatory, and Mr. Joseph A. Rogers, of the Hydrographic Office, left Washington city the middle of last May for Behring's strait, under orders, to take observations in that quarter, at which place the eclipse makes its advent.

Prof. Simon Newcomb, William Harkness, and J. R. Eastman, of the Naval Observatory, have been ordered to Iowa, each to take observations, acting independent of one another. Prof. Newcomb will take with him the largest object-glass from the Naval Observatory he can procure, and search for asteroids between Mercury and the sun. Some ten years since it was thought by Leverrier, a distinguished astronomer, that a zone of planets existed between Mercury and the sun. They have never as yet been discovered, and no hopes are entertained of their discovery, except during a total eclipse. In view of this fact, Prof. Newcomb will have this particular charge under his direction as part of his duties on this occasion. Prof. Harkness will make investigations with the spectroscopic. Dr. Curtis, of the U. S. Army, will accompany the observers, taking with him the large equatorial from the U. S. Naval Academy, loaned to the Observatory by Vice Admiral Porter, for photographic observations. Prof. Eastman will have charge of and make meteorological observations. All these will go under the auspices of the U. S. Naval Observatory. Commodore B. F. Sands, superintendent, and that Institution will have all its Professors in the field along the path of totality.—Lutheran Observer.