

The Family Circle.

PENITENTIAL HYMN.

As Mary knelt, and dropped her tears,
So, gracious Lord, would we;
And pour the ointment of our hearts,
Our choicest love, on Thee.

Oh! the sweet joys of penitence!
We trust Thee, and adore;
We wonder at Thy gracious word,
"Arise, and sin no more."

Thou dost forget our sinful past,
Thou takest off the stain;
Bathed in the ocean of Thy love,
Our souls are pure again.

We come with sad, confessing lips,
For Thy forgiving touch;
And Thou dost thrill us with the words,
That we have loved—Thee much.

We raise our tearful eyes to Thee,
And meet Thy smile divine;
Where shall we look O pitying Christ!
For tenderness like Thine?

We hide our souls in Thee, O Lord!
In Thee we seek our rest;
Oh! raise us from Thy sacred feet,
To lean upon Thy breast.

—Zion's Herald.

FIRMNESS OF RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLE.

Frank Edwards, a young married man, employed as a machinist in an English manufactory, was converted to Christ. His conversion was genuine, affecting both heart and life.

Very delightful was the first experience of that young man. A good workman, he enjoyed constant employment, with wages sufficient to procure the comforts of life. He had a thrifty wife, who was led to Jesus through his own influence. Their cottage was the house of prayer. Religion, plenty, health and contentment dwelt with them; probably there was not another home in England more pleasant than that of this young, pious mechanic.

But piety was not an effectual shield to defend from trouble. It supports, gloriously supports the sufferer—but his path to heaven is appointed to lead through "much tribulation." As in nature the storm-cloud gathers in the horizon, while the sun shines with splendor in the heavens, so in the kingdom of grace, while the child of God rejoices in ease and prosperity, and ascends the summit of Pisgah, he may rest assured that events are in preparation, which may hurl him down to the vale of Baca—to the place of weeping and lamentation. It was thus with Frank Edwards and his happy family. In the midst of their prosperity, adversity looked in at their cottage door—poverty sat down at their table. "Let us trace the cause of their trouble."

One day the machinery of the mill broke, and its operations were stopped. All of the hands were set to repairing it with the utmost haste. The week was closing, and the work was unfinished.

On Saturday evening the overseer entered, and said to the men, "You must work all day to-morrow."

Frank instantly remembered the fourth commandment. He resolved to keep it, because he felt that his duty to God required him under all circumstances to refrain from labor on the Sabbath day. Offering an inward prayer to God, he respectfully addressed the overseer.

"Sir, to-morrow will be Sunday."

"I know it, but our mill must be repaired."

"Will you excuse me, sir, from working on the Sabbath?"

"No, Frank, I can't excuse any one. The company will give you double wages, and you must work."

"I am sorry, sir, but I cannot work to-morrow."

"Why not, Mr. Edwards? You know our necessities, and we offer you a fair remuneration."

"Sir, it will be a sin against God, and no necessity is strong enough—no price is high enough, to induce me to offend my Maker any more."

"I am not here to argue the morality of the question, Frank; you must either work to-morrow or be discharged."

"I do not hesitate, Mr. Edwards, at a moment; I have already pledged to God. Cost what earthly price it may, I will keep His commandments."

"Then, Mr. Edwards, if you step into the counting-room, I will pay you what the company owes you, and you will then leave our establishment."

To say that Frank's heart did not shrink from this trial, would be to deny his humanity; but his faith came to his help. Casting himself upon God, he gathered up his tools, and entered the counting-room.

The overseer was extremely unwilling to part with Frank, for he was a superior workman, and since his conversion, had been the most trusty man in the employment of the company. He therefore addressed him very kindly while handing him his wages. "Mr. Edwards, had you not better reconsider your resolution? Remember, work is scarce, we pay you high wages, and it is not often we require you to labor on the Sabbath."

"Sir," replied Frank, "my mind is fixed—I will not work on Sundays, if I have to starve to death."

"Very well, sir," was the cool answer of the overseer, who not being a Christian, could not appreciate the noble heroism of Frank's reply.

On reaching his humble cottage, the mechanic could not forbear a sigh, as the thought flitted across his mind that possibly, he might soon lose his home and comforts. But that sigh was momentary; he remembered the promise of God, and grew calm. Entering his house, he said to his wife, "Mary, I am discharged!"

"Discharged?" cried Mary. "What has happened? O! what will become of us? Tell me why you are discharged?"

"Be calm, Mary, God will provide! I left

the shop because I would not break the Sabbath. They wanted me to work to-morrow, and because I refused, they discharged me."

Mary was silent. She looked doubtful as if not quite sure that her husband was right. Her faith was not quite so strong as Frank's, nor was her character so decided. In her heart she thought, as thousands of fearful disciples would under similar circumstances, that her husband had gone too far; but although she said nothing, Frank read her thoughts, and grieved over her want of faith.

Sweet was the hour of family prayer to Frank that evening; sweeter still was the secret devotion of the closet, and he never closed his eyes with more heavenly calmness of spirit, than when he sank to sleep on that eventful evening.

The following week brought Frank's character to a severer test. All his friends condemned him; even some members of his family said they thought he had gone beyond the strict requirements of duty. "It was well," they said, "to keep the Sabbath; but then, a man like Frank Edwards, ought to look at the wants of his family, and not strain a gnat, and perhaps be compelled to go to the workhouse."

This was a galling language for Christians, but there are always too many of this class of irresolute, slight-walking disciples, Frank met them on all sides, and found himself without sympathy. A few noble, enlightened Christians, however, admired and encouraged him. Frank held to his purpose with a spirit worthy of a martyr.

The cloud grew darker. Through the influence of his former employers, who were vexed because he left them, the other corporations refused to employ him. Winter came on with its frosts and storms. His little stock of savings gradually disappeared. Poverty stared them in the face; Frank's watch, Mary's silver spoons, their best furniture went to the auction shop. They had to leave their pleasant cottage, and one little garret held the afflicted family, and the slender remains of the cottage furniture.

"Did Frank regret his devotion to God?" No, he rejoiced in it. He had obeyed God, he said, and God would take care of him. Light would break out of darkness, all would yet be well. So spoke his unyielding faith; his fixed heart doubted not. The blacker the cloud, the more piercing grew the eye of his triumphant faith. With his Mary the case was different. Her faith was weak, and pressing her babes to her bosom, she often wept, and bent before the sweeping storm.

The winter passed away, and Frank was still in the fiery furnace, rejoicing, however, amidst the flames. Some friends offered him the means of emigrating to the United States. Here was a light gleam. He rejoiced at it, and proposed to quit a place which refused him bread because he feared God.

Behold him—that martyr mechanic—on board the emigrant ship. Her white sails catch the favoring breeze, and with a soul full of hope, Frank looked towards this western world. A short, pleasant passage brought them to one of our Atlantic cities.

Here he soon found that his faith had not been misplaced. The first week of his arrival, saw him not merely employed, but filling the station of foreman in the establishment of some extensive machinists.

Prosperity now smiled on Frank, and Mary once more rejoiced in the possession of home and comforts. They lived in a style far better, and more comfortable than when in their English cottage. "Mary," Frank would often ask, pointing to their charming little parlor, "is it not best to obey God?"

Mary could only reply to this question with smiles and tears, for everything around them said, "Blessed is that man that maketh the Lord his trust, and respecteth not the proud; surely he shall not be moved forever."

But Frank's trials were not over. A similar claim for Sabbath labor was made upon him in his new situation. An engine for a railroad on steamboat was broken, and must be repaired. "You will keep your men employed through to-morrow, so that the engine may be finished on Monday morning," said the chief overseer.

"I cannot do it, sir. I cannot break the Lord's day. I will work until midnight on Saturday, and begin directly after midnight on Monday morning. God's holy time I will not touch."

"That won't do Mr. Edwards, you must work your men through the Sabbath or the owners will dismiss you."

"Be it so, sir," replied Frank. "I crossed the Atlantic because I would not work on the Sabbath; I will not do it here."

Monday came, the work was unfinished. Frank expected his discharge. While at work a gentleman inquired for him, "I wish you to go with me to—take charge of my establishment; will you go?"

"I don't know," replied Frank. "If, as I expect, my present employers dismiss me, I will go; if they do not, I have no wish to leave."

"This is settled. They intend to dismiss you, and I know the reason. I honor you for it, and wish you to enter my establishment."

Here again our mechanic saw the hand of God. His decision had again brought him into trouble, and God had come to his aid. The new situation for which he had just engaged was worth much more than the one he was to leave. God had kept His promise.

The prohibitory law in Massachusetts went into operation the first of July, and has been almost universally enforced and obeyed. Mr. Jones, State constable, and his deputies, have been quietly perfecting their plans, and without any noise or parade, are executing the law in all parts of the commonwealth, and it is generally observed. Lager beer and cider are exempted.

DRESSING AT SARATOGA.

A correspondent of *The N. Y. Tribune*, at this fashionable watering-place, writes:

In the afternoon the people of fashion made their appearance upon the hotel piazzas. They—that is the female portion of them—shone gloriously. The blaze of golden armlets, the glitter of diamonds, and the glare of white dresses of rare texture, marked them all as people of note; but I confess to having never heard of one of them before. I almost fear the consequences of the remark, but I shall risk the assertion that there is less good taste in dress displayed by the lady visitors here than by an equal number at any other prominent resort you may name. Their profusion of top-dressing is absurd almost to disgust; their show of paste diamonds or real ones, in most cases hired from Spalding, or Benedict, or the pawnbroker who essayed to sell Mrs. Lincoln's wardrobe, is too vulgar to provoke laughter; and with them the simple operation of unfolding the body in its customary out-door coverings, has become so complicated, judging from the result, that it is but natural to wonder where the poor creatures find time to make the three daily changes prescribed by the arbiter *ultra-tormentum*, whoever that authority may be. One lady at the Union wears jewelry represented to be worth \$17,000. A was awers, with the straightest face in the world, that at the ball last night, this lady was fairly ablaze with jewels, but was "put out" by an Ohio dowager, who wore nothing but diamonds of the first water. Another, at Congress Hall, appeared at breakfast this morning with her fingers so covered with rings that she found it difficult to close her large hands over the handles of her knife and fork.

BUDGET OF ANECDOTES.

There is a story well authenticated of the philosopher, David Hume, that when an old man, and very heavy, he fell into the swamp at the bottom of the wall that surmounted Edinburgh Castle. He was unable to get out, and in great dread of the rendering of his life, he called to an old woman for assistance. "The old woman told him that he was 'Mr. Hume, the Deist, and she would help none of him.'" "But, my good woman," said Hume, "does not your religion teach you to do good, even to your enemies?" "That may be," she replied, "but ye shall see come out 'o that mill 'e's being a Christian yourself, and repeat the Lord's Prayer and the Creed." He performed the task, and got the promised assistance. David Hume is not the first whom ability to say the Creed has helped out of a ditch.

A saying of Bishop Horne to Epinus illustrates the defect in the skeptic's character. Hume had used it as an argument against the alleged compulsory effect of religion, that all the religious men he met with were melancholy persons. "The sight of you," replied Horne, "is enough to make a religious man melancholy at any time."

They have wonderful kites in Mississippi. One of the local journals is responsible for the following: "A young lad at Lake Station had a very large and beautiful kite, about six feet by four in size, which he attempted to raise one day recently, just as the wind was increasing and a storm threatening. The wind drew the kite so heavily as to drag the boy along—so prevent losing his favorite, he wanted the cord around his body. At last the gust bore him and boy along in the rapid air currents. The boy seemed to be about 100 feet above the earth, and the kite five times that distance. At last the young kite-flier caught in the top of a tree, and was suspended seventy-five feet above the ground. A flood of rain came on, slackening the line, abating the wind, and allowing the little sufferer to be rescued. He was found to be scarcely recognized, but was restored the same evening, and is now doing well."

An Irish gentleman was much troubled with a wife who drank tremendously—in fact, she spent every farthing on whisky, and sold every thing she could lay her hands on to get more. The poor fellow was almost at his wits' end, and what to do about her, and so he went to Dr. Murphy for advice in the matter.

"Could the doctor give him nothing?"

"Is it poison you want?" said the doctor, "because if it is, say so like a man."

"Of course it's not poison I want, but only a trifle to cure her of drinking. Can't you mix up something?"

"I could mix up anything to cure that disease," said the doctor, "I should be a made man. But tell you what—take home a gallon of whisky, and let her drink as much as she likes, and I'll be round before she's dead."

It was in the summer-time but not moonlight, and when the woman was thoroughly drunk, the doctor and her husband carried her down into the vault of an old castle, close by, and laid her down on some boards till she should come to. After she had had a good sleep, she awoke about twelve o'clock, and began calling out, and asking where she was.

"Well, you are in the vaults underneath Eversburg Abbey, ma'am," the doctor said.

"And how long have I been here?" she inquired.

"A matter of ten or twelve months," he answered.

"And I'm dead, in course?" she said.

"As a door-nail!" wound up the doctor.

"And you're dead, too?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And how long have you been here?"

"Somewhere about five years," he said.

"Then we are all dead?"

"Yes."

She set down on the floor, and thought the matter over a bit.

The doctor could not imagine what she would say next; and was trying to fancy when she began:

"You must know the ways of this country a good deal better than me. Where can you get a good drop of whisky now, reasonable?"

That floored the doctor, and turning to the gentleman, he said:

"Squire, you had better take your wife home. If she thinks that her whisky-shops in Hades, there is no use trying to frighten her with death. Take her home and let her live."

He let her live; but she ruined him, and died a beggar in Galway.

"If I'm not at home from the party to-night at ten o'clock," said a husband to his better and bigger half, "don't wait for me." "That I won't," said the lady, significantly; "I won't wait, but I'll come after you." He returned at ten precisely.

A young wife remonstrated with her husband, an impenitent spendthrift. "My love, I am only like the prodigal son; I shall reform by and by." "And I will be like the prodigal son too," she replied; "for I will arise and go to my father." And accordingly, off she went.

A young gentleman having called in his physician, said, "Now, sir, I wish no more, trifling; my desire is, that you at once strike at the root of my disease?" "It shall be done," replied the doctor, and lifting his cane, he smashed the wine-decanter, which stood on the table.

"Doctor," said a patient, a short time since, after reading over the prescription of a distinguished friend of temperance, whom ill-health had obliged him to consult—"Doctor, do you think a little spirits now and then would hurt me very much?" "Why, no," answered the doctor, "deliberately, I do not know that a little now and then would hurt you much; but, sir, if you don't take any, it won't hurt you at all."

Rev. Donald McLeod, of Linlithgow, a brother of Dr. Norman McLeod, was lately inducted into Park church, Glasgow, the wealthiest and most liberal congregation in the Established Church of Scotland. In reply to the request for his health, Mr. McLeod humorously replied:—"I confess that I had hoped to have been permitted to live and die at Linlithgow. Indeed, my old bedside was very much of the same kind. I remember that when I first went to Linlithgow, he took me into the graveyard, and showing me the graves of my predecessors, said, 'There's where Dr. Bellies, and there Dr. Dobble lies, and there's where you'll lie, if you are spared.' He was indignant with me when I accepted the call. 'Well,' he said, 'ye are the first minister that was ever lifted out o' Linlithgow except to the grave; and I don't think he yet pardons me for having deprived him of that satisfaction.'"

A preacher has lately been sent by the Syria mission, among the Bedouin Arabs, at the suggestion and expense of a gentleman of Leeds, England.

The Women's Board of Missions gave \$6,166 60 to the treasury of the A. B. C. F. M. in June.

A business firm in Chicago has assumed the entire support of a foreign mission.

The largest contribution given in June to the A. B. C. F. M. was from Calvary (N. S.) Church in this city: \$1725.

The English Church Missionary Society has 156 stations, 202 European missionaries, 118 native missionaries, native teachers, (in part) 1955; communicants (in part) 16,145; adherents (in part) 79,103; income \$776,970 in gold.

The French Cathedral at Canton promises to rival some of the finest in Europe. A considerable proportion of the cost has been furnished by the Court of Peking as compensation for real or supposed losses endured by the French at Canton and elsewhere. The scheme of the cathedral was put forth by the Emperor of the French; and he watches with pride and satisfaction the progress of the magnificent pile.—*Friend of India*.

The *Missionary Herald* for August, arguing against the Scotch method of depending largely upon educational agencies in Missions, asserts that in a period of thirty years, during which the High School at Bombay has been kept up in charge of accomplished scholars of one of the Scotch missions, at the expense of five thousand dollars a year, but two conversions are reported. [This, however, is judging the matter by a standard which the Scotch do not accept, and which would prove the personal ministry of our Saviour a failure.]

The home of the native preacher, says *The Missionary Herald*, adorned by the presence and handwork of the Christian wife and mother trained up in a mission boarding-school, is a power for Christ hardly second to that of the preached word. These centers of influence are rapidly multiplying, and are already to be found in many a village nestled on the slopes of Lebanon and the Taurus ranges, in the valleys of the Euphrates and the Tigris, on the plains of Oromiah, amid the islands of the Pacific, in Ceylon and India.

Progress is reported with a regularity amounting almost to a law, in the missions of the American Board in Turkey. In Marsivan within two weeks, 18 have been examined for membership. At Amasia, the number of professedly Protestant families is believed to be on the point of increasing from five to twenty or more; twenty-five families in another field are reported to be ready to declare themselves Protestants, if they can have a preacher. The statistics of the Central Turkey mission for last year, give the present membership of the twenty churches at stations and out-stations as 1,458. There are 12 native pastors; 157 members were received by profession during the year; and the contributions reported for pastors' salaries, education, and general benevolence, amount to \$4,051.33, American gold.

A native reader was examined May 8th and ordained and installed May 9, over the first church, Aintab, by a council of native pastors, in the presence of twenty five hundred spectators (by actual count). In the Harpoot field, thirteen of the fourteen churches have native pastors, the rule being not to form a pastorless church; not to settle a pastor whose church does not assume the entire responsibility, and at first pay at least half of the cost of supporting him. At Bitlis, fifteen young men of twenty years and over will throw up business and enter training class, to prepare themselves as helpers of the mission. Ninety-five others pledge themselves to devote one-tenth of their income to the Lord's service.

Great zeal is shown in raising the second church building in Aintab, Central Turkey. The contributions for the year, in money for this object, were \$692, American gold, and much more than others. —*Nat. Temp. Advocate*.

The women drew water for the masons; the young men went out in bands and drew the heavy stone pillars by hand, over a rough road for three miles; and heavy stones were carried to their places in the building on the backs of the strong men of the congregation. On one Saturday night, a payment unusually large was to be made, and special efforts had been put forth to collect money on the subscription for this purpose. The government tax-gatherers found it out, and took the money for themselves by force. This church pays two-thirds the support of the preacher at Baghi; and the contributions for pastor, schools, missionary purposes and church building, actually paid during the year, were \$1,227.53; American gold. Total from the two churches in Aintab, \$1,981. Total subscription to the two, in the year, 69. Twelve to eighteen cents is the value of a day's labour.

There was unusual religious interest in the vicinity of Oromiah, in April. Nearly one hundred are inquiring; the majority of whom appear to have found peace. There is a Mussulman among the latter, and other Mussulmen are inquiring. Opposition is almost at an end everywhere; the Persians are reading the Bible, and a native bishop has recently declared, that the light of the gospel must spread among his people, and that he should place no obstacle in its way.

Dindigul Church, in the Madura mission, has a native pastor, to whom they promise his entire support. They give one-tenth of their income to the Lord. Of this one-tenth they gladly promise two-thirds towards the support of their pastor. What asks Mr. Chester, the missionary, would the salaries of the pastors in the American churches amount to, if the members of their congregations gave thus liberally? I have been a pastor in America, and I know something of the workings of the principal churches in New York city, and I boldly hold up the Dindigul Church, far away in the dark heathen land, as an example of liberality to them.

Mr. Coan of Hilo, S. I., has received ninety new members by profession in the year. The benevolent contributions have averaged over \$100 per month for nine months. The fifth and sixth church are to be set off from the old Hilo church, making a group of seven, instead of one. At North Kōhala, contributions in the year have been \$2,158; a sum greater than ever before. This church has given eight of its young men to missions, two within a few weeks. \$216 were raised at a service in May, for the outfit and salary of a native couple just starting for the work in Micronesia.

The London Missionary society has 130 stations, 160 native churches, 156 English missionaries, 1500 native assistants, of which 81 are ordained. There are reported, a total of 35,487 church members; and 191,798 native adherents, 589 schools for boys; with 23,756 scholars, and 356 for girls with 13,426 scholars. Income for the year \$549,335 in gold. The work in Madagascar, in change of this society, is said to be unparalleled among any people in modern days.

So strong a hold has the worship of ancestors and of living parents taken of the Chinese mind; being indeed their only religion, that on stated occasions the parents ascend a kind of throne and there sit, while the children prostrate themselves and invoke them in terms which belong to the deity. These prostrations take place even amongst the native Christians, and the missionaries are troubled to know how to act. The idolatrous addresses are not made by Christian children; still there is a tendency to excessive homage in appearance not far removed from worship.—*Friend of India*.

In the Mission in Rajpootana last year, the progress of conversions of the infant church has been affected by an unusually severe and fatal visitation of the cholera. The previous healthiness and freedom of the Mission from such visitations were regarded as a proof that the demons of Hinduism had no power over the bodies of Christians. But the sadly numerous deaths last year, and specially those due to cholera, were universally regarded as evidence that the avenging deities have made bare their arms against the Christians; and that the Christian religion is not as was supposed, any safeguard against their visitations. This was the argument of old Paganism; also against the Early Christians.

A missionary of the American Board in Central Turkey, reports the conversion of an Armenian lad who was called to suffer almost unparalleled persecution. When the change in his religious life became known, he was at first bound, fettered and beaten nearly to death by his mother and older brother. After the confinement to his bed from injuries thus received his father, filled in an attempt to sell him as a slave to the Circassians and put under bond not to murder him; as he threatened to do, even in the Governor's presence, stripped him of all his clothes, cursed him, and cast him out of doors. Yet the lad rejoices in the privilege of suffering for Christ, and is studying here, with the hope of returning to the mountains as a preacher.

Another missionary in eastern Turkey writes of one of the villages: "I spent a night at that village last fall, and while I sat out doors, talking with the villagers about the necessity of educating their sons and daughters, I noticed a couple of the latter, came tugging up the exceedingly steep mountain, each with a ponderous load of brush-wood and roots on his back, which had been gathered on the adjacent hills. As they came up and threw their loads down near my feet, an old man turned round and pointing to them—down whose faces the perspiration flowed while they were panting for breath—exclaimed, 'Educate our daughter; why, if we should do that, who would bring off wood?'"

At Bridgeton, N. J., there have been two beneficial organizations in existence for some years; with the same monthly dues in each, as about the same membership. One makes total abstinence a test of membership, and the other does not. The total abstinence organization pays a higher rate a week to beneficiaries, and yet circulates about forty per cent. more money yearly than the other. A total abstinence life is worth nearly forty per cent. more than that of the drinkers; and beneficial organizations, or insurance societies organized on a total abstinence basis, must inevitably be more safe and profitable than others. —*Nat. Temp. Advocate*.