

The Family Circle.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

With eyes upraised appealing,
And eager, earnest air,
A little child was kneeling
Alone in holy prayer—
The sun was brightly shining,
The skies were clear and blue,
And while thick leaves were twining,
Gay flowers in plenty grew,
And many a child was straying
Along the fresh green sod,
But the boy was softly praying,
Alone—with only God.

He knew that Jesus never
Forgot His Sacred Word,
That by His ear forever
His children's prayers are heard.
He knew the Lord could make him
His child on earth below,
And after death could take him
Where happy spirits go;
And so he knelt all longly
To ask the God above
To make him His child only
And keep him in His love.

He said, "Dear Jesus, hear me:
I want to follow thee—
To have Thy spirit near me,
And be as I should be—
I want Thy grace to hold me
In safety from all harms,
I want Thy love to fold me
Within Thy precious arms."
And Jesus saw him kneeling,
And heard his trustful prayer,
And answered his appealing,
And sent His spirit there.

And so as years were lengthened
And changing seasons smiled,
Christ in His goodness strengthened
And blessed this little child.
He made his life more holy,
And, as each day went by,
He kept him His child solely,
'Till fitted for the sky—
And there beyond all sadness,
Safe from all earthly harms,
He'll dwell in joy and gladness,
A Lamb in Jesus' arms.
For always and forever
In heaven our prayers are heard,
Surely blessed Jesus never
Forgot His lasting Word.
Protestant Churchman.

THE YOUNG GIPSIES.

"Mamma, what is the reason grandfather goes to look at that little old grave-stone near the large window of our church every time he comes to see us?" said James Guthrie to his mother. "I saw him do it when he was here last summer, and this morning he went there again and cleared away with his stick the long grass that hid the inscription on the little old gray stone. When grandfather came back to the manse, I stole down to see what was written on that large tomb-stone, but could only spell out these words, 'Hans and Gretchen, sleeping in Jesus.' May I ask grandfather about it."

"You may, Jamie, when you see him at leisure; that is the gipsies' grave. But grandfather is going with me for a drive now." And Mrs. Guthrie stooped to give her son a parting kiss. "I zled James, and who could explain them to him? Grandfather and mamma were out; papa indeed was at home, but far too busy in his study to be ready to answer questions about gipsies; for James was the son of a minister in Scotland, as we might have guessed by his living in the manse—a name generally given to that country to the minister's house. This little boy had never seen a gipsy, nor indeed heard much about these strange wanderers; but from what he knew of them, he pictured to himself a tribe of dark, wild-looking men and women, who lived in tents, told fortunes and often were not very honest. To hear about such people must surely be delightful.

At tea the subject was opened, and a promise of the story obtained; so when the table was cleared, grandfather drew his arm-chair near the window, while James placed himself upon a foot-stool near to listen.

"It was just such another evening as this, Jamie, a lovely autumn evening, many years ago. I was reading in the study, for you know papa's study used to be mine, before they took me away from the pleasant country to be a minister in a large town; and happening to raise my eyes my attention was attracted by two strange-looking figures that glided along the road—a girl, whose form was partly hidden under a cloak, and a boy who seemed somewhat older, and carried a small pack, like a tinker's, on his back. There was something strange in their appearance and movements. As twilight faded into night I lost sight of the children, resolving, however, to make every inquiry next morning about the strangers. But next morning they were nowhere to be found; and a pair of bantam fowls, prime pets of the little people of the manse, were missing also."

"That wicked girl with the red-cloak must have stolen them," muttered James. "I believe she did, though not unaided by her brother. This was only the beginning of many thefts of which they were guilty; but they always showed such craft as not only to elude justice; but often even to cast suspicion on innocent persons. In fact, Hans and Gretchen; the very names I read on the gravestone to-day."

These were the only names the gipsy brother and sister ever gave each other. Twelve months rolled on, and the decent people of the village began to grow tired of having things stolen by Hans even though he could mend kettles and cups so as to make them almost like new. The silly, wicked persons who at first were glad to pay Gretchen for telling their fortunes became weary of her lies, and as willing as their honest neighbors to get rid of the gipsies. But how this was to be done was the question. No one knew where the young gipsies had come from, though it was generally supposed from their names that they were Germans. This supposition was true; for they afterwards confessed that having quarrelled with their "gluck" or tribe, they fled to Hamburg, taking with them money enough to pay their passage, first to London and then to Scotland, where they hoped never to be caught.

Where could a home be found for these poor strangers except in a prison? Their tastes were wild, and their habits dirty; their hand was

against every man, and every man's hand against them; indeed the only good point in their characters seemed to be a great affection for each other. Various attempts were made both by myself and others to coax the gipsy children to school; but what were promises of teaching and clothing to those who had never felt the want of either? It was quite another person than the village schoolmaster or the clergyman who was to be their teacher. Your dear grandmother had a little niece, a child of eight years old, that lived with us. Our gentle Jessie had quiet, thoughtful ways beyond her years, and often of a summer's evening she used to slip away from the noisy game of her cousin to sit under the shade of that spreading tree in the corner of the garden, and read page after page of a large old book.

"The Bible, I suppose," said Jamie holding down his head a little, as if conscience told him that his Bible was not read so diligently.

"Yes, my boy, it was the Bible; and strange to say, our little pet used to read it aloud, even when alone, as if to understand it better. One evening Jessie stole away to her favorite seat and began reading a very long story; it was that beautiful one, Jamie, about the death of our Lord Jesus. She strained her eyes to finish it, and then, closing the book, began to sing in a very solemn voice—

How sweet to know, while here below,
The Saviour's love and story;
And then through grace, to see His face;
And live with Him in glory."

She had scarcely ended, when a dark face peeped over the wall at her side. "Jessie gave a scream of surprise. "Hush, hush!" whispered the strange visitor; "I am Gretchen, and will do you no harm. I heard all you were saying. Who were you talking so much to?"

"I was not talking to any one, only reading in the Bible how Jesus died for sinners."

"Who was He?" asked Gretchen; "I never heard of Him."

"Never heard of Jesus!" cried Jessie in a tone of the deepest pity; "Oh poor Gretchen! how can you live without Him?"

"Tis poor enough living we get here certainly because everybody watches so sharp. But what would He do for us?"

"Jesus is the Son of God; He made everything except sin. He always lived above the sky, Gretchen, but He pitied the people that lived on earth, because they were very wicked and unhappy. You know sin is such a bad thing, Gretchen, that God must punish it; but Jesus came and died for our sins. Some of the people He came to save were not glad to see Him; they hated Him and killed Him. That is what I was reading about."

"Then He is dead," cried Gretchen; "I thought you said He was alive, and could do everything for us."

"He is alive, up there, beyond the stars," replied Jessie; "and if we believe on Him with all our hearts, He will forgive our sins and teach us to do what He bids us, and then we shall go up to see His face, and live with Him in glory."

"You were singing about that," said Gretchen. "Tell me when you are going; perhaps they would let Hans and me in too."

"We cannot go to see Him until we die," replied Jessie, and she turned to Him in prayer, and growled like him even while we were here."

"I do not want to die," said Gretchen with a shudder; "but that's a good story; may I come another evening and listen to it again? I have a story of my own too, but not like that mine is all sad—sad; you would not wish to hear it."

"Poor Gretchen," sighed Jessie, "I will ask aunt to let you come every evening to learn the Bible. But see, there are lights in the parlor, I must run home. Good night, Gretchen."

"The gipsy girl's strange visit was, as you may fancy, the subject of a great deal of talk in our little home circle that night. At first we resolved that Gretchen should not be allowed to come again; but Jessie pleaded so earnestly for the poor unhappy gipsy who knew nothing of Jesus' love, that we yielded to her request. So it was finally settled that Jessie might read aloud in her favorite corner as usual, and that Gretchen should be welcome to listen. We resolved, however, to watch our dear little girl carefully, lest in her efforts to do good she might get harm."

"The long summer evenings shortened into chill autumn ones; still Jessie read and Gretchen listened, while her interest appeared to grow deeper every day, as the Bible truths touched her conscience and heart. There was one eye watching her with more than a father's tenderness. It was the eye of God, and He was about to show the untaught gipsy two great sights in the looking-glass of His Word. I wonder has Jamie seen them?"

"What are they, grandfather?"

"The sinner all black with sin—the Saviour altogether lovely, who can take sin away."

"One evening, when the leaves were fast fading, Jessie's garden seat was empty, Gretchen waited in vain; at length, tired and disappointed, she dropped on her knees and repeated a simple prayer which Jessie had taught her. A week passed; still the gentle reader did not appear, and Gretchen became every day more uneasy and sad. But you will wish to know whether she liked the Bible stories because they were new to her, or if she was really sorry for having been so naughty, and wanted to try to be good. Well, Gretchen said very little about what she felt to any one except Hans, but every one in the village wondered at the complete change in her conduct, without knowing the cause. No more complaints were made about lost chickens, and many missing articles were returned to their owners; but though stealing and fortune-telling were alike given up, both brother and sister contrived to exist on the honest profit of their tinkering. At first these efforts to do right were very hard, but every step became easier; and before winter had passed the astonished villagers heard that Hans and Gretchen attended a school every night, and saw them decently dressed in church on Sundays."

"Gretchen soon learned to read with ease, and so steady was her conduct now, that a good old woman who was nearly blind offered her a room in her cottage, in return for which she only asked the gipsy girl to tidy up the little place, and read a chapter for her morning and evening in her dear old Bible.

"Years passed, and the brother and sister

worked on together, no longer a pest but a blessing to the neighborhood, until the fearful cholera spread its black wings for the first time over our land, when Hans and Gretchen were among its earliest victims. They had given, by a holy life, the best proof of a real change of heart; and when the cold bodies of the poor strangers were laid in the grave, we had a stone erected to their memory, and were not afraid to put on it the inscription you read this morning, 'Hans and Gretchen sleeping in Jesus.'"

"But what became of Jessie! Did she die, grandfather?"

"No, my boy, she was long ill, but did not die. Many pious children grew up to be good men and women. Go ask your mother if she knows anything about her."

Jamie guessed the secret, and flung his arms round his mother's neck. Her name was Jessie.

WASHINGTON'S HOME AND TOMB.

Mount Vernon, so called in honor of Admiral Vernon, descended to General George Washington, from his half-brother, Lawrence Washington, whose remains lie in the family vault within the sacred tomb.

During the occupancy of the General, the estate contained at least one thousand acres, with a shore line ten miles in extent. The present Mount Vernon contains two hundred acres, costing \$200,000—\$50,000 of which was secured by Edward Everett, in his lecturing tour through the States. The balance was given in individual subscriptions.

The boat-landing, not deserving the name of wharf—is a rickety structure, scarce eight by twelve feet. In the days of the original proprietor, it was large enough to be a commercial point. Much of the produce, tobacco, cotton and flour, of Mount Vernon and the counties back of it, was shipped and consigned here. Prior to the first war, before the odious system of taxation, a large trade was carried on between Virginia and Great Britain and the West Indies. It yielded a handsome revenue to the General. Scarce a single article leaves the place now.

Under proper tillage, the land could be made productive. The soil here is rich, and requires but little cultivation. But to do this effectually, a gardener will not answer. It should be practically farmed. There is sufficient land in reserve, not touched, from which a large revenue might be derived, doing away with the necessity of the offensive tribute now exacted from every visitor to the premises.

From the wharf, by a circuitous pathway of miserable construction, partially graded and gravelled, and in many places washed away, we reach the tomb of Washington.

Alongside of the path is a ravine, dividing the deer park. A stream of water courses its way down the declivity, to the Potomac below. In this shelter, the General kept his pet deer.

The tomb of Washington is a brick archway, arched roof and enclosed with iron gateways. Within are the sarcophagi, presented by John Struthers, of Philadelphia, 1837. The remains were taken from the old vault in the declivity, and re-interred.

The sarcophagus is a plain marble box, the lid ornamented with a shield, surmounted by an American eagle. It bears the simple inscription—

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

"He lived in deeds, not words."

Martha Washington lies by his side.

In front of the tomb are two granite obelisks, and three on the eastern side, in memory of deceased relatives of the Washington family.

Passing through the grounds leading from the resting-place of Washington, we enter the association grounds. The most prominent object is the mansion. It can be seen, on account of its elevation, for miles, as you are coming down the river. The house has been described—"as a house of the first-class, as then occupied by Virginia farmers, two stories in height." It stands upon a most lovely spot, on the brow of a gentle slope, which ends in a thickly wooded precipitous bank. The summit is nearly one hundred feet above the water. The building faces East and West, with oval lawns fronting both entrances. The lawns are covered in with trees, many of which were set by the General himself.

South of the gardener's residence is the garden and conservatory, the latter in course of construction, to replace a smaller, destroyed by fire in 1835. We were shown the boxwood, of large growth, planted around the garden-beds by Washington. It is beginning to show the ravages of time. Every figure, in the garden-plot, is as it was originally laid out by the General. It shows decided engineering talent.

Walking along the pathways, the reminiscences of the early days Washington spent when free from the cares of state, after his retirement, troop up to memory, bringing the past in the living present. Who could realize that in 1799, the originator of so much beauty, and possessor of so much that was good, had gone from the scenes of his labors? There is much here to make you think him present. His home, the associations of that day, are fresh and vivid still!

We visited the main building. We entered the parlor where he received men of state, diplomatists and generals of that day. Here Lafayette, his much beloved companion-in-arms, communed and took counsel from the man whom he delighted to honor.

The old globe, disjointed and much worn, remains among the relics. His military-desk

and pistol-holsters and surveying implements are there: companions these were of his early life and hardships. The mineral candelabra, ancient lantern, and Washington's silver inkstand have been taken away. Many of the mementoes of the early days of Washington have disappeared or been stolen. A sad commentary on the vandalism of the age!

We saw the Harpsichord of Nelly Custis, a present from the General, at a cost of \$1,000. The piano was not then used in America. All instruments of fine quality were imported from Europe. It is most elegant of its kind. It is eight and a half feet long and three and a half wide, in shape of our grand action pianos of to-day. It has two banks, with one hundred and twenty keys, all enclosed in a mahogany case. Miss Nelly excelled in music, and added much to the entertainment of the visitors under this hospitable mansion. The instrument stands in the parlor. It had been in the possession of Mrs. Lee, of Arlington, but was presented by her to the association, and is now one of the most striking objects seen here.

Leaving the parlor, we enter the drawing-room. Over the door hangs the key of the Bastille, presented to his friend by General Lafayette, through Thomas Paine. A drawing of the Bastille accompanied the key.

The dining-room, in course of reparation (the painters and plasterers have littered up the room), is decidedly the handsomest room in the building. It was added to the mansion by General Washington. We noticed the ceilings; especially the stucco work, a rare curiosity. The designs are agricultural. Rakes, sickles, and every farming implement had a place or niche, and while the whole were beautifully blended, the citizen and farmer was lost in the soldier, in the warlike relics lying promiscuously around.

In this room are the mantels, richly ornamented, and so much admired. They are familiar to our readers, in the drawings exhibiting them in detail. They represent a farm and domestic scene. The old fireplace and sculptuary are well worthy of inspection. From this room, we ascended the main hall stairway and entered the chamber in which the great patriot breathed his last. With what emotions we approached this interesting place. No bedstead remains; nothing to commemorate that last scene! All is emptiness!

We recall that sad event. Washington suffered from an acute attack of Laryngitis. About 10 o'clock, P. M. (after the second day, when it had assumed a dangerous type), he attempted to speak, but failed several times. At length he murmured, "I am just going. Have me decently buried; and do not let my body be put into the vault until three days after I am dead."

Washington continued: "Do you understand? dear nephew." "Yes." "Tis well." And these were his last words—"Tis well." On the 14th of December, 1799, death closed the scene. "About ten minutes before he expired," continues the narrator, "his breathing became easier. He lay quietly; he withdrew his hand from mine, and felt his own pulse. I saw his countenance change. I spoke to Dr. Craik, who sat by the fire. He came by the bedside. The General's hand fell from his wrist. I took it in mine, and pressed it in my bosom. Dr. Craik put his hands over his eyes, and he expired without a struggle."

How the remembrance of that sad event came across our vision! We could picture to ourselves that solemn family gathering, and see his beloved spouse, as she bowed in resignation over her departed one, saying: "Tis well, 'Tis well!" We were standing in the very room of the good man's struggles, from which his blessed spirit winged its flight! How sacred that chamber of death! Coming years will indelibly imprint these scenes. The works of the good follow them! We left that vacant room, our bosom swelling with strange emotions.

There had been a Christian warfare and a Christian triumph and victory!

New scenes have opened to the patriot:—

"He has crossed the river
And we are passing over."

Such are some of the incidents connected with Mount Vernon. We would have lingered long—its associations are hallowing—but we had to leave. No one can visit this ground without going away more in love with the man resting there.

The din of civil strife has ended, and all is peace. Here, thought we, let the new bond be cemented. Let a nation's brotherhood receive a permanent unity and fraternity over the tomb of him whose last counsel to all was: "Let us be brethren!"

Farewell, Mount Vernon! May others take with them the lessons we have learned in your shady retreats!—*Reformed Church Messenger.*

—Combe related an anecdote of Sergeant Davy. The Sergeant was no lawyer, but an excellent *nisi prius* advocate, having great shrewdness and promptitude. On one occasion Lord Mansfield said he should sit on Good Friday, there being a great press of business. It was said no barrister would attend, and in fact no one did; but the Chief Justice tried the causes with the attorneys alone. When the proposal was made to the bar, Sergeant Davy said to Lord Mansfield, "There has been no precedent since the time of Pontius Pilate."—*Crabb Robinson.*

No hypocrite can escape. Justice will hold the balance in an even hand.

BUDGET OF ANECDOTES.

—Goethe preferred to all the other serious poems of Byron the "Heaven and Earth," though it seemed almost satire when he exclaimed, "A bishop might have written it!" He added: "Byron should have lived to execute his vocation." "And that was?" I asked. "To dramatize the Old Testament. What a subject under his hands would the Tower of Babel have been!" He continued, "You must not take it ill; but Byron was indebted for the profound views he took of the Bible to the *ennui* he suffered from it at school." Goethe, it will be remembered, in one of his ironical epigrams, derives his poetry from *ennui* (*Langeweile*); he greets her as the Mother of the Muses. It was with reference to the poems of the Old Testament that Goethe praised the views which Byron took of Nature; they were equally profound and poetical. "He had not," Goethe said, "like me, devoted a long life to the study of Nature, and yet in all his works I found but two or three passages I could have wished to alter."—*Crabb Robinson.*

—Evanson, in his "Dissonance of the Gospels," thinks Luke most worthy of credence. P. said that Evanson was a lukewarm Christian. I related this to C. Lamb. But, to him, a mere play of words was nothing without a spice of the ridiculous. He was reading with a friend a book of Eastern travels, and the friend observed of the *Mantschu* Tartars, that they must be cannibals. This Lamb thought better. The large room in the accountant's office at the East India House is divided into boxes or compartments; in each of which sits six clerks, Charles Lamb himself being one. They are called compounds. The meaning of the word was asked one day, and Lamb said it was "a collection of simples." Punsters being abused, and the old joke repeated that "he who puns will pick a pocket," some one said, "Punsters themselves have no pockets." "No," said Lamb, "they carry only a *ridicule*."—*Ibid.*

—Anthony Robinson relates an anecdote of Horne Tooke, showing the good humor and composure of which he was capable. Holcroft was with him at a third person's table. They had a violent quarrel. At length Holcroft said, as he rose to leave the room, "Mr. Tooke, I tell you, you are a scoundrel, and I always thought you so." Tooke detained him and said, "Mr. Holcroft, some time ago you asked me to come and dine with you; do tell me what day it shall be." Holcroft stayed.—*Ibid.*

—Lamb had written to Coleridge about one of their old Christ's Hospital masters, who had been a severe disciplinarian, intimating that he hoped Coleridge had forgiven all injuries. Coleridge replied that he certainly had; he hoped his soul was in heaven, and that when he went there he was borne by a host of cherubs, all face and wing, and without anything to excite his whipping propensities.—*Ibid.*

[FROM THE BIOGRAPHY OF REV. WILLIAM MARSH, D.D.]

"Mr. Cecil" he said, "was most happy in the art of illustration." Wishing to impress upon our minds the importance of ever making prominent in our preaching Christ and his atonement, he told us an anecdote of his former life. He had been a great sufferer for years, and none of his medical friends had been able to ascertain the cause. At length Mrs. Cecil was told of a physician, who was extremely skillful in intricate cases, and whom she entreated him to consult. On entering the physician's room, he said, "Welcome, Mr. Cecil, I know you well by character, and as a preacher. We must have some conversation after I have given you my advice." Mr. Cecil then described his sufferings. The physician considered for a moment, and then said, "Dear sir, there is only one remedy in such a case as yours; do just try it; it is perfectly simple, and then he mentioned the medicine."

Mr. Cecil fearing to occupy too much of his time, rose to leave, but the physician said, "No, sir, we must not part so soon, for I have long wished for an opportunity of conversing with you; so they spent half an hour more, mutually delighted with each other's society."

"On returning home," added Mr. Cecil, "I said to my wife, 'You sent me to a most agreeable man, such a fund of anecdote, such originality of thought, such a command of language.' 'Well, but what did he prescribe for you?' Mrs. Cecil anxiously inquired. There was a pause, and then Mr. Cecil exclaimed, 'I have entirely forgotten the remedy; his charms of manner and conversation put everything else out of my mind.'

"Now, young men!" said Mr. Cecil, "it will be very pleasant for you if your congregation away saying, 'What eloquence! what original thought! and what an agreeable delivery!' TAKE CARE THEY DO NOT FORGET THE REMEDY, the only remedy, Christ and His righteousness, Christ and His atonement, Christ and His advocacy."

—A lawyer who was the leader of an infidel club in the town was met one evening by an acquaintance at the turn of the street which led to St. Peter's church. The lawyer was only walking for his amusement, but his friend rallied him with the words, "What are you turning Methodist going to the evening lecture of St. Peter's?" The spirit of opposition was roused, "Why not if I choose?" he replied, and turned down the pathway. Seeing him enter the church, just before the service commenced, my father, who was sitting by my mother's side, called her attention to the unexpected arrival, and told her that the subject of his sermon was one against which the unbeliever had especially levelled his attacks. "Shall I change it?" he whispered. After lifting up her heart in silent prayer, she answered, "No, let it be the one you intended, I believe God has a message in it for him." The next day the lawyer came to my father, to tell him that his sermon had such an effect in removing his difficulties as to the inspiration of Scripture, that he desired further instruction in the Word of God; and after this he frequently came for reading and prayer. This resulted, under the blessing of God, in his complete conversion. From this time he earnestly endeavored to spread the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. His younger children, whom he now trained in the Christian faith, early received Christ into their hearts, and surrendered themselves to His service. Two of them became devoted missionaries in connexion with the Church Missionary Society.