

The Family Circle.

OUR CONVERSATION IN HEAVEN.

As a traveler, returning To his home from some far land, Thinks of it with bosom yearning, Ere his foot hath touched the strand; So amid the noisier pleasures Of the world, the heart oft sighs For the nobler, higher treasures Laid up for us in the skies.

All our wish and our endeavor Is to love, and please, and choose Him, who loves us, nor will ever Whistle for our good refuse. When the soul without distraction Sits and listens at His feet, Then she finds true satisfaction And a happiness complete.

Jesus, like the magnet, raises Our dull spirits to the skies, And we seem, in prayer and praises, As on eagles' wings to rise; Why we feel this strong attraction, Why we wait for His command, In each thought, and word, and action, Can the world not understand.

Should our enemies asperse us, Our dear Lord, who loves us so, Be his us bless 'em then who curse us, And to love our greatest foe. He, who died for our salvation, And on us hath Heaven bestowed, Whits that by our conversation We should glorify our God.

Can we have our hearts in Heaven, And yet earthly-minded live? Can we, who have been forgiven, Not forget and not forgive? Can we hate an erring brother, Only love when we are loved, And not bear with one another, By Christ's Holy Spirit moved?

Ah! no hater, or blasphemer, None who slander and delame, Can be one with the Redeemer, Who was gentle as a Lamb: Love will cause assimilation With the object of our love, Love will work a transformation And renew from above.

None, O Lord, who are unholy, Shall Thy perfect beauty see; Teach me to be meek and lowly, Teach me to remember Thee. Keep me from the world unspotted, That I may not only be To Thy service here devoted, But abide in Heaven with Thee. Spitta. From "Lyra Domestica."

MR. HAMMOND'S LETTERS TO LITTLE CHILDREN. NO. V.

Story of a Little Boy, who Crossed the Atlantic Ocean without Money. For Little Christians. VERNON, Conn., Oct. 16, 1869.

I can but think that a good many of the little readers of THE AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN have learned to trust and love the dear Saviour. It is to those who are Christians that I shall write this letter. I have been glad to get letters from some of the little readers of this good paper. Any letters sent to the above address will reach me.

I am now going to tell you a nice story of how a little boy crossed the Atlantic Ocean, in the steamer with us, without any money to buy his ticket.

He came on to this country in the year 1806, with his father and mother, and brothers and sisters. They landed in New York, where they found it much warmer than they had ever known it in Scotland.

One day when Sandy's father was at work in New York city, he had a sun-stroke and died. His mother then felt alone in this great country, and she gathered the little money she had, and resolved to go home to her friends in Scotland, whom she had left. But she had not money enough to buy tickets for all the children. Sandy, about twelve years of age, had to be left behind. He loved his mother very much, but he could not go home to Scotland without a ticket.

He shed many tears when he bid his mother "good-bye" as she sailed out of New York harbor. After she was gone he felt very lonely. No one in that great city of New York knew him or cared for him. He felt he could not stay there any longer, and he determined in some way to cross the ocean, to see his dear mother once more. So one day he went down to the harbor, and found the Ship Hibernia just ready to sail for Scotland. He contrived to steal his way into the ship when no one saw him, and down he went into the hold of the ship, and hid himself among the cargo. But just as the ship was about to sail, one of the men found him, and gave him over to the officer, who, when he discovered that he had no ticket and was trying to steal a passage, began to scold at him and beat him. Then he took him by the coat-collar and dragged him along the deck in order to put him off the vessel. The poor child cried very bitterly. I heard him say in a pitiful manner, "Oh, do let me go home to Scotland!" "But," said the officer, "You have no ticket; away with you; you cannot go without paying for your passage." As he said this he pushed the little fellow along toward the gangway in a very rough manner, as if he took pleasure in tormenting him.

Many of the passengers gathered around, feeling very sorry for the little boy who was so desirous to see his mother. At last a gentleman said to the officer, "Let the boy go, and I will see that his passage is paid for."

"Very well, then," said the officer, and he at once gave the boy his liberty.

I wish, my dear little friends, that you could have seen how happy the little fellow was then. He danced about the deck for joy. He believed that the gentleman said, and that gave him joy. He did not see him pay for the ticket, but it was all the same, for he knew he would, and he saw that the officer trusted his word. All the way across the broad ocean that little boy was very happy. "Though sometimes the wind blew and the great waves dashed over the ship, Sandy never seemed in the least troubled.

The thought of soon seeing his dear mother cheered his heart and made the voyage appear

short and pleasant; and when, at last, he stood upon the shores of Old Scotland, his face beamed with delight. He could not express his gratitude to the kind gentleman who saved him from being thrust off the ship and left in New York.

What would you have thought of this boy, if he had not once thanked his kind friend for giving him his passage across the ocean?

But you, my dear little child, owe far more to Jesus than that boy did to his kind friend. It did not cost him much to assist this poor boy, but it cost Jesus His LIFE to buy you a ticket for heaven. I have seen Jerusalem, the city where He bled and died, that you and I, and all who truly wish it, might have a safe passage to heaven. You may never see that city, but if you have come to Jesus and put your trust in Him, you will see the "New Jerusalem" above. How thankful you should be for His great love to you. Oh, how kind He was to suffer that dreadful death in our stead, that our sins might be forgiven. I have just been reading those words about it in Matthew xxvii. 27-31: "Then the soldiers of the governor took Jesus into the common hall, and gathered unto Him the whole band of soldiers. And they stripped Him, and put on Him a scarlet robe. And when they had plaited a crown of thorns, they put it upon His head, and a reed in his right hand; and they bowed the knee before Him, and mocked Him, saying, 'Hail, King of the Jews!' And they spit upon Him, and took the reed and smote Him on the head. And after they had mocked Him, they took the robe off from Him, and put His own raiment on Him, and led Him away to crucify Him."

I hope you, my dear little friend, are one of the many children in the United States who have been taught by God's Holy Spirit, to trust in this dear Saviour. If so, then He has given you a ticket all the way to heaven. As that boy believed the gentleman, so you must believe Jesus and trust Him at all times; no matter what the storms may be, if you will cling to Him, the only "Ark of safety,"—just as that boy sailed safely in that ship, so you will outride the storms, and at last reach the haven of eternal rest.

Suppose that while on that voyage that kind gentleman had said to that boy, "Now I have secured a passage for you to Scotland, I want you to show your gratitude by coming to me each morning so that I may be sure that you do not forget me."

Do you think that boy would have neglected for a single morning to pay him a visit? Oh, no, I am sure he would not. How glad, too, the little fellow would have been to do anything in his power for him.

So Jesus wants you to come to Him every day, and to thank Him for His great love to you. And when you go to Him, do not forget to say to Him as Paul did, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" He will give you little tasks every day; and so each day you will grow stronger, and thus be able to do more for Him who has done so much for us.

You must find some time daily to read God's holy Word. It is the letter God has given to us to tell us how we may work for Him—and thus be happy and useful. If you truly love the Saviour you will be careful to seek to please Him always. If little Sandy had said to that kind friend, "I love you very much; you have been so kind to me in helping me to get home to my dear mother," and yet had refused to do any little thing for him which he might ask, would he have believed Sandy? He would have said, "Sandy has forgotten all about my kindness; he is an ungrateful boy." So Jesus says, "IF A MAN LOVE ME, HE WILL KEEP MY WORDS" (John xiv. 23).

Here is a letter from a child twelve years old. She says: "I AM TRYING TO WORK FOR JESUS."

"DEAR SIR:—I found Jesus on Sunday, and I am very happy. Now I hope many more children will be converted. I attended your meetings Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. I can sing and say with all my heart, 'I love Jesus.' I hope the meetings will last all the summer evenings. I am twelve years old. I wish I had loved Jesus sooner. I am trying to work for Him, and I hope I shall do some good. Yours sincerely, "MARY ANN."

You will see by this next letter how anxious the little writer is that her brothers should have their sins forgiven. If you are truly converted you will feel in the same way about your unsaved friends.

"DEAR MR. HAMMOND:—When I came to one of your meetings, I only came to hear some stories; but when I came out, a kind friend came and asked me if I had found the dear Lord Jesus. I said 'No,' and she spoke to me and prayed with me. When I came out I prayed that God would take away all my sins, and I think He heard me. And please will you pray that I may never go away from Him, and pray that God may take away my dear brothers' sins, as they have not found Jesus. And I can say now, 'I love Jesus, yes I do.' Yours truly, an affectionate little friend, just twelve years old."

"'Twas for me that Jesus died, On the cruel tree; There He bowed His thorn-clad head; Oh, what agony!"

"Jesus, help me!" Now, my dear child, I want you to be a working Christian. You should speak to your little friends about Jesus, and tell them of how He suffered on the cross that they might be saved. Pray for them. Read the nineteenth chapter of John to them, and do not rest until they come to the dear Jesus, and trust in Him, and know that they are saved; and in heaven they will come and thank you for having led them to the Saviour.

APPRENTICE SYSTEM IN THE SHOPS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.—Of the 4,078 names on the rolls of the Motive Power and Machinery Department at the beginning of the year, 114 are designated as "apprentices." If to these we were to add such as among the one thousand skilled workmen have risen to that class through apprenticeship, the number would be increased, perhaps threefold or more. Boys are taken at 17 years of age—if possible on their birth-day—and are indentured for four years, receiving 75 cents per day for two years, 90 cents the third

year, and \$1 the fourth. If during this period of apprenticeship their conduct and service has been satisfactory, they receive \$124 bonus on the cancellation of the indenture. They afterwards receive, as skilled workmen, from \$1.50 to \$2.90 per day. Work begins in the locomotive shops with vice filing, from which the apprentice passes, successively, to machine work, running tools, and setting up engines; in carpentry, freight is followed by passenger car work. The result is in the case of a boy adapted to the work, not only skill in the performance of the different operations involved in the car or locomotive building, but a discipline, a system which admirably fit him to take charge of work; and, accordingly, we find that many of the best foremen, to whose inventiveness and resources the company owes much every year, are from the class of apprentices who have received technical education in the shops. The system works satisfactorily in every respect. It is sometimes the case that the apprentice, now become an expert, seeks service elsewhere at the end of his term; but with rare exceptions, such return in the course of a year or two.

At Erie a school is connected with the shop, where the boys are instructed in the ordinary branches several hours a day.

WHO KNOWS BEST?

BY LIZZIE HARRINGTON.

"I think it is too bad. I never have any thing I want." May Nelson was seated in an easy chair in the bay window, which overlooked the garden, and heard her brother's discontented voice as it floated in through the open window. "Just look at what papa has sent me for garden tools—a rake, and a little wheelbarrow that a baby could roll. It will hold about a spoonful; and I'd like to know what I am to do without a spade."

"You do not need a spade when the ground is already dug. (It was Minnie's voice that May heard now.) That wheelbarrow is as large as you can manage. Papa is real kind to send these to you the very day you asked him."

"Who is saying any thing against papa? I ain't."

"O, Fred, do not be so cross."

"Well, I guess you would be cross if you had as many things to bother you as I have. James will not give me any white rose bushes; mother gave me only half as much ground as I want; and now, instead of a nice set of garden tools, like Will Howie's, I have got these mean little things. There is another thing. Will Howie offered to give me a Newfoundland dog, and mamma will not let me take it. I have wanted a dog all my life. This one is a splendid fellow. It is too bad."

The pattering of little feet on the gravel walk, and the sound of a kind of shrill crying, peculiar to Lina, the baby, announced that she was approaching her brother and sister.

"What is it, pet?" they asked. "I do feel so bad; I do. Mamma, she did not put on big hat. It cover me up. I see it when I look up."

"Why, darling," said Minnie, "that is a nice seaside hat. It keeps the sun out of baby's eyes, and keeps baby's face from getting hot and burnt."

"Me don't like it; me don't."

"Lina," said Fred, in a very majestic manner, "You are a foolish child. You don't know what is for your own good, but mamma does. Yesterday you were crying because mamma would not allow you to play with the pepper box, and took the scissors away from you. Almost every day you fret, because you are not permitted to play with the sewing machine. If you were to get the needle through your little hand, you would understand that mamma knows best."

"You must not scold 'pet,'" said Minnie. "She is only a baby, and does not know any better. Come, pet, we will go and play in the summer-house."

"Freddie," called sister May from the window, "please come in the house a moment."

When he came in, she said:—"You told little sister that mamma is a better judge of what is best for her than she is herself. Mamma also knows better than you do what is for your good; and so does papa. Mamma knew you could not keep in good order as much ground as you wanted, and that then you would become discouraged, and neglect your garden. Probably papa thought if he sent you a larger wheelbarrow, you might injure yourself by carrying too heavy a load. As for that dog, I heard mamma say he has bitten several people, and is quite ferocious. Our parents love you; and when they deny you any thing they can give you, it is for your own good."

"I know way down in my heart that it is so all the time I am growling," said Fred, and he hurried off to his garden.

Then May Nelson thought of the words, "First cast out the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye."

Only a few months since, she, the most beautiful and graceful of her circle of friends, had been thrown from her horse, and one of her feet so crushed that she would never again be able to walk without the use of a crutch. Bitter were the tears she had shed, and much had she questioned God's goodness to her. So many pleasures of her life never again to be enjoyed. So many plans defeated. The thought that she was now an object of pity was galling to her.

That very afternoon, covering her face with her hands, she had murmured: "Crippled for life; I cannot bear it. God has no love for me. Freddie's words to baby made her think that to her should be said, 'You do not know what is for your own good, but God does.'" She thought also, that the object she was created for was to love God, that only could secure her highest happiness. All that tended toward making her love God was then for her best good. If she seldom thought of Him, she could not

know Him, and consequently could not love Him.

Her life, previous to her affliction, had been so joyous, and her mind so filled with its pleasures, that all thought of God was almost utterly excluded. She had now fewer earthly pleasures, and more solitude and time for reflection. Now she could think of God. He was, in love, in wisdom, taking from her some of the fleeting joys of this world, to lead her to seek those which would give her more perfect happiness, and which were eternal—thereby showing that God knows best.

PLEASURES OF THE MINISTRY.

So much has been said and written of the hardships, self-denials, and shady sides, generally, of ministerial life and duty, that the whole subject has come to stand in a false light. The idea in the minds of those, whose only knowledge comes from these sombre pictures, may leave a wrong impression. The young men, who are disposed to meet any fair calls to duty, ought not to be turned away from the ministerial vocation, by any one-sided representations.

Hard toils, severe duties, and unfavorable earthly conditions of comfort are not the whole of a Christian minister's life. There are pleasures in the toil; there are glories in the faithful discharge of these duties; and there are blessings in this life of faith, that rise above mere worldly considerations. It is worth something thus to endure hardness, to live for eternity, and to suffer for Christ and redeemed souls.

Jesus suffered and toiled, taught, and succeeded, bled and died for lost and ruined man. The holy Apostles could count all things but loss for the excellency of this Gospel work. Our Reformation fathers knew what it was to obtain the crown through tribulations. So may we, their sons, follow these good examples, in order that we may also enter with them into rest and glory.

Christian heroism may here find an ample sphere of operation. Achievements, which may shine with the most resplendent rays from the halo above the cross, are found in the lives of Christian ministers. To do, or to suffer the will of the Lord is a blessed grace. The discipline by which the gospel minister is brought to bow his neck to the yoke of Christ, is worth more than all the vain glories of the world. Those things that for the present are not pleasant but grievous, do afterwards work the peaceable fruits of righteousness. It is a good thing to be under the special hand of the Lord. Even to die in battle, crowned with victory, is the highest glory of the Christian champion bearing the standard of the Cross.

As a way to do good the holy ministry commends itself, therefore, to those who love the Lord Jesus and desire to show that love in a hearty service of His cause. No other sphere can afford such large opportunities for useful service of our heavenly Master. But even while we are engaged in this blessed work, we get that which elsewhere is not to be obtained. Besides the luxury of doing good to the souls of others, the minister, in his official work, is doing himself much similar service. "Thou that waterest another, waterest not thou thyself?" So, no man can be confronted with the spiritual realities of the Gospel ministry without coming under their power. So then, the Christian minister is doing himself good, while engaged in the general work of his holy office.

Let this side of the question also be brought before the young men of the Church. We have had quite enough of the other. It will not be necessary to frighten and unduly alarm those who may seriously desire in humble faith, to lay their services on the altar of the Church, to be used in the holy ministry. The encouraging word of promise, from the loving Lord and faithful Saviour Jesus Christ, is to them who desire the office of a bishop.—Reformed Church Messenger.

BUDGET OF ANECDOTES.

Talleyrand related to Mr. Hamilton an occurrence which happened to himself at Dover as he was about to sail for America: "Being anxious to learn something more than I knew of the country to which I was going, I sent up my name, and was invited to come up. I found the gentleman well informed of the localities and the distinguished men of the country, of all of whom he spoke frankly and sincerely. After my visit was too much prolonged, I said, 'Sir, I sail in that ship to-morrow, for America, and will, with pleasure, take letters or anything else you please to send to your friends in America.' He replied, 'I thank you, Sir, but I am, of all men, the least likely to have a friend in America.' I went to the landlord, inquired the name of the gentleman I had seen—he was Benedict Arnold."—Reminiscences of James A. Hamilton.

One day Talleyrand asked Mr. Hamilton to accompany him into his office to see a likeness of his father. He took from the mantel a miniature on Sevres china, and handed it to me. I said it was younger than when I knew my father, but was very like. "If you will permit me, I will relate what occurred in connection with that miniature, and that scelerat Burr." I bowed assent. He continued: "When I was Minister of Foreign Affairs, Burr came to Paris: I knew of his arrival. He addressed a note to me expressing a wish to call upon me. I had known him in New York; he had been Vice-President of the United States. As Minister of Foreign Affairs, it would not have been proper on my part to refuse to see so distinguished a man—the wretch—I hated him; he had deprived me of my dearest friend. I sent one of my attachés, and instructed him to say to him: 'The Minister of Foreign Affairs will receive Col. Burr at his hotel at 4 o'clock to-morrow afternoon; but he thinks it is due to Col. Burr to inform him that the miniature of Gen. Hamilton always hangs over his mantel-piece.' I did not see him; I knew where he was, and when he left the city. I ordered his letters to be delivered to him when he got five leagues from Paris."—Ibid.

Talleyrand once observed to a friend in reference to Hamilton, after he had retired from the Treasury, "I have beheld one of the wonders of the world. I have seen the man who has made the fortunes of a nation laboring all night to support his family."—Ibid.

Alexander Hamilton, to his other accomplishments, added the virtue of being an honest lawyer. He was called upon, on one occasion by a man from Long Island, who wished to retain him in a suit brought by the heirs of an estate for which he was the executor. He placed on the writing table near Hamilton a large fee in gold, and then stated his case. Hamilton pushed the gold back to his would-be-client, and said, "I will not be retained by you in such a cause. Take your money, and go home and settle without delay with the heirs, as you are in justice bound to do."—Ibid.

Speaking of the Battle of New Orleans, Jackson said that, when he was going into the city, attended by Edward Livingston and a few cavalry, he was met and stopped by a crowd of men and women in great distress. "I told Livingston, who understood their language, to address them, and to say, 'I am going down to meet the enemy. I will drive them off, or die in your defence. He did so. I went on my way to duty; they went off to dance.'—Ibid.

A Manx local preacher chanced, in the south of England, to come upon a Mormon orator, who was loftily claiming the power of comprehending unknown tongues, and challenging his audience to test his capability. The Manxman stepped forward, and uttering a string of unknown words, demanded the interpretation. The orator was non-plussed, and took refuge in the denouncing of the words as mere extemporized gibberish. But the Manxman slowly repeated his words, so that all might know that his utterance was a bona fide language; and wrestling thus from the Mormon a confession of ignorance, he went on to show that what he had spoken was simply the Lord's Prayer in the Manx tongue, so well using his advantage over the impostor as to drive him from the field, and to be able to preach to his audience the truth as it is in Jesus.

A steamboat on the Mississippi passed a drowning man. The unfortunate man struggled, plashed, floundered, and screamed for dear life in the water. The pilot of the steamboat yelled to him to "stand up!" He did so, and found the water scarcely knee deep. A more foolish, sheepish-appearing fellow than he, as the ladies and gentlemen on the boat screamed with laughter at the ludicrous scene, it would be hard to meet. [The story is a parable.]

Dr. Spencer, some days before his death, gave orders that nothing—not even as much as a thread of black—should be on his coffin. "For," said he, "I have been a sorrowful man these many years—lamenting the deplorable state of Christ's Church militant here on earth; but now, being on the point of retiring into the Church triumphant in heaven, I will not have the least mark of sorrow left upon me; but my body shall be wrapped up in white, for a testimony that I die in expectation of a better and more glorious state to come."

An eight hour-a-day man, on going home the other evening for his supper, found his wife sitting in her best clothes on the front step, reading a volume of travels. "How is this?" he exclaimed. "Where's my supper?" "I don't know," replied the wife, "I began to get breakfast at 6 o'clock this morning, and my eight hours ended at 2 o'clock in the afternoon."

A preacher of the Hard-shell Baptist persuasion, took for his text "Let there be no schisms in the Church." By the darkness of the day, or dimness of the print, he read, "Let there be no schemes in the Church." He commenced his remarks by saying that this had reference to the latter-day societies, such as Bible Societies, the Sunday-school Society, etc., which he called schemes. A brother who had looked up the text discovered the error into which the pastor was rapidly plunging, and rising, remarked: "Bro. A. that is not 'scheme' in the text, it is 'skism.'"

The Harvard Advocate reports having seen the following inscription on a gravestone in an express wagon on State street: "We can't have everything to please us, little Johnnie's gone to Jesus." Rather a blunt way of putting the too common absence of resignation in bereavement.

There was a clergyman who often became quite vexed at finding his little grandchildren in his study. One day, one of these little children was standing by his mother's side, and she was speaking to him of heaven.

"Ma," said he, "I don't want to go to heaven."

"Don't want to go to heaven, my son?"

"No ma, I'm sure I don't."

"Why not, my son?"

"Why, grandpapa will be there, won't he?"

"Why, yes, I hope he will."

"Well, just as soon as he sees us he will come scolding along, and say, 'Whew! whew! whew! what are these boys here for?'"

A Baptist church in Massachusetts lately added a baby show—"Admission 15 cents"—to the attraction of its fair. "That" (says a Methodist exchange) "is bringing 'babes and sucklings' into the church in quite a novel style." [The comment reminds us of the old Methodist preacher whose pulpit had been modestly employed by a Baptist brother to ventilate views on the relation of children to the ordinance.] "We are very glad indeed to hear what our brother thinks," was his comment on the sermon, "but I was really struck this morning as I came to church with the overflowing abundance of the children;—children at the windows and children on the street, children in mothers' arms and children at fathers' sides, children here and children there, and indeed children everywhere but in the bottomless pit and the Baptist churches!"

When Dr. Musgrave was speaking on remission, in the Assembly last May, he excused himself for speaking so long. He was not, he said like the Scotch brother, who used to say, "An old lady was told that the minister did so. She disbelieved it. Said one: 'Go into the gallery and see.' She did so and saw the written sermon. After the luckless preacher had concluded his reading on the last page, he said: 'But I will not enlarge.' The old woman cried out, from her lofty position: 'Ye canna, ye canna, for yer paper's give out!'"