

The Family Circle.

MEMORIES OF THE OLD KITCHEN.

BY MRS. S. P. SNOW.

Far back in my musings, my thoughts have been cast,
To the cot, where the hours of my childhood were passed;
I loved all its rooms, to the pantry and hall,
But that blessed old kitchen was dearer than all;

For all its surroundings were sacred to me,
To the nail in the ceiling, the latch on the door,
And I loved every crack of that old kitchen floor.

I remember the fireplace with mouth high and wide,
The old-fashioned oven that stood by its side,
Out of which, each Thanksgiving, came puddings
and pies,
That fairly bewildered and dazzled our eyes;
And then, too, Saint Nicholas, slyly and still,
Came down every Christmas, our stockings to fill;
But the dearest memories I laid up in store,
Are of the mother that trod that old kitchen floor.

Day in and day out, from morning till night,
Her footsteps were busy, her heart always light,
For it seemed to me then that she knew not a care,
The smile was so gentle her face used to wear;
I remember with pleasure what joy filled our eyes,
When she told us the stories that children so prize:
They were new every night, though we'd heard
them before,
From her lips, at the wheel, on the old kitchen floor.

I remember the window, where mornings I'd run,
As soon as the daybreak to watch for the sun,
And I thought, when my head scarcely reached to the sill,
That it slept through the night in the trees on the hill,
And the small tract of ground, that my eyes there
could view,
Was all of the world that my infancy knew;
Indeed, I cared not to know of it more,
For a world in itself was that old kitchen floor.

To-night these old visions come back at their will,
But the wheel and its music forever are still,
The band is moth-eaten, the wheel laid away,
And the fingers that turned it lie mouldering in
decay.
The hearthstone, so sacred, is just as 'twas then,
And the voices of children ring out there again,
The sun through the window looks in as of yore,
But it sees stranger feet on the old kitchen floor.

I ask not for honor; but this I would crave,
That when the lips speaking are closed in the
grave,
My children will gather theirs round at their side,
And tell of the mother that long ago died;
'T would be more enduring, far dearer to me,
Than inscription on marble and granite could be,
To have them tell often, as I did of yore,
Of the mother that trod the old kitchen floor.

MR. HAMMOND'S LETTERS TO LITTLE CHILDREN, NO. VI.

"No Danger, It's upon a Rock."

These were the words, my dear young friends,
which were said to me a few weeks ago, when
the waters were sweeping by a large mill as if
they were determined to carry it away with
the flood. Almost everybody about here at least,
has a story to tell about their experience in "the
dreadful flood," and so have I, and I hope it
will interest you.

That Monday morning when it rained so hard,
a gentleman, from Cincinnati, came to see me,
saying that he could only stay a few hours.
"What," said I, "you will not think of going
out again to-day in all this rain?"
"But I must get on to Providence to-night,"
said Mr. Burnham.

So after he had been with me a few hours, I
started in all the rain with my horse, to take him
to the depot. When we were within half-a-mile
of the station, we came to a river where all the
bridges and dams had been swept away, carrying
with it also the wrecks of houses.

We then turned back, and tried to get to the
station by another road, but there, too, the
bridge had been swept away. A large factory
or mill was near by. One of its owners was
looking anxiously at the mad waters as they went
roaring and foaming by. I said to him, "Do
you think the mill will be swept away?"

His quick answer was, "NO DANGER; IT'S
UPON A ROCK."

It would not have been even injured by the
stream which turned its wheel, that made all
the spindles fly round so swiftly; but after
the mill was built, a high, embankment was
raised up beside it, and a railroad track laid
upon it, and under it, through a small culvert,
ran a little stream which was often dry in summer.
But when the "floods arose" that little
hole, beneath the great embankment, was not
large enough to let all the waters through, and
so a great pond was made on the other side, and
in a few hours it was so large that it pressed
away the great sandy dam, and down, down came
the mighty flood right against the mill "upon
the rock." My friend, who not ten minutes
before had said, "No danger; it's upon a rock,"
seemed almost trembling with fear. Trees,
and rocks, and dirt, and floods of water
came tumbling and rushing against the mill,
but "IT FELL NOT, FOR IT WAS FOUNDED UPON
A ROCK."

But though it was not thrown down, it was a
good deal injured. Those who built the mill,
never thought of that tiny little stream swelling
into a great flood; but so it did, and if the
building had not been "FOUNDED UPON A ROCK,"
it would most surely have fallen, and "great
wrecks would have been the full of it."

Jesus, you know, is called the "Rock of
ages," because in all ages those who have
trusted in Him, have been "like unto a man who
built his house upon a rock."

Thousands of dear little children have built
their hopes upon Him, and when the floods of
temptation have suddenly come upon them,
they have not been swept away.

When I looked upon that mill, after the waters
had done their best to destroy it, and when I
saw how it was broken, and torn, and injured,
but not ruined, I said, "That's just the way
it was with Paul when he said of himself, 'We
are troubled on every side, yet not destroyed; we
are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but
not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed.'"
And I thought, too, of many little children who

I believe are on the "Rock of ages"; but yet I
fear that when fierce temptations come rushing
upon them, they will have to say with Paul,
"cast down, but not destroyed."

Perhaps you, my little reader, are in just that
condition now. What then are you going to do?
—Give up trying to be a Christian?

Oh, don't do that! What did the owner of
that mill do? Sit down and cry, and say, "It's
no use trying to do anything with this old
broken-down mill?" No! No! He went right
to work, and is now fast fitting it up, and soon
the great water-wheel will be turning again, and
all the long rooms will look as if alive with ma-
chinery. That is something like what you must
do.

"Oh, do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your Friend,
He will give you grace to conquer,
And keep you to the end."

Here is a letter from a little boy in England.
He, you see, has got the truth in his mind—the
Lord Jesus is like a rock. He says: "THE
LORD NEVER CHANGES."

All of his letter will interest you. See if you
do not think that he has built upon the right
foundation.

CHELMSFORD, October 26, 1868.

MY DEAR SIR:—When you told us about
Jesus dying on the cross for us poor sinners, I
gave my heart to God. I want to help to bring
others into the fold of the Good Shepherd. I
thank God for those blessed meetings. What a
beautiful text in Psalm ciii: "Like as a father
pitieth his children; so the Lord pitieth those that
fear Him." And so the Lord will if we obey
Him and do what is right, for the Lord will
never change if we do what He tells us, and keep
His commandments. I thank God that I have
been led to see that I was a sinner. Now I can
sing, with all my heart, "I love Jesus, yes, I
do." I have chosen Him as my "part." He
has made my heart all new.

Your young friend,

Beneath the Cross of Jesus,
I lay me down to weep,
And ponder o'er the matchless grace
Displayed on Calvary's steep.

Beneath the Cross of Jesus,
I lay me down to pray,
Nor look in vain for blessing,
In God's appointed way.

Suppose that the builders of that mill had said,
"It will cost too much to build our mill upon a
rock; we'll place it on this soft, sandy founda-
tion near by," where would it have been when
"the rain descended, and the floods came, and the
wind blew and beat upon that house?" You
know well it would have fallen, as other houses
on the banks of this same river did. It is my
prayer, that every child reader of THE AMERICAN
PRESBYTERIAN, may be sure that he is
trusting only in Jesus, and then he will be "like
unto a wise man that built his house upon a
rock."

VERNON, Conn., Oct. 20, 1869.

"IT'S THE ONLY HOPE."

Some years ago a young man, wild, head-
strong, profane, and somewhat intemperate,
riding through South Hadley, stopped at a
store to purchase something, and as the
shop-keeper was doing up the little pack-
age, he said to the young man:

"I don't know you, but I can't help ask-
ing if you are a Christian?"

Haughtily and sternly, the young man
said:

"Sir!"

With tears standing in his eyes, the good
shop-keeper said:

"I don't doubt it may seem strange that
I should ask, but I long to have all men
brought to Jesus. It's the only hope!"

Reluctantly the young man took the pack-
age from the hand of the shop-keeper, and
went out to his buggy, speaking an-
grily and blasphemously of him, never to
see his Christian counsellor again, not even
to know his name.

But that young man had a praying mo-
ther, who had often pointed her son to
Jesus, saying, "It's the only hope!" and these
words echoed from the walls of a heart
where were hung the memories of child-
hood, those pictures that never are dimmed.

Through years they sounded in his ears, till
he was brought to the feet of Jesus, to find
how glorious a hope it was.

I don't know that this good store-keeper
was the direct means of this young man's
conversion; but, since he became a Chris-
tian man, he recalls the incident with a
vividness which shows how deep an im-
pression it made on his mind; and in the
Better Land he hopes to know and thank
him for that little word so earnestly spoken
and so angrily received.

No doubt that good man thought his
labor had been lost; and if he still lives
and remembers the scene, may feel that he
had been long in finding "the bread cast on
the waters," though I doubt not he sowed
it with prayer.

TWO FACES.

I know a little girl who has two faces.
When she is dressed up in her white
dress and blue sash, and has on her blue
kid shoes, and around her neck a string of
pearl beads, then she looks so sweet and
good that you would like to kiss her.

For she knows that company is going to
call on her mother; and she expects that
the ladies will say, "What a little darling!"
or "What lovely curls!" or "What a sweet
mouth!" and then kiss her little red lips,
and perhaps give her some sugar plums.

And the ladies who praise her think she
is very lady-like too. For she always says,
"Yes, ma'am," and "No, ma'am," when she
ought; and says, "Thank you," so sweetly
when anything is given her.

But when she is alone with her mother,
then she is sometimes very naughty. If
she cannot have what she would like, or
cannot do just as she wishes, then she will
pout, and cry, and scream; and no one
would ever think of kissing such homely
lips.

And no one would take her to be the

same little girl who behaved so prettily in
company. So you see, this little girl has
two faces. One she uses in company, and
puts on with her best dress; the other she
wears when she is alone with her mother.
I know another little girl who has only one
face; and that is always as sweet as a
peach, and never so sweet as when alone
with mamma.

Which little girl do you like best? The
one with two faces, or the one who has but
one? And which will you be like?—The
Nursery.

HOW QUEEN VICTORIA TRAVELS.

The Queen of England, writes an American
in London, has so far yielded to the
public pressure as to return somewhat to
public life. She announces a series of drawing-
rooms and levees, greatly to the satisfac-
tion of London and the people. On
Tuesday she came in from Windsor Castle
to hold her drawing-room. The whole path-
way—about three miles—from the station
to Buckingham Palace, was lined with peo-
ple anxious to catch sight of the Queen.
Notwithstanding the talk of the papers, she
is immensely popular with the people. Her
coming is hailed with great delight, and if
she would put on the trappings of royalty
and appear in public as of old, she would be
received with demonstrations of enthu-
siasm such as never before marked her
reign.

She is thoroughly a good woman. She is
exceedingly liberal in her notions. Many
of her personal attendants are dissenters,
and she encourages their attendance at
dissenting chapels, to the great disgust of
ultra-churchmen. At Balmoral and Osborn,
where the chapels are far away, she fur-
nishes her domestics with coaches. The
little time she spends in London she de-
votes to visiting hospitals and institutions
for the infirm, sick, and poor under her
special charge. Then she has so much pleck
that while the English people regret her
withdrawal from public life, they respect
her spirit in doing as she pleases.

She came in from Windsor the other
morning in fine style. About a dozen
coaches moved out of Buckingham Palace,
wound up Hyde Park, and met the Queen
at the station. The Seventeenth Lancers,
the finest corps in England, and the favorite,
performed escort duty. The mag-
nificent Horse Guards, with their scarlet
uniforms and brass helmets, and fountain
plumes, on black horses, selected with great
care from all parts of the world, were sta-
tioned at intervals on the road as sentinels.
Her Majesty alone rides under the marble
arch into Hyde Park, and through the
royal highway, over which none but royal
wheels roll. The triumphal Arch, on
which is the colossal statue of Wellington,
has a gateway through which no carriage
passes, but the Queen's.

It was quite a royal sight to see the cor-
tege move along. First came two outriders,
one before the other, in the scarlet uniform
of the Queen—white breeches and topped
boots, black stove-pipe hat with a cockade,
and riding at an angle of forty-five de-
grees, as all Englishmen ride; then a de-
tachment of Lancers; then the Queen's
carriage drawn by four horses, ridden by
two postillions. The Lancers brought up
the rear, the Horse Guards being on the
right and left; the inevitable Brown sitting
on the box. The royal carriage was an
open barouche. The Queen, Princesses
Louise and Beatrice and Prince Arthur
were inside. Her Majesty looked uncom-
monly well; her face rather pale, than
florid as usual; her hair light, and in a
condition of neglect, as is common to the
Queen. She was dressed completely in
black, but with more dress and less widow-
hood than formerly. She has a court suit, which,
while she maintains her mourning, and
while the suit is perfectly black in material,
the white ermine trimming, and the orna-
ments in which the Queen indulges, makes
her look even more regal than when in the
tawdry robes of State.

NON-INTERFERENCE.

A Protestant young lady, whom her pa-
rents sent to a Roman Catholic school at a
"Convent of the Sacred Heart," with the
assurance that her religion should not be
interfered with, writes home what parents,
acting under a similar delusion, do well to
ponder:—Was there no interference?

I find it very difficult to practise my own
religion. They do not forbid it, but their
rules and regulations render it almost im-
possible. In order to pray in secret and
read my Bible by myself, I am obliged daily
to disobey the rules.

Every Sunday they require us to learn a
"Gospel" and furnish us with Romish Tes-
taments for that purpose. The girls gene-
rally use those Testaments, but last Sabbath
I used my own, and intend to do so hereaf-
ter, though they do not seem pleased with it.
We are required every day, from half
past eleven to twelve, to listen to a lesson
on the doctrines of the Catholic Church. The
Protestants do not recite or answer ques-
tions, but they are required to put away
their books, sit around the teacher, and
listen respectfully to what she says. Her
teaching lately has been on purgatory, and
the distinction between mortal sins and
venial sins.

We are required to attend chapel service
daily. We come in with long black veils
thrown over us, and moving very slowly.
On Sunday we have white veils. It seems
very solemn, much like a funeral. On the
altar are images of the Virgin and St. Jo-
seph, and we are all required to "bow down
to them." We all conform to this regula-
tion.

Since Lent, me in, seven pictures have
been hung on each side of the chapel, and
in coming in we are expected to kneel be-
fore each one in turn on our way to the

altar, while they pray to the Virgin. This
is called "the way to the cross." The
prayers are mostly for souls in purgatory.
Several of us Protestants respectfully de-
clined kneeling to the pictures, and were
reprimanded for it in the chapel. Then we
were taken into a room by ourselves, and
talked to very severely.

WHAT LIQUOR SELLING DOES.

It destroys home comforts, blights hap-
piness and hope, wastes millions of produc-
tive capital; begets poverty, produces
paupers; necessitates poorhouses, jails,
prisons, fills them to repletion, multiplies
taxes, gluts the courts with criminal cases,
sends multitudes to untimely graves, and
to crown all its mischief, digs down the very
pillars of order and morality on which the
structure of society rests. If such a busi-
ness is not an offence against public welfare,
what in the name of reason is? It is the
fostering parent of all other crimes. Mur-
der is its own child; brawls, arson and ro-
bbery are its offspring. Justice requires that
it be branded the *Father of Crimes*. The
liquor traffic is more criminal than murder,
for it adds to the guilt of murder every
other crime known to human law. The
degree of its criminality is measured by
murder, multiplied by all other offences
against public welfare. If it is not a crime,
what is it? As prohibitionists, we call it
by its true name, a crime.

NIGHT AIR NOT INJURIOUS.

There is a popular prejudice concerning
the evil effects of night air, about which a
word must be said. In her admirable writ-
ings on hygiene and the management of the
sick, Miss Nightingale has done much to
correct this mistake. It was formerly the
universal belief, that the air of night was
very injurious. But the fact is, that except
under certain circumstances, it is as health-
ful, or even more so, than that of the
daytime. The night air of large cities, such
as London, when the bustle and commotion,
which cause it to be loaded with dust particles,
is apparently quelled, and the numer-
ous fires which contaminate it with their
smoke are mostly extinguished, is purer than
that of the day. Nothing conduces more
to healthy sleep than good ventilation, and
no mode of ventilation surpasses that ob-
tained by opening a window at the top, by
which the influence of draught is avoided,
while the upper stratum of air, to which im-
purities ascend, is certainly renewed. But
there is still another reason for at times
adopting night, even in preference to day,
ventilation. In sultry weather it is a com-
mon mistake to open the windows instead of
keeping them altogether closed, as is the
case in very hot climates. But a little re-
flection will show that since the height of
the thermometer in the sun always greatly
exceeds that shown at the same time by
another thermometer placed in the shade,
by opening the window we admit air much
cooler into our rooms. The proper time,
under such circumstances, for ventilation, is
during the night, when the external atmos-
phere has cooled down. By adopting this
plan in hot weather, the temperature of a
room may always be kept several degrees
lower than if the opposite course is pursued.
—Good Health.

BUDGET OF ANECDOTES.

—Job Throckmorton, a Puritan minister, who
is described by his contemporaries "as being as
holy and as choice a preacher as any one in
England," is said to have lived thirty-seven
years without any comfortable assurance as to
his spiritual condition. When dying, he ad-
dressed the venerable John Dodd: "What will
you say of him who is going out of the world
and can find no comfort?" "What will you say
of Him," replied Mr. Dodd, "who, when he was
going out of the world, found no comfort, but
cried, 'My God! My God! why hast Thou forsaken
me?'" This prompt reply administered con-
solation to the troubled spirit of his dying friend,
who departed within an hour after, rejoicing in
the Lord.

—John Morton, a respectable Philadelphia
Quaker, would have nothing to do with the Con-
tinental money, because it was issued for war
purposes. It was, however, made a legal tender,
and a certain slippery debtor, who owed him
some ten thousand dollars, when Continental
money was worth about one-half of its face, bor-
rowed that sum from a friend, on a promise of
returning it in two or three hours. Taking with
him a witness he called and laid the amount on
the table of his Quaker creditor. Looking up
from his writing, Morton quietly opened a large
drawer, and to the consternation of the debtor,
sweeping the money into it, he shut and locked
the drawer, saying, "Anything from thee, Daniel
—anything from thee!"—Lippincott's Maga-
zine.

—Texts of Scripture have often been inscribed
upon coins. One of the most remarkable is on a
copper coin issued by the papal government, on
which are the words, *Ve vobis divitibus*—"Woe
to you who are rich!" When the greenbacks
were first issued by the United States, Mr.
Chase, then Secretary of the Treasury, con-
sulted, among others, the president of one of the
Philadelphia Banks in regard to placing some
motto upon them—such, for example, as "has
since been impressed upon the five-cent piece—
"In God we trust." After mentioning several
scriptural texts that had occurred to him, the
Secretary asked our banker's opinion. "Per-
haps," was the reply, "the most appropriate
would be: 'Silver and gold have I none; but
such as I have give I thee.' The project was
abandoned."—*Ibid.*

—"Do you think, Doctor," asked an anxious
mother, "that it would improve little Johnny's
health to take him to the springs and let him try
the water?" "I haven't a doubt of it, madam."

"What springs would you recommend, Doctor?"
"Any springs, madam, where you find plenty of
soap."

—As Rev. Robert Collyer, of Chicago (who
used to be a blacksmith), was recently walking
through a White Mountain village, he entered
a blacksmith shop and asked the privilege of
making a nail. He handled the iron and ham-
mer so skillfully that the master of the place
thinking him still one of the craft, asked "where
he was at work?" Mr. Collyer replied "that
he was not working steadily anywhere just
now."

—Said Jarvey to Jehu, at first sight of a ve-
locipede: "Vy, if there isn't a cove as 'as been
condemned to transportation on a hitinerary
treadmill." "No," replied Jehu, "no, my old
'oneycomb, it's only the latest fashion in donkey-
carts, and the donkey 'as run away with itself—
that's all."

—An Eastern youth travelling in the uncivil-
ized regions between here and California, pro-
vided himself with a small pistol, so as not to be
out of fashion. While he was apparently ex-
amining it, but really "showing off," a brawny
miner, whose belt was weighted with two heavy
six-shooters, asked him what he had there.
"Why," replied the young man from the East,
"that is a pistol." "Wal," said the rough, "if
you should shoot me with that, and I should
ever find it out, I'd lick you like fun."

—A lawsuit in this vicinity brings to mind a
remark of Colonel Moses Lyman, of Goshen,
Conn., who used to say to his sons, "Boys, don't
ever steal, but if you do steal, don't do it on a
small scale, never steal anything less than a
meeting-house!"

—Rev. Dr. Breckenridge was examining once
a dull student who had an inveterate habit of
answering one question by asking another.
"Where," inquired the Dr., "was Solomon's
Temple?" "Hem—do you refer to its location,
Sir?" "Yes," growled the Doctor in his deepest
tones, "I refer to its location, or to anything
else about it that may be embraced under the
word 'where?'"

—In a certain parish of New England in old
times, a good woman was accustomed to enter-
tain the ministers preaching in that place. One
day a minister called at her door expecting to be
provided for. The woman hesitated and seemed
disposed not to take him in. Said the minister,
"you must remember the Scripture, 'Be not
forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby
some have entertained angels unawares.' "You
need not say that," was the reply, "for no angel
would ever come to me with a quid of tobacco
in his mouth!"

—Lord St. Leonard's, formerly Sir Edward
Sugden, now about ninety years old, has just
made an elaborate and able speech in the Peers.
He used to be a great equity lawyer, and a high
Tory. Brougham rarely practised in Chancery,
and was a radical Whig, and they cordially
bated each other. Thirty-nine years ago, when
Brougham had just taken the great seal, Sugden
was arguing a case before him. Brougham
treated him rather curly. Pausing in his ad-
dress, Sugden leaned over his chair and said,
just loud enough to be heard by the bar, "If
our new Chancellor knew a little equity law,
he would know a little of everything." The bar
laughed heartily, and Brougham growled out, "Go
on, Sir Edward." Brougham has recently died,
upward of ninety. Sugden still holds out. Tough
old fellows, these ex-Chancellors.

—Very plain men sometimes beat all the do-
ctors in giving pat illustrations of knotty ques-
tions. A Scotch minister found such a case, in
catechizing his flock about the nature of our
"great federal head." "What kind of man was
Adam?" "Out, just like ither fok." The
minister insisted on having a more specific de-
scription of the first man, and pressed for another
answer. "Weel" said the catechumen, "he
was just like Joe Simpson, the horse-cooper."
"How so?" asked the minister. "Weel, sac-
body got nothing by him, and mony lool."

—At the close of the Rev. Mr. Fulton's lec-
ture at the Music Hall, Boston, October 23d,
Rev. Gilbert Haven introduced him to several
ladies who were upon the platform, among others
to Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. That lady refused to
shake hands with him, and said:

"You profess to be a Christian minister, sir,
and you have reviled woman."

"Better do that, madam," replied he, "than
to revile Jesus Christ."

"I never reviled Jesus Christ."

"You have done your best to do it," said he.

"Sir," she responded, "you have played the
part of a dramatist and a buffoon."

"Madam," said he, "your birth, your educa-
tion, and your position in society should have
made a lady of you."

She replied, "Do you mean to say, sir, that I
am not a lady?"

"I mean to say, madam," said he, "that you
act like an outrageous exception."

At this point Mrs. Livermore and Mrs. Lucy
Stone Blackwell took up the conversation, and
Mrs. Howe withdrew.

—"Scene at a hotel in Mt. Desert, Me.—"

"See here, landlord, I want a pickaxe!"

"Why, sir, there is not such a thing about
the house."

"Give me a spade then, a shovel, a hoe, any-
thing I can dig with."

"But what on earth are you going to dig in
such a hurry?"

"We've been out walking in the woods back
here, and we have found three mounds which
must be Indian graves, and full of relics. My
party are waiting, and I want a spade right off."

"Bless your soul, sir, them ain't no Indians.
That's where old Mr. Higgins' three children
are buried. For pity's sake don't dig up their
bones."

The Bostonian departs, east down, to seek an
other sensation further in the forest.

—Gen. Smith, in Congress, while delivering
one of the long, prosy speeches, for which he
was noted, said to Henry Clay: "You speak
sir, for the present generation, but I speak
posterity." "Yes," replied the great Kent-
uckian, "and it seems you are resolved to sp-
ill your audience arrives."