

The Family Circle.

A CONSECRATED LIFE.

Teach me, my God and King, In all things Thee to see, And what I do in anything, To do it as for Thee!

To scorn the senses' sway, While still to thee I lend; In all I do, be Thou the Way, In all, be Thou the End.

All may of Thee partake; Nothing so small can be But draws, when acted for Thy sake, Greatness and worth from Thee.

If done to obey Thy laws, Even servile labors shine; Hallowed is toil, if this the cause, The meaneast work, divine.

George Herbert.

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

The Flood.

In my last letter I told you a little story about the great flood in this part of the country. The bridges are not all rebuilt yet, and large reservoirs where there were many fishes, are still empty, for the dams are not rebuilt. So you see I am still thinking about "the flood," or "the great flood" as all call it.

I spoke, in my last, about foolish and wise builders, and I think you will now be interested in reading a story about eight little children in England. They were playing upon the sand beside the sea-shore. The tide was out and the sky was clear, while the pretty seagulls were sailing through the air.

"Oh, see what beautiful flat stones!" said George; "how nice they would be to build a house with."

"Let us build one," said Edith, who was the eldest of the girls.

"No, let us build two, and see which is the best," replied George.

"Edith, you and Sophie, and John and Willie, build one; and Sarah, and Kate, and Fred, and I will build another."

So the little builders went to work. George and his party thought it would be so nice to build on the flat sand, that was as smooth as the floor of the play-room at home, and where they did not need to waste any of the stones in making a foundation.

Fred and the girls brought the stones, while George put them together, and very soon the house began to grow to quite a respectable size.

But Edith led her laborers away from the beach to where the rocks began to peep above the sand, and where the tide never came, and having found a rock that was as high as her waist, she began to put her house together. It was hard work, for they had to pick up the stones on the beach and take them up to Edith, who spent some time in laying them on the uneven rock, so as to get a good foundation. So George had finished his house before Edith had put up more than three or four rows of stone; and as he had nothing to do, he began to look at her work.

"Why, Edith, how slow you are; my house is built, and yours is not half done."

"I wanted to build a good strong one," said Edith, "and it takes a good while to build on this rock."

"Oh, you should have built it on the sand, as I did."

Just then a loud cry from Fred made George turn round. The tide was coming in, and as one of the first waves had reached his house, it was washing away the lower stones. All gathered around it, but it was too late. The waves came in faster and faster, and carried away first one stone and then another, until, with a crash, the whole building fell into the water.

"Yes, Edith," said George, sadly, "I see that you were right. I ought to have built my house upon a rock."

How is it with you, my little friend? Have you been building your house upon Jesus—the Rock of Ages, or upon the sand?

I often hear parents tell their children, to "be good," instead of telling them to come to Jesus, and trust only in Him; and I say to myself, "Those parents are teaching their children to build upon the sand." All children ought to "be good," but they never will be good in God's sight, till their blind eyes have been opened to see themselves as lost, guilty sinners, and to see also that Jesus has taken their place, and suffered for their sins on the cross. Have you ever felt that you have broken many of God's good laws, and that you have been very hard-hearted not to love the dear Saviour, who bore for us the punishment we deserved?

I have just found upon my desk, a letter from a girl, who writes as if she had builded her hopes upon the Rock, which shall never be swept away. She gives her reasons why she thinks she truly loves the Saviour.

"One morning," she says, "I went to school, and some of the girls came to me and asked me if I had been to hear you preach? and I told them I had not. They asked me if I would not go? I said, 'Yes, I would go just for the fun of it.' When the Christians went around to talk with the sinners, two or three came and talked with me. I felt real angry, and thought they had no business to come and talk with me. The next evening I asked my best friend to go with me. We went, sat up in the gallery, made sport of what was said, and left before it was out. We were afraid that some one would talk to us. We did not want any one to tell us what great sinners we were. Week ago Tuesday, we went again, took the same seats; went for the same purpose: to laugh and scoff. That afternoon we staid until it was out. You came and talked with me, and asked me if I loved the Saviour, who bled and died for me? and with shame I answered, 'No.' You asked me if I did not want to? I said, 'Yes.' I was perfectly indifferent at the time. I did not care when I would learn to love Him, just so I would love Him before I died. In the evening I came again, still perfectly indifferent. I listened to your preaching. You told how our blessed Saviour had been crucified, and that my sins had helped nail Him there." "I thought that it was strange, that I did

not love Him who had suffered for me; that I loved a great many people who had never suffered or done anything for me; and when you asked for those to rise who wished to be prayed for, I arose with this determination: 'I will love Jesus!' Now I am happy to say I do love Jesus, and I will tell you why I think I do. Firstly, because I love to read the Bible, which I never used to. Secondly, because I love to pray, which I never did before. Thirdly, because I used to hate a great many people, and now I can say with joy, I do not hate anybody. I have one favor to ask of you: Please pray for me, for I often feel weak and helpless, and have many temptations that will lead me astray. But I have given myself to the Saviour, and will pray that my heavenly Father will guide my footsteps aright."

"Can you, too, say, 'I love the Bible,' 'I love to pray,' 'I love Christians?' If not, then I fear you are not upon the Rock, and by and by, when "the floods" shall come upon you, I fear you will be swept away.

In a town a few miles from here, a whole family were swept away by the angry waters, and all were drowned. Their house was built upon the sand, and they found it out when it was too late. Oh! I hope it will not be so with you! Will you not go to the dear Lord Jesus at once with this

Child's Prayer?

O, Lord, I fear I have not been building my hopes for heaven upon Jesus—the Rock of Ages." Help me to come and trust only in Him, who died on the cross that guilty sinners, like me, might be forgiven. O, Lord! please to forgive me, only for Jesus' sake, and then when trials and temptations, like a great flood, come upon me, I shall find that His loving arms are beneath me, and my prayer, "Let not the water-flood overflow me," will be answered. Hear this, my little prayer, O, Lord God, only for Jesus' sake, Amen.

Words of Jesus.

"Whoso heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock; and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not; for it was founded upon a rock. And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand; and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell, and great was the fall of it."

VERNON, Conn., Nov. 4, 1869.

ARRIVAL OF CHINESE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

The mail communication established between China, Japan, and this port is regular and complete. No better steamers cross the Atlantic than pass on the Pacific Ocean from California to the Celestial empire. The "America" arrived here the other day. She is the largest vessel I have ever seen, and none as large has ever landed in this harbor; built with all modern improvements in naval architecture, and also with a view to the greatest practical usefulness, she is capable of bearing a large number of all classes of passengers. The travel of white persons between here and China is comparatively small, but that of Chinese greater. Of the latter are brought over monthly from five to eight hundred or more. This last load contained over six hundred, including two hundred females.

The report of the "America's" arrival had scarcely spread, when scores of Chinamen and women sallied forth from their dark cells and corners, and joyfully hastened to the wharf to welcome their countrymen to their new home. This arrival was a sight worth seeing—their meeting and greeting of brothers, cousins, sisters, etc., etc., long separated by a mighty ocean, and, to them, fabulous distance. Their manner in meeting and greeting is, of course, different from that customary among Americans and Europeans. I have never seen Chinamen or women kiss each other or shake hands, but they fold their own hands, as if the act of prayer, and shake them in expression of joy at meeting a dear friend. Judging from the expression of countenance, and the highly joyful manner they thus manifest, they are with us men of like passion. Their language is so fearfully chaotic to a Caucasian ear, that not a letter or syllable is intelligible, and your ante-diluvian Hebrew, philosophic Greek, classic Latin, expressive German, euphonic French, or practical English, won't furnish any clue to the knowledge of a single sensible word; of such cackling, confusion is their conversation. Their first meeting and greeting over, they prepare to go to their respective lodging or boarding houses, but, as all baggage is subject to search by the port officers, this task has first to be performed.

The women are all neatly and cleanly dressed, and some even handsomely, but, of course, in oriental style. Their long, jet black hair is put up in the shape of a cock's comb, and generally uncovered; the ears, wrists, and ankles are jeweled with brass, silver or gold; their upper garment is out straight down, and fits almost close to the body and reaches to the knees; they wear pants like men, and as wide as the teamster's overalls; and coat and pants are made of farmer's satin, or some other cloth of a dark color, and always of Chinese manufacture. Their feet are dressed in white hose and sandals, also of native make. Thus the little dark-faced, moon-eyed, celestial girl is well dressed, sometimes gaudily, and often ludicrously, when landing on this coast. But, notwithstanding her oriental lady-like appearance, she is ordered to stand to one side with her companions, and, until she has been searched, she is closely guarded by a posse of policemen. Perhaps, after an hour's patient waiting, she is marshalled into a private apartment, and there, by a white woman, I don't know whether she believes in woman's rights, but if she don't she ought—in a ridiculous manner is literally riddled of contraband drugs and keepsakes—now and then. The feeling all over process done, she passes on and her neighbor is next put through.

Next follows the search of baggage. The Chinese have generally small trunks, and not much heavy baggage, but their bundles and packets are innumerable, and how each can retain his own amid such terrible confusion is incomprehensible to me. But these custom officers understand their business of destruction, and in less time than I write this, the trunk is emptied of all its contents, and every piece smelled, tasted, handled, torn, broken, shaken, pinched, etc., etc., all in the performance of loyal duty in search of opium. The owner sees and feels, that he is yanked, but, with an air of Mongolian superiority, and, unlike the European generally, he endures his affliction, and utters not a word of complaint, but rather hastily gathering up his scattered traps, prepares for his final deliverance.

But, some one must convey trunk and owner home, and who shall do it is the question. Their brother Chinamen in San Francisco keep no teams, and only a few possess them in the country, and, therefore, some "foreigner" must this time become "John's" servant. Watchful "Pat" is on hand with his horse and wagon, and this time smiling very pleasantly, he offers to take all in one load for \$250. The bargain is sealed, the wagon loaded, and off they are, Pat in front, baggage high up on the wagon, and, to complete the load, a dozen passengers on the top. Here, at least, John and Pat meet in peace, if at the construction of a sewer, the repairing of a street, or the building of a railroad, they do fight like cats and dogs. The Irishmen and Chinamen love money equally well, and the question of debate among them seems to be: Who is entitled to the largest share, the white man or black man, the Irishman or Chinaman, the Caucasian or Mongol.—Ref. Church Mess.

QUARRELING.

If anything in the world will make a man feel badly, except pinching his fingers in the crack of a door, it is unquestionably a quarrel. It degrades him in the eyes of others, and what is worse, blunts his sensibilities on the one hand, and increases the power of passionate irritability on the other. The truth is, the more peaceably and quietly we get on, the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten the course is—if a man cheats you, cease to deal with him; if he is abusive, quit his company; if he slanders you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him. No matter who he is or how he misuses you, the best way is to let him alone, for there is nothing better than this cool, calm and quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with.

Original Communications.

MUNICH, NUREMBERG, AND LUCERNE.

Since my last letter written at Prague, two Sundays have passed, one spent in Munich, and the other, yesterday, in this beautiful city on the shores of the Lake of the Four Cantons. Munich, one of the finest of modern European capitals, is by some, considered the equal of Paris in its attractions of art, and the taste and elegance displayed in the architecture of its public and private buildings, and in its magnificent streets and places. It is a Catholic city. There is but one Protestant evangelical church, a large, but unpretending building. The Roman Catholic churches are numerous, and the older ones elaborate in their decorations and ornamentations, of high altar and side chapels, nave and aisles, transept and choir; while those of modern date, more simple in their interior adornments, display rich treasures of modern art. In the Court church of St. Michael, military mass is celebrated every Sunday at 11 o'clock, when the entire service is performed in its musical portions, by a splendid military band of some forty pieces, whose carefully modulated and exquisitely harmonious notes rise swelling up in grand volumes of sound to the ceiling (70-feet high), and fill every nook and corner of the spacious edifice. At least 2,000 persons, including some 800 soldiers, who marched in under charge of their officers, and stood in the aisles, must have been present on Sunday, August 8th. There were but few strangers, or mere on-lookers in this multitude; and the great majority of those present took part in the service, with more or less apparent devotion, the soldiers crossing themselves with military precision.

There seemed to be great difficulty in obtaining information as to the Protestant Church services, and we mistook the hour and reached the building after the services were over. The Theatine church, opposite the Royal palace, contains a side chapel, in which is a representation of the tomb of Christ, constructed of solid rock-work, and in another chapel is a shrine dedicated to St. Gregory, in the lower part of which reposes the larger part of a skeleton, (said to be that of the saint himself), richly decorated with jewels and lace and embroidery. In a corner near the entrance to the same church, is a small chapel dedicated to the Virgin, whose image surmounts the altar, and which is hung round with votive tablets, and small models in wax, of arms and legs and children, suspended there by those whose superstitious belief has led them to attribute to the interposition of Mary, the recovery of themselves or their relatives from disease and wounds. "Maria hat geholfen," "Tausend Dank zu Maria," i. e., "Mary has helped," "A thousand thanks to Mary," were among the inscriptions on the tablets; occasionally the name of Jesus was added to that of Mary.

At Nuremberg, where we stopped for two or three days on our way from Prague to Munich,

—and the view over whose wide-spread plain from the towers of its ancient castle, brings up wonderfully rich, clustering, historical memories of past centuries—there are preserved, in all their original horror, many of the instruments of torture used in the Middle Ages. It sent a thrill through one's whole frame, to see, and handle, and try on (but the latter in the very mildest degree) the Spanish Boot, the thumb-screw, the collar lined with sharp spikes, the ingenious little instrument for crushing the bones of the hand, the knotted cord which, twisted hard around the forehead, would make the eyes start from their sockets. And these were not mere models, but had actually been used, and were rusty with the blood of the victims of the cruel mockery of justice, which employed these horrid instruments of torture. And down in the dungeons below the Rath house, whence the light of heaven is shut out, save, perhaps, in faint glimmers through a few loop-holes, high up in the wall, whose floors are dark and rotting, and whose walls are cold and slimy, the wretched prisoners were confined in darkness and gloom, chained often by the neck and arms, while their feet were fettered in stocks, awaiting the hour when the summons should come for their torture. Then they were led out and through many a thick oak door and winding passage and conducted to the torture-chamber, whose walls and vaulted roof of massive stone, below the surface of the ground, shut out every groan and shriek of agony. The rack was here, too, and the pulley with weights, whose cruel strainings and shocks had wrenched the joints of many a suffering human frame. And from the Rath-house torture chamber, subterranean passages lead to a fearful and gloomy vault, so black and dark that the very light from the candle of the guide is absorbed, almost. Here stands the dread image of the Iron Virgin,—a horrid reality, black and grimy with the smoke, and dust, and dirt of ages. In this dismal chamber, deep under ground, with thick walls, and shut out from every ray of heaven's light, the wretched sufferer was made to kneel before the image, and while hopeless of any relenting on the part of his executioners, allowed a short space to supplicate for mercy on his soul. The image, which is hollow, was then opened, (the front half of it swinging outwards like a double door), and the prisoner made to stand in the opening, his feet resting on a grated trap door. The parts which had been opened, and which on the inside were lined with large iron spikes, were then forcibly closed, and pierced through eyes, and brain, and heart, and every part of his body, death speedily released the wretched being from his misery. A bolt beneath the trap was pulled, the image opened, and the pierced and mangled body fell into a deep oubliette connected with a subterranean channel leading into the moat of the fortifications.

Lucerne is also a Catholic city—out of a population of about 12,000, but 700 being Protestant. The rain poured in torrents during the greater part of yesterday, but we managed to reach the church of "Maria Hilf," perched high up above the level of the lake; and were amply repaid. The church is a Catholic church, and mass had actually been celebrated there the same morning; the holy water basins at the entrance were abundantly supplied; and in front of the iron railing or screen which shuts off the vestibule from the body of the nave—a taper was burning before the picture of a St. John of Aldaria, whose prayers were stated in the legend to have been so effectual, that the souls liberated from purgatory through his efforts, could be seen ascending like showers of sparks. Yet, in this very edifice, at 11 o'clock, a Protestant service, conducted by ministers of the Scotch Free Church, is held every Sunday during the traveling season. The crucifix and high altar were covered with a veil, and the shrines in the side chapels screened by curtains. A rough desk covered with a neat white cloth, was placed in the centre of the chancel, and hence the minister (Rev. Mr. Peyton) in plain black gown and bands gave out the hymns—offered up prayer to the only Mediator—and proclaimed the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. It is an instance (I know of no other) of more than mere toleration, of liberality on the part of the Catholics, which deserves to be noted. The congregation yesterday was quite small, the weather being so stormy, and many of the English speaking travelers preferring to attend the services of the Church of England, for which regular provision is made in most of the continental towns, at least during the summer.

S. P. C.

THE SONG OF FAITH.

BY HENRY S. OSBORN, LL. D.

We have often wondered after the musing minstrelsy of a happy child's singing. No doubt, in that word "after," this sentence needs explanation. But it is written close after the emotion. That woman, who timidly touched the hem of Christ's garment, "came in the crowd behind," (so the word "press" means) and thus she wondered after. And so have we, trusting for a blessing to come and yet following after, wondered whether Jesus, who commended the picture of a little child to the faith of His

disciples, intended some notes in this music of a little child's confidence, to teach our faith how to sing. Some of us have not yet come up to the music of a little child's faith, or to the faith of a little child's song. It sings because there is no better way of lifting the burden of its peace at the time of its song. There is even no consciousness of song—no desire to sing for the music itself, nor is the song any cause, or essential part of its peaceful pleasure. The song, itself, is the overflowing of the fullness of its peace and its carelessness of the future, whatever that future may be. It is a sure token that there is more than enough to fill the spring, a token that the source is more than a well, for it overflows, and you may drink of the waters, as you may hear the music of its song, at a distance from the source. And thus the little child's song, that song which is the effect, not the cause, of its peace and faith in things that are, that little song, as the symbol of my faith's song, goes before me, and sets itself up to my heart, and I follow on, wondering whether, amid the crowd and press of worldly joys and duties and hopes and disappointments, my faith overflows in song, or whether the crowds of worldly cares keep my faith down at par, so that, while I follow in the crowd, I simply come up in the press behind. There are some children who sing to keep their courage up when standing or walking in the dark. And so some may "perform" the service of singing and reading and praying aloud where they may be heard of men, for they are walking in the dark and fear the future. They hope that some may suppose that their faith was so full that it was relieving itself of the burden of its joy. But alas! a dead faith sings not, though the charmer charm never so wisely, and the timorous sound of such attempts frightens the listener and imparts less courage and hope than do tears over the tomb of a buried faith. This song of faith is like the cheerful light shining off from the lighthouse on the shore, like the sounds of sweet-toned bells chiming the call to praise—'tis like the pure and brilliant light beaming out from the morning star after the dark night. And what a light-house would be without a light, a bell without a sound, or a morning-star without one beam, such is a faith which knows no song, and has not music enough to be heard beyond the feeble heart that holds it.

Perhaps this is the reason why some fail in the pulpit—in the Sunday School—in the family, while others are eloquent and successful and have much of that wisdom which wins souls. Their faith lacks not knowledge and culture and intellect, it lacks only music; its sound is an uncertain one. The tone is that of the midnight fire-alarm rather than that of the evening chime to the song of repentant praise and grateful prayer. The speaker, or teacher, is set as God's beacon upon the shore, but his perfunctory method, or unfeeling manner, savors more of one kindling the wrecker's light, than of one holding up the warning pity and love of Christ beaming out upon the dark sea of life. How powerfully attractive and convincing is the faith with the fullness of song—the faith that feels the warm glow through its soul, as it holds the hand of Jesus and sings the song of confidence as to the future. To be sure, God has His purposes and declares His decrees—and there are angels enough in heaven to answer all the ends of God's glory; and, for Christ's purposes on earth, the air is as full of ministering spirits as

"A beam of light of mates;"

and no where, in heaven or on earth, were I to perish, might I be missed, except in Jesus' heart. There is an amazing sensitiveness in the infinite heart of God in Christ, such that not even the poor stricken woman in the crowd following after, could touch the border of His garment, but that Christ could discover it more certainly and more quickly than could a hundred eyes of even apostles and disciples and Christian friends.

"We seem to be hardly worth destroying, And much less, saving; yet He loveth each As though all were His equal. \* \* Oh! it is the truth transcendent over all, When thus to one poor spirit He gives His hand, He seems to impart His own unboundedness Of bliss."

And thus it is that a full and healthful faith must be a faith with a song—yes, a song amid all shadows—a peaceful chant amid the tremblings of a world—why not, if Jesus leads? Lead on, thou Lamb of God, lead on! I'll trust my future with Thee, for Thou wilt not stay in darkness. The very agony of Thy cross puts a song into my heart as truly as does Thy resurrection. The crown of thorns—the bitterness of Thy betrayal-night—the scorn of thine enemies—yea, the spear, baptized with blood and water, all and each, like clouds at sunset, are fringed with hope, nay, certainty, that He that suffered thus was not only willing, but mighty to save! I see, by these very clouds, the light beyond the clouds. A God who would send His Son to suffer, thus, the penalty of His own law, means salvation to the uttermost, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against such love. And now there springs up such a rejoicing in the little sanctuaries of my heart, that it is too full of gladness, and my faith shall have its song, a song so clear and strong, that others shall hear and rejoice, for my faith has seen the Lord as its strength and song, and he is become my salvation.