

The Family Circle.

REJOICE ALL YE BELIEVERS!

Rejoice, all ye believers, And let your lights appear! The evening is advancing, And darker night is near: The Bridegroom is arising, And soon will He draw nigh: Up! pray and watch and wrestle, At midnight comes the cry.

See that your lamps are burning, Replenish them with oil; Look now for your salvation, The end of earthly toil. The watchers on the mountains Proclaim the Bridegroom near; Go meet Him as He cometh, With Hallelujahs clear.

Ye wise and holy virgins, Now raise your voices higher, Until, in songs of triumph, They meet the ange-choir. The marriage-feast is waiting, The gates wide open stand; Up! up! ye heirs of glory: The Bridegroom is a hand!

Ye saints, who here in patience Your cross and sufferings bore, Shall live and reign for ever, When sorrow is no more. Around the throne of glory, The Lamb ye shall behold; In triumph cast before Him Your diadems of gold!

There flourish palms of victory: There radiant garments are; There stands the peaceful harvest, Beyond the reach of war. There, after stormy winter, The flowers of earth arise, And from the grave's long slumber Shall meet again our eyes.

Our Hope and Expectation, O Jesus! now appear; Arise, Thou Sun, so longed for, O'er this benighted sphere! With hearts and hands uplifted, We plead, O Lord! to see The day of our redemption, That brings us unto Thee!

From the German of Laurentius Laurenti—1700. From Schaff's "Christ in Song."

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

Jesus the Way, or the Child's Guide to Heaven.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—As I have not time to write you a letter this week, I will send you something that I wrote in a little book called "Jesus the Way." It has only been published a little while, so I don't think you have read it. I wish the pictures which are in the book could be put in THE AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN, it would make it more attractive to young eyes. But as you read, you must try and picture it all before yourselves, and then go and show it, or, in other words, tell it to some little friend, who has not yet learned to love the Saviour.

While we were on our way to Palestine, we stopped at Beirut in Syria. One day, about three hundred children were gathered, and Rev. Dr. Jessup, one of the Missionaries of the American Board, asked me to talk to them.

I thought I had never seen such queer-looking children. Each of the girls wore a white lace mantilla, like a veil, over her head; and the boys each a red Turkish fez, or cap. With their sparkling, black eyes, they looked really beautiful.

I could not speak Arabic, and so Rev. Dr. Jessup translated what was said. They seemed quite surprised that we had come so far away from America to see the land, where the Bible was written, and where our dear Saviour died for us on the cross.

It was a great joy for us to see those dear children gathered in that nice building. They all seemed eager to hear about Jesus,—"THE CHILD'S GUIDE TO HEAVEN."

That sight made me feel very thankful to God that He had put it into the hearts of Christians in America to send good men away five thousand miles to Beirut, to teach poor heathen about the way to get to heaven.

I should like to tell you of the children's meetings, which we held in that city of eighty five thousand people, and of some of those dear children who, I think, gave their hearts to Jesus; but I must tell you now of two little ones who attended those meetings. This little story will help you to understand something very important, which I wish to teach you.

One day when I was in Mrs. Thompson's school, she called two little ones to her, and asked me to notice them, for she said she wished to tell me a story about them. One was about eight, and another ten years of age. I think you will like to hear this story, and so I shall now tell it to you.

These children's parents lived on the side of Mount Lebanon, several miles from Beirut. And when they heard of Mrs. Thompson's school, and that she was willing to take their children, and feed them, and clothe them, and educate them, they took them away down the mountain-side, and gave them into her care. After a while, one morning, one of these children said to the other, "I want to go home and see father and mother."

"Well, let us go after breakfast." "But it is so far, how can we ever find the way?"

"No matter, we will try; we won't stay here." So, after breakfast, they stole out of the yard by the back gate, and off they went, trying to find their way home; but they soon got lost.

When Mrs. Thompson found that the children were gone, she was very much frightened. She did not know but that some wicked person had stolen them away. She got all she could to help her find them. For a long, long time they looked about in all directions, but could not find them. Some were sent away to the lofty sides of Mount Lebanon, where their home had been; but they were not there. Then their father and mother began to look about for them, but they could not find any trace of them.

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At last, after a great deal of trouble, the children were found, and brought back to Mrs. Thompson's school. The father was present at the time.

He said to Mrs. Thompson, "You must punish these children very hard. Don't spare them, no matter how much they cry. They have been so ungrateful for all your kindness. Whip them; whip them!"

The poor little things wept very much, for they expected no mercy.

Mrs. Thompson called them up before the whole school, and spoke of what a wicked thing they had done, to run away from such a good school. The scholars all felt that they deserved to be punished. But Mrs. Thompson was a very kind-hearted woman, and so she said to the children, "It would be quite right for me to punish you. But instead of punishing you this time, I will forgive you, if you confess how naughty you have been."

They said they were sorry, and would never run away again: and so they were freely forgiven.

Then their tears were wiped away, and Mrs. Thompson smiled upon them. She treated them afterwards just as if they had not disobeyed her and run away from her school. Do you wonder that they loved her for her kindness to them? What would you have thought of them if they had never once thanked her, and what should she have done to them if they had run away again, and aroused all the neighbors? You know Mrs. Thompson was not paid for teaching them. It was all because she loved them, and wished to have them learn to trust in Jesus, that she took them from their mountain home to her nice school. But suppose that in many ways they had disobeyed her, and though she fed and clothed them, treated her as if they tried to forget her, as if they did not love to think about her. Would you not say they deserved a good whipping?

I think I hear you say, "I know if any one had taken me from a heathen home to some nice school, and fed and clothed me, I would not have been so ungrateful."

But, my dear child, I know of something worse than that which you have done. I know of some One who has done a thousand times more for you than that kind lady did for those two children, and yet you have run away from Him. You have disobeyed Him; you have tried to forget all about Him. All that He asks of you, for His great kindness, is that you should love Him, and obey His good laws. But you have many times rejected Him. Yes, and I must tell you, though you will scarcely believe me, you have hated Him.

But you say, "Why, you are talking to me as if I was a heathen! I have not been so bad as all that. I try to be a good child; I say my prayers; I read my Bible; I try to do right; I often think about heaven, for I want to go there when I die."

I believe all you say, and yet if you are not a true Christian, what I say is true too.

If you have not come to Jesus, had your sins all forgiven, and a new heart given to you, then you are an enemy to Christ; for He says, "HE THAT IS NOT WITH ME IS AGAINST ME." And, in Isaiah, He says, "All we like sheep have gone astray" (Isa. liii. 6). Yes, we are all prodigals. You have read, in the fifteenth chapter of Luke, that beautiful story which Jesus told about the prodigal son; who left his good father's house, and because he was so proud and wicked, "gathered all together and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living."

Ah! my child, if you will read that story carefully, you will see a picture of yourself in it. Young as you are, you are the prodigal that Jesus was talking about. You have gone away from your heavenly Father, who has given you everything you ever had. He has been far kinder to you than Mrs. Thompson was to those two little girls; and for all His goodness to you He has said often to you, "GIVE ME THINE HEART,—LOVE ME." But if you are not a Christian, you have not loved Him at all. You have not heeded His words. And He says, "HE THAT LOVETH ME NOT, KEEPETH NOT MY SAYINGS." And again, "HE THAT HATH MY COMMANDMENTS AND KEEPETH THEM, HE IT IS THAT LOVETH ME." (John xiv. 21-24).

Now you know you have not always done right; your conscience tells you so. Have you not been angry many times, and spoken naughty words? Jesus says, "He that is angry with his brother without a cause, shall be in danger of the judgment."

Did you ever tell a lie? Ah, then, you are a lost sinner, and if you die this moment, without repentance, you would never get to heaven. Just open your Bible at Revelation xxi. 8, and see what awful words are spoken about liars.

Now the question comes, Can God forgive you as Mrs. Thompson forgave those two children? You said that if they had not been sorry for disobeying her, but had run away again, they ought to have been punished. But you have disobeyed God many times, and like the prodigal, have been living in "a far country," feeding on "hushes." How then can He forgive you? I know He wishes to do this for you. He loves you far more than that lady loved those dear children.

I will try and answer this important question for you. God in mercy has contrived a wonderful plan by which He can "BE JUST AND THE JUSTIFIER OF HIM THAT BELIEVETH IN JESUS."

He has found One mighty to save (Isa. lixiii. 1). Yes, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii. 16). Oh, how kind it was in His dear Son to be willing to die for us!

"Which of all our friends to save us, Could or would have shed his blood? But this Jesus died to have us, Reconciled in Him to God."

If some one of the scholars in that school had said to their teacher,—"I love those girls that have run away. I know they deserve to be punished for their disobedience. I fear they will be afraid to come back, for they will expect to be punished. Now let me be punished in their stead. Let me suffer just what they deserve; and then let me go and find them, and tell them that I have taken their place, and that you, for my sake, are ready to forgive them." And suppose that scholar had really taken the chastise-

ment which the others deserved, and then had gone out and found them away on the mountain-side, and after telling them all about it, had said, "Come back; Mrs. Thompson will now forgive for my sake. Here is a letter from her in which she says so." Do you not think they would be quite willing to go back to the school? "Oh, yes," you say, "I am sure they would."

But Jesus comes to you with a more touching story than that. Yes, "the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." You are the lost one He has come to seek and to save. He says to you, "I have suffered on the cross that you might be forgiven. See where the crown of thorns was pressed down upon my brow for you. See the 'prints of the nails' in My hands. I was scourged with a great whip, in Pilate's hall, until the blood ran down my back. I was buffeted and spit upon. I have been wounded for thy transgressions. I have been bruised for thy iniquities. I have borne thy sins in My own body on the tree. God, who is displeased with thee for all thy guilt, is now ready to forgive thee for My sake. Come with Me, and I will ask Him, for My sake, to pardon thee. Come and tell Him you are sorry, and He will forgive you. I have suffered for thy sins, 'the just for the unjust, that I might bring thee to God.'"

Oh, my dear little friend, can you reject such a Saviour? He is the "CHILD'S GUIDE TO HEAVEN." Trust in Him, and for His sake your sins will be pardoned. Will you not turn to Him at once? And with these words upon your lips, and with your little hand in the Saviour's, come like the prodigal to your heavenly Father with this

PRAYER.

Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in Thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called Thy son. I have wandered far away from Thee. I have often disobeyed Thee: I have not loved Thee. When I have done wrong I have tried to forget Thee. I have lived "without God, and without hope in the world." Thou mightest have driven me away from Thy presence forever. But this, my dear Saviour, Thy Son, has taken my place. "He was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities." He has shown me where the nails pierced His hands, and made them fast to the cross. He has opened my blind eyes to see Himself as my Redeemer, who paid the debt for me; "who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree." Oh, God, forgive me, for Jesus' sake, and by Thy Holy Spirit give me a new heart. Hear this, my prayer, only for Jesus' sake. Amen.

LOSING THE "HAPPY."

"Children," said Mrs. Jay, "you may play anywhere in the yard, but don't go beyond the garden gate. Do you hear me, Peter?" "Yes, mother," said Peter, looking up from his wheelbarrow: "Do not go beyond the garden gate."

Peter and Jessie, his little sister, had a nice time together. Their plays this afternoon led them down to the bottom of the garden, where there was a gate, hinged inside, which opened into a thick underbrush and trees, sloping down to a lower part of the village. This was the forbidden gate.

"I wish we could get into the woods," said Peter; "perhaps we should find a bird's nest." Peter unhasped the gate, and he and Jessie looked around and saw the pretty woods. "But what did mother tell us?" asked Jessie.

"Perhaps she was afraid of bears," answered Peter, "or the water in the woods, or something; but there are no bears. Oh, there's a squirrel on that tree! See him, see him, Jessie!" and away ran Peter to the woods, and away ran Jessie after him. The squirrel hid, and the children went on, hoping to find another. They strayed down a bank, and came to a brook and a little pool. "Mother thought we'd fall into this pool, and that's the reason she cautioned us against coming here," said Peter; "but we shan't, shall we, Jessie?" "No," answered Jessie, "we won't." And so they ran round, and tumbled about, and picked flowers, and at last got back to the garden gate safe and unharmed, without anybody knowing they went.

"Jessie," said Peter, "don't you tell." "Not if mother asks?" asked Jessie. "She won't ask," said Peter.

Mother did not ask, nor did Jessie tell, and all went on at home as usual. Saturday night, after the children were washed, and Jessie had gone to sleep, Peter and his mother talked a little longer together, as they often did on a Saturday night. Peter said, "Mother I have been in the woods beyond the garden gate this week."

"When did you go?" she asked. He told her. "And mother," he said, "nothing happened to us there; we didn't fall into the water, or get wet, or tear our clothes; no bear ate us up. Why didn't you want us to go?"

"You lost something that afternoon in the woods," said his mother. "Lost something?" said Peter, and he thought of his knife, and his slate pencils, and his ball, and a three-cent piece in his pocket; he hadn't lost one of them, he was quite sure. "Yes," replied his mother, "think a moment what you have missed, for I know you lost something."

Peter for a moment thought his mother must be some spirit; for how could she know when he didn't know himself? "You will recollect if you think," said she. Peter put his head under the bed-quilt, for he began to see he had lost something; and the more he thought, the more sure he was of it. "Mother," he at last said, in a sorrowful voice, "I did lose something in those woods, I did. I lost the happy out of my heart."

A MOTHER'S WORDS.

A youth of eighteen or nineteen years sat at an open window—a look of painful perplexity in his face, apparently occasioned by a letter he held in his hand. After sitting thus for some moments, he muttered to himself: "Yes, I must go; if I don't Brown and Smith will be laughing at me, and call me

righteous overmuch; and after all, there's no great harm in it, for I'll go to church in the morning, and it's only to be a sail down the river and spend the day in the country."

Still, he pressed his hand on his forehead for an instant, then rising hastily, he said:

"There is no use bothering about it; I must go."

As he rose, his eye lighted on the setting sun, and as it did so his whole expression changed; a sweet, yet sad look played on his face—his thoughts were elsewhere—another scene was before his eyes. The dark street had disappeared, and in its stead a neat country cottage had risen. In thought, he was there. Once more he saw the hills that rose near that cottage door; once more the blue waters of the lake glistened before him; once more he sat in the cottage garden with his widowed mother and watched the setting sun.

Once more that mother's words sounded in his ears—"John, don't forget your God, and He'll not forget you. 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.' Though sinners entice you to break it, consent thou not. O, when you're tempted to do wrong don't forget to pray! Never let the sun go down on a prayerless day. May the God of the fatherless guide you—may the Lord Jesus Christ be your Saviour!"

Yes, six months had passed since he heard these words, and yet they seemed to sound in his ears. Tears filled his eyes; and rising, he folded his hands and knelt in prayer; then taking his pen, he wrote thus:

"Thanks, Brown, for your invitation; but I cannot accept it. My duty to God is to obey His commands; and He hath said: 'Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.' Spending the day in idle pleasure is not doing this; and I wish you would think over the subject and not go yourself."

NOT YET.

"My son, give me thine heart." "Not yet," said the little boy as he was busy with his trap and ball: "when I grow older I will think about it."

The little boy grew to be a young man. "Not yet," said the young man, "I am now about to enter into trade; when I see my business prosper, then I shall have more time than now."

Business did prosper. "Not yet," said the man of business: my children must now have my care; when they are settled in life, I shall be better able to attend to religion."

He lived to be a gray-headed old man. "Not yet," still he cried; "I shall soon retire from trade, and then I shall have nothing else to do but to read and pray."

And so he died. He put off to another time what should have been done when a child. He lived without God and died without hope.

BE GENTLE TO THE LITTLE ONES.

A mother who was preparing some flour to mix into bread, left it for a few moments, when little Mary—with childish curiosity to see what it was—took hold of the dish, which fell to the floor spilling the contents. The mother struck the child a severe blow, saying with anger, that she was always in the way. Two weeks after, little Mary sickened and died. On her death-bed, while delirious she asked her mother if there would be room for her among the angels. "I was always in your way, mother, you had no room for little Mary! And will I be in the angels' way? Will there be no room for me?" The broken-hearted mother then felt that no sacrifice would be too great, could she have saved her child.

THE VALUE OF THE SABBATH.

Not many years ago, a government contractor went far to the West with his men and teams to make a turnpike road. At first he paid no regard to the Sabbath, but continued his work as on other days. He soon found, however, that the ordinances of nature, no less than the law of God, were against him. His laborers became sickly; his teams grew poor and feeble; and he was fully convinced that there was more lost than gained by Sunday labor.

When gold was first discovered in California, the miners worked for a time without any weekly cessation; but they found that they were digging graves as well as gold; and, having lost their reckoning of the Sabbath, they actually made a day of rest for themselves.

When the engines of an extensive steam-packet company in the south of England were getting constantly damaged, the mischief was soon repaired by giving the men what the bounty of their Creator had given them long before—the rest of each seventh day.

A distinguished merchant in America once said, "I should have been dead or a maniac long ago had it not been for the Sabbath." This was said in the hearing of others; and one of them told of a merchant who used to boast that he found Sunday the best day for planning voyages, but who was then in a lunatic asylum.

GEOLOGY AT DISCOUNT.

The geologist, if he be fairly in earnest, is far too tired, after his day's work, to trouble himself about the aristocratic air of his quarters, and besides generally manages to put his outer man into so uncleanly a condition, that a grand hotel would have some scruples in taking him in. Professor Sedgwick, after a hard morning's work, betook himself to a village inn for a lunch of bread and cheese. When he asked what he had to pay, he was told "fourpence." He could not avoid remarking on the smallness of the charge. "Ah, sir," said the landlady, "I should ask eightpence of any one else,

but I only ask fourpence from you, for I see you have seen better days." At another time, a lady stopped by the roadside, where he was working, made some inquiries, and gave him a shilling, because his answers were so intelligent for his station. He met the same lady at dinner next day, to her great astonishment. A well-known geologist, long secretary to the Geological Society, was once taken up while at his vocation, and dragged to the Bristol Asylum for an escaped lunatic. On another occasion, tired, and with his pockets full of his day's treasures, he mounted a stage coach, and fell fast asleep. Waking at his journey's end, he was horrified to find his pockets as empty as when he set out. An old woman, who sat beside him, feeling the pockets full of stones, took him for a madman, who had loaded himself more effectually to secure drowning; so she slyly picked out the fossils, one by one, from the drowsy philosopher, and tossed them on the roadside.—Musical World.

The American Sunday-school Union has expended over \$1,500,000 in the prosecution of its work. In the district that embraces Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri, and Arkansas, it has, in the last twenty-three years, organized, visited, or aided 23,500 schools, that have gathered 1,215,869 scholars, and had 172,126 teachers.

BUDGET OF ANECDOTES.

—Nicholas Wala, though a regular Quaker preacher, was a great wag, and many are the good things said by him which are still current in certain Philadelphia circles. He was once traveling on horseback in the interior of Pennsylvania, in company with two Methodist preachers. They discussed the points of difference in their respective sects, until they arrived at the inn where they were to put up for the night. At supper, Wala was seated between the two Methodists, and before them was placed a plate containing two trout. Each of the circuit-riders placed his fork in a fish and transferred it to his plate, after which each shut his eyes and said an audible grace before meat. The Quaker availed himself of the opportunity to transfer both of the trout to his own plate, merely remarking, when the others opened their eyes, "Your religion teaches you to pray, but mine teaches me both to watch and pray."—Lippincott's Magazine.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said an Irish barrister, "It will be for you to say whether this defendant shall be allowed to come into court with unblushing footsteps, with the cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth, and to withdraw three bullocks out of my client's pocket with impunity!"—Ibid.

—Young gentlemen at college will appreciate Heine's witty remark, that "the Romans would never have found time to conquer the world if they had been first obliged to learn Latin. These happy people," said he, "knew in their very cradles what nouns have an accusative in *in*."—Ibid.

—In illustration of the annoyance which doctors are often subjected to by the loquacity of their patients, Sir James Eyre, M. D., tells the following anecdote of the celebrated Dr. Abernethy:—"A very talkative lady, who had wearied the temper of Mr. Abernethy, which was at all times impatient of gabble, was told by him, the first moment that he could get a chance of speaking, to be good enough to put out her tongue. 'Now, pray, madam,' said he, 'keep it out.' The hint was taken. He rarely met with his match; but on one occasion he fairly owned that he had. He was sent for to an innkeeper, who had had a quarrel with his wife, who had scarred his face with her nails, so that the poor man was bleeding and much disfigured. Mr. Abernethy considered this an opportunity not to be lost for admonishing the offender, and said, 'Madam, are you not ashamed of yourself to treat your husband thus? the husband, who is the head of all—your head, madam, in fact.' 'Well, doctor,' fiercely retorted the virago, 'and may I not scratch my own head?' Upon this her friendly adviser, after giving directions for the benefit of the patient, turned upon his heel, and confessed himself beaten for once."—Ibid.

—Sir James Eyre endorses the opinion of Abernethy, that almost everybody eats too much. Quality, of food he considers of much more serious importance than quantity and he rejoices over the perfect liberty in this respect conceded in these halcyon days at the most hospitable tables. In his youth it was not so. "I once escaped," he says, "at table the well-meant persecutions of the kind-hearted wife of a medical friend, from whom, ever and anon, came the inquiry of what I would take next. This had been so often repeated that I had begun to look round, fearing that my character, as a teacher by example, might suffer, and replied that, 'if she pleased, I would take breath.'"—Ibid.

—A Massachusetts paper avers that a contribution was recently taken in one of the churches in Northampton, and on the day following a man who is a capitalist, and counts his property by hundreds of thousands called on one of the church officers to recover part of his contribution, stating that he made a mistake and put into the box ten cents when he meant to put in five cents! The suspicious element in the story is that such a man could be so careless.

—One day an aide-de-camp of the Emperor Nicholas threw himself at his feet, and begged an extraordinary favor from his sovereign, permission to fight a duel. The Emperor immediately and emphatically refused. "But, sire, I am dishonored; I must fight," cried the disconsolate aide. The Czar frowned, and asked him what he meant: "I have been struck in the face," was the ready reply. "Well," said the Emperor, "for all that, thou shalt not fight;" "but come—come with me." And taking him by the arm, the Emperor led him into the presence of his court, which was assembled in an adjoining saloon. Then, in view of the flower of his realm, the Emperor kissed the cheek of the aide-de-camp which had received the blow. "Go now," he exclaimed, "and be at peace; the affront had been effaced."