

Family Circle.

Original.

THE DYING MOTHER.

BY REV. J. C. WATTS.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." David.

Not many years ago, in a sequestered corner of our land, was erected a neat little white-washed cottage, the residence of two hundred spirits, two devoted Christians.

They were blest with one child, a little lively rose-checked boy. His eye usually sparkled with a happy smile—his cheeks would be gently dimpled with every expression of pleasure—whilst his brow indicated a deeply thoughtful mind almost imperceptibly shaded by a pensive tinge.

His pious mother like a guardian angel watched over him with the most kindly solicitude, trained carefully his infantine mind; and morning and evening taught him to kneel at her knee to adore the God who reigns in heaven, and to hush the name of Jesus who blest little children. Happy, however, as was this endearing association, death the relentless messenger summoned the mother to her eternal rest.

The evening was placid and calm—the monarch of the day when retiring into the West, had diffused his parting rays in rich beneficence, bathing the distant horizon in a tide of gold, indicative, of his resting place—the clear bright sky was not rippled by a twilight cloud, though enlivened by a brilliant starry host—the whispering spirits of the better world—the plaintive breezes were lulled into repose—when the mother lay on her dying bed.

Before the angelic convoy came to bear her home, the little boy was taken to rest in the adjoining room. The attendants wished to hurry him into bed without prayer, but he put up his dear little hands and with the tear in his eye said, "let me say my prayers, do let me say my prayers."

The mother overheard the request—called him to her bedside, and told him to kneel and pray. He prayed,

"Gentle Jesus meek and mild, &c."

He was satisfied. His sainted mother for the last time blest him and kissed him. During the course of that night her sanctified soul escaped to the realms of endless day,

"To join the music of the skies."

The child became a man; the prayer of matured Christian experience, was substituted for the infantile lisp; and that son, thus piously trained, now occupies a respectable worldly position; walks humbly with his God, is an ornament to the Church, a blessing to the world, and will shortly be reunited in glory everlasting, to that Christian praying mother who educated him for the Lord. Mothers, the Lord saith unto you each, "Take this child away, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages."

A LOVELY FAMILY.

From the American Mothers' Magazine.

In the town of H—, Illinois, there lives a family consisting of a father, mother, and seven children, all young—and they all dwell in peace, because "the Son of peace dwells there."

The parents, possessed of superior excellence, live in a rude cabin, and calmly submit to the deprivations incidental to the West. But whatever else they may sacrifice or suffer by a residence in this new and uncultivated portion of our country, they are united in this—not to sacrifice the health, usefulness, happiness, and eternal salvation of their children! To train up their offspring in the way they should go, is their constant care—hence you may see them growing up like olive plants about their table.

1. The parents live together in perfect harmony and love, their offspring observe, and walk in their steps.

2. The parents are industrious, orderly, neat—these characteristics are transmitted to their children.

3. The parents are benevolent, hospitable, kind—and teach the same to their children.

4. The parents are studious, "redeeming the time," and every child, I believe, loves his book, and spends most of his leisure hours in treasuring up knowledge of the choicest kind.

5. These parents govern their children. To do this, they begin with them so soon as the seeds of obstinacy and self-will begin to develop. When and where depravity begins to show itself, just then and there they commence a course of strict discipline. A little physical force exercised upon a child six months old, before moral suasion can be used; restraining or constraining it, is effectually teaching it to yield

its will to that of its parents or tutors. If, altogether, the child exhibits a spirit of rebellion, it is sure to be corrected in proportion to the offence. This chastisement, though severely administered, is done in love, and the child is made to feel it so. Once, twice, or thrice, effectually conquers any child of promise. In earliest infancy the wise parent puts a check upon the slightest developments of unhallowed passion; this secures the child in habits of obedience and order.

6. The child is taught and constrained to obey the first time spoken to—and having always done it, knows no other way.

7. It obeys fully, and without parleying—No "I don't want to" is neither allowed by the parent, or expected by the child.

8. It obeys cheerfully—being made to feel it a privilege, as well as an imperative duty.

9. The parents do not elevate the tone of voice, when administering reproof.

10. Nor do they scold and rave, at every or any little casualty or accident which happens in the family.

11. They are always calm, always pleasant, always kind, always true, always decided, always firm, and are feared; always orderly, and maintain order in the family; always quiet, and the children also; always love, and are loved. They never consult the whims of their children, but the present and ultimate good.

12. Above all, and first and last, they teach their children to read the Word of God, and regularly catechise them, or give lessons from the sacred volume. This accompanied by tears and prayers prepares the mind and heart to receive the ingrafted Word, which makes wise to salvation—hence that lonely family are eminently a praying family, and five of the children give good evidence that they pray understandingly, being taught of the Spirit. O! to hear these little lambs sing and pray! 'tis a paradise below. The promise is sure—"Their seed shall be blessed." Here is beauty and loveliness! here is parental faithfulness and filial affection! here is brotherly kindness and sisterly love and tenderness! here is conjugal felicity and domestic peace!

EARLY PIETY.

How early may we expect our children to become pious? There has doubtless been a vast deal of unbelief in the church, in reference to this point. Many parents seem to have supposed that their children could not become Christians till they had reached the age of twelve or fifteen years, and that their conversion at that age would be very remarkable, hardly to be expected. The influence of such a sentiment must be highly pernicious. It fulfils its own prediction. The parent who cherishes it will not, of course, labor for present effect. It will be evident to your child. He will see that you do not expect him to become pious at present, and therefore, that it will be very innocent and safe for him to put off the concerns of his soul. Relying upon the hope of future repentance, he will deliberately go on in sin, till his habits of iniquity become fixed, his conscience seared, and his heart like an adamant; or in the mean time an angry God may summon him away to a fearful doom.—Parental Training.

DISCIPLINE.—Discipline, like the bridle in the hand of a good rider, should exercise its influence without appearing to do so; should be ever active, both as a support and as a restraint, yet seem to lie easily in hand. It must always be ready to check or to pull up, as occasion may require; and only when the horse is a runaway, should the action of the curb be perceptible.

THE ATHEIST.

When the Atheist disputes with a Christian against Providence, if he will say anything to the purpose, he must dispute against Providence, upon the supposition of another life, and prove, that the external rewards and the punishments of the next world cannot vindicate the wisdom and justice of Providence in this. This is the true state of the controversy, bring them to this issue, and they will find little to say which gives any trouble to a wise man to answer.—Dr. Sherlock.

ADVANTAGES OF THE NORMAL SCHOOL TO THE PEOPLE.—The advantages arising from improved methods of teaching, which have been introduced by instructors from the normal school, have attracted our attention, more particularly the last session, and are such as must commend themselves to every friend of youth. Whatever helps the learner to clearer apprehension of the principles he is called to apply, and abridges the labor, while it adds to the interests of his various operations in study, is a most valuable attainment.—Mass. School Report.

EXAMPLE FOR PARENTS.—The education of our children is never out of my mind. Train them to virtue, habituate them to industry, activity, and spirit. Make them consider every vice as shameful and unmanly. Fire them with ambition to be useful. Make them disdain to be destitute of any useful knowledge.—Adams' (Ex-Pres. U. S.) Letters to his Wife.

Geographic and Historic.

THE HOLY LAND.

JERUSALEM—A MORNING'S WALK.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

There is little pleasure in visiting the places within the walls of Jerusalem which are reported by the monks to be the scenes of the acts and sufferings of Christ. There is no certainty about these and the spots regarding which there can be no mistake are so interesting, that the mind and heart of the travellers turn away from such as may be fabulous. About the site of the Temple, there is no doubt, and beyond the walls one meets at every turn assurance of being where Christ walked and taught, and where the great events of the Jewish history took place. Let us go over what I have found in one ramble; and then my readers will see what it must be to take walks in the neighborhood of Jerusalem.

Leaving the city by the Bethlehem Gate, we descended into the valley of Hinnon to Gethseana. Here there are many tombs cut in the rock, with entrances like door-ways. When I speak of Bethany I shall have occasion to describe the tombs of the Jews. It was in this valley, and close by the fountain of Siloam, that, in the days of Jewish idolatry, children passed through the fire, in honor of Moloch. There is the place called Tophet in Scripture—fit to be spoken of, as it was, as an image of hell. Here in this place of corruption and cruelty, where fires hovered about like living bodies, and worms preyed on the dead—here was the imagery of terror—"the worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched." The scene is very different now. The slopes are terraced, that the winter rains may not wash away the soil, and these terraces were to day green with spring wheat; and the spreading olives and fig trees cast their shadows on the rich though stony soil. Streams were led from the pool of Siloam among the fields and gardens; and all looked cool and fresh in the once hellish spot. On the top of the opposite hill was the field of Blood—the field bought as a burial place for strangers, by the priests to whom Judas returned his bribe. For the burial of strangers; it was used in subsequent ages; for pilgrims who died at the Holy City were laid there. It is now no longer enclosed; but a charnel-house marks the spot.

The pools all around Jerusalem are beautiful; the cool arching rock roof of some the weed-turfed sides and clear waters of all, are delicious. The pool of Siloam is still pretty—though less so, no doubt; than when the blind man, sent to wash there, opened his eyes on its sacred stream. The fountain of Siloam is more beautiful than the pool. It lies deep in a cave, and must be reached by broad steps which wind down in the shadow. A woman sat to-day in the dim light of reflected sunshine—washing linen in the pool. Here it was that in days of old the priest came down with his golden pitcher, to draw water for the temple service; and hither it was that the thought of Milton came when he sang of—

Siloa's brook that flowed  
Fast by the oracle of God.

We were now in the Valley of Jehoshaphat; and we crossed the bottom of it, where the brook Kedron must run when it runs at all; but it seems to be now merely a winter torrent, and never to have been a constant stream. When we had ascended the opposite side of the valley, we were on the Mount of Olives. The ascent was steep—now among tombs, and now past fields of waving barley, fleeted with the shade of olive trees. As we ascended, the opposite hill seemed to rise, and the city to spread. Two horsemen in the valley below, and a woman with a burden on her head, mounting to the city by a path up Moriah, looked so surprisingly small as to prove the grandeur of the scenery. Here about it was, as it is said, and may reasonably be believed, that Jesus mourned over Jerusalem, and told his followers what would become of the noble city which here rose upon their view, crowning the sacred mount, and shining clear against the cloudless sky. Dwellers in our climate cannot conceive of such a sight as Jerusalem seen from the summit of the Mount of Olives. The Moab mountains, over towards the Dead Sea, are dressed in the softest hues of purple, lilac, and grey. But the city is the glory—aloft on the steep—its long lines of wall clearly defined to the sight, and every minaret and cupola, and almost every stone marked out by the brilliant sunshine against the deep blue sky. In the spaces unbuild on within the walls, are tufts of verdura, and cypresses spring here and there from some convent garden. The green lawns of the Mosque of Omar are spread out before the eye, what must it have been in the days of its pride? Yet in that day, when every one looked for the exulting blessing, "Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces!" there came instead the lamentations over the Jerusalem that killed the prophets and stoned the messengers of Jehovah, and whose house must be therefore left desolate.

The disciples, looking from thence upon the strength of the walls, the massiveness of the Temple buildings, then springing 408 feet from the bed of the brook below, and the depth and ruggedness of the ravines surrounding the city on three sides might well ask when these things should be accomplished. On the fourth side, the north, where there is no ravine, the Roman

army was encamped. We could now see that rising ground, once covered with the Roman tents, but to-day with corn fields and olive grounds. The Romans encamped one legion on the Mount of Olives; but it could not do any harm to the city; and the only available point of attack—the north side—was garded by a moat and three walls. The siege was long; so long that men's hearts failed them for fear, and at last one famished woman ate her own child; and last the city was taken and nearly destroyed, and the Temple not one stone was left upon another. We were in the midst of these scenes to day! We stood where the doom was pronounced; below us was the camp of the single legion I have mentioned; opposite was the humble city, with the sight of the temple courts, and over the north was the camp of the enemy. Here was the whole scene of "great tribulation, such as was not known from the beginning of the world."

From the summit of Olivet, we went down to the scene of that other tribulation—the anguish of mind which had perhaps, never been surpassed from the beginning of the world; "When Jesus had spoken these words (but words of cheer after the last supper) he went forth, we are told, "with his disciples over the brook Kedron, where was a garden." The garden was entered to-day from the other direction, and we left it by crossing the bed of the brook. It was a dreary place now very unlike what it must have been when "Jesus oft-times resorted thither with his disciples." It is a plot of ground on a slope above the brook, enclosed with fences of loose stones, and occupied by eight extremely old olive trees—the oldest, I should think, that we saw in all our travels. I do not mean that they could have been growing in the days of Christ. That is supposed to be impossible; that I never could learn with the greatest age known to be attained by the olive tree.—The root of these were supported by little terraces of stone, that neither trees nor soil might be washed down the slope by the water torrents. But little remains of these once fine trees but hollow trunks and a few straggling branches. It is with the mind's eye that we must see the filling up of this garden enclosure where "Jesus oft-times resorted thither"—its orchard of fig, pomegranate, and olive trees, and the grass or young springing corn under foot. From every part of the approach of Judas and his party must have been visible. By their lanterns and weapons, gleaming in the light, they must have been seen descending the hill from the city gate. The sleeping disciples may not have needed the lights and footsteps of the multitude; but step by step as it wound down the steep, and then crossed the brook, and turned up to the garden, the victim knew that the hour of his fate drew on.

By the way the crowd came down, we now ascended towards the city, turning aside, however, to skirt the north wall, instead of returning home through the streets.—Not to mention now other things that we saw, we noted much connected with the siege; the nature of the ground—favorable for the encampment of an army, and the shallow moat under the walls, where the Romans brought two great wooden towers on wheels, that the men in the towers might fight on a level with those on the walls, and throw missiles into the town. This scene of conflict is very quiet now. A crop of barley was ripening under the very walls; and an Arab, with a soft, mild countenance, was filling his water-skin at the pool called the sheep pool, near the Damascus gate. The proud Roman and despairing Jew were not more unlike each other than this Arab, with his pathetic face, was unlike arches of the rock, and his red cap came into them both. As he stooped under the dim contrast with the dark grey of the still water below, and the green of the dangling weeds over his head, our thoughts were recalled to our own day, and to a sense of the beauty we meet in every nook and corner of the Holy Land.

From this ramble, my readers may see something of what it is to take walks in the neighborhood of Jerusalem.

Australia has an importance in the eyes of England superior, perhaps, to all her other colonies. The climate is obviously more fitted for the English frame than that of Canada or the West Indies. The English settler alone is master of the mighty continent of New Holland, for the natives are few, savage, and rapidly diminishing. The Englishman may range over a territory of 2,000 miles long by 1,700 broad, without meeting the subject of any other sovereign, or hearing any other language than his own. The air is temperate, though so near the equator, and the soil, though often unfruitful, is admirably adapted to the rearing of sheep and cattle. The adjoining islands offer the finest opportunities for the commercial enterprise of the Englishman, and its directness of navigation to India or China, across and ocean that scarcely knows a storm, gives it the promise of being the great eastern depot of the world. Van Diemen's Land, about the size with more than the fertility of Ireland, is said to resemble Switzerland in picturesque beauty; and New Zealand, a territory of 1,500 miles in length, and of every diversity of surface, is already receiving the laws and the population of England.—Blackwood's Magazine.