

## Family Circle.

"I have no influence."

"I have no influence," I heard some one say the other day. Now he who may say or think this, is blinded to his own character, and that of others. No being can live in this world without influencing one or more fellow beings, either for good or evil. Very seldom is it, too, that one alone is affected; more frequently a whole circle is moved by a thoughtless sentence. Nay, a word from a person scarcely noticed by his fellow mortals, may move a train of thought in the mind of another, who may be one who will "turn the world upside down." More than this; a look, one look without a word, one motion of the hand without a sound, may kindle energies for good or for evil.

And here is the great point—for good or for evil; if for good, the end gained may be heaven; if for evil, it is everlasting despair! Not one in this wide world, however small, however obscure, who has a mind, but influences the one or many who see or hear him. This fact gives to influence its peculiar responsibility. It is an endowment superadded to the exercise of our talents, which passes on to immortality amidst obligations increasing and unending.

Therefore, let that boy or girl at school, even though but eight or nine years old, take care! You may say some word to that thoughtless boy at your side, which will make him give up the use of wicked words, and try to grow up a useful man.—Or you may, without a word, show him something that will tempt him to do an evil deed, which may end in a life of crime! Dear child, beware!

O young man, I want a voice of thunder to startle you into a reality of your influence over others! but I only breathe one word—*refrain*. If you will not do what your inner voice tells you is wrong, you may save yourself and many others. Touch not the electric chain of evil, and no shock will be felt from you through the circle with which you come in contact. Thus your influence will be apparently negative, but positively great.

And woman, too, has much to do with influence and its power. I would mention but one of the many paths open to her, for from this she is never shut out—prayer. She may not lift her head among the graceful and the gay—she may not stand on the platform of politics or of science—she may not be able to lay her hand on heaps of gold and press them to her heart; but whether crowned with all that woman ever possesses, or with nothing given her but a soul, she can pray, at all times, in all places. With this, heaven itself can be moved.

Dear reader, whoever, whatever, wherever you may be, you can never say, "I have no influence." While you live, you can never be without it.—*Presbyterian Treasury, (Am.)*

## The Wise Father.

When we were children at home, each of us had a little spot in the garden which we called our own, and very anxious we were to make the most of our several allotments. We resided in town, so that a garden was a luxury. I was extremely fond of flowers, and a friend from the country had brought me a beautiful peony, which I planted in the centre of my flower bed; it thrived, and was coming into bloom, and with delight I watched the bud daily growing larger, when one day, as I was watering a box of mignonette outside my window, I saw one of my sisters run a spade through the root of my treasure in three different places. I was much irritated, but said nothing about the matter till we met in the evening to work in our gardens, which were altogether. When about to commence operations, I reproached my sister for her unkindness. She denied the fact, and struck at me, at which I was so enraged, that, thinking of nothing but the injury which I had sustained, I seized the top of a watering pot and threw it at her; it struck her forehead; the blood flowed freely, and she fainted. Oh, that hour! Never! never! shall I

forget the agony of that moment! I thought I had killed my sister, and as her inanimate form lay beside me, a thousand conflicting emotions struggled in my bosom. The scene is fresh before me now—the high wall of white stone which enclosed us, the gravel walks which intersected our little gardens, and the portico which led into the paved court overhung with laburnums. At this juncture my father came up. He quietly put me aside, raised my sister from the ground, and after ascertaining that she was not seriously hurt, and placing her in good hands, summoned me to him, and most touchingly and affectionately warned me against giving way to temper, telling me that, if I allowed my passions thus to gain the ascendancy, I should one day very likely commit murder! He was not at all angry. The only emotion he manifested was sorrow. Parents, be gentle with your erring children. My father's tender appeal to my better feelings awakened deep thought and contrition, and, from that day to this, whenever I feel the risings of passion, the scene in the garden and my father's admonition are before me, fresh as ever, and angry thoughts vanish. My sister quickly recovered, having received but a slight wound from the blow I had given her, and I trust we both profited by our father's judicious notice of this painful accident.

## The Young Lady and the Wife.

A lady should appear to think well of books, rather than to speak well of them; she may show the engaging light that good taste and sensibility always diffuse over conversation; she may give instances of great and affecting passages, because they show the fineness of her imagination, or the goodness of her heart, but all criticism beyond this, sits awkwardly upon her. She should know more than she displays, because it gives her unaffected powers in discourse; for the same reason that a man's efforts are easy and firm, when his action requires not his full strength. She should, by habit, form her mind to the noble and pathetic; and she should have an acquaintance with the fine arts, because they enrich and beautify the imagination; but she should carefully keep them out of view in the shape of learning, and let them run through the easy vein of unpremeditated thought; for this reason she should seldom use, and not always appear to understand the terms of art; the gentlemen will occasionally explain them to her. I knew a lady of address, who, when any term of art was mentioned, always turned to the gentleman she had a mind to compliment, and, with uncommon grace, asked him the meaning; by this means, she gave men the air of superiority they like so well, while she held them in chains. No humor can be more delicate than this, which plays upon the tyrant, who requires an acknowledgment of superiority of sense, as well as power, from the weaker sex!

A lady sporting her learning, and introducing her verses upon all occasions, reminds one of a woman who has a fine hand and arm, a pretty foot, or a beautiful set of teeth, and who is not satisfied with letting them appear as nature and custom authorize, but is perpetually intruding her separate perfections into notice. If a woman neglects the duties of her family and the care of her children—if she is less amiable as a wife, mother, or mistress, because she has talents or acquirements, it would be far better if she were without them; and when she displays that she has more knowledge than her husband, she shows at least, that no woman can have less than herself.

There is no great need of enforcing upon an unmarried lady the necessity of being agreeable, nor is there any great art requisite in a youthful beauty to enable her to please. Nature has multiplied attractions around her. Youth is in itself attractive. The freshness of budding beauty needs no aid to set it off; it pleases merely because it is fresh, and budding, and beautiful. But it is for the married state that a woman needs the most instruction, and in which she would be most on her guard to maintain her powers of pleasing. No woman can expect to be to her husband all that he fancied her when a lover. Men are always duped, not so much by the arts of the sex,

as by their own imaginations. They are always wooing goddesses, and marrying mere mortals. A woman should, therefore, ascertain what was the charm that rendered her so fascinating when a girl, and endeavor to keep as a wife. One great thing undoubtedly was, the chariness of herself and her conduct, which an unmarried female always observes. She should maintain the same niceness and reserve in her person and habits, and endeavor still to preserve a freshness and delicacy in the eyes of her husband. She should remember that the province of a woman is to be wooed, not to woo; to be caressed, not to caress. Man is an ungrateful being in love; bounty loses rather than wins him.

## Early Instruction.

An important principal of education, derived from the Bible, is that religious instruction should be begun early. The intellectual nature must not be allowed to anticipate the moral, but religious truth must shine forth and mingle its rays with the early dawn of the mind. Advancement in knowledge of any kind greatly depends upon early cultivation. But the condition of our moral nature is such as to require, in a special manner, the illuminating, preventive, and quickening influence of religion. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." The fulfilment of the promise depends upon early beginning, even in childhood, and if the work be postponed, there is no promise of success. In the same spirit our blessed Lord left to his church the injunction, "Feed my lambs." "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." The Divine love and care of the rising generation are signally illustrated in the authoritative provisions to instil early into the youthful mind the principles of piety and truth. Have you attended to all this, mothers? And yet are your children passing along, year after year, without conversion? There is something wrong somewhere. A lady once pressed the matter of conversion on a party of young people, and ended by saying, "There is more hope of conversion before twenty than after." Do you believe this? There was one among the youthful party who *did* believe it, and it was the means of bringing her to the feet of Jesus. Some parents feel it a difficult matter to talk to their children about their souls. We heard a pious father say he once took a very long walk with a son, for the purpose of speaking to him about his soul, but they came home, and he had failed to do as he wished. He was asked the cause, and replied, "I know not, but think I must have been possessed by a dumb devil." Mother! father! remember, youth is the period of your child's conversion. This is the day of hope. If you fail now, the loss may be felt for ever—yes, for ever.

## The Young Astronomer.

La Caille, the celebrated astronomer, was the son of a parish clerk of a village. At the age of ten years his father sent him every evening to ring the church bell, but the boy always returned home late; his father was angry, and beat him, and still the boy returned an hour after he had rang the bell. The father, suspecting something mysterious in his conduct, one evening watched him. He saw his son ascend the steeple, ring the bell as usual, and remain there during an hour. When the unlucky boy descended, he trembled like one caught in the fact, and on his knees confessed that the pleasure he took in watching the stars from the steeple was the real cause of detaining him from home. As the father was not born to be an astronomer, he flogged the boy severely. The youth was found weeping in the streets by a man of science, who, when he discovered in a boy of ten years of age a passion for contemplating the stars at night, and an intelligence that found an observatory in a steeple, decided that the seal of nature had impressed itself on the genius of that boy. Relieving the parent from the son, and the son from the parent, he assisted the young La Caille in his passionate pursuits; and the event completely justified the prediction.

## General Miscellany.

## A Mine under the Sea.

The following description of a visit to Botallack copper mine, in England, is from a work recently published, entitled "Rambles beyond Railroads." In complete mining equipment, with candles stuck by lumps of clay to their felt hats, the travellers have painfully descended by perpendicular ladders and along dripping wet rock passages fathoms down into pitchy darkness. The miner who guides them calls a halt; and their exact position with reference to the surface of the "terraqueous globe" is thus described.—*Nat. Intel.*

We are now four hundred yards out, under the bottom of the sea, and twenty fathoms, or a hundred and twenty feet below the sea level. Coast-trade vessels are sailing over our heads. Two hundred and forty feet beneath us men are at work, and there are galleries deeper yet even below that! The extraordinary position down the face of the cliff, of the engines and other works on the surface at Botallack is now explained. The mine is not excavated like other mines, under the land, but under the sea.

Having communicated these particulars, the miner next tells us to keep strict silence and listen. We obey him, sitting speechless and motionless. If the reader could only have beheld us now, dressed in our copper-coloured garments, huddled close together in a mere cleft of the subterranean rock, with a flame burning on our heads, and darkness enveloping our limbs, he must certainly have imagined, without any violent stretch of fancy, that he was looking down upon a conclave of gnomes.

After listening for a few moments, a distant, unearthly noise becomes faintly audible—a long, low, mysterious moaning that never changes, that is felt on the ear as well as heard by it—a sound that might proceed from some incalculable distance, from some far, invisible height—a sound unlike any thing that is heard on the upper ground, in the free air of heaven—a sound so sublimely mournful, and still so ghostly and impressive, when listened to in the subterranean recesses of the earth, that we continue instinctively to hold our peace, as if enchanted by it, and think not of communicating to each other the strange feeling and astonishment which it has inspired in us both from the first.

At last the miner speaks again, and tells us that what we hear is the sound of the surf lashing the rocks a hundred and twenty feet above us, and of the waves that are breaking on the beach beyond. The tide is now at the flow, and the sea is in no extraordinary state of agitation; so the sound is low and distant just at this period. But when storms are at their height; when the ocean hurls mountain after mountain of water on the cliffs, then the noise is terrific; the roaring heard down here in the mine is so inexpressibly fierce and awful, that the boldest men at work are afraid to continue their labour. All ascend to the surface to breathe the upper air and stand on the firm earth, dreading—though no catastrophe has ever happened yet—that the sea will break in upon them if they remain in the cavern below.

Hearing this, we get up to look at the rock before us. We are not able to stand upright in the position we now occupy, and, flaring our candles hither and thither in the darkness, can see the bright pure copper streaking the gallery in every direction. Lumps of ooze of the most lustrous green colour, traversed by a natural network of thin red veins of iron, appear here and there in large irregular patches, over which water is dripping slowly and incessantly in certain places. This is the salt water percolating through invisible crannies in the rock. On stormy days it spouts out furiously in thin continuous streams. Just over our heads we observe a wooden plug of the thickness of a man's leg; there is a hole here, and the plug is all that we have to keep out the sea.

Innumerable wealth of metal is contained in the roof of this gallery, throughout its whole length; but it remains, and will always remain, untouched; the miners dare not take it, for it is part, and a great part, of the rock which forms their only protection against the sea, and which has been so far worked away here that its thickness is limited to an