

Family Circle.

LINE UPON LINE; LINE UPON LINE.

From the Christian Herald.

So obtuse is the intellect, and so hard the heart of man, so bent is he upon pursuing his wonted course, though ever so perverse and wrong, that to produce a radical change in his mind and morals, he must be long and repeatedly expostulated with, taught and urged, and exhorted with all long suffering and doctrine.

This error is a native weed, growing in the garden of every man's heart with more or less luxuriance. Hence, even those whose appropriate work it is to teach others, find it necessary to make repeated and painful efforts to make and keep themselves what they should be.

Line upon line, line upon line, precept upon precept, precept upon precept, is the language of inspiration. Every reformer of his race has proved that unless he observes this rule, he accomplishes little. The reformer's labor must be like a continual dropping in a very rainy day. The preacher, the editor, the collector, the missionary, the editor, the parent even, must give line upon line, till they see the desired result. It is the want of this course persevered in, that has produced most of the failures in individuals, and in both small and large bodies. First know you are right, and then give line upon line till you set others right.

But success depends not altogether upon the repetition of the application; but when the results begin to appear, and ground begins to be gained, effectual treasures must be taken to secure all that is gained, and not leave this to chance, hazard, or accident. Line upon line is as needful to secure as to gain. All farmers, all mechanics, all business men, all judicious practical men of all crafts and persuasions know feel, and act upon this principle. This is the secret of success in all things. It is true, a radical defect at the foundation can never be remedied by all the strength of Samson, the wisdom of Solomon, and the perseverance of a Joshua. Still Samson may fail by ceasing to go beyond the lap of Delilah, and Solomon by stopping in the midst of his wives. Neither wisdom nor strength can secure success without line upon line, even to the end.

A MOTHER.

There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood, that softens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has sullered, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency—who that has pined in a weary bed, in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land—but has thought of the mother "that looked on his childhood"—that smoothed down his pillow, and administered to his helplessness? Oh! there is an endearing tenderness in the love of a mother for her son, that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger or neglect, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience, she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity; and if adversity overtake him, he will be dearer to her by misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will love and cherish him; and if all the world set him off, she will be all the world to him.

WEDDINGS.

A learned writer says, in speaking of weddings, that "None but a parent feels upon occasions like this. And then the bride, gazing with filial and grateful spirit upon the faces of those under whose paternal kindness she has been fostered, still trembling at the magnitude and irrevocability of the step she has taken, and which must give a color to the whole of her future existence. Then turning her eyes upon her new-made husband, with a glance which seemed to say, "And now I must look for his band, parent, all in you," the reciprocal glances re-assure her—she drinks in confidence and reliance as her eyes bend beneath his—a thousand new feelings agitate her bosom—the anticipation gets the better of recollection. The future for a moment banishes the past, and she feels secured on the new throne she has erected for herself in the heart of the man to whom she has confided her happiness—her all."

THE CHILD MUST NOT FEAR ITS MOTHER.

The most essential thing for a timid infant is to have an absolutely unfailing refuge in its mother. It may seem unnecessary to say this. It may appear impossible that a mother's tenderness should ever fail towards a helpless little creature who has nothing but that tenderness to look too; but, alas! it is not so. I know a lady who is considered very sweet tempered, and who usually is so—kind and hospitable, and fond of her children. Her infant, under six months old, was lying on her arm one day when the dessert was on the table; and the child was eager after the bright glasses and spoons, and more restless than was convenient. After several attempts to make it lie quiet, the mother slapped it—slapped it hard. This was from an emotion of disappointed vanity, from vexation that the child was not "good" before visitors.

If such a thing could happen, may we not fear that other mothers may fail in tenderness—in the middle of the night, for instance, after a toil some day, when kept awake by the child's restlessness, or amidst the hurry of the day when business presses and the little creature will not take its sleep? Little do such mothers know the fatal mischief they do by impairing their child's security with them. If they did, they would undergo anything before they would let a harsh word or a sharp tone escape them, or indulge in a severe look or a hasty movement. A child's heart responds to the tones of its mother's voice like a harp to the wind, and its only hope for peace and courage is in hearing nothing but gentleness from her, and experiencing nothing but unremitting love, whatever may be its troubles elsewhere.

THE ALMOND BLOSSOM.

"Dear mamma," said a lovely little girl to her mother, as they were walking together in the garden, "why do you have so few of those beautiful double almonds in the garden? You have hardly a bed where there is not a tuft of violets, and they are so much plainer! what can be the reason?" "My dear child," said the mother, gather me a bunch of each; then I will tell you why I prefer the humble violet." The little girl ran off, and soon returned with a fine bunch of the beautiful almond and a few violets.

"Smell them my love," said her mother, "and see which is the sweetest." The child smelled again and again, and could scarcely believe herself and that the lovely almond had no scent, while the plain violet had a delightful odor. "Well, my child, which is the sweetest?" "Oh, dear mother, 'tis this little violet!" "Well, you know now, my child, why I prefer the plain violet to the beautiful almond. Beauty, without fragrance, in flowers, is as worthless, in my opinion, as beauty without gentleness and good temper in little girls. When any of those people who speak without reflection may say to you, 'What charming blue eyes! What beautiful curls! What a fine complexion!' without knowing whether you have any good qualities, and without thinking of your defects and failings, which everybody is born with, remember then, my little girl, the almond blossom; and remember, also, when your affectionate mother may not be here to tell you, that beauty, without gentleness and good temper, is worthless."

IDLE DAUGHTERS.

It is a most painful spectacle in females, where the mother is the drudge, to see the daughters elegantly dressed, reclining at their ease, with their drawing, their music, their fancy work, and their reading—beguiling themselves of the lapse of hours, days, and weeks, and never dreaming of their responsibilities; but as a necessary consequence of neglect of duty, growing weary of their useless lives, lay hold of every newly invented stimulant to rouse their drooping energies, and blaming their fate, when they dare not blame their God, for having placed them where they are. These individuals often tell you, with an air of affected compassion (for who can believe it real?) that poor dear mamma is working herself to death; yet, no sooner do you propose that they should assist her, than they declare she is quite in her element—in short, that she never would be happy if she had only half so much to do.

FRATERNAL LOVE.

A principal reason why we do not oftener see brothers and sisters deeply interested in and attached to each other, is, that suitable endeavors to that end are not put forth. Young men and women take great pains to awaken an interest in their behalf in the minds of mere acquaintances, while they leave home affections to grow spontaneously, and take care of themselves. If those who study all the minutiae of dress, manners, speech, and appearance, to win the favorable regard of those whom they meet in company, would take half the trouble to make themselves agreeable, useful, and lovely to their brothers, sisters and parents—if they would as carefully watch over their manners at home as abroad—if they would study as hard to please relatives as they do to please strangers—there would soon be a beautiful and blessed change in hundreds of families, whose members heretofore have seen but little in each other to love.—Mother's Magazine.

A FEW WORDS FOR CHILDREN.

* You were made to be kind, says Horace Mann, generous and magnanimous. If there is a boy in the school who has a club foot don't let him know that you ever saw it. If there is a poor boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags when he is in hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part of the game which does not require running. If there is a hungry one give him part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lessons. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs and no more talents than before. If a larger or stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him and request the teacher not to punish him. All the school will show by their countenances how much better it is to have a great soul than a great fist.

Geographic and Historic.

THE HOLY LAND—NAZARETH AND MOUNT CARMEL.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

We passed the night of the 14th of April in our tents, just outside the town of Jann. Our dragoman had warned us of the thievish character of the people of this neighborhood, so that we had an eye to such of our property as was lying about while the tents were preparing. The Governor called, had coffee, and appointed four guards; so that we supposed ourselves free from robbery. But in the morning the best mule was gone, and the four guards declared themselves wholly unable to say when, how, and by whom the animal was set loose from its fastenings and carried off. Our departure was delayed, the Governor was sent for, and a pretended inquiry was made, and this gave me opportunity to walk about for an hour after breakfast—through the little town, through an orange grove where every tree was white with blossoms; and up a neighbouring hill whence I saw to my surprise, a snowy mountain peak to the North east. This was the summit of Gebel Sheikh—the mountain which closes the north end of the valley of the Jordan, and then joins on the range of Antilibanus. From my point of view, I could see, too, the beautiful plain of Esdraclon which we were to traverse this day; and the hills to the north which enclosed Nazareth, where we hoped to sleep this night, and to the west, some tokens of the rise of a line of hills which we should soon see swelling into Mount Carmel, where we were to go to-morrow. What a prospect lay before both eye and mind!

Our dragoman told us we might make our selves easy about our mule. He had no doubt it was in some stable in the town. We should be asked to have a muleteer behind, and in a day or two the animal would be delivered to him, with the demand of a few piasters for the trouble of finding the mule on the mountains. It is probable that the matter stood exactly so, for the muleteer followed in two days with the beast, having paid fourteen piasters for the trouble of finding it!

Thus far we have travelled only among hills and among valleys; and to-day we heartily enjoy our ride over the rich plain of Esdraclon. It was fertile and flowery from end to end; and the young partridges ran under the very feet of my horse. Small birds flitted in multitudes on every side, and the tall cranes stood among the high grass. The Carmel range grew upon the sight as we had expected; and the blue hills of Galilee closed in the view northward. Little Mount Hermon rose on our sight, and on his north acclivity lay the village of Nain. A round hill, dropped over with old oaks, was Mount Tabor. Villages were well placed on such rising grounds as there were amid the plains; and our track lay, broad, level, and green, among rows of tall artichokes and patches of rich cultivation.

When about two-thirds of the way over, we crossed the great caravan track from Egypt to Damascus. We had been to Egypt, and we were going to Damascus; but we did not follow this track. We held on northward to the Galilean hills.

We entered upon these hills about an hour before we reached Nazareth, winding up and down, and around the base of one, and the shoulder of another, sometimes among scattered wood, sometimes over stony tracts, and always in sight of many goats. After mounting a very steep pass, and coming to a well, and winding round a hill once more, we came suddenly in sight of pretty Nazareth. Its basin of fertility is charming—its little plain, full of gardens and groves and fields, surrounded, as it seems, completely by hills. The town is in fact a poor one; but built of stone, and covering a little way up the western slope, it looks well from above.

Here, then, we had before our eyes the scenery amid which Jesus grew up. Its character cannot have changed very much since his day. A fertile basin among the everlasting hills, and a primitive little town which they protect, must bear the same aspect from age to age. The great addition is the convent and church of the Latin monks; but these buildings do not stand out offensively to the eye; but mingle well with the flat-roofed stone houses of the town. In this convent we had to take up our abode.—We longed to pitch our tents on the green below the town; but there was apprehension of rain, and it was thought better to go under the convent roof, which is truly a hospitable one.

I do not know what it is about the service of this church which is so affecting to strangers; but I observe that all travellers speak of the strong emotions excited here. Few believe that the little caves shown by the monks are the kitchen and sitting room of the parent of Jesus; and that the marked out by two granite pillars are those where Mary and the Angel stood at the time of the annunciation. I do not at all believe that these places were thus consecrated; yet I have seldom been so moved as I was this afternoon in the church of the annunciation at Nazareth. We were at least in the place of residence of Jesus, and saw what he saw every day;—the hollows of the valleys, the outlines of the hills, the streams in their courses, and the wild flowers which every where on the slopes

spread under foot. We were in the place which he called home. Entering the church we were saluted with a chaunt from a full choir;—a chaunt sonorous, swelling and exact;—the best music, incomparably, that I heard abroad. It told upon our very hearts. Of course we visited the rocky recesses below the church, which are called the abode of Joseph and Mary; and saw no reason to suppose that, while citizens of Nazareth, they lived in a grotto, rather than a house.

We were shown, too, a portrait of Jesus, which the monks believe to have been copied from an original taken in his lifetime!—as if there had been portrait painting of that kind in those days! and as if the Jews would have considered it lawful if there had! Such ignorance on the part of the monks prevents our relying on any traditions given by them; and I will, therefore, say nothing of the other places pointed out as sacred by them. Nazareth itself is sacred enough; and it is merely offensive to one's feelings to speak of some of the strange stories the monks tell, and really believe, about Jesus and his family, exhibiting what they declare to be the scenes of his life and daily actions.

The next day, the uppermost feeling throughout was of delight at the thought of the natural beauty amid which Jesus was reared. From the heights above the town we looked down into dells full of verdure; and abroad over the rich plain we had crossed the day before, and over toward Carmel, where we were going to-day. We rode among the hills for two hours, observing that clumps of forest trees became more frequent, and that the scenery was changing its character; and then we entered upon a tract which was so like the outskirts of an English nobleman's park that I could hardly believe we were in the Holy Land. Rich grasses covered up the slopes and levels, and clumps of ilex wooded every recess. We wound along under these clumps and along the glades of the scattered forest, and upon broken banks, and then again through reaches of chequered shade. And how could we help thinking at every stop who had once been here before us?

We were almost sorry to leave these park-like hills, though we were descending into the plain of Zebulon, and Carmel was before us, and we were about to cross the old river Kishon which Elijah knew so well when he lived in this region; and the blue sea was in sight; that sea from which Elijah's servant saw the cloud arise which was no bigger than a man's hand.

We rode at the foot of Carmel, keeping the river Kishon for the most part on the right hand. There could not be a finer place of assemblage than this plain for the children of Israel and the worshippers of the Sun (Baal) when Elijah summoned them to meet. From the foot of Mount Carmel which stands out boldly into the sea, the beach stretches northward in a fine sweep of fifteen miles to Acre, and the old Tyre. The plain of Zebulon, thus inclosed between the Galilean hills, Carmel, and the sea, held the assembled multitude on that great day. The worship of the Sun was very imposing in all the countries where it subsisted. We have all heard of it as the worship of Apollo in Greece. I saw mighty temples to the same god, under the name of Ra, in Egypt and Nubia; and under the name of Baal at Baulbec—a few days journey from this place at the foot of Carmel, where his host of priests was defec by Elijah. (1 Kings, xviii.) Here stood his four hundred and fifty prophets, in all their pomp.

Next we ascended the mountain itself; and we spent two nights in the convent on its heights; so that the whole scene is well impressed on my memory. We went down the mountain-side that afternoon, to see the caves where the schools of the prophets used to be; where the young men were gathered together to learn what was known of religion, and to prepare themselves for its administration.—Whether the principal cave was really thus occupied or not, some use was certainly made of it in ancient times. We found its large square grotto; a spacious apartment in the mountain side, cool, shadowy, and solemn. All about its entrance, and over all that side of the mountain, from the beach below to the convent on the height, was a perfect jungle of hollyhocks, ilex, odoriferous shrubs, herbs of many saviors, and wild flowers as gay as the rainbow.—Dry and drooping was all this vegetation when Elijah came hither at the end to the long drouth and cast himself down upon the earth while his servant watched on the ridge above. But oh! what an expanse of sky and of blue sea was there for the man's eye to range over while looking for a token of approaching rain! To-day there was not in all the sky a cloud so big as a man's hand; but instead of a cloud there was, at evening, the everlasting sign of the silver bow. When the sun had sunk beneath the waters, and left a golden glow on both sea and sky, the young moon hung in the west yet a little while before "the excellency of Carmel."

We easily believe what we wish; but we have a wonderful facility in raising doubts against those duties which thwart our inclinations.