

Family Circle.

APPEAL TO PARENTS IN VIEW OF THE JUDGMENT.

From "Parental Care"

As a strong motive to exertions for the conversion of your children, consider that you have to meet them at the judgement bar. On that great day, when the King of kings shall sit upon his judgement throne, what a happy, or what a dreadful interview will you have with those who are now committed to your care! If you meet them at the Saviour's right hand, if you behold them crowned with glory, redeemed from the ruins of the fall, with everlasting joy upon their heads, what a happy meeting! How will you bless the grace that enabled you to labor for their welfare, and that gave success to your efforts! What ample recompense will you receive, in their happiness, for all your pains and cares, for your deepest anxieties and fondest efforts! But should you behold them among the lost, and lost in a great view! how agonizing your reflections! On this subject a distinguished missionary remarks:—"Who has so much to dread in the prospects of judgment, as the parent, whose child may rise up, and addressing the judge, may say, 'Lord, this father, this mother, of mine, never warned me of this day; or warned me with so little solicitude, that I thought the danger could not be great.' If my soul had been precious in their sight, surely they could not have been so indifferent, so insensible, when they saw me on the very precipice of ruin! But their cold and scanty reference to the tremendous scenes of this day induced me to think there could be no great danger before me; and hence I followed the multitude to do evil, and neglected my everlasting interests, till I find it now proves too late. But ah! Lord, are there no mitigating circumstances in my case? If I had been faithfully warned and entreated—If anxiety, similar to what was felt when my body was in danger, had been manifested towards my soul, surely I should not have been in these circumstances! O Lord, it is in a great measure chargeable upon my father, upon my mother, who conversed with me upon every subject except my soul, that I am now doomed to hear the sentence, Depart, thou cursed. Surely I could never have been so besotted, had they but given proof that my soul was precious in their sight! On these accounts may I not hope that thou wilt doom me to some mitigated state of torment, less dreadful than if I had sinned against all the advantages which some children have possessed, but possessed without improvement." If there be one scene more dreadful than any in our conjectures respecting the disclosures of the day of judgment, it is the resurrection of an ungodly family, all rising in the most frightful consternation, and all calling upon "the rocks and mountains to fall upon them, and hide them from the face of Him that sitteth upon the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb." "But oh the joys, the transports of that father and mother, who not only find themselves at the right hand of Christ in that day, but their children there also."

EDUCATION OF MISSES.

There is in England much more attention to a really elevated education, among the higher classes, than in this country. There is a circle of society here which seems to regard a young lady as merely a pretty animal, to be embellished by a few showy attractions for a ready market. She must have the reputation, at least of understanding French; she must dance prettily, play a few fashionable airs upon the piano, and then sent into society for disposal. She catches some young man, who marries her. In a month or two, when the novelty has passed, he finds out that she is in mind but a child, and neglects her to seek enjoyment in the club-room, at the billiard table, and in all the haunts of forbidden pleasure. Years of sorrow roll on, till the victim of a fashionable education, uneducated and untaught, sinks into the grave. How many such families are there, upon whom hardly one gleam of joy shines through all revolving years. The heart finds no retreat in such a home. Tossed by the storms of life, such a refuge is but the barren, verdureless waste, upon which the hapless voyager is wrecked to die of thirst and hunger. Wretched indeed is that heart which can find no sheltered retreat from those storms which ever sweep life's dark waters.—J. S. C. Abbott.

AN INDIAN'S IDEA OF A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

When residing among the Choctaw Indians, I had a conversation with one of their principal chiefs respecting the successive stages of their progress in the arts and virtues of civilized life; and, among other things, he informed me that the first start they fell into great mistake; they sent only their boys to school. They became intelligent men, but they married uneducated and uncivilized wives: and the uniform result was, that the children were all like the mother; and soon the father lost his interest in both wife and children. "And now," said he, "if we would educate only one class of our children, we would choose the girls, for when they become mothers they would educate their sons." This is to the

point and it is true. No nation can become fully, permanently civilized and enlightened where the mothers are not, to a good degree, qualified to discharge the duties of the "home work of education."—Rev. S. Dyer.

THE MOTHER.

We know that the farther a nation advances in civilization, in science, and in general knowledge, the more intelligence, wisdom and forethought is required of those who hold the reins of government, and direct the management of institutions for the public good; and what nobler ambition can fill the hearts of British women, than that the next generation of their countrymen should be better grounded in the principles of true knowledge than the last? But, striking and impressive as this idea justly appears in its immediate import, that of the education of daughters is at least as much so in its remoter tendency, because it is to women that we still must look for the training of future generations, and the formation of characters whose names may be surrounded by a glory, or stamped with a blot, in the history of ages yet to come.

And are these not profound and striking thoughts for a mother, in her hours of retirement and repose? The human mind, naturally prone to wander beyond the sphere of actual knowledge, becomes lost in a cloud of vague uncertainties, when ever it takes too bold a flight; but here is a field for noble aspirations, in which it is not only lawful, but perfectly reasonable to indulge; and not the loftiest ambition that ever fired a hero's breast could be so ardent so high as that which is both natural and right for the fond mother to cherish in her "heart of hearts." Yes, it is a great and glorious thought, that the young being whose life is now so tenderly bound up with hers, that not chord of one can thrill with minutest touch of feeling, but an answering tone is echoed by the other; that this frail and helpless being, so delicate, so pure and so beautiful to her, may one day be swelling the ranks of the church-militant on earth, and may eventually join the anthems of triumphant joy which celebrate the admission of the saints to their eternal rest in heaven.—Mrs. Ellis.

THE INFANT SCHOOL AT WINDSOR.

The following characteristic anecdote may, perhaps amuse some of your readers. It is assuredly a fact: At the examination of the children of the Infant School on Wednesday last, a little boy was asked to explain his idea of the meaning of "bearing false witness against your neighbor." After hesitating, he said it was "telling tales." On which the worthy and reverend examiner said, "That is not exactly an answer. What do you say," addressing a little girl who stood next, when she immediately replied "It was when nobody did nothing, and somebody went and told for it." "Quite right," said the examiner, amidst irrepressible roars of laughter, in which he could not help joining, the gravity of the whole proceedings being completely upset.—Lon. paper.

It has been affirmed that bad temper, strong passions, and even intellectual peculiarities, are communicated to the infant through the medium of the mother's or nurse's milk, and that hence it is of great consequence, in choosing a nurse, to select one of a cheerful and amiable character. But while admitting that the quality of the milk may exert an influence, I am disposed to believe that effect upon the child is caused more especially by the natural action of the nurse's evil passions stirring up, and in a manner, educating the corresponding passions in the child. Combe.

THE HONEST BOY A SUCCESSFUL MERCHANT.

That "honesty is the best of policy," was illustrated, some years since, under the following circumstances:—A lad was proceeding to an uncle's to petition him for aid for a sick sister and her children, when he found a wallet containing fifty dollars. The aid was refused, and the distressed family were pinched for want. His mother confirmed the good resolution—the pocket book was advertised and the owner found. Being a man of wealth, upon learning the history of the family, he presented the fifty dollars to the sick mother, and took the boy in to his service, and he is now one of the most successful merchants. Honesty always brings its reward—to the mind if not to the pocket.

TO A MOTHER.

You have entered upon a ministry of love and faithfulness an angel might tremble to assume, namely, the education of an immortal being, for time and for eternity. Education, truly and faithfully accomplished, is the full and well proportioned development of all a man's physical, intellectual, and moral capacities; such as sends him into the conflict of his earthly probation; a sound mind in a sound body to fulfill the dictates of a sound heart. There, in that unconscious infant, lie dormant the germs of the intellect and the affections, as the flower and the fruit are enveloped in the tender bud of spring; there they lie, and you are the heaven-appointed agent to call them forth to light and beauty. Your blessed mission is, thus to aid in the development of all the God given talents of that miniature man.

Geographic and Historic.

A KANDIAN MONARCH'S TYRANNY.

As Sri Wikrama could not get the person of Eheylapola into his power, he determined to obtain possession of his wife and children. Accordingly, they were made prisoners, with Eheylapola's brother and his wife, the tyrant resolving to wreak his vengeance on all. They were forthwith, brought to Kandy, condemned to suffer death for being the wife, offspring and relations of a rebel, and were to be executed publicly in the market-place of Kandy, in the presence of the whole court and population. The day appointed for this horrible butchery arrived, and the wife of Eheylapola, with his four children (the eldest boy being but eleven years of age, and the youngest an infant of a few months old, sucking at its mother's breast,) were led to the place of execution. The wife a woman of majestic mien and noble deportment, attired in her court dress, and adorned with all her jewels of state, befitting her high rank and station, advanced boldly to meet her fate, declaring her husband's integrity, and expressing her hope that the life which she was about to give up might be of benefit to him. She was ordered to stand back, as it was the king's command that she was to die last—to stand by and see her children butchered. She uttered no remonstrance, but embraced her eldest boy, telling him to submit to his fate as became Eheylapola's son. The child hesitated, and, terrified, clung to his mother for protection, when his brother, two years younger, stepped forward boldly, embraced his mother, and told his brother not to disgrace his father by such cowardly conduct and that he would show him how to die as became Eheylapola's son; advanced with firm step to the execution—one blow—a lifeless trunk, deluged in blood, falls to the earth, and the young spirit had taken its flight. But the refinement of barbarous cruelty was not to terminate in compelling a mother to stand and see her offspring butchered; the trunkless head was thrown into a paddy-pounder, the pestle placed in the mother's hand, and she was ordered to pound the head of her child, "or she should be disgracefully tortured." The mother hesitated; but the feelings of innate delicacy implanted in the high-born woman's breast prevailed—every mental anguish would be preferable to the public exposure of her person—she lifted up the pestle closing her eyes, and let it fall on the skull of her dead child. This hideous scene was enacted with the two other children, and the wretched mother had to endure the same mental torture. At last it was the infant's turn to die, and it was taken from its mother's arms, where it laid sleeping, and smiling, in tranquil unconsciousness. Eheylapola's wife pressed his babe convulsively to her bosom; then, in mute agony, allowed the executioner to take her last child from her. In a moment the little head was severed from the delicate body. The milk that had been drawn a short time previously from the mother's breast, was "seen distinctly flowing and mingling with the sanguine stream of life." The Kandian matron then advanced eagerly to meet death. With a firm step she walked towards the executioner, but with caution, to avoid "stepping in the blood, or treading on the lifeless, mutilated bodies of her children." Her face was calm—almost wore an expression of satisfaction—the worst had happened—"she had seen her children slaughtered"—they were out of the tyrant Sri Wikrama's power. The hand of the executioner is laid on her to lead her to her watery grave. She thrusts him aside, telling him not to pollute a high-born Kandian woman with his touch; to remember that she was Eheylapola's wife, and had stood calmly to see her children murdered: would she shrink from meeting them in death? Bade adieu to her brother-in-law, telling him to meet death as became his birth; called to her sister-in-law not to unquail her husband by useless wailings, but to follow her; then walked towards the tank (called Dogambarawl, contiguous to Kandy,) two executioners following and preceding, carrying large stones. They have arrived at the tank; Eheylapola's wife gazes fixedly on the tranquil water, whereon the sunbeams glitter sportively in millions of rays; the sister weeps as the executioner commences attaching the heavy stone to her slender throat. It is firmly secured; the weight bears her fragile form to the earth; and the executioners are compelled to carry her to the tank. She shrieks wildly as they near her tank; they hold her over the waters—more piercing shrieks rend the air. A sudden splash—then the waters close over a tyrant's victim, serenely unconscious of the atrocity perpetrated. Eheylapola's wife had stood during this period, a slight expression of scorn motionless passing over her features, as her sister's shrieks filled the atmosphere. "Tis now her turn to die. The executioners advance towards her carrying the ponderous stone. She motions them off. They still advance—are quite close to her; the cords that are to attach the weight to her throat already touch her person; she asks them to desist, assuring them that she will not make any resistance, or attempt to save her life. The executioners refuse, stating they must adhere to their orders, and one lays his hand roughly on her shoulder. She shrieks, and eludes his foul touch, for with a bound she darts towards the tank, and leaps into the water;

they close over her form in eddying circles, and her spirit has flown for ever. The executioners depart, palm-trees droop gracefully over the waters, and sun beams glitter sportively in millions of sparkling rays, as the streams murmur a requiem over the murdered wife and sister of Eheylapola. The butchery in the market was not completed when Eheylapola's wife quitted it, for her husband's brother was still to die. The headman advances towards him, sword in hand, lays blood-stained hand on the chief's shoulder, attempting to raise his head. The chief, with an indignant exclamation throws the audacious hand on his person, plants his feet firmly on the earth, draws himself up to his full height, standing with majestic dignity, and scornfully desiring the executioner to fulfil the tyrant's command. Has the chief's stern gaze unnerved the madman? A blow was struck! a stream of blood gushed forth—but horrible! the head is not wholly struck off! The sword is again poised in the air—a flash of light falls on the glittering weapon of destruction; it descends on the muscular, manly throat: the sword is now reeking with red blood! A headless trunk falls to the ground, whilst the head, with glaring eye-balls, rolls along the earth and is thrust aside rudely by the executioner's foot. The bloody tragedy is finished! Before the temples of Note and Vishu Dewale, and opposite to the queen's palace, was this fearful scene enacted. Sri Wikrama laid all feelings aside save those of revenge; for by the Kandian laws it was forbidden that human blood should be shed near a temple; also to wound or shed the blood of a woman was considered a heinous crime, and one of the innocent children of Eheylapola was a girl.—During the time this revolting butchery was going on, women shrieked, closing their eyes to exclude the terrific reality; men groaned in mental torture, burying their heads in their hands; whilst many of the noble Kandian youths, in anguish, rolled on the earth, their mouths pressing close to the sod to stifle their cries.

QUICKSILVER MINES.

The quicksilver mines of Idria, in Austria, 30 miles N. N. E. of Trieste, are the most productive of the kind in the world. They were accidentally discovered in 1797, by a peasant, while receiving the water of a spring into a tub, in order to ascertain if it was tight. He found the tub so heavy, that he could not move it, which he ascribed to witchcraft, but perceiving a shining fluid at the bottom, he carried some of it to a goldsmith, who perceived it was quicksilver.

The subterranean passages of the great mine are so extensive, that it would require several hours to go through them. The greatest depth is computed at 340 feet, the length 3000, and the breadth 1400 feet. The subterranean excavation consists of nine horizontal galleries, entered by six descending shafts, besides a descent, partly by a staircase, and partly by a ladder from the interior of a large building in the town of Idria.

No mines surpass these in cleanliness, or in the order and security with which they are wrought. All the galleries are arched, except those which are cut through the solid rock. Precautions are used to ventilate them, yet the temperature is very high, exceeding 80 degrees in some of the galleries.

The annual quantity of mercury obtained from these mines is between 300,000 and 400,000 pounds. The number of miners is about 700, besides 300 wood-cutters. Owing to the high temperature and noxious gases, the employment of the mines is extremely unhealthy. To these deadly caverns criminals are occasionally banished by the Austrian Government.

Those who are occupied where native mercury is found, inhale small particles of it, and very soon lose their teeth, and the workmen employed in sweeping the chambers of condensation also inspire a considerable quantity of the metal, while detaching it from the sides of the condensers, and undergo a copious salivation.

The miners who have been occupied several years in the furnaces, become subject to shiverings, convulsions, decrepitude, and premature old age.

We saw there, says Dr. Pope, a man who had not been in the mines more than half a year, so full of mercury, that putting a piece of brass in his mouth it immediately became white like silver! I mean, it had the same effect as if he had rubbed mercury upon it. He was so paralytic that he could not with both his hands convey a glass half full of wine to his mouth without spilling it!

Dr. ACQUILLI.—We regret to learn that the expectation held out of this eminent man having been released from the dungeons of the Inquisition, has not been realized. There is strong reason to believe that the Pope has positively refused to liberate him; and that France is not disposed to risk a quarrel upon a matter on which, as a people they take little interest. If these rumors prove to be authentic, the time has come when the liberty-loving people of Britain must arouse themselves on behalf of a man so well worthy of sympathy and support, as Dr. Achilli.—*Scottish Press*.