

Family Reading.

THE BROTHERS' MEETING.

A large company was winding its way slowly out of the vale in which the river Jordan runs. The sun was just beginning to strike hotly upon them, and make them long for rest and shelter, as they toiled up the open sandy hills and among the great masses of rock with which that country was strewn.

It was a striking sight to see those travellers. First went their troops of kine, bowing as they went; camels with their arched necks, stooping shoulders, and forward ears; asses with their foals; ewes and lambs; and goats with their kids, which mounted idly upon every rock that lay by their road-side, and then jumped as idly down again; and before and after these, drivers in stately turbans and long flowing robes, keeping the flocks and herds to their appointed way. Then came large droves of cattle, and sheep, and goats, and asses, stirring up with their many feet the dust of the sandy plain, till it fell like a gentle shower, powdering with its small grains all the rough and prickly plants which grew in tufts over the waste. Then were there a space; and after that there were two bands of camels—the best seemed, to be, of all the flock, those which came last especially—and on them were children and women riding, over whom hung long veils to shelter their faces from the hot breath of the sandy desert through which they had travelled. And after all these came one man, with a staff in his hand, and a turban on his head, walking slowly as if he had walked in pain and yet walked on, following those who went before.

If you had stood near to that man, you might, perhaps have heard him speaking to God in prayer and thanksgiving; you might have heard him saying to himself, "with my staff I have passed over this Jordan, and now I am become two bands;" or you might have heard him earnestly calling on the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac his father, to keep him safe in the great danger which now lies close before him: his mind was certainly very full of that danger, for he kept looking up from the sand on which his eyes were often fixed, and gazing as far as he could over the hills before him, as if he expected to see some great danger suddenly meet him on his way, and as if, therefore, he wished to be quite ready for it.

If you looked into his face, you could see at once that he was no common man. He was not a very old man; his hair was not yet grey upon his head; and yet it seemed, when you looked first at him, as if he were very old. But as you looked closer, you saw that it was not so; but that his face seemed to speak of many, many thoughts which had passed through his mind, and left those deep marks stamped even on his face. It was not only sorrow, though there was much of that; or care, though now he was full of care; but besides these, it seemed as if he had seen, and done, and felt great things—things in which all a man's soul is called up, and so, which even when they have passed away again, leave some of their impressions stamped upon the face.

He had seen great things, and felt great things. He had seen God's most holy angels going up to heaven, and coming down to earth upon their messages of mercy. He had heard the voice of the Lord of all, promising to be his Father and his Friend, and only the night before the Angel of the covenant had made himself known to him in the stillness of his lonely tent, and made him strong to wrestle with him for a blessing, until the break of the day. So that it was no wonder, that when you looked into his face it was not like the face of a common man; but one which was full of thought, which bore almost outwardly the stamp of great mysteries.

But what was it which now filled this man with care? He was returning eastward from a far land where he had been staying twenty years, to the land where his father dwelt. He had gone out a poor man; he was coming home a rich man. He was bringing back with him his wives, and his children, and his servants, and his flocks, and herds; and of what was he afraid?—Surely he could trust the God who had kept him and blessed him all these twenty years, and who had led him now so far on his journey?

Why should he fear now, when he was almost at his father's tent?

It was because that he heard that his brother was coming to meet him. But why should this fill him with such fear? Surely it would be a happy meeting; brothers born of the same father and of the same mother, who had dwelt together in one tent, knelt before one father's knees in prayer, and joined together in the common joys of childhood—surely their meeting must be happy, now that they have been twenty years asunder, and God had blessed them both, and they were about to see each other again in peace and safety, and to show to each other the children whom God had given them, and who must remind them of their days of common childhood. And why then is the man afraid? Because when he left his father's house, this brother was angry with him, and he fears that he may have remembered his anger all these twenty years, and be ready now to avenge himself for that old quarrel.

And yet, why should this make such an one to fear? Even if his brother be still angry with him, and have cruel and evil thoughts against him, cannot God deliver him?—Cannot the same God who has kept him safely these twenty years of toil and labor, help and save him now? Why then does he fear so greatly? He has not forgotten that his God can save him—he has not for a moment forgotten it; for see how earnestly he makes his prayer unto Him: hear his vows that if God will again deliver him, he and all his shall ever praise and serve Him, for his mercy. Yet still he is in fear; and he seems like a man who thought that there was some reason why God, who had heard him in other cases should not hear him in this.

What was it, then, which pressed so heavily on the man's mind? It was the remembrance of an old sin. He feared that God would leave him now to Esau's

wrath, because he knew that Esau's wrath was God's punishment of his sin. He feared that Esau's hand would slay his children, as God's chastisement for the sins of his childhood. He remembered that he had lied to Isaac his father, and mocked the dimness of his aged eyes, and made a false appearance; now he trembled lest his father's God should leave the deceiver and mocker to eat the bitter fruit of this old sin.

It was not so much Esau's wrath, and Esau's company, and Esau's arms which he feared—though all these were very terrible to this peaceful man, as it was his own sin in days long past, which now met him again, and seemed to frown upon him from the darkness before him. In vain did he strive to look on and see whether God would guide him there, for his sin clouded over the light of God's countenance. It was as when he strained his eyes into the great sand-drifts of the desert through which he had passed; they danced and whirled fearfully before him, and baffled all the earnest strivings of his eager eyes.

But the time of trial was drawing near. And how did it end? Instead of falling upon him and slaying him with his sword; instead of making a spoil of the oxen, and the asses, and the camels, and giving the young children to the sword, Esau's heart melted as soon as they met; he fell upon his brother's neck and kissed him; he looked loving upon the children who had been born to him in the far land; he spoke kindly of the old days of their remembered childhood, of the grey-haired man at home; and he would not take even the present which his brother had set apart for him.

Jacob knew who it was that had turned his brother's heart, and he felt more than ever what a strong and blessed thing prayer and supplication was. Nor did he forget his childhood's sin against his God. It had looked on again upon him and in manhood, and reminded him of God's holiness, of his many past misdeeds, and made him pray more earnestly not to be made to "possess the iniquities of his youth."

THE PRAYER BOOK.

The following is one of a thousand instances of a similar character, illustrating the happy influence of our mode of public worship upon the minds of youth in their tender years.

In the town of S., lived an interesting and respectable family, the parents of which had been for many years exemplary and devoted members of the Congregational Church. Their first serious impressions having been received under the ministrations of that order, together with numerous interesting recollections, and early associations, had greatly strengthened and confirmed their attachment to that body of Christians. On a pleasant Sunday in 1830, this family was seen in the Episcopal congregation, as silent spectators, looking for some interest in the preaching, as is too frequently the case, without any wish or desire to join in the worship. They supposed, as thousands do, that the mode of worship was all a dead form, containing little or no food for the soul. A member of the family, an interesting, lovely boy of bright promise, the hope and joy of his fond father and mother, was much impressed with the solemnity and beauty of the service. After reaching home, the family circle being assembled, with great apparent anxiety and interest, said he to his parents, "Pa, why don't you and ma have books and read at Church? Are you never going to become Christians? My mother replied, "Would you read if you had a book?" "That I would," said he, with a most earnest and imploring look. A sum of money sufficient to purchase one was then given him, and he was shortly after at the house of the clergyman, presenting his money with a most cheerful smiling countenance, and asking for a prayer book, which was immediately handed to him, accompanied with some expressions of warm approbation for the uncommon and unexpected interest shown for the book. The writer well recollects with what a full heart, and lively glowing countenance beaming with joy, the much desired treasure received by the little lad. He very soon learned to find the different parts of the service and became as regular in the responses as any member of the Church. The effect upon the parents was most happy. On witnessing the growing delight in the service manifested by an artless youth of such tender years, whom they almost idolized, in connection with the deep impression made upon their minds by the very touching enquiry, "Are you never going to become Christians?" The prejudices of their birth and education at once began to give way. The character and claims of the Church were investigated, and both parents are now not only communicants, but warm admirers of that mode of worship which so much attracted the attention and secured the warm attachment of their little son. No greater distinction do those parents now desire for their son, than that he may become an exemplary and useful minister in the Church, they now so highly esteem and love.—Banner of the Cross.

TOUCHING SEA SCENE.

During a sea voyage, a few years since, I was conversing with the mate of the vessel, when he occurred in the view presented, and observed that it called to mind one of the most thrilling scenes he ever beheld. With this he related the following story:

"I was at sea on the broad Atlantic as we now are, it was just such a bright moonlight night as this, and the sea was quite as rough. The captain had turned in and I was upon watch, when suddenly there was a cry 'a man overboard.' To go out in a boat was exceedingly dangerous. I could hardly make up my mind to command the hands to expose themselves. I volunteered to go myself, if two more would accompany me. Two generous fellows came forward, and in a moment a boat was lowered, and we were tossed upon a most frightful sea.

"As we rose upon a mountain wave, we discovered the man upon a distant billow.—We heard his cry, and responded, 'Com-

ing.' As we descended into the trough of the sea, we lost sight of the man, and heard no more but the roar of the ocean.—As we rose on the wave, we again saw him, and distinctly heard his cry. We Peter a blood-shedder, although he once shed blood, nor a blasphemer, although he once blasphemed.

Now although we must be extremely wary not to speak ill of our neighbour, yet must we take heed of a habit into which some do fall, who, to avoid slander, commend and speak well of vice.

When thou hearest any detraction, make the accusation doubtful if thou canst do it justly; if, not excuse the intention of the party censured; if that cannot be done, show compassion towards his frailty, divert the discourse, remembering, and putting thy hearers in mind, that they who offend not, owe all the thanks of it to God; recal the detractor to himself by some mild way, and speak some good of the party slandered, if thou knowest any.

Never accustom thyself to lie wittingly, neither by way of excuse nor otherwise, remembering always that God is the God of truth.

If thou speak a falsehood unawares, correct it at the instant, either by some explication or reparation; if a sorry excuse hath much more force and grace than a lie.

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WILLIAM HODGINS, ARCHITECT AND CIVIL ENGINEER. CITY ENGINEER'S OFFICE, HAMILTON, C. W.

BELLS! BELLS! BELLS! THE Subscribers manufacture and keep constantly on hand, a very large assortment of Church, Factory, Steamboat, Steamship, Locomotive, School House, and Plantation Bells, made in an entirely new way recently adopted by us. We have 14 Gold and Silver Bells awarded for "the best Bells, for non-consumption and purity of tone." Nearly 10,000 Bells have been cast and sold from this foundry. We can send to New York in four hours, and by Canal and Railroads in every direction, at an hour's notice. Mathematical Instruments of the most approved construction on hand at address.

A. MENELYS SONS, West Troy, N.Y.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL For the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Whooping-cough, croup, Asthma and Consumption.

AMONG the numerous discoveries Science has made in this generation to facilitate the business of life, there is one of the most important, and can be named of more value to mankind, than this contribution of Chemistry to the Healing Art. A vast trial of its virtues throughout this broad country, for the relief of all kinds of pulmonary disease, or combination of medicines yet known, can so surely control and cure the numerous varieties of pulmonary disease which have hitherto swept from our midst thousands and thousands every year. Indeed, there is no abundant reason to believe a Remedy has of late been found which can be relied on to cure the most dangerous affections of the lungs. Our space here will not permit us to publish any proposition of the cures effected by its use, but we must present a few of the following quotations from the testimonials which have been published, and which the Agent below named will always be pleased to furnish free, wherein are full particulars, and indisputable proof of these facts.

From the President of Amherst College, the celebrated Professor Hitchcock.

"James C. Ayer—Sir: I have used your CHERRY PECTORAL in my own case of deep-seated Bronchitis, and am satisfied from its chemical constitution, that it is an admirable compound for the relief of laryngeal and bronchial affections. In my opinion as to its superior character can be of any service, you are at liberty to use it as you think proper."

EDWARD HITCHCOCK, LL.D.

From the Widely Celebrated Professor Silliman, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy, Yale College, Member of the Lit. Hist. Med. Phil. and Scientific Societies of America and Europe.

"I deem the CHERRY PECTORAL an admirable composition from some of the best articles in the Materia Medica, and a very effective remedy for the class of diseases it is intended to cure."

New Haven, Ct., Nov. 1, 1849.

MAJOR PATTISON, President of the S. C. Senate, states he has used the CHERRY PECTORAL with wonderful success, to cure an inflammation of the lungs.

From one of the First Physicians in Maine, Saco, Me., April 26, 1849.

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October 19th, 1853. 12-6m

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