

## Family Circle.

The Bible says so.

I remember once hearing the conversation of two soldiers, respecting an order which had been given.

"I tell you," said one, "that the thing cannot be done; for it is impossible." "That does not matter," replied the other, "it must be done; for the orderly book says so." This soldier may well put many of us Bible readers to the blush, for if he thought that a command must be obeyed, possible or impossible, if it was written in the orderly book, what ought we to think of what is written in the Bible?

It has been said of the Word of God, that if there be anything good, pure, holy, and heavenly in the world, the Bible exhorts us to practice it; and if there be anything that is evil, base, and vile in the world, the Bible commands us to avoid it. That the Bible contains more knowledge and wisdom than all the other books that were ever printed; and that those who believe its promises, and obey its commandments, have hope, peace, and joy in life and death; and that making known, as it does, to a sinner, the only way of salvation through the merits of Jesus Christ, it has been loved and believed by the wisest and best men from generation to generation. As Bible readers, you, no doubt, fully believe this, as well as the declaration that "The prophecy came not in old time by the will of man; but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost," 2 Pet. i. 21; and that "All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness," 2 Tim. iii. 16. Nothing can be clearer than that the Bible being God's book, and he having given it to us for our good, we are bound to obey it. The authority is quite sufficient to require our obedience to a command, be it what it may, when any one can say with truth, "The Bible says so."

Among the many things contained in the holy scriptures are the following exhortations: "Fear God and keep his commandments," Eccles. xii. 13; "Hate evil," Psa. xcvi. 10; "Love one another," and "Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven," Luke vi. 37. A word with you on each of these points.

"Fear God, and keep his commandments." This is stated to be "the whole duty of man." How anxious, then, should we be to obey the command! Could it be written in letters of gold on the walls of our dwellings, yea, graven with an iron pen upon the tablets of our heart, it would not be too present with us. Are you trying with all your soul to keep this commandment, looking to your heavenly Father for grace and strength to persevere? The commands of God in many cases may be not joyous but grievous; they may be rather a bitter medicine, than a sweet honeycomb, but whether sweet or bitter, easy or hard, they must be obeyed. You know that this is a truth, for the Bible says so.

Cost what it may to do thy holy will.  
Lord, let me fear thee, and obey thee still.

"Hate evil." Yes, evil of every kind. There may be many evils that we hate; but are there any that we love? for if so, we are disobeying the commandment. The poison berry is attractive, but it is none the less poisonous; the scales of the adder are beautiful, but the creature is none the less deadly. The fruits and flowers that grow on forbidden ground, however fair, must not be gathered. We must hate evil and put it away from us, even though it be beautiful as an angel; for the Bible says so.

What'er mine idol, chase it with thy frown,  
Almighty Lord, and hurl the Dragon down.

"Love one another." What can be easier? Nothing in the world, so long as those around us are loveable, and kind-hearted, rich, and generous, and all that we could wish them to be; but how is it when they are unlovely and churlish, and use us hardly? When they lift up their heels against us, and anger us, and hate us, must we love them then? We must, and there is no alternative, for the Bible says so.

What'er the fault of our offending brother,  
The scripture words are these, "Love one another."

"Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven." "This is a gracious promise," say you, "and well for us will it be, if we can secure its accomplishment, but there are some offences which we cannot pardon." Are there? Then it follows that there are some offences, also, that will never be pardoned in you. "What!" say you, "must I forgive, if any one offends me and repents, over and over again, even as many as seven times?" Yes, and until "seventy times seven." There is no number fixed; but as often as repentance follows the fault, forgiveness must follow the repentance. It will be all in vain to attempt to alter the terms that are proposed to us. We must forgive, for the Bible says so.

Thus speaks the mighty Lord of earth and Heaven

"Forgive, or ye shall never be forgiven."

I hope that you fear God, hate evil, love one another, and look steadily, at all times, to the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world; and I hope, too, that you forgive the trespasses of those who offend you, for then your heavenly Father will forgive you yours. I tell you this with joy, I tell it you with confidence, and I tell it you on the very best authority, for the Bible says so.

## The Widowed Mother and Her Dying Boy.

Not long since, a widowed mother was sitting by the bed of her dying child, in the sick room of a public school. Her husband had been early called from earth, and she was left with five children to support with a slender income; but she trusted in Him who careth for the widow and the fatherless, and He never forsook her. Many kind friends interested themselves on her behalf, and her child, Henry, was received into an orphan school, in London. He had been delicate from his infancy, and the fond mother's heart was sorely tried at parting from her darling boy; but she felt it to be a duty, and she submitted with Christian resignation. Henry had not long been admitted, when the measles broke out among several of the children, and poor Henry was one of the number. He was gentle and patient in his sufferings, and always thanked me, with a smile, for all I did for him. We apprised his mother of his illness, but assured her there was no danger at the time we wrote. The following week, however, the doctor declared that inflammation had taken place, and that there was little hope of his recovery. The mother was sent for. She came, and never shall I forget her entering the sick room—how quietly she walked that chamber! and when the child, in the joy of his heart at beholding his mother, cried out, "Dear, dear mother, is it you?"—she replied, "Hush, darling child, you must keep quiet, and, if it please God, you will yet get better." Then she did the first thing a tender mother always does for her sick child, *smoothed his pillow*. Whenever the dear boy was asked how he did, the answer always was, "better, thank you." The morning of his departure he called out, "Mother, mother, I feel as though I was being drowned"—death was then fast approaching. I shall never forget her answer. "No, my child, Jesus will save you from being drowned—He is with you, my boy." A gentleman near asked if he knew that he was dying; he answered, "Yes." "Do you fear death, my dear?" "No." "Who is it that is supporting you now, while you are walking through the valley of death?" With a heavenly smile upon his countenance, the dear child replied, "It is Jesus." He was now left alone with his mother and myself; every breath grew shorter; at last, one sigh told us that all was over. The mother closed her eyes, and imprinted a kiss upon his icy lips. I thought her heart would have broken, for she had restrained her feelings for the sake of her child; but when she found he was really gone, hers was agony indeed. The gentleman, who had been present a short time before, said to her, "Can you kneel with us in prayer to God, to ask for resignation?" She replied, "I think I can; thy will, O God, be done." What a mercy, amidst such waves of sorrow, to have a rock for a resting place!

So gentle in thy loveliness! Alas! how could it be  
That death would not forbear to lay his icy hand on thee,  
Nor spare thee yet a little while in childhood's opening bloom,  
While many a sad and weary soul was longing for the tomb?  
I knew those marble lips to mine should never more be pressed,  
And floods of feeling undefined rolled widely o'er my breast;  
I never trusted to have lived to bid farewell to thee,  
And almost said, in agony, it ought not so to be.  
I hoped that thou within the grave my weary head should lay,  
And live beloved, when I was gone, for many a happy day  
With trembling hand I gently tried thy dying eyes to close,  
And almost envied in that hour thy calm and deep repose.  
Yes, I am sad and weary now, but let me not repine,  
Because a spirit loved so well is earlier blest than mine  
Though I am left in loneliness, with pain and grief oppressed,  
Thou hast joined thy father, precious boy, in heaven's eternal rest.

## An Interesting Incident.

The other day, in conversation with Miss Dix, the philanthropist, during her visit to Greenville, a lady said to her: "Are you not afraid to travel all over the country alone? and have you not encountered dangers and been in perilous situations?" "I am naturally timid," said Miss Dix, "and diffident, like all my sex; but in order to carry out my purposes, I know that it is necessary to make sacrifices and encounter dangers. It is true, I have been, in my travels through the different States, in perilous situations. I will mention one which occurred in the State of Michigan. I had hired a carriage and driver to convey me some distance through an uninhabited portion of the country. In starting, I discovered that the driver, a young lad, had a pair of pistols with him. Inquiring what he was doing with arms, he said he carried them to protect us, as he had heard that robberies had been committed on our road. I said to him, give me the pistols—I will take care of them. He did so reluctantly. In pursuing our journey through a dismal looking forest, a man rushed into the road, caught the horses by the bridle, and demanded my purse. I said to him, with as much self-possession as I could command, 'Are you not ashamed to rob a woman?' I have but little money, and that I want to defray my expenses in visiting prisons and poor-houses, and occasionally in giving to objects of charity. If you have been unfortunate, are in distress, and in want of money, I will give you some.' Whilst thus speaking to him, I discovered his countenance changing, and he became deadly pale. 'That voice!' he exclaimed; and immediately told me that he had been in the Philadelphia penitentiary, and had heard me lecturing to some of the prisoners in an adjoining cell, and that he now recognized my voice. He then desired me to pass on, and expressed deep sorrow at the outrage he had committed. But I drew out my purse, and said to him, 'I will give you something to support you until you can get into honest employment.' He declined, at first, taking anything, until I insisted on his doing so, for fear he might be tempted to rob some one else before he could get honest employment." Had not Miss Dix taken possession of the pistols, in all probability they would have been used by the driver, and perhaps both of them murdered. "That voice!" was more powerful in subduing the heart of a robber than the sight of a brace of pistols.—*Greenville Patriot, S. C.*

## General Miscellany.

## India.

India is a region more than twenty times as large as England and Wales, and equal to the united extent of France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Greece, Turkey in Europe, Austria, Prussia, Bavaria, all the minor German States, with Belgium, Holland, and Denmark. Its people are divided into thirty-five different states, speaking thirty different languages. They number two hundred millions; a population equal to that of the whole continent of Europe, and comprising at least one-sixth, probably one-fifth, of

the entire human race. China excepted, India is the most populous country in the world.

Its physical outlines deserve a word. That magnificent mountain-chain which runs eastward from the Caspian Sea, traversing Asia, is interrupted as it approaches the vale of Cashmere by an opening which parts the Hindu Coosh on the west from the Himalaya on the east. Through this opening the Indus descends from the plains of Thibet, and, separating India from Afghanistan and Beloochistan, forms its western boundary. On the north, for a length of fifteen hundred miles, an uninterrupted barrier is formed by the gigantic Himalaya; while the Brunhappoora, rounding the further extremity of that chain, marks the eastern frontier. The two sides of the triangular peninsula which constitutes its southern termination rest respectively on the Arabian Sea and the Bay of Bengal.

Starting from the Indus, and proceeding eastward,—every stream encountered for about four hundred miles takes the direction of that great river, and runs southerly toward the Arabian Sea. The whole tract covered by this geological level is called the Plain of the Indus, and includes the Punjab, Scindo, and neighbouring states. Further eastward than the above limit, all the streams are found to take the same direction as the Ganges, flowing toward the Bay of Bengal. The tract covered by this level, although extending over a length of about one thousand two hundred miles, with a breadth of six hundred, is called the Plain of the Ganges, or six hundred miles south of the Himalaya, you encounter a lofty range called the Vindhya Mountains; and south of these a great river (the Nerbudda) flows to the west, having a second range of mountains (the Sautpoora) on its southern bank; beyond these you find a second noble river (the Tapti) flowing also to the west, while southward of it rises a third chain of mountains. But having ascended these, instead of finding a ready descent to carry you down on the other side, you discover a plain, level with the summit of the hills, and stretching in gentle undulations beyond the southern horizon. Proceeding in that direction to discover a descent from this wide topped mountain, you travel eight hundred miles before passing from the elevation to the same level as that from which you started. This elevated tract, varying in breadth from one hundred to five hundred miles, forms a third geological level, inclining strongly from west to east, as is indicated by the course of all its rivers: it includes the Mysore, Ceded Districts, Hyderabad, Berar, and Mahratta territories. A person will form a tolerable conception of the relation which the countries lying on this plateau occupy to the rest of India, if he just think.—The island of Great Britain stands up from the sea at a certain elevation; now, suppose that elevation increased till every cliff round the coast were as high as Snowdon, the whole surface of the country being proportionally raised, then our fields would hold the same position toward the beach, as the kingdoms just named do to those lying at the foot of the Ghauts; while the mountainous heights up which one ascending from the beach must climb, would exactly represent the Ghauts themselves. A tract of table land is in fact the very same natural phenomenon as an island, only that the one is surrounded by land, the other by the sea.

The Plain of the Indus, the Plain of the Ganges, the central mountainous district, and the grand plateau, are the leading physical divisions of India.

It is an error to take India as a whole for a tropical country. It is true that part of it lies within eight degrees of the equator; but then such is its magnitude that another part lies more northerly than Jerusalem, and little more than a degree south of Gibraltar. So far from being all a tropical country, in starting from the northern limit of Cashmere you travel nearly seven hundred miles before entering the tropics. Lahore, the most northerly capital, and Trinchinopoly, the most southerly, are two cities as far apart as Stockholm and Naples, and with climates equally diverse. Thus, while in some of the kingdoms of India snow has never been known, in others it comes with every winter; and the name of that matchless chain which embattles its northern fron-

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