

Family Circle.

WHY DO YOU GO TO CHURCH.

Some go to church to take a walk,
Some go there to laugh and talk,
Some go there to meet a friend,

THE INDULGING OF CHILDREN.

From the British Mother's Magazine.

If a child is passionate and wilful, a grave look, or a little tap upon the hand, will, without hurting him, sometimes be sufficient to convince him that he is doing wrong, and often cure the fault.

The humors of the infant child are innumera- bly various. One will not sleep any where but in the lap; with another there is no peace unless he is continually rocked in a cradle;

A gentleman called some time ago upon a friend, and took a family dinner, when, to his great astonishment, he saw little master, not quite a year old, drinking ale.

A child cries because he is to go to school; shall parents, to quiet him, keep him at home? By no means. Or a dose of physic is to be taken; & all they, because it is unpleasant, humor the child and throw it away?

When a question is asked a child, no matter by whom, whether by the parents, a visitor, servant, or beggar, it must never be suffered to go unanswered; all the rules of breeding and civility demand it, and nothing can excuse a non-compliance.

There is no vice more dangerous, none more odious, than that of lying—yet none more common; and, what is stranger still, parents themselves are often the persons who teach it.

to use many shifts and turns to get rid of their curiosity and impertunity. The next cause is, they do not make duty their children's rule of conduct; as, for instance, a child sees some- thing in his father's hand, and asks, "what is that?" the father answers, "nothing."

Children should be told their duty without any disguise, and it is certain they may often be won to it by soft and gentle means; but falsehoods, prevarications, and quibbling, can never be the way to lead them to it.

GOOD MANNERS—THE DIFFERENCE.

"Will you have this seat, sir; I prefer to stand," said a fine little boy, sitting in a pew, when the chapel was crowded, to an old gentleman standing in the aisle.

"Thank you, my little man," said the gentleman, smiling very graciously upon the little fellow, "and you shall sit upon my knee, if you please."

When the service closed, the gentleman inquired of him his name, and asked him, "Why did you give up your good seat?"

"Mother teaches me," said he, "never to sit when an older person is standing near me."

"Will you let the ladies have your seat, and sit upon the bench yonder," said a gentleman to four boys sitting together in a pew.

"I shan't," says one: "they may sit on the bench themselves, if they please," said another. Not one of them moved.

"They can't be sabbath-scholars," one remarked. "At any rate," another said, "they have no bringing-up at home."

Which example, children, is the most worthy of imitation,—that of the lad, or of the four obstinate boys? And which honored their parents most?

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

I have often been amazed to see how easily children can draw religious parents into views and practices, which to them, in early life, seemed wrong and sinful. I have known good men who could not bear to curb the inclinations of their children in any thing, and hence would permit them whilst under their control, to visit horse races, theatres, billiard tables, &c &c — Others have permitted their children to go to dancing schools, and to gratify them, have permitted dancing in their own houses.

It is all right that parents should love their children, and indulge them as much as possible in innocent amusements; but it cannot be justified to bring them up in all the fashions of the world and all the pleasures of sense. We are commanded to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and there is a fearful responsibility incurred by parents who act otherwise.

I have known some of the best parents to have some of the worst children, and could give many instances of the children of pious parents dying without hope. I will mention one. In my early boyhood, and from that time to a few years past, I was acquainted with a Methodist preacher, who through life maintained the character of an exemplary Christian and a dignified minister.

with a physician. The young man had talents, but before the death of his aged parents, he took to drink, wrote and acted plays, and wandered from home. I saw the old patriarch not long before his death, in the city of Baltimore, looking for his "lost son," as he called him — The son had gone to the Eastern Shore, where his mother was on a visit. The old gentleman followed him, and up on meeting with him, threw his arms around his neck, whilst the silent tears ran down his aged and furrowed cheeks — the mother also embracing her son at the same time with streaming eyes.

Geographic and Historic

HEBULANUM AND VESUVIUS.

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Some of the stones were thrown to the height of a hundred, or two hundred feet. Never in my life, had I such profound and lofty conceptions of the power and majesty of God. Far above the clouds, which were reposing on its sides, at an elevation ten times higher than the cupola of St. Paul's, in London, looking down into a cavern of immense extent, at the bottom of which is a vent for the hidden fires of the universe, the centre of which, philosophers tell us, is filled with a vast sea of melted lava, heaving and dashing beneath the thin crust of stratified rock —

"An ever burning forge of fire; Whereon in awful and omnipotent ease, Nature the delegate of God, brings forth Her everlasting elements, and breathes Around that fluent heart of light which clothes itself in lightnings wandering through the air, And pierces to the last and innermost pore Of earth's snow mantled mountains."

and on looking up, seeing nothing but the calm and everlasting heavens above, I felt as if I were nearer than usual to the God of the universe, almost trembled with a sublime and awful pleasure. I recognized my own littleness, but longed to penetrate the infinite and everlasting Earth and its dreams seemed as nothing, God and eternity, all in all. Then I felt that I could sing could my voice have sounded like the rush of many waters, accompanied with the music of celestial harpers, harping with their harps: —

"Now to the shining realms above, I lift my hand and glance mine eyes; O for the pinions of a dove, To bear me to the upper skies, Thence from the bosom of my God, Oceans of endless pleasure roll; There would I fix my last abode, And drown the sorrows of my soul!"

Vesuvius far surpassed my expectations. All my previous conceptions of extent and grandeur were poor and tame. Much did Niagara, with its world of waters rushing over the precipice into the yawning abyss below, impress me with a sense of deeper sublimity and more awful delight. I have never experienced this feeling, at least, in the same degree, except when passing through high Alpine solitudes, where glacier peaks irradiated with the light of Heaven, seem to mingle with the stars, and form an illuminated pathway to glory.

"Holding with God himself communion high, Where the dread peal of torrents fills The sky-roofed temple of the eternal hills; Or when upon the mountain's silent brow, Bright stars of ice and azure fields of snow; While needle peaks of granite, shooting bare, Tremble in ever-varying tints of air,— Great joy, by horror-tantr'd, dilates the heart, And the near heavens their own delights impart; When the sun bids the gorgeous scene farewell, Huge peaks of darkness named, of fear and storms, Lift all sorene their sull illumined foms, In sea-like reach of prospect, round us spread, Tinged like an angel's smile, all rosy red."

In ascending the mountain, we had enjoyed at various points, charming views of the city and bay of Naples, with the surrounding scenery. O! it was a glorious thing to look down from those stupendous elevations upon the wide and varied landscape of southern Italy, glowing in the rich light of a summer's sun. Earth, air, and water—mountain heights and fir-spread valleys—dark woods and gay vineyards—the sea and sky, were fused into a harmonious whole by means of the all pervading radiance, instinct, as it seemed, with the spirit of God, the light of the universe. It is in circumstances like these that we forget man, and the curse of sin that clings to his nature, and permit our very souls to mingle with universal being around us, feeling nothing but a profound and blessed consciousness of "a presence and a power" infinite and ineffable.

Wisdom and spirit of the universe! Thou soul that art the eternity of thought! And gives to forms and images a breath And everlasting motion I not in vain, By day or star-light; thus from my first dawn Of childhood did I thou intertwine for me The passions that built up our human soul; Not with the mean and vulgar works of men, But with high objects, with enduring things, With life and nature; with purifying thus The elements of feeling and of thought,

And sanctifying by such discipline Both pain and fear,—until we recognize A grandeur in the beatings of the heart." Wordsworth.

A DYAK WAR DANCE.

The music struck up; it consisted of gongs and tom-toms. The Malay gong, which the Dyaks also make use of, is, like the Javanese, thick, with a broad rim, and very different from the gong of the Chinese. Instead of the clang- ing noise of the latter, it gives out a muffled sound of a deep tone. The gong and tom-tom are used by the Dyaks and Malays in war, and for signals at night, and the Dyaks procure them from the Malays. I said that the music struck up, for, rude as the instruments were, they modulate the sound and keep time so admirably that it was anything but harmonious. A space was now cleared in the centre of the house, and two of the oldest warriors stepped into it. They were dressed in turbans, long loose jackets, sashes round their waists descend- ing to their feet, and small belts were attached to their ankles. They commenced by first shaking hands with the Rajah, and then with all the Europeans present; thereby giving us to understand, as was explained to us, that the dance was to be considered only as a spectacle, and not to be taken in its literal sense, as preparatory to an attack upon us, a view of the case in which we fully concurred with them. This ceremony being over, they rushed into the centre and gave a most unearthly scream; then poising themselves on one foot, they described a circle with the other, at the same time extend- ing their arms like the wings of a bird, and then meeting their hands, clapping and keeping time with the music. After a little while the music became louder, and suddenly our ears were pierced with the whole of the natives present joining in the hideous war-cry. Then the motions and the screams of the dancers became more violent, and everything was working up to a state of excitement by which even we were influenced. Suddenly a very unpleasant odour pervaded the room, already too warm from the numbers it contained. involuntarily we held our noses, wondering what might be the cause, when we perceived that one of the warriors had stepped into the centre, and suspended round the shoulders of each dancer a human head in a wide-meshed basket of rattan. These heads had been taken in the Sarawak business, and were, therefore, but a fortnight old. They were encased in a wide network of rattan, and were ornamented with beads. Their stench was intolerable, although, as we discovered upon after examination, when they were suspended against the wall, they had been partially baked, and were quite black. The teeth and hair were quite perfect, the features somewhat shrunk, and they were, altogether pretty fair specimens of pickled heads. But our worthy fellows required a lesson from the New Zealanders in the art of preserving. The appearance of the heads was the signal for the music to play louder—for the war cry of the natives to be more energetic, and for the screams of the dancers to be more pier- cing. Their motions now became more rapid, and the excitement in proportion. Their eyes glistened with unwonted brightness. The perspiration dropped down their faces; and thus loud yelling, dancing, gongs, and tom-tom be- come more rapid and more violent every minute, till the dancing warriors were ready to drop — A farewell yell, with emphasis, was given by the surrounding warriors; immediately the music ceased, the dancers disappeared, and the tumultuous excitement and noise was succeeded by a dead silence. Such was the excitement communicated, that when it was all over we ourselves remained for some time panting to recover our breath. Again we lighted our cheroots and smoked for a while the pipe of peace.—Marryat's Borneo.

LONDON.

Whatever may be the future fate of this great city,—whether it return to comparative nothing- ness, or become once more the site of meadows and corn-fields, surely none since the world began has ever offered to the observation of the beholder such a wonderful aggregate of man and his labors. London is not London alone, it is the central point of the civilized universe, towards which rays converge from every zone and meridian. London is a part of England, of Europe, of America, of Africa, and of Asia. Beneath our feet is the focus within which are concentra- ted the hopes, fears, rivalries, and jealousies of all the other nations of the globe. Britian London reaches all with its outstretched arms, sufficiently to operate upon all. The eye fell from the place where we stood upon magazines of wealth that were not the property of English- men, but placed in their hands for security or profit by those who could trust them nowhere else. Beneath there was the harbor of refuge for countless property in peril, as well as for monarchs dethroned, and ministers exiled. The riches of realms "Cæsar never knew" were deposited there; and productions of the earth, grown in regions of which Greece and Rome had never heard. The wealth that commands all the markets of the globe, all that can stimu- late ambition or gratify luxury, existed below us in profusion, either for good or evil. From what elevation besides, since man has emerged from savage life, could such a scene have been prespected.