

Let cares, like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all;
There will I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

I can almost feel the pressure of my mother's hand, as we knelt together, and my father pleaded that the covenant blessings of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, might rest on his little ones forever. Then, when he prayed for us, my hand held in hers, I learned how all her wishes for her infant band, were centred here.

Then, indeed, were these wishes unheeded. Then, indeed, I joined not, as I now could join, in scenes so solemn; but in them there was power, which has subdued my heart. Often would the ardent petitions which arose from my father's lips, and the morning hymn he had chosen, come upon me with its gentle influence, in the scenes and temptations of the day. It has been the prayers offered around the fireside; it has been the hours of domestic worship, blessed by the heavenly Comforter, which have allured and won me into the path of the Christian. And if the blissful spirit which then led in our devotions now hovers around me, he has heard my oft repeated tones of gratitude, for these kind seasons. Stanzas which once had neither beauty or worth to my soul, can make me happy in my saddest moments. Sorrows, griefs, and sickness come upon me; these lines, learned in childhood, cheer and comfort. Other recollections may suffer dimness; other scenes, with more outward pomp and majesty, may fade, and be lost in the shades of the past; but with freshness and with gladness, shall I ever turn to this brightest and most sacred spot, 'mid the recollections which cluster so fondly about the scenes of home. Now the twilight hour never comes, calm and soothing, or the still, bright moments of the early morning, but I think of those pleasant scenes, and hie myself again among them, to feel their softening influence. Let me lose remembrance, if it must depart, of the other kindnesses of a father's love; let me forget, if need must be, other scenes of my early days; but let this remain a green and a verdant spot in the reminiscences of childhood.

Christian parent! would you do what you can to guard and guide your child; would you do what you can, that it may be happy here, and may stand an angel in the paradise of God? Make the place of your domestic worship attractive and pleasant to your child. Throw around it charms which will allure those whom God has given you to walk in the peaceful and pleasant pathway of the Christian. Let them account the hours of domestic worship, 'mid the dearest scenes of life. Christian parent! will not your child now and then think of the morning hymn? Of the verses which he read? Of your warm and ardent requests? And can you not, by this, do something to aid that Saviour whom you love, and to make your children, the dearest objects of your affection on earth, blessed forever? It is for you, Christian parent! with the smile and the blessing of your God, to lead these little ones 'in green pastures, and beside still waters,' while on earth, and hereafter to rove together 'by the river of the water of life, clear as crystal.'

SILENCE.—There are various kinds of silence. One is the silence of admiration. Thomson invites "expressive silence" to muse the great Creator's praise. The Psalmist was silent from astonishment at the judgments of God,—"I was dumb with silence; I opened not my mouth: because thou didst it." There is the silence of deep and overwhelming grief. The friends of Job, when they beheld his grief, held their peace seven days and nights. There is the silence of stubbornness. This is very common among all classes of people. There is the silence of submission. There is the silence of hate, and also the silence of nature—inability to speak. Sir Walter Raleigh has a beautiful thought on silence in his "Silent Lover":

"Silence in love betrays more woe
Than words, though ne'er so witty;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
Deserveth double pity."

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

CALVARY.

"Bound upon the accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is He?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood and writhing limb,
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled burning thirst,
By the drooping death-dewed brow,
Son of Man! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!"

"WHERE is Calvary," is a question which has deeply interested very many travellers, and perhaps few of them all are agreed as to the precise spot where our Lord was crucified. The first thing for which the Christian inquires after he has entered Jerusalem is this sacred place. He is led to the "Church of the Holy Sepulchre," so called, because it is said to be built over "the place where the Lord lay." The traveller is first surprised to find this church within the walls of the city, as we are told by the Evangelist, that the place of crucifixion was near to the city, and by the Apostle that the Saviour suffered without the gate. He is next surprised to find the tomb, or sepulchre, so near to the place where the crosses were fixed. Again he is astonished to find so many of the scenes which occurred during the Saviour's arrest and trial, located under a single roof. For instance, a few feet from the door of the church you are shown a large marble slab, said to be the place where the body of Jesus was laid to be washed before its burial; a little farther in you come to the sepulchre itself; still farther, on the opposite side, you see the place where Jesus was confined while the preparations were made to crucify him, and hard by the spot where his garments were parted among the soldiers. But as you go from place to place, and listen to the stories of the monks who guide you, you cannot help feeling disgusted with their superstition, and grieved for their deceit, for you know that this cannot all be true. The Christian, therefore, who goes to Jerusalem expecting to see Calvary as it was when the Saviour of the world died upon it, will be sadly disappointed. He will meet only with the pomp and guile of popery, and if he be not upon his guard, the feeling of disgust and unbelief will seize upon him so powerfully as to exclude all enjoyment while visiting the scenes of the most august transactions which the world ever witnessed. But does this church really stand on Calvary? Notwithstanding all the errors in pointing out so many places, is it not true that the Sepulchre and Calvary are here? The greater portion of the travellers who have visited Jerusalem and examined the place, are inclined to the opinion that the location is correct. There are many also who have examined it, who cannot believe it to be the place of the crucifixion, and fix it rather to the north or west. It is quite certain that the city has extended to the west since the time of Christ, so that much of the ground which was then outside of the gate, would of course be now included within the walls. Its being within the city, therefore, would be no objection to the present locality. With regard to the nearness of the place where the crosses were fixed, to the tomb where the body of Jesus was laid, a little consideration of the words of the Evangelist would perhaps remove all difficulty. He says that "the sepulchre was nigh at hand," and the distance between the two places now shown being nearly forty yards, might well come within the meaning of the expression near at hand. In looking at so many places of interest pointed out in a single building, it would be well to remember that error delights to attach itself to truth, and the fact that so many things are gathered around Calvary and the sepulchre, is some evidence that they are properly located. But is it necessary for us to know the exact place at all? Is it not enough to know that the Saviour died for us on Calvary, and that we are near the spot where he yielded up his spirit? Surely it is more important for us to have an interest in the death of Christ, than to know with all certainty whether he expired a few feet or rods north, south, east, or west from any given spot. Let us turn then from the place, and look at the great fact of the crucifixion. Perhaps it would be well however to say, that the opinion which so many persons have, both young and old, that Calvary is a mountain, is incorrect. The crosses were raised upon an eminence twenty-five or thirty feet high, situated in a low place near to where the public roads met and entered the city. It is curious how this opinion has prevailed so extensively, as Calvary is no where spoken of in the Scriptures as being a mountain.

When we last saw the Saviour he was in the hands of the soldiers who were leading him to Pilate. He is now on his way to Golgotha. The mock trial is finished, and he is condemned to die. "Behold the man." The cross upon which he is to be nailed is laid upon his back, and he is urged on to the fatal spot. Weary and faint from scourging, he falters beneath the load, and Simon of Cyrene is compelled to assist him in carrying it. The Roman soldiers guard

him by the way, while a great company of the people and many women follow behind weeping and lamenting as they go, for the cruelties which are inflicted upon him. As the suffering Jesus hears their cries, he forgets his own sorrows, and his compassionate heart flows out towards the unhappy multitude who are heaping injuries and cruelties upon him. "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, my sufferings are short, but weep for yourselves and your children. Weep for this guilty generation who are madly heaping up wrath against the day of retribution. Weep for the sorrows which shall come upon you and yours, like unto which there never have been, nor shall ever be again."

At length they reach the place where criminals are executed, and at once proceed to the cruel work. Jesus is stripped of his garments, laid upon the cross, and the nails driven into his hands and feet. Oh, the pain and anguish of that moment! The rough nails tear asunder the tender fibres, and send tormenting agonies through the system. Who could endure such exquisite pain and not cry aloud for mercy? But the innocent sufferer groans not. Amid the sharpest agonies he turns his eyes upon his tormentors, not in anger, but with pity, and prays that they may be forgiven. "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." It would seem that this might have affected their hearts and arrested their murderous work. But no. The spikes are driven and the cross is reared. Between the heavens and the earth is suspended the only begotten Son of God, the Maker of all worlds and beings. Man, guilty man, crucifies his Lord! "It is finished." The sun has hidden his face from this awful sight, and the world is in darkness.

"He dies! the Friend of sinners dies."

Did the reader ever attempt to picture the scenes of Calvary, to bring distinctly before his mind the sufferings of that dreadful hour, and feel that all was endured for him? It is very easy for us to follow to Golgotha with the sorrowing women and weep for the insults and cruelties which are heaped on the crucified Jesus, and we can scarcely refrain our indignation against the priests and rulers who demanded and procured his death; but do we feel that our sins had any part in accomplishing this cruel sacrifice? We are verily guilty concerning the blood of this just person, for by our sins we allow the deeds of those who put him to death, much as we are angered at their malice and cruelty.

"Yes, our sins have done the deed,
Drove the nails that fixed him there,
Crowned with thorns his sacred head,
Pierced him with a soldier's spear."

Christ died for sinners, and may we who possess this character and can say with the apostle, "of whom I am chief," be persuaded to trust in that blood which our sins have caused to flow, and find healing peace in that fountain "which his flowing wounds supply."

THE TRAVELLER.

NAUVOO, THE CITY OF THE MORMONS.

The fourth of July found me at Nauvoo, the city of the Mormons. I saw Joe Smith in splendid regimentals, in the character of Lieutenant General, at the head of a thousand troops. He was attended by six of his principal officers on horseback, constituting the front rank as they moved. Directly in the rear were six ladies on horseback, with black caps and feathers, constituting the second rank; and in the rear of these were two ranks of body guards of six each, in white frocks with black belts. Joe carried a monstrously large tin speaking trumpet, and uttered his prophecies through that instead of giving his orders to his aids.

The city is a city of log houses and mud cabins, scattered over an area of three miles square—said to contain ten thousand people—a motley, rag-a-muffin crew. Many of them are, I doubt not, poor deluded creatures, and all of them are destined, inevitably, for aught I can see, to great sufferings, for there is not land enough under cultivation any where around to feed a tenth part of them.

I visited the temple. It stands on an elevation a mile back from the river. The walls are up just above the basement story, some six or eight feet from the ground, built of hewn lime stone, the length perhaps 120 feet, and the breadth 90; every man is required to work on it every tenth day. Every man who comes among them is required to give one tenth of all the property he has at the time, and one tenth of all he may earn afterwards, and to hold the remainder subject to the prophet's order, as God shall reveal. If all evangelical Christians, thought I, were willing to make the sacrifices in the cause of Christ which these poor creatures are making to a false