

Family Circle.

THE MEETING OF PARENTS AND CHILDREN IN THE JUDGMENT.

(From the American Mother's Magazine.)

Of all the solemn and deeply-affecting scenes which we are soon to witness and participate in the eternal world, few will transcend in overwhelming interest the meeting of parents and children in the judgment of the great day. Let us for a moment endeavor to anticipate the meetings of some of the different classes of parents and children.

1. The pious parent and the ungodly and lost child must meet, and oh, what a scene will that be! For it will be the parent's lot to meet his loved and longed for son and daughter arraigned for final and decisive trial at the bar of God. We have known of parents whose affliction it was to see a child of many cares, and tears, and prayers, brought before an earthly tribunal to answer the stern demand of violated human law. We have seen the white-haired father bowed down with sorrow and shame on a son's account, and ready to faint as one witness after another confirmed the truth of the charge alleged; and when the jury, after their consultation on the case, have re-entered the court, and the verdict of *guilty* was pronounced by the foreman's lips, we have seen the overwhelmed parent fall as if dead upon the floor, while the tear of pity started from the eyes of the spectators and judges.

But, ah! when parents shall stand beside their ungodly children in the final judgment—when witness after witness shall reveal the history of their impenitent lives—above all, when the parents themselves must bear testimony against their own offspring, and unfold how often they had prayed, and warned, and wept in vain, who can imagine the feelings with which the final sentence will be heard by disappointed parental love, and the last look shall be taken of the once cherished but now lost ones, as they depart from the presence of the Lord into outer and eternal darkness.

2. The transactions of the last judgment will include the meeting of ungodly parents and their ungodly children. And here again the highest imagination must fall short of the dreadful realities of such a scene. For they must meet with a distinct and bitter consciousness on the parent's part, that their children stand unsheltered from the storm, unfitted for heaven, unwashed by atoning blood, through parental neglect of their souls. How can the most callous parent at such a time, refrain from reflecting, that it was probably owing to the fact that he never taught his child to live for eternity, never prayed for his soul, but lived and taught his child to live, like a heathen, that he now finds the child in all his sins at the bar of God, awaiting his final doom? And who can doubt that the lost child will bitterly reproach his ungodly parent for having prepared him for such a doom? Will he not say, "Father Mother, authors of my earthly existence, why, oh, why, am I here? Ye fondled me in infancy, indulged me in childhood; ye caressed and pampered my body, why, oh, why, did ye neglect and abuse my immortal soul? Why suffer me to grow up in ignorance and sin, and ripen, unchecked, unwarned, for perdition? On your skirts is found the blood of my soul!"

It is universally true, that evils brought upon us by the agency or criminal neglect of those whom we have loved and confided in, awaken in our breasts a more bitter and implacable resentment, than any others. If an enemy injure us, it is what we expected; but to be wounded in the house of one's friend, is hard to bear.—Cæsar, in the senate-house in Rome, was mute beneath the strokes of his enemies, but when he saw the hand of Brutus raised against him, he exclaimed, "And thou, too, Brutus!" and covering his face with his mantle, died. Brutus owed him love and gratitude, and the semblance of a blow from such a hand, was death.

This principle must operate hereafter, and cause the heart of the child to rankle against the parent who led him to destruction. He may blame the multitude whose bad example influenced him; he may reproach his giddy and corrupt companions who tempted him into sin, but his bitterest curse will fall upon those who, bound to him by the sacred parental tie, and especially charged with the care of his immortal interests, betrayed their trust, neglected and corrupted his soul, and both indirectly, and directly, contributed to his eternal destruction. Ah, prayerless, ungodly parent, think now of the awfulness of the scene, when the ruined child shall confront the betraying parent, and fling into his teeth the bitter reproaches of a spirit lost, and say "Thou didst it!"

3. We may reasonably anticipate, as among the scenes of the great day, the meeting of sainted children and ungodly parents at the judgment bar. We sometimes see that scene faintly foreshadowed here in the earthly sanctuary, when parents and children meet in the same church, but separate, when the communion-table is spread, the child taking his place among the followers of the Lamb, while the parent stands aloof.—This is painful enough to a sensitive, affectionate child, and has cost many a sigh and many a flood of fast-flowing tears. But who can imagine the solemnity of that last meeting, followed by that final separation, which must take place

in the great and terrible day of the Lord! "Children and parents there will part, Will part to meet no more."

And awfully true will prove the sentiment which we have sometimes sung amid the solemnity of earthly revival scenes—

"O, there will be mourning at the judgment-seat of Christ."

It must inconceivably to the solemnity of the event, when the child, who, through much tribulation, and unaided by the counsels, prayers, and example of his parents, has fought his way through a sinful world to the heavenly kingdom, shall be obliged to bear witness of the neglect and evil example of his own parents according to the flesh. One of the fiercest elements of hell will, undoubtedly, be the mutual crimination and recrimination of the wicked, and those whom they have destroyed. But above and beyond all others in intense bitterness, will be the reproaches on the ungodly child against the ungodly parent who destroyed him.

A CHAPTER ON WOMEN.

We love to look upon a stout, healthy woman, she is a prodigy in the nineteenth century. Wherever you go you see hundreds of spleeny, sickly, feeble girls, who can hardly muster courage to make their beds, wash their faces, or drive an intruding cow from the yard. Tell them about early rising, fresh air, healthy exercise, and they heave a sigh as long as the moral law, and nearly faint away. You expect them to get up before day; to work in the kitchen; to breathe the fresh air of the morning! Preposterous and absurd. They have never seen the sun rise, and would hardly know but the sun continued to come forever, if it were not for the almanacs and their grandmothers. No wonder that every year sweeps to the grave so many young women who have been sickly and effeminate ever since they were born into the world, and death will continue to select them as his victims till they learn their duty and pursue that course which insures health, strength, and long life. Our great grand parents lived to a great age, and never thought of complaining or lying down to die till they had at least reached the meridian of life. They were stout, strong, worked like beavers, and never spent the midnight hours in dancing. Instead of being frightened at a little mouse at their feet, a beetle on their necks, or a fly's foot on their arms, in the absence of their fathers and husbands, they would load their guns, shoot bears and catamounts, and keep at bay a party of savages. How have their daughters degenerated! What female is there now-a-days who would not run from a gun, even if it had no lock? The ladies of olden times outlived their husbands years and years. How is it now? Widows are few and far between. It was no singular thing for our grandmothers to have three or four husbands in the course of their lives. Now it is the reverse. Men have about as many wives; diseases have been so fatal of late among the female sex. Do you not know the cause? It is found in listlessness, idleness, inactivity, late hours, thin shoes, muslin dresses, a horror of the fresh air, and in that detestable stuff stitched in pink and yellow covers, which is flooding our country. If they will do nothing else, young ladies will sit and read from morning till night, that sickly, sentimental, impure, we will say, licentious trash, that is thrown and in such abundance from the press. This shrivels the mind, wraps the affections, chills the better feelings, and makes life wretched beyond description. Let females look into this subject, and act like reasonable and accountable beings, and we shall soon see a different state of things.—We shall hear of no fainting away, no sickly constitutions, no affection of the lungs, no elopements, and no suicides.

CHILDREN, READ THIS.

A little girl was standing one day behind the counter in her father's shop. On the counter was a printed notice that a bible meeting was intended to be held in the town on that evening. A gentleman's servant coming in, began to converse with the master of the shop, and seeing the paper, he said, "And do you attend such meetings as these?" "Yes," replied the shopkeeper. "And I suppose you read that stupid book, the Bible," said the man; and then expressed his utter disbelief of those blessed truths contained in the Scriptures. Now the dear little girl loved her Bible so much, that she could not bear to hear it spoken of in such a manner, and she looked up in the man's face, and with touching earnestness, asked, "Do you read the Bible, Sir?" "No," replied he, "no—not I." "I thought so, Sir, or you would never speak in that way of it." The man said nothing in reply, and soon left the shop. This little child was taken very ill a few weeks after this conversation; and it soon became apparent to her mourning friends that she could not remain long in this world. A few days before she died, she said to her father, who was standing by her bedside, "Father, I want you to give me something." "My child," said her father, "you know that I can refuse you nothing, if it is in my power to give it to you." "Well, father," she said, "I want seven and sixpence." The father, astonished at the earthliness of the request, said, "And what would my child do with the money?" "I want you," said the dying girl, "to buy with it a nice Bible, and give to that wicked livery-servant who was in the shop some time ago."

Geographic and Historic.

FREEDOM IN PIEDMONT AND OPPRESSION IN SWITZERLAND.

Our readers have been well acquainted with the severe and bloody persecutions to which the Waldenses in the mountains and valleys of Piedmont, have long been subjected by the Roman Catholic powers around them. For more than six centuries, they have suffered everything short of actual extermination; but the "blood of the martyrs" has been there, as elsewhere, "the seed of the church." They have survived the tortures and fires of the Inquisition, the anathemas of popes, and the massacres of kings. Twenty thousand of them still live, and adhere, with unflinching firmness and constancy, to the pure religion of their martyred and sainted fathers. Their prospect of relief from the remorseless exactors of their oppressors was no more favorable, till the tocsin of liberty, which has recently roused all Italy and France, sounded through the wild fastnesses of the Waldenses, and inspired every heart with hope and joy. A petition, numerously signed, had been presented to Charles Albert for the emancipation of the Jews, and their admission to the rights of citizenship. That petition was granted, and in the royal proclamation announcing it, published on the 25th of February, in the official Gazette of Turin, the Waldenses were included in the act of *civil and ecclesiastical emancipation*. This unexpected news spread like lightning among the suffering Waldenses, and tears and thanksgivings and congratulations have been the exponents of their deep emotions of joy. Bonfires, kindled by night upon the summits of their mountains, and reflected upon the snows of the Alps, proclaimed far and wide their gratitude for their deliverance. The little village of La Tour, nestling among the glaciers, was illuminated, and even some of the Papists joined with the Waldenses of Pignerol, their chief town, in the public rejoicings. A national festival, in honor of the event, was held at Turin, a large procession was formed, and the committee appointed to superintend the ceremonies, decided by acclamation, that the Waldenses should have the precedence in the procession, and carry a distinct and appropriate banner. For four hours, while the immense concourse was marching through the streets of Turin, the loud acclamations, "Live our brethren the Waldenses!" "Let the Waldenses be emancipated!" thundered through the city, and reverberated among the distant hills. Windows, balconies, terraces, and the roofs of the houses, were filled by rejoicing multitudes, and the waving of handkerchiefs, and the congratulation of female voices, imparted the tenderest interest to the scene, and drew tears from eyes unused to weep. Danish intolerance, it may be hoped, is now broken forever in Piedmont, and the poor Waldenses, after long years of the most extreme oppression and suffering, now, once more, enjoy true liberty of conscience.

But a scene, just the reverse of all this, has recently been enacted in the Canton of Vaud, in Switzerland. The Council of State, in their hatred of evangelical religion, issued a decree, forbidding all religious meetings to be held elsewhere than in the house of worship of the Established Church, and to be conducted by any person but pastors of that church. Evangelical Christians could not submit to such restrictions upon the liberty of conscience, nor to be deprived of their natural right to worship God in the manner they preferred, and they continued to meet together in very small companies for religious worship. But their doings were closely watched, and several of the pastors have been arrested, among whom are the Rev. Messieurs Marquet, Baup and Monnerat. At Lausanne, Mrs. Vinet, "the Chalmers of Switzerland," opened her house for religious worship, and invited in several of her friends, and also the pastor, Rev. Mr. Scholl, to conduct the services. In the midst of the exercises, a police officer entered, proclaimed the meeting illegal, and dissolved it; and the matter was brought by the Council of State before a Court of law. Mrs. Vinet was charged with the crime of opening her house for religious worship, and Rev. Mr. Scholl, a venerable evangelical pastor was complained of for conducting religious services. Both the accused were ably defended by distinguished counsel, who eloquently pleaded the course of religious liberty against the unlawfulness and oppression of the decree of the Council of State. Mr. Scholl also defended himself, and alleged, as a minister of the gospel, and as the pastor of the Free Church of Lausanne, he could not refrain from the discharge of his ecclesiastical functions and official duties. The Court, however, sentenced both Mrs. Vinet and Mr. Scholl to pay an exorbitant fine, and banished the latter to Rossiniere, a village on the summit of a valley of the Alps! While religious oppression is being broken in most of the Catholic countries of Europe, such is the liberty enjoyed in the Canton of Vaud. The prayers of Christians in both hemispheres will, however, continue to ascend, that all connexion between the Church and the State, in every country, may be speedily dissolved, and all men be left to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences. Such prayers will be heard.—*Alliance and Visitor*.

It is estimated that Cincinnati will show a population of 125,000, and St. Louis, one of 70,000, by the census of 1850.

THE BANDITTI OF SARDINIA.

Previously to leaving Turin and Genoa, I had been forewarned of the danger of travelling in Sardinia, from the number *fuorusciti* of all kinds; a warning given by Piedmontese who had, as well as by those who had not travelled there. Our friend recommended me to take nothing but absolute necessaries, another to leave my watch behind, a third to myself cap a pie, and a fourth to make every arrangement for a ransom; all told me of some accident which had happened either to themselves or their friends, or was likely to happen to me; and, in fact, a belief in their predictions would effectually deter the traveller from even putting his foot in a country where he is to be robbed, captured, detained, shot, or stilettoed, at every ten paces. But those whose experience and advice made their opinions more worthy of attention, assured me that, though certainly exposed to the continual chance of falling in with some of the *fuorusciti*, yet, as a stranger and foreigner, I should receive no maltreatment from them. In the Island itself, the Piedmontese authorities affirmed that they were now so few that travelling was comparatively safe, while on the other hand, the Sardes themselves, intimately acquainted with the real state of things, and having towards a stranger no object in either magnifying or concealing the dangers, gave me a very different account of them. The *Sarde fuorusciti*—for in this generic name may be included the regular bandit, the petty robber, the fugitive from the arm of the law, the avenger of an insult or an injury, and voluntary fugitive, are in many respects different characters to the Italian and Spanish outlaws. The bandito of Apuglia comes before one's mind as a romantic rogue, decorated with watches ornaments, minatures of the virgin, rings, and other spoils of his victims—with all the charms of a hero and the atrocities of a villain—as living on the pleasure & profit of plunder, and actuated to it by the necessity, as well as excitement, of gaining an existence by his course. The *ladron*, the *salteador*, and the *ratero* of Spain may be similarly distinguished from each other; the first being the wholesale professional robber; the second, the literal "pounce upon" whatever he can lay his hands, and proportionately less and magnanimous than the *ladron*; and the third is the common order of thief. But all these differ from the *Sarde fuorusciti*, for the regular bandito can only arrive at that high dignity by a lengthened exile from his house, by a series of attacks on him, and a consequent desperation in every act of defence or mode of obtaining a livelihood. Sardinia can boast but of few of them, nor do their life, habits, and customs correspond with their Italian or Spanish compeers—wealth, show, and renown, being no component in their character.—*Tyndale's Travels in Sardinia*.

ANCIENT STATUTES FOR THE PUNISHMENT OF VICE.

The following punishment for immorality, was sentenced by the Mayor of London in 1610, and is still visible on the books of the court:—*Die Veneris, xxviii, die Junii, Anno Regni Regis Henrici viii. secundo*. Forasmuch as Elyn Davy, Elizabeth Edon, Johan Michel, Agnes White, Marion Beckworth, and Westbode, that here standen, been indicted in the ward of Portsoken of this citie (the crime here named), have been lawfully convicted and atteynted. Therefore it ys adjudged by the Mayor and aldermen of this citie, after the laudable laws, and ancient customs of the same; that the said (here naming the parties) shall be brought to Newgate, and the same day in the market season to be laded from thens with basons and punns afore theym; ray hods on their hedes, and white rods in their hands, to the pillory in Cornhill, and there the cause to be proclaymed, and so from thens to Algate, and from Algate to be conveyed to and through Candlewick-strete, Watling-strete, and Flete-strete, to the Temple-barre, and there to be voided out of this city for ever. And if the said (naming the parties), or any of theym hereafter may be found within this citie, they or she so found, to be set on the pillory aforesaid three market days next following, every day by the space of an hour, and furthermore, to have imprisonment by the space of a year and a day.—The following notice also appears in the books of the Judgment, having been carried into effect on Richard Dichan, for a similar offence:—*Judde, Maior, 1550*. Quarto *Die August, Anno Edward VI, quinto*. After trial and conviction, he was sentenced to be carried back to prison, and thence, according to ancient custom, to be put into a cart clothed in a party-colored coat, and so drawn through the public streets of the city, and especially through the markets, with the sound of basons and bells and other noises, to expose him the more to mockery and shame, and so to Algate, and from thence to be forthwith expelled out of the city, and banished for ever.

ROMANISM.—In Tuscany, the Romish Priests have commenced persecutions against two printers at Florence for having, under the Government of the Republic, printed a translation of the New Testament in Italian, on the express ground of "their having published the gospel in the vulgar tongue, so that every one may be enabled to read it."