

The Family Circle.

NO SECT IN HEAVEN.

FROM AN ENGLISH POEM. TALKING of Sects till late one eve, Of the various doctrines the saints believe, That night I stood, in a troubled dream, By the side of a darkly flowing stream.

And a "Churchman" down to the river came: When I heard a strange voice call his name, "Good father, stop! when you cross this tide, You must leave your robes on the other side!"

But the aged father did not mind, And his long garment floated out behind, As down the stream his way he took, His pale hand clasping a gilt-gilt book.

"I'm bound for heaven, and when I'm there, I shall want my Book of Common Prayer; And though I put on a stony crown I should feel quite lost without my gown."

Then he fixed his eyes on the shining track, But his gown was heavy, and held him back, And the poor old father tried in vain A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side; But his silk gown floated on the tide; And no one asked in that blissful spot Whether he belonged to "The Church" or not.

Then down to the river a Quaker throng, His dress of a sober hue was made, "My coat and hat must be all of gray, I cannot go any other way."

Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin, And staidly solemnly waded in; And he broad brimmed hat he pulled down tight Over his forehead so cold and white.

But a strong wind carried away his hat, A moment he silently sighed over that, And then as he gazed on the farther shore The coat slipped off, and was seen no more.

As he entered heaven, his suit of gray Went quivering sailing away—away; And none of the angels questioned him About the width of his heaven's gown.

in the which he will judge the world," etc. Bill listened with intense interest. His resolution was fixed. He must repent. A day or two after, he was at work in a cornfield. He felt that he must pray, just there. He knelt down and begged, as best he could, for mercy. While on his knees, he felt the comfort of pardon, and rose to his feet a happy man.

At noon he went home, and before sitting down to dinner, said: "Let us pray," and dropped on his knees. His sister, ignorant of his state of mind, knew not what to make of this strange act, and supposed him to be mocking. When he got through, she exclaimed with look of amazement, "Why, Bill! do you mean it?"

"Yes, I do," said he, "and am going to live a different life." The Sabbath after, he went again to church. After sermon, the pastor gave notice that on the following Saturday a meeting of the church would be held, and any who might wish to join would have the opportunity. Saturday came, and so did Bill. One seemed to know him, except a deacon, and he knew not what he wanted there.

It was supposed that he had come into the house by mistake. The pastor, however, spoke to him, and ascertained that he wished to join the church. He related what God had done for him. Imperfectly he told his story, but with such evident honesty that he was received.

From that time forth he went on his way rejoicing, doing promptly the duties set before him, and exciting the wonder of his old friends at the change that had come over him. Not about two years after, the sister that he had abandoned, and who had been praying for him, and they are now serving Christ together.—Tract Journal.

THE HOME MOTHER.

Some one, writing for the *Masonic Mirror*, has drawn a charming picture of a home-loving, child-loving mother: "We must draw a line, aye, a broad line, between her and the frivolous butterfly of fashion, who fits from ball to opera and party, decked in rich robes, and followed by a train of admirers."

"The mother is not a frivolous butterfly of fashion, who fits from ball to opera and party, decked in rich robes, and followed by a train of admirers. She is a woman of sense, who, forgetful of the holy task assigned her, neglects those who have been given in her charge, and leaves them to the care of hirelings, while she pursues her giddy round of amusements."

"Not so our Home-mother! blessings be on her head! The heart warms to see her in her daily routine of pleasant duties. How patiently she sits, day after day, shaping and sewing some article for use or adornment for her little flock! And how proud and pleased is each little recipient of her kindness!

"How tenderly she guards them from every danger, and with what strong, unflinching love, she watches by their bedside when they are ill! Blessings be on the gentle, loving, home-mother! Angels must look with love upon her. Her children shall rise up and call her blessed, and the memory of her kindness shall unfold her as a garment."

CHRISTIAN HOME-LIFE.

A living father has beautifully said: "To Adam, Paradise was home; to the good among his descendants, home is Paradise." This ought to be universally true, but we fear it is not. Many good people are not wise; and a measure of wisdom as well as goodness of national life—at least, so much is implied in the command, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

This is called the "first commandment with promise," and the promise is an "undimmed declaration that a compact family organization is an essential condition of all prosperous life."

Now this radical and fundamental institution of humanity differs from all other forms of social life in many important respects. For instance, in the state, the largest social organism with which they come in contact, men are, except in times of public disturbance, only remotely and unconsciously affected. The law protects them in all their rights, without their own care or concernment, and in their whole outdoor life as citizens, they are from home, living under a habitual restraint to their real character but partially aware of it.

Never shall I forget his personal impression that first contact with God's Word had upon him. "I was frightened," said he, "it seemed as if every sin I had ever committed was written down in that book. The more I read the worse I felt."

He kept on reading till a great mass of truth was lodged in his mind. But he had not yet learned to pray. Soon after, he heard a sermon from the passage: "But now [God] commandeth all men everywhere to repent: because he hath appointed a day

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Home-life, to this end, must be free; its laws, without being in the least degree lax, must offer themselves as expressions of parental affection, and must so appear in the life of the parents themselves. But, instead of this, what do we see in most Christian families? Why, in many instances where parents are even genuinely pious, home is simply a resting-place, as well from the blameworthy as from the labors of life. The pursuit of business has been so eager and exhausting, and so many smiles have been called for in the intercourse with the world, that the father seeks rest, rather than recreation, at home, and his intercourse with the children is only formal.

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But then the individuals making up this home personality in blending do not, by any means, necessarily become a homogeneous whole; they retain their particular fancies, whims, partialities, and dispositions, so that there is constant danger that one part of the domestic person shall interfere with the comfort of the other. And as there is no hope that diverse constitutions, though of the same blood, can be shaped exactly alike, the great aim must be to make the best of peculiar natures, and unite altogether in a common desire and a common effort to promote each other's happiness.

Home-life, to this end, must be free; its laws, without being in the least degree lax, must offer themselves as expressions of parental affection, and must so appear in the life of the parents themselves. But, instead of this, what do we see in most Christian families? Why, in many instances where parents are even genuinely pious, home is simply a resting-place, as well from the blameworthy as from the labors of life. The pursuit of business has been so eager and exhausting, and so many smiles have been called for in the intercourse with the world, that the father seeks rest, rather than recreation, at home, and his intercourse with the children is only formal.

Instead of inquiring into their studies at school, or into the out-door history of the day, and having a real interest in the one and the other—instead of prying into their reading, and affectionately and judiciously regulating it, he is only seen as the embodied authority of the house, very good, but rather dreadful.—Methodist.

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WHERE TO STUDY. THE air of a cellar is close, damp, musty, and vitiated; that of the house-top is clear, pure and bracing. On the surface of the earth the atmosphere is cold, raw, and impure; on the mountains it is dry, rarified, and health-giving. The purer the air is, the more life does it impart to the blood, the more perfectly is the brain nourished, and the more vigorously does the mind work and the body move. Hence the "study" of the clergyman, the "office" of the physician and the lawyer, the "library" of the family, the "dining-room" of the household, and the "chamber" of every sleeper, should always be in the upper stories, not merely for the greater purity of the air, but for a reason of a higher thought, and yet of very great sanitary value. The higher we ascend, the more rarified is the air, the greater bulk is required to impart a given amount of nourishment to the system; this greater rarity excites the instinct of our nature to deeper, fuller breathing, without any effort on our part, and this kind of breathing, as the reflecting must know, is antagonistic of consumption, that fell scourge of civilized society, which decimates full one-sixth of the adult population. Hence the very suggestive remark of the distinguished naturalist, Buffon: "All animals inhabiting high altitudes have larger lungs and more capacious chests than those which live in the valleys." In the same direction is the suggestive statement that in the city of Mexico, situated nine thousand feet above the level of the sea, only three persons out of a hundred die annually of consumption; while in the larger cities, but a few feet above the level of the sea, one out of every hundred perishes from that disease. It should, therefore, be the aim of every student, of every sedentary person, of every invalid, to have the room in which a very large portion of the inactive part of life is spent, as far above the ground-floor as practicable, and in such a situation as will allow the sun to shine into it for the largest portion of each day; for this rarifies the air still more, and still more aids in the process of ventilation, the lungs by the greater depth and fullness of breathing which the increased atmospheric rarity induces.—Hall's Journal of Health.

SECRETARY STANTON ON MILITARY STRATEGY. To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune: SIR: I cannot suffer undue merit to be ascribed to my official action. The glory of our recent victories belongs to the gallant officers and soldiers that fought the battles. No share of it belongs to me, who by my pen. Much has recently been said of military combination and organizing victory. I hear such phrases with apprehension. Every combination in infidel France with the Italian campaign, and resulted in Waterloo. Who can organize victory? Who can combine the elements of success on the battle-field? We owe our recent victories to the Spirit of the Lord, that moved our soldiers to rush into battle, and fill the hearts of our enemies with terror and dismay. The inspiration that conquered in battle was in the hearts of the soldiers, and not from high; and wherever there is the same inspiration there will be the same results. Patriotic spirit, with resolute courage in officers and men, is a military combination that never failed.

We may well rejoice at the recent victories, for they teach us that battles are to be won now and by us in the same and only manner that they were won by any people, or in any age, since the days of Joshua, by boldly pursuing and striking the foe. What under the blessing of Providence, I conceive to be the true organization of victory and military combination to end this war, was declared in a few words by General Grant's message to General Buckner: "I propose to move immediately on your works!" Yours, truly, EDWIN M. STANTON.

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