The Family Circle.

More Nurses.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Fold away your bright-tinted dresses,
Turn the key on your jewels to-day,
And the wealth of your tendril-like tresses
Braid away in a serious way;
No more delicate gloves, no more laces,
No more trifling in boudoir or bower,
But come with your souls in your faces,
To meet the stern wants of the hour.

Look around. By the torch-light unsteady,
The dead and the dying seem one—
What! trembling and paling already,
Before your dear mission's begun?
These wounds are more precious than ghastly,
Time presses her lips to each scar,
While she chants of that glory which vastly
Transcends all the horrors of war.

Pause here by this bedside. How mellow
The light showers down on that brow!
Such a brave, brawny visage! Poor fellow!
Some homestead is missing him now;
Some wife shades her eye, in the clearing,
Some mother sits moaning, distressed,
While the loved one lies faint, but unfearing,
With the enemy's ball in his breast.

Here's another, a lad, a mere stripling,
Picked up on the field almost dead,
With the blood through his sunny hair rippling
From a horrible gash in the head.
They say he was first in the action,
Gay-hearted, quick handed and witty.
He fought till he dropped with exhaustion,
At the gates of that far Southern city.

Fought and fell 'neath the guns of that city,
With a spirit transcending his years.
Lift him up in your large-hearted pity,
And wet his pale lips with your tears;
Touch him gently—most sacred the duty
Of dressing that poor shattered hand!
God spare him to rise in his beauty,
And battle once more for his land!

Who groaned? What a passionate murmur!
"In thy mercy, O God! let me die!"
Ha! surgeon, your hand must be firmer—
That musket ball's broken his thigh.
Turn the light on those poor furrowed features,
Gray-haired and unknown! bless thee, brother.
O Heaven! that one of thy creatures
Should e'er work such woe on another!

Wipe the sweat from his brow with your kerchief,
Let the old tattered collar go wide.
See—he stretches out blindly to search if,
The surgeon still stands by his side.
My son's over yonder—a rebel,
'Twas—'twas his ball that entered my thigh.
And again he bursts out all a-tremble,
"In Thy mercy, O God! let me die!"

Pass on—it is useless to linger
While others are claiming your care;
There is need for your delicate finger,
For your womanly sympathy, there.
There are sick ones athirst for caressing,
There are *dying* ones raving of *home*,
There are wounds to bind up with a blessing,
And *shrouds* to make ready for some.

They have gathered about you the harvest
Of death in its ghastliest view;
The nearest, as well as the farthest,
Is here with the traitor and true.
And crowned with your beautiful patience,
Made sunny with love at the heart,
You must balsam the wounds of a nation,
Nor falter nor shrink from your part.

Up and down through the wards where the fever
Stalks noisome, and gaunt, and impure,
You must go with your steadfast endeavor
To comfort, to counsel, to cure.
I grant you the task's superhuman,
But strength will be given to you
To do for these dear ones what *woman*
Alone in her pity can do.

And the lips of the mother will bless you,
Our angel, sweet-visaged and pale!
And the little ones run to caress you,
And the wives and the sister's cry "hail!"
But e'en if you drop down unheeded,
What matter? God's ways are the best.
You have poured out your life where 'twas needed
And He will take care of the rest.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

"TEACHER," said a boy at a ragged school, "can you tell me who is my neighbor?"

"Why do you want to know that, William?" said the teacher, smiling.

"Because, sir, I have just been reading this chapter," William answered; and he pointed to the Gospel of St. Luke, x. 27, and read the words, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself."

"Well, what troubles you in that, my boy? Which of these two commandments do you think it easiest to keep?"

"Why, sir, that is what I was thinking about. Sometimes one does not feel to love God at all—one forgets, somehow; but when one comes to think about God, and about his goodness,—how he keeps us every moment of our lives,—above all, how he gave his Son to die for us,—why then—"

"Well, my boy, what then?"

"Why then, sir, we feel that we ought to love God, bad as we are,—we can't help it; so I can understand that commandment, sir; but I don't quite understand the other, about loving our neighbor as ourselves."

"And why not?"

"Because my neighbors are very bad ones. They fight, and drink, and use bad words. Do what I can, sir, I can't love them, and I don't like to keep company with them."

"Do you think, William, that God gave us this commandment, knowing that we could not keep it?"

"No, sir, I don't think that."

"Well, let us consider how it is to be kept. First, do you think it would be right for you to keep company with the bad neighbors you have? Think of some other text of Scripture that advises you against such companions."

"'Evil communications corrupt good manners,'"* said William. "'Go not in the way of evil men.'"†

"Yes," said the teacher; "and, as Scripture cannot contradict itself, you see that to love your neighbor as yourself, must mean something quite different to making companions and friends of those who quarrel and fight, and fear not God. Well, as it does not mean that, let us see what it does mean; let us see how our blessed Lord explains it. When the young man asked him the very same question you asked me, what did he answer?"

"He told a parable about a man being robbed and wounded by thieves, and how a priest and a Levite passed by without helping him, and how at last a poor Samaritan came and helped him."

"And who did the young man think was neighbor unto him that fell among thieves?"

"The man that had pity upon him," said William.

"Yes; and does that show you who is our neighbor?"

"Any one, I think, that we can show pity and kindness to."

"Just so," said the teacher. "Those bad people who are your neighbors in one way, because they live next door to you, should only be considered your neighbors in the gospel sense, when you can do them any manner of good, by word or by deed. Were you to seek their company while they were rioting in sin, or offending God by gross language, you would break the Scripture precepts instead of keeping them. But, if you saw them in misery, sickness, or suffering, you would obey the Gospel precept by going to them, and trying to relieve them. You would wish others to act thus by you, and by acting so, you would prove that you loved your neighbors, in the gospel sense, as yourself; because what you would desire to be done to yourself, you tried to do for them."

"But I have nothing to give; I could do little for any one; so I don't know how I am ever to practise that commandment."

"My boy," said the teacher, "you have doubtless often heard the saying, 'Where there is a will there is a way.' You know it was the servant who only received one talent who would not use it in his Lord's service. Now, it is likely you have only got one talent to use in the way of practising this commandment; but, if so, remember to use it. You cannot do much, perhaps, in visiting the sick, or feeding the hungry, or clothing the naked; because you have barely food and clothing enough for yourself. But you can give a kind word, instead of an unkind one; you can set a good example, instead of a bad one; you can breathe a prayer, instead of uttering a reproach. Above all, remember that if you love God yourself, the best way to show love to your neighbor, is to use every means that may be in your power to make others love God also. So remember, my lad, that every one to whom we may do good, whom we can comfort, or relieve, or improve, is our neighbor; that what we do, be it much or little, is accepted by Christ as the cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple, provided it be done in love and in faith, and for his sake; that every time we refrain from speaking an ill word of any one, knowing that we should not wish any one to speak such an ill word of us, we are trying to practise the command to love our neighbor as ourselves; and every time we feel God's love and goodness, and seek to bring others to feel the same, we are practising that command just as much as, nay, a vast deal more than if we gave all our goods to feed the poor."

It was long after this conversation that a circumstance occurred which I will tell you. William was put to a trade; he was an out-door apprentice. His parents were poor, but the boy had been sent to school, and was able to read and write well. He had a Bible, which had been given to him as a reward for good conduct at the evening school, which he still went to. After the conversation I have related, his parents observed that William was in greater haste to go out on evenings than he used to be. As soon as he came from work, he washed and cleaned himself, took his Bible off the shelf, buttoned his coat over it, and went out. They knew that it was too early to go to school, and besides that the school was not held every evening; but yet every evening William took his Bible and went out. Curiosity led some one to watch where he went. He was followed; and where do you think he was found?

In a poor room in another street, a young girl lay dying of consumption; and William sat on a box in that room, reading the Bible to the dying girl, who could not read it for herself. He had wished to know who was his neighbor. He had found out one who was such. He had wished to practice the great commandment to love his neighbor as himself; he had found a means of practising it. His Bible was dear to his own heart, and so he shared his treasure with one who needed it. He knew that Christ spake the words of eternal life, and he took those words to the dying girl, that she might have hope in her latter end, because some of Christ's words of life are these:—"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth on him might not perish, but have everlasting life."

Thus did William try to practice what he knew.

It is a sad thing to know, and not to practise; for he who knows his Lord's will, and does it not, shall be beaten with many stripes. It is still more fearful to know what is right, and continue to do what is wrong. If you have no other way of showing that you love your neighbor, you can show it in one of the best ways; that is, by a good example. And that is the way our Lord Jesus Christ himself pointed out, when he told his disciples to teach all men to glorify God by their good works. It is God alone who can enable us to do good, and to be good. If we seek the grace of his Holy Spirit, we can then hope to keep the two great commandments,—to love God with all our soul, and mind, and strength; and to love our neighbor as ourselves.

* 1 Corinthians xv: 33.
† Proverbs iv: 14.

WORDS FOR WIVES.

I believe the influence of a wife to be always, for good or for evil, very decided. There is not a woman living, unless she has forfeited all claim to her husband's respect, but is making her mark day by day upon his character. We men are foolishly proud, and do not like to let the women see how they influence us, but we know that outside of our business—and sometimes even in it—all our doings are more or less controlled by our wives, and he is a knave who will not honestly own it. Is it a disgrace to a man that he is kept at home, away from bad company, away from doubtful pleasures and foolish expense, through his wife's influence? Some poor, cowardly souls think so, and utter senseless cries against her who, as a guardian angel, stands between these and their victim. I think the wife was given to supply man with certain things wanting in his own nature, and in yielding to her judgment, her opinion, her desire—where these are on the side of truth and justice—he only follows out the leading of a Divine will. But though the husband hide it or deny it, let the good wife be of good cheer. One thing, however let her understand—worrying, fretting, faultfinding, direct and frequent harrangues, ill-tempered slurs, anything that looks like passion, suspicion, or jealousy, will do no good. These are things a man cannot bear, and have driven many into the things they were intended to prevent. She lacks judgment and prudence who shall ever indulge in these. Let her know that the strongest influences are those which are silent and indirect, that it is impossible for her to be in the right, gently, patiently, consistently, without its being felt. It may not be acknowledged to-day or to-morrow, or ever; it may not do all that she hoped it would do. Counteracting influences may be too strong for that, but it is felt among the deepest and last things of life, even when he jeers, and scoffs, and strikes.

Monthly Religious Magazine.

WISHING FOR A NEW HEART.

"WHAT do you wish for most, Jessie?" I one day asked.

The sick child gazed earnestly at me, her countenance flushed, her eyes filled with tears. She hesitated, and whispered, "A new heart."

It was with deep joy I gazed upon that poor emaciated child. I felt the dawn had indeed arisen. I saw in her not only a lamb whom the Saviour was carrying in his arms from amidst the thorns and briers of earth to the green pastures and still waters of heaven, but the much longed for first-fruits of our poor labors—a seal that these labors were not unowned by God—a pledge that his blessing was resting over us, and a precious incentive to unwearying, persevering work.

I never saw Jessie again, as a few days afterwards the much-desired time of deliverance arrived. Her nearest relatives assembled in a little group by her bed, to await the moment when the struggling spirit would be at rest.

Those who have stood by the death-beds of believers must have noticed, in many instances, the fulfilment of the promise, "At evening time there shall be light;" and in several instances, even more than this, how that to some is apparently given a glimpse of the approaching glory ere they leave the body.

In Bunyan's beautiful allegory, the pilgrims dwelt a few days in the land of Beulah before they crossed the river. Agonizing pain prevented any resting in Beulah for Jessie, but it seemed as if a glimpse of the celestial gates had been given her.

She was lying quiet and still—the conflict was apparently over — when suddenly it seemed that some sound had caught her. She listened, and eagerly, joyfully exclaimed, "Yes, I am coming now!" One or two more breathings — fainter and fainter — all was still.

Miscellaneous.

LOOKINGS-ON AT THE WAR.

SEEING President Lincoln and a crazy man meet and take a good look at each other, in the grounds of the White House, a few days since, I was reminded how things improve by contrast, or (artistically speaking) are made to stand out by the *relievo* of their opposites, in this world of ours. It was an ecstacy of a June sunset; and the mind which is thought to be the most self-possessed in our country, as well as the most hard-worked and sorest tried, was taking its half-hour of relaxation. With Mrs. Lincoln, deep-veiled in her mourning-weeds, at his side, and his youngest boy playing before him in the path, "old Abe" was loitering around the lawn in the midst of which plays the perpetual fountain; and, with his calm enjoyment of all about him, he really seemed quite the monarch of the world. So, at least, thought a beautiful and thoughtful woman, who looked at him from one of the stone seats on the knoll shaded with shrubbery; but, as she made the remark, out came a maniac from a clump of pines, and the two met upon the gravel-path—more of a *tableau vivant* than either of them thought!

The madman I speak of, by the way, is probably a victim of the war. He has been known for some weeks in Washington, and being apparently quite harmless in his vagaries, is left by the police to ramble where he pleases. The grounds of the Presidential mansion and the avenues around the public offices are his favorite haunts, and here he may be met, any day, with his crowd of curious followers, at his heels. He is a man of about fifty years of age, with a very intellectual cast of countenance, and hair slightly tinged with gray. He dresses scrupulously well, looking like a respectable professor of a New-England college. With bared head and his straw hat in his hand, he pours forth a fervent utterance of incoherent prayers and vociferations, uplifting his arms continually, as if in the act of benediction or supplication, and walking faster or slower, as his excitement varies. The boys and negroes treat him with respect, the ladies make way for him with the deferential pull-skirt of civility, the humane stop and listen and look wonderingly after him. The poor lunatic's countenance evidently makes friends for him everywhere. And it is curious, that, if courteously addressed, he changes his excited tone and talks rationally for a moment or two. In one of these lucid intervals, he informed us that he came from the State of Maine, and had sons in one of the volunteer regiments.

The President paused a moment in his walk to look after the poor maniac; and (with the vast responsibility which now rests upon Mr. Lincoln's shoulders, and the wisdom with which he answers to it) the contrast was strong!—*N. P. Willis.*

AN UNMANAGEABLE ORGAN.

In a small church at a little village near Brighton, where the congregation could not afford to pay an organist, they recently bought a self-acting organ, a compact instrument, well suited to the purpose, and constructed, to play forty different tunes. The sexton had instructions how to set it going and how to stop it; but unfortunately he forgot the latter part of his business, and after singing the first four verses of a hymn before the sermon, the organ could not be stopped, and it continued playing two verses more. Then, just as the clergyman completed the words, "Let us pray," the organ clicked, and started a fresh tune. The minister sat it out patiently, and then renewed his introductory words, "Let us pray," when click went the organ again, and started off on another tune. The sexton and others continued their exertions to find out the spring, but no man could put a stop to it; so they got four of the stoutest men in the church to shoulder the perverse instrument, and they carried it out down the centre aisle of the church, playing away into the churchyard, where it continued clicking and playing away until the whole forty tunes were finished.

Let love prompt all our actions.

THE SOUTH AS A WAR POWER.

That the South possesses within herself the positive terms of a war power of high grade is now a demonstrated fact. If she had been a separate nation, and assailed by France or Great Britain, who can doubt that she would have come off victorious? The North has brought into the field a larger army than those two Power combined could have precipitated on her shores, and blockaded her ports as effectually as their united navies could do; yet she is not only unconquered, but able to make the whole country tremble with apprehension. What is the secret of this wonderful display of military force? First, the South has unity of idea; and second, by the establishment of an absolute despotism her leaders have been able to combine and direct all her resources to one point. She has no divided Congress to embarrass the action of her executive, no constitution of limited powers to fetter her administration of affairs. She allows no divisions among her people, no factious mass meetings to distract public opinion, no mischief-plotting editors or preachers, no half-way generals, no subordinates in any branch of her service—civil or military—with the taint upon them of unfriendliness to her cause. She insist upon fidelity in every shape to the last degree, and punishes a halting zeal with signal disgrace. What is it that such despotism cannot accomplish when determined to achieve, or to die in the attempt? The South has already called into service an army of nearly four hundred thousand men. She has still a white population of one million of males between the ages of eighteen and forty-five years from which to draft recruits. She has given herself up to the business of the war. She has no productive employments that can, to any extent, occupy, or give a living to her white people, and many are, therefore, driven into the ranks of the army as their only resource against starvation. In every other country on the globe where society has advanced beyond a savage state, there is an established body of industry to exert an influence in favor of peace, and opposed to anarchy; but in the South the desperation of the leaders has led them to destroy industry, and to break up all occupations but those which go directly to support the war. By the destruction of cotton and sugar, and prohibition of those branches of labor on which trade is organized, hundreds of thousands of people are condemned to idleness, and war is the only occupation from which they are not debarred. The world has never before seen any madness like this. And the general result must be a conscription by the force of circumstances, more inexorable than was ever ordained by human despot, which must necessarily apply to all classes, irrespective of age.—*New York Evening Post.*

RESPONSIBILITY.

THIS is not an hour for withholding, for calculating, the chances, and studying how to shield ourselves and our households from the responsibilities and the perils of war. No man's son is too dear for such a service as this. No patriot, no friend of freedom and humanity, no enlightened and prayerful Christian, would seek to detain from the field of battle any one capable of bearing arms, though he be an only son. If the nation is to be saved, if the blessed heritage of a free government we have received from our fathers, is to be preserved for our posterity, if this continent is to be redeemed from barbarism and slavery for freedom and a Christian civilization, then must we take our sons by the hand and lead them forth to the baptism of fire and blood. In every household the question must be, *whom can we send to represent us in this great common peril and destiny, and to bear our part in toil and danger and suffering unto the end?* The man who tries to shield his own family from the chances of drafting, by bribing his poor neighbor to enlist, has no patriotism for such an hour as this. The man who counts his own life or the life of his own son too dear for the service of his country, is not worthy of the country that has nurtured him and his. The call of God for the defense of freedom and righteousness is a personal call to every household and to every man. Let proclamations, speeches, bounties, all the appliances for promoting enlistments be multiplied; but with these, and above these, let there be the potent, the magnetic, the controlling example of the enlightened and the favored in every community giving their own flesh and blood to a cause which can know no distinctions in society, which can give no dispensation from responsibility, toil, and suffering to any who calls himself an American.—*Congregationalist.*

PARTIES.

"No party until we have a country," was the language of a distinguished ex-Governor, an ex-Minister of Mr. Buchanan, an intimate friend and ardent admirer of Senator Douglas, and was spoken in reply to the congratulations of his fellow-citizens when appointed by a Republican Governor to fill a Senatorial chair vacated by the expulsion of a treason sympathizer. It is a noble sentiment. There is one work now before us; viz., the overthrow of the rebellion, and the re-establishment of the Union. Until that is done, the man who will turn aside for party squabbles merits the severest reprobation. Is this a time to contend for spoils, to plot for party, when the country is in the gravest peril?

And yet there is evidence that already are steps taken to compact a powerful party which shall control the next Congress, of which these are distinguishing tenents:

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DEAR believer! see that thy heart beat warm and true to the gospel cause. It is a sure index of health in thy spiritual life that thou dost triumph in thy Lord's praise, and art "grieved for the afflictions of Joseph"—that thou joyest, as in heaven they joy, "over repenting sinners." Be ever ready to regard the work of the Lord, and in what place soever his power and his Spirit seem to be present, do thou look thither with expectation and prayer.

In your acts try to benefit your fellow man.

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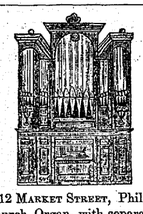

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Within Two Hours Ride from Philadelphia.

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Dr. C. has also a Department for BOYS, in separate rooms, where they are fitted for Business, or College, or Military, or Naval Schools. Miss Clara F. Sherman, of Boston, is assistant teacher in the School for Boys. Both Schools have a PRIMARY DEPARTMENT, in which pupils are received at a reduced price. Instrumental Music, Latin, Greek, French, and German are taught by competent instructors.

Dr. C. was permitted to refer while in Boston, to Rev. A. L. Stone; Rev. Warren Burton; Rev. Solomon Adams; Rev. H. M. Dexter; Rev. Chandler Robbins, DD.; Winslow Lewis, MD.; J. V. C. Smith, MD.; D. Humphrey Storer, MD.; John Ware, MD.; Rev. James Walker, DD, President Harvard University; Rev. Mark Hopkins, DD, President Williams College; Rev. W. A. Stearns, DD, President Amherst College; Rev. Daniel Leach, Superintendent Public Schools, Providence, R.I.; Prof. John D. Philbrick, Superintendent Public Schools, Boston, Massachusetts; Rev. Alex. H. Vinton, D.D, New York. july3 tf

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THE FIRE IN CHESTNUT STREET.
Letter from Theo. H. Peters & Co.

Philadelphia, January 19, 1860.
MESSRS. FARREL, HERRING & CO.,
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GENTLEMEN:—We have recovered the Herring's Patent Champion Safe, of your make which we bought from you nearly five years ago, from the ruins of our building, No. 716 Chestnut street, which was entirely destroyed by fire on the morning of the 17th inst.

So rapid was the progress of the flames, before we could reach the store, the whole interior was one mass of fire. The Safe being in the back part of the store, and surrounded by the most combustible materials, was exposed to great heat. It fell with the walls of that part of the building into the cellar, and remained imbedded in the ruins for more than thirty hours.

The Safe was opened this morning in the presence of a number of gentlemen, and the contents, comprising our books, bills, receivable money, and a large amount of valuable papers, are all safe; not a thing was touched by fire.

Respectfully, yours,
THEO. H. PETERS & CO.

The above Safe can be seen at our store, where the public are invited to call and examine it.
FARREL, HERING & CO.
No. 629 CHESTNUT ST.
(Jayne's Hall.) sep 29—1y

AMERICAN
Life Insurance and Trust Company.

COMPANY'S BUILDINGS, Southeast Corner of Walnut and Fourth Streets.

Authorized Capital,	$500,000
Paid up Capital,	250,000

Incorporated 1850, by the Legislature of Penna.

Insures Lives during the natural life or for short terms, grants annuities and endowments, and makes contracts of all kinds depending on the issues of life. Acting also as Executors, Trustees, and Guardians.

Policies of Life Insurance issued at the usual mutual rates of other good companies—with profits to the assured—last BONUS January, 1861, being 48 per cent. of all premiums received on mutual policies—at Joint Stock rates, 20 per cent. less than above, or Total Abstinence rates 40 per cent, less than Mutual price.

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By which a person pays for 5, 7 or 10 years only, when the Policy is paid up for LIFE, and nothing more to pay; and should he be unable, or wish to discontinue sooner, the Company will issue a PAID UP POLICY, in proportion to the amount of premium paid, as follows:—

On a Policy of $1000, after payment	At 5 Year Rates.	7 Year Rates.	10 Year Rates.
of 2 An. Prem's, for	$400 00	$285 70	$200 00
" 4 do "	800 00	571 40	400 00
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For 25 cents, the Magic Pen; for 38 cents, the Lucky Pen; for 50 cents, the Always-Ready Pen; for 75 cents, the Elegant Pen; and for $1, the Excelsior Pen.

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For 50 cents, the Magic Pen; for 75 cents, the Lucky Pen; for $1, the Always-Ready Pen; for $1 25, the Elegant Pen; and for $1 50, the Excelsior Pen. These are well finished, good writing Gold Pens, with Iridosmin Points, the average wear of every one of which will far outlast a gross of the best Steel Pens.

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