

Family Circle.

ROCK-A-BYE BABY.

Was there ever a baby so sweet as my baby! So bonnie, so winsome, so blithe and so fair, Were there ever such gleams, save in romance and dreams, As light his blue eyes, and fall soft on his hair? Can it be thou art mine? Oh! my treasure, my darling, First blossom of spring, in our garden of love, The pearl of great price, in our home paradise, For thee, let me bless the great Father above. There! nestle up closer to mother's own bosom, Lie still, little head, on her warm beating breast, Droop down, golden fringe, to the roseate tinge That creeps o'er his cheek, in his beautiful rest. Shall it be, by and by, as the fitful years hasten, That my baby shall grow to the wild, restless boy? Shall ever this brain, throbbing with passion and pain, Or this heart keep proud time to man's masterful joy? Shall these waxen hands take their share of earth's labor, Wield the pioneer's axe, or the grave student's pen? Shall these soft little feet, oh! so dimpled and sweet, Climb the steep, stony paths of the children of men? My boy! thou wilt be where proud banners are waving, Where bugles are sounding; where glory is won; Where the right treads the wrong, as in story and song— And I—why—I'll smile and say, "He is my son!" Keep off! come not near, ye proud days of the future, Not half so much mine, when the world claims the man, As now, with lips prest, to the milk at my breast, And hurt him! and harm him! and charm him! who can? So rock-a-bye baby! soft, soft be thy slumbers, God bless thee—God give thee a long life and bright, In the pride of thy strength, thou may'st leave me at length, But thou'rt only thy mother's own darling to-night. M. E. M.

JENNIE'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY M. E. M. (CONTINUED.)

I will not take up the time of my readers, by describing the various meetings that took place, before the box was ready to be sent to the Christian Commission. In time, it was filled, and went with many other boxes, to assist the benevolent enterprise, that goes on its Samaritan work, wherever our armies are encamped. Mattie enclosed her money, in an envelope, and sent it forward by itself. In many instances it is better to send money than materials to such societies as this, because those who are constantly visiting the army and receiving word from it, know better what is wanted, and where things are wanted, than people can do, who are sitting quietly at home. When the box from the Seminary arrived at Philadelphia, the Chairman was just reading an urgent appeal, from some of the delegates of the Commission, who were with the Army in the West. They begged that hospital stores might at once be sent on to them, and also that a supply of religious reading might be made up, for the men who were well, and who hungered and thirsted for mental food, in the long, idle, monotonous days of the camp. They told how eagerly the men seized the little papers that had pleased them in their boyhood, or that they had read to their own boys, in the Sabbath evenings at home, and they asked for Testaments, in the French and German languages, that the foreigners in the army might read the Word of God, in the tongues that they had learned by the silver Seine, and the deep blue Rhine. At once, the boxes were sent forward, ours among them; some packed with clothing, some with delicacies and wine, and others with reading matter. I wish that all the good people, who have stored away, in their attic chambers, or on the top shelf of the book-case, or perhaps, up in the dusty loft, with spider-webs festooned above them, piles of old magazines, reviews, or books, which the family have read, would just take the first rainy day, and collect them together, and send them to the nearest soldiers' relief association. Had they seen, as I have, the eager faces light up with pleasure, at the sight of a book, perhaps a friend in the old days of peace, perhaps a stranger, but not less welcome; had they seen the brown hands extended, to grasp the little four-leaved tract, they would not rest until

every corner had been ransacked, and they had found something to brighten a soldier on a long, homesick day. Away, away, over the swift rattling railroads, down long rapid rivers, over flowing mountains, and through gloomy forests, the careful express bore its precious freight, until at the close of a winter's day, the boxes reached the depot of the Commission, at Nashville. They came at the very moment, when they were most needed. The thunders of a great battle had scarcely died away, and the hospitals in the city were fast being filled with the wounded. Over the rocky roads, the ambulances were slowly wending their way to the city, bearing the sad possession of the maimed, the halt, and the blind, who had given oh! how much, on the blood-stained field, for the dear old banner of the Union. What agony to some of these, was the very slightest motion of the ambulance; how faint grew the wounded men, who had tasted no food for hours, and had lain helpless and weak, in the shadow of a shot-torn tree, or a friendly rock, while the tide of battle surged to and fro, beside them. So it happened that our box was the very first one opened, and a surgeon standing by, exclaimed with delight at seeing the long rolls of bandages, which lay on the top. The attendants divided the bandages and lint, and sent the garments where they were wanted; and we will follow them, through some of the wards. "This is heaven!" said a pale sufferer, in a weak husky whisper, to the kind-hearted nurse, who shook out his pillows, and smoothed the coverlid above him. "Three days ago, I was wounded," he said, "and just had strength to crawl out of the boys' way, as they charged on that battery on the hill. Two or three rebels who came around me once, would have made me a prisoner, but they thought that I was dead; so they contented themselves with pulling off my shoes, and stealing all I had in my pockets. There I lay, faint, tired, stiff, and oh! how thirsty! till the battle was over for the day, and some of my company carried me off the field, to the hospital tent. But I never thought to lie again in a soft bed, with white sheets, like we have at home." "Don't talk," said the nurse, "but take this, and try to sleep." Obedient as a child, the weary man took the proffered cordial, falling asleep, to dream in that couch of unwonted ease, of the sweet home, in far New England, where, even at that hour, father and mother, brothers and sisters, were gathered at the Mercy Seat, and the aged parent was asking a blessing on the absent volunteer. In Nashville, all sorts of buildings, public and private, have been improvised into hospitals. The little cots, each with its white sheets and pillows, stand close together, and in the wards, where lie the dangerously wounded, or the very sick, the most perfect quiet prevails. The nurses, both men and women, move about with light, noiseless tread, and speak in hushed tones, and the day goes by, with a dreamy quiet, that seems strange to those, who have just come from the uproar of the battlefield. In the wards where the men are convalescent, there is much light and cheerful talk, snatches of songs, and discussion of the events of the day. Often prayer-meetings are held, and the voice of praise ascends, and the fervent petitions of God's children rise from the lips of the heroes of the war. As the wounded were brought in, and examined, "He must lose his arm!" said a surgeon, decidedly, as he looked critically at a patient who had been borne in, apparently unconscious, from an ambulance, and whom strong and tender hands had laid upon the ready cot. "Oh! Doctor!" murmured the man, opening his eyes, and gazing with a look of entreaty on the face of the surgeon. "Save it won't you—if you can. It's my right arm? What will mother do, if I lose it?" "My boy," said the Doctor, kindly, and with a consideration that army surgeons hurried and wearied out, as they are at such times, often fail to show, "My boy! I would save it, if I could; I never use the knife when it can be helped, but it is your arm or your life; unless this arm is taken off, you must die." "Can I live, if it is amputated," said the soldier earnestly. "If you were at home, with mother to nurse you," replied the Doctor, "I

should say 'yes'; in an army hospital, you will not get on quite so fast, but you have a chance." "I will take care of him, as his mother might," said a sweet low voice, and looking up, the soldiers' eye, fell on the calm placid face of a Quaker lady—she wore the soft dove-like dress of the Friends; a white handkerchief was folded over her bosom, and her grey hair was put plainly back under a white cap. On her breast was a little silver scroll, with the name "Christian Commission," engraved upon it. "These must have no fears my son," said the lady, in her silvery voice—"Be calm and patient and trust thyself to God." They gave him chloroform, and when his senses were steeped in forgetfulness, the surgeon separated the ligaments with skillful hand, sawed through the bone, and presently lopped off the good right arm, that had struck so bravely in the battle. All the while, Friend Rachel Allen, stood by him, wiping his brow, helping the surgeon, and assisting to adjust the bandages. It was all over in a few moments, and the busy surgeon hurried on to another patient. When Robert McPherson came to himself again, he was conscious of a soreness about the part, where his arm had been, of a stiffness and dull pain, and when he tried to move, he was so weak, that he could not turn his head. "These must be very quiet, my dear boy," said Friend Rachel, in her soft low voice. Looking up at her still, placid face, as unruffled and smooth, as though the sixty years she had spent in this rough world, had been one unbroken summer, Robert felt stealing over him, the sweet, dreamful peace, that he had felt long ago, in his boyhood, when, on a fearful stormy night, "mother" had come softly up the stairs, to her boys' room, and had held his hand, till the patter of the rain on the roof had grown faint and far away, and the lightning ceased to flash, and he had fallen asleep. Friend Rachel's quiet presence had a sort of magnetism in it, and lying there, looking at her, the low white walls faded from his sight, the moans of the other patients ceased to fall on his ear, and in their place, came a gentle slumber, and a blissful dream of home. "Friend Rachel," said the surgeon, coming near the cot. "Here is a poor fellow, who needs you, to say a kind word or two, to cheer him up. This poor boy will do well I think!" JOSIE'S LETTER. MY DEAREST MAMMA:—I have a very sad story to tell you. I feel so bad that I don't know what to do. Mamma, you know I told you about my beautiful pitcher plant that I had in my garden. And there was one bud on it, only one; and people say the flower is splendid, so I watched my bud every day. It seemed as if the little green leaves of the bud (Aunt Tabby calls them the calyx—I know that's right for I asked her how to spell it) never would open. At last, mamma, I could see that the inside of the bud was swelling up and swelling up, and the leaves looked just ready to fly open and show the beautiful flower. Last night I saw it just before dark, and this morning I ran down to my garden the first thing. But oh mamma! a little bit of a green worm had got into my pitcher plant bud, and eaten out the whole inside of it for his breakfast! And there he was, in the bud, with the poor green calyx standing up all round him, and not one bit of the flower left, but just a little red corner of a leaf, to show me how beautiful it would have been. Mamma, what do you suppose that little green caterpillar was made for? Would it have made any difference, mamma, if there had been just that one little green caterpillar less in the world? Your poor little daughter, JOSIE. THE ANSWER. MY DEAREST LITTLE JOSIE:—Your story of the little green caterpillar touched me very much. I do not suppose I know all that he was made for, but I am quite sure, dear, that it would have made a difference if there had been just that one less in the world. I believe that there is not even a waste leaf in all the great forests, nor one blade of grass too many in all the wide meadows. Do you remember, Josie, when you went with me to see that machine long ago, how you and I wondered at the tiny wheels and pins and springs, which our ignorant eyes could see no use for? Yet the gentleman who showed it to us said that every one of them helped forward the work. But every little stick, or grain of dust, or thread, that had nothing to do, only clogged the machine. So I believe that your little green caterpillar was no grain of troublesome dust, but only a very, very little wheel, for which you and I do not know the use. For God suffers nothing, either small or great, to ever interfere with the working of this great world machine which he has made. And I think I can see that part of

the little caterpillar's work was to give my little Josie a lesson of patience; while another was to show her how much the smallest things can do, for good or evil; since a little green caterpillar, to please himself, eat up her pleasure. I found a picture of the pitcher plant flower, and send it to you, love; to let you see not only what you have lost, but what you may hope for another time. Your affectionate MOTHER. Little American. CHILD RELIGION. We know of no form of Christian effort that promises such large results as that bestowed upon childhood and youth. We have far more confidence in the enduring character of a child's religion than that of later growth in life, as what we feel and think in childhood endures with the man longer, and has far more influence upon his conduct than what he comes to think and feel only after age has hardened him against enduring impressions. The thoughts and feelings of youth are wrought with our very being, like the moisture which a tree absorbs into its pores, while those of riper years are external and evanescent like dew drops on its leaves, which the sun exhales the next hour—Chronicle. MISCELLANEOUS. THE GREAT RUSSIAN EMANCIPATION. An English clergyman, Rev. J. Long, has spent five months in Russia for the special purpose of studying the effects of serf emancipation on the spot. He has had every facility given him by the authorities, and has also mingled freely with the enemies of the great reform. He also traveled extensively in the interior of the country, and resided for a time in a district 100 miles south of Moscow. The Independent gives the following abstract of his report: The emancipation is completely triumphant in every respect. All the forebodings of the reactionaries have been disappointed. There has been no bloodshed, no excess, no social disorder, no decline of industry. Twenty-three millions of people have been raised at once from the degradation of chattelism to the dignity of freemen, by the fiat of one man, in the space of two years, in the face of a most formidable opposition of nearly the whole Russian nobility. The bitterest opponents now admit that, "as the operation had to be performed some time, it was well to do it at once." Intellectual and social energies which had been frozen up for centuries are set free; the peasantry are a promising race of people, and they know how to appreciate the boon of liberty. Among the first financial results is the general rise in the price of land all through Russia, at least a million of serfs having already purchased the land which they formerly cultivated for a master. The government systematically loans money for this object, and all the money which was formerly hidden in earthen pots is brought out and invested in land. Every peasant feels a new incentive to industry and economy, that he may be able to buy land. More houses are now built in a year than used to be built in half a dozen years. The new wants of the people give a surprising impulse to trade. The nobility, who used to spend their incomes at Paris or in Germany, are coming to live on their estates, and spend their lives in seeking to promote the improvement of the people. The appraised value of property in the kingdom is already enhanced beyond computation. The educational and religious efforts are equally signal. Already eight thousand schools have sprung into existence among the peasants, by their own efforts, aided by friends, the government having no hand in it. Two years ago such a thing as a day-school among the peasantry was hardly known. There is a great anxiety to be able to read the laws, as well as to read the Scriptures. To meet a pressing demand, the church authorities have published the Russian New Testament, at the low price of sixpence a copy—about twelve cents. Of course the priests must make themselves both intelligent and refined, if they wish to keep their places among an educated people. The changes which have already been made in the municipal arrangements of the country are equally wonderful. Within the last two years the cities of Moscow and St. Petersburg have for the first time had mayors elected by the citizens. In the peasant villages, the chief is elected by the people, and all measures are debated and settled in village meetings—those pestilent nurseries of discontent the old Tories called them—the training schools of freedom, as every philosophical observer considered our American town-meetings. An honorary local magistracy has been created all over the empire, of men of character and standing, who can execute justice between man and man, repress crime, and protect the weak against the strong. Our author says: "These municipal institutions are training-schools for the peasantry; they enable them to resist the oppression of the noble and the government employees; they also break the force of that centralization which has been such a curse to Russia; and they are nuclei to protect the weak against the venal police of Russia; for, in the peasant's court, oral evidence, summary decision, and publicity form the rules of proceed-

ing, while a simple and cheap code of the law is administered." And, finally, the writer finds in all this the first installment of a fully-developed liberal constitution for Russia, which must follow as an inevitable consequence: "Even the late Emperor Nicholas was convinced that emancipation was necessary, but he would not give it, knowing that it would involve reform in all other departments of the state; that the upheaving of the masses would affect every institution in Russia. As serf emancipation included municipal institutions for the peasantry, a constitution, therefore, for all Russia follows as a corollary; and I found, among all intelligent Russians, the full conviction that a constitution must naturally come in a few years; that as municipal constitutions grow out of emancipation, so provincial assemblies are the result of municipal freedom, and a constitution will be the fruit of provincial assemblies. These steps are now being taken." The Emperor Nicholas was fully sensible of the importance of emancipation, but he said clearly that constitutional government must follow, and this he would not abide. Alexander II. has therefore acted with his eyes open, and is prepared to follow out his first step to all its legitimate results as fast as wisdom will allow. Since the above was written, the Arabia mail steamer brings the Official Journal of St. Petersburg, containing an imperial ukase for the organization of the provincial and district representations of Russia, with the exception of the Western and Baltic Provinces, Archangel, Astrachan, and Bessarabia. This is the beginning of a constitutional monarchy in Russia, whose government will no longer have to be defined as a "despotism tempered by assassination." The introduction of a representative constitution will, of course, greatly contribute to the education of the whole people, and will thus have a marked influence upon the destiny of Europe. WHAT MANIA-A-POTU IS. The reporter of the Philadelphia Press relates the following: A pretty well-dressed young man stepped into the Central Station on Monday afternoon, to enter a complaint. He appeared to be perfectly sane, but it was not long before we came to the conclusion that we stood in the presence of a man who was laboring under an attack of mania-a-potu. "Sir," said he "I am very much annoyed by the Reading Railroad Company; they have caused to be laid a double-track from the cellar of my house to the roof; one track goes up one side of my bed, and down on the other side. They run the cars all night; just I get into a doze, a locomotive whizzes by, blowing the steam-whistle and ringing the bell; last night, sir, one of the locomotives flew off the track, leaped across my bed to the other track, and the engineer grinned at me like a devil. The passengers all looked like devils, some with horns and some with no horns at all; each devil carried a canary-bird, which seemed to sing like a steam-whistle." Here the informant paused. "Well, sir, your complaint is just; we have already taken measures to have the railroad tracks removed from your house, so that you can sleep without being disturbed," was our reply. The man seemed to be grateful that such a course had been taken, and as he arose to depart, he said, "Sir, I wish you would remove that worm from my shoulder; only a little while ago I pulled one out of my forehead, and threw it on the pavement; just as I was about to put my foot on it, nearly a hundred ran up my leg, and I suppose this is one of them." We removed the imaginary worm, whereupon he exclaimed, "Why, there are more of them." "Wait a moment," said we; a brush was obtained and properly used. The man, evidently a gentleman, returned his thanks for our kindness, and suddenly left the office. He was a stranger. What became of him we know not, but we thought the whole scene a first-class temperance lecture. A GREAT WATERFALL. A detachment of troops, recently scouting in a valley of the Snake or Lewis fork of the Columbia, discovered a waterfall which, it is said, is entitled to the distinction of being called the greatest in the world. The entire volume of water pours over a sheer precipice one hundred and ninety-eight feet high, thirty-eight feet higher than Niagara, and the cascade is one solid sheet or body. The locality of this immense waterfall is near the point heretofore designated as the Great Shoshone or Salmon Falls of that river, but they have always been enveloped in mystery. Almost a dozen years ago the writer passed along the Snake river road. For two days we heard the roaring of these falls, but learned no more respecting them than if they had been in the moon. It was said there were a series of falls or rapids, making a descent of seven hundred feet in seven miles, and the sound gave color to the report. For hundreds of miles across the great plain Snake river flows through a cavern, with vertical walls hundreds of feet high. It is only at long intervals that salient points are found by which the river can be reached. The road crosses from point to point of the bends, only approaching close to the river where there

The West Chester Academy, and Military Institute, AT WEST CHESTER, PENNA. WILLIAM F. WYERS, A. M., Principal THE school will remain in session until the 15th of JUNE next. Number of instructors 10; and the number of students 152. Many applications for admission had to be refused last Fall for want of suitable accommodations. THIS DIFFICULTY HAS BEEN REMOVED. MILITARY DEPARTMENT. Major G. Eckenroff, Instructor. Captain J. F. DeMaizere, Superintendent. For circulars, terms, &c., apply to WM. F. WYERS, A. M., Principal, Jan. 14.] West Chester, Pa. Philadelphia Collegiate Institute FOR YOUNG LADIES. 1530 Arch Street, Philadelphia. Rev. CHAS. A. SMITH, D.D., Principal. The Ninth Academic Year will begin on MONDAY, Sept. 14th. For circulars, and other information, address, Box 2611, Post Office. Circulars may be obtained at the Presbyterian House, 1324 Chestnut Street. 1714 2nd St. MELODEONS! HARMONIUMS CONSTANTLY on hand a stock of Melodeons of my own MAKE, which cannot be excelled. I am sole agent for CARHART'S SLENDER HARMONIUMS, possessing unequalled powers, variety, and beauty of tone. The best instrument for Churches ever introduced. H. M. MORRIS, 728 Market Street. W. & B. WANAMAKER & BROWN'S POPULAR OAK HALL, S. E. CORNER SIXTH AND MARKET. FINE CLOTHING READY-MADE. W. & B. WANAMAKER & BROWN, MERCHANT TAILORS. CUSTOM DEPARTMENT, NO. 1 SOUTH SIXTH STREET. The Newest Styles for Fall and Winter Now Ready. Sep. 21—4f. CHARLES STOKES & CO'S FIRST CLASS 'ONE PRICE' READY-MADE CLOTHING STORE, NO. 824 CHESTNUT STREET, UNDER THE CONTINENTAL HOTEL, Philadelphia. DIAGRAM FOR SELF-MEASUREMENT. For Coat—Length of back from 1 to 2, and from 2 to 3. Length of Sleeve (with arm crooked) from 4 to 5, and around the most prominent part of the chest and waist. State whether erect or stooping. For Vest—same as coat. For Pants—inside seam, and outside from hip bone, around the waist and hip. A good fit guaranteed. Officers' Uniforms ready made, always on hand, or made to order in the best manner, and on the most reasonable terms. Having finished many hundred Uniforms the past year for Staff Field and Line Officers, as well as for the Navy, we are prepared to execute orders in this line with correctness and dispatch. The largest and most desirable stock of Ready-Made Clothing in Philadelphia always on hand. (The price marked in plain figures on all of the goods.) A department for Boys' Clothing is also maintained at this establishment, and supervised by experienced hands. Parents and others will find here a most desirable assortment of Boys' Clothing at low prices. Sole agent for the "Famous Bullseye Proof Vest." CHARLES STOKES & CO. E. T. TAYLOR, W. J. STOKES. THOMAS CARRICK & CO., CRACKER AND BISCUIT BAKERS, 1905 MARKET STREET, PHILA. Superior Crackers, Pilot and Ship Bread, Soda, Sugar and Wine Biscuits, Pic-Nics, Jumbles, and Ginger Nuts, A. PEE'S, SCOTCH AND OTHER CAKES. Ground Cracker in any Quantity. Orders promptly filled. dec18 1y