

Family Circle.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

A soldier lay in a lady's house, badly wounded. A Major General rode up to the door. His orderly took his horse. He got off, went in, and sat down by the dying man's side. Taking out a little book, he read from it, 'Let not your heart be troubled, &c. He then knelt down and offered up a prayer to God for that dying soldier.'

THE HOLLY TREE.

Oh, reader! hast thou ever stood to see The Holly Tree? The eye that contemplates it well perceives Its glossy leaves, Ordered by an intelligence so wise As might confound the atheist's sophistries.

JENNIE'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY "M. E. M."

[Continued.]

A somewhat rough looking yet intelligent man, with a grave but kindly expression, now entered the ward. It was the chaplain of the 18th — volunteers, who had left the regiment in the field, and returned to look after such of the men as had been wounded at Murfreesboro' and were scattered in various hospitals.

plexity for counsel. What the pastor is to his congregation, was the chaplain of the 18th —, to the regiment with which he had gone into the service. Our friend Robert was almost as glad to see Mr. Sutton's kindly face, as he would have been to meet his brother. It was very like seeing some one from home,—this greeting of an old familiar friend, here in the quiet uneventful life of the hospital. He divined the object of the chaplain's visit at once, and thought how glad the scattered men of the regiment would be.

however desperate, but he stopped me with the answer that it was too late. "I went back to the cot where my friend was lying. He smiled pleasantly, and said, 'How strange it is that I should be so very weak. I am not in pain. Go to those poor fellows over there, who are in such distress. I am afraid I'll find it hard work lying here, if Dr. Satterly means to keep me long on the shelf.'"

putting my clasped hands in her lap, and saying, 'Our Father who art in Heaven, and 'Now I lay me down to sleep, but mother died.' "And did no one tell you of Jesus, after that?" said the chaplain. "I was a bound boy, chaplain, and I had a very hard time of it. When I got big enough I ran away from my first place, and one way and another, I was kicked about the world like a football, till I grew careless and wicked, and cursed and swore and did everything that mother would have been sorry for, if she had been alive. The only good thing I've ever done, chaplain, was to enlist, when the first call came for volunteers. I couldn't stand the idea of having our star spangled banner shot at by rebels and I've never shamed or shirked duty or danger yet. But I'll never get well, and somehow every day as I lie here, looking up at the white walls, my mind goes back to when I was a little boy, walking to church with mother, and I wish, oh! how I wish, I could see mother again."

A CHILD'S REBUKE. "Mother, I want to do something for Jesus," said little Alice Fearing; "am I too young?" Alice was only five years old, but she had learned to love the Savior; and felt already the obligation to live for him who had laid down his life for her. "What can you do, Alice? or what do you want to do?" her mother replied. She thought she saw a definite purpose in the child's clear eye and open brow.

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