

Family Circle.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE SHORTER CATECHISM--X. THE JUSTICE OF GOD.

Thou lovest alone Jehovah's gentler ways? Thought weak, unmanly! Every heaviest blow...

Sinks Pharaoh? At a nation's glad birth-hour, From slaves to freemen raised; from whom should spring...

"Justice!" Great sufferers know its worth! The cry Hath risen from widow's heart, her children's spoll'd...

Or when th' oppressor, scorpion-like, self-coil'd; Feels in his once proud breast the hell-fires meet...

God's law proclaims: "With me, no compromise!" Unbending principle, demanding all!

Come forth then, all the manhood in our souls; When rush His thunderbolts, let us assent. When o'er Armada's prod, the tempest rolls...

JENNIE'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY "M. E. M." [Continued.]

The chaplain was pressed for time, but he staid until after the funeral of the poor youth. At ten o'clock, the corpse was placed in the rude pine coffin...

Prayer was offered, a few remarks were made, and the coffin was lowered into the grave. Spadeful after spadeful of earth was thrown into the grave...

There came good news that day to Robert McPherson. People at home, who sneer at the number of men who are at home on furlough, know little of army life...

Robert and some of his companions, who were likewise discharged from the service on account of their wounds, soon set out for home. They took a tender leave of the nurses and surgeons...

thought that every mile they went over brought them so much nearer home. They felt, dear children, as you have often felt when, having been away all day, you have turned your steps homeward at nightfall...

One thing struck the attention of these returning soldiers very forcibly. It was the absence, as they came North, of anything that looked like war. As they emerged from the desolated States that have been the battle-grounds of the contest...

"It don't look much like war here, does it?" said Robert to a friend who sat beside him in the car. "Not much," said his friend, "but I am glad to see how bright and thrifty everything looks; it makes me feel how strong our side is. All these people want; Bob, is to be down there and see things as they are; to believe what we tell them, and what they read in the papers..."

At intervals along the way, the soldiers found "Union Relief Rooms," or "Soldiers' Rests," where they were provided with palatable meals, and now and then with books and papers. An old woman, entered the cars at one station, with a basket of fruit on her arm, and the boys were about to buy something, but she stopped them with a decided, "No; I never sell to soldiers. Take all you want and welcome boys, for the sake of Frank McGarra, who died in the battle of Cedar Mountain..."

Here and there Robert's comrades left him, until, when they reached New York, he was alone. Fairfield, the little village where his mother lived, was but a few miles distant, and as he stepped out on the platform and looked out on the familiar scenes of his boyhood his heart throbbled with a tumult of joy. There were not many here to recognize this tall man, in his faded uniform, as the rosy-cheeked boy who had left them several years before the war...

He felt almost afraid to lift the latch of the garden gate, when he reached his mother's cottage. It was midsummer now, and doors and windows stood wide open, to admit the pleasant evening breeze. He opened the garden gate, and went softly up the gravelled path, that led to the door. His step was not so quiet though, with all his care, that it failed to reach his mother's ear. Just as he got to the house door, she came swiftly down the stairs, and clasped him in her arms. It was a joyful meeting, not to be described by tongue or pen; though there are many in our great land, who have felt its blissful reality.

Jennie Martin's home was only a few doors off. She was playing with her cousins, in the garden, when her father came home and said, "Jennie dear, come in! I have good news for you! Where's your mother?" "Here she is," said a cheerful, pleasant voice, "quite ready for any good news, you may have to communicate. But tea is ready; so we'll sit down, and enjoy the tidings, with our supper."

"I think you would hardly be so cool if you had any idea of the news I bring," said Mr. Martin. "Somebody has come home to-night!" "It must be Martha," said Jennie. "I'll run up to see her to-morrow." "Not Mattie," said Mr. Martin. "It may be brother Charles," said Mrs. Martin. "He was expected this week."

"I see," replied Mr. Martin, "that I must enlighten you. It is your cousin Robert, from Tennessee." Many were the exclamations and rejoicings that followed this announcement, for Robert had been a favorite in the family of old, and of late he had been a hero in the eyes of all. "It would be wrong to intrude upon

the mother and son to-night," said Mr. Martin, "but to-morrow we'll all go and pay our respects to the soldier boy."

FAMILY DISCIPLINE.

What motives are laid upon all Christian parents to make the first article of family discipline a constant and careful discipline of themselves. I would not undervalue a strong and decided government in families. No family can be rightly trained without it. But there is a kind of virtue, my brethren, which is not in the rod—the virtue, I mean, of a truly good and sanctified life. And a reign of brute force is much more easily maintained than a reign whose power is righteousness and love. There are, too, I must warn you, many who talk much of the rod as the orthodox symbol of parental duty, but who might really as well be heathens as Christians; who only storm about their house with heathenish ferocity, who lecture, and threaten, and castigate, and bruise, and call this family government. They even dare to speak of this as the nurture of the Lord. So much easier is it to be violent than to be holy, that they substitute force for goodness and grace, and are wholly unconscious of the imposture. It is fitting to think how they batter and bruise the delicate, tender souls of their children, extinguishing in them what they ought to cultivate, crushing that sensibility which is the hope of their being, and all in the sacred name of Christ Jesus. By no such summary process can you dispatch your duties to your children. You are not to be a savage to them, but a father and a Christian. Your real aim and study must be to infuse into them a new life, and, to this end, the Life of God must perpetually reign in you. Gathered round you as a family, they are all to be so many motives, strong as the love you bear them, to make you Christ-like in your spirit. It must be seen and felt with them that religion is a first thing with you. And it must be first, not in words and talk, but visibly first in your love—that which fixes your aims, feeds your enjoyments, sanctifies your pleasures, supports your trials, satisfies your wants, contents your ambition, beautifies and blesses your character. No mock piety, no sanctimony of phrase, or longitude of life; stimulating ambition for place and show; provoking ill-nature by petulance and falsehood; praying, to save the rule of family worship; having now and then a religious fit, and, when it is on, weeping and exhorting the family to do all that the life has taught them to do; and then, when the passions have burnt out their fire, dropping down again to sleep in the embers, only hoping still that the family will some time be converted! When shall we discover that families ought to be ruined by such trainings as this?—Dr. Bushnell.

THE MOUSE THAT DID NOT LIKE ITS SUPPER.

A little mouse once found fault with its supper. It wanted what it could not have. "My child," said its mother, "your supper is better than many little mice get. Many little mice get nothing. This did not make it any better pleased or more thankful. "It did not care whether other little mice went hungry or not," it said; "for its part, it wanted cheese," and because it could not have it, it ran up into a corner of the hole, turned its back and pouted. Ah, I'm afraid there are other naughty children who do just so.

"Can't I go and get some myself?" cried the foolish little mouse. "My child," said the patient mother, "you know not the traps that are set in our way. Have you forgotten that terrible enemy of our race, the great yellow cat, that ate up your cousins? Remember how well you are off, and let well enough alone, before you leave our snug hole for the uncertainties of life on the premises. We are near enough to the granary to satisfy every reasonable want, and there's your fine playground among the rafters." More good words were said, and she then left the little mouse to its own reflections, while she went out for a short walk under the burdock leaves.

No sooner was her back turned than out came the little mouse from the corner, let itself down the hole, and scampered in the direction of the pantry. On its way it met a dashing young rat, and asked his advice. "Nothing dare, nothing have," said the rat. That advice pleased the mouse, and it marched boldly on—it knew where, for it had often heard the old rats describe it.

As length it reached a secret opening into the pantry, and found it—stopped up! How angry the little mouse was; while the savory smells that came through the walls only aggravated it the more. Headless of danger, it began to gnaw, gnaw, gnaw, without stopping to listen. A rich nibble and a full meal were all it thought of. At last it contrived to squeeze in, as tickled as could be, and laughing in its sleeve at its cautious old mother. In this state of mind, just rounding a firkin, a couple of glassy eyes, a huge mouth, and mon-

strous whiskers confronted it. A terrible fright seized its whole body. Where to go and what to do, it knew not; but it took to its legs, got out of a door, then hid, then ran again, the yellow cat at its heels. Did she catch it? Some time after, she was seen licking her lips; but she kept dark, answering no questions. Its mother came in from her walk under the burdock leaves, and never saw her mouse again. "Ah, it is a sorry sign when children find fault with what is set before them," she said and sighed.

LITTLE WHITE LILY.

Little white Lily Sat by a stone, Drooping and waiting, Till the sun shone: Little white Lily Sunshine has fed; Little white Lily Is lifting her head.

Little white Lily Said, "It is good; Little white Lily's Clothing and food." Little white Lily, Drest like a bride! Shining with whiteness, And crowned beside!

Little white Lily Droopeth with pain, Waiting and waiting For the wet rain. Little white Lily Holdeth her cup; Rain is fast falling, And filling it up.

Little white Lily Said, "Good again, When I am thirsty To have nice rain; Now I am stronger, Now I am cool. Heat cannot burn me, My veins are so full."

Little white Lily Smells very sweet; On her head sunshine, Rain at her feet. "Thanks to the sunshine, Thanks to the rain!" Little white Lily Is happy again!

THE DANGEROUS PET.

An English gentleman had a tame young lion, which seemed to have become a lamb in gentleness, and was a favorite pet in moments of leisure.

One day falling asleep, his hand hung over the side of his couch. The lion came to his side, and commenced licking his hand. Soon the file-like surface of the animal's tongue wore off the cuticle and brought blood to the surface. The sleeper was disturbed and moved his hand, when the savage growl startled him from his dreaming half-consciousness, to realize the terrible fact that the pet was a lion after all. With great self-possession, with the other hand he drew carefully from a pillow a revolver, and shot his pet through the head. It was no trivial sacrifice to his feelings, but a moment's delay might have cost him his life.

A striking illustration of the folly and madness of men in their moral experience. A vice which they call harmless, in the face of conscience, reason and history, is creased until it gains the mastery. The pet sin at length eats its way so deeply into the soul that its wages of pain begin to be felt. The victim starts up, resolves to escape; but how seldom has he the will power left—the moral courage to slay the disguised destroyer of his immortality. He pauses, again falls asleep and awakes in hell, home of sin, and the sinner when his work is finished.

U. S. CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.

Cash acknowledgments for two weeks ending March 11, 1864.—Army Com Y M C A, Boston, per Jos Story, Treas, \$2,256.68; Collection at Williamsport, Pa, per A Updegraff, \$1,410; "Little Helpers," Carlisle, Pa, per Miss A L Beeman, Tr, \$250; Proceeds of Festival at Dryden, N. Y., \$108.36; Citizens of Malone, N. Y., \$10; Mrs Van Valkenburg, Secy, \$118.30; W. Porter, Monson, Hampden co, Mass, additional, \$100; U P Church, North Kortright, \$94; Ref ch Kortright Centre, \$16; Free ch, North Harpersfield, \$14; Methodist ch, Furgussonville, \$28.50; Collection at Betty's Brook, \$3.10; per Rev James M Smaller, \$95.60; Proceeds of a fair held by Miss A Ramsey and others in Brooklyn, N. Y., \$30; Soldiers' Aid Socy of Newville, Pa, per Mrs A A Greaver \$57.04; M E Tract Soc, per Rev Dr Wise, Sec, \$200; Mrs Sarah Z Curtis, \$100; Mrs W E Dodge, N. Y., \$100; W A Blanchard, additional, \$50; Mrs J. S. Collection at Lewisburg, Pa, per David Green, \$39; Ladies' Aid Soc, McConnellsburg, Pa, per Rev M G White, \$50; Ladies' Aid Soc, Chatsworth, Ill, per Mrs M H Hall, \$60; Money found in an office of the Provost Marshal, and appropriated to Penna wounded soldiers, \$25; Union meeting at Lookhaven, Pa, \$34.85; Union Soldiers' Aid Soc, Phelps, N. Y., Mrs M J Browning, \$20; Collection at Terryville, Ct, per M Blakeley, Treas, \$10; Union Benevolent Soc of New Hampshire, per Miss Mary A Dearborn, \$30; Rev N K Crow, Alexandria, Va, \$9; Samuel McMullin, \$5; J C Davison, Oxford, N. Y., \$3; Ladies' Aid Soc, Delanco, N. Y., per Mrs Whitney, Treas, \$11.25; First Presb S S, Grand Rapids, Mich, \$4.50; S W Brewster, Hannibal, N. Y., \$15; A Friend of the Army, Mercersburg, Pa, \$10; A member of Neshaminy ch, \$2; Corp Ed K Mann, Battery G, 1st Regt E I Artillery, \$1; Miss C Sheldon, \$5; "C. M.," Astoria, N. Y., \$1; Louis R Southworth, South Woodstock, Conn, \$1; Mrs Johnson, Williamsburg, N. Y., \$10; E McKennon, Deposit, Delaware co, N. Y., \$1; S S Mission Box of United Presb ch, Lower Chanceford, Pa, \$3.30; S S, East Haverstraw, N. Y., \$7.35; Spring Ridge Aid Soc, \$4; Elizabeth Holt, \$5; "M A B," \$1; Capt E Keys, N Mountain Station, West Va, \$1; Henry Peters, Co A, 59th Infantry, 50c.—\$5,247.49. Amt. previously acknowledged, \$259,781.24. Total, \$255,028.70.

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