

## Family Circle.

A TRUE STORY OF SHILOH.

BY MISS WARNER.

The darkness fell upon Shiloh,  
But the stars gleamed out in light,  
And heaven was full of glory.  
Though the earth was full of night,  
All over the field the soldiers lay,  
Life after life ebbed slowly away;  
Drop after drop of crimson stain  
Dripped down on the battle-trodden plain;  
And loader and private, side by side,  
In silence suffered, in silence died.

Some wandering night-bird overhead,  
Some sighing wind from out the pines,  
Were the only watchers of the dead;  
And all was quiet along those lines.  
All quiet: the dead in their long rest,  
The wounded in anguish unconfessed;  
For hearts were strong, though life was faint,  
With victory hushing each complaint;  
And dying men were faithful and true  
As ever in life, to the red, white and blue.

All quiet. What if thoughts fled away  
To some fair home of love and rest?  
What if each patriot, where he lay,  
Brought round him the faces he loved the best—  
A vision of dear ones, young and old?  
Would their hearts break when his grew cold?  
Was his so strong? O playing night  
Cover those faces so still and white!  
Hide every throb of grief and pain,  
Each quivering lip on that drear plain!  
Breathe softly, O wind, on each poor brow!  
There are no loved hands to fan it now;  
No gentle fingers to wipe away  
The battle marks of this bloody day.

In a little thicket of dark pine trees,  
That sweetened and cooled the evening breeze,  
A soldier lay. The heavy shade  
Which pine tree branches above him made,  
Seemed to shut out both earth and sky,  
All mortal love and heavenly life.  
Was he alone then? could none hear  
His smothered sigh for home and friends?  
That home among free Northern hills,  
Where voices of children at their play  
Shouted and sang to the mountain rille.

The murmuring night-wind lends its ear,  
The tall pine tree above him bends,  
And home and friends are far away.  
Mid heaps of wounded and of slain,  
He is alone on Shiloh's plain.  
Not long alone; for from afar,  
Seen through a rift where branches sway,  
Beams out one single guiding star,  
A beacon-fire upon his way,  
And warm, celestial glory shines  
Down through the shadowy, dreary pines.  
The fading eyes grow strong and clear,  
Home is close at hand, with heaven so near!  
How short a step from night and time  
To heaven's immortal sun-bright clime!  
And what are griefs, or death, or pain  
Compared with heaven's eternal gain?

His heart is stilled; that quick, wild beat,  
Which yearned for home and friends once  
Grows calm, his coming Lord to greet,  
And triumphs where it grieved before.  
"I'm not alone! how can I be?  
For Jesus now remembers me."  
Then with a joyful, faltering tongue,  
The dying man broke forth and sung:  
"When I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I'll bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes."  
Another heard it where he lay  
Bleeding his fair young life away;  
Listened, with one unspoken cry,  
For those he loved to see him die;  
Then caught the glory of his strain  
And gave the watchword back again:—  
"Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
And storms of sorrow fall,  
May I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all!"  
The sweet, faint echoes of the strain  
Floated along dark Shiloh's plain,  
Hushed many a sob, dried many a tear,  
Told many a heart that God was near;  
Until, amid the dying throng,  
Another Christian caught the song,  
His stiffening wounds were all forgot,  
It seemed as though he felt them not,  
As with slow accents, clear and sweet,  
He laid his head at Jesus' feet:  
"There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast."  
The night came down upon Shiloh;  
But up through the dusky light  
Soul after soul into glory  
Went winging its homeward flight.  
Their lives for the country given  
In victory ebbed away;  
For Death himself was vanquished  
Upon Shiloh's plain that day.

## THE BLACKBERRY FUND.

BY MISS WARNER.

"My dear," said Mrs. Beach, "how much can you give towards our Blackberry fund? I am treasurer."

"What is the use asking what I can do?" said Mr. Beach with a comical look. "The question is what I will do."

"What will you do, then?" said his wife.

"Will you do more than you can, papa?" said Amy. "Just a little?"

"Ah you are in the fund interest!" said Mr. Beach. "Hands off, Amy—your mother is quite enough to deal with at once. What will I do, my dear? let me think. Why I will furnish the sugar for as many blackberries as the children will gather and you will make up, or whatever you call it."

"O papa!" cried Amy, "but suppose we don't find any?"

understanding, my dear, and send the bill to me." And Mr. Beach went off to his business.

"I think papa might have said he'd order home the blackberries," said Mary, pointing just a very little.

"Then he'd have had less money to buy sugar," said Amy.

"O well, sister Amy, you're always ready to do anything—but it's so hot!"

"Not so hot in the blackberry field as it is down in the trenches, where the soldiers are fighting for us," said Amy.

"And it gives me a headache"—said Mary dismally.

"But the soldiers are dying down in the hospitals," said Amy under her breath, "and these blackberry things would help save their lives!"

"Would they?" said little Susy, "O then I'll go. Come Tom, get your hat, where's the baskets?—O mine's got beans in, but I'll empty it quick enough."

"Just hold on a minute, Sue," said Tom, suddenly bringing his ideas back from the midst of Robinson Crusoe.

"What's to pay?"

"O there'll be a great deal to pay," said little Sue, "cause sugar's so dear, and papa's going to give the sugar, and we're going to pick whole bushels of blackberries, to save the soldiers' lives," Amy says.

"And what are you frowning at, Molly?" said Tom.

"I don't like the sun," said Mary.

"Then what I've got to say is this," said Tom with great energy. "Every-

body who won't pick blackberries to save the soldiers' lives, is a rebel! and deserves the worst kind of a headache.

Loyal men to the front!—advance skirmishers!"—and with a shout and a halloo Tom darted out of the door and flew into the kitchen for baskets. Amy followed quietly, taking her hat from the stand in the hall and trying on little Sue's white sunbonnet. Mary looked uncomfortable.

"Mamma," she said, "am I a rebel?"

Mrs. Beach could not help smiling.

"What do you think, Mary? Do you wish to fight against the Government?"

"O no, mamma!"

"And you do not wish to give aid and comfort to the rebels?"

"Indeed I don't," said Mary. "I only wish I knew how to make them very uncomfortable, mamma."

"One of the best ways of doing that, is to give aid and comfort to our own soldiers," remarked Mrs. Beach.

"How, mamma? I don't quite understand."

"Why my dear," said her mother, "the fewer men we have sick, the more there will be in the field; and the stronger and healthier they are, the better will they fight the country's battles."

"Aid and comfort"—Mary repeated slowly. "Mamma, they're pretty words! But papa said the other day that he gave the aid out of his purse, while you went down to the hospitals and gave the comfort."

"And who hemmed the handkerchiefs, and who made the housewives and filled the comfort bags?" said her mother.

"Why I did help at that, to be sure!" said Mary brightening up. "Was that aid and comfort? I'm so glad! And now, mamma about blackberries?"

"About blackberries, yes," said Mrs. Beach. "They are the very best things for some of the sick soldiers, Mary, and as we cannot send them so far in your little basket they must be dried, or made into jam or wine or cordial, and sent so."

"Do you mean the soldiers like them so much, mamma?" said Mary. "I don't wonder, for I do,—more than most anything."

"Nay, we send them to save the soldiers' lives," said Mrs. Beach sadly.

"The surgeons say they cannot possibly get berries enough, prepared in any way."

Mary sat quite still, the bright tears gathering in her eyes.

"Mamma," she said faltering, "which way did they go?"

"Do you want to go with them, Mary?"

"O yes, mamma!"

Mrs. Beach laid down her work.

"I think I can find the way," she said, "we will go together. But we will pray together first."

"Mamma!—why?" said Mary wondering.

"It is such heart-work to do anything for our soldiers," said Mrs. Beach, her voice changing,— "it is such heart devotion that we owe our Country, —I want God to help me, Mary in everything I try to do, that it may be real aid and comfort, given with my whole heart, at whatever cost."

But when little Mary had knelt down

with her mother, and had listened to her tearful prayer, she did not begin to talk again for some time. Not until they had gone out of the little gate and were half through the first meadow.

But then she broke out, clapping her hands in such delight that she was near dropping her basket:

"O mamma! I've thought of something! May I dry some blackberries all by myself? I'll take the best care of them, and keep them out of the rain and the dew just as you did last summer, May I, mamma? May I have a little frame to do it?"

"You may have as many frames as you will fill and take care of," said her mother.

And Mary fairly danced into the blackberry field, and if the sun made her head ache that day she never found it out!

"O Amy, O Sue," she cried, "I'm going to dry all the blackberries I pick!"

Mamma says so.

"That wouldn't do for me," said Tom, looking down into his heavy basket, "I hope mamma don't want me to dry mine! It's bad enough to have 'em slip through my fingers once—don't know whether I could stand it a second time."

"Tom hasn't eaten but two to-day," said little Sue in great admiration. "For it must be told that generally Tom took his share as he went along."

"Such beauties, too!" said Tom with a half groan. "But I couldn't eat them to-day, they're not mine. If I'm picking for myself it's all right."

"Well I'll tell you what," said little Mary, dropping her voice, "if you'd heard mamma pray as I did, I guess you'd give up most anything."

"Why how did you hear her, Mary?" said little Sue looking shocked.

"O she meant I should—because we were coming here."

"Mamma!" shouted Tom, "did you really pray over the blackberries?"

"Why not?" said his mother.

"I don't see what you could find to say," answered Tom, looking puzzled.

"I could pray that I might do my work in the best way," said Mrs. Beach, and that no self seeking or pride or coldness of heart might creep in. And my dear, nothing is worth anything without God's blessing."

"O yes, of course, mamma," said Tom, "I might have thought of that. But how could coldness of heart creep in, as you say, mamma. Selfishness might (guess I know that!) muttered Tom to himself, "but don't people love their Country by nature?"

"Ever since the days of Adam, nature needs help from grace," said his mother.

"If every person in the United States had prayed with his whole heart every day to be kept loyal and true to his Country, how many rebels would there be now, Tom?—North or South?"

"Well I don't suppose there would be many, mamma, that's a fact."

"We've got to be loyal to God, our Country, and mamma," said little Sue, picking off the points on her small stained fingers; and God will help us all. That's what papa says."

"I suppose you'll be loyal to papa too," said Amy smiling. "But oh, mamma, I don't think you ought to have come out in the sun with us! If you cook the blackberries, mamma, I think that is your full share."

"My full share?" said her mother, "My child, the share of every loyal one in the whole Nation at this time, is every possible thing that he can do!"

## OUR REBEL PARROT.

BY MRS. H. L. BOSTWICK.

The door of my sitting-room opened, and my little Mell—she's the blue eyes—came in. She walked up to me rather slowly, and kissed me on the cheek.

Now I knew perfectly well from this that either some important request was to be made, or some mischief was brewing. It's invariably the case when she kisses me in the middle of the day.

Pretty soon she said: "Am I a blue-eyed banditti, Ma?"

"What in the world! thought I, wondering if it were possible that the little mischief, who reads everything she can lay her hands on, from Mr. Beecher's Sermons down to Jenny Wren, had been sucking poison from some yellow-backed novel."

"Ma, I mean to give you my Longfellow's Children for your album. Did Mr. Longfellow mean them when he wrote that verse that says,

"Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti! Because you have scaled the wall,  
Such an old moustache as I am  
Is not a match for you all?"

"Undoubtedly he meant them," said I; "but now, Mell, let me know what you want." And then it came out.

There was a parrot for sale at the Sanitary Fair then being held in our

city; a most beautiful and accomplished bird, from Mell's account, with green-yellow back and blue-purple breast. It had been the property of a soldier, and was found after the dreadful day of Chickamauga, without an owner.

"Most likely its owner was killed," said blue-eyes, with a sober lip. "I expect it loved the soldier dearly, and was a great pet. I should like to have it love me for the soldier's sake," was added tearfully.

"Oh, I don't know, Mell; they're tormenting creatures."

"Well, this one has been sick and out of spirits, the man said, and doesn't talk much just now. But I heard her talk some."

"What did she say?" I inquired.

"O, she said 'Little Mac is a slow coach,'" answered the witch, watching my face. "She says that beautifully."

"I think we'll have her, if papa is willing. The 'moustache' is to be consulted, you know; and he may prove a match for you."

"Josie has been to see him already"—Josie is the black eyes—"and he has no objections, if you are willing."

So, at evening, the parrot was bought, and soon made itself at home among us. It was a handsome bird, but did not possess an amiable temper—parrots never do, I believe—and poor Mell tried in vain to win from it any show of affection. Saucy Poll repulsed her gentle advances, unless when accompanied by something nice in the eating line, and Mell was too proud always to buy its regard. Little Alice—she's the brown eyes—succeeded better than either of her sisters in taming the feathered shrew. Poll's cage was badly battered, and really quite unsafe; so one day, after some hints from the small banditti, a fine new cage, made in the strongest manner, was brought in. At her first introduction to it Poll showed the utmost contempt and displeasure. She made fierce plunges at the bars with her beak, and glared venomously at all the little fixtures and arrangements for her comfort. But by-and-by, when Alice dressed her cage with flowers, instead of tearing them to pieces, as we all expected, she winked very knowingly, and said:

"Poll's a soldier. Poll likes flowers."

We thought this very cunning, and wondered if the poor fellow who slept at Chickamauga had taught her. Alice, feeling that she was in favor, went and brought some hard army-crackers, which had been exhibited at the Fair, and offered them to her; but the creature cast them off in scorn, screeching at the top of her voice:

"Poll's a soldier. Poll's worn her teeth off."

Next morning as Mell was bringing in the newspaper from the door-step, her eye fell upon Gen. Butler's name in one of the headings, and she read aloud. Imagine our surprise at hearing the word caught up by some invisible tongue.

"Butler's a brute! Old Abe's a scare-crow! Little Mac's a slow coach! Hurrah for Jeff. Davis!"

The truth flashed upon us. Our parrot was a rebel, and a most violent one, it seemed. Josie's black eyes flashed angrily, Alice looked grieved, and Mell was terribly mortified. What could we do? Let the uncanny creature shout secession from our piazza to all the passers-by? Never! we said, and so tried our best to convert her. But in vain. Alice filled her ears with Union songs and sentiments, and Mell punished her with a dark closet, and Josie threatened her with Fort Lafayette. Poll continued to scream treason till she was tired of it, which did not happen for several days. After this she became quite good-natured, and when the cage door was opened, would leave it, and go foraging all over the house. When she saw company come in, she would walk up my lace curtains, hide herself on the middle bar of the window, and when they were fairly seated, startle them with hideous cries of:

"Look out! Poll's going to shoot! Poll's a soldier."

She clawed great holes in my chair-tidies, using them as ladders to her favorite perches on the tops of the rocking-chairs. She stole the food from our plates, the hair-pins from our hair, and the strings from our shoes; and was altogether as great a nuisance as a pet can be.

But the strangest part of our story is to come. One day there was an arrival at our house. Papa had found a soldier boy at the depot, who had lately been released from a Southern prison, and was on his way home in a Western State. He had stepped off the cars at our station, and in getting on again, his poor, weak limbs had somewhat failed him, and he fell, receiving a severe injury. The poor fellow begged so hard not to be sent to the hospital, that papa just took him in the carriage, and brought him home to be nursed by mamma and the girls. Well, we got him comfortably in bed, and left him to try to sleep, with the door of the room a little way open. Very soon we missed Poll, and fearing some mischief, went to the room, and peeped in. Would any one believe it? There sat the parrot on the pillow, close to the soldier's face, feeding him; yes, actually picking the bread out of a glass of toast-water near by, and dropping it into his mouth! And the young fellow seemed greatly pleased with the proceeding, and talked to and fondled the bird as if it were an old friend.

"Well Frank, I see you have a new

nurse," I said, stepping in.

His face, so thin and white, flushed brightly as he answered.

"Yes; Poll and I are old acquaintances. I lost her after the battle of Chickamauga."

"Is it possible," I cried, "that Poll is your property? Why, she is the very best rebel in the land?"

"I know it," he answered, laughing. "I never could stop her impudent tongue, though once she came near getting me arrested for treason. Poll is Southern born, and must have had a thorough secession training."

Then he related how, when with his regiment in Mississippi, he had gone on a foraging excursion into the country, and found a planter's house, deserted by its inmates, and the bird nearly starved in its cage. How he had carried it back to camp, and adopted it for his pet; and it had shown much gratitude, and gone with him through long marches and engagements, all the while shouting insanely for Jeff. Davis, to the great amusement of the soldiers, who quite discouraged her master's efforts to reform her.

"When I was sick with the measles," continued Frank Scott, "and lay in the hospital three months, I taught Poll to take care of me; and many are the bits of cake and fruit she has brought me when it stood out of my reach, or," he added, smiling, "had been forbidden by the physicians."

On the terrible field of Chickamauga they were separated, and now the joy of their meeting was very pleasant to witness.

"Mamma," said the brown-eyes, "I think better of Poll than I did, since I've found she can love somebody, though she won't love me."

Our soldier staid with us a long while, and so perseveringly did he train his pet that, before he returned to the army she had been partially converted from her errors. The young man offered her as a gift to the girls, but none of us would think of again parting with such tried friends. Poll manifested no regret at parting, but went off screeching a val-de-dictory of "Old Abe's an honest man—honest man! He makes greenbacks! Poll's a greenback!" And a letter lately received from Frank Scott contains the pleasing intelligence that Poll has taken the oath of allegiance, and vows to shed her last feather in the Union cause.—Independent.

## GROWING RICH.

"Your nephew, Felix Graham, is growing rich, I hear," said my neighbor Jones, as he carried me to the depot, whence I was to start for my sister's son.

"Perhaps so," was my brief reply: "I do not know the state of his finances."

"There is no doubt of it, I should think, he rejoined. "My brother met him last winter at the city saving bank, and saw him deposit a thousand dollars as the nett gains of his farming the past year. I hear he is driving a great business this summer, and he will probably have another pile for investment when January comes round again. But you are going there, and will see for yourself; so, good bye."

I had not visited Felix in four or five years. But having sent notice of my intention to go there by the early morning train, I was a little disappointed on my arrival at the "Cross Roads," (which was the nearest station to his dwelling, and about two miles distant), not to see the horse and chaise which had always been sent to meet me. However, there was a decent conveyance called the Grahamville Express, which would take me almost to my nephew's door; and so I went along. The driver knew me, for the village had been my home before my marriage and removal to the city; and he too spoke of Felix Graham as a man to be envied for his steady and growing prosperity.

"I hope to find him well, then," I said. "When I missed him and the black pony at the depot, I feared something was the matter."

"Ah, he was to busy to leave, I suspect. When a man has made up his mind to be rich, he can't stop for trifles, you know." And the expressman laughed as if the joke was as rich as the subject of it, and perhaps it was. My nephew's daughters met me as the wagon stopped, and welcomed me most heartily. Jane and Lucy were sensible, affectionate girls, fast growing to womanhood. Taking my bag and bandbox in their arms, they escorted me to the house; and then leaving me to cordial greetings of their mother, they went back for my trunk.

"That is too heavy for the girls," I said, rising hastily to prevent it. But Mrs. Graham held me back.

"Felix expects us to manage such little matters," she replied. "He and the men are so busy always, and their time is worth so much more than ours," she added apologetically.

I did not meet my nephew till supper was on the table. "Glad to see you, Aunt Lois," he said as he shook my hand furiously, and hastened to take his seat. "I suppose you expected me at the depot, but this is my cucumber harvest, and every hour is worth so much gold to me. I shall get twenty-five cents for every cucumber I can send to market this week, and that will count up the money fast." The complacent, self-satisfied smile with which this was said was a revelation to me.

"Have you read Mrs. —'s last volume?" I inquired of Jennie as she sat for a few moments in my chamber that evening.

"I have hardly seen a book since I left school two years since," was the reply. "Father says he cannot afford to buy them, and Lucy and I am too constantly occupied through the day, and too weary in the evening, to read much if we had them." The sigh which followed Jennie's explanation went to my heart, for I knew how she loved to read and study when I saw her in her childhood.

"You are working too hard," I said to my nephew's wife, as I followed her through the round of toil from Tuesday to Saturday. "With so many hired men to cook for, and such a dairy to tend, you need a stouter frame and stronger arms than you or the girls can boast."

"Yes, aunt, we are all doing too much," she said sadly. "But Felix is so bent on getting rich, that he cannot afford to hire help in the house; that would take off the profits, he says," and the weary woman shook her head hopelessly.

Sabbath came, and with it the morning and evening family devotions, which I had missed during all the week. I suppose my looks must have showed the surprise I felt, for my nephew attempted a hasty explanation.

"We get no time for this, week days, Aunt Lois, as you must have observed. I have so many men on hand that I can't afford them to lose a half hour in the morning, and they don't value these things, you know. I have to keep a sharp eye to business, myself, to bring the year round about right. But I don't mean to give up my religion; so we read two or three chapters on Sunday, when we can spare the time better."

Monday morning my visit was completed, and I started for home. Felix accompanied me to the depot, having business in that direction. When we reached the cars, a pale and feeble soldier, who had lost a leg in his country's service, solicited help. My nephew turned a deaf ear to the moving appeal, his whispered apology to me being the two facts that "he wanted to lay up \$1200 this year," and that "really, government ought to take care of the soldiers."

When I reached my home I sat down and wept. And though I did not explain the matter to my neighbor Jones, who came to meet me, I did say to myself, and I tell it in confidence, dear reader, to you, that it is my opinion Felix Graham is growing miserably poor.—Springfield Republican.

## MARRIAGE OF LUTHER.

Luther came to Melancthon's house and requested to see Catherine alone.

Margaret hastened to her and gave her the message. She entreated her friend to return with her.

"That would not do," replied Margaret; "he said expressly alone; he undoubtedly has something very particular to say. Now Catherine, take courage, and open your heart."

Poor Catherine went with trembling steps to the presence of Luther.

"I have sent for you, my child," said he, "to converse on the subject of matrimony. I hope you are convinced it is a holy state."

"Yes sir," said Catherine.

"Are you prepared to embrace it?"

"No, sir," said Catherine.

"Perhaps you have scruples on the score of monastic vows; if so, I will mark some passages I have written of that subject, that may set your mind at rest."

Catherine was silent.

"I perceive that I do not make much progress in my purpose. I am little used to these matters, and I had better be direct. Do you mean to abide by your monastic vows, or will you marry like a rational woman?"

This direct appeal seemed to arouse her courage.

"Even Doctor Martin Luther has no right," said she, "to ask that question without explaining his motive."

"Well said, Kate," replied he laughing. "I must tell you, then. There is a person who would gladly take you for better or for worse." Catherine's color rose, and her eyes sparkled with additional brightness.

"Now say, has he any chance?"

"You have not told me who he is, said she, resolutely.

"And you have not told me whether you have any scruples of conscience on the subject; if you have, God forbid that I should urge you."

"When I left the convent," said she in a low voice, "it was because it would have been hypocrisy in me to have remained there. I took the vows ignorantly, and almost by compulsion; I embraced the reformed religion with an inquiring and willing faith. God forgive me that I so long offered him the worship of my lips while my heart was far from him."

"And now?" said Luther, after waiting for her to finish her sentence.

"Now," she replied, "I need not ask his forgiveness for worshipping him in spirit and in truth. I am no longer a nun."