#### **Family** Circle.

"LAYS OF THE KIRK AND COVENANT."

The child of James Melville, born July 9, 1586, died about January, 1588. "This page, monian Agesilaus."-Autobiography of James Melville.

One time my soul was pierced as with a sword-Contending still with men untaught and

When He who to the prophet lent his gourd, Gave me the solace of a pleasant child!

A summer gift-my precious flower was giv-A very summer fragrance was its life; Its clear eyes soothed me as the blue of heaven

When home I turned, a weary man of strife With unformed laughter, musically sweet, How soon the wakening babe would meet

With outstretched arms its care-worn father

greet.
Oh! in the desert, what a spring was this. A few short months it blossom'd near my heart,

A few short months, else toilsome all, and sad; But that home-solace nerved me for my post,

And of the babe I was exceeding glad Alas! my pretty bud, scarce formed, was

(The prophet's gourd, it withered in a night,)
And He who gave me all—my heart's pulse Took gently home the child of my delight!

Not rudely culled, not suddenly it perished: But gradual faded from our love away;
As if still, secret dews, its life that cherished,
Were drop by drop withheld, and day by

My blessed Master saved me from repining, So tenderly He sued me for His own; So beautiful He made my babe's declining, Its dying blessed me as its birth had done.

And daily to our board, at noon and even, Our fading flower I bade his mother bring, That we might commune of our rest in heaven, Gazing the while on death, without its sting.

And of the ransom for that baby paid, So very sweet at times our converse seemed, That the sure truth of grief a gladness made— Our little lamb by God's own Lamb re-

There were two milk-white doves my wife had nourished. And I too loved erewhile at times to stand.

Marking how each the other fondly cherished, And fed them from my baby's dimpled hand. So tame they grew, that to his cradle flying, Full oft they cooed him to his noontide rest,

And to the murmurs of his sleep replying, Crept gently in, and nestled in his breast. 'Twas a fair sight, the snow-pale infant sleep

ing, So fondly guardianed by those creatures mild; Watch o'er his closed eyes their bright eyes keeping; Wondrous the love betwixt the birds and

Still, as he sickened, seemed the doves divining, Forsook their food, and loathed their pretty play;
And on the day he died, with sad note pining,
One gentle bird would not be frayed away.

His mother found it when she rose, sad-hearted, At early dawn, with sense of nearing ill; And when, at last, the little spirit parted, The dove died too, as if of its heart chill.

The other flew to meet my sad home-riding, As with a human sorrow in its coo: To my dead child and its dead mate then gui

ding, Most pitifully plained, and parted too.

'Twas my first horsel and propine to And as I lay my darling 'neath the sod, Precious His comforts; once an infant given.

And offered with two turtle doves to God. Transcribed in London, July 29, 1864.

\*Present. †Earnest, pledge.

(From "Our Own Fireside.") HEART CHEER FOR HOME SORROW.

FAITH.

I know Thee, who Thou art, Thou Holy One; Oh, leave me not—Thou shall not leave me—I Will grasp Thy sacred mantle with the hand Of faith, and wrestle with Thee till I die. My soul is dark,

And without Thee My God! my Light! I cannot see

Deep in my inmost heart corruption lies; In me no good exists—all, all is sin; I cling to Thee. My being's stony gates Do Thou unbar, O Lord, and enter in. My soul is dark,

And without Thee My God! my Light!

Death has no power, the wormy grave no gloom To him whose soul holds Thee within its shrine. Time leads me onward with remorseless haste, But Thou hast conquered Time, and thou art

My soul is light, O Christ, for Thou,

My God and Lord, Art with me now .- J. J. HATCH.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THIS LIFE AND THE NEXT.

"In this life we grow up to our full stature; and then we decrease till we decease, we decline and die. In the other, | ued, "that your salary has not been we come at first to 'perfect stature,' and so continue for ever. We here are subject to sorrows and sins; the first dred dollars is scarcely worth as much grievous to us as we are men, the other as two hundred was three years ago, I as we are good men; lo, we shall one day be freed, be perfect. It is a sweet creatures do exceed men in length of on. days, and in happiness in their kind, as not wanting the thing they desire. The oak, the raven, the stork, the stag, fill in these days of high prices?" up many years; in regard of whom man dies in the minority of childhood. This been asking myself lately," replied the made the philosophers call nature a step- deacon; "and I would be glad to hear dame to man, to the rest a true mother. For she gives him least time that could make best use of his time, and least | "There are some ministers whose salapleasure that could best apprehend it, and take comfort in it. But here divin- other things. We will not speak of ity teacheth and revealeth a large recom- them. But you ask how those live who live long, and then perish to nothing which three years ago they thought no learn to be good?"

if thou be a father that reads it, thou wilt thy desired knowledge. The best here you know, four hundred dollars per and think this, her great fault, was almost pardon me; if nocht, suspend thy censure till is short of the least there. Let no man num, and a house to live in. I must cured. She had not been much tried. thou be a father, as said the grave Lacedor- blame God for making him too soon keep a horse and carriage, and wear them happy. Say rather with the Psalmist, out pretty rapidly, too, and the money 'My soul is athirst for' God; O when invested in them, and the cost of keepforsake a prison for a palace, a tabernacle for a city, a sea of dangers for a firm land of bliss, the life of men for the life of angels?"—THOMAS ADAMS.

THY WAY, NOT MINE. Thy way, not mine, O Lord, However dark it be! Lead me by Thine own hand, Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough, It will be still the best; Winding or straight, it leads Right onward to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot; I would not, if I might; Choose Thou for me, my God, So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek Is Thine; so let the way That leads to it be Thine, Else I must surely stray.

Take Thou my cup, and it

With joy or sorrow fill, As best to Thee may seem; Choose Thou my good and ill. Choose Thou for me my friends, My sickness or my health;

Choose Thou my cares for me-My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice, In things or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.—Dr. Baron.

"OUR CHILD IN HEAVEN." "There will be spheres of action in the life that is to come-vast orbits within which some will range, and lesser orbits in which others shall move. We cannot but believe that our children will be children evermore—that amid the great family of the redeemed, many children will be found. To us the thought is full of pleasure. Other of our children are growing up to be men and women; the very years, as they pass, seem to rob us of their childhood, but years can never rob us of the childhood of a child in heaven. In memory and in prospect the departed one remains our 'child.' And so, as old age comes creeping upon us apace, and those who were our children have now gone forth as men and women into the world, and we are left alone; we can sit by our fireside, and dream with unclosed eyes, and think how that when our little one left shall be able to draw nigh the spiritland; our timid hearts will shrink the in goods out of the store at whatever less when we see therein a 'child'—our child. And if bright days have passed, we shall believe in bright days yet to come. Oh, think not for a moment that gleam upon the waves of troubled waters,

REV. P. B. POWER. THE SAVIOUR'S SYMPATHY. Thou knowest, not alone as God, all-know-

ing-As man, our mortal weakness Thou hast proved;
On earth, with purest sympathies o'erflowing.
Oh, Saviour! Thou hast wept, and Thou hast loved!

And love and sorrow still to Thee may come, And find a hiding place, a rest, a home."— Anon.

THE REALITY OF OUR LIVES.

"If earthly trouble is upon us, fly to Him who sends it. Let us beware of all | crossed and disappointed, she never rethose who would cheer us without Him. strained her evil temper, but frowned Do they profess to put away from us our and scolded and jerked in such a way, heavy thoughts? Let us beware, lest that no one would think her the happy instead of this they rob us of the very Lucy of an hour ago. Her parents reality of our lives."-S. WILBERFORGE.

# DAYS?

"How do ministers live in these days?" said Mr. Brown, the merchant, to Mr. Smith, the preacher, after weighing out for him a few pounds of sugar, at twentyfive cents per pound, and measuring off a few yards of calico, at thirty cents per til her mother rose and took her hands to yard.

Mr. Smith hesitated. Mr. Brown was not a professor of religion, and he fairly stamping in wilful passion. A did not wish to say anything which could | in the least discredit the church.

"They tell me," Mr. Brown continraised, and I always supposed it was small enough; and now when four huncan't imagine how you make it do.'

Just at this moment the door opened, meditation that fell from a reverend and deacon Jones entered the store. divine, that many vegetable and brute The merchant intent on the subject, went gift from a beloved uncle, far off at sea,

"That is a question which I have

our minister answer it.' Mr. Smith, thus appealed to, said: ries have been raised to correspond with

knowledge? Open thine eyes—perfect getting in debt, and this I fear is the ask forgiveness of her Heavenly Father, knowledge is not to be had here, though case with too many. The third class and grace for the future. Lucy did this, Above it is. Bless God, then, rather the second, and nothing remains for them, more patient and gentle. for thy life's shortness, for the sooner if they will live within their means, but thou diest, the sooner thou shalt come to the sternest self-denial. My salary is, as of the kind occurred, and she began to have believed but for the visual short shall I come to appear in the glorious ing, is at least, with present prices, one sitting-room, reading a story book, in presence of the Lord?' Who would not hundred a year. Then there is the wear which she was much interested. Freddie, and tear of carriages and harnesses, and the losses by accident to horse-flesh, window, looking out in the street. He which ought to be reckoned fifty more. watched the people passing, the ladies It costs me six dollars a cord for wood, wrapped up in shawls and cloaks and or ten dollars a ton for coal; and I must | furs, and the men with comforters and keep at least two fires. A place to great coats, fastened tightly to keep out study is indispensable to my usefulness, the cold, for it was in December. He and whatever else is given up, I must | watched too the sleighs gliding by, have the fire in the study when it is jingling their merry bells, and wished he hundred of the four is used up; and you pictures, Lucy. ask how I, and my wife and two children live on the other two hundred. I will she. tell you. We live on bread and water. one after the other, given up, except engrossed in her book, and did not heed when we have company. The old clothes are mended and worn, but my wife says Freddie was not to be put off, but be-I and many others are living. If this was our just proportion of the public burden we would not complain, but it does seem hard to be deprived of those comforts and luxuries to which we had become accustomed, while everybody around us enjoys them, and lays up money besides.

"Why have you not spoken of this

before?" said the deacon. "It is not pleasant to complain," was the reply. "Besides, the whole compound, we had as much given us as we Oh, I've killed him!" needed, but since it has been thirty or over, we have not had a pint of milk or had fainted. He was tenderly lifted to to give away, and the same is true of other things.

"This is too bad," said the deacon. "Too bad," said Mr. Brown, "and I will tell you deacon, what you ought to do. You are most of you farmers and they were worth two years ago, or I

will pay him twenty."
"I can't say that there is any injustice in that," was the answer, "and there is any pause in the being of thy I will try to get the people to come up child; that the music of its life is gone! to it. You pay all other laborers about Let no tear of sorrow start because thou seest other children at their sport: they | why a minister should live on bread and water more than ing Star. thine glitters as on a lake of glass."—

### LUCY'S FAULT.

Very pretty was little Lucy Devon, with her fair rosy face and brown curls, and dark bright eyes; how merrily they shone, and how her pearly teeth gleamed when she laughed her wild, gladsome laugh; it did one good to see her then, and hear her gay, ringing voice. She was full of life and fun, and when all went smoothly and well, none could be happier or sweeter than she; but when loved their daughter, and were grieved to see her display so much impatience HOW DO MINISTERS LIVE IN THESE and wicked passion, often telling her that it would some day, unless overcome, lead her into serious trouble.

At one time, she very much desired to accompany her mother in a ride to the country, but when told kindly yet de cidedly that she could not do so, she was very angry, and fumed and fretted, unlead her from the room; but Lucy was loth to go, and twisted this way and that beautiful, curiously wrought mug stood on the table, with which she had been toying, and as she flung herself heedlessly around her arm struck against this, grief at the loss of her treasure took the place of anger; she stood for a moment in speechless surprise, then burst into tears. The toy had been a birthday which, with other mementoes, he had "Good morning, Mr. Jones. I have brought from over the ocean. It was always prized it for her favorite friend's sake, and now she thought her punish-

ment greater than she could bear.
"Oh, mamma, I am so sorry," she sobbed, as she stooped to gather up the fragments, "my little cup is all broken." "Whose fault is it, Lucy?" asked her

mother, gently. Lucy did not answer immediately,

thee so short that thou canst not get spending it pretty rapidly. Others are ces of a wicked passion, and told her to thy days were double to Methuselah's. cannot do as the first, and will not do as and for a time she earnestly strove to be our credulity, when wondrous accounts

on some friends, leaving little Freddie even for our easy belief, even though in Lucy's care. Lucy sat in the cosy backed by the respectable authority of ed frightfully on the ear. wearied with his plays, stood at the

"There are none in this book," said

"Tell me a story, then, please do, Tea, coffee, sugar, and butter, have been, he said beseechingly, but Lucy was all

Freddie was not to be put off, but be that cannot be done much longer. Books | sought her, over and over again. "Tell and periodicals are given up; and the me story," clambering up into her lap, hand which once dispensed charity to and pushing away her book to attract the poor is empty. That is the way that

Lucy was vexed and forgot herself. "What a plague," she exclaimed, impatiently, giving him a rough push. you have spoiled all"-

But she did not finish her sentence; she saw her brother falling, and sprang to catch him, but too late. The angry push Lucy gave had been too hard, and forward he went, right against the grate in the possession of Sir Henry Meux & of burning coals. Before the frightened Co., the eminent brewers, which is used girl could jerk him back, both hands as a dray horse but is so tractable that were badly burnt, and his little white he is left, sometimes, without any remunity know what my salary is, and head and left cheek scorched and blackmunity know what my salary is, and mead and lere cheek soorened and black straint to walk about the yard, and remany of them must know that I receive ened. Freddie screamed in anguish, less favors than formerly. Three years and Lucy ran into the street, shricking In the yard there are also a few pigs of ago, when butter was twelve cents a in terror-"My little brother is dead

an ounce of butter, except we have paid a bed, and mother and physician sumthe market price. It is too valuable now moned. All that was possible was done to alleviate his pain, and heal burns and bruises; but his sufferings were great, and it was long ere he fully recovered from the effects of the sad accident.

Years have passed, and a few scars only remain to remind Freddie of his you ought to pay your subscription in near appoach to a dreadful death; but butter, cheese, pork, or whatever he Lucy has never forgotten it. It was wants, at the old prices, or else give him the means of teaching her the sin and think how that when our little one left earth it was a 'child'—then mayhap we ing to begin on this plan. My subscripthe lesson, and from the passionate girl tion is ten dollars, and he may take it became truly mild and gentle. Little Pilgrim.

### 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 the animal's tongue wore off the cuticle, and brought blood to the surface. The sleeper was disturbed, and moved his a lion after all. With great self-possession, with the other hand he carefully drew from the pillow a revolver, and no trivial sacrifice to his feelings, but and perched upon the shoulder of an

his life. A striking illustration of the folly and madness of men in their moral experience. face of conscience, reason, and history, is caressed 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, resolved 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, the home of the sin and the sinner when the work is finished.

# RESPECT THE BURDEN.

Napoleon, at St. Helena, was once walking with a lady, when a man came up with a load on his back. The lady kept her side of the path, and was ready to assert her precedence of sex; knocking it off on the floor, and breaking but Napoleon gently waved her on one it to atoms. The little girl was shocked side, saying, "Respect the burden, when she heard the crash, and quickly madam." You constantly see men and women behave to each other in a way which shows that they do not "respect the burden," whatever the burden is. Sometimes the burden is an actual visible load, sometimes it is cold and raggedness, sometimes it is hunger, sometimes it is grief or illness. If I just asked Mr. Smith how ministers live not of very great value, but Lucy had get into a little conflict (suppose I jostle or am jostled) with a half-clad, hungrymorning, I am surely bound to be lenient | holding a line. in my constructions. I expect him to be harsh, rude, loud, unforgiving; and his friend?" inquired the minister. burden (of privation) entitles him to my indulgence. Again a man with a bad headache is almost an irresponsible agent so far as common amenities go; I am a but at last looking up to the sad face brute if I quarrel with him for a wry word, pense from our God. Other creatures have only the same amount of money she said, "Mine: Oh, ma, when shall I or an ungracious act. And how far, learn to be good?"

| pray, are we to push the kind chivalry "I cannot see it, be the Mrs. Devon drew the little penitent which "respects the burden?" As far for I feel it pull." man dies soon here, that hereafter he more than a comfortable support. I will may live for ever. The shortness is redivide them into three classes. The

#### A MONKEY STORY.

We can stand a pretty stiff run upon of the sagacity of animals are told us, Months passed before any other scene for we have seen more than we could cut to a quod erat demonstrandum. But

The small-pox having spread fearfully amongst the monkeys of South America, Dr. Pinckard, Secretary to the bloomsburg Street Vaccination Society, was struck by the idea of arresting its further progress. Vaccination was of course to be the means of staying the plague, and his scheme for its introduc-tion was singularly ingenious. He bound needed. It will cost forty dollars for could be in one. Presently he came to two or three boys hand and foot, and fuel, and then you see that nearly two his sister's side. "Let me look at the then vaccinated them in the presence of an old monkey, who was observed to be closely attentive to his proceedings. He then left him alone with a young mon-key, with some of the matter on the table, and beside it a lancet, guarded that it might not cut too deep, by a projecting piece of steel. The doctor witnessed the result from a neighboring room; the old monkey threw the young one down, bound him without delay, and vaccinated him with all the skill of a professor."

While in this vein we add from an English paper—with the same reservation in regard to faith-

## A HORSE STORY.

A gentleman some years ago speaking of the habits of animals, gave the following curious account:
"There is," said he, "a very fine horse

peculiar breed, fed on grain and corn. and to these pigs he has evidently an insuperable objection, which is illustrated by the following fact. There is a deep trough in the yard, holding water for the horses, where this horse goes along no doubt, often pray?" with his mouth full of corn, which he saves from his supply. When he reaches the trough he lets the corn fall near it, on the ground, and when the young swine approach to it (for the old ones keep aloof) he suddenly seizes one of them by the tail, pops him into the trough, and then capers about the yard. seemingly delighted with the frolic. by way of showing his glee, and then returns quietly to his stable.'

### THE BIRD OF BATTLE.

The New Albany (Indiana) Ledger tells this story:

"We printed a few days ago from whistling of the bullets and other noises from his dreaming half-consciousness, to more touching incident of a similar realize the terrible fact that the pet was character was yesterday related to us by Capt. George Babbitt, of Gen. Gresham's staff, and of which he was himself a witness. During the fierce cannonshot his pet through the head. It was ading at Nickajack a small bird came a moment's delay might have cost him artilleryman—the man designated. we believe, as 'No 1,' whose duty it is to ram down the charge after the ammunition is put in the gun. The piece was A vice which they call harmless, in the a Napoleon, which makes a very loud report. The bird, as we have stated, perched itself upon this man's shoulder and could not be driven from its position by the violent motion of the gunner. When the piece was discharged, the poor little thing would run its beak and head up under the man's hair at the back of the neck, and when the report died away would resume its place upon his shoulder. Capt. Babbitt took the bird in his hand, but when he released his grasp it immediately resumed its place on the shoulder of the smoke begrimmed gunner. The scene was witnessed by a large number of officers and men. It may be a subject of curious inquiry, what led this bird thus to place itself. Possibly frightened by the violent commotion caused by the battle, and not knowing how to escape or where to go, some instinct led it to throw itself upon this gunner as a protector. But whatever the cause, the incident was a most beautiful and pleasing one to all who witnessed it.'

# I FEEL IT PULL

In the deepening twilight of a summer evening, a pastor called at the residence of one of his parishioners, and found seated in the doorway, a little looking fellow in the street on a winter boy with both hands extended upward, "What are you doing here, my little

",Flying my kite, sir," was the prompt

"Flying your kite!" exclaimed the pastor; "I can see no kite; you can see none.' "I know it, sir," responded the lad;

"I cannot see it, but I know it is there, If our affections are set on things

#### OHILDREN, OBEY YOUR PARENTS.

The jail was a large, gloomy-looking stone building. The windows were made strong by great iron bars fastened across them. But the inside was most gloomy. It was divided into very small rooms, only five feet wide and eight long. Each room had a cross-barred iron door, with strong One day, Mrs. Devon went out to call the following is a little too much bolts and locks; and when the jailer opened or shut the door the hinges grat-

In one of the rooms of the jail was a young man, about twenty-eight years old. He had been found guilty of making and passing bad money; and the judge said he must go to prison, and stay there as long as he lived. But he was so sick that he could not be removed to the prison.

Poor fellow! Once he could play in the green fields, down by the cool spring, or under shady trees by his father's house; or when he was tired, he could go home and lay his head upon his mother's knee, and rest himself; or if he was sick, she would sit by his bed and kindly nurse him. But now, how different; shut up in a dark, gloomy jail, with no one to care for him, and all around cursing or swearing, and horrid noises! Oh, he felt very wretched.

Said he, "I shall never be able to go to the prison, I am so sick. Oh, if I was only ready to die, it would not matter so much!"

"And are you not ready to die?" "Oh no," said he, "I am afraid to die."

"But why are you afraid to die?"
"Because I am such a sinner."

"There is hope, and mercy, and salvation to sinners, for the greatest of sinners, through Jesus Christ. "I have no hope. You may talk to

me about Christ and salvation; but there is none for me, and that makes me afraid to die." I talked to him some time about his father; and when I spoke of his mother,

then his lips trembled, and a single tear stole down his burning cheek. "Was your mother a Christian?"

"Oh, yes, sir; a good woman she was. Many and many a time she has warned me of this." "Then you have had good religious instruction, kind Christian parents, who, no doubt, often prayed for you, and

"Oh, yes, sir."

parents!"

"Then why are you here?" Said the dying man, "I can answer you in one word: I did not obey my

#### THE VICE PRESIDENT.

"There is now at Fort McCleary, The noise of the pig soon brings the in our harbor, a soldier who performs men to his assistance, who know from all the duties of a private in the ranks experience what is the matter, while and as guard, and is not even clothed the horse indulges in all sorts of antics, with the power of a fourth Corporal, who, in the event of the death of President Lincoln, would at once become the Commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy of the United States. And yet, with this consciousness, he is willing to place himself in the position of a common soldier, share with them in over the side of his couch. The lion came to his side, and commenced licking an Atlanta paper, an account of a dipper, and reside in their barracks. The hand. Soon the file-like surface of mocking-bird, which, at the battle of This is the position of the Hon. Hanni-Resaca, perched itself on the top of a bal Hamlin, Vice President of the tree, and during the fight imitated the United States, and private of Company hand, when a savage growl startled him incident to a battle. Another and a Such we hold one of the beauties of republicanism; but it requires such sound men as Hamlin to display the most beautiful features of the simplicity of our institutions .- Portland Paper.

### SOMEWHAT MIXED.

Speaking of Mrs. E. Cady Stanton's recent announcement of her political preferences, the Springfield Republican

"We admire Mrs. Stanton's spunk. She is a gentleman of genius; she is a lady of parts; she has honorably achieved wide influence among the gentler sex of both genders. It is highly proper that she should not only sign a Presidential call, but go into the Convention as a delegate, and take others of her female brethren with him. Perhaps we are getting the pronouns a little mixed; what we mean to say is that this is a free country, and is going to be freer, and that every man and woman of either sex has a perfect right to speak her mind and follow the lead of his own progressive ideas, and we hope she will do it."

### MOTHERS.

A devoted mother who was eminently successful in rearing and guiding a family of sons and daughters, once remarked: "I cannot understand how mothers can feel happy in being away from their children so much as they sometimes are. They are losing so much time; they lose so much of the early lives of their children; they are losing so much precious influence. It seems to me very important that mothers should be constantly with their children, especially their boys. They acquire a hold upon their affections then which could never be gained afterward; and if it is once gained that influence can never be lost."

A WORKMAN, writing to the editor of the British Workman, says: "Since I gave up smoking, I have put into a box the amount that I formerly spent every week in tobacco. At the end of the year, on opening the box, I have count ed out a sum of money sufficient to pro compensed with eternity. Dost thou first are men who have some property, and seriously did she talk with her child great distance—it is a long way to the labove, we shall have a sense of it which papers for the year, which sum I call solve the sin and often dreadful consequention.