

Family Circle.

FAITH.

Rev. J. C. Ryle lately prepared a collection of hymns. After the selection was completed and all in type, he received, from an unknown source, a hymn which he thought so desirable that he cancelled one of his selections to make room for it.

Faith is a very slender thing, Though little understood; It frees the soul from death's dread sting By resting in the blood.

It looks not on the things around, Nor on the things within; It takes its flight to scenes above, Beyond the sphere of sin.

It sees, upon the throne of God, A victim met for slain blood, And says, "I'm born again."

Faith is not what we feel or see; It is a simple trust In what the God of love has said Of Jesus, as "the Just."

The perfect One that died for me, Upon his Father's throne Presents our names before our God, And pleads Himself alone.

What Jesus is, and that alone, Is faith's delightful plea, It never deals with sinful self, Nor righteous self, in me.

It tells me I am counted "dead," By God in his own Word; It tells me I am "born again," In Christ my risen Lord.

In that he died, he died to sin; In that he lives—to God; Then I am dead to nature's hopes, And justified through blood.

If he is free, then I am free, From all unrighteousness; If he is just, then I am just; He is my righteousness.

What want I more to perfect bliss?— A body like his own Will bring me forth greater joys Than angels' round the throne.

MATCHES.

By Miss Warner, Author of the "Wide, Wide World," "The Helmet," &c.

Children, you must imagine that it is a fair spring day in New York, two years ago, and the streets are full of people. Not hurrying to and fro on business, not making gay purchases and going on bright errands; not even (though it is Sunday) on the way to church. They stand thronged on the side-walk, some weeping, some pressing their hands tight together, some respectfully taking off their hats and remaining uncovered. For slowly through the crowded streets comes a long funeral procession; with muffled drums and solemn music breaking the dead hush.

In Brooklyn this very day another funeral is taking place; the funeral of one who has fallen in the battle of life. But oh there is no remembrance of rebellion here, but only of reconciliation to God, through our Lord Jesus Christ! Little Johnny had no home where the funeral service could be held, and so one of the churches was offered for that purpose.

Prayer hallows the rejoicing, and on to a new and waiting home reach the golden anticipations of the bridegroom and the bride.

Another scene and another home not many steps from where I write, a strong man lies crushed and broken with his weeping family about him. Nine children to-night are orphans, who this day were sheltered and happy in a father's heart.

He is fitting up my mansion, Which eternally shall stand; For my stay shall not be transient In that holy happy land.

Then services went on; and by and by one after another of those who had known Johnny, rose up and told what they knew of him.

Here stood up one friend and told of his patient work and study in the Seminary; his blameless life, his bright face and steady progress.

his heroic patient endurance, his noble efforts to help others as well as himself, —another of his never failing trusts in the Lord Jesus; the one light by which his frail little bark had found its way; coming with joy at the end of the short voyage, to the haven where he would be.

He went on to tell of Johnny's sufferings,—of his wonderful courage and fortitude; of his bright hope and patient trust; until those who heard scarcely knew whether to weep for the short, painful life on earth, or to cry Glory!

Like these rough boys he was once —more unlearned for, more ignorant, than many of them; and the pain-marked though peaceful face, told what his late life had been.

That is the sort of life in which Johnny's spirit is home now, children. This weary, deformed little body only is in the grave waiting for the day when it shall be raised in glory, and made like unto Christ forever.

"Cry aloud and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion; for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee!"

CONTRASTS.

It is strange that in this life of ours extremes of life and death, of joy and sorrow, so often meet. None but an Infinite Father could watch each scene, and meet each want going up from so many stricken and so many rejoicing hearts.

To-night the lamp lights with its cheerful glow the pictures, and the parlor comforts of my pleasant home; a loved face bends opposite to me over an engrossing book, and I sit with worsteds idly in my lap, and dream over two scenes that even with my limited view I know are transpiring now.

The teacher glanced towards Mikey. He was looking at him with wishful eyes, that told how much interested he was in the answer to Charles' request. He was a kind hearted man; so he patted Charles' head, called him a thoughtful boy, and granted his desire.

Let's eat our dinner in a hurry, and then go out and slide. Where is your satchel?"

"No, indeed; you eat it, if you can." "Oh, isn't it good?" he said, devouring it eagerly.

"Yes, if you wish to; but doesn't she have cake?" asked Charles, bluntly.

"No, not now," sighed the boy.

Charles put his satchel back in its place, and drawing on his warm mittens, and tying his cap over his ears, stood waiting for Mikey.

SELECTIONS.

LITTLE MIKEY.

BY MINNIE W. WAY.

There was a little new scholar at the district school that winter. His life had come up to its eighth year, though he did not look so old; his face was so pinched and thin, and his carefully patched garments hung loosely upon his small limbs.

Charles was very attentive to his new friend that day, and tried to shield him from the thoughtless remarks of his companions, who, in a mischief-loving spirit, would call after him as he dashed down the hill upon the pretty green sled.

Charles was delighted with his sister's generosity, and it was amusing to watch the kindness with which he tied the short, warm scarf beneath Mikey's peaked chin, and pulled his cap down hard, to keep it on.

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"Haven't you got any mittens?" he asked, looking at the little bare hands, that were placing the odd cap upon the top of his head.

"No, I haven't," he answered quickly; "but I don't need them; I am tough."

"Why, I should think your hands would ache dreadfully these cold mornings."

"Well, you take mine, and I'll get my sister Susan's. She is two-years older than I, and her hand is just as big;" and before Mikey could say a word, Charles was gone.

"I was going out with the girls to slide," she said, without a shadow of disappointment in her tones, "but I had rather you should take Mikey, and have my mittens."

"And stop, Charlie, Mikey's ears must be almost froze. There's my little woolen scarf hanging on the peg under the shelf; you go and get it, and tie it over his ears. He might have it to keep for I do not need it, and mother wouldn't care, I am quite sure."

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through his dreams, and the great round moon came up and looked through the windows of the old brown house and fell directly across Mikey's face, and his mother saw as she stood looking at him, he was smiling in his sleep.

Charles proved a true friend to Mikey, and gradually his mates came to take an interest in the forlorn little scholar, and through his influence Mikey was made a happy boy.

So, little children, do not be discouraged because you do not seem to be doing much good, and earning a great name; perhaps, after all, you are like Charlie, casting an influence in the right that will last long after you are dead.

THE DOVE OF POMPEII.

You have all heard, I daresay, of the unwearying faithfulness with which a bird takes care of her nest: how when the tiny eggs are laid in it, she sits on them patiently, day after day, and week after week, until the young birds are hatched; and then guards them like her very life.

A great many years ago—nearly eighteen hundred, for it was in the year seventy-nine—the afternoon sun shone warm and bright upon a little town on the shore of the Bay of Naples.

The town was built on the slope of Mt. Vesuvius; but although this mountain was a volcano, yet the people of the town did not fear it.

Everybody was busy—either with work or play—this August afternoon. The shops were open and full, the fishermen were mending their boats; and those people who were too rich to bear the heat of the sun, were resting and idling in their beautiful houses on the hill.

Suddenly there came a dark shadow over the brightness. From the top of Vesuvius, so quiet, so peaceful-looking, a great, thick column of smoke broke forth; mounting up and up into the sky, until it shadowed sea and land.

The sun was hid, the gleaming lights on the Bay died out, and the brilliant summer day changed to the blackness of night. Then blue lightning flashes darted from the cloud; and then there came down showers, not of rain but of ashes, upon the town.

The showers fell light and soft at first, like snow, but were quickly followed by showers of small hot stones, thrown up from the mountain. I cannot tell you how thick they fell,—covering the streets, blocking up the doorways and windows, until the whole town of Pompeii lay under a great blanket of cinders and stones that was twelve feet thick.

Seven hundred years passed away. The upper surface of the hardened mud grew soft and fertile beneath the influences of sun and rain; and fruitful fields were cultivated year after year, over the top of the buried town.

In some chance way, when men were making excavations for some other purpose, part of a house was discovered, far down under ground. This was in 1748; and when still other discoveries were made, of statues and coins and other things, people began to remember what they had heard of towns buried long years before, by Vesuvius.

further search made; and so the work has gone on, little by little, ever since. The workmen find many wonderful and fearful things. There are the old streets of Pompeii, and the houses; and sometimes in the houses, sometimes in the streets, lie many skeletons of those who lived there seventeen centuries ago.

Scattered around them are jewels and money and keys,—just those things which they caught up in their hurried flight, on that dreadful August day. One house of special beauty, seemed to have been quite deserted by its owners, perhaps when the shower of ashes first began to fall; for as the workmen uncovered room after room each one was empty, until down in the kitchen they found the skeletons of an old man and a girl.

So, little children, do not be discouraged because you do not seem to be doing much good, and earning a great name; perhaps, after all, you are like Charlie, casting an influence in the right that will last long after you are dead.

Arthur's Home Magazine.

MAKING FUN OF PEOPLE.

Once when traveling in a stage coach, says a writer, I met a young lady who seemed to be on the constant lookout for something laughable.

All this was perhaps harmless enough. Animals are not sensitive in that respect. They are not likely to have their feelings injured because people make fun of them; but when we come to human beings, that is quite another thing.

So it seemed to me; for, after a while, an aged woman came running across the fields, lifting up her hands to the coachman, and in a shrill voice begging him to stop.

This was a new piece of fun, and the girl made the most of it. She caricatured the old lady upon a card; pretended to take the pattern of her bonnet, and in various other ways sought to raise a laugh at her.

"My dear girl, you are young and healthy. I have been so too, but that time is past. I am now old and forlorn. The coach is now taking me to the death-bed of my only child, and then, my dear, I shall be a poor old woman, all alone in the world, where merry girls will think me a very amusing object. They will laugh at my old-fashioned clothes and sad appearance, forgetting that the old woman has loved and suffered and will not live forever."

"How is she?" was the first trembling inquiry of the mother.

"Just alive," said the man who was leading her into the house.

The driver mounted his box, and we were on the road again. Our merry young friend had placed the card in her pocket. She was leaning her head upon her hand, and you may be sure that it was not sorry to see a tear upon her fair young cheek, and one which I greatly hoped would do her good.

DON'T COMPLAIN.

Don't complain of your birth, your training, your employment, your hardships; never fancy you could be something if you only had a different lot of spheres assigned to you. God understands his own plans, and knows what you want a great deal better than you do.

The very things that you most deprecate as fatal limitations and obstructions, are probably what you most want. What you call hindrances and discouragements, are probably God's opportunities, and it is nothing new that the patient should dislike his medicines, or any certain proof that they are poisons.

Nothing makes us so indifferent to the pin and musket thrusts of life as the consciousness of growing better.