# PHILADELPHIA, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1864.

## 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 said: "That was the noblest little soul he cancelled one of his selections to I ever saw in a human body !" make room for it. Since the publication of the volume, it is said he has received a large number of letters from various parhymn, and especially from the clearness

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 that was slain. It rests its all on his shed 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 perfect me for greater joys Than angels' round the throne.

#### MATCHES.

By Miss Warner, Author of the "Wide, Wide World," "Old Helmet," &c. [WRITTEN FOR OUR COLUMNS.]

Chapter VI---and last. Children, you must imagine that it is a fair spring day in New York, two years Sunday) on the way to church. They know are transpiring now. stand thronged on the side-walk,--some tight together, some respectfully taking off their hats and remaining uncovered. muffled drums and solemn music breaking the dead hush. All through the city offin is wrapped in the Stars and Stripes,

his heroic patient endurance, his noble efforts to help others as well as himself, -another of his never failing trust 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.

Then rose up the doctor, --- and with words broken and checked with tears,

He went on to tell of Johnny's sufferings,-of his wonderful courage and fortitude; of his bright hope and patient ties, acknowledging the pleasure and profit | trust : until those who heard scarcely they have derived from this particular knew whether to weep for the short painful life on earth, or to cry Glory ! with which it expresses doctrinal truth. | at the thought of Johnny's inheritance in heaven.

The few children of rich people who were there, looked pitifully at Johnny's pale, worn, little face; the eyes of the rough newsboys grew soft and tender as they gazed. But to those whose hearts were warm with the love of Christ, the sight was joyful, with only a shadow of grief.

Like those rough boys he was once -more uncared for, more ignorant, than many of them; and the pain-marked though peaceful face, told what his late life had been. But now !--- " There shall be no more sickness, nor sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away, and, behold, all things are become new.

"In thy presence is fulness of joy: at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.'

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.

[WRITTEN FOR OUR COLUMNS.]

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 ride on your sled. I never learned to many stricken and so many rejoicing skate. But maybe if I come out, the hearts.

To-night the lamp lights with its cheerful glow the pictures, and the parlor comforts of my pleasant home; a loved ago, and the streets are full of people. face bends opposite to me over an en-Not hurrying to and fro on business, not grossing book, and I sit with worsteds making gay purchases and going on idly in my lap, and dream over two bright errands; not even (though it is scenes that even with my limited view I

In an elegant mansion there is festivity weeping, some pressing their hands to-night. For weeks, nay months, the pleasant preparations have been going on. Nothing has marred the fulness of For slowly through the crowded streets delight and anticipation; and to-night comes a long funeral procession; with in the rich newly furnished parlors, amid glitter and music, costly entertain- the other end of the long row. He ment and gay congratulations stands the picked up his books, and went up to the flags are at half mast; and the sol-dark eyed daughter of the house. Her the teacher's desk a little reluctantly, glanced at the speaker, and he crept diers walk with arms reversed, and the hand is on a bearded stranger's arm, and as the tall man bent to hear what softly to his mother's side.

# 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. He kept aloof from all the scholars, and they seemed also to shun him. He took his place quietly in the morning, and did not once leave it, except for recitation till school was over. All through the long nooning he sat watching the sports of his schoolfellows, and Charlie Harper had often noticed that he never replied, only by a ittle quiver of his small mouth, when the boys would taunt him with being a drunkard's child, and a little Paddy. Charlie's mother told him one morning, as he was starting for school, to keep his eyes open that day, and see if he could not do some good, kind act, that would leave an influence upon some of his mates, as well as himself; and Charles kept in mind as he walked on, with his satchel on his arm, and along with the thought flashed the remembrance of the child, Mikey O'Connel. He looked off at the end of the long lane, where there were few foot-prints, except the little ones that Mikey's feet had made, to the small, low house, that had stood tenantless for a long time. It was so old and ruinous, and he knew the people who lived there must be very poor, and he felt grieved in his childish heart that he had neglected the forlorn little scholar so long. He was already in his place when Charles entered the school-room, sitting by himself, as he always did, and Charles went up to him a little timidly, hardly knowing what to say to open an acquaintance.

"Won't you come out at noon upon the ice? I have a pair of new skates, and a sled all painted green; you may use them both, if you like."

A pleased, happy look, came into those great, sad eyes, and the thin face lighted up all over.

"Thank you!" he whispered softly, but very heartily. "I would love to boys will plague me," the old look getting back into his face.

"No, they shall not !" exclaimed Charles, manfully-"I wont let them. And say, Mikey, don't you want me to come over and set with you !"

"Oh, if you only would !" with an eager, wishful look in his face. "The other boys just take their books and set away over, and it makes me feel as if I couldn't come any more. But mother wants me to learn so bad, and cheers me up; so I tries to forget it."

Just then the teacher came, and Charles went to his seat. It was at is pupil had to say, Charles w isnered

ly; "but I don't need them; I am he was smiling in his sleep. tough

ings.'

reply

"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, had helped and encouraged Mikey. ashes first began to fall; for as the Charles was gone. He talked to his Perhaps if he had not, the child might workmen uncovered room after room sister in a whisper, telling her about have become weary of trying and sunk each one was empty, until down in the poor little Mikey's crust of bread, his down, making just such a man as his kitchen they found the skeletons of an heart was touched.

"I was going out with the girls to slide," she said, without a shadow of disappointment in her tones, "but I had rather mittens." She plunged her hand into white mittens, which she put in Charles' Arthur's Home Magnetine. hand.

"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.

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.

"There, isn't that nice, Mikey ?" he asked, viewing his companion quite proudly.

"Why, I should think it was summer!" was the pleased reply; and Mikey rubbed his hands over his bandaged ears with great satisfaction.

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-lov-ing spirit, would call after him as he dashed down the hill upon the pretty green sled-

"Go it, Paddy! See Pat, now, how he goes ! Look out, little O'Connel, or you'll lose your breath!"

But Mikey did not mind it much. He was enjoying his nooning vastly, and it seemed as if he had never learned his lessons so easily as he did that afternoon. His step was light and his face bright, as he bade Charles good-night, and started to run down the lane, fast as he could make his way through the deep, untrodden snow, and in a few minutes he was lifting the worn latch of the old tumble-down house.

The room was dark and dingy, just a glimmer of fire upon the broken hearth, and by its side his mother was sewing busily, while upon a low bed in the corner his father was lying in a deep sleep. Mikey's face clouded as he

"Has he been off again? Did he

"Haven't you got any mittens?" he through his dreams, and the great round further search made; and so the work asked, looking at the little bare hands, moon came up and looked through the has gone on, little by little, ever since. that were placing the odd cap upon the windows of the old brown house and fell The workmen find many wonderful and directly across Mikey's face, and his fearful things. There are the old streets "No, I haven't," he answered quick- mother saw as she stood looking at him, of Pompeii, and the houses: and some-

> Charles proved a true friend to Mikey, even, and go on widening in influence seemed to have been quite deserted by

So, little children, do not be discouraged because you do not seem to be you should take Mikey, and have my name; perhaps, after all, you are like sought what refuge they could. But the Charlie, casting an influence in the right | dove on her nest in the garden had never her pocket, and took out a pair of nice | that will last long after you are dead .---

> You have all heard, I daresay, of the unwearied 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. Scarcely will she leave her nest to get food, and neither wind nor tempest can drive her away: love for her

THE DOVE OF POMPEII.

home and her young ones is stronger than all.

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. For years and years Vesuvius had been so quiet and peaceful, that they almost forgot it could be anything else; and the little town had spread its houses and vineyards and gardens. upon the sunny slopes of the hill, as if it had been the most peaceful of mountains. Everybody was busy-either with work or play-this August afternoon. The shops were open and full, the fishermen were manning 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. How beautiful some of the houses were! with floors of wonderful mosaic, where bits of different colored stones were inlaid so as to make the whole floor one great picture; while behind were flower gardens and fountains. In a little niche in the portico that surrounded

one of these gardens, a dove had built her nest; and now in the warm sunshine she sat brooding a single egg, remembering doubtless (as birds remember) that it was almost time for the young take the pattern of her bonnet, and it dove within the egg to break his prison rth into the world walls and come fo She dare not leave her place for a single minute, lest the egg, missing the warmth of her soft breast, should be chilled. Suddenly there came a dark shadow over the brightness. From the top of Vesuvius, so quiet, so peaceful-looking, great, thick column of smoke broke forth; mounting up and up into the sky, until it shadowed sca and land. The sun was hid, the gleaming lights on the pair, while the younger, petted one has Charles' head, called him a thoughtful they had carefully hidden it away, lest Bay died out, and the brilliant summer boy, and granted his desire. Charles the intemperate father should spend it day changed to the blackness of night. one of the churches was offered for that half-maze of pleasure and admiration, felt the eyes of the whole school were for drink. He had searched diligently Then blue lightning flashes darted from and fair haired Baby May, with shrinking upon him, and he saw the scornful smile for it after Mikey had gone to school, the cloud; and then there came down upon the lips of many of his mates; but and by fierce threats had forced his showers, not of rain but of ashes, upon Mikey's happy face repaid him for all wife to make known the hiding place. The town. The showers fell light and She tried to retain a part of it, for | soft at first, like snow, but were quickly school was over for the morning, he they had little fuel or food, but he had followed by showers of small hot stones, golden anticipations of the bridegroom drew the satchel from underneath his taken the whole, gone off to the village thrown up from the mountain. I cannot tell you how thick they fell,-covering the streets, blocking up the door-ways and windows, until the whole town of Pompeii lay under a great blanket of cinders and stones that was twelve feet thick. Meanwhile, some of the people dren to night are orphans, who this day and then go out and slide. Where is got a piece of cake for you. He gave tried to flee away through the volcanic me lots of good dinner, and came over storm, but many kept within the shelter were sneitered and nappy in a father's your sateller's heart. At morning he went forth, laden A crimson flush shot up into Mikey's and sat with me; then he let me slide of their house, until there came a with cares and love, to the day's toil for forehead, but he did not speak. Charles on his sled all between schools. Oh, I new enemy. For now the mountain the support of these beloved ones. The looked at him wonderingly a moment, did have such nice rides. He is the began to send forth torrents of water; the support of these beloved ones. The looked at him wonderingly a moment, due nave such more flues. The began to send The poor mother only put her arm covering everything, finding its way about her little boy, and drew him close everywhere. Through the crevices of to her and kissed him very tenderly, doors and windows, down cellarways, while the tears dropped upon his curly into every space not filled with the dry ashes and stones, crept the mud. People thing if you only had a different lot of "Yes, mother is very glad for her who were in the houses were speedily sphere assigned to you. God under little boy. It is nice cake, but you eas blocked in; or if they tried to flee, were stands his own plans, and knows what caught fast and swallowed up in the black torrent. In three days, the town the strong right arm be lifted again, he could give Mikey a part of his din- and the mother saw how much it would was completely buried out of sight. The please her generous son, and she ate it | mountain came back to its quiet, peaceable look after a while, but the town of want. What you call hindrances and Pompeii had disappeared. Seventeen hundred years passed away. The upper surface of the hardened mud the patient should dislike his medicines "Not much, and I did not mind it if grew soft and fertile beneath the influ- or any certain proof that they ar ences of sun and rain; and fruitful fields poisons. No! a truce to all such in Charles went home and told his good, were cultivated year after year, over the patience. Choke that devilish env. kind mother all about little Mikey, and top of the buried town. People had which gnaws at your heart because you what he had done for him, and she even forgotten its old history, and no one are not in the same lot with others kissed him and called him her darling remembered that there was a town bring down your soul, or rather brin In some chance way, when men were work, in your lot, in your sphere, unde "Yes, if you wish to; but doesn't she eyes open in vain. He went to his nice making excavations for some other pur- your cloud of obscurity, against you pose, part of a house was discovered, temptations; and then you shall fin "No, not now," sighed the boy. but Mikey only had a little Indian por-"But I am all ready to go and slide," ridge; his mother stirred upon the coals, 1748; and when still other discoveries your own good, but really consistent ' ridge; his mother stirred upon the coals, 1748; and when still other discoveries your own good, but really consistent and he crept off to his hard pallet, hun- were made, of statues and coins and with it. Charles put his satchel back in its gry and cold. But he did not complain. other things, people began to remember place, and drawing on his warm mittens, Visions of smooth, slippery hills, and what they had heard of towns buried ary; his blamcless life, his bright face those who weep to night alike find in and tying his cap over his ears, stood, sleds all painted green, and merry, long years before, by Vesuvius. Soon the pin and musket thrusts of life as the laughing school boys, went dancin | the king of Naples consented to have consciousness of growing better.

times in the houses, sometimes in the streets, lie many skeletons of those "Why, I should think your hands and gradually his mates came to take who lived there seventeen centuries would ache dreadfully these cold morn- an interest in the forlorn little scholar, ago. Scattered around them are jewels and through his influence Mikey was and money and keys,--just those "They do, sometimes," was the quiet made a happy boy. Charlie did not things which they caught up in their realize the amount of good he had ac- hurried flight, on that dreadful August complished, something to outlast his life | day. One house of special beauty, through successive generations. He its owners, perhaps when the shower of kitchen they found the skeletons of an bare hands and ears, and Susan's kind father had been, and caused more evil old man and a girl. Hid away in the than good to spring from his influence. kitchen oven, they had tried to keep out the deadly torrents of mud, only to meet death in another way. The masters of doing much good, and earning a great the house had fled, and the servants had stirred. Doubtless her heart fluttered with fear as the darkness closed in around her and hot stones began to fall; but the soft wings were not unfolded : it was not the part of a dove to forsake her nest. And when the workmen slowly cleared away the stones and hard mud from the garden, and uncovered the pretty porch, there in her nest was the skeleton of the dove, and beneath it the tiny bones of the yet unhatched young one for which she had given her life.-Little American.

#### MAKING FUN OF PEOPLE.

Once when traveling in a stage coach, ays a writer, I met a young lady who seemed to be on the constant lookout for something laughable. Every old barn was made the subject of a passing joke, while the cows and sheep looked demurely at us, little dreaming that folks would be merry at their expense.

All this was perhaps harmless enough. Animals are not sensitive in that respect. They are not likely to have their eelings injured because people make fun of them; but when we come to human eings, 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. The good natured coachman drew up his horses, and the old lady coming to the fence by the road-side squeezed herself between two posts. which were very near together.

The young lady in the stage coach made some ludicrous remark, and the passengers laughed. It seemed very excusable, for, in getting through the fence, the poor woman made sad work with her old black bonnet; and now taking a seat beside a well dressed woman really looked as if she had been blown there by whirlwind.

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

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and strewn with flowers. Women weep white and fair adornments, radiant with stern purpose; for in that coffin lies the looks queenly, almost haughty beside be very quiet. The other boys do not first martyr of the rebellion. Looks queenly, almost haughty beside like to sit near him, and it makes him first martyr of the rebellion.

Little Johnny had no home where the funeral service could be held, and so his choice token of love to offer, in a purpose. There is a crowd here too,of young privates in life's great army: little children, and poor newsboys and match-sellers,---the church is full. And they are the chief mourners. No father or mother claims the right to stand next to Johnny's coffin; no sisters are there and the bride. to weep for him. But from the eyes of many a newsboy, and down many a dirty little face, come drops which are true and warm and heartfelt, if not crystal clear. A few kind ladies are there too, who lay delicate white flowers on the coffin,-then the hymn is given outand through the great audience there is a low echo of sobs, as the hoarse, tearfraught voices of the newsboys sing :

"In the Christian's home in glory There remains a land of rest, There my Saviour's gone before me, To fulfil my soul's request. There is rest for the weary, There is rest for the weary, There is rest for the weary, There is rest for you. On the other side of Jordan, In the sweet fields of Eden, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.

He is fitting up my mansion, Which eternally shall stand; For my stay shall not be transient In that holy happy land. There is rest for the weary, There is rest for you.

Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share; But in that celestial centre I a crown of life shall wear. On the other side of Jordan, In the sweet fields of Edon. Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for the weary-There is rest for me !

Then services went on; and by and by one after another of those who had known Johnny, rose up and told what us, but harmonized to one calm trust. one who was there, "we who had not half ing. him best, felt that we had not half My Father, in joy and sorrow when forsake me

his patient work and study in the Semi- never-and let those who rejoice, and and steady progress. Another told of Thee their All in All.

and her regal form dazzling with lustrous as it goes by, and men's faces gather youth and confidence and happiness, the seat, near Mikey O'Connel? I will

In Brooklyn this very day another her henceforth to possess and protect feel bad." funeral is taking place; the funeral of her. The vows are spoken, there is one who has fallen in the battle of life. | heartfelt joy among those who love her, | He was looking at him with wishful eyes, But oh there is no remembrance of re- there are gifts and blessings. The tall that told how much interested he was bellion here, but only of reconciliation brother shakes hands shyly, but with in the answer to Charles' request. He

three year old grace, presents her happy wondering kiss.

Prayer hallows the rejoicing, and on to a new and waiting home reach the

Another scene and another home not many steps from where I write, a strong man lies crushed and broken with his and saidweeping family about him. Nine chilwere sheltered and happy in a father's your satchel ?" heart. At morning he went forth, laden A crimson flush shot up into Mikey's wrought here, and when his work was done, sought, with cheerful content, the almost escaped Charles' lips; but he saw head. -never the eyes unclose-and in the ner, without making him feel humbled. home his presence made glad are loss and desolation evermore. Neighbors ner !" he said, at length, taking a long and friends surround the corpse, and breath-"I cannot begin to eat it. mingle their wail with the distracted family. I can almost hear the cries, so and he placed a liberal supply upon the wild and bitter the moans and lamenta- child's end of the bench. tions. Alas! alas, there is no light, for it is Purgatory and not Heaven that looking pleased.

holds their agonized thought. And this is grief! Between the two we sit in quiet and ing it eagerly." Are you willing I boy, and Charles felt very happy that there. peace. Hope and Fear truly lie before should carry this little piece to mother?"

they knew of him. "And then," said The present, with no ecstacy, and no have cake ?" asked Charles, bluntly. gloom, is filled with daily precious bless-

Here stood up one friend and told of thou shalt send them me, forsake me L.

"Please sir, may I sit in the end of

The teacher glanced towards Mikey. to God, through our Lord Jesus Christ! beaming eyes, with the newly married was a kind hearted man; so he patted he had lost in their friendship. When bench, and taking from it the nice cold biscuit and ham, the piece of cake and come staggering home. pie that his mother had placed there for him, he moved a little nearer, Mikey, mother," he whispered. "See here,"

"Let's eat our dinner in a hurry,

and with sturdy blows, lighted by his turned his head away, and drew from starlike, lamp struck off in fragments the his pocket a small crust of corn bread, world-old coal. For years he has which he tried to conceal from Charles. to her and kissed him very tenderly, "Is that all the dinner you've got?"

daylight and his home again. This day how hard he was trying to hide the meathere was a low rumble of parting rock, gre lunch from him; so he leaned back a sudden fall, and beneath the mass the in his seat, and said nothing; only his it." man's last breath has fled. Never will little brain was planning-planning how "Oh, mother gives me so much din- all.

Here, Mikey, see if this isn't good,"

"Don't you want it?" asked Mikey,

"No, indeed ; you eat it, if you can."

changing the subject hastily.

waiting for Mikey.

find the money? Mrs. O'Connel replied by a sad nod of assent.

"Oh, isn't that too bad! Did he take the whole ?"

Another mournful nod was the answer.

Mikey had brought home fifty cents the evening before; the pay for some work his mother had been doing, and tavern, and an hour before Mikey, had

"I have had a good time to-day, and he pulled the scarf from his neck, "Charlie Harper gave me this, and I've

"No, mother, I brought it for you,"

"Did the boys call you names today?" she asked, sadly, though she was glad to see her boy happy.

they did, cause Charlie took my part."

warm bed after eating his good supper,

laugh at her. At length the poor woman turned a

pale face toward her and said :---

"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, al alone in the world, where merry gir 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."

The coach now stopped before a poor looking house, and the old lady feebly descended the steps.

"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 merr young friend had placed the card in he pocket. She was leaning her head upon her hand, and you may be sure that was not sorry to see a tear upon he fair young cheek, and one which I great ly hoped would do her good.

DON'T COMPLAIN.

Don't complain of your birth, you training, your employment, your hard ships; never fancy you could be some you want a great deal better than you do. The very things that you mos deprecate as fatal limitations and ob structions, are probably what you mos discouragements, are probably God opportunities, and it is nothing new that it up to receive God's will, and do t

Norming makes us so indifferent