PHILADELPHIA, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1864.

370			PHILA
Jan	ily (Circle.	sun was going down, the lady seated herself at the door, and involuntarily
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~	) MY CLO	SET.	tuned her voice to Mrs. Heman's sweet vesper song, "Come to the nearest tree."
I am weary of t I am weary of I am weary of of my life	his turmoil, f earth's jos my sinning		She felt the spirit of the heavenly words, and sang with fervor. When near the close of the hymn, she cast her eyes to the field where her neighbor was at
Ope Ope Let me	en, closet, st en, closet, b enter; I we		work, and saw that he was listening in tently. Instantly the thought flashed into her mind, "Oh, if I could raise
	vith Jesus w out unrep	nere 'tis still, roved my pent-up	that poor man to think of heaven.' She closed her refrain and then com-
Father, k Ope Ope	n, closet, st	ing—" Righteous ;" ill and holy, ending lowly, Father hears.	menced, "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand," singing it " with the spirit and the understanding also." The firma ment above her foreshadowed the glo
'Tis "the Holics The Shechina near,	t of Holies' h of God's	' shuts me in, presence drawing	ries of that state described by the hymn and the beauty of the green earth reminded her of the pastures above
Comforter Ope Ope	within. n, closet, st n, closet, be	o wrap me is the ill and holy, anding lowly th wait me here.	where the redeemed are walking by the river of life. And as she sang, the old man listened, almost spell-bound. The singer did not wish to call admiration
Here with Jes Tis so near I gr most see E Ope	us only ling asp His lov lis face. n, closet, sl	ing hand, e'en al-	of her full toned voice; she wished to glorify God by leading one of his crea- tures to think of him. "I will sing to God's praise whenever he can hear me
Let me Here I cannot o	enter; I.m	ending lowly, ust pray grasp His offered	and perhaps he may be led to praise the Lord himself," was her mental re- solve.
O, so strong, it a ing I must Ble	stays me swe stand. ssed closet,	eep it all the day ; eetly, <i>in His hold</i> still and holy,	The next Sabbath the old man was a church. This cheered the lady, and she said, "I will sing whenever he comes." Ere another week was closed
Let me	enter; I m		he was at work again. This time she sang: "Just as I am, without one plea,
His lot God's hand wi The stones wh	is cast ? thin the sha ereon his ga		But that thy blood was shed for me." Slowly, distinctly, she sang, that he might take in the full meaning of the
Turn and o'ert			words, and feeling their sweet pathos in her inmost soul, she poured out all the
	e vast and g	opped their sand	hymn. The listener shook his head and rubbed his hand quickly over his eyes.
Already on the Of men' Is Freedom's g With all its du	s despair, florious pict	ure found,	The next Sabbath evening he was among the praying people of God, earn- estly inquiring for the way of salvation. The singer had sowed, and earnestly
Oh, small shall And gri	ef, and loss,	crifice,	asked the Lord to make him one of his own children. It may be that other influences led him to the house of Goo
When God sha For suffering g The Cro		tor's prize,	and to think of his soul, but certainly God has blessed the voice of 'music as one of his instruments.
	KING BAC		Seeking further to do good, the lady encouraged his poor ignorant wife in
journal, that we sign when we	e may r find ou	lor says in his egard it a <i>bad</i> rselves looking experience for	many friendly ways, and one day invit ed her into the parlor to hear her piano. She had never seen nor heard such an
evidences of p Satan's most e	iety. Tru ffectual de	ily it is one of	instrument, and was wonderstruck. The lady called her daughters to her side, and all joined in singing, "All hail

hope, in the full energy and enthusiasm | nation. of youth, we may seem to accomplish much in the service of Christ. But and enthusiasm has become tamed by I've forgot.' defeat, when worldlines has crept over ease, and has shorn its strength, we awake to take up the lamentation

"Where is the blessedness I knew When first I saw the Lord."

d itself right there by her own fireside; get in debt, 'cause it is so hard to get уl but it seemed in no ways likely to come; out, so we jest conomizes." so she went about her morning work a little less cheerful than usual.

It was a cold winter morning. The snow lay thick upon the ground, and the

tread of the few passers-by sounded out sharply from the crisp, hard walks. Amy went to the kitchen on some simple erd rand, and found Macdown, the house-

surprised voice.

time.' "Indeed, you will not do anything

more, Macdown. Why did you not come directly to me?" "And what good would it do to worry you, dear child?" You felt at once the

In the early ardor of a Christian the power of Jesus' name," in old Coro-

"Do you like that?" said the lady. "Oh, it's nice. I b'l've I heard that when that youthful ardor has abated, tune somewhere when I was a gal, but little soul! God will bless you."

"Probably you heard it at church. the soul, slumbering on some lap of It is often sung there. We cannot sing

devotedness to the service of Christ, often, if I can hear you sing." but shall be content with an indolent ample before my family and the world? | are many ears who will listen to a hymn Have I to-day tried to lead any soul to for the sake of the tune, who will not Christ? How much easier for such an hear a word from the Bible. Our voione to think and speak of what he has ces and our musical instruments should all be employed in winning lost souls." SCATTER BLESSINGS. BY MINNIE W. MAY. not cold.

with a twinkle of fun in her eyes.

I couldn't help listening, : it was such a temptingly for pretty noise," he faltered, in affright. Hinta mi "I am not going to scold you, my boy: but do you want me to play some

maid, washing the breakfast dishes, with more for you?' one foot upon the chair; the tears run-ning down her plump, red cheeks, and and fairly sparkled with delight when the usually neat apartment in a sad she struck into the quick variations of To sit in your son's or daughter's best ing heart, and they grew up children state of confusion. "Why, Macdown, a popular air, which the child recogni-what is the matter?" was Amy's in- zed at once. Then she sang a few sim-centre, which has been set for you by but she had no part or lot in them. voluntary exclamation, in a kind but ple songs, and finally raised the lid of such kindly hands, and looking up into Home, with its treasured affections, was

"Oh, Miss Amy, but I have had the its mysterious workings to the wonder-dreadfullest fall! I was going down the ing mind, and was rewarded by a genuicy steps to hang out my last basket of ine, heartfelt "Thank you; I think round the central stem. To see yourself pressed for money; and when she had clothes, and down I went, with my poor when I get to be a man I will make one ankle turned right in, and it does pain of them, and if yours is worn out by but what of it? You see too, where the the education and accomplishments of me bad. I shall have to take the work that time, I will make you one too." easy to-day, mem; I'll get through it in She set out a simple lunch upon the as you stroke back Fannie's bonnie brown and laying down six or eight hundred

kind-hearted housemaid loved the young claiming-" Oh, but aint she a beauty, your shoulder into your lap, smashing housekeeper, and that she deserved it. "Now wipe your hands immediately, Macdown, and let me wheel the settee thought the child quite right.

Now no one thought of calling Amy with which to catch the bundle of frolic before the dining-room fire, and you Woodford a beauty, or even pretty, for and save it from annihilation.' He is, worth to you." her figure was very slight, her face thin, your own again. But the tra come right in and lie down. Let me help you, poor thing ! how cruel for you to try to work in such pain!" Amy and her features irregular, her eyes and Isn't it a maternal thing to be a

put her arm about the girl, and almost ifted her along, Macdown in too much was always a sweet expression about plicated and triplicated, over and over; had no entry in his calculations. Then pain to offer any resistance. She bathed the small mouth that made every one to find every missing energy, every her husband's master sold out and moved the swollen limb, adjusted the cushions under her head, and covered her with a band firmly declared she was charming; every atom of the don't care, infinibut Amy kept at her work without tesimal pill of mischief or of mirth, which warm blanket, and telling her never

once to think of the work, went out to thinking or even caring whether she was made merry childhood's days to yous her task in the kitchen. It was quite a formidable one, unused as she was to loved. hard labor, but she knew how it should y be done, and an hour brought order out the small brown house that morning, of confusion, and she went back to tell and there was, besides two tempting treasures, once all ours? Not a whit bosom, and, looking up to the sky, her Macdown how everything was complete, rolls of butter, sufficient to keep the more than we would grudge the candies whole face wore the look of that agoniz-the dinner all ready to put on in its small family in luxuries for a week, and and sweetmeats that we have no taste ing prayer of the Saviour, "My God,

y side, and sat down, laying her hand upon n the hot forehead. "Poor Macdown! I'm sorry you suffer so," she said kindly. "It isn't the pain, ma'am; I believe at once there was a cloud upon his brow, of those we love; to turn the young it is all gone; at least, I am so happy I cannot feelit. I have been thinking how good God is to give me such a homeme, a poor orphan girl, that hasn't anybody in the whole of this big world to care anything about her, and there was such a great, tender feeling came over but went on telling him how much she young hearts to be brave, and the soul had accomplished that morning, how to be pure and trust in God. me I could not help crying. You dear

It was pleasant to hear those words, even from the lips of a servant, and Amy thought for the first time of the soul of the praises of Jesus too often, for he the poor ignorant girl, that had been in came to save us, poor sinners." Then a measure given to her keeping, and they all sang, "Come humble sinner, in learned with surprise that the poor mu t be filled that afternoon, said his shall be no more. But woe unto her whose breast," &c. The woman rose serving-girl was far in advance of her clerk had gone off to the city, his partner who makes shoddy of her work.—Inde-Then the danger is that we shall not and said she must go, and was invited in the Christian graces of faith, and love was sick, and he had an argument in pendent. return at once to our first love, and to "come again." "Oh, I'll come and that it was this that always made his brain that he believed would help

her labor so faithfully and cheerfully. him gain a case, if he only had time to "Mother, you take a strange way to Then Amy went to answer the door-bell | note it down before he lost the thread win souls; do you think you will suc- It was a boy who had followed a load of and Amy begged that she might do the "Why not, my daughter? Has not and he stood twisting his chilled fingers her it would not be fair to make a law-A light snow had fallen, and the boys desired to make the most of it. It was God commanded that whatsoever we do awkwardly as he asked-"Please, ma'am, yer of her, but seemed in no wise reluc- too dry for snowballing and was not and personal questions as "Have I to should be done to his glory? And if and can I put in the coal?" He looked tant to accept of her proffered assisdeep enough for coasting. It did very day prayed as much and earnestly as I he has given us voices to sing, should into her face very wishfully, as if his tance, and after taking down names and well to make tracks in. boundaries upon slips of paper, left her There was a large m There was a large meadow near the to her task. Her penmanship was very place where they were assembled. It " Certainly, if you wish to," Amy replied, with a light laugh, for to her the fine, and she had a great deal of inge-putting in a ton of coal was a light nuity, though little knowledge of deeds was proposed that they should go to a tree which stood near the centre of the matter, and she had never before. been and mortgages; but when her husband meadow, and that each one should start troubled with such errands. The little returned at evening, it was all done and from it, and see who could make the fellow sprang quickly away, and caught well done, and he praised her. She straightest track—that is, go from the up the shovel. Amy half closed the had not been free from interruptions, tree in the nearest approach to a straight door, and then upon a sudden impulse however. Once a peddler had come in- line. The proposition was assented to, opened it and asked the child if he was toy the hall, and she felt like sending and they were soon at the tree. They

Did not our grandmother sing that same for us fifty years ago? Are we "What were you doing up at the one day older just now than we were window a little while ago?" Amy asked, then?

Then to have the little pink toes come The child hung down his head. "Oh, out of the stockings, and put up at us so

> Hinta minta cuta corn Applé-seed and apple-thorn ; Wire-briar, limber-lock, Five gray geese in a flock,

and so on to the end of that delicate story. bright, handsome, healthy, frolicksome Isn't it joyful to be a grandmother? babies, dear to Dinah's tender and lovthe strange instrument, and explained the four-foot mirror on the wall to see not for her. As they grew up, one boy yourself in the midst of a cluster of young and one girl after another were rent life, fresh as the apple blossoms that sur- from her. Her mistress was often -gray hairs, wrinkles, shadows and all, two or three hundred dollars to pay for shine of your May-day locks has gone to her children, the slave-trader would call, dining-room table, and went to the kit- hair; and the roses which you delighted dollars in gold and bills for Dinah's chen to add some coal to the wasted fire, in at fifteen have only transferred Lucy, or George, or Tom, they were and as the child watched her retreating themselves to her plump cheeks. Liz- sold.

form, he gave vent to his admiration by zie has the laughing blue of her eyes; turning to Macdown, who was watching while Charlie, as he mounts the chair chil'en," the happy child with pleasure, and ex-back, and comes rollicking down over of spirit. "Selling my chil'en to pay for her chil'en," cried poor Dinah in an agony

"What is your gal worth?" asked though. She is the prettiest of any-body I ever did see !" And Macdown and fastenings, makes you wonder how tiful girls of fourteen years.

tiful girls of fourteen years. "Sir," said Dinah bitterly, "she's you can have one nerve of power left, worth to me what your daughter is

But the trader took no account of that. A slave-mother's heart, a slavehair too light to be beautiful; but there grandmother ? To see yourself all du- mother's tears, a slave-mother's grief, love the plain face after all, and her hus- | ripple of a laugh, every flash of feeling, | away. He had lived on a neighboring plantation, and he took Ben with him, and Dinah heard of him no more.

"Dere don't no letters go 'tween us," beautiful or not, so long as she was be-living, glowing, growing, and swelling sobbed poor grief-stricken Dinah. "We loved. can't write, and it is as good as being dead; no, no, not so good." The poor And do we grudge our darlings these woman hugged her last little one to her ly proper time, and that she felt better for as the exercise; but Macdown was crying bitterly. Amy pulled a footstool to her whole village. the second secon Ah! thou poor slave-mother, God has neither forgotten not forsaken thee or Isn't it a holy thing to be a grand- thy suffering people. Thy wrongs have come up before him. The blood of the had gone wrong with him, and Amy saw | time, like rich, ripe fruit, for the hands | poor crieth unto him.

"Like as a father pitieth his chil-She did not question him, however, and | feet from danger, and to fix the young | dren, so the Lord pitieth them that fear though he was unusually moody and tac- eyes upon the beautiful; to watch, to him. The mercy of the Lord is from iturn, she did not chide, and when he guide, to guard; to sing sweet lullabies everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children."—Child's Paper.

## THE PHOTOGRAPHOSCOPE CATOPTRIC LANTERN.

O it is good to be a grandmother, to The November number of the Philacard and spin, and weave all that is left gan to uplift itself, and by and by van- | that is good of the old garments of our delphia Photographer has the account shed altogether, and her husband kiss- own lives into the new fabrics which of an instrument, invented by George ed her and called her his little sunshine. shall clothe and adorn many others, Sibbald, Esq., of this city, and exhi-He produced a pile of blanks that who shall stand in our places when we bited for the first time before the Photographic Society, on the evening of October 5th, which is likely to supersede the magic lantern for the display of views of nature or art The design of this lantern is to represent upon the wall, or through a screen, opaque objects, such as prints, photographs, or drawings, whether plain or colored. Its construction is simple, and the cost of working it trifling, being lighted by lamps burning coal oil, the cheapest possible material. It is ever ready for use. The great advantage it possesses over all other magic lanterns, consists in representing by reflection, instead of transparency, all opaque subjects, such as card photographs, whether plain or colored, engravings, lithographs, coins, medals, plaster-casts, &c. &c. The brilliancy with which metals and colors are transferred is particularly remarkable. The objects can be multiplied, ad infinitum, and at the least possible cost, each had gone forward in a straight considering that any one can manufacline the paths would have been like the ture his own slides, by simply fastening with ordinary paste upon card-boards, whatever drawings or prints are to be shown in the lantern. In the report of the meeting of the Photographic Society, held on the evening above mentioned, the following notice of the instrument occurs: The Society now adjourned to witness Mr. Lafitte's beautiful exhibition of the Photographoscope Catoptric. The lantern was soon placed in position, the screen arranged, room darkened, a common vignette card placed in the slide, and quick as lightning-flash a life-size portrait appeared upon the screen as sharp and distinct as the carte itself. A butterfly was next placed in the slide, and, magnified a hundred times, it majestically lit upon the screen in all its gaudy finery, and cheer after cheer greeted it. Charming songsters then followed, in colors, and so delicate were the details, that each tiny fibre and feathery wing could be quickly discerned. Portraits, landscapes, architectu-ral views, sculpture, and copies of engravings were passed in and out in great number, each one adding to the triumph of the yet imperfect instrument. It is lit by kerosene oil, can be fixed ready attempted to go straight without any for use in ten minutes, pictures can be definite aim. They failed. Men can- exhibited in any variety without cost of not succeed in anything good without a glass slides, and many other advantages definite aim. In order to mental im- which we mention elsewhere, are deservprovement there must be a definite aim. edly belonging to it. It has advantages

MAKING TRACKS

DINAH, THE SLAVE MOTHER.

Dinah was a slave mother. When her first baby was born, she did not rejoice over her darling as other mothers do. "Ben," she said, "this child aint

ourn; it may be tok from us and sold any day." "Well," said poor Ben, "it may be

der Lord's chile if it aint ourn.' Twelve children were born to Dinah.

purpose to do so, which day after day win soul remains unfulfilled. Then self-examination becomes a dark task from which we shrink. We avoid such present, done, or means to do, than of what he did to-day.

I have heard people tell what they were enabled to do for Christ twentyfive years ago, till their hearts seemed to grow warm in the recital, but they spoke no word of what they had done for Christ that day.

Oh there is no more fearful crisis in the soul's history, than that in which it She was the wife of a year-a happy, bestands, while it can only look back for evidence of a *living* faith in Christ. MARA ARRELL.

## SELECTIONS.

## "I HEARD SINGING TO-NIGHT."

"I'll tell you what, I heard singi to-night that made me wish I was in heaven, or good enough to go there," said an old backwoodsman to his wife, she was doing so little to promote any as, entering their log hut, he sat down good, and just seeking her own enjoy-to his evening meal. "Where did you ment. hear it?" she asked. "At our neighbor's, up yonder. They must feel something I don't know about, or they straying through her dreams, for she had are a good boy," she said softly, "and couldn't sing so." "When they first not forgotten when Monday morning here is a dollar for you." came here," said the wife, "I thought dawned the good resolutions of the night they were proud and stiff; but they are before, and after Mr. Woodford had gone real good neighbors; and I heard they were good folks, too." "Well," said he, "I mean to go to church, to-morrow, and see if I can't hear some singin' | she walked up to the fire and held the like that."

nearing the decline of life, and unwilling can I do; in my little humble sphere? along so much." to be approached on the subject of reli- There are no prisons into which I can "Is your mother very poor, little to and fro like rollicking winds, while gion. The old wife especially was so catry the cheering light of human kind- boy?" nearly a heathen, that she would never ness, and with the finger of faith point enter a church, never allow the visit of the poor, doomed criminal to that world, a minister, nor listen to the reading of where, through the mercies of a forgiv-God's word or even to the singing of a | ing Saviour, he may one day be free : day-laborer, who had ruined his worldly cheer the brave, noble men who have salt, and a little corn bread, and I but had been lifted out of the pit, and of liberty; not cases of real, abject ter with my half dollar, it would be so galloping to the tune of been sober for many years. Still he poverty which I can relieve, for I know nice.' was a rough, swearing man, and his every one in this quiet village; so what heart unsoftened by any religious influ- | can I do?" ences

Parson Gillette said in his sermon last "A little; but I will soon get warm evening, we must scatter blessings, and at work."

Amy Woodford went home thoughtful. She went in and sat down to the piano, and running her fingers over the keys in loved wife. Her home a perfect gem, a lively prelude, commenced singing a everything new and nice about it; a pretty Scotch ballad, she knew particustrong, handy Scotch girl to do the larly delighted Macdown, and she had hard work, and Amy only had the parleft the door leading to the dining-room lors and her own room to put in order, open. She glanced up at the window as and an occasional choice dish to prepare she concluded, and the brighest, happifor her husband, to look after things an est face she ever remembered having seen

little, and then she read and sang, and was pressed close to the pane; but soon dallied over her sewing as she pleased. as the child perceived he was discovered, A quiet, happy life she led; but through | he crept back to his work. Amy watchit crept a shadow of dissatisfaction, for ed him till the last piece of coal was in, saw how carefully he closed the door

as the last verse of the evening lesson and left everything safe, and then she fell from her husband's lips :--went and called him to her. It was al-The sermon had set her to thinking. most a miracle to see a child of his years

Perhaps the work she might do went so thoughtful and industrious. "You

" Oh, it is only half a dollar for one load, ma'am."

"Never mind : you may keep it all." The child turned the bank note over and over in his hand, smoothed it affectionately, and looked up, with his eyes small, soft palm of her chilled hands to brimful of astonishment and joy." "I The singer knew that her neighbors catch the refreshing warmth. "We do not believe I ever had so much monwere ignorant, rough, and unbelieving, must scatter blessings.' Well, and what ey in all my life before. It will help have little legs and arms coiling round

comfortable when father has work; but lately there isn't much doing, and some weeks he does not get hardly anything, hymn. The man was a poor but honest no hospitals, where I can soothe and and then we have to live on potatoes and affairs by indulgence in strong drink, given their lives a sacrifice upon the altar thought if I could just get a little but-

"And where do you live?"

"Father owns a bit of land and the. Amy sat down almost discouraged, small frame house just on the Mon-One glorious summer evening as the for the want of something to present mouth road, and mother says we must n't

him away in anger ; but he looked cold him away in anger: but he looked cold ranged themselves around it, with their and weary, so she had given him a seat backs toward the trunk. They were by the kitchen fire, and made a trifling equally distant from each other. If purchase.

A big basket found its way down to in a half dozen others.

ner that day. Somehow, everything mother? To bring the wisdom of a life-

spoke almost sharply to Macdown for to pride and folly; to snatch the temp-

her carelessness, she did not reprove him, tations of passion from unwary fingers;

though the words trembled on her lips, ] teach the young hands to be useful, the

Mr. Woodford came home late to din-

light-hearted she felt, for all she was a

little weary, and at length the cloud be-

At another time, an Irish woman had come to the door, inquiring if she knew spokes of a wheel-the tree representwhere she could get work, and Amy had ing the hub. They were to go till they spoken kindly, and recommended her to reached the boundaries of the meadow, an acquaintance who was in want of a when they were to retrace their steps to girl, and the poor woman had gone the tree.

away with a blessing, telling her the sight of her pleasant face had done her They did so. I wish I could give a map of their tracks. Such a map would not present much resemblance to Amy felt that evening that she had the spokes of a wheel.

not scattered her blessings very widely, "Whose is the straightest?" said but her heart was light and joyous, and James Allison to Thomas Sanders, who a glad, happy tear stole into her eyes, was at the tree first.

"Henry Armstrong's is the only one that is straight at all.'

"And whosoever shall give to drink "How could we all contrive to go so unto one of these little ones a cup of crookedly, when the ground is so smooth, cold water only in the name of a disciple, and nothing to turn us out of our way ?" verily I say unto you he shall in no wise lose his reward."-Lady's Friend. said Jacob Small.

"How happened you to go so straight ?" said Thomas.

looked away from it till I reached the fence.' "I went as straight as I could, without looking at anything but the ground,' said James.

"So did I," said several others. It appeared that nobody but Henry had aimed at a particular object. They In order to do good there must be a definite aim. General purposes, gene-ral resolutions will not avail. You must do as Henry did-fix upon something distinct and definite as an object and go steadily forward to it. Thus he has nothing to do with, has no right only can you succeed.

HE that blows the coals in quarrels to complain if the sparks fly in his face.

A GRANDMOTHER.

merry laughter and clamor for preced-

ence breaks forth like dashing, jubilant "Oh, not dreadful. We are pretty fountains?

good.

Isn't it a happy thing to be a grand mother? To have young hands laid in vour lap when they are weary, and young ears. listening for "Sing a song of sixpence," and little legs astride your knee

Ride a Jack-horse To Bambury Cross, To see what Charlie can buy-A penny brown loaf. A sweet sugar cake, And a half-penny apple pie?

Isn't it a nice thing to be a grandmother? To have six little feet come

home; to be juvenated with kisses, and

pattering to meet you when you get

"I fixed my eye on that tall pinetree on the hill, yonder, and never

"So did I," said another.