Circle. **Family**

[WRITTEN FOR OUR COLUMNS.] SOLDIER'S FUNERAL HYMN.

BY MRS J. W. LANE. We weep, to-day, the fallen brave, Now sleeping in their distant grave, Our stricken hearts in anguish mourn, For loved ones who will ne'er return.

The soldier's calm, untroubled sleep, Where Heaven's pure dews alone may weep; Nor clash of arms, nor trampling feet, Can reach them in their safe retreat.

We saw not the ensanguined fray, Where the red life-stream ebbed away. Nor watched the dauntless spirit's flight, As life's fair sun went down in night.

We saw not Death's gray shadows lie On the damp brow and glazing eye, Before us still they seem to move, All health and brightness, life and love:

Thou Sovereign Ruler of the skies, Accept this costly sacrifice. And teach our aching hearts to rest; Resigned and hopeful, on thy breast.

And when fair Freedom's banner waves, In triumph o'er these honored graves, To them each freeman's love shall raise. A hero's monument of praise. EAST BETHANY, Dec. 5th, 1864.

WHAT ARE THEY DOING?

"Little sparrow, come here and say, What you're doing all the day.'

"Oh, I fly over hedges and ditches to find A fat little worm, or a fly to my mind; And I carry it back to my own pretty nest, For the dear little pets that I warm with my

breast: For until I can teach them the way how to fly, If I did not feed them, my darlings would die. How glad they all are when they see me come home,
And each of them chirps, Give me some

"Little lamb, come here and say, What you're doing all the day." "Long enough before you wake, Breakfast I am glad to take In the meadow, eating up Daisy, cowslip, buttercup: Then about the fields I play, Frisk and scamper all the day, When I'm thirsty, I can drink Water at the river's brink; When at night I go to sleep, By my mother I most keep: I am safe enough from cold At her side within the fold."

"Little bee come here and say."
What you're doing all the day."

"Oh, every day, and all day long, Among the flowers you hear mysong; I creep in every bud I see, And all the honey is for me: I take it to the hive with care, And give it to my brothers there, That when the winter time comes on. And all the flowers are dead and gone, And the wild wind is cold and rough, The busy bees may have enough."

"Little fly, come here and say What you're doing all the day."

"Oh, I'm a gay and merry fly;
I never do anything—no, not I.
I go where I like and I stay where I please,
In the heat of the sun, or the shade of the trees,
On the window pane or the cupboard shelf,
And I care for nothing except myself.

I cannot tell, it is very true;
When the winter comes what I mean to do;
And I very much fear when I'm getting old,
I shall starve with hunger, or die with cold! -N. Y. Methodist.

[WRITTEN FOR OUR COLUMNS.]

THE YOUNG BAVARIAN.

BY MISS S. WARNER, AUTHOR OF "DOLLARS AND CENTS. CHAPTER II.

The voyage was long. They could and so they took passage in a crowded they all sang together emigrant ship, and even that required a great part of their money. How long the voyage was! how wearily they must have thought of home!—the vineyard and the lime tree and the storks. So far they had made no exchange of poverty for riches, -it seemed as if they were to begin life in the new world without anything to begin with; and all the homesick Bavarians could do was to study the promises of God. Each one of them was sure to bring wealth, as now they brought peace, to those who believed; and day after day on the rolling ship, the old farmer and his wife quieted their hearts with thoughts of him whose word is steadfast. Day after day they sat together and read the Bible, teaching little John to put his trust in the one great Friend they had

in all the world. John was about eleven years old at this time; and though doubtless he had shed a good many tears when he left the old house, and the storks, and his little brothers and sisters, yet, I fancy he soon wiped them away to look at the ship and the sailors and the broad sea. And when he was seasick, like all the rest of the passengers, I do not believe that he wished to go to the bottom at once, as many of them did. Eleven years old is not so easily discouraged and out of humor with the world. I suppose his young heart was full of bright visions,—he was to go to new places, and see new people, and do great things; seeing the world is a splendid idea to boys eleven years old; and like enough he could hardly imagine what made his father and mother read the Bible so very much, nor understand why heaven seemed so much nearer to them than earth. The ship did tumble about a little, certainly; but when John had once 'got his sea legs on,' as the sailors say, he thought it was great fun. How grandly the curling waves rolled on breaking and whitening with a thousand crests!—with what a shrill whistle the wind piped through the rigging, bidding

the sailors mind their work! yes, going

to sea was a fine affair. Why did his them that call upon him?'

thy seed after thee?"

"Yes father," and then ran away to in a strange country; yet the old farplay among the coils of rope, and to mer and his wife had peace, remember-watch the Stormy Petrels, as they dip ing their treasure in heaven. Thus in ped and floated in the sparkling water, the dust and the heat and the suffering and to gaze with awe-struck fascination they yet were of good comfort. The at the shark's fin that could be seen in broad ocean was between them and the the wake of the ship.

day after day and week after week, un- any more; but to the 'sweet fields betil at last from the lookout came the cry | yond the swelling flood of death, to of 'Land!' Then the distant faint blue those they were sure to go. Having line grew deeper and stronger as the ves- the promise of God concerning the life sel ploughed her way along, and then she came sailing up through the Narrows into the beautiful Bay of New them through; the poor German stran-York. She stopped at the Quarantine gers waited patiently to see what was grounds and was boarded by the health the Lord's will concerning them, in the officer; while the home-sick Bavarians life that now is looked sadly round about them at the new land to which they had come; and John gazed eagerly forward to where a soft hazy line of smoke hung over the great city. In a little while more the

ship was at her journey's end.

It was midsummer, and a hot, smothering New York day. No cool shade of ering New York day. No cool shade of my friend Chloe, the other day. "We lime trees here,—no peaceful clapper want it to be perfectly successful, a suring of storks, no rosy faced children at prise and a pleasure to the children, play in sweet gardens. The rich children were gone out of town to the distant green fields and fresh sea shore. the poor children were breathing in slow year! poison from the city streets. To the old German farmer and his wife the noise and dust and air of the city were almost intolerable; and oh, how, alone they felt! Crowds hurrying by them, but not one familiar face; tongues calling and jabbering—but not a word that they could understand. Their peasant dress, too, -the old farmer's queer boots and pipe and cap, and his wife's colored and boys shouted and laughed. It seems to me, that as they made their future! way along, following some one who had undertaken to guide them, they could only have thought over and over in their hearts the words of one of their own native hymns; repeating and repeating in their beautiful native tongue-"God liveth ever!"

They had need to remember that, at every step of the way which brought home, the mother and father, having them to their miserable lodging. They with infinite pains kept the secret invionad need to cry, "Lord, thou hast been late, are thinking with gleeful pleasure our dwelling place in all generations!" of the hour when their bright-haired seemed their home much more than

Fellow-countrymen were soon found in plenty, yet not such as they needed. Some would not help, and others cheat-Some would not help, and others cheated them; and for a while the poor family lived on as best they might, in one of the wretched tenement houses. O, for a breath from the old lime tree! O, for Where their good and their happiness friends, than have heart and life wither been found.
in a New York tenement house! And In the first place, then, God, meant all round him-would his tongue learn the things he saw done?

boy, daily he brought out his dear Gernot afford, these poor people, to come in man Bible and instructed John in the one of the comfortable, swift steamers; way of peace and righteousness, - often angels, and under the delegated authority

"God liveth ever!
Wherefore, soul, despair thou never.
Our God is good, in every place
His love is known, his help is found;
His mighty arm and tender mass. His mighty arm and tender grace,
Bring good from ills that hem us round.
Easier then we think, can he

Turn to joy our agony. Soul, remember mid thy pains, God o'er all forever reigns.

"God liveth eyer! Wherefore, soul, despair thou never.
Say, shall he slumber, shall he sleep,
Who; gave the eye its power to see?
Shall he not hear his children weep,
Who made the ear so wondrously?
God is God: he sees and hears

All their troubles, all their tears. Soul, forget not, 'mid thy pains, God o'er all for ever reigns.

"God liveth ever! Wherefore, soul, despair thou never. He who can earth and heaven control, Who spreads the clouds o'er sea and land, Whose presence fills the mighty whole, In each true heart is close at hand.
Love him, he will surely send
Help and joy that never end.

Soul, remember in thy pains, God o'er all forever reigns. "God liveth ever! Wherefore, soul, despair thou never. Scarce canst thou bear thy cross? Then fly To him where only rest is sweet; Thy God is great, his mercy nigh,

His strength upholds the tottering feet. Trust him, for his grace is sure, Even doth his truth endure. Soul, forget not in thy pains, God o'er all for ever reigns.

"God liveth ever! Wherefore, soul, despair thou never. What though thou tread with bleeding feet A stormy path of grief and gloom, Thy God will choose the way most meet To lead thee heavenwards, lead thee home

For this life's long night of sadness He will give thee peace and gladness. Soul, forget not in thy pains, God o'er all for ever reigns."

Ah, how sweet the thought was! and how powerful! And when their hearts were well cheered with remembering the love and wisdom and power of God, then they were ready to sing those other words:-

"Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won!
And although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless. Guide us by thy hand To our Fatherland."

Why did his father repeat from day land"—a native country. "Their citising of Jesus. As Dr. Bethune said, so to day: 'I will be a God to thee, and to zenship is in heaven." And thus though sweetly, they had left their dear home in Bava-John answered, "Yes, mother," ria, though they were poor and alone fair woods and fields they had loved so And so the old craft bore them on, well,—they should never return to them

CHRISTMAS FESTIVALS.

[WRITTEN FOR OUR COLUMNS, BY M. E. M.]

"We intend having a Christmas Tree for our Sabbath-school this year," said social gathering for the older people, and in short, a sort of golden clasp, with which to shut the finished leaves of the

"But, Chloe dear, what sort of festival do you mean to have? Is it to be a festival in earnest, or merely a pageant, with its first and last object display, from which, when 'the lights are dead, the garlands fled,' the poor little ones, shall go wearily homeward, with aching heads, and cross faces!"

We want it to be both, Mignonne, A pageant for beauty, and a festival for petticoat and jacket and foreign-looking joy! A Christmas tree, whose wax shoes—people looked and pointed at, tapers shall throw a fleeting light over the past, and a cheering ray over the

The pretty German custom of making the Christmas tide the children's anniversary, and weaving into its golden hours the love of parents and friends, hanging the evergreen boughs with the gifts of friendship, has come from the Fatherland to our own, and is almost becoming naturalized here. In many a Lonely, friendless and poor, heaven darlings shall surround the "tree." In many a Sabbath-school the grave superintendent, and the teachers, old and young, are planning some pleasure of the kind for their own little ones, many of

how should they keep the one darling that chickens and children should use they had brought with them from being the night for rest not frolic. The poisoned in soul as well as in body? former with their cousins, the birds, and John must hear the bad words spoken their friends, the flowers, and their contemporaries, the "cattle on a thousand them? Would he presently begin to do hills," being under the Father's immediate care and protection, go to sleep Daily the old farmer prayed for his when he bids them, and retire with the sun. The latter—who, infinitely more precious, are but a little lower than the of i man are many a time kept up hours after all merry winged creatures are tucked away in their nightly hiding places, This is an error. Have the festivals and the joyous gatherings in the daytime!

I remember a model Christmas Festival, several years ago, in St. John's Episcopal Church, New York. The children were gathered at an early hour in the afternoon, in the church which was decked with garlands of evergreen and flowers. At the right moment, the tree, with its many sparkles of silver light, was uncovered to view, the songs were sung, and their choral refrains echoed from aisle to roof, the speeches, short and pithy, were said, the gifts were distributed, and the whole affair was over, the children emerging from the church into the street ere the sun had a thought of going down. Now, we can all recall mi erable abortions of festivals where the doors were open at seven, and the exercises began at eight, where we did not throw open the comfortable sanctuary above, because "the basement would do for children," where Mr. S----, from B—, who was expected to speak, failed to be on hand, and his place was kindly (?) filled by Mr. R—, of H who made a dreary speech of a half hour's utes, and from which the children went the circumstances?" home laden with indigestible cakes and

If you mean to have a festival, dear ventilators! Impress on the speakers account.

Our Fatherland that beautiful the importance of saying their best, saymother say so often, John, never forget that the Lord is always nigh unto Bible: "For they that say such things, Indeed, the last word is half the battle." declare plainly that they seek a Father- And let the children sing! Let them

> "This, of all the others,
> Is the children's day,
> Sisters dear, and brothers,
> Sing, sing away, Hear its blessed story,
> Once, as young as we,
> Ohrist, the Prince of Glory,
> Slept on Mary's knee!''

SELECTIONS.

IMPORTUNATE PRAYER.

"The effectual, ferrent prayer of a righteous muy valleth much." James v: 16. How often the true child of God has abored and prayed for the salvation of some beloved object, and as year after year has passed away, no answer has been vouchsafed. As Mr. Barnes has truly said, "God does not promise to give blessings at once. He promised only that he will do it; or will answer prayer. But he often causes his people long to wait. He tries their faith. He leaves them to persevere for months or years, until they feel entirely their dependence on him; until they see that they can obtain the blessing in no other way, and until they are prepared for it.' Of the truth of these remarks, we have

recently received striking evidence, from the following facts:
Mr. W. a man of eminent piety,
and large benevolence, was the father of two sons. Both in early infancy had been solemnly consecrated to God, and both were trained with the same watchfulness and care. But, as is often seen

while the other was rebellious and wilful. One early became a follower of Jesus, a bright ornament to the church, and a blessing to the world, while the other continued to be a source of grief to his parents, and a scoffer at everything

manifested a spirit of love and obedience.

sacred and holy. Long and earnest were the pleadings of the godly father that Daniel might be turned from the error of his ways. Sleep often departed from his eyes, and slumber from his eyelids, while he wrestled

in prayer for his wayward son.
But he lived on, often breaking through the restraints of college laws drawing largely upon his father's means of support, and causing the keenest anguish in an emotion the thrill of his carriage the pious hearts at home seed of a roll wheels in the street, and at length at

At length the father resolved that he

to God for his erring boy.
With brokenness of heart and contrition of spirit, such as is well pleasing in His sight, he wrestled with Jehovah, until, his face, to know if there is hope for like Jacob, he prevailed, and a blessing the sick infant that cannot speak, and soul.

a breath from the old lime tree! O, for a sight of one of the storks!—better to have died of starvation at home among the secret of success, the talisman, has beloved son, I will praise thee; for Thou the success, the talisman, has beloved son, I will praise thee; for Thou the success, the talisman, has beloved son, I will walk physician feels his patient's wrist, smoth-line. still hour—his will wholly swallowed up doest all things well. If he will walk physician feels his patient's wrist, smoth mise from the fish you have caught, to in the ways of his own wicked heart, ering her agonies as the children have teach you whenever you see others earn-

> such as none but the true child of God unconscious, the doctor stands as if he has ever known, he sought his bed and found quietirest: won since

With that holy confidence and peace still pervading his soul, he was prepared on the following day to meet his son, who unexpectedly arrived home.

It was the return of the repentant prodigal, whose language was, "Father, have sinned against heaven and in thy sight." "Through the boundless mercy of God, I trust I am forgiven through Christ." At twelve o'clock last night, father, I submitted to Him. Can you forgive me for all the trouble I have brought upon you?"

Praying father or mother, be not discouraged, though the answer to your earnest petition be long delayed. Pray more earnestly more perseveringly more importunately. Prayer has not yet prepared your own heart to receive the blessing craved, or it would no longer be withheld.

It may be proper to add that the repentant son became a preacher of the everlasting gospel. - Congregationalist.

A NEW LIGHT ON THINGS.

"Holloa, young fellow!" said the cock to the shepherd's dog, eyeing him very fiercely as he ran by, "I've a word to say to you."

"Let us have it," said Shag; "I am in a hurry.''

""I wish to remark," said the cock, "that there has been a great mistake made in the stack-yard, and you can tell your master that he and the other length, which the elders listened to with man, instead of turning the corn end of mental protest, and the younger ones the sheaves into the stack and leaving did not listen to at all; where the choir the stubbles outside, should have done it graciously sang an anthem, and the the other way. How are my hens and I. secretary read a dreary column of min- do you think, to get at the grain under

"Anything else?" asked Shag. stale candy, upon the after miseries of The cock was offended, and shook his which we mothers may let the curtain wattles, but answered, "Yes—I have

also to remark—' "Never mind, never mind," said friend, first resolve to have it in the day- Shag, interrupting him; you're under a time. Have it in some warm, commodi- general mistake, I see, and one answer ous hall, above ground. I never enter will do for your objections. You fancy our dear Lee Avenue school-room, the that farm-yards were made for fowls, home of my heart, without wishing that but the truth is fowls were made for every child in the country could be in farm-yards; get that into your head, and just such a pleasant place when attending you won't meddle with arrangements Sabbath-school. See that the furnaces | which you can't understand, and in which are in proper trim, and don't forget the you and your affairs are not taken into

THE TWO APPRENTICES

Two boys were apprentices in a carpenter's shop. One determined to make himself a thorough workman, the other "didn't care." One read and studied, and got books that would help him to understand the principles of his trade. He spent his evenings at home reading. The other liked fun best. He often went with other boys to have a good time. "Come," he often said to his shopmate, "leave your old books; go with us. What's the use of all this read-

ing?"
"If I waste these golden moments," was the boy's answer, "I shall lose what can never make up.

While the boys were still apprentices, mittee. We suppose he did not really expect to gain the prize; but still he thought, "there is nothing like trying." In about a week afterwards a gentleman arrived at the carpenter's shop, and inquired if an architect by the name

of Washington Wilberforce lived there. "No," said the carpenter, "no architect, but I've got an apprentice by that

"Let's see him," said the gentleman. The young man was summoned, and informed that his plan had been accepted, and that the two thousand dollars were his! The gentleman then said that the boy must put up the building; and his employer was so proud of his success, that he willingly gave him his time and in the same household, the one early let him go.

This studious young carpenter became one of the first architects in our country. He made a fortune, and stands high in the esteem of everybody, while his fellowapprentice can hardly earn food for himself and family by his daily labor.—Exchange. 1 5 76 04 7. MSC(1)

DOCTORS VISITS.

It is not only for the sick man, but the sick man's friends, that the doctor comes. His presence is often as good for them as for the patient, and they long for him yet more eagerly. How we have all watched after him! What the door, has made us feel! How we would spend one whole night in prayer hang upon his words, and what a comfort we get from a smile or two, if he can vouchsafe that sunshine to lighten! Who hasn't seen the mother prying into glorify thyself in disposing of him as been called upon to stay their plays and seemeth to the good.

their talk! Over the patient in the With his whole being filled with peace, fever, the wife expectant, the children were Fate, the dispenser of life and death; he must let the patient off this time; the woman prays so for his respite! One can fancy how awful the responsibility must be to a conscientious man: how cruel the feeling that he has given the wrong remedy, or that it might have been possible to do better; how harassing the sympathy with survivors, if the case is unfortunate; how great the delight of victory.

A CALIFORNIA CHICKEN.

gelist sáys :

The Sanitary Fair in this town, (Marysville, California,) a few weeks ago, was the occasion of one of those touching and profitable little incidents which have been so numerous during the last year, and which seems to me worthy of record.

"A poor little boy brought a white-chicken to the fair, which was all he had to offer, saying it might make some broth for a poor, sick soldier. He had decked hang about the steps and sit under the his little offering with ribbons of "red, white, and blue; hut as he had no money to pay the admittance fee, when he came to the door he was rejected. As he went down the street some gentleman seeing his distress, listened to his story, gave him a ticket and sent him in. The simplicity of the donor and the beauty of the offering attracted attention, and the chicken was put up at auction and sold to the highest bidder for \$460 in gold, for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission.

"The chicken has not put on any airs, has not even attempted to crow! (I hope the example will not be lost,) but is exercising the functions of chickenhood, and just now setting on a nest of nine eggs, and as it is not best to count chickens before they are hatched, there for the present we leave her."

CHRIST'S SYMPATHY.

While the storm was flercely blowing, While the sea was wildly flowing—Angry wind and angry billow Only rocked the Saviour's pillow, Jesus slept.

But when sudden grief was rending Human hearts, in sorrow bending-When he saw the sisters weeping Where their brother's form was sleeping, "Jesus wept." " BITE BIGGEK, BILLY

One day a gentleman saw two boys going along one of the streets of a great city. They were barefooted. Their clothes were ragged and dirty, and tied together by pieces of string. One of the boys was perfectly happy over a half-withered bunch of flowers which he had just picked up in the street: "I say, Billy," said he to his companion, "wasn't somebody real good to drop these 'ere posies jest where I could find them-and they're so pooty and nice? Look sharp, Billy, mebby you'll find something bimeby." Presently the gentleman heard his merry voice again, saying, "Oh golly, Billy, if here ain't most half a peach, and 'taint much dirty, an offer of two thousand dollars appeared neither! cause you hain't found nothin' in the newspapers for the best plan for you may bite first." Billy was just a State-house, to be built in one of the going to take a very little taste of it, Eastern States. The studious boy saw when his companion said, "Bite bigger, the advertisement, and determined to Billy, mebby we'll find another 'fore try for it. After careful study, he drew long." What a noble heart that poor out his plans, and sent them to the comboy had, in spite of his rags and dirt! He was "doing good." There was nobody for him to be kind to but his companion in poverty—the poor ragged boy at his side. But he was showing him all the kindness in his power when he said, "Bite bigger, Billy." There was nothing greedy, nothing selfish about the boy. His conduct shows us how even a poor, ragged boy can do good by showing kindness.

"Bite bigger, Billy—mebby we'll find another 'fore long." Who can help admiring the noble heart of that poor boy? I would rather have that poor boy's kind and generous spirit, than have a monarch's crown upon my head without it. "Bite bigger, Billy." Think of these words if you are ever tempted to be unkind or selfish to your companions.

CAST A LINE FOR YOURSELF.

A young man stood listlessly watching some anglers on a bridge. He was poor and dejected. At length approaching a basket well filled with wholesome looking fish, he sighed,—"If, now, I had these I would be happy. I could sell them at a fair price and buy me food and lodg-

as good fish," said the owner, who chanced to overhear his words, "if you will do me a trifling favor."

"And what is that?" asked the other

eagerly. "Only to tend this line till I come back. I wish to go on a short errand.' The proposal was gladly accepted. The old fisherman was gone so long that the young man began to be impatient. Meanwhile, however, the chungry fish rich and full was poured upon his own that lies yonder, its little frame battling the young man lost his depression in the snapped greedily at the baited hook, and with fever! Ah, how she looks into his excitement of pulling them in, and when the midnight he became came as the face! What thanks if they is light the owner of the line had returned he there; what grief and pain if he casts had caught a large number. Counting out teach you whenever you see others earn ing what you need, to waste no time in their talk! Over the patient in the fruitless wishing, but to cast a line for yourself .- Home Monthly.

THE CAREFUL HOUSEKEEPER

"There are those balusters all fingermarks again," said Mrs. Carey, as she made haste with a soft linen cloth to polish down the shining oak again. "George," she said, with a flushed face, as she gave the cloth a decided wrench out of the basin of suds, "if you go up those stairs again before bedtime you shall be punished."
"I should like to know where I can

go?" said George, angrily. "I can't stay in the kitchen, I am so in the way, Dr. Kendall, writing to The Evan and I can't go into the parlor for fear I shall muss that up, and now you say I can't go up to my own room. I know a grand place where I can go," he added to himself; "boys are never told they are in the way there, and we can have lots of fun. I'll go down to Niles' Corner. I can smoke a cigar now as well as any boy, if it did make me awful sick the first time. They shall not laugh at me again about it."

And so the careful housekeeper virtually drove her son from her door, to broad, inviting portico of the village grog-shop. Do you think she gained or

DON'T DESPISE SMALL THINGS.

Some years ago a gentleman visiting farmer took from his pocket a small potato, which somehow had got in there at home. It was thrown out with a smile, and the farmer taking it in his hand to look at it, a curious little boy of twelve standing at his elbow asked him what it was. "Oh," said he, "nothing but a potato, my boy: take and plant it, and you can have all that you can raise from it till you are free." The lad took it, and the farmer thought no more about it at the time. The boy, however, not despising small potatoes, carefully divided it into as many parts as he could find eyes, and put them into the ground. The product was carefully put aside in the fall and planted in the spring, and so on till the fourth year, when the yield being good, the actual product was four hundred bushels! The farmer seeing the prospect that the potato field would, by another year, cover his whole farm, asked to be released from his promise! Let us not despise small things.