

### The Family Circle.

[WRITTEN FOR OUR COLUMNS.]  
DIVINE FAITHFULNESS.  
BY THOMAS ROBINSON.

Having loved His own, He loved them unto the end.—JOHN 13:1.

God abandons not His own;  
After sighing, after weeping,  
Light, from His eternal throne,  
On the face that tears are steeping,  
Kindles smiles, and sighs are flown;  
God abandons not His own!

God abandons not His own;  
When their state seems most distressing,  
When sense seems left alone,  
God converts into a blessing  
Rich and sweet their every groan;  
God abandons not His own!

God abandons not His own;  
When they on their death-couch lying,  
Breathe to Him their feeble moan,  
Angels, to their succor flying,  
Take and bear them to His throne;  
God abandons not His own!

God abandons not His own;  
In that world of fadeless splendor,  
Whence all sin and pain are flown,  
Grateful, joyful, they remember  
This sweet truth, now fully known:  
God abandons not His own!

### A FATHER'S LESSON.

A STORY FROM ACTUAL LIFE.

"What do you mean by such carelessness?" exclaimed John Doring to his son William, a fine lad of twelve years. "Take that!" he added, striking the boy a heavy blow on the side of the head; "and that!" repeating the blows as he spoke, the last of which knocked the boy over a plough that was standing by his side. "Get up now and go into the house," continued the father, "and see if you can't keep out of mischief for a while; and stop that crying, or I'll give you something to cry for."

The boy started for the house, struggling to suppress his sobs as he went.

"It is astonishing," said Doring, addressing a neighbor named Hanford, who was near in the barn, and of course had seen and heard what had passed, "how troublesome boys are. Just see these oats now, that I've got to pick up, just for that boy's carelessness," and he pointed to a measure of oats which William had accidentally overturned.

"And it was for that trifle that you assaulted your child and knocked him down?" replied Mr. Hanford, in a sorrowful tone.

Doring looked up from the oats in surprise and repeated:—

"Assaulted my child and knocked him down! Why, what do you mean, neighbor Hanford?"

"Just what I said, Did you not knock the child over that plough?"

"Why—well—no. He kind a stumbled and fell over it," doggedly replied Doring. "Do you go against parental authority? Haven't I a right to punish my own children?"

"Certainly, you have," responded Mr. Hanford, "in a proper manner and in a proper spirit; but not otherwise. Do you think that a father has a right to revenge himself upon his child?"

"Of course not; but who's talking about revenge?"

"Well, friend Doring, let me ask you another question: For what purpose should a child be punished?"

"Why, to make it better, and to do it good, of course," quickly answered Doring.

"For any other purpose?" quietly asked Mr. Hanford.

"Well, no, not that I can think of just now," replied Doring, thoughtfully.

"And now, my friend," kindly continued Mr. Hanford, "do you suppose that your treatment to your son a few moments ago did him any good, or has made him any better, or has increased his respect and affection for you? The boy, I venture to say, is utterly unconscious of having done any wrong, and yet you suddenly assaulted him with anger and violence, and gave him a beating which no Penitentiary convict can be subjected to without having the outrage inquired into by a legislative committee. But let me tell you a story. You know my son Charles?"

"The one that is preaching in Charlestown?"

"Yes. You have probably noticed that he is lame?"

"I have noticed it," said Doring, "and once asked him how it happened, and he told me he got hurt when he was a boy."

"Yes," responded Mr. Hanford, with emotion; "the dear boy never could be made to say that it was occasioned by his father's brutality. But listen," he continued, as he saw that Doring was about to speak.

"When Charles was just about the age of your son William, he was one of the most active and intelligent boys I had ever seen. I was fond of him, and especially of his physical beauty and prowess. But, unfortunately, I was cursed with an irritable and violent temper; and was in the habit of punishing my children under the impulse of passion and vengeance, instead of from the dictates of reason, duty and enlightened affection."

"One day Charles offended me by some boyish and trifling misde-

meanor, and I treated him almost exactly as you treated your son a few minutes ago. I struck him violently, and he fell upon a pile of stones at his side, and injured his left hip so badly that the result was—he was crippled for life," said Mr. Hanford in tones of deepest sorrow and remorse, and covering his face with his hands.

A period of oppressive silence followed, which was at last broken by Mr. Hanford's saying:—

"When I found that my poor boy did not rise from the stones on which he had fallen, I seized him by the arm and rudely pulled him to his feet, and was about to strike him again, when something that I saw in his face—his look—arrested my arm, and I asked if he was hurt."

"I am afraid that I am, Pa," he mildly answered, clinging to my arm for support.

"Where?" I asked, in great alarm, for notwithstanding my brutality I fairly idolized the boy.

"Here," he replied, laying his hand upon his hip.

"In silence I took him in my arms and carried him to his bed, from which he never rose the same bright, active, glorious boy that I had so cruelly struck down upon that pile of stones. But after many months he came forth a pale, saddened little fellow, hobbling on a crutch—"

Here Mr. Hanford broke down and wept like a child, and the tears also rolled down Doring's cheeks. When he resumed, Mr. Hanford said:—

"This is a humiliating narrative, neighbor Doring, and I would not have related it to you, had I not supposed that you needed the lesson which it contains. It is impossible for me to give you any adequate notion of the suffering which I have undergone on account of my brutal rashness to my boy. But, fortunately, it has been overruled to my own good, and to that of my family also. The remedy, though terrible, was complete, and no other child of mine has ever been punished by me except when I was in the full possession and exercise of my best faculties, and when my sense of duty has been chastened and softened by reason and affection."

"I devoted myself to my poor Charles, from the time he left his bed, and we came to understand one another as I think but few fathers and sons ever do. The poor boy never blamed me for blighting so much happiness for him; and I have sometimes tried to think that his life has been happier on the whole, than it would have been had I not been taught my duty through his sacrifice. Still, neighbor Doring, I should be sorry to have you and your son William pass through a similar ordeal."

"I trust that we shall not," emphatically and gravely responded Doring. "I thank you for your story, friend Hanford, and I shall try to profit by it."

And he did profit by it; and we hope that every parent who is capable of striking his child in anger or petulance, that reads this sketch from life, will profit by it also.

### BALLAST.

"What is ballast, father?" said Joseph, as he was reading a book about ships and shipping.

"Ballast, my boy," replied his father, "is that which they put into a ship, when she is empty, in order to weigh her, and make her sail steadily. Without ballast she would be turned over by the high winds or heavy sea."

"And what do they use for ballast, papa?"

"In whatever port the ship may happen to be, the captain tries to get a cargo of goods which may be likely to sell well in the port the ship is going to, and in that case the cargo itself is the ballast; but when the captain cannot get a cargo of goods, he is obliged to fill the hold or bottom part of the ship, with stones or gravel, or any thing else that he can get that may be heavy enough for the purpose. While you are speaking on the subject, Joseph, my thoughts go another way, and I am ready to say that I hope, as you go on your voyage, you will take care to carry ballast, and that of the right kind."

"Carry ballast, father? Why, I am not a ship, nor yet am I going on a voyage that I know of."

"No; but did you never hear of the 'voyage of life,' Joseph?"

"O yes. I suppose you mean that this life is like a sea, and men and women are as the ships sailing on it."

"Yes, Joseph, and boys and girls too. I hope you have got ballast on board."

"Well, father, I can understand how I am like a-ship on the sea of life; but what do you mean by my having ballast?"

"Knowledge, my boy. Knowledge is the ballast of the soul. Do you think you can get through the world without knowledge?"

"I suppose not, father, any better than a ship can cross the sea without ballast."

"Just so. But take care that you take the right sort of ballast. Suppose, now, a ship should be laden with nothing heavier than bundles of straw. Do you think it would sail with safety?"

"Well, I suppose that straw, being so light, the ship would not be much safer, than if it had nothing at all on

board. But just tell me what you call a good cargo."

"Well, then, suppose you were to read nothing but story-books; suppose you were to store your mind with no other knowledge than what you could gain from such books, would that be a good cargo for your ship?"

"I suppose, father, that would be like the cargo of straw. I should think that a good knowledge of English grammar, arithmetic, geography, and history would be the best sort of cargo to load my ship with."

"A very good cargo, Joseph; but not all that would be wanted."

"Well, then, father, I suppose I may add geometry, natural history, and other sciences; also Greek, Latin, and French."

"Very good. But, Joseph, your cargo would be wanting unless you had something that you have not yet mentioned. Where is your voyage on the sea of life to end?"

"In eternity, father."

"Yes, Joseph, we are all journeying to eternity. Now take your Bible, and read the third verse of the seventeenth chapter of John."

(Joseph reads)—"And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent."

"Now, Joseph, you can tell me what knowledge will make your cargo complete. What is it?"

"The knowledge of Jesus Christ, father."

"Yes, my boy. Grammar and arithmetic, science and language are more or less necessary for your own comfort and usefulness on the voyage of life; but you will not have a successful voyage unless you have as ballast the knowledge of Jesus Christ. Where will you get it?"

"From the Bible, father."

"Quite right, Joseph. I am glad, indeed, that you are doing your best to take in a good store of knowledge, that shall help you to be useful on your voyage; but, above all things, study your Bible, and pray for the grace of the Holy Spirit to help you to gain more and more, each day that you live, of that knowledge which is able to make the wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

### DEAD THREE MONTHS.

BY "M. E. M."

"He's been dead three months, and I never knew it till last week." The speaker gave a sob that had a kind of a heart-break in it and hid her face in her blue-checked apron. "But never mind, honey," she went on, "he's dead in a good cause; I know what's come of him."

It was an old colored woman. Her age it would be quite impossible to guess at, for these people have a way of keeping "their looks" years after they ought, in the natural course of events, to look quite wrinkled and bent. It is certain, however, that there are in New York men and women of color who must be sixty or seventy years old, who look and act as if in vigorous middle life. The old aunty had doubtless lost her son, one of the dear ones, perhaps the only one, that cruel slavery had left her, in some battle for the flag, and her greatest grief seemed to be that he had been "dead three months and she never knew it." But oh! how hard for the poor mother to think of the little one she once folded to her breast, the nurslings who were snatched from her embrace and sold, she knew not where. "When my young missy was married," said one to me, "master came along, and seeing my little Jim, so bright and pert, he said, 'There's a nigger that'll bring a good price,' and a few days after he took him from me. I've never seen him, and he wouldn't know me now, and I wouldn't know him."

Thank God that the day of these bitter things is over now—that the plague spot of our country's history is washed out forever! Alas! that it took so many drops of heroic blood to efface the crimson stain.

### "I'M GOING—I DON'T KNOW WHERE."

Some time ago there lived a man in a large town in one of the midland counties of England, a watch-maker by trade, a steady, skilful, sober man, doing well in his business, and respected because of his moral, orderly behaviour; but he was an infidel. He considered the Bible to be a book only fit for women and children. He was too wise to be frightened at stories about hell. He was too upright a man, in his own estimation, to need a Saviour. Thus his life passed away, till he reached the period of middle age, when suddenly he was smitten with a stroke of paralysis, which deprived him of power to walk, or to discern persons or things around him; and he was laid upon his bed, uttering one mournful cry: "I'm going—I'm going, I don't know where." For forty-eight hours, incessantly, this one dreadful sentence proceeded from his lips—at first with frightful rapidity, so as to scare his friends away from his bedside; but gradually, as his strength declined, the same sad words were uttered in slower tones. Hour after hour, for two nights and days, nothing else was heard in his chamber, till at length the words, "I'm going—going—I don't know—w-h-e-r-e," were slowly and with difficulty ejaculated, and with them he breathed his last.

### OVER THE RIVER.

Over the River they beckon to me,  
Loved ones who've passed to the other side;  
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,  
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.  
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,  
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue,  
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,  
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view:  
We saw not the angels who met him there,  
The gates of The City we could not see;  
Over the River, over the River,  
My Brother-stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the River the Boatman pale  
Carried another—the household pet;  
Her bright curls waved in the gentle gale—  
Darling Minnie I see her yet!  
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,  
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;  
We watched it glide from the silver sands  
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark  
We know she is safe on the other side,  
Where all the ransomed and angels be;  
Over the River, the mystic River,  
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores  
Who cross with the Boatman cold and pale:  
We hear the dip of the golden oars,  
We catch a gleam of the snowy sail,  
And lo, they have passed from our heart—  
They cross the stream and are gone for aye!  
We cannot sunder the veil apart,  
That hides from our vision the gates of day:  
We only know that their bars no more  
Shall sail with ours on life's stormy sea,  
Yet somehow I hope on the unseen shore,  
They watch and beckon and wait for me.

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold  
Is flushing river and hill and shore,  
That hides from our vision the gates of day:  
And list for the sound of The Boatman's oar:  
I shall watch for the gleam of the flapping sail,  
I shall hear the beat as it gains the strand,  
I shall pass from sight with the Boatman pale,  
To the better shore of the Spirit Land!  
I shall know the loved who have gone before,  
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,  
When over the River, the peaceful River,  
The Angel of Death shall carry me!

### BOY LOST.

He had black eyes with long lashes, red cheeks, and hair almost black and curly. He wore a crimson plaid jacket, with full trousers buttoned on; had a habit of whistling, and liked to ask questions; was accompanied by a small black dog. It is a long while now since he disappeared. I have a very pleasant house and much company. Everything has such an orderly, put-away look—nothing about under foot—no dirt. But my eyes are aching for the sight of whittlings and cut paper on the floor; of tumbled-down card houses; of wooden-sheep and cattle; of pop-guns, bows and arrows, whips, tops, gags, carts, blocks and tin-trains, I want to see, boats a rigging and kites a making. I want to see crumbs on the carpet, and paste spilt on the kitchen table. I want to see the chairs and tables turned the wrong way about. I want to see candy-making and corn-popping, and to find jack-knives and fish-hooks among my muslins. Yet these things used to fret me once. They say, "How quiet you are here! Ah! one here may settle his brains, and be at peace." But my ears are aching for the pattering of little feet; for a hearty shout, a shrill whistle, a gay tra la la; for the crack of little whips; for the noise of drums, fifes, and tin trumpets. Yet these things made me nervous once. They say, "Ah! you have leisure, nothing to disturb you. What heaps of sewing you have time for!" But I long to be disturbed. I want to be asked for a bit of string or an old newspaper; for a cent to buy a slate pencil or peanuts. I want to be coaxed for a piece of new cloth for jibs and mainsails, and then to hem the same. I want to make little flags, and bags to hold marbles. I want to be followed by little feet all over the house; teased for a bit of dough for a little cake, or to bake a pie in a saucer. Yet these things used to fidget me once. They say, "Ah! you are not tied at home. How delightful to be always at liberty, for concerts, lectures, and parties! No confinement for you." But I want confinement. I want to listen for the school-bell mornings, to give the last hasty wash and brush, and then to watch from the window nimbly feet bounding away to school. I want frequent rents to mend, and to replace lost buttons. I want to obliterate mud-stains, fruit-stains, molasses-stains, and paints of all colors. I want to be sitting by a little crib, of evenings, when weary little feet are at rest, and prattling voices are hushed, that mother's may sing their lullabys, and tell over the oft-repeated stories. They don't know their happiness then, those mothers. I didn't. All these things I called confinement once.

A manly figure stands before me now. He is taller than I, has thick whiskers, wears a frock coat, a bosomed shirt, and a cravat. He has just come from college. He brings Latin and Greek in his countenance, and dusts off the old philosophers from the sitting room. He calls me mother; but I am rather unwilling to own him. He avers that he is my boy, and says that he can prove it. He brings his little boat to show the red stripe on the sail (it was the end of the piece) and the name on the stern—Lucy Lowe, a little girl of our neighborhood who, because of her long curls and pretty round face, was the chosen favorite of my boy. The curls were long since cut off, and she has grown to a tall, handsome girl. How his face reddens as he shows me the face on the boat! Oh! I see it all as plain as if it were written in a book: My little boy is lost, and my big boy will soon be. Oh, I wish he were a little tired boy in a long, white nightgown, lying in his crib, with me sitting by, holding his hand in mine, pushing the curls back from his forehead, watching his eyelids droop, and listening to his deep breathing.

If I only had my little boy again, how patient I would be! How much I would bear, and how little I would fret and scold! I can never have him back again; but there are still many mothers who have not yet lost their little boys. I wonder if they know they are living their very best days; that now is the time to really enjoy their children. I think if I had been more to my little boy, I might now be more to my grown up one.

[WRITTEN FOR OUR COLUMNS.]

### OUT OF TUNE.

BY "M. E. M."

Somebody is practising next door on an instrument that is out of tune. What discords the jarring strings make, of what ought to be sweet and delicate harmony. How we long to shut up the old music-box and give ourselves the pleasant relief of silence, while the patient performer goes on, hour after hour, over scales, and exercises, and tunes, what must seem interminable to her, and are, to use a mild expression, insufferable to us.

It is bad to have a piano out of tune; but, dear reader, it is worse to have a temper out of tune. Oh! these fretful people, who are always finding something wrong about the house, something neglected or forgotten, or some intentional slight or omission of respect which jars upon their nerves, and makes them a terror to their friends and a burden to themselves. The presence of one such, in a family circle, is like a spark of fire near a powder magazine or a petroleum cask. The tuneless temper is caught with electric speed by those who come in contact with it, unless there be, in the hearts around, much of the sweet leaven of God's grace. Sad indeed is it when "mother" is out of tune. The little ones feel depressed, and "contrary." The boys, rushing in from school, with happy faces and glad spirits, throw down books and slates, and go away as fast as possible if mother's face wears a cloud, and the growing daughter, just standing on the threshold of womanhood, keeps back her confidences from her best friend, if that friend is "cross." Little troubles that, if left alone, would soon thaw in the genial shine of household love, roll from one to another, and presently assume the form of immense snow-balls, with a core of ice. Home is home no longer, but a plague spot over which Satan rejoices, and from which angels of light turn sadly away. The secret of a heart in tune is a heart at peace with God. They that hold communion by the way with the Master may well bring to the ministries of every day life the smiling face, the gentle word, the glance of sympathy, the merry song. Can one, who has feasted with the Lord of the mansion, bring other than a joyful heart to the festival of life? Oh! Christian friend, wherever you are this day, in your prayers to the Blessed One on high, seek his grace to keep your hearts in tune.

### BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATION.

The maidens of India have a strange custom, which Mrs. Browning has beautifully poetized in the "Romance of the Ganges." In the darkness of night they go down to the banks of their sacred river, each carrying a tiny boat which they are to set adrift upon the stream.

"Each carries a lamp, and carries a flower,  
And carries a hope unsaid."

If the lamp continues to burn until it is lost in the distance, good fortune is betokened; but woe to the hapless maiden whose light goes out at once.

"And when the boat hath carried the lamp  
Unquenched, till out of sight,  
The maiden is sure that love will endure,  
But love will fail with light."

Now life is our sacred river. We have launched our little bark upon it. It bears a light, and it bears a soul, and it bears a hope unsaid. But we have not even the poor privilege of seeing it bear its freight even a hand's breadth forward into the future. Our light, our hopes, and ourselves, are all embarked together. We drift on into the darkness. The next moment our little taper may expire. But God grant that life and hope may not depart together!—Pacific.

### THE APPRENTICE.

A young man whose father was in easy circumstances, was desirous of learning the printing business. His father consented, on condition that the son should board at home, and weekly pay for his board, out of the avails of his special perquisites during his apprenticeship. The young man thought this rather hard, but when he was of age, and master of his trade, his father said:—

"Here, my son, is the money paid me for board during your apprenticeship. I never intended to keep it but have retained it for your use, and with it I give you as much more as will enable you to commence your business."

The wisdom of the old man was apparently the making of the son, for while his fellows had contracted bad habits in the expenditure of similar perquisites, and were now penniless and in vice, he was enabled to commence business respectably; and he now stands at the head of the publishers in this country, while most of his former companions are poor, vicious and degraded.

### THE UNSEEN ARMY.

To his courtiers spake the monarch with trouble in his eye:  
"Will ye tell us who among us is a traitor and a spy?"  
My strategem is baffled, my ambush set at naught—  
Who tells the King of Israel the secret of my thought?"

Then answered back a courtier: "'Tis none of us, O King!  
But a prophet dwells in Israel who maketh known the thing;  
Confer with thy council with chosen friends apart,  
Thy words within the chamber and thy thoughts within thy heart."

### CHILDREN ATTENDING CHURCH.

It is no unusual thing to hear Christian parents regretting that the children will not attend church. A stranger cannot readily answer the question:—"Shall I compel grown sons and daughters to religious observances?" But this sad issue would have been avoided, if from infancy the little feet had been trained to regular attendance at regular services. The force of habit was designed by our Maker for our good. It has been terribly perverted to purposes of evil; but surely pious parents should avail themselves of it in the forming period of life. Let it be early and forever settled that every member of our household, as a matter of course, attends public service when practicable, and the question, "Shall I go or not?" will be as exceptional as, "Shall I go to breakfast?"

### "AFTER MANY DAYS."

"Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt find it after many days."

Dr. H. is a physician of considerable ability, and of extensive practice in the eastern part of Connecticut; a man of large benevolence, and deep Christian sympathy, using his skill in his profession, not for personal advantages alone, but for the benefit of his suffering fellow men. Cheerfully were his services rendered to the poor and destitute without thought of remuneration. Yet, as will be seen from the following incident, this labor of love returns with tenfold interest into the doctor's bosom. A son of the doctor, a lieutenant in one of our Connecticut regiments, being severely wounded in battle, was taken to the hospital. When word reached the father, he immediately started for Washington, where he found his son still alive, but rapidly failing, although everything possible was done for him by hospital surgeons, stewards, and nurses, yet soon after the arrival of his father the young man died—willing to give up his life for his country.

In examining his clothes, the father found in his pocket book a small sum of money. This he took, and turning to the faithful nurse, a comrade in arms, who had been by his side in all his sufferings, and done everything he could to alleviate them, he said: "this justly belongs to you for your kindness to my son."

"No," said the nurse, "I shall not take it."

"Well," said the doctor, "take five dollars of it at least." But the nurse replied persistently, "I shall take nothing."

"Dr. H.," said he, "you do not know me, but I know you."

"No," said the doctor, "I do not recognize you."

"I presume not," the nurse continued, "but do you not remember visiting and taking care of a sick woman at—, and that when she recovered and asked for the bill, you declined receiving anything?"

"Yes."

"That sick woman was my mother, and ever since then I have felt that if God ever permitted me, I would in some way repay your kindness to her. When your son fell wounded on the field, I had him taken to the hospital, and have stood by him ever since, and have done everything that I could for him, and I am thankful that I have been able to do it."

The doctor's heart was filled with gratitude and thanksgiving to God, that by "casting his bread upon the waters," it had been permitted "to return to him" in so signal a manner, even "after many days."—Congregationalist.

### RUM IN THE ARMY.

I ought before to have noticed that, from the time of this force entering Jellabad, our British soldiers have had no spirit rations, a great part of the not very ample supply of our commissariat having been lost. Without fear of contradiction, it may be asserted that not only has the amount of laborious work they have completed without this factitious aid been surprising, but the state and the garrison have gained full one-third in manual exertion by their entire sobriety. Every hand has been constantly employed with the shovel and pickaxe. If there had been a spirit ration one-third of the labor would have been diminished, in consequence of soldiers becoming the inmates of the hospital and guard-house, on coming to their work with fevered brain and trembling hand, of sulky and disaffected, after the protracted debauch. Now all is health, cheerfulness, industry, and resolution.—Marsman's Memoirs of Gen. Havelock.

The creatures of God's hand declare his goodness, all their enjoyments speak his praise. He clotheth them with beauty, he supporteth them with food, he preserveth them with pleasure from generation to generation.