

The Family Circle.

BELOVED.

These sad, sweet lines are from the pen of the late Miss Jennie M. W. Ramsey, and refer to the death of her father, Rev. W. Ramsey, who preceded her in the mysterious passage to the future world, by a few years. Miss Ramsey contributed a number of articles, tinged with her glowing temperament, to our columns, over the signature of "INDIA."

Oh! write to me very often, My heart is sadly lone! So weary,—with the memory That thou, beloved, art gone. Yes, write to me very often, Let this thy message be, Tho' now—so far away—thy heart Is turning back to me; In love remembering, precious thought; Yes! I could bear to be Forgotten by all else beside, But never, love, by thee!

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE AND THE BOUND BOY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DAVID WOODBURN, THE MOUNTAIN MISSIONARY."

CHAPTER III.

The year following these events was a sad one in our household. Our dear father was called suddenly to his reward in the "Better Land." Of the terrible desolation that followed, my memory retains but little. It came like an earthquake in the peaceful scenes of my childhood, crushing, withering, destroying.

Jake passed, with indentures duly made according to law, into the hands of another man, a hard, unfeeling man, as Norah told me years afterwards. As a proof of the estimate the family placed upon John Cornish, Grey Bess was presented to him, and John went forth into the great world, and in time became quite a popular preacher among his own people.

Gradually our family scattered, as families do, and I lost sight of Jake entirely. This would not have happened, had my sister Norah lived, but she, too, died; gentle spirit, beautiful and true, she sleeps under a Southern sky, where the strife of battle has once and again surged over her lonely resting-place.

It was in 1854, in a Southern city, many years after the events above recorded, that my cook came to me one Sabbath morning, with the request that I would allow the house-maid to officiate in the kitchen that day. "For you see, missus," continued she, "I is token with a great desire to go to church this morning; and if you please, mum, Linda, she's willin'."

"There is no particular objection; but why do you wish to attend church this morning in preference to the afternoon?"

"Well, missus, you see as how there's a powerful preacher come along, and all the colored members feels bleeged to tend."

"But, Kitty, why is this? What do they say about him?"

"Laws, Missus, they says, leastways my ole man tells me, that he's a mighty unctuous preacher, an' strong in the Lord."

"Yes, Kitty, I see; but how about the preaching? You know Dr. Wiers is your pastor, and no colored man has liberty to preach."

"Bress your soul, Missus, I knows all that; don't you tell this chile what she knows as well as you can tell her. But de power ob de Lord goes wid dis man, and when Mister Wiers calls on him to pray, de Spirit ob de Lord comes down in plenty. Yes, indeed."

Having some friends from the North with us at the time, who had expressed a desire to attend the African church, we determined to devote part of that day to our sable brethren. On reaching the church, we found it packed to its utmost capacity, and had some difficulty in finding seats.

Dr. Wiers, the pastor, preached a short, plain sermon, on the text, "Servants, be obedient to them that are your masters, according to the flesh, with fear and trembling, with singleness of heart as unto Christ;" after which a hymn was sung by the choir. Then an aged deacon ascended the pulpit-steps, and whispered a few words to the pastor. This resulted in a consultation, wherein three reverend heads were seen in close proximity in the pulpit. Finally, Dr. Wiers arose, and stated that it was granted at the earnest request of the congregation, that Brother Cornish might address the meeting. This was a rare indulgence, and quite unexpected. The announcement of the name had startled me, but one glance at the man dissolved all doubt.

There he was, the identical John Cornish, who had figured so largely in my juvenile experience. Every cherished memory of my happy childhood, and of my lost sister, rushed back at the sight of his sable face; and I only found relief in a gush of tears, which no doubt surprised my friends, and also led the surrounding darkies to conclude that Brother Cornish's eloquence had a "powerful" effect on at least one of his white auditors.

The address itself was nothing remarkable. Through the whole, the speaker seemed to be laboring to keep back something that he was very anxious to say, but it elicited quite a noisy demonstration from the colored brothers and sisters. When the benediction was pronounced, there was a general handshaking all round. This was the custom in the church.

We waited at the door till John came out. I then made myself known to him, and was quite overwhelmed with a shower of blessings. According to his prediction, he wore a white cravat and a high crowned white hat. I ventured to suggest that he might hold a little prayer-meeting in our kitchen, which he did, greatly to the delectation of Aunt Kitty and her "ole man," and without attracting the attention of any busybodies, of whom there were plenty, who were ready enough to report to the proper authorities any infringement of the laws made and provided for such cases.

On my asking John what was the nature of his mission to the South, he replied to the effect that his mission was twofold. First, to buy the freedom of his wife; and secondly, to comfort his brethren in captivity. I then inquired what kind of comfort he was in the habit of imparting. John then laid his hat on the floor, and standing erect, with his back against the wall, began, in oratorical style, thus:—

"I tells em, mum, that is, as it were, secretly, that their days of bondage is near completed, the year of jubilee am soon to appear—when the yoke shall fall from the neck of the black man, and the fetters from his hands."

"But what sign do you see of this, John? Why do you think so?"

"I know it, mum, from Luke iv. 18, where it says:—'The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach Deliverance to the captive, and to set at liberty them that are bruised.' You see, mum, it shall be a time of great tribulation to all that dwell in the land, and they shall tremble, for the day of the Lord cometh, it is nigh at hand; a day of darkness and gloominess, a day of clouds and of thick darkness, as the morning spread upon the mountains; a great people and a strong; there hath not been ever the like, neither shall be any more after it, even the years of many generations. A fire devoureth before them; and behind them a flame burneth; the land is as a garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness; yea, and nothing shall escape them. The appearance of them is as the appearance of horses, and as horsemen, so shall they run. Like the noise of chariots on the tops of the mountains shall they leap, like the noise of a flame of fire that devoureth the stubble; as a strong people set in battle array."

John continued his quotations from the most powerful passages of the Hebrew Prophets:—"Before their faces the people shall be pained, every countenance shall gather blackness. They shall run like mighty men; they shall climb the wall like men of war; they shall march every man on his ways; their ranks shall not be broken. Neither shall one thrust another; they shall walk every one on his path; and if they fall upon the sword they shall not be wounded."

"They shall run to and fro in the city; they shall walk upon the walls, they shall climb up into the houses, they shall steal in at the windows like a thief. The earth shall quake before them; the heavens shall tremble; the sun and the moon shall be dark; and the stars shall withdraw their shining. And the Lord shall utter his voice before his army; for his camp is very great. Yea, he is strong that executeth his word, for the day of the Lord is very terrible; and who can abide it?"

"This is what the Lord will do; and, mum, I must beg of you to flee away; flee away from this land, for it is a doomed land, and God will bring out his people with fierce battle and with the sound of a trumpet."

When John had thus delivered himself, he took up his hat and walked rapidly away. I never saw him since; but the effects of his fierce denunciations hung around me for days. And now, when his strange predictions are verified, and the bondmen are indeed free, where could there be found a more correct picture of the dread instrumentality? No words could more distinctly paint the devastating march of Sherman's army through Georgia and South Carolina.

When the rebellion broke out, we removed to a border State. It was on a sultry morning in July, 1863, when a friend called, requesting me to walk with her to the hospital at—building. I gladly acquiesced, feeling that

any change would be a relief from thoughts that were constantly dwelling on loved ones who were far away, exposed to the dangers of camp and field. So, hastily packing a basket with some little delicacies, as she had also done, we set off to thread the dusty streets. On reaching the hospital, our passes were examined and we were admitted. The first and second tier of wards were entirely filled with Confederate wounded; but here we found no occasion to linger, as every subject seemed to be well cared for under the supervision of their secession friends.

When we arrived at the third ward, my friend began to evince great interest as to whether there was any wounded soldier there from her native State, Vermont, but none was found.

After passing through this ward, administering as we could to the comfort of the poor fellows, we ascended to the next tier. Here, in answer to the oft-repeated question—whether there was any one here from Vermont?—my friend was directed to a stalwart convalescent, who was just then engaged in sweeping the floor; but as he did not seem to be in any pressing need of gentle ministrations, she passed him by.

Our attention was next attracted to two youths, who might have been seventeen years of age, or thereabouts. They each held a crutch, though looking healthy and well. They sat, one on each side of a man who appeared to be above middle age. He was stretched on a cot, and lying as he did with his eyes closed, looked very pale and wan. My friend addressed one of these boys, asking him where he was wounded.

"I was wounded in the ankle; and so was he," pointing to the other boy. "He was shot in the foot, but we are both recovered. Still we don't own it, on account of him," nodding towards the man in the cot.

"Why do you not wish to leave him?"

"Why," said the boy, the tears starting in his eyes, "we knew him at home, and we bore him off the field when he was wounded. Oh, it would break my heart to leave him. You see, ma'am, he is shot through the lungs, and the doctor thinks—"

Here the poor fellow opened his eyes, and seeing us, said, in a tremulous voice, "No, they are good, very good boys; they don't want to leave me. They will stay till I go. Bless the Lord, I am going home first."

He then looked at the boys, his bright blue eyes beaming with affection and gratitude, saying, "They carried me off the field and hid me under the hedge, where I lay a day and a night; but they did not forget me: they came back."

These words were uttered slowly, and with long intervals between; and he seemed to speak with so much difficulty, that we begged him not to attempt to talk. My friend, with the surgeon's permission, fed him by a spoon with some delicious custard, for which he seemed so grateful that, woman-like, we both took a good cry, after which we felt better, as all women do. After this, seeing that we could do nothing more than for his comfort, we went on to other patients.

But all day after our return home, I could think of nothing but this wounded soldier, and I was really glad when, the next morning, my friend returned with the request that I should again go with her to the hospital.

"For," said she, "do you know that I think it was extremely stupid in me not to ask that man's name?"

"Why," replied I, "what difference can his name make?" At the same time I would have given anything in reason to have known it.

But when we returned to the hospital, we found the chaplain at his bedside, the poor soldier had just breathed his last. The chaplain stood, with a little, old-looking Bible in his hand, the tears streaming down his cheeks. Turning to us, he said, "Another saint gone home to Jesus. His last request was, that his Bible might be buried with him." I took the old, worn Bible, intending to look what his name was. Turning to the fly-leaf I read, in faded characters,

JACOB MORROW, FROM NORAH VALMY, Dec., 1864.

Dear little Jake, take the precepts of this Bible for your guide through life, and its promises will be your joy and consolation in the hour of death. N. V.

MORAL EFFECTS OF IMPATIENCE.

Nothing more incapacitates a man for the lead than impatience. No constitutionally impatient man who has indulged his tendency ever gets to the bottom of things or knows with any nicety the standing, disposition and circumstances of the people he is thrown, or has thrown himself, amongst. Certain salient points he is possessed of, but not what reconciles and accounts for them. Something in him—an obtrusive self or a train of thought or likings and antipathies—will always come between him and impartial judgment. Neither does he win confidence, for he checks the coy, uncertain advances which are the precursors of it. We doubt if a thoroughly impatient man can read the heart, or be a fair critic, or understand the rights of any knotty question, or make himself master of any difficult situation. The power of waiting, deliber-

ating, hanging in suspense, is necessary for all these—the power of staving off for considerable periods of time merely personal leanings.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE WAR.

A surgeon said "Remain;" but somehow I could not stand. For the order had been given, and the boys were on their way. And thinking of the morning's fight, I saw my brother stand calm in battle as he used to be when plowing father's land; Or I saw him falling wounded, or lying ghastly dead; From my bed of straw upspringing, "I am going too!" I said.

So I followed on just after; on the ground at night we lay. And I felt his arm upon me, in the old accustomed way. But when morning came quick-footed, and our ranks in order stood. He was twenty paces from me; oh, how bowed my fevered blood!

Put so near him, yet not with him—twixt us a score of others— Till the men slipped me down the line; they knew that we were brothers.

Did you ask how went the battle? Why, we lost the day, you know— And at night when we retreated, do my best I could not go. Sick in heart and sore in body, I was falling to the ground; But Charley was beside me, his dear arm about me wound.

While one comrade took our muskets, passed his hands on to others— And he might be strong to help me, for they knew that we were brothers.

O Christian, fellow-Christian, is it so with you and me, Children of the heavenly Father, members of one family? Do we live a love so simple? Is a strong arm ever thrown?

Round him whose faltering footstep shows his strength is almost gone? And should the worldly throng press in, blindly parting us from others, Would the dense ranks quickly start aside, knowing that we all are brothers? —Springfield Republican.

THE MODEL FIGHTER.

The little peddler-boy, Jimmy, who was so well known in our village as an honest lad, must have been somewhat acquainted with the art of keeping the heart-spring pure. I will tell you a story or two about him, and then you can judge for yourselves.

One day Jimmy went to a neighboring village to sell some wares. Pins, needles, tape, cord, buttons, soap, matches, braid—indeed I am not merchant enough to carry in my brain the long list of articles which he carried in his basket. Jimmy's brains and arms both must have been pretty strong, for he carried a regular "notion merchant's store!"

With this varied stock, one day he stepped out of the cars, whistling from a spirit at peace with all men, when up came a rude boy, and "just for mischief!" as he said, gave the well-laden basket a sudden knock. Away went all the goods and chattels to the four winds and to the ground! Now where is the boy to be found who would not have been at least a little vexed at such a provocation! Jimmy's temper was naturally pretty quick, and his blood instantly boiled at this deliberate piece of wickedness.

"Look out, old fellow!" said he, upon the spur of the moment, and his hand almost obeyed the impulse to strike. But he recollected himself, or rather he recollected his duty to God and to his neighbor. Instantly his whole manner changed. A smile took the place of an angry scowl, and he said, quietly, "I don't believe you meant to do that!"

"Yes, I did, too," said the tantalizing boy.

"O, well, never mind," said Jim; "I'll be your friend though; I guess we won't quarrel just yet."

"Halloo! there's a saint for you," bawled out the rude boy at the top of his voice. Jimmy did not wish particularly to have his "saintliness" thus proclaimed upon the public streets; but he knew it was better Christian policy to place a guard at the door of his mouth. So almost biting his lips, and lifting his heart in prayer to God, he stopped to gather up his scattered stock in trade.

His spirit was soon tranquil, and he went on his way.

A gentleman and his wife had noticed from a window of their house, across the street, the whole performance. Said he to the lady, "My dear, call the boy in and buy from him all the cotton and pins, etc., which you will want for the next six months." So master Jim was relieved of his load in a much more agreeable mode than before. And, you see, his forbearance had its reward.

Does not virtue always carry its own reward? Use your own judgment now and answer.

Two or three weeks after, Jimmy had another trial with the same boy. The fellow must have been what is called a "bully." That is the name which suits his character, at any rate, and so we will adopt it for him, although rather inelegant. Webster's big dictionary describes him finely, in giving a definition of the word—"A noisy, blustering, overbearing fellow, known more for empty threats and insolence than for courage, and disposed to provoke quarrels."

Going along through the same village, though rather in its outskirts, Bully jumped over a fence, and, without any warning, gave Jimmy a blow upon the side of the head, exclaiming, "Ha, ha, sir! You are the saint what's afraid to fight!"

Jimmy knew him instantly, and, setting down his basket, stood back,

saying, "No, sir, I am not afraid; but I would a great deal rather not. Still I can do it. I tell you beforehand, sir, it is not my way of doing. I would much rather be a friend to you."

"I'm no friend to saints; so take that," said Bully, dealing no very gentle blow, and this time with doubled fist.

Now Jimmy was no coward, and not lacking in physical strength either. So he just seized Bully by the collar, and extending his right foot, tripped up the two feet of his antagonist, laying him low upon the ground. There he held him tightly for a minute or two. Bully was completely in Jimmy's power, unable to move a limb. He screamed out, "Let me go! let me go!" But Jimmy sat, a monument of victory, utterly unmoved! He saw that his captive was not in a condition for self-government, so he had no notion yet to "let him go." Fully five minutes he sat there, patient and self-respectful, his own spirit entirely tranquil, and his heart full of love toward the vanquished boy. And there he meant to sit until Bully's spirit was somewhat subdued.

At last the poor boy begged to be released. "Promise me first," said Jimmy, "that you will strike no more boys in the street."

"I'll promise," said Bully. "Mind, now, you really mean it, do you?" said Jimmy.

"Yes, I'll promise true, said Bully. "And I'll promise to remember that I'm your friend, and don't want to fight with you?"

"Yes," said Bully. So he was allowed to rise, and he went on his way, a somewhat wiser fellow than he was before.

Religion does not take true manly spirit from a boy. It makes him much more manly, for it helps him to curb his temper, and act with cool deliberation.

"He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

LOSSES BY RELIGION.

Near London there dwelt an old couple. In early life they had been poor; but the husband became a Christian, and God blessed their industry, and they were living in a comfortable retirement, when one day a stranger called on them to ask their subscription to a charity. The old lady had less religion than her husband, and still hankered after the Sabbath earnings and easy shillings which Thomas had forfeited from regard to the law of God. So, when the visitor asked their contributions, she interposed and said: "Why, sir, we have lost a deal by religion since we first began; my husband knows that very well. Have we not Thomas?"

After a solemn pause, Thomas answered, "Yes, Mary, we have. Before I got religion, Mary, I had an old slouched hat, a tattered coat, and mended shoes and stockings; but I have lost them long ago. And, Mary, you know that poor as I was, I had a habit of getting drunk and quarreling with you; and that you know I have lost. And then I had a hardened conscience and wicked heart, and ten thousand guilty fears; but all are lost, completely lost, and like a mill-stone cast into the deepest sea. And, Mary, you have been a loser, too, though not so great a loser as myself. Before we got religion, Mary, you had a washing tray, in which you washed for hire; but since then you have lost your washing tray. And you had a gown and bonnet much the worse for wear; but you have lost them long ago. And you had many an aching heart concerning meat times; but these you happily have lost. And I could even wish that you had lost as much as I have lost; for what we lose for religion will be an everlasting gain."

WHERE TO FIND GOOD NEWS.

Dear children, you know what is meant by good news. When we heard of the surrender of Lee to General Grant, we shouted to our fellows—good news! The newspapers containing this good news were eagerly sought for—the news-boys had no difficulty in selling them.

Well, there is a book full of good news for each of one of my readers. Yes, full of far better news and more intimately connected with your welfare than the news of success in any mere physical battle. Children, do you know the name of that book? A short time ago I read about a little girl who found out the truth of my statement by experience. She had never heard of Jesus at home, but she went to Sabbath-school, where she heard of Jesus, and learned that he was her Saviour. One day she went home to her mother and said, "Mother, I have given my heart to Jesus to-day." A short time afterward she took sick and died. But before she died, when too weak to sing, she whispered:

"Jesus loves me, that I know, For the Bible tells me so; Little ones to Him belong— I am weak but He is strong."

Was not this good news to hear? And this good news she found in the Bible. Children, if you want to find good news, read the Bible—it is full of good news. It not only tells how Jesus loves little children, but also that he died to save them—that his blood can cleanse all their sins away, that he will carry them in His arms, when

they enter the valley and shadow of death, and give them a mansion in which to dwell, in heaven. Yes, good news can be found in the Bible.

THE DECOY WHICH MAKES YOUNG MEN DRUNKARDS.

Go with us to a public house where a number of young men are assembled. All is life and gaiety. A few among them may be young and timid. They approach the counter, and wine, rum, brandy, are called for. One or two may stand back, and say, no, gentlemen, we do not drink any; please excuse us. Immediately the rest turn, and begin to taunt their friends who refuse to drink, saying they are afraid of getting "tight;" of the "old man" and some may whisper audibly, "Well they are mean fellows—they are afraid they will have to spend a cent!" Here, you see, two very sensitive nerves are touched.—Courage and Cleverness. Their bosoms swell, and with pride, rather than bear these flings of their companions, they step up to the counter and soon join in the revelry. The ice is now broken, and the first great act in the drama performed. Others follow in natural order, until the individual who refused to drink at first, reels along the public street without shame.

Such is the manner in which thousands of our promising young men are led away by a false ambition; and thousands more will follow in their path, unless they learn the meaning of courage.

We have in our minds a number of noble-hearted, good-meaning men, who do not possess strength of mind enough to face this opposition. Rather than be called mean, they will follow up these habits of drinking until their appetites become uncontrollable.

We advise you, young men, when you are in company, and solicited to drink intoxicating liquors, to say frankly and decidedly that you will not drink. Let your tempters call you anything, but be firm and unyielding, and you will command their respect, and they will be forced to admit that your courage is sufficient to bear all their taunts and not yield the right. Those who stem the tide always meet opposition; but never despair—press onward. Our only hope of rescuing the race from this brutal, slavish passion, rests with the young. Will you, young friends, have courage—true, high and godlike courage—to face this growing evil, and banish it from our land?

ARE YOU WILLING TO SUFFER AFFLICTION?

When Christ comes and says, "I want you to consecrate your wealth to me," that seems hard. But when he comes and says, "I want to take your wealth all away from you—it is best that you should not have it any more; I want to take away from you all your friends; I want to make your road dark and rough; I want to do it because I love you; and I mean that it shall be for glory in the end. For the present it will be hard, but it will last only for a short time, and its results will more than repay you for what you suffer. Because I live, you shall live also; but for the time being I want you to suffer for my name's sake"—when Christ comes and says this, how many of us can say: "Even so, Lord, do with me what seemeth thee good?" Do you live with such a view of Christ and the eternal world that, when God makes his will known to you by his decrees of providence, you can say, "Even so, Lord; if seemeth good to thee; it shall seem good to me?" Then it shall come to pass that your light affliction, which is but for a moment, shall work out for you an exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

A HEROIC WOMAN.

There is now among us a man who is, we trust, destined to act a very important part as an evangelist among the masses of the city of New York.

He was occupied as a Bible reader and as a chaplain to a British regiment in Ireland. His wife said to him one day—upon hearing of the war in our country: "Husband, I think you ought to go over to America and throw your influence on the right side." I replied to her: "And how, Mary, shall I, a stranger, support myself there?" She quickly replied: "I will work and support you!" Enough said; I came over to this country and joined the Union army as nurse and chaplain, and was by God's good providence enabled to keep in the front and help the wounded; and this I did for thirteen months, having not a cent of support except what came from my wife!

This heroic woman is now in this country, and there is room enough in it, and in the national heart, for an army more of the same sort.

The great bulk of men blindly follow any impulse which is communicated to them by minds of superior intelligence, or the force of individual interest; but really original thinkers, the lights of their own, the rulers of the next age, almost invariably exert their powers in direct opposition to the prevailing evils with which they are surrounded.—Sir Archibald Alison