## The Family Circle.

## A HYMN OF CONFESSION.

The following hymn, which will find an echo in every sensitive Christian heart, was written by Rev. W. M. Bunting, of London, recently deceased. Eminent clergymen of the Wesleyan body, to which he belonged, and of the Church of England, the Congre gational, the Presbyterian and the Baptist Churches, united in paying respect to his memory on the occasion of his funeral. The title of the hymn as published is: "Confessions of Spiritual Sin." The motto of it is: "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God."

Holy Spirit! Pity me,
Pierced with grief for grieving Thee;
Present, though I "mourn apart,"
Listen to a wailing heart.

Sins unnumbered I confess, Of exceeding sinfulness, Sins against Thyself alone, Only to Omniscience known.

Deafness to Thy whispered calls; Rashness 'midst remembered falls-Transient fears beneath the rod; Treacherous trifling with my God.

Tasting that the Lord is good, Pining then for poisoned food; At the fountains of the skies Craving creaturely supplies!

Worldly cares at worship-time! Grovelling aims in works sublime! Pride when God is passing by! Sloth while souls in darkness lie!

Voiceless vows, whose breath awoke Viewless failures, steps astray; Langours in a once loved way

Chilled devotion, changed desires, Quenched corruption's ember fires, Sins like these my heart deceive, Thee, its sole Familiar, grieve!

Oft how lightly have I slept With Thy daily wrongs unwept! Sought Thy chidings to defer, Shunned the wounded Comforter!

Woke to holy labors fresh, With the plague-spot in my flesh; Angel seemed to human light, Stood a leper in Thy light.

Still, Thy comforts do not fail; Still, Thy healing aids avail; Patient inmate of my breast, Thou art grieved—yet I am blest!

O be merciful to me, Now in bitterness for Thee! Father, pardon, through Thy Son, Sins against Thy Spirit done!

### THE TWO NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

"Mamma, you will get me that pretty fur collar and muff; do say you will?"

The sweet-voiced pleader, a little girl of perhaps twelve years of age, leaned over her mother's chair until her wealth of golden curls hid the lady's darker hair. Mrs. Ashby drew the petted child closely to her, and, in gentle tones, replied,

I thought you were satisfied with the Christmas gifts you received, Nina,-how is it? You said you would not want any thing for a whole year, and now on this, the third day after Christmas, you are making this request."

"I can't help it, ma. I would give up every thing to have that set of lovely furs. Oh, they will look grand with my velvet coat, and white hat! Ma, please say you will get them!" and the child clasped her hands in her eager excitement.

"That ermine set is very expensive, Nina. I really do not think I will be doing right to indulge you with it," said Mrs. Ashby, in a yielding tone.

Nina caught at this. She was a cunning beggar, that only and petted child, and a few minutes after, Mrs. Ashby left the library, having promised her daughter that on New Year's eve she should possess the much coveted furs. Oh, too loving and tenders hearted mothers, if you but for a moment paused to think of the tares you plant in the hearts and characters of your children by this foolish over-indulgence,-tares that will take the deepest root, and completely choke out the rich growth of wheat which your heavenly Father planted there when He gave you charge of the sacred soil :- I say, if you would but pause to think, and pray for strength to do right, you would not find it so hard to speak a gentle, but firm negative, and the little ones, depending upon your word, would neither frown nor cry; for, with perfect trust in your love, they would know that what you do is right, and that you would not deny them any thing that would be for their good!

Nina Ashby was not left alone when her mother left the room; for a little girl, in deepmourning, was sitting by a window, busy with some worsted work. This was Alice Morton, the orphan child of Mrs. Ashby's twin sister, who for a year, had dwelt in her aunt's home, sharing the love of all, as a vounger sister of Nina. The bright, impulsive Nina danced up to the side of her cousin,

"Oh, Alice, ma has promised me the furs! Did you not hear her say 'Yes,' as she went out of the room?"

"Yes, Nina, and if you want them so badly, I am very glad you will get them; but if I had been in your place, I would not have forced my ma to get them for me.'

"I did not force her. I only begged her ever so hard," said Nina, with a slight pout. "Well, then, I would not have begged her so; for she did not want you to have them, ard you do not need them.'

Nina turned, half laughing, from the earnest brown eyes of her cousin, just as Mrs. Ashby again entered the room, and coming to the window where the girls were, she displayed a sum of money, saying,

"This money was given to me, Nina, by

to be done?"

child, and did not wish to deprive her cousin of her share; but she wanted the furs.

Alice said, quickly and earnestly, "Auntie, get Nina the furs. I could not done right.

be happy if she was deprived of them. I do

Tears filled the sweet eyes, though a smile wreathed the lips.

Nina threw her arms about Alice, and the two children wept together. Mrs. Ashby turned away, and in her heart the mother felt that Alice was the nobler spirit of the

"Please, kind lady, buy a box of matches.
Only two pennies! I have only three to

It was a little, ragged boy who thus addressed Mrs. Ashby, as, on New Year's eve, she and the two children were on the way to purchase the set of ermine furs. Mrs. Ashby was by no means an uncharitable person, but she disliked being stopped in the street, and answer shortly,

"Get out of the way, boy; you should not stop ladies in the street.' But, oh! we are starving, and I am not

begging; I want to sell my matches." This Mrs. Ashby did not hear; but the jostling crowd threw the little match boy face to face with Alice Morton, and the child said hurriedly,

"I haven't a penny now, little boy, but I will have, to-morrow, if you will come here." It was all she had time to say, for her aunt turned to call her.

The handsome set of furs was purchased, and Nina's happiness beamed in the sparkle of her bright blue eyes.

"Now, Alice dear, you have one dollar, what shall I get for you?"

"Nothing, Aunty, if you please; you can

give me the dollar.' "Very well, dear, I will give it to you in the morning.

The gas jets burned brilliantly in Mrs. Ashby's parlor, and the glowing fire cast its genial warmth around, as the family sat there, listening to the chime of merry bells, which bid farewell to the worn out old year, and heralded the advent of the new. It was a bright home picture of love and comfort that the midnight moon looked down upon, as it penetrated the folds of the lace curtains, and with happy hearts the children nestled in their downy beds, and slept the sweet sleep of innocence.

But the New Year chimes sounded in another section of the great city, and the midnight moon, all unobstructed by blind or curtain, shone upon a sadder scene in the cheerless room which the little match boy called his home. Fireless, supperless, a pale, sick woman and three little children had waited when he came, it was only to bring back his few rags, they watched the coming of New Year. The same eye that neither sleeps nor slumbers, looked down upon that group, as well as the sleepers in the home of wealth, and angel wings were hovering there, in the midst of poverty and distress.

"Aunty, can I go out a little while this morning," asked Alice, as they left the breakfast-room, on New Year's morning.

"Yes, dear, and mind you wrap up well, for its very cold." Mrs. Ashby never questioned the children as to where they were going.

Alice started with her purse to hunt up the little match boy. Beside the dollar note she had other small change, and this in her thoughtful nature she spent in bread and cheese, and some apples which she thought would be good if the poor people were hungry. She found the boy at the same corner, trying to sell his matches. His poor pinched face brightened at sight of her, as he said,

"Oh, little lady, you have come!" "Yes, but I do not want your matches, somebody else will buy them, and I have brought you a new year's gift. Here is some cheese and some apples in this bag, and here is a dollar note that you can buy things you want with.'

this!" cried the boy, tears rolling down his thin cheeks: then he added, "I never begged has been sick, and the little children are so

cold and hungry.' "Take it all, poor boy. You are not begging now. I want to give it to you, and whenever I see you, and have any thing to give, you shall have it." Alice ran away quickly, without another word, and the boy started for his home.

In the afternoon of New Year, there was a great exhibition, and Mrs. Ashby took the girls to witness it. Nina wore her new magnificent ermine, which matched so well her white hat and velvet coat; and the little girl danced about in glee as she displayed her new vear's gift. Alice looked on without one pang of envy, and thought of her dollar note and the hungry match boy.

and Alice, for a New Year's present. Now, ones. Out of her abundance Nina Ashby over him with more than angel ministrations, my child, if I get you the furs, there will be spent an almost incredible sum to deck her but one dollar of it left for Alice. What is person with finery, and was happy in her selbe done?"
fish joy. But all she possessed, one single dollar, Alice Morton gave to the suffering; and although she saw not the good which her mite was the means of doing, she felt a quiet happiness in the knowledge that she had

It is useless to ask you, my little friends, not want any thing. You and uncle are so which gift called down the love and blessing kind to me, and so is Nina. Let me give her of the Saviour. We would only say, Choose which gift called down the love and blessing my part as a present. I cannot be happy the right way, as Alice did: "Go thou and do if you do not." likewise."—Vara Montrose.

> A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE TO A WIFE. I was guided in my choice only by the blind affections of my youth. I found an intelligent companion and a tender friend, a prudent monitress, the most faithful of wives, and a mother as tender as children ever had the misfortune to lose. I meta woman who, by tender management of my weakness, gradually corrected the most pertinacious of them. She became prudent from affection; and though of the most generous nature, she was taught frugality and economy by her love for me. During the most critical period of my life, she relieved me. She gently reclaimed me from dissipation; propped my weak and irresolute nature; she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful and creditable to me, and she was perfectly at hand to admonish my heedlessness or improvidence. To her I owe what-ever I am; to her whatever I shall be. In her solicitude for my interest she never for laughed at her; then they tried to compel a moment forgot my feelings or character. Even in her occasional resentment, for which I but too often gave her cause, (would to God I could recall those moments!) she had no sullenness or acrimony. Her feelings were warm, nay impetuous; but she was placable, tender and constant. Such was she whom I have lost, when her excellent natural sense was rapidly improving, after eight years' struggle and distress had bound us fast together, and moulded our tempers to each other; when a knowledge of her worth had refined my youthful love into friendship, and before age had deprived it of much of its original ardor. I lost her, alas! the choice of

#### THE CHILD'S LAST MESSAGE.

Many a careless sinner has been awakened by a word of affectionate counsel from a dying friend. The Presbyterian Banner gives an instance in our late war, where a brave volunteer, promoted after three years' service to a captaincy, came home to be made a disciple of Jesus:

a sick leave, a little cousin, to whom he was tenderly attached, called him to her death-

like to meet you there.' completed her eighth year, went to his heart. be happy together. Will you pray for him, three brothers, Malcolm, Gavin, and John He retired from the room, weeping, deeply too?" agitated, and inquiring whether it was ne-

Upon his return to the army the new quarters prepared for him by the men of his make great sacrifices for Christ. How few command were dedicated by a prayer-meet-ing. During the remainder of the war he gave evidence of having passed from death unto life, of being a new creature in Christ Jesus; and when the country no longer required his services in the field he came home, united with the church, and is to-day an active and efficient Sabbath-school teacher.

Thus did the Holy Spirit make a single sentence, spoken by a dying child, instrumental in arresting an ungodly young man, in leading him to the Saviour of sinners, and in making him a blessing to many others.

### SAVE THE LITTLE ONES.

the speeches made at the late New Jersey State Sunday-school Convention:

for the shore, which was not far off. A pas-senger was seen buckling his belt of gold The north-west end of Corstorphine Hill, "Oh, you don't mean for me to have all around his waist, ready to plunge into the with its trees and rocks, lay in the heart of waves. Just then a pleading voice arrested this pure radiance, and there a wooden crane, him: "Please, sir, can you swim?" A child's used in the quarry below, was so placed as in my life. I always gave matches and shoe- blue eyes were piercing into his deepest soul, to assume the figure of a cross: there it was, strings for all the money I got; but mother as he looked down upon her. "Yes, child, I unmistakable, lifted up against the crystalcan swim." "Well, sir, won't you please to save me?" "I cannot do both," he thought they gazed, he gave utterance in a tremulous, ship's company. Now I am doubting walked on in silence, and then turned to whether I shall exchange a human life for other things. All that evening he was very try to save you.". Stooping down, he bade eternity, of salvation—expressing his simple her clasp her arms around his neck, "Thus, child, not so tight as to choke me. There, hang on now, and I will try to make to the land." The child bowed herself on his broad shoulders, and clung to her deliverer. With a heart thrice strengthened and an arm handsome, fine-fibred, enduring bodies. Nathrice nerved, he struck out for the shore. Wave after wave washed over them, but built, and had immense powers of working, still the brave man held out, and the dear and enduring fatigue. So had Wellington.

your pa, to be divided equally between you death that sick mother and her helpless little dear child met his earliest gaze, bending vast physical strength. Washington was

benedictions

So, dear fellow-teachers and lovers of the little ones, let us bend our hearts to the burden of the precious souls of the children. tions. Henry Clay had immense endurance Let us take them in the strong arms of our So had S. S. Prentiss, probably the most faith and our prayers, and bear them up through the storms of life, and though the duced, and who could travel, speak, eat, talk rude waves of sin may tear them from our plead in court for days without sleeping at grasp, yet who knows but by and by, when all, and look all fresh and bright when he we get on the other shore, we may be wel- got through. All great soldiers have had comed by the little ones we have tried to great strength and endurance. Sherman

## THE CONVERSION OF A JEWESS.

The Pacific narrates the following interesting incident that occurred in the course of and Gustavus Adolphus. Great philosothe recent revival in San Francisco, Cal .:

One evening, when opportunity was given to all to speak who so desired, a young woman arose and told the story of her conversion, which was of deep interest to all present. She was a Jewess, who had been instructed in the Old Testament Scriptures, as understood by her people. The idea of the Messiah had taken strong hold upon her mind. She wished that he might come, and longed for a knowledge of him. Thus affected, she was led to study the New Testament and to converse with her Christian acquaintances. Soon she began to inquire whether Jesus of Nazareth were not the one for whom she had so deeply longed. She became convinced that Jesus was indeed 'He that should come." She spoke of this to her parents and friends. At first they her to give up her belief.

She, however, remained steadfast; for the more she thought upon the subject, the more convinced was she that she was right. Time went on. She was married and became a mother. Her conviction had now become so strong, that she felt it was her duty to give up her old religion, and publicly unite herself with the disciples of Jesus.

She told her husband of her purpose. He was enraged, and said to her," If you become a Christian, you by that act divorce yourself from me, and are no longer my wife. If you do so, I must leave you and take your child from you. No woman can my youth, the partner of my fortunes, at a moment when I had the prospect of sharing my better days.—Sir James Mackintosh.

take your child from you. No woman can be a follower of Jesus and be faithful as a wife to me. If you love Him as Christians say they do, you cannot love me. You must say they do, you cannot love me. You must take your choice. Either abandon your religion or I must leave you."

But, she said, "Only try me for awhile, and see if I cannot love Jesus and you too. I am sure I can. Just try me and see." He, however, was inexorable, and she had to social enjoyment; for he is fortunately rich choose between her husband and child and enough to be free from the necessity of ex-Christ.

She did not hesitate long, but soon made After his re-enlistment, when at home on child and left for the Eastern States. "He has been gone," said she, "now a year, and linger long under those beloved trees which I get no word from him, but I am sure he rise above Cedarmere. will come back. I pray for him every day, "Fred., I am going to Jesus, and would and I am certain that God will show him his error, as he did mine to me, and yet bring These words, spoken by one who had not him and my child back, so that we shall all

> Christians sometimes think they have to in this land of ours have ever been called to such self-denial as this young daughter of

### THACKERAY'S RELIGIOUS FEELINGS.

Dr. John Brown, in the second volume of Spare Hours," gives the truest and most thorough review of Thackeray's writings that we have seen, with the finest insight into his character. He tells the following incident, which has interest as an indication of the profounder religious feeling, which rarely found expression in his works:

We cannot resist recalling here one Sunday evening in December, when he was walking with two friends along the Dean The following is an extract from one of road, to the west of Edinburgh, one of the noblest outlets to any city. It was a lovely evening; such a sunset as one never forgets; a rich, dark bar of cloud hovered A few years ago a steamer was coming over the sun, going down behind the High-from California. The cry of Fire! Fire! land hills, lying bathed in amethystine bloom: between this cloud and the hills there was a was made to stay the flames. But in vain. narrow strip of the pure ether, of a tender It soon became evident that the ship must cowslip color, lucid, and as if it were the be lost. The only thought now was self- very body of heaven in its charms; every preservation. The burning mass was headed object standing out as if etched upon the

'I must save the child or lose the gold. But gentle, and rapid voice, to what all were

# THE MIND DEPENDENT ON THE BODY.

Great men have as a rule had strong, poleon was very strongly and handsomely

over him with more than angel ministrations, an exceedingly strong man. Henry Wari and blessing him with mute but eloquent Beecher is remarkably powerful in his make. strong-limbed, deep-chested, heavy, and at the same time quick and active. Daniel Webster was of massive physical propor. and Grant and Thomas have it. Scott had it. Of Wellington, and Napoleon, and Cas. ar I have spoken. Frederick the Great had it; and Marshal Saxe, the strongest man of his day; and Charles XII. of Sweden phers and great poets and artists have not been so remarkable for vast strength, as for fineness of texture, and, (in the case of poets at least) for personal beauty. Goethe was wonderfully handsome and stately in person. Shakespeare was a handsome man. Milton was singularly attractive in person. Robert Burns was handsome and vigorous. Byron, though lame, had otherwise an extremely fine face and person. Tennyson is a man of great strength, and commanding and handsome physique. Southey and Wordsworth were men of fine person. Keats was hand. some. Raphael, Albert Durer, Michael Angelo, Titian, Leonardo da Vinci, Rubens, Vandyke, were all men of very beautiful or of very stately personal appearance.—Herald of Health.

#### BRYANT THE POET.

It is just fifty years ago since Bryant published his "Thanatopsis" in the North American Review, and yet that "good gray head which all men know" still lingers with us, honored and revered. One easily guesses the secret of his long and useful life by watching his habits in these latter days in his own home at Cedarmere. He rises at six in the morning, and exercises with dumb bells for an hour. He congratulates himself on his slender build, and says, laughingly, "How much better it would be to carry a heavy load for half an hour, and then be relieved of the burden, than to carry it with one forever, at every step!" He is simple to abstemiousness in his diet. While his breakfast table is amply supplied with every variety for his guests, he contents himself with a dish of boiled hominy and milk. He uses neither tea nor coffee, though they are always offered to others. He writes chiefly in the morning, and devotes the afternoon to out-door exercises, and the evenings to enough to be free from the necessity of excessive labor. His attachment to his home at Cedarmere is very strong; and he interests an open profession of her faith. Her hus- himself in the concerns of his neighbors band was true to his threat. He took their with a hearty friendliness. May his kindly face, with its flowing, silvery beard and hair,

#### JOHN O'GROAT, AND HIS HOUSE. In the reign of James IV., of Scotland,

O'Groat, natives of Holland, came to the Her story, of which this is only a brief coast of Caithness, with a letter in Latin the boy's return, earlier in the evening, and cessary that that sweet little girl should die outline, was told with such modesty and from that monarch, recommending them to in order that such a sinner as he was should touching simplicity that all who heard it the protection and countenance of his subwere deeply affected, and many shed tears jects thereabout. They got possession of as they thought of the great trial she had a large district of land, and in process of matches, and repeat what the little girl had said. This was but poor comfort, but it was sel was sought, he was led to Jesus, and he endured for the sake of the dear Redeemer. numbered eight different proprietors by the name of Groat. On one of the annual dinners instituted to commemorate their arrival at Caithness, a dispute arose as to the right of precedence in taking the door and the head of the table. This waxed very serious, and threatened to break up these annual gatherings. But the wisdom and virtue of John prevented this rupture. He made a touching speech to them, soothing their angry spirits with an appeal to the common and precious memories of their native land. and to all their joint experiences in this. He entreated them to return to their homes quietly, and he would remedy the current difficulty at the next meeting. Won by his kindly spirit and words, they complied with his request. In the interval, John built a house expressly for the purpose, of an octagonal form, with eight doors and windows He then placed a table of oak, of the same shape in the middle, and when the next meeting took place, he desired each head of the different Groat families to enter at his own door, and sit at the head of his own table. This happy and ingenious plan restored good feeling and a pleasant footing to the sensitive families, and gave to the good Dutchman's name an interest it will carry with it forever .- Elihu Burritt.

### THE TWO VOICES.

When Guttenberg, the first printer, was working in his cell in the monastery of St. Abersgot, he tells us that he heard two voices address him. The one bade him desist; told him the power his invention a moment ago I was anxious for all this feeling, in the word, "Calvary!" The friends propagate their wickedness; told him how men would profane the art he had created paltry gold." Unbuckling the belt he cast gentle and serious, speaking, as he seldom the man who gave it to the world. So impressed was Guttenberg with what he heard the man who gave it to the world. So impressed was Guttenberg with what he heard the man who gave it to the world. and how posterity would have cause to curse that he took a hammer and broke to piece the types he had so laboriously put together His work of destruction was only stayed by another voice, sweet and musical, that fell on his ear, telling him to go on and rejoice in his work; that all good might be made the cause of evil, but that God would bless the right in the end. So to all of us still come those voices that came to Guttenberg; the still the brave man neid out, and the dear still the brave man neid out, and the dear still the brave man neid out, and the dear still the brave man neid out, and the dear still the brave man neid out, and the dear still the brave man neid out, and the dear of the dear still the brave man neid out, and the dear still the brave man neid out, and the dear still the brave man neid out, and the dear still the brave man neid out, and the dear still the brave man neid out, and the dear still the brave man neid out, and the dear still the brave man neid out, and the dear still the brave man neid out, and the dear still the brave man neid out, and the dear still the brave man neid out, and the dear still the brave man neid out, and the dear still the brave man neid out, and the dear still the brave man neid out, and the dear still the brave man neid out, and the dear still the brave man neid out, and the dear still the dear still the brave man neid out, and the dear still the brave man neid out, and the dear still the brave man neid out, and the dear still the brave man neid out, and the dear still the brave man neid out, and the dear still the brave man neid out, and the dear still the brave man neid out, and the dear still the brave man neid out, and the dear still the brave man neid out, and the dear still the Ay, well may you think of it, gentle low swept the sweet treasure from his emAlice! Of those two gifts thrice blessed has

| Consider the found on the bleak of the sweet treasure from his emponing to give the sweet treasure from his emponing treasure fr Alice! Of those two gitts thrice plessed has brace, and cast him senselves on the been yours. Warmth and food, its gone to the cold and hungry, ay it even saved from the cold and hungry, ay it even saved from the consciousness, the form of the cold and hungry as it even saved from the covering his consciousness, the form of the cold and hungry as it even saved from the covering his consciousness, the form of the cold and hungry as it even saved from the covering his consciousness, the form of the cold and hungry as it even saved from the covering his consciousness, the form of the cold and hungry as it even saved from the covering his consciousness, the form of the cold and hungry as it even saved from the covering his consciousness, the form of the cold and hungry as it even saved from the covering his consciousness, the form of the cold and hungry as it even saved from the covering his consciousness, the form of the cold and hungry as it even saved from the covering his consciousness, the form of the cold and hungry as it even saved from the covering his consciousness, the form of the cold and hungry as it even saved from the covering his consciousness, the form of the cold and hungry as it even saved from the covering his consciousness, the form of the covering his consciousness, the form of the covering his consciousness.