

The Family Circle.

MAN.

What am I unto Thee, O Thou most just, Who madest me, Thy likeness from the dust, And taughtest that which may be and which must?

MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.

So many of my most sincere and devoted friends are among the little folks that I often feel like trying to interest them by noting briefly some of the incidents of my childhood.

Our playgrounds were very large, and were alive with wings of every hue. Selecting the most beautiful I would chase them from one shrub and flower to another, but could never capture them.

With the June bugs I was more successful; they were easily taken, and were much rougher customers. Having provided myself with strips of red and white flannel, very light, and small cables of thread, I would fasten one end of the thread to a strip of red or white flannel, and the other end with a noose to the leg of a June bug and turn him loose in open space.

In the Summer of 1799 I turned my attention mostly to boating on the Roaring Branch, which came down from the mountains near our house, and extended through the pasture fields of our farm.

In the Summer of 1800, when I was six years old, I found better employment in attending school. My father furnished me with Dilworth's Spelling-Book, and sent me to the beech log school-house.

"Are you in your letters?" "No." "What then?" "I'm not in any thing; I've just come to begin."

At 1 P. M., the school opened; the scholars were called forward by seniority and had their books examined and their lessons assigned them. Being one of the smallest I was about the last called.

In the Spring of 1801, being seven years old, I was put to light work on the farm. On the Kanawha Bottoms the corn stalks were very large and tall, and so abundant that we had to gather and burn them before the ground could be plowed.

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THE SOLDIER AND THE SUBSTITUTE.

When the fierce war of 1848 covered the beautiful hills and valleys of Italy with dead and wounded, a friend of the writer was, by the law of conscription, called to leave his home for the perils of the battlefield.

as well as it does thee; I will go to the battle-field in thy stead. I am an orphan, thou art not. If I should die, only remember that I have loved thee.

The conscript at first refused; he could scarcely believe that his cousin was in earnest; and if so, how could he accept the generous offer? But as the noble fellow-persistent in his determination, and pleaded with the eloquence of a loving heart, he succeeded at last in persuading Cesare Manati to accept this great proof of his friendship, and they went together to the war office in order to settle the substitution.

"MAKE IT SO PLAIN THAT I CAN GET HOLD OF IT."

On the sixteenth day after the battle of Gettysburg, I entered the room where a young wounded colonel was apparently near to death. As I entered he was roused from his stupor and beckoned me to his bedside, and threw his feeble arms around my neck.

"Oh my father, how glad I am to see you. I was afraid you would not come till it was too late. I am too feeble to say much, though I have a great many things to say to you; you must do all the talking. Tell me all about dear mother and sister."

"I soon perceived by the appearance of those in the house, that there was no hope entertained of his recovery. But as I could no longer endure the agony of suspense, I at last inquired of the doctor, 'Doctor, what do you think of my son's case?'"

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Now it came back to me, fresh with its interest, and just what was wanted to guide the agitated heart of this young inquirer to Jesus.

"Do you remember while at school in— you came home one day, and I having occasion to rebuke you, you became very angry, and abused me with harsh language?"

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"I GIVE MY HEART TO THEE."

(Cor meum Tibi dedo, Jesu dulcissime.) I give my heart to Thee, O Jesus, most desired! And heart for heart the gift shall be, For Thou my soul hast freed: Thou hearts alone wouldst move; Thou only hearts dost love.

BUDGET OF ANECDOTES.

On one occasion, during a commercial crisis in the country, a panic occurred on a market-day in Colchester, which seemed likely to prove ruinous to a highly respectable banking-house in the town.

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