Family Circle.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW. Between the dark and the daylight, When the night is beginning to lower, Comes a pause in the day's occupations, That is known as the children's hour.

I hear in the chamber above me, The patter of little feet.

The sound of a door that is opened, And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamp light, Descending the broad hall stair, Grave Aiice, and laughing Allegra, And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence; Yet I know by their merry eyes, They are plotting and planning together To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway, A sudden raid from the hall, By three doors left unguarded They enter my castle wall.

They climb up into my turret er the arms and back of my chair; If I try to escape they surround me: They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses. Their arms about me entwine, Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen In his Mouse Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed bandittl,

Because you have scaled the wall,

Such an old moustache as I am Is not a match for you all! I have you fast in my fortress, And will not let you depart, But put you down into the dungeon,

In the round tower of my heart And there will I keep you forever, Yes, forever and a day, Till the walls shall crumble to ruin And moulder in dust away

JENNIE'S DISAPPOINTMENT. BY M. E. M.

(CONTINUED.)

"This picture," said Mrs. Haynes, "represents the beginning of the Revolutionary war. On the 19th of April, 1775, the people of New England were roused by the report of fighting at Lexington. For a long time before, the Americans had been greatly excited by the attempts of the English Government to oppress them, principally by taxing them unjustly, and allowing them to have no representatives in the Parliament at home. The people in the colonies sent over petition after petition for redress, but the rulers would give them no attention. At last they began to make ready for armed resistance; and on this bright Spring morning, a number of the sturdy farmers of Lexington had gathered around their church, with arms in their hands, ready to protect some military stores that had been collected at Concord, a neighboring village. Major Pitcairn came up in charge of some of the king's troops, and ordered them to disperse. They did not obey, and he fired upon them. Eight men fell dead at the first discharge of the muskets, and these eight were the first sacrifice, in this land,

"How did it end?" asked Jennie.

on the altar of freedom."

"Well," said Mrs. Haynes, "the news flew like wild-fire over the country. There were no telegraphs in those days, but it seemed as if every man had become an express. From behind hedges and windows, and from the shelter of trees and stone walls, the people fired on the British forces, who were compelled to retreat. Men left their ploughs in the field, and their oxen in the furrow, to go to the war. They hardly stopped to say 'good-bye to their wives and children, but shouldered their old guns, and marched away. The war lasted very nearly eight years,eight long years of blood, and suffering, and wonderful endurance, from Lexington to Yorktown, before the British finally resigned their claims on the colonists, and the country became independent."

"Now, for the next picture!" said Mat-

Mrs. Haynes selected an engraving repsenting the signing of the Declaration of Independence. It showed the grave faces of the men, who so nobly took their lives in their hands, and affixed their signatures to our Magna Charta.

"Children," said Mrs. Haynes, "you both love your birth-days as pleasant anniversaries of your progress through this beautiful world. The Fourth of July, 1776, was our nation's birth-day, and so we keep it yearly with great pomp and rejoicing. Until the present wicked rebellion began, it was kept over all the country, from the pine forests of Maine, to the flowery glades of Florida: but I believe the rebels have not observed it since the war. Indeed, I don't see how they could consistently keep it, when they are trying to overturn the very foundations of li-

"The declaration of Independence was signed by men who felt as they said, that 'they were putting a rope around their necks' in the very act. They knew that if they failed in their attempt to be independent, the British Government would try them for treason, and give them the traitor's death. Look how boldly John Hancock wrote his name at the head of the list. No sign of fear in those strong up and down strokes. The man was ready to die, if need be, for the cause he had espoused." "Here is a name that looks as if it had

Jennie. "Look how the letters shake on the page."

"It was written by a shaking hand," said Mrs. Haynes, "for poor Stephen Hopkins had the palsy, but at heart he was as brave as any of the others. See how Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, wrote his name. Somebody suggested to him that he would have a better chance of escaping in the event of their being hung than the rest, as there were several persons bearing the same name. He at once wrote his residence down, that no mistake might be made. I have seen the little frame dwelling of Charles Carroll, on the shores of the Chesapeake Bay, near Annapolis, Maryland, and as I looked at it-old, unpainted, and falling to decay-I have thought the dwellings of our brave heroes of the past should be holy ground to us." "How came the present rebellion about?" said Mattic. "I never really understood

the cause of it, mother." "One little word comprehends the whole cause, Mattie," said Mrs. Haynes, 'Slavery. In the beginning, the statesmen of the country regarded it as a very great evil, and the slave-holders themselves considered it a wrong, and never attempted to defend it. In the Constitution of our country, the word 'slave' does not once occur, but the slaves are called 'persons held to service.

" From time to time, as people found that they could make fortunes from the unpaid. labor of these unfortunates, they began to find excuses for their sin, even going to God's holy word for proofs that the monstrous evil was a right and good thing. Slaves were brought here from Africa: stolen from their native land, brought to our shores, and sold; and if a free man or woman of the Northern States dared to say a word against the system of the South in a Slave State, his life and liberty was in danger. The slave system did prevail for a while in the North, but it was speedily done away with, continuing only in the tobacco, cotton, and rice-growing States. The final cause of the trouble was the refusal of the people of the States, by the vote of the majority, to allow a policy to prevail which should extend slavery over the free territories of the United States. When the Slave States found that they were to be the least and not the most important portion of the Republic, they seceded and began the war."

"I am very glad," said Mattie, "that the people would not submit to the slaveholders, even if it did bring on all this trouble. But it's too bad to think of the sol-

could do something for them." "Do you wish it very much?" inquired

"Yes, said Mattie; "I really do." "And so do I," said Jennie.

her mother.

"When people are really and truly in earnest," replied Mrs. Haynes, "they are usually willing to make sacrifices in order to carry out their plans. They do not hesitate to deny themselves some gratification or give up some cherished purpose that they may have the means to do the good they wish."

"But mother," said Mattie, "there is no need for me to deny myself any thing in order to do good for the soldiers, for you love them as much as I, and you have the money to give me to buy things with."

"If I give the money, the gift is mine, not yours, Mattie."

"How can I get money then to do any thing with?" said Mattie despondingly.

"I think you have money enough now in your possession, and entirely at your own disposal, to enable you to make up quite a little package for the army. There's Uncle Marvin's Christmas gift and Aunt Lucia's New Year's present-all picely locked away in your bureau drawers."

Mattie's countenance fell. Tucked away in a corner of the tiny pearl portemonnaie, which lay in her little work-box, she had ten dollars, the gifts of her uncle and aunt. Now Mattie had set her heart upon a certain silk dress, a grey ground with another. But that same old Giant Selfblue flounces, and she had intended to buy one just like it as soon as she was out of black. For this purpose she had laid by path, and soon they were out of sight. theaten dollars, and she fully intended to add every cent that was given her to this nucleus, until she had obtained a sufficient sure. Indeed, she never saw the owner any good. She's so set." So they went of the beautiful silk, walking down the village street, with its soft folds clinging about her, without picturing herself in just

"Oh! mother," she said, "if I give that I'll be as far off as ever from that elegant glad when she sees what a great lot I've to God. He only asks it, because, like Mary silk dress."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Haynes. "I did not suppose you would be willing to give it up after having thought of it so and one added-"I suppose Mary got long. The money is your own, my dear, to use precisely as you like; and, as you professed so much love for the soldiers, I thought I would make a suggestion. But I did not expect you to act upon it."

Mrs. Haynes left the room, and the little girls sat sometime in silence. Mattie was on a footstool, her arm resting on the cushioned seat of the great easy chair, and

thought, and she was wondering whether hunt for the stray children. she really did love best the army or herto look within, and Mattie's face grew clouded, and her lips firmly set, as she approached the conclusion that comes, alas! in these quiet moments, that she was vainbrave and suffering men, who were doing battle to the death for their country, was,

sion of the hour. So pondered Mattie, while Jennie sat by the table looking over the portfolio of engravings. She, too, was thinking in what in her saving's bank and brother Horace's combined, would not amount to more than half of Mattie's money, and two-thirds of trol his part, and he was apt to resent any gloom. attempt of hers to influence him as detracting from his dignity. "What do girls know about such things?" was his unfailing argument when Jennie made any proposition that did not please him.

After a while she remembered that her every Saturday night there was not a this at the time for Jennie was not very fond of such quiet occupations, and darning was her greatest aversion.

Now she made up her mind to begin at once and relieve her mother of the charge. Every penny thus earned she resolved should go into the fund of the Ladies' So-

"Mattie, I have made up my mind," she

"So have I," said Mattie, springing up and shaking back her curls with an air of

"Young ladies, tea is ready," said the servant, putting her head in at the door.

MARY ALLEN AND HER SELF WILL One summer afternoon, long ago, there was a party of little girls going out to would be if she could see them now. Then gather blueberries. There were Mazz she remembered how disobedient and and Hatty Allen, and Susie Lambert, ungrateful she had been, and how the and Fanny Brown, and half a dozen wilfulness and self-confidence that had others. It was Saturday afternoon, and brought her into this trouble was always diers and their great sufferings. I wish I they were frisky and frolicsome as young grieving that good mother. And oh, now colts

more from the village, and the road was and she must answer to Him for this sin rough and grass-grown. Only in summer There, in the darkness she saw hersel time did the children go that way.

way. What are you going there for?" tree, and the high rock."

"So do I," said Fanny Brown, "And there's the gate that leads to Mr. Henshaw's woods," cried another. I remember it just as well! Why Mary Allen, we twilight, Mary heard the sound of wheels. all of us know the way."

Now Mary had not lived in the village long. Her father moved there only the year before, and she knew little of the country round, and had been this way only once. But she was always very self-confident and positive, and was sure now that she remembered taking the left- hastily down, she cried, "Oh! papa, hand path. She was a head-strong child, punish me, punish me! Something's the who was never willing to confess herself matter with Hatty. She don't answer mistaken; so, with a willful toss of the head, she cried out: "I know better, and burning up." I shall go just where I please. Hatty Allen, come back, and we will take the right road. See how pleasant it looks, and all down hill."

She ran forward, and, catching her gentle little sister's hand, trotted her back by main force, to the other road.

The girls called after her: "Mary, you're too bad!" "Let Hatty alone!" 'You'll get lost;" some one thing, some Will had got hold of Mary, and she would have her own way. She hurried little Hatty, almost crying, along the down-hill

The girls were quite vexed by this sudden and foolish outburst, and very sorry for poor Hatty. But they said among themselves: "We can't wait here, sum for the purchase of the coveted trea- and we can't follow her. It would'nt do on, and, by-and-by forgot their trouble in the hurry and delight of picking the fruit.

"It was thick as spatter," they said. When the happy little company had was nearly sunset. "Won't mother be and all our life through we must give it up picked?" "Won't I have blueberries and Allen be sorry she did'nt come with us?" So said the girls as they walked along,

berries did'nt grow on that road pretty soon. I guess. But when they passed Mr. Allen's house, Mary's mother was looking out of tions have been trained to reverence God's

home hours ago. She found out the blue-

Hatty ?" and they told her all they knew. But she | tuary. hardly waited to hear them through-she

been written by a trembling hand," said her curly head pillowed on her arm. Her horse could be harnessed, he set out with Grant. He was very wise for this world; mother's words had opened a new train of a neighbor's son, who knew the roads, to and while professing better things, he gave

> And where were they all this time? After they parted from the rest, you can self. Young as she was, she had learned fancy that Mary felt very cross. She made Hatty walk faster than she was able, and when the poor child whimpered, she grew crosser still, and drew her along faster than ever. But they came to no so often to older pilgrims on the journey of blueberries. After a time, too, the road life, that "the heart is deceitful above all entered a swamp, and seemed to lose itself things." Little Mattie owned to herself, in the spongy soil. Before they knew it, their feet were wet and muddy, and at last nip the delinquency in the bud, and took even wilful Mary could no longer blind the case into his own hands. that it was the thought of how becoming herself. She had made a mistake indeed. it would be that had induced her to wish It seemed dark too, in the shadow of the ed the pulpit, he found a note in which was so much for the silk, and that her love for thick trees, which was made deeper by the written: "The prayers of this Church are after all, only an excitement, a flitting pasheart smote her with fear.

"Let us go right home, Hatty," she said, whirling her round with such a sudden jerk as to throw her down into a head struck a sharp stick, and, when Mary way she could deny herself. All the money drew her dripping out of the water, and laid her on a mossy hillock, the blood began to trickle down her pale little face. Her cries of pain and fright echoed through the silent forest, and sounded quite awful that belonged to Horace. She could not con- to Mary, alone there with her in the

child fell into a perfect spasm of sobbing. What could Mary do? Self-Will, now that he had brought her into such trouble, do try to get up," she said. "Let's go

left her to herself. "Oh, Hatty, do stop, home to mother, and she'll make you all ed that he was out of his head and had mother had promised to pay her a certain clean and well. Hatty tried to quiet ought to be taken back to bed again—he little sum weekly if she began to repair, herself, and to get up, but fell back crying: her clothes as they came from the wash. "Oh I can't! I'm so tired, and my clothes keep her stockings in order, and see that are all wet. I'm cold, and my head's bursting, I'm afraid."

wardrobe. She had declined undertaking head, all soiled and blood-stained, fall helplessly upon the sod.

She sat down beside her sister and tried to wipe away the flowing blood. Then, getting up, she lifted her in her arms, and began to carry her homeward. Hatty, chilled and stunned, shut her eyes, and soon seemed quite unconscious. But Mary's strength gave out, and she was obliged to sit down to rest. I cannot describe the alarm when, on trying to rouse Hatty to walk, she found she could not even wake her fully. A few more attempts at carrying her, and she sank down in despair. The streaks of sunshine alive.' that had glimmered through the wood faded quite away, and still she sat beside wait for help to come. The darkness | didn't! grew deeper and the silence more profound. Mary thought of the cheerful home, where their kind mother was expecting them, and how distressed she came thoughts of God, her heavenly The blueberry pasture was a mile or Father. She seemed alone with Him

and her sins as she never did before. After a while Mary Allen lingered a Would God listen to such a wicked girl, little behind, picking checkerberry leaves. She must pray to Him, her When she looked up, she saw the little need was so great. And she did truly party had reached a place where two pray; kneeling on the ground, with bitter roads met, and were taking the right-hand | tears she confessed her fault, and besought the Lord to save Hatty, and to send them "Why girls!" she cried, "that is n't the help. "O God!" she said, "it is my wicked, proud, stubborn will that has "Yes, it is the way," answered Susie brought us into this danger. Oh, do not Lambert. "I remember that great pine punish my poor little sister for my sins, but save us quickly, and let nothing harm us. For Jesus' sake."

Well, though the minutes seemed hours, they did pass away, and at last, in the It was her father as you will guess. Mary's heart would have bounded for joy, as she called aloud, and his voice answered but it was too heavy with fear about Hatty. What would he say when he saw how sick and strange she looked? As the wagon came near, and he jumped

Mr. Allen lifted his little darling tenderly, and only said, with checked voice, 'Mary, we must hurry home."

"He felt, I suppose," said Mrs. Nelson to her little auditors, "that God had taken Mary's punishment into his own hands. For though it had been great already, it did not end here. Hatty had a fever-a terrible brain fever-brought on by the blow, and the chill and fatigue of that afternoon. She did get well at last, but for long, long weeks her life was in great danger. Sad weeks they were for the guilty Mary, but they were useful too. They wrote deep in her heart the lesson she learned in the forest; they broke her stubborn will. She felt now her ignorance and folly-how little she could trust herself, and how much she needed guidance. "She grew to be an humble child, learning obedience to her parents and to God, her best Friend. For, dear children, if you

do not trust and obey your parents, how can you trust God and obey Him? While we are children, we must give up filled their pails, and set out for home, it our will to those who are older and wiser, Allen, we don't know what is best for us, milk for supper?" "And won't Mary and are sure to suffer for it if we are left to our own way.—Congregationalist.

PRAYERS FOR DONALD GRANT. In the highlands of Scotland, punctuality at public worship is reckoned among the cardinal virtues. The people for generacalled to them: "Where are Mary and not only wrong, but disreputable, to lounge at home or to stroll over heath and burn "Have'nt they come home, ma'am?" while others are honoring God in the sanc-

There lived in this region some years ran for her husband, and, as soon as the since, an honest farmer, yelept Donald the country.

all his strength to his six days toil, so that when the Sabbath came he was unfit for the duties of the sanctuary. Once, in the season of barley harvest, when farm help was scarce, Donald so over-wrought on Saturday that his seat in the "auld kirk" was empty the next day. He remained at home to recruit his powers for a fresh campaign on Monday. Some wag in the parish, knowing Donald's besetting sin, and fearing the effect of his example on others, resolved to

In the afternoon, when the pastor enterlong, gray moss that hung heavily down requested for Donald Grant." The minisfrom them. Now that they stood still, all ter was taken by surprise, not having heard was so hushed and solemn that Mary's of his illness, but remembered, as also did the people when the note was read, that his family pew was tenantless in the morning. After services, one asked another what ailed Donald Grant, but none could inform his a pool of muddy water close by. Her neighbor; and all decided that some sudden illness had brought this request direct from the family.

The Sabbath passed, and Donald, refreshed by many hours of sleep, and by the sweet breeze and the holy calm of his native hills, rose on Monday morning like a strong man to run a race. But scarcely had the sun began to gem the dewy heath-"Mamma! Mamma!" cried Hatty, and | er, when above the whetting of the siekle, an echo answered—"mamma!" till the he heard the stentorian voice of Sandy Graham, the village blicksmith:

"Hoot, mon, and are ye at this early after the deathly illness of yesterday?"

It was all in vain that Donald protested he had never been better. Sandy declarcould see by the color of his face there was a high fever on him!

While yet he was speaking, they were oined by Duncan McIvor and Malcolm Tears of remorse and pity came into Sterling, two larged-hearted neighbors, button or a string out of place in her Mary's own eyes, as she saw that little coming to sympathize in Donald's affliction and to proffer their aid in meaping his barley; and before any explanation could be made of the puzzling matter the loving old minister, staff in hand, had arrived with the At the Lowest Prices. oil of consolation.

Donald persisted in saying that he was never more hearty; when the pastor asked, "Why, mon, did you forsake your seat in God's house, and implore the prayers of his

people?" "Aweel, aweel, then," replied Donald, in amazement, "I was awa' fra the kirk wi' the aching o' my limbs fro' the week's work but I hav'e asked the prayers o' no mon

The joke was preceived and the pastor reminded Donald that the man who absenthat form-herself almost rigid with ted himself from God's house for no better fear. She could not leave it, she must reason than his, ought to ask prayers if he

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