

Family Circle.

[WRITTEN FOR OUR COLUMNS.]

SOLDIER'S FUNERAL HYMN.

BY MRS. J. W. LANE.

We weep, to-day, the fallen brave,
Now sleeping in their distant grave,
Our stricken hearts in anguish mourn,
For loved ones who will ne'er return.

WHAT ARE THEY DOING?

"Little sparrow, come here and say,
What you're doing all the day."
"Oh, I fly over hedges and ditches to find
A fat little worm, or a fly to my mind;
And I carry it back to my own pretty nest,
For the dear little pets that I warm with my breast;

THE YOUNG BAVARIAN.

The voyage was long. They could not afford, these poor people, to come in one of the comfortable, swift steamers; and so they took passage in a crowded emigrant ship, and even that required a great part of their money.

to sea was a fine affair. Why did his mother say so often, 'John, never forget that the Lord is always nigh unto them that call upon him?'

And so the old craft bore them on, day after day and week after week, until at last from the lookout came the cry of 'Land!' Then the distant faint blue line grew deeper and stronger as the vessel ploughed her way along.

They had need to remember that, at every step of the way which brought them to their miserable lodging, they had need to cry, 'Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations!'

John was about eleven years old at this time; and though doubtless he had shed a good many tears when he left the old house, and the storks, and his little brothers and sisters, yet, I fancy he soon wiped them away to look at the ship and the sailors and the broad sea.

Ah, how sweet the thought was! and how powerful! And when their hearts were well cheered with remembering the love and wisdom and power of God, then they were ready to sing those other words:

'Our Fatherland'—that beautiful word! And so they read in their German Bible: 'For they that say such things, declare plainly that they seek a Fatherland—a native country.'

CHRISTMAS FESTIVALS.

[WRITTEN FOR OUR COLUMNS, BY M. E. M.]

'We intend having a Christmas Tree for our Sabbath-school this year,' said my friend Chloe, the other day. 'We want it to be perfectly successful, a surprise and a pleasure to the children, a social gathering for the older people, and in short, a sort of golden clasp, with which to shut the finished leaves of the year.'

The pretty German custom of making the Christmas tide the children's anniversary, and weaving into its golden hours the love of parents and friends, hanging the evergreen boughs with the gifts of friendship, has come from the Fatherland to our own, and is almost becoming naturalized here.

In the first place, then, God, meant that chickens and children should use the night for rest—not frolic. The former with their cousins, the birds, and their friends, the flowers, and their contemporaries, the 'cattle on a thousand hills,' being under the Father's immediate care and protection, go to sleep when he bids them, and retire with the sun.

If you mean to have a festival, dear friend, first resolve to have it in the daytime. Have it in some warm, commodious hall, above ground. I never enter our dear Lee Avenue school-room, the home of my heart, without wishing that every child in the country could be in just such a pleasant place when attending Sabbath-school.

the importance of saying their best, saying it earnestly, and saying it briefly. Indeed, the last word is half the battle! And let the children sing! Let them sing of Jesus. As Dr. Bethune said, so sweetly,

SELECTIONS.

IMPORUNATE PRAYER.

'The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.' James v. 16.

How often the true child of God has labored and prayed for the salvation of some beloved object, and as year after year has passed away, no answer has been vouchsafed.

Long and earnest were the pleadings of the godly father that Daniel might be turned from the error of his ways. Sleep often departed from his eyes, and slumber from his eyelids, while he wrestled in prayer for his wayward son.

At midnight he became calm as the still hour—his will wholly swallowed up in the will of his heavenly Father—and he said, 'Do what thou wilt with my beloved son, I will praise thee; for Thou dost all things well.'

'Holloo, young fellow!' said the cock to the shepherd's dog, eyeing him very fiercely as he ran by, 'I've a word to say to you.'

'Never mind, never mind,' said Shag, interrupting him; you're under a general mistake, I see, and one answer will do for your objections.

THE TWO APPRENTICES

Two boys were apprentices in a carpenter's shop. One determined to make himself a thorough workman, the other 'didn't care.'

'Let's see him,' said the gentleman. The young man was summoned, and informed that his plan had been accepted, and that the two thousand dollars were his!

DOCTORS' VISITS.

It is not only for the sick man, but the sick man's friends, that the doctor comes. His presence is often as good for them as for the patient, and they long for him yet more eagerly.

A CALIFORNIA CHICKEN.

Dr. Kendall, writing to The Evangelist says: 'The Sanitary Fair' in this town, (Marysville, California), a few weeks ago, was the occasion of one of those touching and profitable little incidents which have been so numerous during the last year, and which seems to me worthy of record.

CHRIST'S SYMPATHY.

While the storm was fiercely blowing,
And the sea was wildly flowing—
A holy wind and angry billow
Only rocked the Saviour's pillow,
Jesus slept.

"BITE BIGGER, BILLY"

One day a gentleman saw two boys going along one of the streets of a great city. They were barefooted. Their clothes were ragged and dirty, and tied together by pieces of string.

'Bite bigger, Billy, mebbey we'll find another fore long.' Who can help admiring the noble heart of that poor boy?

CAST A LINE FOR YOURSELF.

A young man stood listlessly watching some anglers on a bridge. He was poor and dejected. At length approaching a basket well filled with wholesome looking fish, he sighed.

'I will give you just as many and just as good fish,' said the owner, who chanced to overhear his words, 'if you will do me a trifling favor.'

THE CAREFUL HOUSEKEEPER.

'There are those balusters all finger-marks again,' said Mrs. Carey, as she made haste with a soft linen cloth to polish down the shining oak again.

DON'T DESPISE SMALL THINGS.

Some years ago a gentleman visiting a farmer took from his pocket a small potato, which somehow had got in there at home. It was thrown out with a smile, and the farmer taking it in his hand to look at it, a curious little boy of twelve standing at his elbow asked him what it was.