

The Family Circle.

WILL HE COME?

Sitting in my humble door-way, Gazing out into the night, Listening to the stormy tumult...

MAY MILLER'S NOTE.

The last class for the morning was reciting in the little brown school-house under the hill. Already little Patty Marlow's red mittens were placed in a conspicuous position on her desk...

the girls." He stood shivering over the fire a few minutes, and then walked languidly toward his seat. "No one cares anything about me," he muttered moodily...

help him? Yes, God sends him help. Will he receive it? That's the question. Look! God sends him the Bible, which tells him to take heed and beware...

flame, coruscating while leaping from the auroral belt, seemed as if met in their course by some mighty agency that turned them into the colors of the rainbow...

word I heard there, how we ought to love each other. As I was passing near this cottage, I saw your little child, half naked and pale with hunger...

never have another chance. At the close of the meeting I went in the chapel of the prayer-meeting. As we were passing out you came and asked to a gentleman directly behind me...

WINTHROP EARL.

Rosy mouth and eyes of gray, Soft as twilight's tender ray, Voice like song of robin sung...

PROVIDENCE.

It was in the depth of winter, a time when want and distress among the poor are most felt. Near a certain forest there stood a little cottage...

THE WORLD ON FIRE.

The day had been fine, with a moderate wind from the northwest. When the sun went down behind the ridge of mountains limiting the bay, a perfect calm followed...

For the Little Folks.

FAMILIAR TALKS WITH THE CHILDREN. IX. BY REV. EDWARD PAYSON HAMMOND. "I THOUGHT MORE OF DANCING-SCHOOL THAN OF JESUS."

These are strange words from little Cordelia, only eleven years old. But she has changed her mind, and she now thinks more of Jesus than of all the dancing-schools in the world.

I want to tell you how happy I am. I feel like singing all the time. Before you came I never thought of loving Jesus; I thought more of dancing-school than of Jesus.

Here is another letter from one a little older, and it seems to have been harder for this Sabbath-school scholar to come to the dear loving Saviour.

And if you have been anxious about your soul, my young friend, and have not yet found peace and pardon, this is just the reason. Jesus says, "Look unto me and be ye saved."

In Rome I have seen little children going on their knees up the "Holy Stairs" which they say Jesus in the house of Pilate once stood upon.

"I SAW THE LOVING JESUS ON THE CROSS." TUNE—Jesus loves me. Jesus on the cross I saw, Bleeding, dying all for me. I could almost hear him say, All thy sins are pardoned thee.

FASHIONS. A youngster and an old salt were conversing in a town in Devonshire. The boy was curious to know where all the fashions came from.

WANTING FRIENDS. "I wish that I had some good friends to help me on in life!" cried lazy Dennis, with a yawn.

POWER OF A CHILD'S APPEAL. A few years since, a gentleman attended an evening prayer-meeting, accompanied by his only child, a boy of five summers, whose mother had recently died.

A GEM FROM A PERSIAN POET.—The heavens are a print from the pen of God's perfection; the world is a bud from the bower of his beauty; the sun is a spark from the light of his wisdom...