## The Family Circle.

THE HARVEST HOME. "That both he that soweth, and he that reapeth, may rejoice together."—John iv. 36. From the far-off fields of earthly toil A goodly host they come, And sounds of music are on the air,— Tis the song of the Harvest home. The weariness and the weeping-The darkness has all pass'd by,

And a glorious sun has risen— The Sun of Eternity! We've seen those faces in days of yore, When the dust was on their brow,
And the scalding tear upon their cheek:
Let us look at the laborers now! We think of the life-long sorrow. And the wilderness days of care; We try to trace the tear-drops, But no scars of grief are there.

There's a mystery of soul-chasten'd joy Lit up with sun-light hues, Like morning flowers most beautiful, When wet with midnight dews. There are depths of earnest meaning In each true and trustful gaze, Telling of wondrous lessons Learnt in their pilgrim days.

And a conscious confidence of bliss, That shall never again remove,-All the faith and hope of journeying years,
Gather'd up in that look of love.
The long waiting days are over;
They've received their wages now; For they've gazed upon their Master, And His name is on their brow.

They've seen the safely garner'd sheaves, And the song has been passing sweet, Which welcomed the last in coming one Laid down at their Saviour's feet.
Oh! well does His heart remember, As those notes of praise sweep by, The yearning, plaintive music
Of earth's sadder ministrelsy.

And well does He know each chequer'd tale,

As He looks on the joyous band All the lights and shadows that cross'd their path, In the distant pilgrim land;— The heart's unspoken anguish—
The bitter sighs and tears—
The long, long hours of watching—
The changeful hopes and fears!

One had climb'd the rugged mountain-side; 'Twas a bleak and wintry day; The tempest had scatter'd his precious seed And he wept as he turn'd away. But a stranger-hand had water'd That seed on a distant shore,

And the laborers now are meeting, Who never had met before. And one—he had toiled; and burning sands,
When the scorching sun was high;
He had grasp'd the plough with a fever'd hand,
And then laid him down to die; But another, and yet another, Had fill'd that deserted field, Nor vainly the seed they scatter'd

Where a brother's care had till'd. Some with eager step went boldly forth, Broad casting o'er the land; Some water'd the scarcely budding blade, With a tender, gentle hand. There's one—her young life was blighted, By the withering touch of woe; Her days were sad and weary,

And she never went forth to sow

But there rose from her lonely couch of pain, The fervent, pleading prayer; She looks on many a radiant brow, And she reads the answers there! Yes! sowers and reapers are meeting; A rejoicing host they come! Will you join the echoing chorus?— 'Tis the song of the Harvest home!

THE GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

A STORY TOLD TO A CHILD.

BY JEAN INGELOW. (CONCLUDED.)

with a sorrowful sigh, "And now, papa, there is only one penny left of Matilda. all my opportunities?"

is possible that you may do acceptable | penny in the house; I paid the baker, good even with that. Remember Thursday was a week; t'other four what our Saviour said about the cup was for the doctor, and we was hungry of cold water."

"Yes," I said, "but the person who praised, we aint now." gave the cold water, had nothing better to give; he had not a cup of milk, or a cup of wine, which he first but we hadn't heard from him of a wasted and threw away."

done, 'Do it with might.'

help, turned from it, and I heard the likes somebody to be sorry."
housemaid say, "Mistress has just "Ah, to be sure they do," said Mahousemaid say, "Mistress has just "Awalked out, and I cannot say when she tilda." will be at home."

thought me of my penny; took it out she runs up and gives me a penny; sings of a quiet domestic life, and a sorry to see him in such disgrace, of its bag, and pulling her by the but, deary me! thinks I, what's a more restricted, but not less enjoyable, went into his room. Tears of pity of its bag, and pulling her by the cloak, offered it to her.

At first she did not seem to understand me, but when she saw my copper opportunity, which was as bright as last night. So I walked on to the that I have reached this period, a stive sand-paper could render it, she gave town with it, to buy a half-penny and vigorous as I am, without the me just the shadow of a smile, and candle of Mr. Sims, at the post-office. assistance of doctors. I have had the taking it in her skinny hand, said, "I thank you kindly, my pretty."

mayhap; she and her husband are going into the workhouse to-morrow." but in a subdued and humble state of out, and the shop t'other side of the mind. The lessons I had had were turnpike be nigher.' not without good effect; but it cannot be expected that I can remember quarter of an hour after I'd my candle, ing three or four miles, or more, in all much of the working of my mind. I only know that time did pass, that I Mrs. Sims, and, says she, 'Is that and could tire down a tolerable man went to bed, got up, said my lessons, Grattan's wife?" and had my play for a long time, perhaps a fortnight. At the end of about "Well,' says she, 'I reckon yo that time, my little sister, Sophy, and remembered to give her that letter.' I went one day for a long walk, with Matilda, our nurse, and took a little dear,' says he, 'I should have forgot basket with us to put flowers in, and it-that I should.' blackberries, if we should be so fortu-

nate as to find any. was tired, and became clamorous to the Indies?' says I. sit down; so Matilda led us to the entrance of a little wood, and there we sat and rested on the steps of a stile.

There was a cottage pear at hand:

There was a cottage pear at hand: There was a cottage near at hand: for."

with a kettle in her hand, and I recog- waited for my old man to come home, forest tree; and went through it all as nized her as the woman to whom I by reason I can't read, and about hearty as a roach! had given my penny. She hobbled to dusk he comes in, and we lights the And how did I manage all this, not the edge of a little stream which flowed candle, and my old man he read it right only with ease, but with enjoyment? close to our seat, and dipped her out, for he's a fine scholar. And Simply because I avoided spirituous kettle in, but did not notice us till there was two five pound notes inside, liquors as I would avoid the poison of Matilda called to her.

how's your old gentleman?"

"Thank you kindly, girl, we be pretty moderate," was the reply. "He" | this many a day!" said Matilda. —and she pointed with a stick to a "It was good, dear. Well, I paid judged of by the unexampled fact, that field opposite, where several men were the doctor, and when Mr. Ball came one year during my stay, nine hundred as a boy!"

her cheerful voice, for the old woman this she laughed with a genuine joy, main glad, I'll assure you."

"Ah, very kind on you all. How away. be the old gentleman?"

eager black eyes on the old woman. sery and the workhouse. "What a good son Joe is to you."

pretty, 'My dear mother,' he says, 'don't you go for to think I shall ever forget how good you was to me always — for I shall not,' he says—"

The wor how it was only my having been permitted, to give it inder such preculiar circumstances that had made it such a worthy and important and sanity.

Matilda's eyes flashed and glistened: she took a particular interest in this young man, though I did not know

that till long afterwards.
"Tell us how it all was," she said,

"Why you see, dear, he was not my own: but I did as well as I could by him: and he be as fond of me like, ay fonder, than he be of his father."

"Yes I know," said Matilda...
"Well, dear—I went to Mr. T.'s house," (my father's) "and I was very down at heart-very, I was; for Mr. Ball, he'd been that morning, and says he, 'It signifies nothing that you've lived here so long,' he says—'if you can't pay the rent.' I says, 'Mr. Ball, will you please to consider these weeks and weeks that my poor old man has been laid up wi'rheumatize?" 'But,' he says, 'I can put in younger and stronger than him; and besides that,' he says, 'I know you owe money at the shop, over all you owe to my employer.'

"He was always a hard man," said Matilda.

"Over three pounds, dear; and then

long while, by reason his regiment press, and jollify with one another, and "My dear, you need not inquire was up the country, but you'll underinto that; you might have done better; stand I didn't know that till I got his but as there is still something to be letter. And so we was to be sold up, and go into the house. I fretted a When I was quite calm again, and deal, and then I thought I'd go and temporary fame; but at what price do Fred. Harry was a good boy, and almost happy, he sent me into the tell your missis: she be a good friend; house to play at ball. As I passed | but deary me | I owed such a lot o' bodily as well as mental comfort; at that he would grow up a holy and the kitchen door, a poor old woman money;—only, thinks I, she'll be main the cost of life itself. For my part, useful man. Fred was very wild and whom my mother used sometimes to sorry to hear we must go; and a body seeing the victims to "fast life" daily wicked, often disobeying his father,

She was hobbling away, when I be nothing—only this child, bless her! sound mind in a sound body; the bles him nor speak to him, and Harry, penny to them as owes £7 2s.? But, circle of society. thinks I, my old man and me, we I am now fast approaching my sev-won't cry together in the dark this entieth year. I cannot, indeed, say I was half way there from my place, and when I got into the shop, 'Sit famous ones: Temperance, Exercise, "Poor old creature," said the you down, Mrs. Grattan, says he, for Good Air, and Good Hours. housemaid, "that will buy her a trifle, he saw I was main tired; 'I haven't And now a word on world on world

seen you of a long time.' "'And that's true, Mr. Sims,' says I passed into the house penniless, I, 'for it's little enough I have to lay ment, indeed, I have done as much

> "Well, I sat me down; maybe a and just as I was a going, in comes

"'A good thing you spoke, my

"If you'll believe me, I trembled gold, in great heat, and against young, like a leaf, to think I should so near active men, my twelve hours a day, first, boldly and happily. We walked a long way, till Sophy have missed it. Be it a letter from

"'Ay,' says he, 'that it is, and

"How are you, Mrs. Grattan, and got made sergeant, and now I shall there from the drinking of spirits, were to let me ask you to forgive him for send to you regular."

"Well, I've heard no better news

at work—"He be among them, pick-ing up stones—Ha! ha! he be as blithe sir,' and he stared. 'Indeed,' he says, on spirits alone, and that for a popula-'I am surprised, but them that pay can "We was all very glad up at the stay.' So, you see, there's money to Grange, to hear of your good luck," spend, more money, dear, when we be said Matilda, in the loudest tones of laid up with the rheumatize." Upon was rather deaf. "Our mistress was and, taking up her kettle, wished Matilda good afternoon, and hobbled

Quite hearty."

By this time she had reached us, set down her kettle, and taken her place beside Matilda. I was busily plaiting being the penny! If she had not had it to spend, she would not have walked to spend. occurred to the old woman, that all straw, but I listened carelessly to the post-office; if she had not walked slay the morals of society, the intel-conversation. to the post-office, she would not have lects and the souls of men. As I read "And so you got your rent paid got her son's letter—that precious daily the police reports and the pro-and all," said Matilda, turning her letter which had saved her from mi-

"Ah, that he be, dear," was the home; I seemed to tread on air, and rage and misery. All these inflame reply; "that he be; wrote he did, so yet I knew of how little value the the passions or becloud the intellect;

need elaborately enforcing. It may, great bulk of the crimes and calamities

st, Do not expect that in your

And thirdly, Do not despond because your means of doing good apeth, yet it is God that giveth the in keep open gin-shops at every corner, will not cause that which is sown to shops and simple refreshment rooms bear fruit an hundred fold; who can are not allowed to be open. tell whether to have even a penny to give under certain circumstances may be to have, not a Copper, but a Golden Opportunity!

### WILLIAM HOWITT'S FOUR DOCTORS.

I am temperate because I have seen Matilda.

"Well dear, he see 'It ain't no use and felt the good policy of it. As a my deceiving of you, Mrs. Grattan, but I must sell you up, for,' says he, ordinary literary habits, I should not the money I must have, and you have been sitting here to write about must go into the workhouse; it's the the advantages of temperance. If I best place by half for such as you; had lived as the majority of literary and, dear, it seemed hard, for, I'll men of this age, as "a man about assure you, we hadn't a half-ounce of town;" if I had lived in town, and tea, nor a lump of coal in the house, kept the usual late hours, and passed for we was willing, my old man and evening after evening in hot, crowded me, to strive to the last to pay our rooms, breathing the deadly poison of When he ceased to speak, I said owings, and we was living very hard." physical effluvia, gas, and air deprived ith a sorrowful sigh, "And now, "How much did you owe?" asked of its ozone; if I had sat over the bottle at late suppers, foolishly called din-ners; and, in short, "jollified"—as my "Well, my darling," he replied, "it the rent was four. I hadn't one-half literary cotemporaries call it, I should

have been gone thirty years ago. As it is, I have seen numbers of literary men, much younger than myand cold, we was; but, the Lord be self, dying off like rotten sheep-some of them in their very early youth, few of them becoming old. They have acquired great reputations; for if you take notice, they who collect about the cry up one another as prodigies, are the men who become most popular; and "verily they have their reward."

They reap much money, and much

constant attendance of these four care!

And now a word on work. Those who imagine that I only wag a goosequill, mistake a little. In that departwork as any man living. Often, in early years, I labored assidiously sixteen hours a day. I never omit walkweather. I work hard in my garden, at that sort of thing. During my two "'Ay,' says he. years' travel in Australia, when about sixty, I walked often, under a burning years' travel in Australia, when about sun of one hundred and twenty or one hundred and thirty degrees at noon my twenty miles a day for days and weeks together; worked at digging sometimes standing in a brook. I waded through rivers,-for neither "I dare not go in," said he, as the man nor nature had made many door opened.

bless him; and, says he, 'Mother, I've an asp. The horrors which I saw enough to make a man of the least my sake." sense sober. The extent to which spirit-drinking was carried, may be tion of only two hundred and fifty thousand souls! Well, then, I think I have a claim to recommend to my fellow-workmen abstinence from beer, spirits, and tobacco. They are all poisoners of the blood; they are all "Intercessor," which means that when burnt-offerings unto death; they are we do wrong he pleads with his Father all destroyers of the bottom of our for us."—"Food for the Lambs." And I knew, though it had never pocket; and what is worse, destroyers of the peace of families, the constitutions of men, the domestic comfort and virtue of women, the physical stamina and the very life of children. They the wide-spread pestilence of spirits, How happy I was as we walked beer, and tobacco in almost every out madmen and devils. They fire the The lesson taught me by these little | brain with frenzy, and arm the hand events I did not easily forget, and I with bludgeons and knives against think their moral is too obvious to their own wives and children. The however, be summed up in a few of society flow from the tap and the

spigot. By this indulgence,—surely the most strength you can make use of even marvelous of infatuations,—and abbest opportunity for doing good. surd appetite "set on fire of hell," the Second, Do not put off till another people encourage the government to day any good which it is in the power plunder them most cruelly, in the of your hand to do at once. the government with this duty, our working millions abandon every dúty pear trifling, and insignificant, for of their own. They set up over them-though one so with and another reapcrease; and who can tell whether He even on Sabbath evenings, when book

BUILDING ON THE SAND.

'Tis well to woo, 'tis good to wed, For so the world hath done Since myrtles grew, and roses blew, And morning brought the sun. But have a care, ye young and fair; Be sure you pledge with truth; Be certain that your love will wear Beyond the days of youth! For it we give not heart for livert, As well as hand for hand,

You'll find you've played the unwise part And built upon the sand. 'Tis well to save, 'tis well to have

A goodly store of gold, And hold enough of shining stuff, For charity is cold. But place not all your hope and trust In what the deep mine brings; We cannot live on yellow dust Unmixed with purer things.

And he who piles up wealth alone Will often have to stand Beside his coffer chest, and own Tis built upon the sand.

'Tis good to speak in kindly guise, And soothe where'er we can; Fair speech should bind the human mind, And love link man to man. And love link man to man.

But stay not at the gentle words;
Let deeds with language dwell;
The one who pities starving birds
Should scatter crumbs as well. The mercy that is warm and true,

Must lend a helping hand, For those who talk, yet fail to do, But build upon the sand. -Eliza Cook.

THE ELDER BROTHER. In a family there were two boys. One was named Harry, and the other

they purchase it? At the cost of every one who knew him expected useful man. Fred was very wild and falling around me, I have willingly and did things that grieved all his abandoned the temporary advantages friends. One day he had been very of such a life, and preferred less popunaughty, and had been sent to his "But she was out, and so I got larity, less gains; the enjoyment of a room. His father would neither see were in his eyes as he said to his

brother-"Oh, Fred, Fred! why will you be so very foolish?" Fred looked at him with a sullen

look upon his face, and said, "I don't Harry talked kindly to him, however, and after a little while Fred said, "It is no use; father will never for-

give me. "Ask him," said Harry.
"I dare not," was the reply. "Do, now; go and tell him you are

listen to you!" he exclaimed. So the two boys went together to

their father's room, Harry stepping in

Fred was afraid and hung back.

presently an old woman came out of it | "Well, dear, I took it home, and I ate it; slept occasionally under the | "Father, I am come to tell you that | and more. Pray for me, that I may thank done, and ask you to forgive him."

The father looked up and said, sorry and ashamed that he could not he dared not, and I persuaded him

Then the father opened his loving arms, and the guilty boy fell sobbing upon his breast.

"Now, for your brother's sake, I have forgiven you. For your brother's sake be a good boy in time to come? Dear children, Jesus is called our 'elder brother," you know; and if we go to Him in sincerity he will go with us and intercede for us, as this boy did for his brother. Jesus is called the

A FRENCH SENTINEL. During one of Napoleon's remarkwith such precipitation that they forgot one of their sentinels posted in a till you get rid of it. retired spot, and who was so deeply absorbed in the perusal of a newspaper containing an account of one of the said, "I give it all up," she says. "I emperor's splendid victories, as to be totally unconscious of their departure. After pacing to and fro for many hours upon his post, he lost patience, and returned to the guard-room, which he found empty. On inquiry he learned with despair what had happened, and

"Alas! alas! I shall be looked upon as a deserter—dishonored; lost, unhappy wretch that I am!"

His lamentations excited the compassion of a worthy tradesman, who make bread, for he was a baker, and daughter, Justine, in marriage.

Five years afterwards, a strange sail was seen to approach the Island. The inhabitants flocked to the beach, and soon discovered in the advancing ship a number of soldiers wearing the uniform of the French army.
"I'm done for now!" cried the dis-

mayed husband of Justine. bread is baked."

An idea, however, suddenly occurred

-"Who goes there?" he shouted in a voice like thunder.

"Who goesthere, yourself?" replied one in a boat. "Who are you?" "A sentinel."

"How long have you been on guard?" "Five years."

Davoust, for he it was, laughed at the quaint reply and gave a discharge in due form to his myoluntary conserver.

# for the Little Folks.

FAMILIAR TALKS WITH THE CHIL SECOND SERIES. III.

BY REV. EDWARD PAYSON HAMMOND.\* THE SCORNFUL BOY.

THE IDEA OF MY BEING A CHRIS-TIAN! These were the words of a boy, thir-

teen years old, who lives in Brooklyn. It was a year and a half ago when he said this so scornfully. But, strange as it may seem, he has been a Christian ever since. His pastor thinks he late? "To-day the Saviour calls." is a Christian, and has taken him into the Church. I saw him only a few weeks ago, and he says the more he learns of Jesus, the more he loves

What a wicked boy he must have been, for he says, "I laughed at my companions." He means those who were asking their ministers and Sabwere asking the mi bath-school teachers how they could in comparison with my salvation. Still I did find peace in Jesus. Oh, how wonder-

The first time I came to the children's meeting was on Sunday. When it was over, I went outside of the door, saying to myself. The idea of me being a Christian! Why, I was even ashamed to hear the name of Jesus spoken to me. Occasionally I would peep in the door and laugh at my companions who were in the church. After meeting was over, I went home, and came to the meeting in the I went home, and came to the meeting in the evening. After the meeting was over, a good "Do, now; go and tell him you are sorry for what you have done, and beg his forgiveness," said Harry.

"No," said Fred, in a sad, hopeless tone. "I am sorry, but I could not find words to say so to father; and besides I do not think he would forgive me now, whatever I might say."

"Well, then let me ask him," said Harry.

"Ah! if you would! Father will listen to you!" he exclaimed instructed me greatly; and, under God, to him I owe all the good I am acquainted with. Soon after, by asking God to help me and Soon after, by asking God to help me and my companions, we found peace in God. Oh, the joy that I now feel through the blood of the Lamb! How I long to tell all the world what Jesus has done for me! And now I love to pray and read my Bible more than I ever did before. I rejoice in the Lord Jesus Christ as a raissom paid for my soul. Oh, pray for me, that I may love Him more

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Fred is very sorry for what he has Him for delivering my soul from bondage and setting me on that heavenly track that leadeth to glory; and may many plead for mercy till they find that they have been "Oh no," said Harry: "he was so hold of the last link of the golden chain, and meet together in that world of bliss.

Your young friend, \*\*\*
Aged thirteen years.

I FOUND JESUS THEN AND THERE." Thus writes a girl from the Bay State. She was just about the age of this boy. She too had, as you will see, no thought of being a Christian. She did not believe that little children could turn to Jesus. She was very earnest, and asked God for a new heart, and prayed so late at night, that she couldn't keep her eyes open

iny longer. Why didn't she find peace? She will tell you. She had some darling sins she would not give up. Jesus was ready all the time to save her; yes, more anxious to make her a

Christian than she was to become one. What a deceitful heart she must have had! And you, my dear young able campaigns, a detachment of a corps commanded by Davoust occupied the Isle of Rugen, which they were the Isle of Rugen, which they were above all things and desperately wicked." You will never get to heaven

When this girl saw the sin that she loved more than her own soul and was a new creature from that mo. ment." And so you will be, if you will but come in the same way to Jesus. And then, instead of being ashamed of Jesus, you will, before you know it, be pleading, like this girl, with your little friends to love

DEAR MR. HAMMOND:-The first time I went to the children's meeting, I went out of curiosity, just to see what you would say and how the children would act, for I did not be-lieve in the conversion of children; but when passion of a worthy tradesman, who took him to his house, did all in his power to console him, taught him to make bread for he was a baker and make bread, for he was a baker, and said, "Better go back; it is your last after some months gave him his only chance!" But I did not heed the voice of daughter, Justine, in marriage.

The next day I went again, and did the same. When I got home, I prayed to God to give me a new heart, but He didn't seem to hear my prayer; and then I said, I have been so wicked that God wont hear my prayers. The next day I went, and stayed to the inquiry meeting. When you came and spoke to me, you asked me if I was willing to give up all to Jesus. I told you I was. Then you knelt and prayed with me, but I did not feel any better. I went home and prayed myself to etter. I went home and prayed myself to sleep; and still I found no relief. I awoke An idea, however, suddenly occurred to him, and revived his courage. He ran to the house, slipped—into his uniform, and, seizing his faithful fire-lock, returned to the beach, and posted himself on sentry at the moment the French were landing.

Steep; and still found no rener. I awoke before light the next morning, and began praying as before; but this time I asked Him praying as before; but this time I asked Him praying as before; but this time I asked Him praying as before; but this time I asked Him praying as before; but this time I asked Him praying as before; but this time I asked Him praying as before; but this time I asked Him praying as before; but this time I asked Him praying as before; but this time I asked Him praying as before; but this time I asked Him praying as before; but this time I asked Him praying as before; but this time I asked Him praying as before; but this time I asked Him praying as before; but this time I asked Him praying as before; but this time I asked Him praying as before; but this time I asked Him praying as before; but this time I asked Him praying as before; but this time I asked Him praying as before; but this time I asked Him praying as before; but this time I asked Him praying as before; but this time I asked Him praying as before; but this time I asked Him praying as before; but this time I asked Him praying as before; but this time I asked Him praying as before; but this time I asked Him praying as before; but this time I asked Him praying as before; but this time I asked Him praying as before; but this time I asked Him praying as before; but this time I asked Him praying as before; but this time I asked Him praying as before; but this time I asked Him praying as before; but this time I asked Him praying as before; but this time I asked Him praying as before; but this time I asked Him praying as before; but this time I asked Him praying as before; but this time I asked Him praying as before; but this time I asked Him praying as before; but this time I asked Him praying a was a new creature from that moment, found Jesus then and there, for the found Jesus then and there, for Jesus. Oh! I did feel down stairs and I commenced with me my little brother to go to meet wanted him to love Jesus He would not go; but I shall try and bridge him this after-noon, and I hope his tearn to love Christ, who died for him. It intend to live for Christ; and not only him, but work for Him.

as, very respectfully, OUND WHAT A WICKED HEART I HAD."

"Annie," who lives in a large Western city more than a thousand miles from New York, found that she had lived "thirteen" years without knowing what a "wicked" heart she had. I hope you have not lived so long

without feeling your need of Jesus. Her "wicked" heart, you will see, made her get up some excuse to stay away from a meeting where many were seeking the pardon of their sins. But as soon as she found out what a sinner she had been, she says, "I determined to come the next day." Ah! yes, then she felt she must find the Saviour, or be lost forever. You need Jesus just as much as she did. Will you seek him now, before it is too

I wrote a short letter to you on Saturday, in which I only told you that I loved Jesus. I did not tell how I found him. A week ago last Sunday, when I came home from Sunday-school, my mother told me about the meetings to be held at Dr. Patton's church, not want to go. But the next day at noon la ful that God' can make such a wicked boy a good boy and a Christian, all in a minute! Yes, and He can do this for you now, if you will ask him.

The first time I came to the children's then found what a wicked heart I had. I was determined to go the next day, and I took one of my companions with me. I was more interested than the time before, and hope that I was enabled to give my heart to my Saviour. I was happier than I ever was before. I have been feeling happier ever since. From your affectionate friend,

ANNIE \*\*\*

Thirteen years old.

I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be controlled; I was a wayward child, I did not love my home, I did not love my Father's voice, I loved afar to roam.

The Shepherd sought His sheep, The Father sought His child; They followed me o'er vale and hill. O'er deserts waste and wild: They found me nigh to death, Famish'd, and taint, and lone

They bound me with the bands of love, They saved the wandering one. Jesus my Shepherd is,
"T was he that loved my soul, 'T was he that washed me in his blood,

Twas he that made me whole: T was he that made me whole:
T was he that sought the lost;
That found the wandering sheep,
T was he that brought me to the fold—

Tis he that still doth keep.