

The Family Circle.

OUR ÆOLIAN HARP.

BY LYDIA M. BENO.

We place our harp—our Æolian harp
In our chamber window at night,

Mourful, yet sweetly, a chastened spell,
O'er our quiet hearts are thrown,—

The dead are with us—the blessed dead—
In their garments pure and white;

Murmur away, dear wind-swept harp,
Thou tell'st of a far, bright strand,

A CHILD'S HYMN.

Through the pleasures of the day,
When I read and when I pray,

THE GARDENER'S SERVANTS.

On a cold autumn night, old Ulric,
The gardener, sat in an oak chair

Ulric gathered up the remainder of
his money, and placing it in the bag,

"No, Ulric, you are too just a man
for that, and we can make ourselves

The clink of the needles grew fainter
and slower, the old woman's hands

But even in sleep Ulric seldom went
beyond his daily life—in dreams his

"Come in," said Ulric, boldly, for
he was an honest man and true,

He certainly must have come from
a foreign land and been a great noble-

The air of the room grew warm as a
June day, when the stranger, taking

"I never employed a servant like
you—you must be jesting with me."

The stranger seemed to grow flushed
and angry, and the gold tints

"Whether you remember me or
not, you have seen my face almost

Ulric's jaw fell. All the money in
the world would not pay for the work

He was a ragged, wild looking man,
wrapped in a dark mantle, his hair

"Fudge!" cried the man in the
black mantle, turning upon him so

Ulric turned bewildered from one to
the other, while the wind flapped

"It is not the great people, Master
Ulric, that do all the work in your

Ulric fumbled at the strings of his
canvass bag.

"I did not engage you as servants,"
said he, "but I see well how I could

"I don't want money," cried the
lady-bug, spreading her coffee-colored

"Remember me too, Uncle Ulric,"
cried a great bunched toad, who in

"You take your pay as you go,"
cried the wind, who hated toads

"Speak louder or come down," called
out the sun with a laugh; "we can't

"You know very well that I can't
stay where you are," cried the bat,

"Don't forget me," cried a doleful
voice behind the clock; "I have eaten

"Come out and show yourself, old
fuss and feathers," cried the wind,

"I can't do that; unless you send
the sun away, I should tumble down

"Here," said he, pushing with his
foot a great, red earthworm, who

The earthworm raised itself on one
end and turned towards Ulric, just as

"I never supposed you did any good,"
said he; "I only thought you

"I know how much good she does,"
said the Frost. "I have seen her at

More than fifty spiders began to
talk at once. "Stop," shouted the

A great, fat garden-spider, black,
with bright golden spots upon her

"But I beg your pardon," said the
sun, "everybody knows that you do."

"Let the spider speak, and stop your
wrangling," cried the Frost. "How

"No, by my work. I never spin or
mend my web, unless it is going to be

"Hear the spider boast of the insects
she has destroyed!" cried a lady-

"I must turn a cold shoulder to you
for the present," said the sun, cover-

Ulric pushed the money towards
them.

"Not so," said the wind, with a
lordly wave of his hand. "We are

He woke with a start, and saw his
old wife, who wakened sooner than

THE CUNNING PET.

A gentleman living in the country
had an invalid child of two years of

This gentleman had a pet dog, named
Pinky, who being an early

"I can't do that; unless you send
the sun away, I should tumble down

As soon as the owl was silent, the
other birds set forth their services.

when he opened his mouth, they rolled
out like dried currants from a barrel;

"My friends," said Ulric, when he
could make himself heard above all

"We don't want your money," cried
voices in all sorts of jargons, "we

Ulric leaned his head upon his hand
and did not answer, for he remembered

A few low notes came from the thrush
as she sat on the back of Ulric's

"I must be going myself," said the
wind, with a flap of his ragged mantle.

"I shall follow after you are gone,"
said the frost; "the sun and fire

"I shall run down to the tropics,"
cried the rain; "but I will come

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THE SURGEON AND HIS PATIENT.

Mr. Meikle, a gentleman of eminent
piloty, was a surgeon at Carnwath,

"Why, on the tip of your tongue,"
said the sufferer.

A YEAR'S TROUBLES.

Sometimes I compare the troubles
we have to undergo in the course of

ed little Nellie into the stream, the
other plunged Pussy, thoroughly, and

The third morning the same scenes
were enacted over; but the following

"Up in the morning early,
Just at the break of day."

Now, my little readers will say,
"Pinky was a cunning little imita-

YOUR EVENINGS, BOYS.

Joseph Clark was a fine-looking
and healthy lad as ever left the

"Pretty well, sir," answered Joseph.
"Your look sick of late," said Mr.

"I have the headache sometimes,"
the young man said.

"What gives you the headache?"
asked the merchant.

"I do not know as I know, sir."
"Do you go to bed in good season?"

"As early as most of the boarders,"
he said.

"And how do you spend your evenings,
Joseph?"

"O, sir, not as pious as my mother
would approve," answered the young

"Joseph," said the old merchant,
"your character and all your future

"I don't think my mother would
allow me to go into such a place."

Now I want to say to all the boys,
Never be ashamed to follow the coun-

And to mothers I would say, Be
evermore vigilant to cast a godly in-

THE BIBLE also will be a new book
to her.

- 1. For JESUS;
2. For PRAYER;
3. For CHRISTIANS;
4. For the conversion of sinners;
5. For the Bible.

I went to the first one of your meetings;
I did not like it. I was glad to get away;

As soon as I was able I went again, and
after meeting was out I stayed. I cannot

When I went home I felt better, there
was such a calm, happy feeling in my

Pray for me, that I may always "walk in
the light."

Your happy young friend.
Little Christians often will find
much to discourage them; but if they

For the Little Folks.

FAMILIAR TALKS WITH THE CHILDREN.

SECOND SERIES.

BY REV. EDWARD PAYSON HAMMOND.

"I LOVE TO PRAY."

Thus writes little Ada, a Canadian
girl of only eleven summers. Why do

Have you ever really prayed? If
you have not, then you are not a

I hope I have found Jesus. I like to go
to the meetings. The first one I went

From your little friend, ADA,
Eleven years old.

"THAT NIGHT I PRAYED AS I NEVER
DID BEFORE."

Here is another letter from a Sab-
bath-school scholar, a little older than

It is a great thing really to pray.
You see that after she prayed she

"We know that we have passed
from death unto life because we love the

Another thing; she will, if she has
given herself up to the dear Saviour,

Yes, I think she means, when she
says, "I have felt as I never felt

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to her. She will love to read it every

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