

The Family Circle.

MISS MUFF AND LITTLE HUNGRY.

A BALLAD FOR THE CHILDREN.

BY MISS WARNER.

PART I.

I must tell you a tale about money,
And two little girls who had none;
Although it's an everyday story—
No novelty under the sun.

"Mamma," she said gravely, "when people
Have nothing to wear, nor to eat,
Why, do you suppose, they like better
To come out and die in the street?"

LETTERS TO GOD.

[LONG'S MONTHLY LETTER FOR NOVEMBER.]

One day I met a little girl coming
From our post-office, crying most bitterly.
I drew near, to see what could be
The matter, when I heard bubbling
Up from her broken heart these words:

In what way would you have helped him out?
Let me tell you of some of the
"roundabout ways" that have been
made to send things to God. In Paris
lived a poor family. The mother was
sick, and the father had met with an
accident, so that neither of them could
work.

simple look of faith will do; for the
Psalmist says: "They looked unto
the Lord and were lightened." And
simply opening our lips in prayer, we
"shall receive," and God says, "While
they are yet speaking, I will hear."
May our eyes ever be turned towards
God, and our lips kept open in prayer.

ness and comfort to anxious hearts.
No father's kiss had as yet rested on
its infant brow, for he was far off in
distant lands, fighting for his home
and country. But as she gazed on
the lonely little babe, the mother felt
strengthened to bear up till, in happier
days, she could put the child in
its father's arms.

what we were doing, even more plainly than
she did; and that we were telling a lie when
we sang 'I love Jesus,' for we were really
hating him. I began to see that it was very
wicked, and told her I was sorry; and she
said that I must tell God so and ask Him to
forgive me. Then she prayed with us and
went away. A gentleman came and talked
with me, and he made me feel still more how
wicked I was and had been all my life. I tried
to pray, and could not. So I found the lady
again, and asked her, when she prayed her
own prayers at home, if she wouldn't pray
for me. She said she would not wait until
she went home, but took me in a side seat
and we prayed there. I went away feeling
such a weight of sin, and when I got home
went right up stairs and asked God to take
away my wicked heart and give me a new
heart, for Jesus' sake. Mother prayed with
me too, and I think God forgave me there,
for I have been so happy ever since, and it
seems so nice to read the Bible and pray now.
I did not love to go to Sunday-school before,
and used to lie in bed late Sunday morning,
so I would not have to go. But now Sunday
is the pleasantest time of the whole week.
It is hard sometimes to do right, and I have
to run in the house every little while and
kneel down and pray. I come so near getting
mad with the boys."

For the Little Folks.

FAMILIAR TALKS—2D SERIES. VII.

BY REV. EDWARD PATSON HAMMOND.\*

THE MOCK PRAYER-MEETING.

"I JUST ASKED HIM (JESUS), AND LEFT HIM TO DO IT."
I want to tell you, my little friend,
two nice stories about some children
in Brooklyn. One is about a little
girl, who seems never to have heard
of Jesus; and the other is about a
boy who, though he had a praying
mother, was very bad till he found
Jesus. He was so wicked, that, with
some other boys, he got up a mock
prayer-meeting. But when a kind
lady told him that he was mocking
Jesus, he says, "I was very sorry." I
will tell you these nice stories just as
they were told to me.

PRAYER.

"I have been very wicked not to
love Thee, when Thou wast so kind
as to come down from heaven unto
this wicked world to die for me, a sinner.
I wish to love Thee and to give
myself to Thee. O, God, help me by
thy Spirit, for Jesus sake. Amen."

INCIDENT OF A CHILD.

A little boy, about eight years old,
having jumped off the car from the
rear platform, ran forward to get on
in front, and by accident slipped and
fell, so that the heavily-loaded car
passed over his leg, crushing it in a
frightful manner. While he was lying
on one straw by the roadside, previous
to being taken to the hospital, a
little girl picked up his cap; and
having ascertained from him his name
and residence, ran with it to his home.
His mother opened the door, when
the child exclaimed, "Here is the cap
of the little boy who has just been
run over by the railroad car."

What words to reach a mother's
ear! What wonder that, with frantic
speed, she should have rushed to the
fatal spot, thence to track him by
his blood to the hospital. There she
was at first denied access to her boy,
lest her excessive agitation should
hasten his death. A few moments
and the mother's love so stilled the
surging anguish of her heart, that,
with the calmness of despair, she was
admitted to the presence of her darling
child, only to find him conscious of his
danger, and ready to obey the sudden
summons to his heavenly home.
"Jesus is with me, mother," he said;
"I must die, but Jesus is with me."—
S. S. Times.

VELVET TONGUES.

When I was a boy, I and a number
of my playmates had rambled through
the woods and fields till, quite forgetful
of the fading light, we found our-
selves far from home. Indeed, we had
lost our way. It did so happen we
were nearer home than we thought;
but how to get to it was the question.
By the edge of the field we saw a
man coming along, and we ran to ask
him to tell us. Whether he was in
trouble or not, I do not know, but he
gave us some very surly answer.
Just then there came along another
man, a near neighbor, and with a merry
smile on his face. "Jim," said he,
"if a man's tongue is like a cat's; it
is either a piece of velvet or a piece
of sand-paper, just as he likes to use
it; and I declare you always seem
to use your tongue for sand-paper.
Try the velvet, man, try the velvet
principle."—Blind Amos.

STERN used to say the most accom-
plished way of using books is to serve
them as some people do lords—learn
their titles, and then brag of their
acquaintance.

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