

The Family Circle.

OUR CHILD'S WEDDING.

The wedding guests have left us now, The house is silent gone, The bridal flowers are dying fast, And we are sad and lone.

MARY WENTWORTH'S TIMIDITY.

It was a dull evening in December when Maggie Ray came running in to Mrs. Wentworth's, to say that her little brother was taken with croup, and her mother wished that Mrs. Wentworth would come over to see him.

trusting such little things to God. I know my fears are silly." "Mother says nothing that troubles us is too small to pray about," replied Maggie.

Mrs. Wentworth did not speak. She took the lamp from the table and went up-stairs, followed close by Maggie and Mary.

HOW MUCH MAKES A MAN RICH.

"To be rich," said Mr. Marcy, formerly Secretary of State, "requires only a satisfactory condition of the mind. One man may be rich with a hundred dollars, while another, in the possession of millions, may think himself poor; and as the necessities of life are enjoyed by each, it is evident that the man who is best satisfied with his possessions is the richer."

"I shook my head, and was going to contradict that impression, when he broke in: "O! yes you are; I know you are rich; no use denying it. You was Comptroller for—a long time; and the next time we heard of you, you were Governor. You must have a heap of money, and I am glad of it—glad to see you getting along so smart."

FINDING FAULT WITH CHILDREN.

It is at times necessary to censure and punish. But much more may be done by encouraging children when they do well. Be, therefore, more careful to express your approbation of obedience. Nothing can more discourage a child than a spirit of incessant fault-finding on the part of its parent, and hardly anything can exert a more injurious influence upon the disposition both of parent and child.

PURITY OF CHARACTER.

Over the beauty of the plum and apricot there grows a bloom and beauty more exquisite than the fruit itself—a soft delicate flush that over-spreads its blushing cheek. Now if you strike your hand over that, and it is once gone, it is gone forever, for it never grows but once.

MY NELLIE. You never heard her slam the door, Nor cups and saucers clash, Nor throw up, with an angry jerk, The sliding window sash.

WHAT HAVE I LOST?

An old man, a few days since, was speaking of his conversation with a sceptic, who was bringing up various arguments to prove that religion was all a delusion. The old man was unlearned, and could not confute him by reasoning, but he used the simple logic of a true Christian's heart, and there was no gainsaying it.

CHRISTIAN CONTENTMENT.

"Be content with such things as ye have; for he hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."—HEBREWS xiii. 5. This promise was addressed in the first instance to Joshua; not because he was Joshua, but because he was a believer; and it is valid for every believer.

thee is a very insignificant being in the presence of certain friends of mine. If thou lovest a friend of earth, thou hast thousands of glorious ones who will never fail thee.

"I DIES FREE"

An old, dilapidated farm-house in a little town in Georgia, long since deserted by the owners, stood desolately by the roadside. Weeds grew rankly in the once cultivated garden, through which here and there a bright flower looked out, as sometimes a star shines through the thick interlacing of forest trees.

ONLY THREE WORDS.

Janet was the only daughter of an humble Scotch widow. She was a child of many prayers, and her pious mother was made glad by perceiving that the seeds of God's word were sown in her heart, and were springing up to bear fruit unto everlasting life.

a dying Saviour's love, she stood before the Judge. It was a crumpled slip of paper, with three words almost illegibly traced upon it, yet the wealth of India could not buy that sacred legacy; "unworthy," "Jesus Christ."

THE BIRDS IN WINTER.

What do the birds do in winter? Many, you know, go South. As a general thing, winter cold does not seem to affect those who stay with us. The truth is, birds are remarkably well guarded against cold by their thick covering of down and feathers, and the quick circulation of their blood.

NEST OF THE HUMMING-BIRD.

The nest of the humming-bird is a miracle of perfection in domestic economy. For beauty, fitness and safety, the wisdom and taste displayed in its arrangement are irreproachable. Bedecked in a plumage of emerald, ruby and topaz, remarkable for the delicacy of its motion, unscathed by rain from the clouds, or dust from the earth, feeding upon the nectar of the flowers, its habitation should be in character, and so it is. Shaped like a half cup, it is delicately formed of lichens colored like the branch on which it is fixed, and lined with the soft down of plant-blossoms, of mullein-leaves, or the young fern. It is delicately soft, sheltered, and undistinguishable from the bark of the tree, of which it seems a most natural excrescence—a moss-grown knot. Two white eggs, as large as peas, adorn the nest, upon which, as asserted by some naturalists, the cock and hen sit by turns for ten or twelve days.

TREATMENT OF THE AGED.

A little thoughtful attention, how happy it makes the old! They have outlived most of the friends of their early youth. How lonely their hours! Often their partners in life have long filled silent graves; often their children they have followed to the tomb. They stand solitary, bending on their staff, waiting till the same call shall reach them. How often they must think of absent lamented faces; of the love which cherished them, and the tears of sympathy that fell with theirs, now all gone! Why should not the young cling around and comfort them cheering their gloom with songs and happy smiles?