The Family Circle.

OUR CHILD'S WEDDING.

The wedding guests have left us now, The house is silent grown, The bridal flowers are dying fast, And we are sad and lone. We think of her so far away,
We miss our darling's voice,
The gentle step, the silvery laugh That made our hearts rejoice.

I seek her room-last time I went Her arms were round me twined— The bridal veil, the wither'd wreath Of orange flowers I find; These tell me that our only one Hath left our home and hearth To travel by her husband's side Life's steep and narrow path.

There lie the books she left behind, In each her maiden name: 'Tis strange to think my child will now Another title claim. I sit and muse upon the past:

It seems but yesterday That she—a tiny, helpless babe— Upon my bosom lay.

And now my darling leans her head Upon another's breast, In other ears her inmost thoughts Are lovingly confest.

Her spouse hath won the nobler right shelter her from ill; While matron duties, hopes, and cares, Her tender soul shall fill.

'Tis harder far to part with her Than human tongue can tell Yet I'm content to give her up To him who loves her well; For he is worthy of our child;
And, though she loves him best,
I know her parents still will keep A place within her breast.

O, Lord, we pray, protect and guide Our son and daughter both; Help them in sorrow and in joy To keep their marriage troth, Bless them with faith in Christ Thy Son, That, when this life is o'er,
Their happy, ransom'd souls may dwell
With Thee for evermore.

DORA.

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. Mrs. W. was quite used to such requests, for she was almost as good as a doctor, and was very glad to be of service to her neighbors. As she put on her hood and shawl, her daughter Mary started for hers, saying, with a determined tone, "I'am going too, moth-

"Why, no, Mary!" answered her mother. "Your father is out, and I dare not leave this blazing open-fire with no one to watch it. You need not be afraid; all the house is locked, and nothing can harm you. I shall

be home very soon."
"O, mothler," cried Mary, "I can't stay alone! Don't make me; I shall stay alone! be frightened to death."

Mrs. Went worth looked annoyed.
"O, Mary," said she, "at fourteen
years old, you ought not to be such a coward. Mag.gie," continued she, turning to her is she stood anxiously

waiting, "Cain you stay with Mary? "Y-yes mal'am, if you can't go without," replied Maggie, though it was a sore trial, for she wanted to be with dear little Willie.

"Then I'll leave you here," said Mrs. Wen tworth, hastily quitting the room; and soon the sound of her quick footsteps on the frozen ground died away in the distance. The pleasant firelight still flickered on the wall, and the room looked cheery as before, when the two girls sat down together; by it Maggie's face was anxious, and Mary looked uneasy. She was ashamed of keeping Maggie, yet afraid to let

her go.
"I can't help it," said Mary at last, as if somebody had been blaming her; "I'm so timid."

"What are you afraid of, when you are alone?" asked Maggie.

"O, everything! I'm afraid there's a man in the closet, or else up-stairs under the bed. I keep thinking I hear | possessions is the richer." a sound, and I don't dare to look over my shoulder. All the dreadful stories I have read come to me. O, I shouldn't dare tell you—all about ghosts and robbers. I should go into a fit, if I was all alone in the house after dark."

"Why, the dark can't hurt you," said Maggie. "And what makes you read dreadful stories?"

"O, I like them!" answered Mary, with a shudder. "I will read them, if

they do scare me." "But that is wrong," said Maggie.

"I don't think it pleases God." "Why, ghost stories are not wick-

ed," said Mary. Well, I'm sure it's wicked for you to read them, if they hurt you so," answered good little Maggie. "And Mary," added she, lowering her voice, "you know God is close by always; enough to take care of us? Why, I Bill Marcy who used to live in South-God; but now, if there's any danger, I just whisper some little prayer, and I feel as safe."

"Why, do you pray to be kept safe ghosts, and I never think about robbers. No robber ever was in our plied that he had a familiar countenhouse, or yours either. As for ghosts, it's a great deal more likely that there him by name.

"My name is Jack Smith,' answerare good angels watching over us. 'The angel of the Lord encampeth ed the backwoodsman, 'and we used

'Hush my dear, lie still and slumber, Holy angels guard thy bed.'" At last she said, "I never thought of suppose?"

know my fears are silly. "Mother says nothing that troubles | broke in: us is too small to pray about," replied |

"Hush!" said Mary, starting up and You was always a smart lad at school, turning pale, "what's that?" There and I knew that you would come to was indeed a heavy sound of something falling on the floor of the room above. Even Maggie looked startled. They and opinion, but told him that politilistened; there was a shuffling noise, and then silence again.

mother told you," said Maggie, "so | Southport?" nobody can have got in. I'm going to the mantel as she spoke.

a step."

"But you need not go, I will go alone. It is only something fallen on

the floor. Still Mary would neither go herself

cheerful tones, as she came near the so well satisfied with his. house, and the girls rushed out to meet

"O, mother!" said Mary, hardly waiting to hear about Willie, "there's been an awful noise up-stairs."

"Well, what was it?" asked Mrs. W. "O, we don't know. Just think! Maggie wanted to go up and see; but would not let her.

Mrs. Wentworth did not speak She took the lamp from the table and went up-stairs, followed close by Maggie and Mary. All was quiet as they entered the chamber; but in the middle of the floor lay Mary's great birdcage, the door open; and the bird gone!

"O, my darling Brownie, where are you?" cried Mary in distress. They searched the room, but found no Brownie. Holding the lamp down close to the door, Mrs. Wentworth saw ust outside, a little yellow feather.

"Ah! the cat has been here," said she. She ran up the attic stairs, and there, indeed, crouched the cat in a to good conduct by a desire of pleasing, corner. Close by, lay little Brownie's rather than the fear of offending? which he used to take sugar from Mary's lips and seeds from her hand, and out of which rippled such merry songs. Mary burst into tears, and her mother could have cried, too, she had loved the sunny little creature so much. With heavy hearts, they went back into the chamber.

"I never knew the cat to come up here before," said Mrs. Wentworth. easy-chair, and pushed against the means of Brownie's death."

self to sleep, she prayed the Lord that sleep for the night, you take his hand she might "trust Him and fear no and say:—"My son, you have been evil." For she saw that she could never be a sensible and useful woman happy to see you so kind and obedient. till she overcame her foolish fears. Congregationalist.

HOW MUCH MAKES A MAN RICH.

"To be rich," said Mr. Marcy, formerly Secretary of State, "requires ate tone, you say, "Good-night, my only a satisfactory condition of the dear son," he leaves the little room 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

To illustrate this idea, Mr. Marcy related the following anecdote: "While I was Governor of the State of New York," said he, "I was called upon one morning at my office by a rough specimen of a backwoodsman, who stalked in, and commenced conversation by inquiring 'if this was Mr. Marcy?

"I replied that that was my name. "'Bill Marcy?' said he. I nodded

"'Used to live in Southport, didn't

"I answered in the affirmative, and began to feel a little curious to know driving at.

"'That's what I told 'em,' cried the backwoodsman, bringing his hand down on his thigh with tremendous lay your hand upon the glass, and by thousand times more magnificent than and isn't He strong enough and kind force; 'I told 'em you was the same the scratch of your finger, or by the the boasted patrimonies of earth. Janet realized how near she was to the was afraid, too, till I trusted myself to | port, but they wouldn't believe it, and Albany to come and see you, and find character, which, when once touched other treasures, he may well add this willing and ready to appear before her don't you, Bill?

changed since then, and you have be- consequence of crime. It effects can- effect thee? The wealth that is lost,

trusting such little things to God. II "I shook my head, and was going to contradict that impression, when he

"'O! yes you are; I know you are Maggie. "She says we ought to carry rich; no use denying it. You was our religion in to our dress and our Comptroller for-for a long time; and eating and our reading and our plays, the next time we heard of you, you and that they'll all be pleasanter if we were Governor. You must have a do. We ought to try to please God, heap of money, and I am glad of itand trust Him about every little thing." | glad to see you getting along so smart something.

"I thanked him for his good wishes cal life did not pay so well as he imagined. 'I suppose,' said I 'fortune "The house is all locked up, your has smiled upon you since you left

"'O! yes,' said he; 'I hain't got see what it is." She took a lamp from nothing to complain of. I must say I've got along right smart. You see, "No, indeed, Maggie Ray," gasped shortly after you left Southport, our Mary, seizing the lamp. "I won't go whole family moved up into Vermont, whole family moved up into Vermont, and put right into the woods, and I reckon our family cut down more all a delusion. The old man was unother in the whole State.'

nor let Maggie leave her. They sat thing of it. How much do you condown again and waited for Mrs. Wentsider yourself worth?" I asked, feeling "I have tried," he said, "to serve

"'Well,' he replied, 'I don't know exactly how much I am worth; but I think, (straightening himself up,) if all my debts were paid, I should be worth three hundred dollars clean cash! And he was rich, for he was satisfied."

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. There are two great motives influencing human actions-hope and fear. Both of these are at times necessary. But who would not prefer to have her child influenced wings and the poor little beak with a mother never expresses her gratification when her children do well, and is always censuring them when she sees anything amiss, they are discouraged and unhappy. They feel that it is useless to try to please. Their dispositions become hardened and soured by this ceaseless fretting, and at last, finding that whether they do well or ill, they are equally found fault with, they relinquish all efforts to please, 'We never allow her up-stairs. She and become heedless of reproaches. must have stood on the back of that But let a mother approve of her child's conduct whenever she can. Let her cage till she got it off the nail. The reward him for his efforts to please, by door would fly open when it fell, and smiles and affection. In this way she there comes the judgment. O, what then I suppose she chased him till he will cherish in her child's herrt some eternal gain, to have Christ for our was tired out. O, Mary, if you had of the noblest and most destrable feel- advocate then!—Sunday School Times. only let Maggie come up, as she want- ings of our nature. She wil cultivate ed to, sne could have saved him. It in him an amiable disposition and a is your cowardice that has been the cheerful spirit. Your child has been through the day very pleasant and That night, as poor Mary cried her- obedient. Just before putting him to very good to-day. It makes me very God loves children who are dutiful to their parents, and he promises to make them happy." This approbation from his mother is to him a great reward. And when, with a more than affectionwith his heart full of feeling. And when he closes his eyes for sleep, he duty.—The Mother at Home.

PURITY OF CHARACTER. apricot there grows a bloom and a Saviour in heaven; One that died beauty more exquisite than the fruit for him and washed him from his sins itself—a soft delicate flush that over- in his own blood; his righteous Advospreads its blushing cheek. Now if cate ever interceding for him. He has you strike your hand over that, and a Holy Spirit who has taken up his it is once gone, it is gone forever, for abode in that polluted heart to make it never grows but once. The flower it angelic, spotless and perfect. The with dew-arrayed as no queenly celebrated the day of his conversion woman ever was arrayed with jewels once shake it, so that the beads roll off, and you may sprinkle water over it and they are waiting to convey him as you please, yet it can never be made to paradise. All the saints in the light again what it was when the dew fell of heaven wait for him, that they may silently upon it from heaven! On a know him and love him. He has prowho my visitor was, and what he was frosty morning you may see the panes mises more in number than it is possimountains, lakes, and trees, blended all the money in the world could not to watch every movement of her mothin a beautiful, fantastic picture. Now buy it. He has an inheritance ten warmth of the palm, all the delicate Everlasting life is his. His diseased confines of another world. She spoke tracery will be obliterated in So there body shall be fashioned like unto gently to her of the great change that I promised the next time I came to is in youth a beauty and purity of Christ's glorious body. To all his awaited her, and asked her if she felt out for sartin. Why, you know me, and defiled, can never be restored; a treasure—contentment. fringe more delicate than frostwork, "I didn't exactly like to ignore his and which, when torn and broken, will thine earthly wealth has taken to itself mother, and tried to speak; but it was from ghost and robbers, Maggie?" "I didn't exactly like to ignore his and which, when torn and broken, will thine earthly wealth has taken to itself mother, and tried to speak; but it was "Well, no; but if I was afraid of acquaintance altogether, but for the never be re-embroidered. A man who wings and flown. Perhaps some great impossible. She then made a sign them. I should. I don't believe in life of me I couldn't recollect ever has spotted and soiled his garments in man has looked disdainfully upon that she could write. Her mother imlife of me I couldn't recollect ever has spotted and solice in garments in man has looked discalled in the had a familiar counter. The white again, can never wholly has been frustrated. Thou has met paper. Feebly her fingers grasped ance, but that I was not able to call do it, even were he to wash them with with ingratitude. Some dear friend the pencil, and traced distinctly but his tears. When a young man leaves has fallen from thee. Some loved one one word, "unworthy." Closing her his father's house, with the blessing of has died. Some disease has taken eyes a moment, her head fell back mother's tears still wet upon his fore-hold of thee. Well, these things upon the pillow; but at once a heaven-The angel of the Lord encampeth en the backwoodsman, and we used into the lord encampeth en the backwoodsman, and we used into the lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, you to go to school together, thirty years nead, in he once loses that he can in losing these they lose their all. But again seized the pencil, and wrote old Southport. Well, times have never make whole again. Such is the why should the loss of such things "Jesus Christ."

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.

You never saw her fling a book With force upon the ground; And rush, with bonnet by the string, And ringlets all unbound. You never heard impetuous words

Of anger from her lips,
Nor felt the sting of furious blows
Dropped from her finger tips, And would you know the reason why? She is a Christian child, And knows, if she would please her Lord, She must be meek and mild.

Sweet, pleasant words she always speaks, And gentle are her ways; O, beautiful my Nellie is, And happy all her days.

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 trees and cleared more land than any learned, and could not confute him by reasoning, but he used the simple logic "'And so you have made a good of a true Christian's heart, and there

worth, who did not come for an hour. a little curious to know what he con- my God for more than fifty years, and "Willie is better!" she called in sidered a fortune, as he seemed to be have found sweet enjoyment in His service. It has been a sure support and comfort in every trouble and sorrow. Now, if it is all a delusion, what have I lost?"

The man had no answer for him. Well he knew that his boasted reasoning would never afford a solace to the heart when the storm beat and the floods rose round it.

"But if religion is true," continued the old man, "what have you lost?" And well might he ask that question, and well would it be for that scoffer, if he would ponder it deeply. He had lost his immortal soul if he

persisted in his unbelief. "My religion has made me happy in this life," said the old man, "and when I come to the end of it, I expect to be happier still. What have I lost

by being a Christian?" There was never yet an infidel death bed made happy by its boasted philo sophy. In that solemn hour, when the soul stands face to face with its Creator, it knows how vain are all cloaks it may seek to throw over it, to hide itself from His all-seeing eye. Sometimes the proud heart mails itself in a calm exterior, that the world may not witness its agony; but oftener the anguish of despair masters every other feeling, and the hearts that are nearest and dearest are wrung with ten-fold grief, as they must stand by helplessly, while the poor lost soul

Rayes round the walls of her clay tenement, Runs to each avenue and shricks for help, But shrieks in vain.

O, it were worth a lifetime of crossbearing here, to gain the victory over death alone. But after death we know

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.

first instance to Joshua; not because he was Joshua, but because he was abeliever; and it is valid for every believer.

The believer is to be content with

such things as he has. "Behold Lazarus at the gate of the rich man, his body full of sores, without food, shelter, friends. Is he to be content with such things as he has? He has nothing." Yes, he has something. Let us try to take an inventory. He will resolve always to try to do his has a Father in heaven, upon the p'r'aps I's too old. Glory to God! I'll throne of thrones, possessing all wealth and exercising all power; forgetting Himself will teach me. Good-by, Tilhim never, and making all the vicissitudes and severities of life conduce to Over the beauty of the plum and his ultimate unspeakable good. He has that hangs in the morning, impearled angels of heaven are his friends; they with songs of transport; they hold his | bear fruit unto everlasting life. crippled limbs, so that he does not fall; of glass covered with landscapes | ble to count, and each so precious that

Why art thou east down? Perhaps

thee is a very insignificant being in a dying Saviour's love, she stood before the presence of certain friends of the Judge. It was a crumpled slip thine. If thou losest a friend of earth, of paper, with three words almost thou hast thousands of glorious ones | illegibly traced upon it, yet the wealth who will never fail thee. Thou hast a of India could not buy that sacred throne prepared for thee in a region legacy; "unworthy," "Jesus Christ." where no sickness is, where death What humility, what sense of sin, never comes. Thou hast Christ with what faith, what trust in a Saviour's all his unsearchable riches. Wilt thou merits! yet mourn because of the crumbs that have fallen from thy table?

It is in vain we talk of the unsearchable riches of Christ, if we greatly bewail the disasters of time. How shall the world ever learn that Christ is to us precious, if we are not content with such things as we have in the world, be they no matter how few, how mean? -Bowen's Daily Meditations.

"I DIES FREE!"

An old, dilapidated farm-house in little town in Georgia, long since deserted by the owners, stood desolately by the roadside. Weeds grew rankly the household defaced, the sacred altars of home were forever broken up.

The night had fallen, and it came used to it. down like a pall upon blight and death. There were no cheerful sounds along that deserted road. The voice of laughter had vanished—the sound The seeds of grasses and the taller of a child's merry song was a thing of summer flowers, and the elders, the past.

Suddenly, in the midst of the thick gloom that covered the forsaken house, a light was seen to glimmer, and presently a dark form passed before the uncurtained window over the hall. They were not all gone, then, the in-

mates of that lonely house.

In one corner of the room, which was very large, and nearly bare of furniture, laid a withered old negress, who seemed to have just escaped the jaws of death, for she was fearfully emaciated: Standing at the window, near the feeble light, was a young girl

"Tildy!" cried a trembling voice.

it. Heaps o' soldiers here when I was keep at work all the time. took sick."

"Yes, aunty; dey's gone, though."
"An' whar's your folks?"

"Dey's gone, too." "An' why's you here, chile?" "O! I'se here to take care o' you."

"What! an' let all de oders go to freedom? "We's all free now, aunty; don't

make no difference. Couldn't leave you to die, no how."

you all you needs in dis life, and ternal joy in de life to come," murmured golden crests, and the emphatic, busiwell as fast as I can, chile; an' we'll drift leisurely along from tree to tree. both go whar de rest is gone."

Long, weary days passed, until, at ast, old aunty set out, leaning upon Tildy's arm, a stout stick in one hand, and so she hobbled along. But she had over-estimated her strength. On the third morning the sunken cheek This promise was addressed in the and glazed eye told that her hours were numbered.

"Tildy," she said, "I's going where you can't lead me no more. I's tried to keep up, chile; but de ole heart's worn out. But glory to de blessed Lord an' Saviour, I dies free! Tell every body that ever asks for the ole woman that she died free. You's young, Tildy; you's going where they'll look out for your soul, and p'r'aps learn you to read de blessed Scriptur'. That's all I wented, but read His Word in heaven, an'de Master dy; I dies free!" and with one joyous look heavenward, the tried soul went home.— Watchman and Reflector.

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 are fed with the sweets of flowers from that the seeds of God's word were sown in her heart, and were springing up to

This beloved child was brought down with diphtheria in its most malignant form, and human aid seemed powerless. From the first, Janet had been unable to speak without great effort, and at last it was impossible for her to articulate at all; but she seemed er, as she moved about her sick bed.

Mrs. L--- felt anxious to know if gently to her of the great change that Judge and Saviour. The suffering girl fixed her eyes tenderly on her

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come."

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. The chickadee is never so lively as in clear cold weather. When the thermometer is fifteen degrees below zero, it in the once cultivated garden, through shows by its beheavior that it is pretty which here and there a bright flower cold. On such a morning I have seen looked out, as sometimes a star shines a small flock of them on the sunny through the thick interlacing of forest side of a thick hemlock, rather quiet, trees. The fields had been trampled with ruffled feathers, like balls of grey by thousands of horses' hoofs, the fur, waiting, with an occasional chirp, fences were destroyed, the rooms of for the sun's rays to begin to warm them up; a little sober, perhaps, but ready, if the cold continued, to get

What do they eat? Our merciful Father does not leave the earth bare. There is food enough and to spare. birches, and maples, furnish supplies that the cold and snow don't destroy; also the buds of various trees and shrubs, for the buds do not first come in spring, as some people think; they are buds all winter. There are insects, too. A sunny nook any time during the winter will show you a variety of two-winged flies and several kinds of spiders, often in great numbers, and as brisk as ever. Then in the crevices of the tree-bark and dead wood there must be something nice to be had, judging from the activity of the chickadees and gold-crests, and their associates. In winter no mischief can be done; there is no fruit to steal. "Hi! aunty; you's sensible, now." Nothing can be destroyed now except the farmer's enemies; yet the birds

Winter, too, is favorable to sociability among birds, as among people. The chickadee, the golden-crested wren, the white-breasted nut-hatch, and the downy woodpecker form a little winter clique. You do not often see one of the members without one or more of the others. No sound in nature is more cheery than the calls of a little troop of this kind, echoing through the woods on a still, sunny day in "De Lord bless you; de Lord give winter the lively chatter of the chickadee, the slender, contented pipe of the the old negress, with a sob. "I'll git ness-like hank of the nut-hatch, as they -Child's Paper.

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, unsullied 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 plantblossoms, 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 mossgrown 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.

The little birds, scarcely larger than flies, enter upon their existence in a chamber tapestried as with velvet, and the maternal tongue. The tiny household exhibits not only a commendable neatness, but exquisite taste and delicacy in all its arrangements. Can gentle humanity derive no lesson from such an example?

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?

SAINTS are not so much afraid of suffering as they are of sinning; in suffering, the offense is done to us, but in sinning, the offense is done to God.

Holy angels guard thy bed."

Mary sat silent looking into the fire:

Note the fire sat silent looking into the fire:

Note the fire sat silent looking into the fire sat I AM no more surprised that some