Sue Kamily Gircle.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

A SERMON. BY JEAN INGELOW.

"Behold! I stand at the door and knock." See here! it is the night! it is the night! And snow lies thickly—white, untrodden snow And the wan moon upon a casement shines—
A casement crusted o'er with frosty leaves,
That make her rays less bright along the floor.
A woman sits, with hand upon her knees:
Poor, tired soul! And she has nought to do; For there is neither fire nor candle light. The driftwood ash lies cold upon her hearth; The rushlight flicker'd down an hour ago. Her children wail a little in their sleep For cold and hunger: and, as if that sound Was not enough, another comes to her Over God's undefiled snow-a song-Nay, never hang your heads-I say, a song.

And doth she curse the ale house, and the sots That drink the night out, and their earnings And drink their manly strength and courage

down, And drink away the little children's bread, And drink away the fittle conturen's bread, And starve her: starving by the self-same act Her tender suckling, that with piteous eyes Looks in her face till scarce she has heart To work and earn the scanty bit and drop That feed the others?

Does she curse the song I think not, countrymen; I have not heard Such women curse. God's curse is curs

To morrow she will say a bitter thing, Pulling her sleeve down lest the bruises show A bitter thing, but meant for an excuse—
"My master is not worse than many men."
But now, aye, now she sitteth dumb and still; No food, no comfort; cold and poverty

How long, how long? When troubles come of God,

When men are frozen out of work, when wiver Are sick, when working fathers fail and die, When boats go down at sea—then nought behooves

Like patience; but for troubles wrought of men Patience is hard—I tell you, it is hard.

"Now woe is me! I think there is no sun; My sun is sunken, and the night grows dark;
None care for me,
And I have none; and nought can comfort me Even if the heavens were free to such as I, It were not much, for death is long to wait, And heaven is far to go."
And speakest thou thus

Despairing of the sun that sets to thee, And of the earthly love that wanes to thee, And of the heaven that lieth far from thee? Peace, peace, poor soul! One draweth near

thy door Whose footsteps leave naprint across the snow Thy sun has risen with comfort in his face, The smile of heaven, to warm thy frozen hear, And bless with saintly hand. What i is it long To wait and far to go? Thou shalt not go; Behold, across the snow to thee He comes, Thy heaven descends, and is it long to wait? Thou shalt not wait: "This night, this night,"

"I stand at the door and knock."

O, woman! pale for want, dost thou not know That on thy lot much thought is spent in heaven; And, coveting the heart a hard man broke. One standeth patient, watching in the night, And waiting in the daytime?

What shall be If thou wilt answer? He will smile on thee; One smile of His shall be enough to heal The wound of man's neglect; and He will sigh, Pitying the trouble which that sigh shall cure; And Hewill speak—speak in the desolate night, In the dark night: "For me a thorny crown Men wove, and nails were driven in my hands And feet: there was an earthquake, and I died; I died, and am alive forevermore. I died for thee; for thee I am alive, And my humanity doth mourn for thee, For thou art mine and all thy little ones. They, too, are mine, are mine. Behold, the

house Is dark, but there is brightness where the sone Of God are singing; and behold, the hear. Is troubled, yet the nations walk in white; They have forgotten how to weep; and thou Shalt also come, and I will foster thee And satisfy thy soul; and thou shelt warm. Thy trembling life beneath the smile of God. A little while, and I will comfort thee; I go away, but I will come again!"

DILLY-DALLY.

Dilly-dally had read a good deal that is to say, she had begun a host of books. She could tell you all about the first chapter or so of the "Rollo Books;" she had made the acquaintance of one of "The Seven Little Sisters;" she had looked into "The dreams, but without her shoes and Magician's Show-Box;" she had become entangled in "Tanglewood Tales;" the "Memoirs of a London shopping nor mantua making while Doll" came very near conquering her: she had bidden adieu to Onristian at the House Beautiful, and had given Robinson Crusce the cut long before Friday appeared to parry it; and she had left Cinderella at the door of the ball-room. It is true, she fully intended to pursue Rollo to the world's end; she had dreamed about Cinderella all one night, and had been heard to say that the step-sisters deserved a box with five nails in it; she had carried Christian's burden every step of the way, and had quaked with Crusoe over the mysterious footprints; but was her luncheon-basket to pack, which she had always said, "I will finish this to-morrow," or, "I mean to read the rest of that when I get time," or, When I have romped a little with Freddie, or tried on the new hat I am making for Rosa, I will see who answered the bell at the 'House Beautiful." And so it came about that the at large, and rush over to Fanny things she was always going to do somehow never were done. Dilly-dally had the dearest little

work-basket, that stood on straw legs of its own, and was just at her elbow whenever she wanted to use it; it was gone just one moment! Birds and bronze and gold color, braided in a brooks and harmshare and wide per verses. They are, you see, a little this to be true. And there was not boat, saying bronze and gold color, braided in a brooks and haymakers, and wide perquaint and curious pattern. No one fumed fields and bowers of oak-leaves them thoughtlessly—he felt every manly stand taken by Charlie, and apthem thoughtlessly—he felt every manly stand taken by Charlie, and apthem thoughtlessly—he felt every manly stand taken by Charlie, and apthem thoughtlessly—he felt every manly stand taken by Charlie, and apknew exactly what it contained, fumed fields and bowers of oak-leaves although it was pretty full, till one day all lost in that one moment! it was upset and the contents dispersed all over the carpet. Everybody of course scrambled to find and pick them little squandered minute was all you up, and thus were brought to light a needed to reach the station in time. host of unfortunate articles that had Can you tell whereabouts you lost it? vainly been awaiting the finishing Was it at Fanny Gray's, or tucking touch for six months or more. There Rosa into bed?" was a doll's hat, the crown hanging by "Perhaps so," murmured the finding Freddie playing horse in the luncheon, instead!"

allowed herself to be put into harness, who had been travelling in South and the hat to be laid upon the shelf, America brought her a present of two so to speak. There was a doll's dress | beautiful cardinal-birds, whose bright, half sewed on the waist, another record eager eyes seemed mightily inquisitive A day of anguish, grief, and fear,of delay; there lay a rag-baby losing concerning the new state of things, and flesh, or sawdust rather, daily, from a who sat all day bunched up on their ghastly hole in one foot, the result of perch, while one would new and then turn over a new leaf, like its mistress; not birds bewitched. Dilly-dally took a spool bag that had never fulfilled its great pleasure in watching them. they destiny; a Zouave with one arm and had such pretty ways of pluming themno legs; a soldier's sock down at the selves, such brilliant scarlet crowns, heel in every sense, the yarn having with half-handkerchiefs of the same been broken off and entangled wofully color coming down in a peak on their with a skein of blue sewing-silk and a breasts; and she wished a hundred mass of pink crochet-cotton, backed times that they would sing "just as if by the germ of a crocheted mat. There they were at home, and nothing had was a cotton-flannel rabbit with one happened." eye; a book-mark that would probably never mark anything but Dilly-dally's sad habit; a velvet butterfly impaled South," said her mother. on the passive needle, looking as if it had just burst from the crysalis, and and see if he will sing in your rosehad lost a wing in the struggle; a pincushion that seemed likely to turn itself inside out; the skeleton of a cardboard cradle; and a pen-wiper merely cut and invited one of the cardinals to a out. You may imagine what she had promenade, or, in oird language, to a to endure on the event of that catas wing. The poor bird looked askance trophe-how they all laughed and at the open door, put out his head, joked about these unfinished articles, took a bird's eye view of the location, and how she tried to defend herself by after the manner of one who has "seen saving that Fanny Gray came in just the world," and flew into the nearest desire; and Charlie is a Christian. as she was getting on nicely with the plant with one wild trill of melody, He loves to pray. He has been rebutterfly—that she was just going to like a fountain in the air. A ray of sew up the hole in the rag-doll's foot sunlight burnished the green leaves away—that the hat had gone quite out | motion shook down the perfume that | He is really a beautiful example in his of fashion—and as for the cradle, nestles no one knows where. Rosa had grown too old to use one: all of which excuses did not mend matters, for her mother said, "I bought you on the geranium some time. "Puss

this pretty basket, my dear, in hopes may happen in." it would make you industrious; but now that you have used it so ill, I shall take it away until every article begun here is well finished." And Dilly dally cried herself into a headache, a favorite custom of hers whenever she meant to have her own up a belief in liberty, now spread its way, and one which she had too often | wings, whirred across the room, alightfound successful not to be overcome ed one instant on the old time-piece, as with dismay when it proved no longer few more lessons in the tactics of adversity to effect a reform in her habits. Dilly dally was invited one day to a grand picnic; they were to get into the cars for a few minutes, when they would suddenly find themselves transported, as if by witchcraft, out of the gray city, into the most delightful country side, where the blue sky was

offered as cool and beautiful a retreat as any Gothic palace. She was to go, and what would she not enjoy! A She would hear the birds sing, free and bold, not at all like the poor old blind canary, who always sang a little as if he expected some one to clap him; she would see the brooks that were always running away from home, and seemed in such a hurry to get down hill and to take short cuts across the fields, - her hands. the merry brooks, that always laughed, no matter what fell out, and that the loudest when the day was darkest and the way stoniest,—the brooks that were like "traps to catch sunbeams." O yes! and the air would be fragrant with clover and wild-rose; and the reapers would be out in the meadows cutting the long grasses and setting free the hived-up odors; and, O ecstasy! she would wear her new pink lawn! I don't dare to tell how long she lay awake thinking about it all, nor how late she awoke in the morning, having gone to the picnic in her stockings. It is due to her to say, however, that she neither engaged in dressing; but, overhearing a whisper to the effect that her kitten had caught its first mouse, she could not forbear to throw on her wrapper and steal down the back stairs to pat the kitten for her wonderful exploit; and once there, puss must have some milk as due desert, and cook declared she must wait till it was skimmed; and then, as the cook was picking over berries for preserves, she must assist sufficently to stain her hands and spill a dishful over her spick-and-span skirts. And when she was all dressed anew, there her mother had directed her to ask which Dilly-dally had put off doing till to-morrow; then, at the last moment she must run up stairs for her sunshade, and, on her way, tuck Rosa into bed for fear she would come to grief if left

"I am very sorry for you," said her by giving him His g mother, when she returned; "that one him a little believer.

Gray's to see if Fanny's mother was

really going to be so cruel as to keep

her at home. And when at length she

arrived at the station, it was plain that

the cars, as well as time and tide,

waited for nobody—they had been

just two stitches, from which a long contrite Dilly-dally; "but I think it thread still dangled, precisely as she was lost last night, where I played at had left it, when, losing her needle, catch a minute in the hall, when you she had gone to beg another, and, had sent me for Bridget to pack my

nursery with a string and a chain, | Some time after this, a gentleman

"They miss their freedom among the magnolia and oleander trees of the

"O, but mayn't I let one of them out, geranium tree?"

So she carried the cage to the flowerstand, and opened the tiny wire door, that Rosa didn't need the dress right and his scarlet vest, while his nervous

> "Put him back into the cage now," said her mother, after he had picnicked

"In a minute," replied Dilly dally. "You had better not delay."

"A minute can't make much difference, mamma."

But as she spoke, the bird—having by short flights from plant to plant got if to signify, "We are both of a piece, available. Nevertheless, she needed a Time and I: that is to say, we fly, we elude you "—gave one farewell chirrup, and sailed boldly out at a window that had been left open—the very window Dilly-dally had been told to close some time before, and in delaying had forgotten about. Dilly-dally saw him glance along in the sun, take breath on a neighborhood spire, heard him drop her a merry rondeau, and from that endless, as well as the green pasture day to this their acquaintance has lands, and where groves of oak trees ceased; his deserted mate grew melan choly, refused to eat, and so one day dropped off her perch.

When the gentleman who had brought them came to hear about it all, he said to Dilly-dally, "Would you like a parrot?"

"O, so much, sir!"

"A parrot of splendid plumage, a parrot that can learn to talk?" "O, how nice!" cried she, clapping

A parrot that will sing, if you don't take care," he continued,

"'Cruel, cruel Dilly-dally,
To treat me so, to treat me so!"

Dilly-dally was silent.
"Very well," said he, "I, am going back to South America to-morrow. shall be gone twelve months; when I come home, if you have lost the name of Dilly-dally, then you shall have just such a parrot; otherwise, you know, I should be afraid you would neglect to feed him."

"I will try," she promised, hanging

her head. "You see," he yent on to say, "I am in a way responsible for its well-being. I bring it hundreds of miles away from its country and kind; for the gay forest of the South, I give it solitary shall enjoy all the little privileges to which a prisoner is entitled; that it shall have a careful jailer, who will never dilly-dally about providing it with figs and apples."

The twelve months have not yet passed, and I have to record the comarticles contained in her forfeited workbasket, among which is the butterfly, developed into a Purple Emperor, while the invalid doll has been at the needle-cure, and is now as buxom as

THE LITTLE BOY'S PRAYER.

word; and God answered the prayer prove his decisions in their hearts,

Lord, look upon a little child, By nature sinful, rude, and wild; O put thy gracious hands on me, And make me all I ought to be.

Make me thy child, a child of God; Washed in my Saviour's precious blood; And my whole soul, from sin set free, A little vessel full of thee.

O Jesus, take me to thy breast, And bless me, that I may be blest; Both when I wake, and when I sleep, Wilt thou my soul in safety keep?

[For the American Presbyterian.] MY NEED MY ONLY CLAIM.

BY MRS. SARAH F. HERBERT.

My husband far away! They ask, "What shall we telegraph? Tell us what words to say."

'I need thee," whispered my pale lips;

day of anguish, grief, and fear,-My Saviour far away! What prayer, what message for the throne The guardian angels say.

Dare not to pray," the tempter cried "God knows thy heart of sin, And sees, nor love, nor hope, nor faith, Nor penitence, within."

I cried, (my heart with anguish rent,— My cold, hard heart of stone,) "Ineed Thee, Lord!" The angels bore My message to the throne. On swiftest wings of joyful haste, My God, my Saviour came, Enfolding me with deathless love;

My need my only claim.

SHALL I GO TO THE OPERA?

Charlie C--- is about sixteen years of age. His parents are considered rich. He has attended the best schools, and has every opportunity for improvement and enjoyment that the son of wealthy parents could | Ancestral homesteads and patrimonial ceived into the church as a member, and reads carefully the Bible, to learn how a young Christian ought to live. daily life for older persons.

This does not make Charlie an home that will never be parted withunpleasant companion. Everybody a home which will be to all whose seems to love him. He is anxious to lives have been associated with it, the make all around him happy. He is most interesting, precious spot on full of innocent fun. He enjoys a earth. I would have that home the good round laugh as well as any little abode of dignity, beauty, grace, love, gentleman that I know. But he is as genial fellowship and happy associatrue to his conscience and the Bible as tions. Out from such a home I would the needle of the compass is to the have good influences flow into neigh-North Pole.

In a large company of young friends, collected one evening at the residence of a gentleman of wealth, a young lady asked him, "if he had been to hear Forrest." She referred to Edwin Forrest, the noted actor, at that time engaged at one of the most popular No money can pay you for such a detheatres of the city.

"O no!" said Charlie. "What! have not heard Forrest?"

"No, never." "Every body hears him."

"I have not." "Why have you not heard him?"

"I do not attend the theatre."

They were anxious to hear how he would come out of the discussion. They were all his companions, very fashionable young people, attended the same church many of them, and it was a trying place for the young protestit is down here! Hardly a ray of missed from the house the Earl offered tant against the theatre. But he stood light comes to me. They tell me it is him a glass of wine with which to his ground without flinching or blush- light and beautiful up above me, and drink the queen's health. It was a ing. He had a reason for his course there is a lovely sky there; but the great temptation, but Donald uttered

"You attend the opera sometimes, do you not?" his elegantly dressed and beautiful questioner continued.

"Never!" was the unhesitating an-

"What objection have you to going? Church members go," continued the young lady, determined not to give the lake, and there lay the little lander could show such Christian over her catechism until she had drawn root, coiled up in its loneliness. But courage, how much more should our Charlie into close quarters.

parents do not approve of my going," other reason to offer. But Charlie did | water was warmer, and she peeped up his own thinking, and worked out the with one eye, and then she nestled conclusion in his own mind from what and felt a strong desire to see the he had seen with his own eyes. He light. So she shot up a long, smooth, were struck with his answer:-

attend the theatre and opera."

It was simply and honestly spoken,

person has been made more generous, sweetest thing he ever saw. more truthful, more beloved of God and man, by attending these places of asked the father. amusement; but it has been recorded that hundreds have fallen into habits of dishonesty, prodigality, and intem- like to see it and smell of it?" lequally as cheerful, as eloquent of to have it?"

speech, as fond of music, certainly as | lovely and pious, without ever entering these places of amusement, which Zion's Herald.

PLEASANT HOMES.

The homes of America will not become what they should be until a true idea of life shall become more widely implanted. The worship of the dollar does more to degrade American homes than anything—than all things else. The chief end of life is to gather gold, and that gold is counted lost which hangs a picture upon the wall, which purchases flowers for the yard, which buys a toy or a book for the eager hand of childhood. Is this the whole of human life? Then it is a mean. meagre, and most undesirable thing. A child will go forth from a stall, glad to find free air and a wider pasture. The influence of such a home upon him in after life, will be just none at all, or nothing good. Thousands are rushing from homes like these every year. They crowd into cities. They crowd into villages They swarm into all places where life is clothed with a higher significance; and the old shell of home is deserted by every bird as soon as it can fly. acres have no sacredness; and when

ence obliterate associations that should be among the most sacred of all things. I would have you build up for yourselves, and for your children, a borhoods. In such a home I would see ambition taking root, and receiving all generous culture. And then would see you young husbands, and young wives, happy. Do not deprive yourselves of such influences as will

the father and mother die, the stran-

ger's money and the stranger's pres-

come through an institution like this. privation. No circumstances but those of utter poverty can justify you in he managed by the help of some friends denying these influences to your children.—Timothy Titcomb.

THE WHITE WATER-LILY.

At the bottom of a mild, dark, The buzz of conversation ceased muddy lake there lay a very small and the good will of the Earl of Cararound the young lady and Charlie root. The mud covered it, the fish lisle, he succeeded. The queen purswam over it, the frogs hid under it, chased some of his wares, and gave and once a great moose actually trod him permission to wear the royal arms

"O dear!" said the little root, talking to itself; "how dark and lonesome heavy purse, but before being disit is down here! Hardly a ray of missed from the house the Earl offered which he was perfectly willing to give. heavy waters lie on me and press me silent prayer, and then bravely said: down. Nobody ever thinks of me, or ever knows that I live. I am a poor, wine, but I will drink it in water." useless thing. I can't communicate

one. I might as well not be."

when the spring had returned, and Now, Charlie might have very natu- the snows were gone, and the ice had as a young person would, if he had no green, the little root felt that the might have said that he had heard beautiful stem, till it reached the top subjects, and said to him, "What is that the influence of such places was of the lake. But when she attempted your employment?" He said, "I am anything but good; that many young to draw it in again, she found it would a blacksmith." "Go home," said he, that, in intrusting it to your care, it persons were ruined by them; that not come. But instead of that, a little "and make me a chain of such a very vile persons, as well as those that | bud grew on the end of the stem. She | length." He went home; it occupied were respectable, attended them; that called, but the bud gave no answer; it him several months, and he had no the character of play-actors was said only swelled, and grew larger and wages all the time he was making it. to be very bad; that many of the pop- larger; and the rains fell on it, and Then he brought it to the monarch, ular plays and operas were decidedly the sun and the moon seemed to smile and he said, "Go and make it twice as immoral; all this he might have said, on it and cheer it, till at last it burst long." He gave him nothing to do it but he had not been over this in his open, full of joy, and found itself the with, but sent him away. Again he passed, and I have to record the completion by Dilly-dally of several of the some older persons heard him, and leaves were of the purest white; while He brought it up again, and the monin its centre was a golden spot, cov- arch said, "Go and make it longer "I have noticed this," said Charlie, ered with down. It lay upon the top still." Each time he brought it, there that the best persons I know—the of the water and basked in the sun— was nothing but the command to make truest Christians—those that are doing a most beautiful object. The root fed it longer still. And when be brought the most good, and are the most active it, and felt that it was really herself, it up at last, the monarch said, "Take in the religious services—never attend though in a new form. The humming- it, bind him hand and foot with it, is becoming so odious to her that I such places. I have also noticed that bird paused over it, and thrust in its and cast him into a furnace of fire." expect daily to see it drop off from her those that do go are not fond of prayer- little bill to suck its sweetness. The These were his wages for making the like an ugly garment, and that she meetings, and are not those found, air all around was made sweet by its chain. Here is a meditation for you

and there was not a word to be said in heard, and the little lily turned round it longer still." Next Sabbath morn-A dear little boy never closed his opposition to it. There was not one, to see what it meant. Just then she ing you will open that shop of yours, eyes at night without repeating these even of that gay company, but knew heard the voice of a little boy in the and put another link on; next Sab-

by giving him His grace and making although few of them might have the him a little believer.

it, and the little boy put out his hand chain; and when you have lived and seized it. The long stem broke twenty more years, the devil will say, It has never been written that one in his hand. It seemed the fairest,

"Now, what will you do with it?"

"I'll look at it and smell of it."

influence of the theatre. One may be think. Would not Jane Irving like when the disease is bad. God apply

"I think she would."

That atternoon poor Jane Irving, who lived in the cottage just under good men, from the beginning of them, the maple-trees, lay on her sick-bed have looked upon as only hurtful.- alone. She was a poor, motherless child. She knew she had the consumption, and must die., She was thinking about the dark, cold grave, and wondering how Christ could ever open it and make her come out. A tear stood in each eye, just as the little boy came to her bedside with the white water-lily.

"Seè here, Jane; I got that away out in the lake, and brought it for you. I thought you would like it."

"Thank you, thank you! It is indeed very beautiful and very sweet. What a long stem! Where did it grow?"

"It grew out of the mud in the bottom of the lake; and this long stem—as long as a man—shows how far down it grew. It was all alonenot another one to be seen. I am glad you like it; but I must go." And away ran the little boy.

Jane held the pure, white flower in her hand; and the good Spirit seemed to whisper in her heart, "Jane, Jane, don't you see what God can do? Don't you see that out of dark, foul mud He can bring out a thing more beautiful than the garments of a queen, and as pure as an angel's wing?—and can't He also from the dark grave raise up your body pure and beautiful and giorious? Can you doubt it?" And then a voice seemed to say, "I am the Resurrection and the Life;" and the heart of the poor child was filled with faith, and the angel of hope wiped away her tears, and the little ily preached of peace and mercy. When it withered, she thanked God that nothing need be useless.—Rev. John Todd, D.D.

DRINK TO THE GLORY OF GOD.

A highlander, a great drunkard, was led to attend a temperance lecture and to take the pledge of total abstinence. It cost him great and fierce struggles to keep it, but he kept it manfully, and not long after the good seed of the word of God sprung up in his reformed heart, and he became a sincere Christian. Not having any settled occupato get a little stock of trinkets and set himself up as a peddler. Happening to travel near Balmoral while the queen was staying there, he bethought him to try to get the queen's patronage, and, by the help of his honest face as the queen's peddler. He left her presence with a happy heart and a "I can not drink the queen's health in

This called forth an explanation; with any one-can't do good to any the Earl commended his reasons, and ne. I might as well not be."

Donald left, thanking God for grace to enable him to "drink to the glory of filled the forest, and the ice covered God." And surely if the poor High-Sunday-school boys stand firm when a New Year's call or the banter of a rally and properly answered, "My melted, and the birds had come, and rude playmate, tempts them to "drink" the forest had put on its mantle of not "to the glory of God."-Sunday School Journal.

A PARABLE. A certain tyrant sent for one of his

will emerge the Pink of Propriety.— laboring in the Sabbath-school, and fragrance. Still it felt that it was of to night, ye servants of the devil! will emerge the Pink of Propriety.— laboring in the Sabbath-school, and fragrance. Still it felt that it was of to night, ye servants of the devil! Your master, the devil, is telling you the reason why I have preferred not to could do something to make others to make a chain. Some of wor have appy.

been fifty years welding the links of the length the splashing of oars was the chain; and he says, "Go and make bath you will be drunk and put an-"O, father, what a beautiful lily! other link on; next Monday you will do a dishonest action; and so you will Then the boat turned slowly toward keep on making fresh links to this off near the root, and the child held it "More links on still!" And then, at last, it will be, "Take him and bind him hand and foot, and cast him into a furnace of fire." "For the wages of sin is death." There is a subject for your meditation. I do not think it "Is there nobody else that would will be sweet; but if God makes it profitable, it will do you good. You perance by yielding to the seductive "I don't know, sir. O! yes; now I must have strong medicine sometimes, it to your hearts.—Spurgeon.