

The Family Circle.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

A SERMON.

BY JEAN INGELW.

"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 woman upon a casement shines—

How long, how long? When troubles come of God, When men are frozen out of work, when wives are sick, when working fathers fail and die,

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 Magician's Show-Box," she had become entangled in "Tanglewood Tales,"

nursery with a string and a chain, allowed herself to be put into harness, and the hat to be laid upon the shelf, so to speak. There was a doll's dress half sewed on the waist, another record of delay; there lay a rag-baby losing flesh, or sawdust rather, daily, from a ghastly hole in one foot, the result of a defect in its constitution that had never been properly remedied; a needle-book, which needed sadly to turn over a new leaf, like its mistress;

Some time after this, a gentleman who had been travelling in South America brought her a present of two beautiful cardinal-birds, whose bright, eager eyes seemed mightily inquisitive concerning the new state of things, and who sat all day bunched up on their perch, while one would now and then moodily pipe a homestead-strain, as though he asked his companion in metre if it were possible that they were not birds bewitched.

[For the American Presbyterian.] MY NEED MY ONLY CLAIM. BY MRS. SARAH F. HERBERT. A day of anguish, grief, and fear,— My husband far away!

speech, as fond of music, certainly as lovely and pious, without ever entering these places of amusement, which good men, from the beginning of them, have looked upon as only hurtful.—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.

"I think she would." That afternoon poor Jane Irving, who lived in the cottage just under the maple-trees, lay on her sick-bed 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.