The Kamily Circle.

COMPLAINT.

River, sparkling river, I have fault to find with thee River, thou dost never give a word of peace to me! Dimpling to each touch of sunshine, wimpling to each

Thou dost make no sweet replying to my sighing for

Flowers of mount and meadow, I have fault to find

So the breezes cross and toss you, so your cups are filled with dew, Matters not though sighs give motion to the ocean of

your breath; Matters not though you are filling with the chilling drops of death

Birds of song and beauty, lo! I charge you all with Though all hopeless passions thrill and fill me, you are

I can borrow for my sorrow nothing that avails From your lonely note, that only speaks of joy that

O! indifference of Nature to the fact of human pain! Every grief that seeks relief entreats it at her hand in

Not a bird speaks forth its passion, not a river seeks Nor a flower from wreathe of Summer breathes in sympathy with me.

O! the rigid rock is frigid, though its bed be summer And the diamond glitters ever in the grasp of change-

less gold;
And the laws that bring the seasons swing their cycles as they must.

Though the ample road they trample blind the eyes vith human dust.

Moons will wax in argent glory, though man wane to hopeless gloom;

Stars will sparkle in their splendor, though he darkle Winds of heaven he calls to fan him ban him with an

And the shifting crowds of clouds go drifting o'er him as they will

Yet within my inmost spirit I can hear an undertone, That by law of prime relation holds these voices as its own,—
The full tonic whose harmonic grandeurs rise through 'Nature's words, From the ocean's thundrous rolling to the trolling of

Spirit, O! my spirit! Is it thou art out of tune? Art thou clinging to December while the earth is in

its June? Hast thou dropped thy part in nature? Hast thou Art thou angry that the anthem will not, cannot, wait

Spirit, thou art left alone alone on waters wild; For God is gone, and Love is dead, and Nature spurns

Thou art drifting in a deluge, waves below and clouds above, And with weary wings come back to thee, thy raven

and thy dove. -From Dr. Holland's Kathrina.

[From the Little Corporal.] MY STEPMOTHER.

[CONCLUDED.] When the carriage stopped, I forgot all about the grace and repose of manner I had been practising the last half hour, and sprang to my feet, and stood, holding Willie fast by the hand, in the middle of the room. Louis gave a little start, and the color flashed up in his sensitive face, and his eyes, with an anxious, wistful look, turned to the door. But to the credit of the family I say it—our oldest brother had become firmly fossilized in his attitude. He did not wink an eyelash, but muttered, with the slightest possible motion of his half-parted lips.

"Sit down, Pattie! Don't spoil it all." Alas! with my usual promptness and efficiency. I had already spoiled it all, for just at that moment the door opened, and they entered-my father and the lady.

"Ah! Pattie," said father, putting his arm around me and stooping to kiss me.

At that I flung my arms passionately around his neck, with a great, choking sob. "Hush, child! don't," he said, soothingly. Then leading me forward, he presented

"Alice," he said, "this is my dear girl, of whom I have talked so much."

The lady raised her veil, took my hand in both of hers, in a caressing kind of way, and kissed me. I stood quite passive, and did not return the salutation.

Then she stooped down and spoke to Willie in such a winning way, that the little fellow, although he clung tightly to me with one hand, lifted the other traitorous little digit and stroked her soft cheek, saying, "Nice girl;" then, frightened and shy, he hid his face in my dress.

The lady was well pleased at this compliment. It was the only one she received during the evening, for Louis did not talk much, and the chief part of Joe's energy had gone to the getting up (perhaps I should also include the getting down) of a tremendous bow, with which he graced the ceremony of introduction. He was somewhat exhausted by this effort, but all through the evening clung to etiquette very much as a drowning man to a straw, and with very much the same practical advantage.

Well, she did brighten up the house that very evening. I can't tell how it was done, but, someway, the fire burned brightly, and the sofa was rolled up before it, and there she sat, with some sort of a scarlet shawl about her, that made a fine bit of coloring, and Willie, (the traitor,) with his head on her lap and his heels in the air, a beautiful

picture of rollicking childhood. But, someway, the refinement and grace of this lady made me, for the first time in my life, painfully conscious that I was a rough, uncouth little girl. All my pride rose up against the discovery. A storm of passion was raging in my heart. I hated her for her pleasant looks and winning ways. She was stealing the love that had been mine. Willie had fallen asleep upon her lap, Louis was eagerly listening to her talk, Joe picked up her handkerchief and brought the sofa pillow, and father-oh! there was no doubt about father's devotion.

I hated her. I wanted to do some desperate thing—to scream, or to go up and strike her. Perhaps you can't understand this feeling, but it is the truth; I felt as if I should die, unless I gave some expression to my passion. I said "good night" long before any one else was ready to retire, and went off alone to my room. I did not pray. The pure, calm words my mother had taught me, were as far off as heaven. My and buried my burning cheeks in the pillows. "O mother! mother! I wish I was dead, and lying still and cold beside you. O my own, own mother!". Then I sobbed and screamed until my strength had spent itself, and I fell asleep.

It is not good to sleep with unrepented anger, or sin of any kind in your heart, for you have to wake up to it in the morning, and take up the burden anew. Oh! it is a hard burden to carry. But I bore it about with me for many days. I do not know what evil spirit possessed me, but I persisted a long time in my undutiful conduct to the new mother. She was certainly one of the kindest, and most lovable, as well as the wisest of women; for I found no occasion for open rebellion, though I sought it dill gently. But I kept up a sort of guerilla warfare, taxing my ingenuity to the utmost to be annoying and although eminently successful in the accompli hment of my noble (?) aim, it did not afford me much gratified any, one else.

Matters had gone on in this way for three weeks, when one day, at dinner, I was guilty of some flagrant act of impertinence, and fa ther sternly sent me from the room. I fold both arms clinging around her neck of ed my napkin very deliberately, taking as mother! mother! much time as possible, and then, putting on an air that I fondly supposed made me look like Madam Roland going to execution, I strutted from the room, overturning a willow my graceful exit. Then I sat down at the piano, which was in the adjoining room, and played "Sweet Home." This exquisite bit of satire not being appreciated by the audience, although I had left the door slight ly ajar, I proceeded to sing the sweet, old melody—even tried some impromptu variation in the provide but no restate was taken. tions in the words; but no notice was taken

fifty miles away. I have found out, since, sorrow that the long years have brought to that this unexpected invitation was the di- me. rect result of my extraordinary musical display; but I did not suspect this at the time, and was delighted with Aunt Fanny's cordial note of invitation.

A less heroic soul than mine would have seeing the new mother so interested about them herself, and consulting my taste, just

as if I had any to consult. I had a nice time at Aunt Fanny's. The weeks went by like birds on the wing, there were always so many things to see, so many ditional surrender. I must give up my old, wild, lawless life, that I loved so well, and be systematized and trained. No, I never, never would. I would not even go home, though sometimes my heart yearned terribly for the old place, and dear Willie and

would have led me in the right way. One day, when Aunt Fanny was absent, went to her work-box for some silk, to mend a tear in my dress. I had taken the thread, and turning to go, my sleeve caught in the box and capsized the contents. And there, among the spools and buttons and hooks and eyes, lay a wide-open letter. I did not mean to read it, but the words were right before my eyes, in father's handwriting: "Willie is better. We have given up hope of Louis. Do not tell Pattie, she must not come." I read no more. I was dizzy; the room turned dark; I felt numb a d cold; but with a kind of mechanical motion I rose, tied on my bonnet and cloak, and walked straight out of the house to the railroad depot. I hardly knew what I did. I felt like walking in a dream. A train had just come in as I entered the depot.

"Is that train going to Marion?" I asked.
The man nodded, carelessly. "Are you very sure about it?"

"Not very. It may run off." "Can you tell me?" I asked of an old genleman. "Won't anybody tell me if that

train is going to Marion?"
"Yes, child," he said kindly; and helped me aboard, and found me a seat, and was

verv good. But I told him nothing about my trouble. No one but God, who knew my sin, could know that.

O that terrible ride! O that terrible coming home! The going forth had been n anger and pride, the return was with sorrow and fear unutterable. Everything seemed solemn and still. I passed on tip toe up the walk, entered softly at the side door, and went to the kitchen. Dorothea,

the old servant, turned sharply around, "Well, miss, I do declare, why have you come? You was not to know."

"But I will know!" I cried fiercely." "Is he—is he—dead?" "Bless the child! how white she is. Here, take a drink of water."

I thrust the dipper from me. "O Dorothea!" I wailed forth, "I shall die if you don't tell me!"

"Why, there is nothing to tell-no better, and no worse." "And he is alive?"

die."

"I am not afraid. I would not die, if I should have it.

" How do you know, miss?" "I am not the kind. They don't want me in heaven."

"Well, no, perhaps not," said Dorothea, gravely. "Don't go up stairs."

I wandered through the house. The rooms had no sign of life. A strange fascination drew me to the sick room. I went softly up the stairs, along the hall, and crouched heart was raging with wounded pride, and up the stairs, along the hall, and crouched envy and anger. I threw myself on the bed, at the door of the room. I strained every sense to catch some sign of life. At long intervals there was sound of slight movements or of murmured words, then silence reigned. Hours went by, and night came on. shadows stood in the far corners of the long hall, and then slowly and stilly they crept forth, like spirits, till they filled the place, and wrapped me close in their black and mysterious folds. Darkness and silence and the terror of death were about me. Great, vague, terrible fears came throbbing in upon my soul; my life seemed to go from me.

I do not know how long I lay there. At last the door vopened and my stepmother came out.

came out.
"What's this?" she said, nearly stumbling over me. Then she stooped down. "Why, my child, poor child," she said, raising my head, and putting her arms close around me and kissing me.

O. Inever heard words sweeter than those; never was human voice so welcome; never was light so cheering as the dim lamp that pleasure, and I have no reason to suppose it flickered in the horrible darkness; never was life more warm and real than that loving clasp, that folded me close and dispelled my vision of deather GZZ NOLD "O mother ! mother !" I sobbed, with

was my entering into the beart of my/loving,

genial mother ADENING HIT GAA SACIO SET There followed many days of appaious chair, and jogging Joe's elbow, as I made watching, when there were low voices and my graceful exit. Then I sat down at the hushed footsteps in the house. And many watching, when there were low voices and

glad days of our youth. And my mother—well, she is my dear mo Two days after, I received an invitation ther still; and her loving sympathy has to visit my Aunt Fanny, who lived in a city brightened overy joy and lessened every mag. Price, 81 50.

TRUE BEAUTY.

Everybody wanted to see the baby, the little wee blossom which had so recently had some compunctions of conscience, upon opened its eyes to earth, to make ataleast seeing the new mother so interested about one home brighter and happier by its coming my new dresses, even braiding and trimming By everybody I mean all of its mamma's relatives. So on a warm spring morning, grandpa, grandma, and aunt Susie left the old homestead up among the mountains, and in their comfortable carriage drove to the city places to go, so many things to do, at her house. I had letters from every one at pleasant room which henceforth was to be home-nice letters; but they gave me a sort | called the nursery, and watched with proud, feeling that lay sleeping in my heart, and awakened the old controversy. I would not give up. If I did, it must be an unconteen year old sister Susie cried impatiently.

"There, you have kissed Laura quite enough, I want to see my niece:-come: Laura, show us baby." "I am afraid you will be disappointed in her," said Mrs. Dent. Louis; but I put down these feelings, and as she threw the coverlid from the crib, where many other good and loving impulses that her first-born lay sleeping. It was a very would have led me in the right way. and its tiny round head was, thickly covered

with very red hair. "It is a very small child," said grandma, gently. But the young aunt exclaimed; "Mercy, Lauraishe has a red head. Why she must be a perfect fright."

"She is not very pretty, but she is a good baby." The young mother's lips quivered us she bent jover the crib to raise the babe, whom the noise had awakened. It opened a pair of large dark eyes which seemed entirely out of place on that little pinched face, and certainly they did not tend to enhance its beauty. •"

Grandpa requested to have it laid on his knee, and after looking at it a moment he handsome, but you say she is good. That to me speaks all. You mean that she is quiet, and has as yet given you but little trouble. May it ever be thus, may she grow in grace in preference to beauty, and may her mind and soul be a shining light to radiate a plain countenance. This, baby, is grandpa's bles-

"Thank you, dear father, thank you," said Mrs. Dent, as with tearful eyes she received back her baby from her father's

"Of course you have decided on a name, but vou did not mention it in your letter, said grandma.

Mr. Dent wishes her called Ruth, after the only sister he ever had, who died when only sixteen.

"Oh, the horrid man! "cried Susie. " would not give her such an old-fashioned name: Will make some shorts the

Just at this moment Mrs. Fielding, another to be seen for the first time. The little Edith | deficiencies, and instead of reigning queen, was disencumbered of her wrappings, and she had the mortification of seeing her was a great contrast between the two infants, beauty to greater advantage. But as they to move on the Sabbath-day, and at last, as "Yes, he is. But what sent you here? she watched Susie playing with the bright out her mistake, as did all the members of the quiet enjoyment of his weekly day of rosy Edith, while her own poor little Ruth the family, who had been so disgusted with rest.—Rev. W. Allan, Secretary of Lord's level watched Susie playing with the bright out her mistake, as did all the members of the quiet enjoyment of his weekly day of the family, who had been so disgusted with rest.—Rev. W. Allan, Secretary of Lord's level and the secretary of the secretary of Lord's level and the secretary of the secretary of Lord's level and the secretary level and the secretary level and the secretary level and the secretary level and the secret lay unnoticed in her crib.

The minister came, as it had previously been arranged, and the two infants received their names and under the rite of holy baptism were consecrated to Him who says, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.'

of the company. But the little Ruth smiled treasure. up in the minister's face, and then lay upon her mother's lap contentedly sucking her tiny little thumbs. Thus was the difference in their dispositions early evinced.

Time passed, and the two babies grew rapidly out of babyhood. Edith Fielding was as beautiful a child as one could wish to see. The rich peach bloom complexion was unrivaled, and the massive ringlets of her golden brown hair/were the admiration of as the summer sky, and her long curling loveable."

Never turn away from a plain face, and lashes gave them a particularly pretty expression. She was a sprightly intelligent girl, a household idol; for although other little ones had taken her place in the nursery she was the only daughter.

Wery slight had been the improvement made in Ruth Dent by the passing years. Her complexion, sallow when an infinit, was now covered with large black freckles, and her bright red hair was without a wave or ripple. It lay straight and stiff about her low, broad forehead, while her nose was a decided pug. Her eyes were unquestionably fine, even now rather large, for the small pinched face, but one could never weary gazing into their rich brown depths where centered such a world of thought and feeling. Ruth was her mothers all, the undisputed sovereign of the home hearts, their only child. Aunt Susie said it was, a pity little Ruth was so bitterly ugly, as she was all Laura had, and it must be a great cross to her.

Ruth was eight years old before her mother sent her to school. Knowing her child's sensitive nature, Mrs. Dent had tried to shield her as long as she could from contact with the rude, rough world beyond her home, and in so doing she had committed a great error. It would have been far better for her to have grown up from infancy in company with others as Edith Fielding hade Now the in Christ. tender home-plant was all unprepared for the rude /slrocks/it was destined continually to receive.

"Mamma, is it wrong to wish to be beautiful like cousin Edith?" asked Ruth one evening as she was sitting in the parlor with

her parents as oxide or year your form on your your your your quest tion, daming, "said her mother. At It is not hopefully pious; and during a revival like wrong to feel that you would rather be beauthis, my daughter, then but twelve years of tiful, for human nature naturally loves the age, became reconciled to God, through the beautiful in all things; but we should not blood of our Saviour. Still I was indiffercovet that beauty to a degree that makes us | ent. I was willing, and indeed glad to see unhappy, and which is sinful in the eyes of my family religiously disposed; but religion Him who made all things good, and for a was no personal concern of mine. wise purpose.

"I do not think I do that, but I cannot help wishing I was like Edith when persons adof jealous pang; they roused the old, ugly loving eyes the little form sleeping in the mire her, and then I hear them call me sor-

> child to listen to such things, and it took a my little daughter. She was praying for the large amount of grace to enable little Ruth conversion of her father! As the trembling to keep down very ugly feelings

> on a winter afternoon, when a poor woman, holding by the hand a beautiful child apparently almost frozen, stopped them, and begged for a crust if there was one remaining in their lunch baskets. A few crusts Ruth had. These she gave saying, "I wish I had more. If you will come home with me I can get you of guilt which nothing could remove, nor some, and a pair of shoes for your little did I obtain any peace of mind till I had

"Mercy, Ruth, you would not take these creatures home with you, surely!" cried Edith. "Go away, woman, and let us alone." The woman looked at her and said with a sigh: "Ah, miss, you are too pretty to have

so bad a heart. This other little lady has the right kind of beauty. I will go with you, pretty one, and your charity will not be misplaced.'

Edith would not walk with Ruth followed by the beggars, but turned another way. said, "Laura, my child, your little girl is not | This little incident was the beginning of a new era in the life of Ruth. She now had an example of what her mother had so often the dumb ass, speaking with man's voice, talked about. She learned to think less and forbade the madness of the prophet." In a less about her homely face, and ceased altogether to wish to be beautiful. She met the coarse jests and ill-natured remarks of her school-mates with a sweet, patient meekness, that was remarkable. She was ever ready to assist any one of them, friend or foe, and the dull and careless alike knewwhere to go for help. The needy ever found her with open hand, and the timid sought shelter at her side. Her life seemed changed entirely. As she was the sunbeam of home, the angel at the family hearth-stone, even so was she a bright star without. Those who clustered so lovingly around her, saw nothing homely in her dear face. The beauty of the soul, mirrored in those large dark eyes, radiated her whole countenance. In school she was first and best. The girls soon tired of Edith's caprices, and domineering airs. Her beaumarried daughter, arrived with ther baby girl | tiful face could not make up for all her other given to grandma. She was a child large of homely cousin preferred before her. She her age, a fair rosy complexion, dimpled chin, once remarked to her mother, that she liked bright blue eyes, and little rings of light to be intimate with her cousin Ruth; for her and Mrs. Dent could not help feeling it as grew to womanhood together Edith found Laura's homely child.

Ruth Deit's beauty was that true beauty which passeth not away. It was born of the Spirit, agraven upon the soul, which liveth The young mother who shed tears foreveover the infant whom her sister ridiculed. Little Miss Edith Fielding did not like the learned to see an angel light overshadow that proceedings and evinced her displeasure in lear face, and every hour in the day might loud angry screams, much to the annoyance she have thanked God for giving her such a

Mrs. Fielding knew nought of such pleasure with her daughter. Proud. domineering, ill-tempered, self-willed, it was nought but contention where she was. Even her brothers said they wished cousin Ruth was their sister, Edith was so hateful. Everywhere her mother heard the same thing, "How faultlessly beautiful Miss Fielding is, but how very proud and disagreeable; her plain unpretending little cousin, Miss Dent, is far every one. Her eyes were as blue and clear more beautiful to me; for she is so good and

calling it ugly, or laughing at its defects, seek for a beauty to praise and pet. Seek for that true beauty which lies deeper than the surface, that soul loveliness which can throw a charm over the most homely countenance. Little girls with fair skins, and sunny hair; do not make too much of your beauty, it is but the charm of a moment, a vanity that passeth away; very pleasant it is when properly used; but a great curse when it leads away from the good and holy. And you, who like Ruth Dent, have more than an ordinary share of ill-looks, rise above them as she did, and show to the world around you what true beauty really is .- Vara Montrose in Ger. Kef. Mess.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

In the winter of 18, there was a general awakening on the subject of religion in the village of S- The church, in an especial manner was affected, and became very humble and active. The difficulties, which had before distracted it, suddenly sunk into insignificance, and a general concern for the welfare of sinners seemed to take possession of the minds and hearts of Christians. As a result of this awakening on the part of the church, sinners became anxious, and many, both old and young, found hope in believing

During the progress of an evening meeting, characterized by more than usual solemnity, an aged man, for many years an elder in the church arose, and with choked utterance proceeded to relate his Christian

experience.

He said be was somewhat advanced in years before he seriously thought of seeking the salvation of his soul. "My wife was

One evening coming home from my business rather later than usual my wife took me by the arm and gently led me to the door of Mary's room and bade me listen. Never can I, to my dying day, forget the emotions which rushed upon my mind, as I Hard, indeed it was, for a tender-hearted stood and listened to the earnest prayer accents fell upon my ear, a burden of guilt Edith and Ruth were coming from school was rolled upon my soul; till I seemed to be utterly overwhelmed. That I should have lived on in sin, without uttering a single prayer in my family, or even in my closet, till my own child should become so distressed as to plead my case before her God with streaming eyes, and I still unconcerned, seemed to me to be an accumulation sought my child's forgiveness and found acceptance of my Saviour."

"Mary," he continued. the big tears coming down his cheeks, and his whole frame trembling with emotion, "Mary is in heaven! and I thank God, that through the instrumentality of her child's prayer, I now have a cheerful hope of meeting her pure spirit among the blood-washed throng, who are treading the golden streets of the new Je-

Little Folks, pray for your parents.

CONDUCT OF A SABBATH KEEPING PONY. "BALAAM was rebuked for his iniquity;

little village in Berkshire, there lived a family, the members of which were in the habit of disregarding the command of God to remember to keep holy the Sabbath-day. Forgetting that God careth even for the beasts of burden, and has set apart a seventh portion of time as a day of rest for them as well as for man, they used to harness their pony in order to convey them and their friends to the nearest railway-station on the Lord's day. A new pony, however, which they purchased, from some instinct which we shall not attempt to explain, but which has often been noticed to exist in dogs, was able to distinguish as accurately as his mas ter between Sunday and the other days of the week, and probably, from remembering the habits of some previous owner, who was more careful to obey the commands of God, was fully resolved to enjoy that day quictly at home in his stable, or his paddock When he was fastened to the gig on Sunday; and his owner or his friends had ascended the gig and wished to proceed, the pony though obedient at other times, would plant his feet firmly on the ground, and neither blows, nor words, nor caresses, could induce him to stir from the spot. All the efforts of a matter of necessity, he has been left to Day Observance Society.