

The Family.

THE CRY OF MISSIONARY HEARTS.

No gold! no gold! Our hearts are heavy and full of care.

No gold! no gold! There are sick in the city, we hear them moan.

No gold! no gold! There are souls that are wandering all around.

I see it! the flash of the diamond's ray Tells of its place in the saint's array.

Pray o'er the gold, God's gift of gold, For it is but given for Him to hold.

DESTRUCTION AS A MEANS OF GRACE. ONE of the positive barriers to well-doing in the world, is the habit of sparing that which ought to be destroyed.

Many a housekeeper suffers for the lack of room in garret and cellar, and in closet and drawer, which could be supplied by the destruction of the worthless things that have been unwisely spared through this morbid shrinking from the work of wise destroying.

THE TEST OF PROGRESS. It was Monday morning, and, according to his usual custom, Dr. J. set out for Boston to attend "Preachers' Meeting."

How many grown-up people there are in the outside world to-day, who are wishing they had appreciated their early religious training.

"TOO MUCH BAGGAGE." It was the week following the struggle at Gettysburg, and all Southern Pennsylvania was filled with moving columns.

VENTILATION. A GENTLEMAN while attending church one evening found that his feet were icy cold, so that he had to raise them off the floor.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER. WHAT MARY GAVE. SHE gave an hour of patient care to her little baby sister who was cutting teeth.

A BIRD IN A CAGE. DID you ever, my dear little cousin, Susie, or Jamie, or Willie, or May,—did you ever feel as though you were in prison?

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER. A LITTLE BIRD I AM. Shut from the fields or air; And in my cage I sit alone.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER. A LITTLE BIRD I AM. I sing the whole day long; And He whom most I love to please.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER. A LITTLE BIRD I AM. It seems, does it not? as though the persecuted lady must have had an imprisoned bird in sight when she wrote those lines.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER. A LITTLE BIRD I AM. So don't pout, girls and boys, when for any reason you feel yourselves too much confined, but try to be thankful instead and sing if you can.

by the door way, they looked around to find some other mode of access to Jesus. They went upon the house top.

There are sick in the city, we hear them moan, Soul and body are sad and low.

No gold! no gold! There are souls that are wandering all around, Who have never heard the Gospel sound.

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THE CHILDREN'S CORNER. A LITTLE BIRD I AM. So don't pout, girls and boys, when for any reason you feel yourselves too much confined, but try to be thankful instead and sing if you can.

Now, girls, who are older, it is time for you to open your eyes and see for yourselves what is your duty as regards your home life.

There are sick in the city, we hear them moan, Soul and body are sad and low.

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that all the outfit they carried was about one blanket to every third man. The contrast evidently struck them as it did us; and presently one of the "Johnny Rebs" called out—in the free and easy way of old-time comrades—

There are sick in the city, we hear them moan, Soul and body are sad and low.

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The Children's Corner.

WHAT MARY GAVE.

SHE gave an hour of patient care to her little baby sister who was cutting teeth.

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