

Family Circle.

For the American Presbyterian. GOD MYSTERIOUS. BY J. O. BLISS.

Mysterious God! I gaze around. On all thy works wherever found; In all I see where Thou hast wrought, And still, in all I see Thy foot.

The heavens, the woodens waters declare, That Thou, great Architect, art there; And still, in all I see Thy foot.

Among the stars thy hand hast wrought, And words into existence brought; With skill consume all things planned, And still, in all I see Thy foot.

At all command the oceans roll Their wild waves round from pole to pole, Submissive, too, unbroken sleep, Thy pathway o'er the stormy deep.

I've stood upon the ocean's shore, When all was storm, and all was gloom, But tempests wild, or calm, serene, Thy footsteps still, in all I see.

When gazing on the midnight cloud, Its thunders belching loud and loud— The voice hath me most deeply stirred, And still, in all I see Thy foot.

At times I've seen the flashing light Turn back to thee, the darkest night; And though it then, thy glancing eye, Across the pathway of the sky.

affrighted mules had taken refuge.

One of them dropped dead upon the spot. Yes, immovable— forever stiff in death he lay, while the torrents of rain poured down upon him.

Curtis was awe-struck. Such might have been his fate, but for the mercy of God. Curtis had been softened, touched, moved to be his own man's grave, but not even then seemed so near to him as it did in the midst of that fearful storm.

Ruth was lying in the wagon, very quiet, in the midst of the wild uproar. She felt herself safe in the hands of Him who "ruleth the heavens," and "taketh up the isles as a very little thing."

"Ruth," said Curtis—"Ruth, are you frightened?" "God is with us. If we trust in him, we cannot be harmed," replied Ruth, solemnly.

"But we may be killed. That last flash struck down poor old Joe! It might have been one of us," said Curtis, quickly. "Death cannot harm us, if we trust in Christ," was Ruth's reply.

Curtis was silent. Al! how he felt his need of Christ at that moment! How he was, a poor sinful boy, to stand before God, unless forgiven for Curtis's sake? He felt the full meaning of a Saviour, a Redeemer, then!

American Presbyterian and Geneva Evangelist.

THE LATE SCENES IN SYRIA.

REV. H. H. JESSUP, one of the most able and useful of the missionaries in Syria has sent us the following very interesting portion of his diary, relative to the late tragic events.—

This morning we received news from Damascus that the Moslem population to deliver up their arms and they had refused. It is supposed by many that he will destroy the Moslem quarter if they persist. To-day we received four thousand pounds of sea biscuit from the admiral of the English fleet, and I distributed about one thousand pounds to the hungry multitude.

The storm was passing by, even while the earnest prayer for God forgiveness and a humble, penitent spirit, was rising from the heart of the conscience-stricken boy. Swiftly as the clouds had gathered, they sped away, and the sunshine again made glad the landscape.

"It is well we are not on the prairie, where we could get no wood," said Curtis, as he with difficulty kindled a fire with some fallen timber and brook-sticks.

"I shall never forget this Sabbath," said Curtis, very soberly, when they were more than a mile from the prairie, clear in the west.

"Don't you?" said Ruth, with one of her sweetest smiles. "I shall never forget this Sabbath. I shall never ask you to break the Lord's Day again, Ruth."

"You're right," said Ruth, with one of her sweetest smiles. "I shall never forget this Sabbath. I shall never ask you to break the Lord's Day again, Ruth."

THE CHILDREN ON THE PLAINS.

The Messrs. Carters have published a little book with this title, which we are quite sure will prove a great favorite with American Children, and those of other countries perhaps too.

In this story of a brother and sister who started off from their mother to cross the great plains in the western part of our country to the city of California to look after their father who had gone to that country some time previous.

The children were looking for new ideas, and the most pleasant way of recognition is by the written word, and the printed page. The one mode is natural, the other artificial.

Ruth was waking the next morning by hearing Ruth singing, "Welcome, sweet day of rest," in her own cheerful way.

"Why it is Sunday, I declare!" said Curtis to himself. The thought was not a pleasant one to him, for he had made up his mind to go on, whether John was able to bear the harness or not.

"Ruth," was Curtis's morning salutation, "I think we had better go on to-day. We took one day of rest yesterday. It really makes very little difference whether we sit here under the trees, or sit in the wagon."

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