Family Circle.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE SHORTER CATECHISM -- XI.

THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

The earth waves deep with yellowing grain; How fresh the cooling autumn breeze! We hear the joyous reaper train; The song of birds, the hum of bees. These sheaves of gold, how thick they lie, Gifts of Jehovah's bounteous sky, Who all these centuries hath striven To make the earth again a heaven; To lure from paths that but destroy. To fill each cottage-home with joy, To open hearts 'gainst worship steeled By blessings of the harvest-field.

Calmly the sun looks from above, Well pleased to gaze upon a scene So full of peace, and wealth, and love. The farm house peeps through leafy shade Mingles the brook, from banks of green. Its song with that of village maid; Bright morning's flash, soft evening's fade

Like angel's wing, like angel's sigh. The whitening flocks crowd on the hill; The hearth-smoke curleth slow and still; And, consecrate to thankful praise. The ivied spires their warnings raise; Bidding us seek a home on high.

III. Another scene! The crash of war! Yon sulphurous lowering pall beneath; With deadly struggle, oath and scar, Rages rebellion, hate, and death. The peaceful slopes, unknown to fame, Are lit by villages in flame; The cannon-wagons, charged with fire, Crush down the harvest into mire; The war-horse, with fierce hoof has press'd To a red mass the warrior's breast; In thicker heaps are strewn the dead Than e'er the harvest sheaves were spread; The hind, smit on his peaceful floor, Has stained his hearth-stone with his gore; There lies, amid the homestead's wreck, Dead babe on a dead mother's neck.

Ah, such is man, and such is God: What liberal love in him must be! Our wants haste to thee with their load, And how our guilt hath need of Thee. Our hearts'no other proof can need, Than what such startling contrasts yield ;-The battle-field is man's dark deed, And thine, blest Lord, the Harvest-field! ELAHISTOTEROS.

JENNIE'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY "M. E. M." [Continued:]

Early the next morning a little figure flitted out of Mr. Martin's house, and ran with quick steps to Mrs. McPherson's. It was Jennie, who had obtained permission to breakfast with her Aunt Matilda. She went round to the back door and knocked, when a blithe voice cried "Come in."

There was Mrs. McPherson, making her coffee and spreading the table, using every few moments to look at her son, who was sitting before the fire, carefully toasting some bread.

"You'll see what a dinner I'll cook for you, mother, some of these days,' he said as Jennie came in. ""I've learned to do a good many useful things in the army, as you'll find after awhile.'

"If you never do anything in your

life but just sit there and let me look at you it would be comfort enough," answered the mother. "Why here's little Jennie, to be sure. Robert, you'd never believe what this dear child has done for the soldiers. She's spent every moment of her spare time, day in and day out, for the last six months, working for them; and she's written letters, and-"Oh, please hush, Aunt Matilda!"

said Jennie. "Robert will think we want to let him know what we have been doing, and perhaps he'll laugh at us."

"Laugh at you, lady-bird? No indeed, Jennie, you don't know how much good you have done right here in Fairfield; have done; and you never will know, altogether, but I'll tell you a part of it, over our breakfast."

Imagine the delight with which the story of the wrapper was heard by the loving listeners. Jennie was repaid a thousand fold for every hour of trial. She realized in that moment how truly blessed it is to give—far more than to receive: 12 no bod him all

Miss Pomeroy's school was closed for its annual summer vacation. Many of the pupils had gone to visit friends in other places, and the teachers were seeking health by the sea-side. Jennie that whole afternoon, but I was after and her friend Mattie were enjoying all, because you came." themselves at home; and very happy they were together. They usually met | dear, because you resolutely began to do every day, if only for a few moments, but when this pleasure was denied, little notes flew back and forth, through their brothers. I wonder if any friendship of carry it bravely, and you will find, as an mature years rivals in its power of producing happiness, the brief, passionate Master always carries the heaviest end friendships of the school-girl and student. for you. I was glad then that you had The ardent uncalculating affection of met that little trial, for I foresaw that children for each other, is beautiful you would be the better for its disci-

Robert and her aunt. She listened, snell-bound, as he told of incidents of battles, and sieges, and of scenes around the camp-fires, and on the marches in the South. By and by the clock struck ten, and she jumped up hastily,

"I must go. Mother will think I'm tell her all about it."

"Who's Mattie, and what are you going to tell her?" inquired Robert.

sweetest girl in the whole world."

"You must introduce me to her," said Robert. "Did she belong to your school society, Jennie?"

"Oh! yes, and she helped me on that wrapper, and came with me the morning that I asked Auntie to give me something to make it of. You didn't think, Auntie dear, that it was going straight to your son, did you?"

"No indeed! But it is only another ing very unhappy.

reof of our Father's goodness dear Her sister Cora, who was older, but proof of our Father's goodness, dear child. We do our little work, or give our mite, like the widow who had only two mites to put into the treasury, and go if it didn't rain. God, in his providence, blesses the labor or the gift a hundred fold. Remember my darling, that it is always God who gives the increase, although he tells his children to plant and water."

Jennie tripped lightly along to Mattie's, but was disappointed at finding that she had gone to the city. She felt surprised that Mattie had not told her of her intention the day before, but her annoyance soon wore off, and she went home to tell her mother of her visit, and write a long account to her friend, of all that Robert had told her. Although quite sure of seeing Mattie the very next day, she could not wait till then, but resolved to send her note up, so that Mattie should see it as soon as she returned.

Little Alfred was waiting at the housedoor for sister; next to his mother, the dear child loved his elder sister, who was always doing something to please

"Uncle Tarlie here, Uncle Tarlie here," cried Alfred, as Jennie stooped to kiss him.

Jennie hastened into the parlor and found her mother and uncle engaged in discussing a plan for an afternoon jaunt to a place called "The Valley," a beautiful spot about five miles distant, a favorite resort of pic-nic and excursion parties.

"I cannot go," said her mother, finally, "but if you like I'll put up a nice luncheon, and let Horace and Jennie go with you to spend the day."

Jennie clapped her hands gleefully. Uncle Charley smiled and said,

"Well, little girl, get your 'things' on at once. No flounces and furbelows now-nothing but a clean, strong calico dress, that you won't be afraid of tearing or soiling, and your school hat. People who go into the woods for pleasure, should always go in a dress that they can forget. Wear something that you dont feel afraid to spoil, and you can take real comfort, besides being able to look away from yourself, at the beautiful things our Father has given us."

"But, brother Charles," said her mother, "you said this afternoon, when you spoke to me."

"Oh! that was to suit your convenience. The children and I can spend so fond of—they are the nicest kind of the day there, I'm sure. I'll be here with the wagon in a half hour from now."

How much Jennie enjoyed that day! how much your own two little hands On the way, she occupied the back seat. and her brother, who was in front, insisted on taking the reins. Uncle Charlie turned round and talked to her, keeping a bright look-out, however, on the youthful driver. He listened with pleasant attention to her account of cousin Robert's experience, and asked,

"Jennie, do you remember the first work you did for the soldiers, this

winter?" "Oh! yes, Uncle Charlie. It was on the day of Kittie's party, when I could back: "We don't have any nicer supnot go. What a disappointment that was! I thought I could not be happy

"You were happy before I came, my your duty. That is the way to conquer trouble of all kinds. Meet it with a smiling face, take up your cross, and old writer beautifully says, 'that your children for each other, is specially you would be the petter, the its messaging to shook his head; and inquired what she during this process, and sometimes the plane, and your mother was saying to shook his head; and inquired what she during this process, and sometimes the plane, and sometimes

Jennie staid a long time talking with having a great deal of pleasure with you. Her daughter is getting to be, not only her child, but her friend and companion.'

A bright flush rose to Jennie's cheek at these words of encouragement, and very light and happy was her heart, when they came to "The Valley," with its green mossy grounds, all gemmed with flowers, its winding paths leadlost. Besides, I must see Mattie and ing under the old trees, and its hundreds of birds, singing in a continual choir, in the dim, shadowy branches. Over all, the sunlight shone, sifting its little beams "She is my dearest friend!" replied through crevices and peep-holes among Jennie, gravely, "and she is the best and the green leaves, and falling with its sweetest smiles on the face of the child who had learned that our hearts are gladdest when

> "Joy is duty and Love is law," THE END.

THE DISCONTENTED CHILDREN.

"Do let us go, mother, I wish you would, for it doesn't rain, nor mist, nor anything," said Helen, leaning her forehead against the window-pane, and feel-

so nearly the same size that strangers thought them twins, said:

"Yes, mother, and you said we might "I wish my little daughters could be

happy at home, playing with each other," their mother replied. "We can see each other any time, said Cora pettishly, and Helen said:

"It didn't rain the last half holiday when you thought it would, and I don't believe it will to-day," and she stood drawing her hands down the pane of

Mrs. Leland loved her children, and she wished to see them happy. She thought perhaps it would not rain, and she disliked to deprive them of pleasure, so she gave her consent for them to go and visit their little playmate. The tone of their voices changed directly and while they were dressing they were merry as little birds. They thought they loved their mother dearly, but if they had would they have teased her so?

All the afternoon long the children played, and never thought that their mother might be lonesome; and she did not tell them that their teasing had made her head ache. Besides, they had not been gone long when it began to rain, and that increased her anxiety.

But Cora and Helen were selfish; they loved themselves better than they did When returning home their feet and clothes got very wet.

"Next 'time, when you think it's going to rain I'll stay at home," Helen said to her mother that evening, when she gave the good-night kiss, and Cora, with down-cast eyes, said:

"So will I;" for they felt that their mother was grieved.

But that was not quite enough. at all times, and never tease at all.

Cora and Helen wished to go abroad. ised aunt Louise that you would take us

"I haven't felt as though I could go so far; you know it's a long walk over to aunt's," her mother replied. "That's what you always say," said

Cora. "Auntie said the walk would do you good, and uncle Howe will take us all home in their carryall. Do let us her arms around her mother's neck, and kissed her again and again.

Mrs. Leland decided to make the effort which she felt it would require, and was getting ready to go when her husband entered.

"Anna," he said, "you had no appe tite at dinner; and I have come home to bring these cherries—the kind you are wild cherries. I'll have some of them preserved in bottles, they'll be a tonic

had feasted on the cherries, they set out on the proposed walk to the home of aunt Louise.

Mrs. Leland was much exhausted on arriving at her sister's, and had to lie to see their mother tire with slight exertion, and so they ran out to play with their cousins till supper time.

"Aunt Louise always has such nice suppers," whispered Helen to Cora, when cousin Agnes overheard, and whispered pers than you do; and you always have meat on the table. I like meat.

Mrs. Howe felt concerned to find that her sister had no appetite; and asked

As soon as supper was over Mrs. consented.

When Mrs. Leland arrived home, she | twenty or thirty holes, growing smaller fainted on leaving the carriage. Her and longer every time, until it is steel husband became alarmed and sent for a wire of just the right size. The anphysician. The doctor felt of her pulse, nealing is repeated six or eight times

"Cherries and milk? fatal, I fear,"

In great distress she lay that night, and then a stupor passed over her system, and when the morning streaked the eastern sky they whispered, "she is dead !"

But who shall break upon the little daughters the sad intelligence that they are motherless!

"Dear children," said their aunt, weeping bitterly. "What, auntie?" said Cora, lifting a second.

her head from her pillow. "Auntie, you crying?" said Helen. "Your mother"— she could say no

the floor and seizing her dress. "I'll Howe."

Helen began to cry. dressed, she was going to run down stairs, and at her aunt's call she went perceive it at once, stop his drum, and and leaned beside her, saying "I'm go- put things to rights. And as the aning to see my mother. I cannot wait.

"Darlings, you have no mother now," their aunt replied, passing her arm around the waist of Cora, and pressing her affectionately to her side. "Dead!" shrieked Cora, nearly falling. "O say she is not dead;" and Helen cried and moaned upon her pillow.

"O say she is not dead, and I'll never tease to go away from her again," said

But her aunt could not say so. No tears could bring to life again the mother who had loved them so fondly. No sorrow could atone for the pain and anxiety they had given her.

After the funeral Helen was taken home, but Cora grew ill and remained with her aunt, that she might bestow the attention which Cora needed.

Before she recovered entirely, her father had decided to move away from town. He did so, arranging with Mrs. Howe to have the charge of Cora, but strangers.

How these children longed to see each other, and very often did thev think that nothing could make them so happy as to play together once more. But that time never came.

Although Cora's health returned in such a measure that she could ride out pleasant weather with her uncle, yet she never felt quite well again; and when the leaves fell from the trees, Cora pined away, and slept the sleep that Dr. Wollaston (of whom it has been said knows no waking.

Little children, will you learn a lesson of obedience? To be fretful and unkind their mother, though they did not think to your mother may wear her life away. If now you are so happy as to enjoy a mother's love, thank your Heavenly rod was then drawn until it was one Father that you are not orphans, and ask him to help you in your endeavors to be obedient to your parents. -- Con-

WIRE-DRAWING.

A few centuries ago there were no such things as wire-drawers; but the Their decision should have been to obey metal was beaten out into thin sheets by the wire-smiths, then cut into strips, Another half-holiday came, though and then with hammer and file and wonnot the next succeeding one, and again | derful patience, these strips were rounded into wire. So the gold wire was made "Mother," said Helen, "you prom- for embroidering the ephod of the high priest, in the time of Moses. "They and go and see her, and you haven't did beat the gold into thin plates, and cut it into wires, to work it into the blue and in the scarlet, and in the purple, with cunning work.'

And in this way wire of all sorts was made, until the wire-smiths at Nurnberg became wire-drawers, five centuries ago. The wire-drawer has for his work first

a draw-plate, then what is called an iron go, mother; p-l-e-a-s-e," and Cora threw drum, moved by a steam engine, and attached to the drum is a pair of strong nippers. The draw-plate is a piece of hard steel, six inches long and an inch and a half thick; sloped off at the ends on one side like a cucumber, and on the other side flat. Through and through this plate are pierced several round holes of different sizes, from large to small; and each one is slightly conical or tapering; that is, it is a little larger on one side of the plate than it is on the other. French draw-plates are said for you. 'Twas a fortunate circumstance to be the best; and sometimes, when it my meeting Farmer Smith's boy, he'd was difficult to get them because there just been picking them."

After the children and their mother French draw-plate has been sold for its

weight in silver. I said that the holes were of different sizes, but not one is quite so large as the coil of steel rod which is to be made into wire. Now the workman takes up one down; but the children were accustomed | end of this, and sharpening it to a point, pushes it into the largest hole in the draw-plate; and the moment the point comes through the other side, it is seized by the nippers of the iron drum. The steam engine is now hard at work, the they were called to the table; their drum spins round and round, and as the nippers keep fast hold of the end of the steel rod, the rod itself is dragged through the hole in the draw-plate, and wound up on the circumference of the drum. And as the hole was a little smaller than the rod, of course the rod her to drink some nice new milk, which itself becomes smaller as it is drawn through. It becomes longer too, and For Sale by all Druggists. harder than it was, and must be softened Leland complained of feeling ill; and at | before anything more can be done with her request Mr. Howe made ready his it. So the coil is put in an iron cylincarryall and took her home; but as Mrs. | der, heated red-hot, and then allowed to Howe wished the children to remain till | cool gently. This is called annealing. morning, and they teased to stay and Then the steel is drawn through the sleep with their cousin, their mother next smallest hole in the plate; and so on, till it has passed through ten or

or starch-water, to give it a good color and make it pass more easily through the plate. The rate of speed at which the steel rod may be drawn through the plate, depends upon its size; at first the process is slow, and the coarse wire is not drawn through faster than twelve or fifteen inches in a second. But as it grows finer, so is the work done faster, and wire that is but one fortieth of an inch in diameter, will pass through the draw-plate at the rate of forty-five inches

For common wire, they use this which is called the mill-drawn process; where many drums run together, worked by the same steam-engine; but for fine needle "She's sick," said Cora, springing to wire this is not fine, nor exact enough, and the wire must be what is called go and see her. I won't wait for uncle hand-drawn. But one drum is worked at a time, and this by means of a lever handle, turned by the workmen himself; "Cora, darling, come back," for, half so that if the surface of the wire breaks or does not run quite smooth, he can nealing coats the wire with a sort of scale, this is rubbed off by hand with oil and emery; while ordinary wire is merely put into diluted sulphuric acid, which takes off the scales indeed, but also weakens the wire. Small sized wire that is hand-drawn, is worth five or six times as much as the mill-drawn.

Of course the wire does not bear all the brunt of these operations; the drawplate itself suffers, and let it be made ever so hard, and ever so carefully, in a little while the steel rod has enlarged every one of the holes, in revenge for being made smaller itself. So then the holes (at least the small end of each one must be hammered down and the hole punched out anew. People have tried the plan of having the holes set with diamonds or other very hard jewels; but I suppose it was too costly for common use, though it produced most beautiful work. One of these draw-plates was mounted with a ruby, and in the ruby the hole Helen boarded with her father, among was drilled; then through this perfectly hard, unyielding hole, there was drawn a silver wire one hundred and seventy miles long, and so perfectly, absolutely even from end to end, that the most delicate weighing and measuring could detect no difference between one piece of it and another.

For very, very fine wire, fit for use in telescopes and other particular ways, a process has been tried which is so singular that I must tell you about it. that "he had a great knack at doing what nobody else could do") took a small rod of silver, drilled a hole in it from end to end, and filled up the hole with gold. This silver-gold four hundreth of an inch in diameter; and then dissolving the silver in warm nitric acid, there remained a little. little

gold wire, so fine, that it would take four thousand such-laid side by side -to cover one inch of your table.—Little American.

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