Family Circle.

PISGAH.

"Get thee up into the top of Piscan, and lift up thine eyes westward, and northward, and southward, and eastward, and behold it with thine eyes."—Deuteronomy iii.27. "And the Lord said unto him, This is the land which I sware unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, saying, I will give it unto thy seed."—Deutoronomy xxxiv. 4 "But now they desire a better country, that is, an her venly."—Hebrews xi. 16.

Of old the Hebrew prophet stood, His lustrous eye undimm'd with age, Surveying far o'er Jordan's flood The covenanted heritage.

So would I climb some Pisgah height, And scan by faith the wondrous scene Forgetting, 'mid its visions bright, The wilderness that lies between.

I long to reach this blest domain, Where pleasure reigns without alloy; Where trial is unknown, and pain Shall never break the trance of joy.

Without a voil I then shall gaze Upon my Saviour, face to face, And see the wisdom of those ways Which, while on earth, I failed to trac

Oh, blessed hope! the desert past, And all life's feverish visions o'er: The longed-for Caanan reached at last, Where sin is felt and feared no more.

Meanwhile, on Pisgah's top I'll sing,
With the bright shores of promise nigh,
O Death, where is thy vanquish'd sting?
And where, oh Grave, thy victory?" -Altar Incense.

OUR ORDERS.

Weave no more silks, ye Lyons looms, To deck our girls for gay delights! The crimson flower of battle blooms, And solemn marches fill the nights.

Weave but the flags whose folds to-day Droop heavy o'er our early dead, And homely garments, coarse and gray, For orphans that must earn their bread.

Keep back your tunes, ye viols sweet, That pour delight from other lands! Rouse there the dancer's restless feet; The trumpet leads our warrior bands

And ye that wage the war of words With mystic fame and subtle power, Go chatter to the idle birds,

Or teach the lesson of the hour! Ye sibyl arts, in one stern knot Be all your offices combined ! Stand close, while courage draws the lot, The destiny of human kind! -Living Age.

WAITING FOR JESUS.

From heavy sleep little Paul Clifford suddenly awoke, and staring with great wondering eyes upon unfamiliar walls, started impetuously up in bed, but sank back with a quick, sharp cry of pain. A gentle face bent over him.

"What is it, dear?"

"Where am I?" said Paul, faintly, "and what is the matter?"

"Ah, you can't remember, poor little child! You have had a terrible fall, and it hurt you very much, but we hope to make you all well in a little while. Don't think any more about it now, but try to go to sleep again."

Paul shuddered. "Oh, I remember now—those cruel, cruel doctors—how they screwed my leg, and put fire on my back. Father wouldn't have let them do it if he had been here," and the child's

breast heaved painfully.
"They tried to be kind," said the nurse, with a tear in her eye, "but I know it was very hard to bear. But now see, darling, the worst is over; they have set she told us about Jesus passing amidst your leg, and tried to do something for your poor little back, and now you have only to lie very still, and get well as fast as you can. Come," said she, as his face grew calmer, "we will have a very nice time together. Shall I read till you ed for him, and if it was best he would the children have none of that mean go to sleep?

"I can't sleep any more now, please," said little Paul wearily.

"Then I will shake up your pillows so you can look around and see all the

pleasant little children."

Very tenderly she raised his head, but not so carefully but that he felt that strange sensation of fire on his back, and groaned, although he bit his proud, young lips, and tried to smile his thanks to the sweet-faced lady. Very languidly at first did he raise his heavy lids; but he soon became more interested, for this is what he saw: A long, cheerful room, lined on two sides with little cots with snowy coverlids, and soft white pillows, and in a pretty sacque of pink or blue, like a bird in each fair little nest, was sitting or lying a patient little child. They were all very young. One was not more than two years old, and the greatest veteran in the company had not counted more than eight or nine birthdays. But every one already knew what it was to suffer pain, and around some of the small mouths there were sweet, patient lines, very touching to see in such baby faces.

other. Honoticed the little girl oppos- closed eyes, while the sweet Sabbath hands.' ite, singing softly and contentedly to her music stole in from the chapel, where wooden doll, pressed close to her white, thin cheek—he saw the clear-eyed little up in a sling, and another child, a little for Jesus to come, as Susy had said. further on, turning over a picture book, With a piteous little prayer trembling on feet, upon which he would never walk and dreamed that he did indeed see the

seem happy enough, but they must have wards his own bed. Paul hid his face been here a great while, and forgotten from the brightness, but he knew when how splendid everything is out in the Jesus touched him, for the pain slipped sunshine, but I, only yesterday I could away softly, and with a glad cry he openrun faster than any boy in the street, ed his eyes. Alas! the old pain came and now—" the tears gathered in his leaping back—ran over his poor back, 'and now-" the tears gathered in his

cot was only a few feet from his own.

The speaker was a little girl, with very fair hair, and a skin so transparent that he could trace the delicate blue veins at it. He wanted to tell Susy that he passed! Then, for the first time in her chaw him up."

on her temples, and as he looked at her was almost sure Jesus would come some the fence of some rare city garden.

Paul felt himself greatly comforted, he scarcely knew why, by the look and before Paul was telling her all his story-how "mother died, and father and he went to live with Aunt Margaret, who was poor, and had ever so many children, and was sometimes very cross. Then father, dear father went off to the wars, and told him as soon as he was old enough he should be a soldier too. Ever since father sailed he had been longing for him, and whenever any of the soldiers went away he always wanted to see them, because they were going where father was, and so one day when he climbed a tree to see a procession go past, Ben Butler, who same limb. It began to crack, and he thought poor Benny wouldn't know enough to save himself so he tried to jump to another branch, but missed, and fell down,-down, on the hard pavement, and didn't know any more till the doctors-" his voice quivered.

"Never mind," said Susy, "don't tell any more," and they mingled their tears.

Then Susy, in her turn, told him she had already been there two years, and never expected to be well, but knew that she should live in that little cot till she died.'

"But you don't seem to care at all," said Paul, looking wonderingly at her

smiling face.
"No," said Susy, "I am very happy. Very few sick children have such nice clean beds, and such pleasant nurses to take care of them. Do you know this is S-hospital, and the nurses are ladies-some of them very richwho come here just because they love God, and want to do something to please him?"

"And do they stay here all their lives to take care of sick children?"

"That's just as they please," said Susy. "Some of them stay a few months, and some of them a good many years, and besides taking care of us they have a great many sick men and women in the other rooms.

"I should think God would love them very much," said Paul, looking affectionately after the nurse flitting noiselessly, in her soft dark dress, from one little cot to another. "But Susy," he began, after a long pause, "I suppose girls can keep still casier than boys, but I'm sure I could never smile again if I thought I must stay here all my life. O Susy, have you forgotten how splendid it is to run and jump? It would just break my heart if I didn't think I should get well very soon, and go to be a soldier with father. How can you smile so, Susy?"

"I'm waiting for Jesus," said Susy, softly?

to us every day from the Bible, and once about her own age. Once when she was all the sick people, and making them well, and I said, 'O nurse, if he only and Sallie smiled at Lucy, who in return would pass by here, and touch every little cot,' and then she told me that Jesus caught it so nicely that they both laughwould come to every little child that askmake us well, and leave us on earth, or perhaps, if he loved us very much, he would take us with him to heaven. So," said Susy, with a strange sweet smile,

'I'm waiting for him every day." "And you really think he'll come?" "I know it," said Susy, simply. Paul looked doubtful, and sinking back

upon his pillow wearily closed his great sad eyes. The days passed on, and little Paul

grew no better, although he had learned sake. One bright May morning he woke hearing the doctors talking around his bed. They had decided that perhaps one more operation might save his life. "Will you bear it like a hero my little May that man open the iron gate for

fellow?" said one, kindly.
"I'll try, sir," said Paul, steadily,
for you know I'm to be a soldier one of these days."

"To be sure," said the doctor, kindly. "To-morrow, then," and they passed you."

Susy, with her violet eyes full of tears, said again and again: "Dear Paul, poor dear Paul," but he wanted to be brave, and was afraid he would cry if he Paul looked earnestly from one to the looked at her. So he lay very still, with rolled up, and has a smutty face and some of the poor sick men and women the innocent child. "He is always every stick sawed and split—he saw, were worshipping God. With all his clean in the evening; and when he has with envy, the pile of old W. in the boy next to her peering eagerly into the | bravery he could not help shuddering to | his Sunday clothes on he's the handsom- street. Forthwith he seized his saw, mechanism of toy steam-engine, en- think of the cruel suffering on the mor- est man in the world! Mother is pretty tirely unmindful of the helpless arm tied row, and thinking how sweet it would be and almost forgetting his poor paralyzed his lips, he fell into a half slumber, again.
"Yes," sighed Paul to himself, "they the long lines of little cots, straight tobeautiful Saviour coming down between and shivered down his tired little limbs. "I am very sorry for you, little boy,"
said a sweet voice, and turning, he found it came from his next neighbor, whose

singing,-

"I know I'm weak and sinful,

But Jesus can forgive." words of sympathy, and a quick, imparsive friendship sprang up between the little fellow-sufferers. It was not long forgot, Jesus is coming," and he tried to bolster up his little thin hand so it would "Oh, yes," said Paul starting anxiousstay up in the air.

"What are you doing?" said Susy.
"You see," said Paul, in a drowsy wandering voice, "I'm afraid Jesus might pass by in the night, when I was asleep, and I want to keep my hand up so he can find me, and know I'm the boy who has been waiting—" his voice died away.
"Dear Paul, he is gone to sleep," said why she shed them.

ALC: N Paul slept late the next morning. "I cannot bear to wake him," said one kind was half foolish, would creep on to the he must suffer so much to-day, and it will first time in her life she withdrew it to glad hopeful smile.

"I shouldn't wonder if Jesus put it there."

And Susy was right, for Jesus had indeed passed by, and finding little Paul waiting for him, and loving him very much, had lifted the tired lamb to his bosom.

ASHAMED OF HER FATHER.

"Clinkerty, clankerty, clink!" sounded out the hammer of worthy Giles Hardy; as the sparks flew, and the red gleam brightened the smutty timbers within the shop, and shone across the greensward over the way, where the village boys played with kite and ball. You might think his lot was a hard one, toiling as was his wont from morning till night, did you not hear his glad song rising high above the sound of the iron he was welding. "I'm going home," and "Happy day," were ever on his lips, and music and gratitude dwelt in his heart; therefore he was one of the happiest men in W. Giles lived in a little house so near the shop that it was covered with the soot and cinders from the forge. From its door might often be seen his little Sallie running over to admire the sparks, which she called "soldiers," or to lead her father home when the day's toil was over and the evening meal was waiting. She was not ashamed of his smutty face, his bare, brawny arms, or his soot-begrimed clothes; not she! In her loving eyes, Giles was the most beautiful man alive. She was not old enough to know that men are too often honored in this world for their garments rather than for their worth; so she imagined that everybody esteemed him just as she did.

A new house had been erected on a high hill near theirs, by a fine gentleman from the city; and Sallie was "What can you mean?"
delighted to see in his carriage, drawn by two bay horses, a sweet little girl threw her a great red apple. She ed heartily and became friends; for litolder people, till they are taught it.

One day, when Sallie was dressed mansion on the hill. She did not know how to go round by the road, so she carefully by the bridle. She drove up from Susy to be very patient for Christ's to the wall, and asked in a kind voice, "Have you berries to sell, little girl?" Sallie laughed, and said, "No, I'm came to play with you a little while. order. The consequence was that he

> me. It is very heavy."
> "I should like to play with you, and to let you ride on my pony," replied pleasant little Lucy, "but I know mamma would not allow me to play with

"Why not?" asked Sallie, in wonder. "I never say naughty words, and I'm all dressed clean this afternoon."

"Oh," said Lucy, "it is because your father works with his shirt sleeves "Oh, the smut washes off!" replied

all the time!"

"Oh, but-mamma would not let you in, I know, because your father shoes the horses," added Lucy.

"That is no harm, is it? Don't your father want his horses shod?" asked the wondering Sallie. "Yes; but he won't let me play with

poor people's children," answered Lucy. "We're not poor; we're very rich;" replied Sallie. "Father owns the house and shop; and we've got a cow and calf and twenty chickens, and the darlingest little baby boy in the world ".'

But after all this argument little Lucy shook her head sadly, and said, "I wouldn't dare to ask you in; but

life, she wished that her father would innocent face he wondered to find him- time, but he was so very tired, his eyes wear his Sunday clothes all the week, self thinking of the fair white lilies he again closed wearily, nor did they open just as the minister and the doctor and had once seen when he peered through till in the twilight he heard the children Lucy's father did. She almost felt ashamed of him—so noble and kind and good-as she entered the shop to wait for him. She stood by the forge trying to enjoy the sight of the sparks, as they danced and fought each other after each | a smile of triumph. stroke of the hammer. But her thoughts were so troubled that she could not see them, nor the beautiful pictures which she always found before in the blazing fire; -mountains, castles, churches, angels, all were gone, and there was nothing left in the black shop but a coal fire, hot sparks, and a smutty man! Tears came into Sallie's eyes, but she crowded them back because she could not tell

The fire was out; the blacksmith pulled off his apron, laid aside his hammer, and took the soft hand of Sallie in nurse to another. "Poor little fellow! his own hard and smutty one. For the break his heart when he finds he can see if the black came off. Just then the never be a soldier, for they say he will cars came in, creaking and whizzing; always be lame." But Susy, looking and to her joy she saw little Lucy on eagerly to the bed, and seeing the hand the platform, waiting for her father. lying quietly by his side, said, with a The conductor helped him from the steps, and he called out to Lucy, "Take my hand, child;" but she put both hands up to her face, to hide it, and sprung back into the carriage, alone; while the coachman, with a blushing face, almost lifted the finely dressed gentleman into it. Oh, what a sad, sad sight! He had been drinking wine till his reason was gone, and he could not dining-room where Aunt Esther was tue or improve the understanding of its walk; so his own dear child was

ashamed of him. Then Sallie grasped the hard hand of Giles, not caring now whether the smut rubbed off or not, and told him all that he must have her undivided attention), many useful hints from them. A full was in her heart. "Oh, father," she cried, "I was so wicked that I was just ted back to his study again. It somebeginning to be ashamed of you because times seemed as if he would never get a your face was black, and you did not dress up like a gentleman all the time I'm so glad you are a blacksmith instead of a drunken man! Poor little Lucy! She is ashamed of her father, although he has on a fine coat, and has gold buttons in his shirt!"

"Ah, my child," said the good blacksmith, "God deals justly with us all; every one has sorrow, a black spot somewhere. Some have it as grief in the heart, some as sin in the life, and others as poverty which forces them to toil hard and live poorly. Thank your Heavenly Father, dear, if all the blackness you see about your father is on his face and hands; for the fine gentleman whose child I fear you have envied, has a black heart, which shows itself in a wicked life. He has money, but that cannot make one happy or honored who does not fear God or respect himself." "Oh, father, dear," replied the child,

'I shall never, never be ashamed of you again as long as I live, for there was never such a father as you are to me; I face are."—Child at Home.

MORE ANECDOTES OF DR. BEECHER.

biography of Rev. Lyman Beecher is in the shop, they stopped to say some- contained in the Congregational Quar- much good nature, even if it were a craving for them, we should hail it as a thing to Giles about shoeing the horses, terly for July, in the "Sketches and Re- plague?" token for good. This, however, is terly for July, in the "Sketches and Re- plague? collections of the Old Clergyman," contributed by C. E. Stowe, at Hartfords Here is one of the anecdotes:

Beecher's simplicity, buoyancy and imperturbable good-humor disarmed oppride which we sometimes see among position when he came in personal contact with an opponent. An old woodsawyer whom we will call W----, a rough, by our great publishing houses and socivery neatly, she asked leave to take a strong, shrewd man, who belonged to a walk, and bent her steps toward the rival sect, was violently prejudiced against the doctor, especially on account of his total abstinence principles. He climbed over fence and wall till she had never seen him, and would not hear reached the grounds. There, to her him preach. This man had a large lot delight, she saw Lucy on a little gray of wood to saw opposite to the Doctor's pony, which the coachman was leading house. The doctor depended upon constant manual labor for keeping up his own health; and in Boston, where he could not enjoy the luxury of a garden to dig in, he was often puzzled to find Sallie: don't you remember me? I means to keep himself in good working family, and often finding that too little, would beg the privilege of sawing at the wood pile of a neighbor. He was fastidious in the care of his wood-saw, having it always at hand in his study, half concealed among minutes of councils, incomplete magazine articles and sermons, and the setting of his saw was often duly accomplished while he settled nice points of theology with his boys, or took council with brother ministers.

Looking out of his study window one duced to a discouraging state of orderand soon the old sawyer of the street beheld a man, without cravat and in shirt-sleeves, issuing from Dr. Beecher's forthwith fell to work with a right good will, and soon proved to his brother sawyer that he was no mean hand at the craft.

Nodding his head significantly at the opposite house, W. said: "You live there?"

B. "Yes." W. "Work for the old man?"

B. "Yes." W. "What sort of an old fellow is he?"

B. "Oh, pretty much like the rest of us. Good man enough to work for.'
W. "Tough old chap, 'ain't he?" B. "Guess so, to them that try to

that W. exclaimed,

"First rate saw that of yourn!" This touched the Doctor in a tender point. He had set that saw as carefully | qualities likely to be. as the articles of his creed—every tooth was critically adjusted, and so he gave

a saw like that?"

B. "I don't know, unless you buy mine. W. "Will you trade? What do you

B. "I don't know. I'll think about it. Call at the house to-morrow, and

I'll tell vou.' The next day the old man knocked, from the hands of his wife, with his from the hands of his wife, with his book to another, skimming over the coat brushed and cravat tied, going out story (not unfrequently, to the neglect to pastoral duty.

W. gave a start of surprise. "Oh," said the Doctor, "you're the "Oh," said the Doctor, "you're the tures, while scarcely a thought is given man that wanted to buy my saw. Well, to the principle illustrated, or to the you shall have it for nothing—only let lessons taught. me have some of your wood to saw when you work on my street."

W. said that he then felt as if he wanted to crawl into an auger-hole.

HIS MANUSCRIPT.

His habits of composition were pecuthat as soon as he had written a sentence which pleased him he had an irrepressible desire to read it to somebody. Many a time has he rushed into the youth, as unfitted to strengthen the virwashing dishes—"Here, Esther, hear readers. In saying this we do not lose this." Aunt Esther, with martyr-like sight of the low capacity and forlorn patience, would stand, towel in one hand and an unwiped plate in the other (for these books fall, and who may gather till he had read his paragraph, and trot- supply of their wants would be included sentence done. He would write and re- of books that should simply detail the write, erase and interline, tear up and ordinary events of the daily life of chilbegin anew, scratch out and scribble in, dren, with no formal "reflections," for almost endlessly. In the latter part of these may be safely trusted to suggest his life this habit became morbid, and themselves, if the narrative has much actually shut him out from the possibility force. The religious books, such as we of publishing his own writings. He suppose would be generally sought for was the torment of printers, both by on the shelves of the Sunday-school the delay of his manuscript and by the library, should be prepared with the best condition in which they found it when judgment and most scrupulous-care, they got it. One of his daughters said teaching the simplest doctrines of the there were three negative rules by which | Christian faith, which (thanks to Thee, she could always read her father's O Father, Lord of heaven and earth) writing, to wit: 1. If there is a letter crossed, it isn't a t. 2. If there is a letter dotted, it isn't i. 3. If there is a letter dotted it isn't i. 3. If there isn't i. 3. If there isn't i. 3. If there i. 3. If capital letter, it isn't at the beginning of ditions which are familiar to ordinary a word.

At Lane Seminary he lived more power combined with unaffected simplithan two miles from the city. One time city may be employed successfully in after the printers had been on tenter-hooks forty-eight hours for their copy, truths to the mind, is put beyond doubt hooks forty-eight hours for their copy, he hastily finished his manuscript in his by the story of Joseph and his brethren, study, crushed it into the crown of the Ruth and Naomi, and the prodigal son. hat that lay nearest to him, clapped No change could improve either of them, another hat on his head, drove down to for the philosopher or for the peasant. don't care how black your hands and the city, rushed up to the printing office, If our best book-writers would give to and snatched off his hat. "Here's your copy—h'm, h'm—well, if it isn't here, it is somewhere else." The copy was only one book the reflection and labor which they spend over ten, and if our publishing only of Rey Lympa Books is the solution of the natural and wholesome appetite for new conjugate to the still in the hat that had been left at home. But who could be content to cater for the natural and wholesome appetite for new home. But who could be content to cater for the natural and wholesome appetite for new home. home. But who could be angry with so books, instead of stimulating a morbid

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

A suitable literature, religious, moral, and secular, for the young—now that it is admitted they too must have a literature—is yet a desideratum, unsupplied eties. Approximations of an encouraging character are made to it on every hand, but there is an ample field for criticism, and every honest and earnest observer upon the wants and defects of our present methods of supply should marks on the subject from Child's Literary Gazette of July 1st:

"The demand," says the writer, "for children's books, has grown with the supply; where a library of one or two sawed all the wood for his own large hundred volumes was once amply sufficient for Sunday-school purposes, five hundred or a thousand are now called for; and as taste has become fastidious (not to say perverted), the "run" is upon a certain class of story books, and there must be none among them that are too old to be called new. The result of all this is obvious. The teachers or friends of a school collect (by means of a fair or congregational collection) say seventy-five or one hundred dollars to replenish the library. The parties day, when his own woodpile was re- intrusted with the purchase, visit a book-store, and make known their errand. The stock is examined or perchance the selection is left to the salesmen. The points in view on his part are: 1. To absorb the whole sum to be expended, and 2. To make the best profit. On the other side, the aim is to house, who came briskly up and asked secure the largest number of "new and if he wanted a hand at his pile; and interesting" books for the least money. The range of choice extends in size from eighteens of thirty-six pages to octavos of six hundred-and in character from "Alleine's Alarm" to Scott's novels. Of late years the smaller class of books, designed for "young children," are eschewed, no such persons being found "in our midst," and it is not rare for an order to the amount of fifty or even one hundred dollars, to exclude all books, the price of which is less than twenty-five cents! A considerable proportion of the books put up on such an order are probably as ill-adapted to the purpose as Newton's Principia would be that he thinks of them, may expect that to an infant school. The eagerness they will secretly tell his enemies much with which new publications are seized that they don't think of him.

So the conversation went on till the for this purpose stimulates ingenuity wood went so fast with the new comer and labor in their production, and it is no matter of wonder that so broad a current should be shallow. The thinner the porridge the less are its nutrient

Our strictures apply to that large class of books which try to redeem the faults of a silly novel by the intersper-"I say," said W., "where can I get | sion of texts of Scripture and religious maxims, and, under some imposing title. and by dint of liberal advertising and puffing, find their way into Sunday. schools and families as aids and guides to a religious life in childhood! It may be doubted, perhaps, whether this vast array of reading matter, in this form, is not rather a hindrance than a help to improvement. The undisciplined mind and met the Doctor at the door, fresh of childhood roves restlessly from one of other and holier duties in the sanctuary of God), and glancing at the pic-

Our purpose is answered if we excite others to think as we do of the extreme folly of multiplying children's books, simply because there is money to purchase them and children to read them. The remedy lies in the hands of parents liar. His social nature was so active and teachers. A rigid scrutiny by competent and disinterested parties would doubtless condemn two-thirds of the current literature of childhood and education of many into whose hands in the uncondemned third.

We would not object to a liberal share child-life. That the highest dramatic hardly to be expected, for since the world began it was never known that pens and presses were idle, so long as there was money to keep them busy.

SINGULAR DISCOVERY OF A SULPHUR MINE. One of those great lines of volcanic

action which furrow the surface of the earth extends from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific, directly across the tableland before described, to within about sixteen miles from the city of Mexico; and there exists a very remarkable series of extinct or dormant volcanoes, be listened to. We quote some just re- through which the internal fires of the globe formerly found a vent. Popocatepetl, the loftiest of these volcanic cones, and, indeed, the loftiest mountain in Mexico, being 17,884 feet above the sea, has not been in eruption within-recorded time, but over its crater is still frequently suspended a cloud of sulphurous vapor, and smoke is still occasionally seen to issue from its summit. Within its cavernous recesses are inexhaustible deposits of sulphur which have been the source of considerable wealth. One was discovered by accident. A despairing bankrupt merchant, who had determined to put an end to his existence by decending into the crater of Popocatepetl, persuaded his guides to lower him into it by ropes. He believed that he had only to breathe the sulphurous fumes and die. Passing rapidly into the vast chasm, he suddenly felt all oppression cease, and he found himself in a spacious hall ornamented by fluted columns of a glassy lustre, and supporting a dome of glittering yellow crystals lit up by countless flickering jets of gas. For a moment he believed he had passed the portals of death, and had entered another but not a better world. He stood in a sulphur cavern where the air was pure, the ascending vapors being condensed at the top of the crater. Giving a concerted signal to the guides, he was rapidly drawn to the surface. He had made a great discovery, and he instantly perceived that it might be made a source of incalcuable wealth. The sulphur mine thus singularly found speedily restored his fortunes, and he became one of the richest merchants in Mexico.—London Quarterly.

HE who openly tells his friends all