

Family Circle.

PISGAH.

"Get thee up into the top of Pisgah, and lift up thine eyes westward, and northward, and southward, and eastward, and behold it with thine eyes..."

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.

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.

"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."

"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."

"Yes," sighed Paul to himself, "they seem happy enough, but they must have been here a great-while, and forgotten how splendid everything is out in the sunshine, but I—only yesterday I could run faster than any boy in the street, and now—"

"I am very sorry for you, little boy," said a sweet voice, and turning, he found it came from his next neighbor, whose cot was only a few feet from his own.

on her temples, and as he looked at her innocent face he wondered to find himself thinking of the fair white lilies he had once seen when he peered through the fence of some rare city garden. Paul felt himself greatly comforted, he scarcely knew why, by the look and words of sympathy, and a quick, impulsive friendship sprang up between the little fellow-sufferers.

"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—"

"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.

"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."

"Why," said Susy, "the nurse reads to us every day from the Bible, and once she told us about Jesus passing amidst all the sick people, and making them well, and I said, 'O nurse, if he only would pass by here, and touch every little cot, and then she told me that Jesus would come to every little child that asked for him, and if it was best he would make us well, and leave us on earth, or perhaps, if he loved us very much, he would take us with him to heaven.'"

"To-morrow, then," and they passed on. 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 looked at her. So he lay very still, with closed eyes, while the sweet Sabbath music stole in from the chapel, where some of the poor sick men and women were worshipping God.

"That is no harm, is it? Don't your father want his horses shod?" asked the wondering Sallie.

was almost sure Jesus would come some time, but he was so very tired, his eyes again closed wearily, nor did they open till in the twilight he heard the children singing. "I know I'm weak and sinful, But Jesus can forgive."

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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.

"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."

"Have you berries to sell, little girl?" Sallie laughed, and said, "No, I'm Sallie; don't you remember me? I came to play with you a little while. May that man open the iron gate for me. It is very heavy."

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

So Sallie went back, over fence and wall, wondering much at what had passed! Then, for the first time in her life, she wished that her father would wear his Sunday clothes all the week, just as the minister and the doctor and Lucy's father did.

life, she wished that her father would wear his Sunday clothes all the week, just as the minister and the doctor and 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.

The fire was out; the blacksmith pulled off his apron, laid aside his hammer, and took the soft hand of Sallie in his own hard and smutty one.

"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."

MORE ANECDOTES OF DR. BEECHER.

An agreeable little sequel to the autobiography of Rev. Lyman Beecher is contained in the Congregational Quarterly for July, in the "Sketches and Recollections of the Old Clergyman," contributed by C. E. Stowe, at Hartford.

"The demand," says the writer, "for children's books, has grown with the supply; where a library of one or two 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."

"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 chew him up."

So the conversation went on till the wood went so fast with the new comer that W. exclaimed,

"First rate saw that of yours!" This touched the Doctor in a tender point. He had set that saw as carefully as the articles of his creed—every tooth was critically adjusted, and so he gave a smile of triumph.

W. gave a start of surprise. "Oh," said the Doctor, "you're the man that wanted to buy my saw. Well, you shall have it for nothing—only let 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 peculiar. His social nature was so active that as soon as he had written a sentence which pleased him he had an irrefusable desire to read it to somebody.

At Lane Seminary he lived more than two miles from the city. One time after the printers had been on tenterhooks forty-eight hours for their copy, he hastily finished his manuscript in his study, crushed it into the crown of the hat that lay nearest to him, clapped another hat on his head, drove down to the city, rushed up to the printing office, and snatched off his hat.

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, un supplied by our great publishing houses and societies.

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"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 chew him up."

for this purpose stimulates ingenuity 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 qualities likely to be.

Our strictures apply to that large class of books which try to redeem the faults of a silly novel by the interspersions 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!

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.

We would not object to a liberal share of books that should simply detail the ordinary events of the daily life of children, with no formal "reflections," for these may be safely trusted to suggest themselves, if the narrative has much force. The religious books, such as we suppose would be generally sought for on the shelves of the Sunday-school library, should be prepared with the best judgment and most scrupulous care, teaching the simplest doctrines of the Christian faith, which (thanks to Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth) "are hidden from the wise and prudent and revealed to babes," and enforcing them by reference to relations and conditions which are familiar to ordinary child-life.

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, through which the internal fires of the globe formerly found a vent.

He who openly tells his friends all that he thinks of them, may expect that they will secretly tell his enemies much that they don't think of him.