

Family Circle.

"I SHALL BE SATISFIED."

Not here! not here! not where the sparkling waters... I shall be satisfied! The spirit's yearning...

HYMN OF PRAYER.

BY ALBERT EDLON.

Hast thou no mercy, God! the awful thunder... I shall see thee, and "shall be satisfied!"

A GOOD DEED MARRIED.

A poor woman was passing on her way homeward, on a hot summer's day, bearing a very heavy burden.

had been a road which he could have taken to avoid meeting them, he would have taken it.

Mrs. E. saw the state of the case, and it gave her great pain. She was sorry that she had accepted his invitation.

When she reached her home she thanked him for his kindness, and he tried to give her a polite reply, but he did not succeed very well.

In the afternoon, after he had returned home, he had occasion to go to the village. At the grocery, where there were generally a number of loungers, he saw the two boys who had met him in the morning.

"I didn't know you were up to that, Albert," said a young man, who dressed pretty well and did nothing, and was therefore regarded as a gentleman.

"No, I don't. I am not acquainted with her. I never spoke to her in my life."

"Who was she?" said the gentleman with considerable interest.

"I had rather Albert would tell," said the boy.

"He knows it was Mrs. Ellis," said Albert, giving a heavy blow against his head by way of emphasis.

"Hullo! what is that for?" said Jack in affected surprise; "what's the matter?"

"You know well enough, and if you don't keep still, I'll make you."

At this point the men interfered to prevent further violence. Albert went home, not at all satisfied with the events of the day.

His dissatisfaction was not unreasonable. He should have been dissatisfied with himself, because he was ashamed of having done a kind and noble act.

Persons should be ashamed when they have done an unkind and mean act; but they should not be ashamed when they have performed a kind and noble act.

He should also have been dissatisfied with himself for having given way to passion, so as to perform an act of violence.

Family Treasure.

I'LL TRY.

BY REV. J. P. DURBIN, D. D.

As the sun rose, on one of those sweet mornings in October which render the early autumn so delightful on the southern shore of the beautiful Ohio, I took my leave of the home of my youth, and departed for the village of—, in the State of—.

I had been appointed by the Annual Conference of the M. E. Church, to preach the gospel to the inhabitants of that little town.

On the evening of the third day I arrived at the place, and found a home in a very plain, but truly pious family.

After the lapse of a few weeks, an unpretending, but agreeable man called on me, and said: "I have been raised a Friend; and you know the Friends do not pay for the ministry. But my wife and only child are members of your church, and I go with them to public meetings, as I have not much preference and no bigotry.

Your society is weak, and as I do not give money for the gospel, perhaps it might be some relief to the church for me to afford you a home in my house; if it please you to accept it."

I replied, I would answer in a few days.

Upon inquiry, I found he was the principal merchant in the village, much respected by the people, and that his wife was one of the excellent of earth.

more astounded. I had never dreamed that he ever had uttered an improper word. I felt confounded and grieved; but passed on, without saying a word.

It was Saturday afternoon. After tea, as was his custom, he came up to my room to spend an hour in conversation.

The first proper occasion offered, I asked, "Mr.—, did I not hear you swear to-day?"

"Perhaps you did," he replied, "for I often swear and do not know it: it is a bad habit I have fallen into, and I should be glad to quit it."

"Suppose you try," said I. After pausing a moment in reflection, he said, "Well, I will."

"But," I replied, "you will not succeed unless you pray for strength: the habit is too strong for you to break without divine aid."

"Why," said he, smiling somewhat quizzically, "I never prayed in my life but once: if that might be called prayer when I knelt down on one knee, when Parson W. visited my family, and requested permission to pray with us."

"I am sure I cannot pray," "Well," said I, "then I am sure you cannot quit swearing."

"At this he seemed surprised, and a little grieved; but, after a moment's hurried reflection, he said 'If you will not tell any body, I will try and pray, and quit swearing too; and I will come up and tell you next Saturday evening.'"

Very well, said I. Next Saturday evening, after tea, he came to my room, and seated himself in silence, apparently waiting for me to speak to him.

But I determined that he should open the subject, which he did by raising his eyes to mine, and with a slight disturbed smile, saying, "Well, I told you I could not pray; I knelt down twice, and I could not utter a word: my tongue was stiff, and my mind fainted and wavered."

I had no strength, or heart to pray. Besides," said he, "I have sworn twice since last Saturday; once when a man forced a barrel on my hand, and almost broke my finger, as you see," (holding up the wounded limb.)

"Well," said I, "Mr.—, what must be the fearful condition of the man who cannot pray to his heavenly Father! At this he seemed sensibly moved, and after some reflection, he replied, 'I'll try once more to pray, if you will not tell any one.'"

I smiled encouragingly, consented, and he left my room.

On the following Saturday evening he came to me, sat down, and seemed somewhat embarrassed. At length he said, "I told you I could not pray—I cannot."

But the utterance of these words gave him evident distress, and afforded me an occasion to press upon him his utter spiritual destitution, and to explain to him the great need of divine aid, which I insisted he could obtain only by prayer.

"Then," said he with deep emotion, "I'll try again," and left the room.

On the following Saturday evening he sat down by me and said, "I have ceased to swear."

TWO NEW BIRDS.

A couple of new birds have just come to London from the very heart of Africa. The Queen has a consul away up the river Nile, fifteen hundred miles, where he scarcely sees a white face once a year.

It is part of the world very little known, and Mr. Pethric finds some odd creatures in it. As he was out hunting one day, he fell in with a flock of these strange birds.

They live among the small bulrushes which edge the shallow rivers of that region. Of course, he wanted to get one; but they would not be caught alive, so the Arab hunters brought him some of their eggs.

These he gave the hens to hatch; and the poor hens were sadly puzzled by the odd ways and ugly faces of their monster chickens.

He hired a boy to look after and feed his pets, who delighted in playing with the boy, running after him, and rattling their immense bills in the funniest way.

The upper bill, you see, looks like a fisherman's boat, bottom up, or, as some say, like the head of a whale.

For this reason, English ornithologists—an ornithologist is one who studies birds—call it the *Balainiceps rex*, certainly a very hard name to be called.

It means, they say, "the whale-headed king." Two birds only out of five reached England alive.

Both were dirty and travel-worn, but in very good health. The youngest was quite overcome by the fatigues of the voyage.

He sat down on his haunches, looking miserably home-sick, and stoutly refused to be set on his legs.

On their arrival, supper was soon ready. The keeper set before them a number of little fish in a basket. Rex looked at them with a knowing eye, as much as to say, "I never saw fish like you; but nevertheless I will taste you."

He took one step to the front, and, in a king-like way, caught a fish in his bill. They were not according to his taste, for he shook his head and great mouth like a little boy who found it did not taste good.

Some other and larger fish were brought. Directly Rex opened his wide mouth for another swallow; and there looked to be plenty of room for a twenty pound cod to pass without so much as Rex wincing.

They are getting to feel more and more at home in the Zoological gardens, or gardens of animals, as indeed how can they help it, where they have a nice little pond all to themselves, in which they bathe and splash and feed to their heart's content?—*Child's Paper.*

THE WHITE MAN AND THE SNAKE.

A white man, it is said, met a snake upon whom a large stone had fallen and covered her, so that she could not rise.

The white man lifted the stone off the snake, but when he had done so, she wanted to bite him.

The white man said, "Stop, let us both go to some wise people." They went to the hyena, and the white man asked him, "Is it right that the snake should want to bite me, though I helped her, when she lay under a stone and could not rise?"

The hyena (who thought he could get a share of the white man's body,) said: "If you were bitten what would it matter?" Then the snake wanted to bite him, but the white man said again: "Wait a little, and let us go to other wise people, that I may hear whether this is right."

They went and met the jackal. The white man said to the jackal: "Is it right that the snake wants to bite me, though I lifted the stone which lay upon her?"

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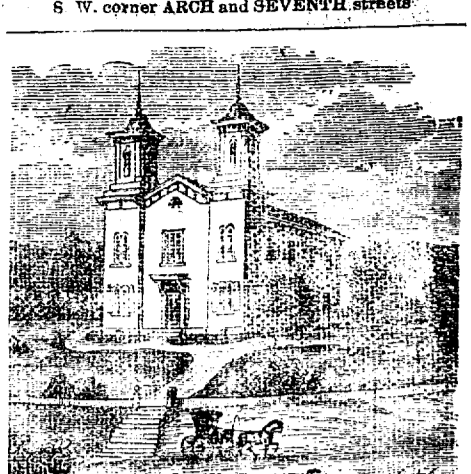
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