

The Family Circle.

THE PILGRIMS PILLOW.

Pity me, loving Lord! Thou, who on Earth hadst no place of rest, The sparrow has his nest, And I—I have Thy Word.

THE CLOUDED INTELLECT.

On a lonely sea-coast, at some distance from any houses, a lady was wandering at the turn of the tide, and watching somewhat sadly the shadows of the clouds as they passed over and changed the colors of the tranquil sea.

The child made no answer. He had a peculiar countenance; and the idea suggested itself to her mind that he was deficient in intellect. "Boy, boy!" she said, shaking him gently by the sleeve; "what are you doing? what are you looking at?"

little guide resumed the measured tone in which she had first spoken, and said to him, "Matt must make haste, the dumplings're ready, make haste, Matt."

an authority which nothing can supercede. "Suffer little children to come unto Me." It was an affecting and remarkable fact, during the very hour of the very day on which the above paragraph was uttered, one of Mr. Webster's own grandchildren, the child of his son Fletcher, died in its mother's arms, and was indeed translated to the bosom of its Saviour.

a dear child who has no father to take her by the hand and lead her to the Sabbath-school—no father to tell her about how Christ suffered for our sins on the cruel tree—no father to gather the little ones around the altar morning and evening, and pray for them—and so she wants all the children to pray for her father.

A CHILD'S IDEA OF LIGHTNING. Not long ago I came home from my office at the close of a beautiful calm day in the early spring. I took a seat in the yard under a large cherry-tree, and called my little girl, between five and six years old, to keep me company while I enjoyed the balmy spring breeze.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STUDIES FOR STUDENTS."

ABOUT TOBACCO.

"Here, Carlo, will you take a smoke?" Asked little Tommy Carr, As in Sir Boggys' mouth he put The end of a cigar.

For the Little Folks.

FAMILIAR TALKS WITH THE CHILDREN. XII.

BY REV. EDWARD PAYSON HAMMOND.

PRAYING CHILDREN AND INFIDEL FATHERS.

Somewhere in the United States lived a little girl whose father was an infidel. He tried to believe that the Bible was not God's word, and that Jesus was only a man, and that he was not able to save all that would come to Him.

THE LOVED NAME OF JESUS.

There is a name I love to hear, I love to speak its worth; It sounds like music in my ear, The sweetest name on earth.

Rural Economy.

VARNISHING FURNITURE.

The appearance of furniture may be greatly improved by a coat of good varnish, which a skillful housekeeper may lay on quite as well as some manufacturers of furniture.

SALTING HAY.

E. C. K., of Cape Vincent, N. Y., thus writes to the Country Gentleman on this mooted question:—"Much has been said about salting hay by different writers, and many think that hay is as well, and even better, without salt."

TO REMOVE THE TASTE OF NEW WOOD.

A new keg, churn, bucket, or other wooden vessel, will generally communicate a disagreeable taste to anything that is put into it.

A JUST REBUKE.

"It was my custom in my youth," says a celebrated Persian writer, "to rise from my sleep to watch, pray, and read the Koran. One night, as I was thus engaged, my father, a man of practiced virtue, awoke."