The Family Circle.

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THE PILGRIM'S PILLOW.

he was deficient in intellect.

whose reason is beclouded.

you doing?"

God."

doing? what are you looking at?"

"Boy," said the lady, "what are

Astonished and shocked at receiving

his firm belief in the being of God.

and his belief made more intelligent.

wanted to see God."

Pity me, loving Lord ! Thou, who on Earth hadst nota place of rest, The sparow has his nest, And I—I have Thy Word.

In the world's wilderness alone I stand, Yet not alone, O God! I walk beneath the shelter of Thy hand,

And kiss Thy chastening rod I seek among the brambles for a spot

Whereon to lay my aching heart and head, But find no place, yet I have not forgot How Thy beloved are led.

I know that in the world's deep wilderness, The crystal waters of Thy mercies flow, But we are blinded by our small distress, And think too seldom on Thy sacred woe.

I sought a downy spot, but there was none, Save in the fragrant bloom of thistle-down, My softest pillow is a mossy stone— Thistles were better than my Saviour's crow

Unbidden tears come welling to my eyes. And yet I know He watched me while I slept

The little larks with sweetest prayers arise, And I remember that my Jesus wept!

His lambkins went astray.

It matters little, if the weary way Be long or short, or flowry, straight or steep For well I know that in His own good day He giveth all of His beloved sleep.

-Mary H. C. Booth THE CLOUDED INTELLECT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STUDIES FOR STORIES.

On a lonely sea-coast, at some dis tance from any houses, a lady was as they mingled and shut out the 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.

It was a clear morning in the beginning of September, and she had God in the sky?" walked more than three miles from her lodgings in the nearest village. The first two miles had been under The first two miles had been under high rocky cliffs, from which tangled bugloss, thrift, and sea-lavender hung, God some day." A very aged man was sitting in a shall see God to-morrow—shall see God some day." and long trailing fern-leaves peeped The shore under these cliffs was rug she found that he did not seem to be of the child, had turned to an ironingged with rocks which stood out from making for any particular point, but board, which was covered with laces the soft sand, and were covered with wandered first to one side, then to the and muslins. limpets; the water washing among other, she said, "Where does Matt It was a tolerably comfortable them made a peculiar singing noise, want to go?" quite different to the deep murmur with which it recedes from a more could not tell; perhaps his long up- mark the long strings of dried herlevel shore. She listened to this ward gazing had dazzled his eyes; rings that hung from the blackened cheery singing, as the crisp little waves shook the pebbles, playing church bells which was wafted towards which was a good deal worn away with them, lifting them up and tossing them, now louder, now fainter, attract- and looked somewhat damp, the sea them together; and she listened to the ed his attention, for he stopped to coats hanging on the wall, the oars sheep bells, and watched with wonder listen, and pointing to a grey church lying under the chairs, and that genehow the adventurous lambs found food spire, told his new friend that the bells ral over-crowding of furniture, and

water so still, and the scene so quiet, were some cottages on the sand-bank that she was tempted to enter upon a quarter of a mile from them, and the third mile; and here the high cliff not doubting that he lived there, the suddenly dipped down with a grassy lady led him towards them. Though sweep, and the shore changed its char- dressed like one of the laboring acter altogether. classes, the boy was perfectly neat,

Those who are familiar with the clean and obviously well cared for:

The child made no answer. He little guide resumed the measured an authority which nothing can super- a dear child who has no father to had a peculiar countenance; and the tone in which she had at first spoken, cede, Suffer little children to come take her by the hand and lead her idea suggested itself to her mind that and said to him, "Matt must make unto Me.""

"Boy, boy!" she said, shaking him haste, Matt." gently by the sleeve; "what are you

Upon this, the figure by her side again, "Is it safe to leave this poor ster's own grandchildren, the child of for them-and so she wants all the seemed to wake up from his deep ab boy all alone on the beach, when he his son Fletcher, died in its mother's children to pray for her father. straction; he rubbed his eyes, and does not seem to know the way arms, and was indeed translated to the that painful smile came over his fea- home?" bosom of its Saviour. tures which we so often see in those

"He can't go out of sight, ma'am," said the child, shaking back her hair from her healthy brown face; "and our folks give a look at him now and The boy sighed, and again glanced then to see what he's about?"

towards the space between the clouds; "O, then, you all care for him," then he shaded his eyes and said, with said the lady; "you are all fond of distressful earnestness, "Matt was him?" looking for God-Matt wants to see

"Yes, sure," replied the girl; "he never does us any harm; and he must come out; he would fret unless he such an answer, the lady started back; might come out and look for-"

she now felt assured that the boy was The child hesitated, but being enan idiot. She did not know how couraged to proceed, continued in a much trouble and pains it might have lower tone-

"He expects that some day he shall cost his friends only to convey to his It was not want, nor simple suffering; Nor, that the brambles wounded by the way, That caused the sorrow of the Shepherd King— she was not one of those who incon- where God, ma'am. He is always asking she was not one of those who incon- where God is; and when our folks she was not one of those who inconwhere God is; and when our folks tell him that God is up in heaven, he siderately and unauthorized will venture to interfere with the teaching of comes out and looks up."

others. She therefore said nothing; "Poor fellow," said the lady; "does for she could not tell that to assure he know that we are talking about him of the impossibility of his ever him now?"

"No," said the child, decidedly: seeing God might not confuse him in his grandfather says he can only She looked up also, and prayed think about one thing at a time; and that his dim mind might be comforted, now he is thinking about his dinner. By this time they had reached the nearest cottage, and a decent-looking The clouds were coming together, and woman came out and requested the space of sky the boy withdrew his lady to walk in and rest. She then eyes, and said to his new companion : led the boy in, set him on a low stool, "There was a great hole-Matt and having cut up his dinner on a plate gave it to the little girl, who "Poor Matt," said the lady, com-passionately; "does he often look for began to feed him with it.

A chair had been set for the stranger; and as she gladly sat down to The boy did not reply; but as if to rest she took the opportunity of lookcomfort himself for his dissappoint- ing about her.

lived a little girl whose father was an infidel. He tried to believe that the and long trailing fern-leaves peeped, He then began to move away, but dle-aged woman was clearing away and offered somewhat to hold for the as he appeared to be rather lame, his the remains of a meal; and the other, Jesus was only a man, and that he hand of the adventurous climber. new friend kindly led him; but when having given the plate into the hands was not able to save all that would friend, that your father is not such a

kitchen; and as no one spoke for a The boy looked about him, but few moments, the lady had time to reperhaps the sweet sound of some beams in the roof, the brick floor father dearly, she wanted him to trust and footing on the slippery heights of said, "Come to church, good people." yet neatness, which is often seen in the cliffs. • This was evidently what he had a fisherman's cottage, and gives it a The day was so sunny, the air and been told concerning them. There resemblance to the cabin of a ship.

versing with a brother clergyman on think it will do any hurt to let you the case of a poor man who had acted read her touching letter. inconsistently with his religious profession, After some angry and severe remarks had been made on the conduct of such persons, the gentlemanwith whom he was discussing the case concluded by saying: "I have no notion of such pretences; [will have nothing to do with him." "Nay, brother," replied Richmond, "let us be humble and moderate. Remember who has said, 'making a difference.' With opportunity at the one hand, and Satan at the other, and the grace of God at neither, where should you and I be?"

to the Sabbath-school-no father to haste, the dumpling's ready; make- It was an affecting and remarkable tell her about how Christ suffered for haste, Matt." The kindness and care with which very day on which the above para to gather the little ones around the she led him induced the lady to say graph was uttered, one of Mr. Web altar morning and evening, and pray

ABOUT TOBACCO.

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

"Bow, wow," cried Carlo, "master dear,

You surely mean a joke; never knew a dog so lost To shame, that he would smoke."

The dignity of Mrs. Pig Was sorely wounded now; "Ugh, ugh 1 my little man," she cried, "No dog, nor pig, nor cow,

"However hungry they may be, The dirty weed will touch; How folks with reason smoke or chew, I wonder very much !"

"And never, never more, Touch a cigar, though uncle drop

If from tobacco, senseless brutes

Away disgusted turn, That 't is not fit for human mouth

We cannot fail to learn.

A dozen on the floor.

" 1'll run and wash my hands," cried Tom,

for the Little Kolks.

DREN. XII.

BY REV. EDWARD PAYSON HAMMOND.

PRAYING CHILDREN AND INFIDEL

FATHERS.

Spirit from an infidel to a Christian.

-Songs for my Children

"Then I will give it to the pig," Said little Tommy Carr, And at the sty he offered her The end of the cigar.

The day will come when this wicked father will not make fun of his sweet child. If he does not become a Christian before that great-judgement day comes, I am afraid he will weep and call on the "rocks to fall" on him. The Bible tells about such in Rev. vi 16 and 17.

DEAR SIR:--I think I have found the dear Saviour, and I love him so, I do not know what to do. I feel as if I wanted to sing and pray all the time to the dear Saviour, I love him so much. I want you to pray for my dear father. He says he is an infidel. I pray so much for him, and talk to him about the dear Jesus, and he makes fun of me, and tells me not to believe anything about Jesus. He says it is nothing at all, that is true. Won't you ask the children to pray for my father? I must close now, to get ready to go to meeting, so good by now. Your little friend.

PRAY FOR MY FATHER, HE DOES NOT LOVE JESUS.

Here is another dear child's letter whose father does not love Jesus, and she wants Christians to pray for him. She too seems something like Jesus.

You see her little heart yearn for the "wicked men" in the town where she lives. I saw this little girl when she came to some children's meetings, and she was at first careless and only came to hear some stories, but when she heard all about how the Blessed Saviour "was wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniqui-FIMILIAR TALKS WITH THE CHILties," she began to feel "how wicked she was to break his commandments." Havn't you too heard the sweet story of Jesus' love, and how He died for us on Calvary? Havn't you too broke a great many of His holy and good Somewhere in the United States commands?

Why don't you go and tell Him you are sorry for your naughty sins, and Bible was not God's word, and that that you havn't loved Him, and ask Him to forgive you? and He will. He has been waiting to do this for you all come to Him. I hope, my dear little the time. But you have been ashamed to have any one know that you wanted man, but one who prays night and to be a Christian. You have been too morning with his family. This little proud to go and confess your sins, and girl, after she had found peace in bewhat a wicked, stubborn heart you lieving in Jesus, began to want all her must have. This little one once had friends to know how good He was to just such a heart, but I don't think die for us. And as she loved her she has such a one now, for she says father dearly. she wanted him to trust "I don't see how any one can help loving in Jesus, so that all his sins might be Jesus." forgiven, and be he changed by the Holy

You will find all about it in this letter of hers.

boats hanging on the wall, the oars ying under the chairs, and that gene-al over-crowding of furniture, and yet neatness, which is often seen in i fisherman's cottage, and gives it a i fisherman's cottage, and gives it will 'interest you. I have just been reading it, and I could hardly keep the tears from my eyes. I shall not tell you the name of this dear little follower of Jesus, nor the place in which she lives, but I don't think it will do any hurt to let won wat you to. I fisherman's cottage, and afterwards wat you to. I wish you would stay another week with two coats of good varnish applied.

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. We sat there till dusk, I in the chair, and she on my knee. A dark cloud was slowly overspreading the western sky. Long streaks of lightning were running hither and thither over the dark surface. The ittle girl's eyes soon caught the sight. It was something new to her. "O, pa, what is that ?" she exclaimed, pointing to the lightning. "It is lightning, my dear," said I. "Well, what makes it?" she said. I told her she was too little to understand it, and that when she got larger I would explain it all to her. "O!" she exclaimed, her eyes all aglow with the conception, know now what makes it—they are rubbing matches up there to light the stars." Many a time she had seen me, at dusk, rub a match on the large dark mantlepiece, leaving a long, bright, but quickly vanishing streak in its course, to light the candle or lamp.



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. The proper tools and materials are quite as essential as skill in order to varnish neatly. A clean, light, and warm room is indispensable, unless it can be done in the open air, in warm weather. When varnish is exposed to sunshine it is apt to blister. If applied to cold or greasy furniture, sometimes it crawls," and settles down in ridges. When furniture does not take varnish well, rub it thorougly with a cloth dipped in alcohol or benzine. Then keep it in a warm room until all the wood has been well warmed through. When the varnish is being laid on, let it be kept warm, by standing in a kettle of water nearly boiling hot.

Procure a small varnish brush, not a paint brush, for varnishing chairs, and take only a small quantity of varnish on the brush at once. Spread it evenly and thin, and work it well with the brush. When entirely dry, apply another thin coat. A beginner can do a much better job by laying on two thin coats than only one heavy coat.

with good benzine, and afterwards

I do not exaggerate in saying that after | hands, by their shrunk and white apthis range of cliffs, more than two pearance, showed that he was quite hundred feet high, the last descending incapable of any kind of labor. He so steeply as not to be climbed with yielded himself passively to her guiout risk, the coast and country become dance, only muttering now and then so perfectly level, that, standing on in an abstracted tone, "Matt shall find the low bank of sand-a natural bar- | God to-morrow." rier which keeps out the sea-a spectator may discern spires and turrets of one of the cottages and ran towards more than twelve miles inland, and them. She was an active, cheerful may carry his eye over vast fields, little creature; and when she had made pastures, and warrens, undiversified the lady a curtsey, she took the boy by a single hill, and over which the by the hand, saying to him in a slow, shadows of the clouds are seen to lie, measured tone, "Come home, Matt, and float as distinctly as over the dinner's ready." calmest sea.

It is a green and peaceful district: a few fishermen's cottages are the only habitations along its coast for several days," said the child; "and we fetch miles.

As I before mentioned, the lady had wandered for more than three chief?" asked the lady. miles from her temporary home; and now pausing to consider whether she the simplicity of the question, and said, bers of them, who could obtain no betshould return, she observed a figure "He's a natural, ma'am; he doesn't at a distance from her on the level know how to get into mischief like us sand; at first she thought it was a that have sense." child, and then she imagined it was a the sunshine.

sand, and excited her curiosity so | chief." much that she drew nearer to look at it : and then she found that it certainly | and, perhaps, suspecting some appliproach, she found that it was a boy, it to another. apparently about twelve years of age, and that he was intently gazing up in the school, ma'am. Got the prize, into the sky.

attitude, that the lady also looked up parish. Mr. Green gave him 'Pilearnestly; but she could see nothing grim's Progress' for his prize, but I they were so far up, that they only look- Rob climbs up the cliffs after the white clouds.

looked up, for the steady gaze of the back, and his mother says she thought unto me.' And that injunction is of boy amazed her; his arms were slight- | she should ha' died o' fright." ly raised towards heaven, his whole attitude spoke of the deepest abstrac- a bad boy," said the lady; "I hope tion: he had nothing on his head, and his little brother was not hurt." his white smockfrock, the common dress of that country, fluttered slightly | was beat—his father beat him, he did, times. It extended to the ends of the in the soft wind.

are you looking at, boy?"

scene I am describing will know that his light hair was bright, and his

Very shortly, a little girl came out

"How can you think of leaving this poor boy to wander on the shore the church bells, the sheep bells, and by himself?" said the lady. "Did the skylarks, make all its music; and you know that he had left his home?" "He always goes out, ma'am, o' fine

him home to his meals."

"But does he never get into mis-

The child smiled as if amused at

large white stone, for it was perfectly God for giving you your senses," said argument, yet when the effort was motionless, and of a dazzling white in the lady; "and what a bad thing it completed it was found to be a splenseems that children should ever use did sermon on the Christian ministry, It stood upon a vast expanse of their sense to help them to do mis-

The little girl looked up shrewdly; was some person standing up but not cation to herself, began to evade it, as into the presence of the Son of God, moving; and upon a still closer ap clever children will do, by applying his disciples proposed to send them

"There's Rob, he's the smartest boy he did, last year. His mother says morals to the schools of the Pharisees So intent, so immovable, was his he's the most mischievous boy in the or the unbelieving Sadducees, nor to there but a flock of swallows, and reckon he doesn't know Rob's ways. priesthood; he said nothing of differed like little black specks moving in an pigeons' eggs, he does; and his mother he opened at once to the youthful open space of blue between two pure says she knows he'll break his neck mind the everlasting fountain of living some day; he climbed a good way up waters, the only source of eternal She still approached, and again one day, with his little brother on his truth, 'Suffer little children to come

"I am sorry to hear that he is such itself to-day with the same earnest-

when he got down, all the same as if earth; it will reach to the end of time, She was close at his side, but at he had hurt his little brother." Then, always and everywhere sounding in tracting no attention, said, "What as the boy at her side appeared to flag the ears of men, with an emphasis

CHRIST AND THE CHILDREN.

On one occasion that eminent lawyer and eloquent orator, Daniel Webster, was engaged to plead in the case of a will in which the interests of some children were involved, when the excitement to hear him was intense. The array of women was unusually great was between fifty and sixty children present. during the entire three days that he and Oh, what a lovely meeting we had spoke so much so indeed that num From your little friend, spoke, so much so, indeed, that numter position, sat upon the very floor, forgetful of all comfort. Although, when he entered the court-room, he "How grateful you ought to be to intended only to deliver a dry legal as well as the religious instruction of the young; and among many others of

equal merit was this passage :--"When little children were brought away; but he said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.' Unto me; he did not send them first for lessons in read the precepts and lessons phylacteried on the garments of the Jewish ent creeds or clashing doctrines; but of perpetual obligation; it addresses ness and authority which attended its first utterance to the Christian world. "No," said the child; "but Rob It is of force everywhere, and at all

DEAR MR. HAMMOND: Do you rember the night that you left, that a little girl caught you by the hand and could not bear to part with you? I am that very little girl. I have an infidel father, and I wish that you would pray for him. I have taked with him. He

loves me dearly and would, take more from me than any one else. I have prayed with him and for him, and he is feeling very badly now. Oh, do pray for him. I think that he will be converted if we only have faith. I try to coax him to go to the meeting, but he will not. Sometimes he is so angry with me that he almost whips me; but I could bear that for Jesus' sake. I feel as though I could die if it would be the means of converting him. I have found Jesus, and Oh, such a change in my heart—I want to sing and pray and read the Bible all the time, and I speak to all my little friends and schoolmates. Cannot do enough for Jesus. After school my father generally talks to me, and some times he takes me on his knee; but last night I could not listen to him. I felt so had about him that I sat on his knee a crying, and he wanted to know what the matter was and I told him, and he felt so had that he got up and went out of doors. We had a children's meeting here yesterday afternoon, and there

You see this little one says, "I have found Jesus and there is such a change in my heart." Till then. I don't be lieve she ever thought of praying in earnest for her father.

But see her now, sitting on her father's knee, and "crying" to think he will not come and love her precious Saviour. She knows, young as she is that he can never sing with her in heaven if he does not give up his sins and "believe in the Lord Jesus Christ." When a little child, or any one, gives

themselves up, Jesus takes them, and not only forgives them every one of their wicked sins, but He also makes them something like himself. This,] think, He did for this little lamb when

He took her into His fold. In Luke xix. 41, you see that when Jesus looked upon wicked Jerusalem sinners, and thought of how they had despised and rejected Him, and neglected the great salvation which He so freely offered to them, "he wept." You see in the 44th verse, he thought of the "children" in that guilty city. He wept to think that they too must perish Is not this little girl, weeping for her guilty father, something like Jesus? I think she must often have sung, "I long to be like Jesus, the Father's holy

child." Are you like Jesus? Do you know how to pray for yourself, and to weep over poor lost sinners?

"HE SAYS HE IS AN INFIDEL, AND MAKES FUN OF ME."

and come on with reluctance, his which nothing can weaken, and with I have found another letter from for you in all times and places.

is, for there are so many that have not found Jesus. But I suppose you cannot. But you be varnished after a thin coat of gluecan pray for them, and pray for me, that I may love him more and more. I cannot love him enough, he is so good. But I must close by saying good-bye. If we do not meet on earth again, I trust

If we do not meet on we shall meet in heaven. From a girl that loves Jesus, ****, 12 years old.

THE LOVED NAME OF JESUS. There is a name I love to hear,

I love to speak its worth : t sounds like music in my ear. The sweetest name on earth.

It tells me of a Saviour's love Who died to set me free; It tells me of His precious blood, The sinner's perfect plea.

It tells me of a Father's smile, Beaming upon His child ; It cheers me through this ''little while,'' Through desert, waste, and wild.

ells me what my Father hath And though I tread a darksome path, Yields sunshine all the way.

It tells of One whose loving heart Can feel my deepest woe, Who in my sorrow bears a part That none can bear below.

It bids my trembling heart rejoce, It dries each rising tear, It tells me, in "a still small voice," To trust and never fear.

JESUS! the name I love so well, The name I love to hear ! No saint on earth its worth can tell, No heart conceive how dear

This name shall shed its fragrance still, Along this thorny road, Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill That leads me up to God.

And there with all the blood-bought throng, From sin and sorrow free, I'll sing the new eternal song Of Jesus' love to me.

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. 'Behold,' said I to him, 'thy other children are lost in irreligious slumbers, while I alone am awake to praise God.' 'Son of my soul,' said he, 'it is better to sleep than to wake to remark the faults of thy brethren,"

HOLD ON.-Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited, or imposed upon, or others are angry. Hold on to truth, for it will serve well and do you good throughout eternity.

Walls that have been papered, may water has been applied, to keep the varnish from striking into the paper. When varnish is laid directly on the paper, most of it will be absorbed, and there will be little gloss.—American Agriculturist.

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. We have not put a lock of hay in our barns for some 20 years without applying about six quarts of salt to each ton of hay, which is about the amount required by stock in the consumption of a ton of hay The result has always been that our hay was bright and as fragrant as tea, and never had a lock of musty hay. During haying last year, our hay was cut, cured, and got in the barn without a drop of rain on it, and we thought it in such good condition that we would omit the salt, and so we did, and what was the result? Well, we have not used a lock of hay in the barns but what is more or less musty. For twenty years we salted our hay and we had the best of hay; and one year we omitted the salt and had the poorest hay. Hence the above remarks are not predicted on one year's experience."

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. To prevent this inconvenience, first scald the vessel well with boiling water, letting the water remain in it till cold. Then dissolve some pearlash or soda in lukewarm water, adding a little bit of lime to it, and wash the inside of the vessel well with this solution. Afterwards scald it well with plain hot water, and rinse it with cold before you use it.

A YOUNG farmer asked an old Scotchman for advice in his pursuit. He told him what had been the secret of his own success in farming, and concluded with the following warning -"Never, Sandie, never-above all Hold on to virtue; it is above price things, never get in debt; but if ever or you in all times and places. you do, let it be for manure."