Sie Family Circle.

[For the American Presbyterian.]

FAITH. [FROM A WELL-KNOWN ANECDOTE.]

For weeks was no rain in the village, Not a cloud to be seen in the sky,
And the eyes of the farmers seemed failing
With looking upward so high.

The grain in the fields was all dying, For want of the soft gentle showers;
E'en the grass by the roadside was with ring,
And low drooped the beautiful flowers.

Then had they no refuge but praying That God who sendeth the rain, Might turn from His wrath unto mercy, And remember His people again.

As up to the church came they sadly, Beside him one saw in the throng, A wee bonnie lassie, who carried A huge old umbrella along.

Half smiling, he asked her the reason She carried the cumbersome thing, When the sun shone so bright in the heaven, And no cloud in the blue sky was seen.

She lifted her earnest face to him With a look half of wonder, half pain-"Why sir, I thought I should need it, You know, we're to pray for the rain."

All his wisdom afforded no answer For her words like an arrow of light Revealed the skeptical darkness That shrouded his spirit in night.

And the faith of the child, by the Master, Was honored that same afternoon,
For even while they were praying
He sent them the long wished for boon.

Just such is that faith of believers, That tells them their sins are forgiven, That Christ is their Lord and Redeemer, And their's is the kingdom of heaven.

HUNTING AFTER HIM.

The following is the fragment of a chapter in "Jane Gurley's Story," a serial of unusual beauty, by Miss E. Phelps, now running through Hours. at Home. The little here given sufficiently reveals the early history of Jane and the glimpses of her better future, to make it both intelligent and interesting by little, healthful and strong under as an isolated article.]

"Reuben, it is so funny to be happy."

Reuben smiled.

"I mean just to be a little bit happy out of the house, when I'm off with you; when I forget about father; when I forget about—O! so much!" She drew a long, restful breath.

The boy's answer was in his eyes. "I think it is really very funny, Reuben," with her little whimsical shrug of the shoulders; "sometimes I want to laugh at it, and sometimessometimes, Reuben, I want to cry."

They were alone there in the doorway; she turned her face up to his, her wonderful eyes, full of their wordless stories—a little dim just then. Janet's eyes were not often dim. She turned away her face to hide them,

when she heard what Reuben said. "Reuben," presently, "sometimes I wonder if—I think perhaps—do you suppose it might possibly be true, after

"What, Janet?"

and know all about it,"—her eyes dilating with a sort of Janet standing afar off from him; who, surprise—"if I could believe it, Reubefore the world was, had loved her.

darkness; "sometimes I think it is,

may be."
"If I could stop awhile, Reuben; if they-I don't know who it is, but to him; and it might be! there's somebody there—if they'd let Do you suppose we could, Reuben?"

Janet, where there's plenty of wind ings for their rest from the whirl and and flowers—may be, may be, some the roar and the dinginess. She had times I think it isn't so easy to think taken Baby Ben out for a walk in the things against him. They come up and look at you, and loo

me. I can't forget 'em so easy. Did to any of the gay connoisseurs who seat. While she worked, her face life, and I suppose I've got to be tor keep you will be a devil for a father? thronged to it in their daily pleasure changed and grew beautiful, the breath mented all my life, and I'm as wicked letters. dust and wheels, always drawing pictures on the glass, pictures on the Bennie?" laughing as he clung to her slowly assumed a form: groping hands reels, pictures on the walls; always neck, in infantile fear of the jostling first with large veins on them; then a are not the only ones in the world hearing the dust and wheels laughing passers. "Janie's baby mustn't be at me? Do I want to see Baby Ben afraid; she will take good care of him. growing up like all the rest of 'em, and A whole holiday, Ben; and pictures of the sorcerer—she bending over it, lean't stir a finger to help it? Did I in the windows. Think—such beauti her breath coming faster and sharper. want to be born, any way? Did he ful pictures for Janie's baby! Baby

And then her voice dropped into a whisper, and her face melted utterly. word, from its bright reflection in her It stopped her, and she looked up, her

"Take me away? Why, Janet! how? You don't think it would be me, Janet?"

Her face was very beautiful and very womanly, when she simply for Baby Ben some day—when we go answered:

" No." After a pause:

"I don't know how, Reuben; but he'd find a way if he wanted it. I can't help thinking he'll find a way !"

There are prophecies in life un and children and water-O Baby sought and uncomprehended, which Ben!" flash, and pass, and are gone. Of the whence and the whither, no man in her gazing. The windows were knoweth, nor shall know, till the day freshly stocked that day; the pictures of the revealing of mysteries shall all new to her. There was one that some. Such a prophecy might have caught and held her eyes—a painting been written on the faces of the two in oils. It bore a great name on the at that moment. The wind was wail- card slipped into its frame; but of that strange, strange. Do you often do working strangely. Baby Ben tugged

She made no answer.

"And as long as it lasts." She light on her face. looked up, with her truer and better "As long as it lasts. Reuben, I'll

not be without his counterpart in later and better times.

When Janet was alone in her own her eyes. room that night with Baby Ben, she shelf high in the dust and cobwebs of

She read till midnight, and closed the book, and leaned back in her chair ed eyes the majority of the bystanders with a long sigh. She took up Thomas Paine then, turning its far more familiar pages with a sort of im- tion, was trying to hide in the corner. and then she closed them both.

"If I could only believe it—if I could!" throwing out her hands with a stood out like iron, her eyes fastened. curious gesture of appeal. Muttering | Not only because the whole genius of presently: "Crucified, and wounded,

She rose then to pace her room as she so often did, her face like the face of a puzzled child. For the girl was honest with herself that night; of that I am sure. Her soul, growing, little the blessing of Reuben's love, cried out for that dearer love, and surer, of child clinging to her neck, and her which she had at moments—as I fancy chameleon eyes on the picture. So dreams and longings. Indeed, it seemed as if her unbelief were but a disease, caused by the actual, incessant suffering of her life, reacting upon itself, and which, the rest of a little happiness such as her God gave to so many seemed to be feeling her way. young creatures like Janet, in measure pressed down and running over, might

"I wonder if He sent me Reuben," muttering the name over to herself: ${}^{m{\cdot}} R$ euben. ${}^{m{\cdot}}$

For it was such a mighty love that had come into this girl's life. On it hung such terrible, eternal issues.

At any rate, through it, and because of it, for the first time for seventeen years, Jane was hunting over God. Very honestly, and very patiently. Quite alone and in the dark; feeling her way over thorns, and straining tear-dimmed eyes, if perhaps he might hand. be found of her—the Man of Sorrows, "About Him they say used to live crowned with thorns, brought very here with the poor folks, Reuben; to near to her loneliness and her guilt; he had felt every pang for her, and every thing. Why, if I could believe with her; who had mourned over O I how he would rest Janet. O! that "I don't know, Janet," his face turn. she knew where she might find him. ing in its questioning way toward the And that she should come wearily back, his face unseen, his voice unheard, because there was no human helper to take her by the faltering I could stop and rest a little while! If hand and lead her unto him! So near

It chanced that Janet had a holiday us find out together-you and me. that week-it being one of those pub-"When we get out in the country, like her, mean the veriest thanksgiv-

ever give me any thing I wanted but— Ben will love the pictures when he grows up, won't he?

own face, that he used to answer her face flushing.

with a cry of delight at the sound of "My good girl," said the gentleman,

"My good girl," said the gentlemanli-If it wasn't just like him to take you with a cry of delight at the sound of -laughing outright, and kissing his forehead, cheeks, and lips like a very child herself.

> "Ol such pictures as Janie will draw out in the country, may be—Reuben He bent over the chalk-marks curious and Bennie and me. Such nice times we will have! OI here they are in windows, so many pictures for Baby Ben! Gold frames, and black frames, and sunsets, and oceans, and rocks,

And then she quite forgot Baby Ben,

The boy turned at last, smiling, and grasses swept by winds, a stagnant his nervous way.

"We're as likely to be happy as set; a streak of dreary red, burnt any body else, I guess, an't we, Janet?" through clouds. Midway, and alone, to let such things be. Keep at your you after this, that an't fit to, I guess are trying to do all they can for Jesus,

There was another—a pretty bit of Correggio's children, strangling a is a waste of time. Besides, you're hunt after that God—Him that lived greyhound with caresses. At that she with the poor folks. I think I should laughed outright. The elegantly-clad good-morning. Curious developments that God—I'll hunt after him just as ke to find him."

As long as it lasts. Verily, a proviso door, turned her haughty eyes on her been amusing—why—"

lady, just brushing past her within the one will find among the people. I've hard as I can hunt."

So they met and made by better hearts than Jane's in astonishment. Two or three passers The wealthy patriarch at Bethel, who smiled. But Janet did not know it. took the Lord to be his God on condi- She had forgotten that she was not the tion that he would give him a prosper- only person in the universe for whom ous journey, and much cattle, and the choice, bright window was opened. men-servants, and maid-servants, may | There was a little gem of Weber's, too, which she had the audacity perfectly the kindly woman's face. to comprehend—you saw that from

But she found at last, that in which hunted for something on a neglected every thing else was forgotten. It was a fine line-engraving of one of her chimney closet. It was an old Raphael's cartoons-Elymas the sor-Bible, long disused and torn. She cerer, struck with blindness. You retook it to the light, opened it, laid it member it? At once among the most on her table, and sat down beside it, uncouth, revolting, and wonderful of her hair falling over her face, and over all. Jane did not know the artist's name, and therefore went into no wellbred ecstasies. To her unsophisticatappeared to be cripples, and the apostle, she concluded, after some speculapatience; then back again to the Bible; But on the turbaned sorcerer, with his closed eyes, bared throat, and great, groping hands on which the veins the picture lay in that solitary, appealing figure; but because of some quick curious sympathy between it and herselt, of which she was apparently un-

She was worth looking at, as she stood there in her faded dress and hat jostled by the brilliantly-clad passers, and ignorant of their presence, the even the lost must have—her dim utterly had the soul of the great master passed into hers, that the very expression of the groping face, the very entreaty of the groping hands, were reflected in her face and figure. Like him on whom the curse had fallen, she

> "My child, you like the picture." It was a low voice—a sweet voice and clear, like a bell. Janet used afterward to tell Reuben that it sounded as if some one had laid a soft hand

upon her forehead. She started and looked up. The voice belonged to a pale face, with large, serious eyes. The lady's dress was all of black.

"You like the picture," the voice repeated.

unconscious that she did so." "Feeling his way. Yes. It's dark." "You like pictures," the lady said.

Janet simply raised her eyes. It was answer enough. "So do I," said the gentle voice. to like pictures, isn't it?" And then not. both voice and face passed by with a

smile. Janet stood like a statue, looking after her, Baby Ben's chatter quite unheeded. She looked until the mournful black dress was lost in the crowd: lie fasts which to her, and to others then she turned slowly from the window and walked way.

If I could tell you how the little thing had touched her!

They came to the Gardens after a little rendezvous among the parks. in the shade. Presently she took a "I think it's easy enough!" the She chose instinctively a street that piece of chalk from her pocket, and coming through her parted lips in its as the-" stopping short. "We'll see the pictures, shan't we, struggling way. The rough marks groping face, with turban and bared who suffer. Try to remember that." throat; at last a complete, crude copy

> The passers began to look at her seur in art, could not pass the thing and heaven is real. It is worth trying without an exclamation of surorise. hard for." She had so taught the child the without an exclamation of surprise.

with a stare at her whose gentlemanliness might be questioned, "did you do

this?" "I suppose so," said Janet in he sullen way.

"I declare! if it were possible." ly. "You can never have seen any live. And I'll remember you." of Raphael's cartoons, of course?"

"Don't know. Guess I haven't seen very much. Some folks have fretting to go home. chances, you know and some don't." The gentleman arched his eyebrows | proudly, "my little brother." in delicate recoil from her sharp voice.

"My-my good girl, did any body ever teach you to draw?" "No," shortly; "who should?"

"You must have natural—it is ing about the corner of the alley. Janet knew and thought nothing. It such things as that?" pointing to the They listened to it, and neither spoke. was a long, low moor, with rank chalk marks. The man looked at her, and coughed. tears.

"Well, well, my girl, I advise you the figure of a woman with the red work—mill, I suppose? Keep at I'll know it!" your mills; don't go to turning your head with notions of things above you. he found her in such gentle and tender coloring on porcelain, after one of It makes the masses discontented, and moods as even he had never seen.

"Why, I am glad to see you again!" Janet had raised her hand angrily, to rub away her sorcerer; but it fell and the dark look died out of her eyes. For the gentle voice she had heard at the shop-window was there again, and this jewel in her waiting crown. "I am glad to see you again. You

are drawing something there?" "Really-aw-quite a curiosity, ed the connoisseur. "You were going

this way, Miss Granger?" "Not just at present," said Miss Granger, somewhat gravely, turning, as she spoke, to the vacant place on the settee at Janet's side. The connoisseur touched his hat, and left in some as-

tonishment. "What is this? O! the sorcerer!" began the lady, pointing with her gloved hand to Janet's sketch.

"It's him I saw in the window. Him that couldn't see. But I can't | man. make him. I don't know how-I don't know how."

Her face had utterly changed. You would not have thought, just then, that she was capable of a rudeness. there beside her could have done with her anything she pleased.

quick sympathy in her voice that barn," said the praying little boy. Janet had never heard in such a voice

"I bet I would!" in her quick, manlike way; then flushing painfully. 'There! I didn't mean to say that. I mean I should like to." But the lady did not appear in the

least shocked; she simply smiled, and her smile was very kind. "If you could go to the school of

design for a while, my—you haven't told me your name." "If you could study a little while, Janet; but that, I suppose, is impos-

sible," seeing it in the girl's face. "No; it's no use thinking about

"I am sorry for you," said Miss Granger simply.

The girl flushed to her forehead. Her eyes, when she raised them, were "He—he can't see," said Janet, full of tears. None but Reuben had coming slowly out of that groping ever brought tears to Janet's eyes look, and closing her outstretched before. And again, that woman could "No; he is blind; he is feeling his pleased. Of that she did not think; I asked all the children to bring a

"Your blind man was a very wicked man; did you know it?" after a silence. In the silence, the lady had rough, bare one beside her, as if the love the dear Saviour, who bled on thing she breaks she lays to me—such "It is something to be thankful for, touch might say what words could

"Was that what they made him blind for?" sharply. "Yes."

Janet's mouth hardened.

"They hadn't any business to! He couldn't help it. I should like to know if they thought he'd be any better when he couldn't see anything." The hidden meaning of the words

the other quite comprehended. For she said—and when she said it there were quick tears in her own eyes: "My poor child, try to see. God will do the rest."

The answer came very softly. "I understand, Janet. The poor

The passers began to look at her not everything, but a little; just enough curiously. One gentleman, a connois to do right by, Janet. God is real,

"I wish I could see you again; but I am a stranger here, and leave town to morrow. I wonder if you will re-

"I'll remember it," said Janet, in her concise way, "just as long as I The lady smiled, and took her hand

He turned in surprise at her laugh. to say a gentle good-bye. Baby Ben came crawling up to Janet's knee,

"That's Baby Ben," said Janet, "You must love him very much. May I have a kiss?"

And then she took the child in her arms, and touched his soft cheek with her lips.

Janet looked after her, her face at her elbow unheeded. Presently she took him up, touching her finger to

"I'd be always doing'em if I could," his cheek with a certain whimsical pushed the hair from his forehead in marsh, and a dead tree sharp in the turning her eyes hungrily to the figure. air that seemed to be struggling with these two sisters and their brother,

"There! If anybody ever kisses

When Reuben came up presently,

"And O, Reuben!" she said, in tell-

women whose sisterhood bridged all thank God for each other-the one his blessing, in that he had given her

For the Little Folks,

considering the circumstances," drawl- FAMILIAR TALKS-2D SERIES. XIV BY REV. EDWARD PAYSON HAMMOND.* WHAT LITTLE CHRISTIANS CAN DO

FOR JESUS.

A few weeks since I wrote to the dear little readers of the AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN, of how a little girl of about eight years was used by God to lead her father and mother to the Sa viour; and now I want to tell you of what three children did for their father, who had never been a praying

One day, when coming home from meeting, one of the little ones said: "I wish we could get our father to come to these meetings." "How can we do it?" "I will tell you," said the And just then, that woman sitting little boy; "we will all pray for him." "But where can we get a good place to pray for him?" "Why, you go "You would like to be taught to into the parlor, where father hardly draw, wouldn't you?" with a certain ever goes, and I will go off, out to the

So into the parlor the two girls went, and knelt down and began to pray. While they were pleading most earnestly, the father, who was a farmer, came up from the field, and instead of going round the back way, started to pass right through the parlor. But as he opened the door quietly, they did not hear him. He listened a minute, and felt he could not go through that room. Away he went, out to the barn, and there too, up in the haymow, he heard his boy's voice in pleading prayer. As the little fellow slid down from the mow, his father put his hands on his head, and with tears said: "O! pray for me; I will go to the meeting." such things. I guess they an't made And so he did; and what is better for folks like me."

And so he did; and what is better still. I think he came to Jesus and get still, I think he came to Jesus and got a new heart, so that he loves to pray

Does your father, my dear child, love the Saviour? If not, wont you pray for him? God will answer your prayer. He loves to listen to the prayers of little children.

The girl repeated her words, as if sister; that she had no helper; that a brother, in one envelope, brought such a pain in my side!" not only a verse, but also some nice letters. You will see that each of immediate cause?" these seems to have a new, praying the cross for their sins. If you could injustice !—it is unbearable!" only see the letters, just as they spelled them, it would interest you a great deal more.

Their father, you see, is not like the father of the other praying children of whom I have just told you. I saw him, and he told me he was glad his children loved the Saviour.

I read these letters to more than a thousand children and youth last Friday, and they seemed much interested with them, and I hope they will interest you.

Each of these, you see, "loves to "I think it's easy enough!" the girl's tace hardening for the moment; led her past the chief picture stores of "all my life he's done things against the city—a street as familiar to her as draw lines with it upon the painted thing. I've been tormented all my you will really pray. But I will not say your prayers, but I can't forget 'em so easy. But I will not say your will really pray. But I will not say your will really pray. But I will not say your prayers, but I can't forget 'em so easy. But I will not say you will really pray. But I will not say your prayers, but I can't forget 'em so easy. But I will not say you will really pray. But I will not say your prayers, but I can't forget 'em so easy. But I will not say your prayers, but I can't see entered all my you will really pray. But I will not say your prayers, but I can't see entered all my you will really pray. you will really pray. But I will not keep you longer from these children's

We will first see what the little boy, of only nine summers, says about the it, and just tasted it, and it was rather way he became a Christian, and got a nice, and"-

"I understand, Janet. The provide ready and the only ones in the world who suffer. Try to remember that."

Janet glanced at her mourning garments, and said nothing.

"And if you will only try to seenot everything, but a little; just enough to do right by, Janet. God is real, and heaven is real. It is worth trying hard for."

A lady passing stopped then, and called Miss Granger's name. She rose regretfully.

"A may be praying heart.

I have been to all of the children's meetings but two, and I love Jesus now. Tuesday evening I felt I was a sinner. Mamma asked one of the ministers to pray with me, and this worth trying hard for."

A lady passing stopped then, and called Miss Granger's name. She rose regretfully.

"I am nine years old."

I have been to all of the children's meetings but two, and I love Jesus now. Tuesday evening I felt I was a sinner. Mamma asked one of the ministers to pray with me, and hid so. And after the minister had prayed with me, I felt that my sins, which were many were all forgiven. And now I feel very happy, and I love to read the Bible better than I did before, and I love to pray better them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me." Good-bye.

WILLIE B——.

Little Fannie, of eleven years, says; to-morrow. I wonder if you will remember what I said—some time when day." None can tell how much good didn't hang you."—Original Fables. she may do by such a life of prayer. For a long time I have wished to be a Christian; but I did not find the way to Jesus till after I went to three of your children's meetings. There a kind lady spoke to me; and after praying at home, and dear papa telling me to give myself to Jesus, I became very happy. Now I like to read my Bible, and I try to love him more and more every day. I can't do enough for dear Jesus. I like to sing "I love Jesus, yes I do." I love to pray, and I pray three times a day. Will you please to pray for me? My verse is: "And in that day thou shalt say I will praise thee; though thou wast angry with praise thee; though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away and thou comfortest me."—Isa. xii. 4.

Your little friend,

Plannie B.

Lizzie says: "I NOW LOVE TO READ MY BIBLE AND TO PRAY."

* Copyright secured.

I have seen the smiling faces of and they look very happy. It is because they have praying hearts, and who has done so much for them.

I attended all your meetings but two. Tuesday evening I felt very unhappy, and I wanted to love Jesus. After the meeting was over my Sunday-school teacher prayed with me, but still I did not feel happy. Thursday afternoon my mother went with me hat God—I'll hunt after him just as ard as I can hunt."

So they met and parted—these two formen whose sisterhood bridged all her that I would rather have papa pray with chasms; who might have learned to want to be prayed with then; it was because some of my playmates were only a few seats for her soul redeemed; the other for in front of me, and I was afraid that some of his blessing, in that he had given her home, I felt very sorry for not staying, and when I went to bed that night I prayed that God would forgive me for doing such a thing. I did not find Jesus until Saturday afternoon. After, the meeting, some one prayed with me, and then I felt that all my sins were washed away by Jesus' blood. And when I washed away by Jesus' blood. And when I went home, dear papa and mamma had a little prayer meeting with us, and we were all very happy. Ilove now to read my Bible and to pray. My verse is: "I waited patiently for the Lord, and he inclined unto me and heard my cry."—Psa. xl. 1.

I am your little friend, thirteen years of age,

LIZZIE B—.

If you, my little child, have learned to love the dear Jesus, I hope you will pray for all your friends and playmates till they too learn to love and trust Him. He will answer your prayers, for His words are, "ASK AND YE SHALL RECEIVE."

I have just been standing on the spot where President Lincoln asked the people of the United States to pray for him. And they did pray for him; and I can but think their prayers were answered.

Yes, God always answers prayer. It may not be in just the way we expect, but He does hear and answer those who pray with faith in Jesus' name.

Springfield, Ill., April, 1866.

TWO SIDES TO A TALE.

"What's the matter?" said Growler to the black cat, as she sat mumping on the step of the kitchen door.

"Matter enough," said the cat, turning her head another way... "Our cook is very fond of talking of hanging me. I wish heartily some one would hang

"Why, what is the matter?" repeated Growler.

"Hasn't she beaten me, and called me a thief, and threatened to be the death of me?" "Dear, dear!" said Growler; "pray,

what has brought it about?" "O, the merest trifle—absolutely nothing; it is her temper. All the servants complain of it. I wonder they haven't hanged her long ago."

"Well, you see," said Growler, cooks are awkward things to hang; you and I might be managed much more easily." "Not a drop of milk have I had

"But what," said Growler-"what

"Haven't I told you?" said the black heart. O! I hope they will pray for cat pettishly; "it's her temper—what laid her delicate hand upon Janet's all their friends, till they come and I have had to suffer from it! Every-

Growler was quite indignant; but, being of a reflective turn, after the first gust of wrath had passed, he asked, But was there no particular cause

this morning 2".
"She chose to be very angry because I-I offended her," said the cat. "How? may I ask," gently inquir-

ed Growler. "O, nothing worth telling—a mere mistake of mine.' Growler looked at her with such a

questioning expression, that she was compelled to say, "I took the wrong thing for my breakfast." "O!" said Growler, much enligh-

tened. "Why, the fact was," said the black cat, "I was springing at a mouse, and I knocked down a dish; and not knowing exactly what it was, I smelt

"Then you finished it?" suggested Growler. "Well, I should, I believe, if that

cook hadn't come in. As it was, I left the head." "The head of what?" said Growler. "How inquisitive you are!" said

the black cat. "Nay, but I should like to know," said Growler.

"Well, then, of some grand fish that was meant for dinner." "Then," said Growler, "say what

SMART LITTLE GIRL.

A gentleman in Kentucky worth \$100,000 was present at a meeting to solicit aid for suffering Virginians. He wept profusely, and when the plate went round he gave fifty cents; whereupon a little girl sitting near said, that was a heap of crying for a little giving."

NEVER put much confidence in such as put no confidence in others. man prone to suspect evil is mostly looking in his neighbor for what he sees in himself. As to the pure, all things are pure, even so to the impure, all things are impure. - Hare.