Sue Kamily Circle.

WHY DOST THOU WAIT ?

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Poor, trembling lamb! Ah! who outside the

told Has bid thee stand, all weary as thou art, Danger around thee, and the bitter cold Creeping and growing to thy inmost heart? Who bids thee wait till some mysterious feeling, Thou know'st not what—perchance may'st never know-

never know-Shall find thee, when in darkness thou ar

kneeling, And fill thee with a rich and wondrous glow Of love and faith; and change to warmth and light

The chill and darkness of thy spirit's night?

For miracles like this who bids thee wait? Behold "the Spirit and the Bride say, 'Come,'"

The tender Shepherd opens wide the gate, And in His love would gently lead thee home: Why should'st thou wait? Long centuries ago.

Thou timid lamb, the Shepherd paid for thee! Thou art His own. Would st thou His beauty

know, Nor trust the love which yet thou canst not

Thou hast not learned this lesson to receive :-More bless'd are they who see not, yet believe.

Still dost thou wait for feelings ? Dost thou say, Fain would I love and trust, but hope i

dead, I have no faith, and without faith, who may Rest in the blessing which is only shed Upon the faithful? I must stand and wait. Not so. The Shepherd does not ask of thee Faith in thy faith, but only Faith in Him. And this he meant in saying, "Come to Me." In light or darkness, seek to do His will, And leave the work of faith to Jesus still.

APOLOGIZING.

The Academy boys were not bad, as boys go. They were not profane' nor mean, as a general thing. They did not lie nor steal. They were just propriety." . such boys as you young folks are. But then, you know, all boys have • more or less of the savage still clinging to them. This is not anything very bad, for do we not often speak of the "noble savage?" But Dr. Alcott's boys were a little more wild-Indianlike than usual one afternoon, because they were out on a tramp and frolic to the Mayne Woods; and just as they sincerely to apologize, send them to trooped through the lane, Farmer Pennell came along riding on his old white mare-a sorry beast. Her whiteness was weather-worn and timeworn into a gray that was hardly venerable. Her ribs were uncommonly numerous and very prominent. Her the fields, the nearest way to farmer -what do you call it?-shoulderblades (?) stuck up like the pommel of a saddle. Then she had no tail to speak of; but if you should speak of it, gan Frank, and cleared his throat for you would call it a "bob-tail." As a action. graceful variation of the straight line in which she usually carried her neck, she would occasionally give her head guish old eyes. a huge upward toss and shake, then drop it near the ground, and then resume the placid straight line again. Also, she had the spring halt. She would draw up one of her legs almost close to her body, and set it down cautiously every time she started; wherefore it took her a long time to start, and she was not swift even after she had started. So when she came down the lane bearing Farmer Pennell, with

thought" ly, as **Frank** hesitated. blushing and twirling his thumbs, "I

did not know but" lie about it, anyhow,"

"I rather think I do not need to be assured of that," said the doctor, with would have amply atoned for far setheir good-natured master ever administered. "But you must make an apology to Mr. Pennell," he said, emphatically, after having set before them the true character of their behaviour.

"Yes, sir," they answered, charmed to be let off so easily.

"Such an apology as shall satisfy him, and not be mere words to shield yourselves from punishment. Such an apology as shall restore a gentleman's self-respect when he has unwittingly been guilty of a gross breach of

"Yes, sir," they responded again, swallowing the implied rebuke, but sweetening it with the implied characterization.

"I select you three, as the oldest boys of the group. But I wish you to bear also the apologies of the others. If you find, after investigation, that there are any who refuse heartily and me."

Possibly the other boys were very slightly influenced by this alternative. but certainly they all gave in their ad hesion to the apology, and when school was over, the three boys started across Pennell's. They found him gathering cider apples in his orchard.

"Good morning, Mr. Pennell," be-

"Good art'noon," responded Mr. Pennell, with a sly twinkle in his ro-

"O, afternoon, I mean, of course," said Frank, blushing and laughing at his betrayal of his uneasiness; "but you know what we've come for, Mr. Pennell. We're a set of scamps, that's what we are; but we didn't mean anything only fun, and now won't you forgive us?" "Master's been aroun', eh?"

"Well, yes," hesitated Frank.

"But we think it's mighty mean our own selves," said Edward

"O, is that all?" spoke Frank, ab-|out and rushed to the cider-press, | "love" and "obedience" and "care ruptly, quite thrown off his guard. "I helped to clean the nuts and to screw for the good of others." If this child down the the pomace, but did the exercised such faith in his earthly "What ?" said the doctor, pleasant- most execution of all in sucking the parent, how much more should we, cider through straws from the foaming "Well," replied Frank, confusedly, half-hogshead into which it was running; nor did it trouble them in the Heavenly Father, whose word is al-

"Nor did I know either. But I strained. Then farmer Pennell. dethink you will do well to tell me the clared that such hard workers must whole story;" and with those pleasant, not go home without their supper; yet determined and searching eyes and "mother" was appealed to, who fastened upon him, Frank did tell the immediately spread them such thick whole story of an afternoon's escapage, slices of bread, with butter and honey, a fortnight before, to a wandering as boys love, and wrapped up for them circus, and honestly confessed that a whole plateful of doughnuts in a they did not ask leave, because they | newspaper-to be sure, but who cares? thought it would not be granted. --besides every pocket stuffed full of "But we ran for luck, sir," he said, great rosy apples, at which the young earnestly; "we shyed off a little, but savages gave a war-whoop of delight, we took the risk. We didn't mean to and went home in a great good humor with the Pennels, man and beast, and "Don't you, please, want us to make some more apologies to somebody, warmth of confidence that made sir?" said Frank, meekly, after having their young hearts glow, and that given an account of themselves to Dr. Alcott. Whereat Dr. Alcott pinched verer scoldings and penances than his ear, the young saucebox!-Gail Hamilton, in Our Young Folks.

[For the American Presbyterian.]

A TALE FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Once upon a time there was a farm er who had a very large farm. He had plowed and planted and enriched his ground very carefully, and, for a time, all went on well. But by-andby his corn began to say, "I want water;" and so said the rye; and potatoes, and cabbage, and everything else. The poor farmer did not know what to do. He looked down at the ground. and it was thoroughly baked and cracked. He looked up at the sky, and there stood the sun, burning and burning. It looked just as though it meant to burn till all his grain and things were spoiled. The poor farmer, I say, didn't know what to do. Well, somehow or other—I don't know exactly how—some of the little rain-drops up in the sky found it out found out the trouble, and they went right off and held a consultation. One said, "I feel so sorry for that poor man, he wants rain; says he doesn't know what to do." Another said, "I should like to help him." "Yes," says another, "I should, too; but you see I am very little, and I do not intend the least offence to any member of our society when I say that I think we are all little." Indeed, the whole company took a very gloomy view of things, and were just going to give up, when, most opportunely, a very wise rain-drop came floating by, and to him they carried their difficulty. 'Well," said he. "I know I am little. and ye are little, and we all are little; but my advice is, that we join together and go and get others to help us, and then to-night-this very night-we go and give that man a surprise party." This proposition was received with much applause, and that very night, when the farmer was fast asleep, mil- I never had to teach him." lions of rain-drops left their cloud-

like little children, exercise a simple, true-hearted, implicit faith in our least in the world that it had not been | ways to be thoroughly confided in.

do it.

salvation of Jesus?

sure as the eye of a loving father !

and see not how they can be saved;

we feel the hope that he will send a

so much disliked, there is much about

them to admire, and something, chil-

we examine a spider through a micro-

stance, the greater part of him covered

with rich soft hair. He has eight

eyes, brilliant and shining as diamonds.

Like all other insects, his eyes are im-

SABBATH.

The day of rest once more comes round, A day to all believers dear; The silver trumpets seem to sound, That call the tribes of Israel near; 'Ye people all. Obey the call,

And to Jehovah's courts appear. Obedient to thy summons, Lord, We to Thy sanctuary come; Thy gracious presence here afford,

Of Thee our King

O hasten, Lord, the day when those,

And they shall reach their destined place

A GEM FROM HERBERT.

TO BE READ JUST BEFORE CHURCH TIME.

When once thy foot enters the church, beware God is more there than thou; for thou art there Only by his permission. Then beware, And make thyself all reverence and fear. Let vain and busy thoughts have there no part Bring not thy plow, thy plots, they pleasures thither; Christ purged his temple—so must thou thy

gether To cozen thee. Look at thy action well,

SHOOTING A SHARK.

The great ship-of-war lay at easy anchor in the beautiful bay, and the waters slept around her, smooth as a mill-pond and silvery as glass. The sailors were idly moving here and there on the ship's deck, for there was nothing to be done. The old boatswain, a favorite with all, was among them, telling his long stories, or, as they called it, "spinning his long yarns." Among this crew was a bright little boy, a son of the old boatswain, the idol of his father and the pet of all the sailors. He was so cheerful, and bright, and good-natured, that there was nothing which they would not do for "little Jem." The morning was warm and the water just at a right temperature for bathing. A group of the sailors leaned over the side of the ship, and seemed greatly delighted with something they saw. It was "little Jem," their pet, far out from the ship, swimming alone. He could whirl over, drive, float, or shoot forward like a duck.

"Boatswain," cried one, "what a swimmer little Jem is !"

"Ay," says the father; "he seems to take to the water kind o' natural. "Boatswain! Boatswain! a shark!

bag there are over one thousand holes -such tiny holes! From each hole runs one thread; and there being in the four bags four thousand holes, we have in all the same number of threads from this curious spinning machine. All these threads the spider spins together in one thread, which, after all. is so small, that the finest silk thread that man ever made is five hundred times larger than it. Wonderful things, then, are these spiders. There is more skill displayed, children, in making them, than in the finest watch or sewing-machine you ever saw. So you see there is much about the spider to admire. But there is also something about the spider we may plained of no bodily suffering, yet is well imitate. The spider is a hard-working little creature. He is very industrious. The creature. He is very industrious. The agony within, which all his pride and spider, as soon as he begins to live, power of will could not command. begins to work. Every spider is a asked a friend to read to him, and his weaver and rigger, and the young and favorite poem, "Gray's Elegy," W almost as loud as the roar of the gun the old spiders are hard workers. the consolation of his dying hour. Children, you never saw a spider that was reared in idleness. Then, again, he never does his work hurriedly or carelessly, as many children do. Look The record of his deeds of valor at his web. See how regularly the ring down the centuries. And yet threads are drawn, how neatly the what have his victories achieved in cross-pieces are fastened to them, and how securely it is held to the wall or things occupied his last momental the brush. The strongest wind may We may not fully know, but it is it sweep by it, but it stands there still. | corded that the last intelligible word As an example of industry, then, the spider is worthy of imitation. Industry is a most honorable quality. hostler: "James, how is the horse" It is becoming in all-those who occupy the lowest, as well as those who occupy the highest station in life. his soul took its flight. When God made Adam and Eve, he put them in the Garden of Eden, that poor converted red man laid down? they might have an opportunity of die on his bed of leaves. Though dressing and keeping it; He never in-tended that they should lead an idle one who watched over him: " Me^{n} life. For the same reason, the angels have plenty book learning like white have constant employment in heaven. -R. C. Advocate.

DULL BOYS.

form but one. Barrow, the great Eng-

lish divine and mathematician, when a

Sir Isaac Newton, when at school,

There is one boy who has several sentence from Professor Dalzell, the sharks after him, in the shape of comcelebrated Greek scholar, that "dunce panions who are profane, unclean in he was and dunce he would remain" conversation, who are trying to make Chatterton was returned on his moth. him swear, and drink, and smoke. er's hands as "a fool, of whom nothing Will they succeed? Will his Heav-enly Father send some power that will gave any indications of talent until he save him? Perhaps the prayers of his was brought into the field of practical effort, and was described by his strong. mother, or the gentle voice of his sister, or the loving heart of some good minded mother, who thought him little boy, may be the instrument. Perhaps better than an idiot, as fit only to be "food for powder."-Scientific Ameri his Sabbath-school teacher will be that power. Perhaps the Holy Spirit will can.

THY KINGDOM COME.

There is another boy who has a shark coming toward him, in the temp-Everybody in this room has been tation to forget the fifth commandment taught to pray daily, "Thy kingdom and not to honor his father and his come." Now, if we hear a man swear mother. The hour that he does this, in the streets, we think it very wrong he puts himself out beyond the promand say he takes God's name in vain ise of life, and his end may be near. But there's a twenty times worse way There is a third upon whom the shark, of taking His name in vain than that in the form of doubt and unbelief, has It is to ask God for what we don't want fastened his eye. Will he reach him He doesn't like that sort of prayer. and destroy his faith in his mother's If you don't want a thing, don't ask prayers, in his father's religion, in the for it; such asking is the worst mock. word of God, and in the name and ery of your King you can mock Him with; the soldier's striking him on the O that between every child and this head with the reed was nothing to that, great spiritual danger there might If you do not wish for His kingdom, come a power loud as the the cannon's don't pray for it. But if you do, you roar, quick as the speed of a ball, and must do more than pray for it; you must work for it. And to work for it. When we look at the dangers of our you must know what it is; we have dear children, we feel that they must all prayed for it many a day without fall into the jaws of the monsters thinking. Observe, it is a kingdom swimming around them; we tremble that is to come to us; we are not to go to it. Also, it is not to be a kingdom but when we see what instrumentalities of the dead, but of the living. Also, and agencies God has at his command, it is not to come all at once, but quiet. ly; nobody knows how. "The king. power in between them and the dandom of God cometh not with observation." Also, it is not to come outside of us, but in the hearts of us; "the kingdom of Christ is within you," And being within us, it is not a thing to be seen, but to be felt; and though it brings all substance of good with it it does not consist in that; "the king. dom of heaven is not meat and drink. but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost;" joy, that is to say, in the holy, healthful, and hopeful Spirit. Now, if we want to work for this dren, we may well imitate too. When kingdom, and bring it, and enter into it, there's just one condition to be first scope, we find there are some rare things for us to see. We find, for inaccepted. You must enter it as children, or not at all. "Whosoever will not receive it as a little child, shall no: enter therein." And again, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the movable, and for this reason they are

kingdom of heaven.' in different portions of his body, that Of such, observe. Not of children he may see the better. He has eight themselves, but of such as children legs in all, joined like those of a lob-I believe most mothers who read that ster. At the end of each leg there text think that all heaven is to be full are three crooked, moveable claws, of babies. But that's not so. There forming a sort of hand with two finwill be children there, but the hoard gers and a thumb. For this reason, head is the crown. "Length of days Solomon speaks of the spider as taking and long life and peace," that is the hold with his "hands." About the blessing, not to die in babyhood. Chilmiddle of his body is a very curious dren die, but for their parents' sins: spinning machine. No human me-God means them to live, but He can: chanic ever invented anything to comlet them always; then they have their pare with it. Connected with this earlier place in heaven; and the link machine there are four little bags of child of David, vainly prayed for thread-such little bags! In every -the little child of Jeroboam, killed by its mother's step on its own thresh hold-they will be there. But wear old David, and weary old Barzilla having learned children's lessons last, will be there too; and the or question for us all, young or old, have we learned our child's lesson? is the character of children we want and must gain at our peril.-Rushing

ger, and save them, not only out of the aws of the lion, but no less out of the jaws of the silent but terrible sharks around them. For this every good man will earnestly pray.—Dr. Todd, in Sunday School Times. - WHAT A SPIDER CAN DO. Although spiders are so ugly and

All worldly thoughts are but thieves met to

For churches either are our heaven or hell.

And they shall reach then downlow place Then shall they rest Supremely blest, Eternal debtors to Thy grace ! —Thomas Kelly, 1806.

And send Thy people joyful home ; O may we sing, And none with such a theme be dumb!

Who know Thee here shall see Thy face When suffering shall forever close

gentie out jarring trot, no saddle nor bridle, but a fragmentary wagon harness dangling and dragging from her sides-why, it was a little comical, to be sure, and nobody could have been blamed for a quiet remark or two, or even a side laugh. But such expression did not at all satisfy the Academy boys. You would have thought it a sight the most ridiculous that was ever seen. They laughed and shouted and held their sides.

"It's a Guv-ment steed!" roared little Dick Acres. "It's General Grant's favorite 'oss.'"

"Vance guard of Kilpatrick's cavalry going on a rad too Byington." That was Joe Fillo who was too lazy to find out whether r-a-i-d spelt one into fits if you have got out of kilter thing or another.

"Going at 2.40, going, going, gone," cried Frank Halston. And so they amused themselves till horse and rider were out of sight and out of mind, and a squirrel or a woodchuck's hole roused their interest anew. After a merry afternoon, they went home to supper as hungry and noisy and uproarious as the little savages they were. But the next morning a message comes to Mr. Joseph Fillo, Mr. Edward Cushlee, and Mr. Frank Halston, that Dr. Alcott wished to see them in his thirty years ago. But she's a trusty study. The three held a hurried consultation at the foot of the stairs, for it was no laughing matter to be summoned to an official interview. "What's the row?' queried Edward.

"Rows enough," answered Joe. "if a fellow comes to reckon 'em up; but which pertickler one do you suppose he's got scent of?"

"It's the circus, most likely," said Frank. "I believe I shall own up right off."

'And more fool you," cried Joe, pettishly. "What do you want to souse head first into a stew for? P'raps 'tisn't that. Lay low, can't at her. Come, jump on, an' go up and you? Time enough to speak when you're spoken to." And without coming to any unanimous agreement, the trio proceeded somewhat tremblingly into the august presence of Dr. Alcott. "So, young gentlemen," he said, when the salutations were over, for Dr. Alcott was always courteous to his boys, "I hear that you have been rather strenuous in your attentions to my friend, Mr. Pennell."

of the afternoon before.

ly; "only it was funny," he added, dismayed to find himself ready to laugh at the remembrance.

"O, I'll forgive you quick enough,' said the placid old man, "jes' liv as not. 'Taint no matter. Only 'taint a good way for young gentlemen to be brought up, to fling out at an old fellow if he aint quite so handsome."

"That's so!" cried Joe, enthusiasti-cally for him. "It's right up and down low, handsome or no handsome. And if you catch me doing it again, you may roast me, and spit me, and eat me. That's all."

"That's enough," said Mr. Pennell, laughing. "What's the good of goin' once in a way. An' 'taint me, arter all, that's the trouble. I don't mind laughin' at me, my feelins is tough but I don't want anybody to be pokin fun at my hoss. Now, that air hoss,' said he, approaching and patting her rigid sides admiringly, as the patient creature stood waiting to draw the full cart to the barn-"that ar' mare, she's a good creeter. She aint quite so spry as some, mebbe-a little stiff in the jints, and not so handsome as she was when I first knowed her, nigh creeter, and she's got a sight o' wear in her yet. She knows me like a book, and all the roads round in this country, sir, like you know your alphabet. I was comin' home in a snow storm once, so thick you couldn't see your hand afore you, and I got sort o' bewildered like, and didn't know where was no more'n the dead, and she wouldn't go this way and would go that, till I finally gave up and let her have her own head, and she never took a back track, but brought up

at the stable door. She aint a gay beast, but I don't want nobody naggin have some cider.'

Nothing loath, the boys climbed up the sides of the rickety old cart, and found precarious footing and handing somewhere on its jutting timbers, and I suppose they would have rather hung on by their elbows than have walked; and farmer Pennell cracked his whip, which old Dobbin did not good." mind at all, for she knew it would not hit her, and if it did, her hide was like to have kept the leaves for other pur-

My friend, Mr. Pennell ! They start- leather, and it would not hurt her; so poses, rather than destroy them?' ed in unaffected astonishment, and undisturbed she drew the creaking "Papa, might not others have read some little explanation was necessary cart and the merry boys up the irreg- and been injured by them ?" to recall to their minds the incident ular hill, bouncing and jolting to their Here is a "threefold act of faith"hearts' content. Then the boys leaped 'a trust in his father's word, evincing that you are safe?

home and came pouring down on those thirsty fields, till the corn said, "Enough, thank you;" and the wheat said, "Enough, thank you;" and so gle glance took it all in. There was said the rye, and potatoes, and cab. the son, playing in the water, lying bages, and everything else. When on his back, unconscious of any danger, the farmer arose in the morning and and a huge shark making straight looked over his broad farm, now so fresh and green, he said he didn't know how to be glad enough for the help of those tiny rain-drops, and that he was sure even his kindest neighbors could not have surprised him so agreeably.

Now, it seems to me that the words and actions of little folks are somewhat like the rain-drops. They all go to make up your life. They all go to make others happy or unhappy, to do good or do evil. And this, too, although there may not be a single one of them that the world calls great. As to your thoughts, the Bible says, "as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." So be sure, my dear children, to take care of each little thought and each little word, and each little action. And let us ask God to help us. H.

BURNING THE BOOK.

An intelligent and sparkling-eyed boy, of ten summers, sat upon the steps of his father's dwelling, deeply absorbed in a highly embellished but pernicious book, calculated to poison and deprave the young mind. His father approaching, at a glance discovered the character of the book.

"George, what have you there?" The little fellow, looking up with a confused air, promptly gave the name of the author. The father gently remonstrated, pointed out to him the danger of reading such books, and left him with the book closed by his side.

In a few moments the father discovered a light, and on inquiring the cause, it was ascertained that the little fellow had consigned the pernicious only man who could have managed book to the flames.

"My son, what have you done?" "Burnt that book, papa."

"How came you to do that, George?" "Because, papa, I believed you knew better than I what was for my

"But would it not have been better

a shark! (), he 7111 get Jem- in minute more!"

The old man leaped up, and a sintoward him, and it was plain that in a moment more he would be craunching the limbs of the boy. The old man remembered that one of the cannon was shotted. Quick as a flash, and with almost superhuman stength, he wrenched the gun into place, depressed the muzzle, aimed a few feet between the child and the shark-just where the fish would be in a single instant. The match was applied, the gun roared and reeled. The poor father sunk down beside the gun, too faint to look. The smoke of the gun cleared away, and up rose a shout from the sailors.

"What is it?" calls the father. "O, Jem is safe! There lies the shark, dead and torn in pieces! How could you move the gun, and sight her, and get her off so quickly and so accurately?"

"I don't know, but I believe God helped me! Won't some of you bring Jem to me?"

The next moment a boat was lowered and the oars were bending as she cut her way to the boy. He had just begun to understand the thing, and was paralyzed with terror. Gently they lifted him into the boat, and in a few minutes placed him in the arms of his weeping father. The old man seemed to receive him as from the dead, and could only rock him in his arms and cry like a babe.

The tars around so far sympathized with him, that they welcomed Jem, again as if he had come from the dead. How wonderful that Providence

stepped in, and from a source so uncommon and unsuspected, sent salvation to the life of that child! The the gun so quickly and accurately, the only man who thought of the thing, was the father! And when life and death hung on an instant of time, and on the accuracy of his eye and the steadiness of his hand, how he had them all in full use as long as needed! My little reader, there are sharks to be a grievous dunce. Even Dean after you, with wide jaws and sharp Swift made a disastrous failure at the teeth-coming directly toward you. Will any power come in between you.

LIGHT FOR THE DARK VALLEY.

One of our greatest statesmen wrestling with his last enemy. his learning, all his eloquence, all the worldly applause he had won, wer nothing to him now. Though he comframe tossed restlessly upon his couch and his countenance betokened at Lately a light has gone out from the land. One of America's braves sons, and most honored, has left us him at the grave's mouth. What of one of America's greatest generals Winfield Scott, were addressed to bis "He is well, general." "Take care of him;" and in less than half an hour

How different the scene when ³ men, but Jesus teach poor Indian come in night-time, when all is daily and then me have light and joy and happiness. And now me go soon Him. He come quickly, take Pod Indian home, and then there be p stood at the bottom of the lowermost more dark."-Sunday School Time.

EFFECTS OF EVIL COMPANY.

boy at the Charterhouse School, was A boy of eighteen was recently e notorious for his idleness and indifferecuted at Manchester, England, ence to study. Adam Clark, in his murder. He acknowledged his gull to warn all young people of bold boyhood, was proclaimed by his father sexes to be obedient to their parents University. Sheridan was presented not to neglect the Sabbath, the school by his mother to a tutor as an incorri- and the Bible, and against all profact and them and save you? Have you a gible dunce. Walter Scott was a dull ness and debauchery, and especial father watching over you who -in father watching over you who will see boy at his lessons, and while a student against evil company, which, he sai at Edinburgh University, received his was his ruin.